

'O Most mystérieuse, o 'seur de charité' 11/3/10/11

We repeat there could not be any other solution for him. It was this or madness, or death, - and this was also madness and death in some way. "L'histoire d'une de mes folies", said Rimbaud later on returning to this moment of his life. But it was a kind of madness that made reason much richer than it was before. It was a vision of nothingness and only those who have seen nothingness can also see reality as it really is. Those who are contented with the appearances of things and themselves, and they ignore everything else beyond them, not only what lies beyond but also what lies not only in the mind, ~~may also reality before them, get entangled, cannot ask to be more than an appearance. Since they ignore reality, they are ignored by reality.~~ ~~Ignoring everything that lies beyond them, are ignored by what lies beyond the appearances.~~

Because those who have not dared to face nothingness are not really awake and they cannot see anything with really open eyes. Only the terror of nothingness before nothingness can really shake us and make us realize what it is all about. Otherwise our real self sleeps in the deepest corner of our inside and we spend our life in a way that is not really our own. - That is what R. realized at the most important turning of his youth. He realized that all his suffering had not been in vain. He realized that ~~he~~ in the middle of sleep-walking people he was the only one awake. The other were living without really living, ~~and lived without really~~ given to their ^{immediate} ~~petty~~ everyday happiness, ~~and lived without really~~ without even apprehending that ~~about~~ they had not suffered; they ~~could not~~ ^{had not the least apprehension of} all the gaps, ~~and~~ fissures and dangers by which they were surrounded. They were walking at the ~~the~~ verge in a bliss at the verge of an abyss which they could not see, because they were sleeping. But he was awake. He had suffered and nothingness was revealed to him. He could see all the unfathomable darkness of the day and ~~the~~ hear the terrifying threat of the most peaceful night. He knew things that ~~no~~ no one else seemed to know. But he wanted to know more and more of them. The happiness of life is so irresistible that he was afraid to ~~not~~ surrender himself to it and if ~~he~~ ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~he~~ ~~would~~ ~~he~~ ~~might~~ give himself up to it and then he would ~~not~~ ~~get~~ ~~lost~~. No sweetness would have made him forget all that matters about his real self, ~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~would~~ ~~have~~ ~~retired~~ ~~to~~ ~~sleep~~. ~~Our~~ ~~greatest~~ ~~enemy~~ ~~is~~ ~~happiness~~. ~~That~~ ~~only~~ ~~can~~ ~~live~~ ~~these~~ ~~things~~, ~~would~~ ~~have~~ ~~retired~~ ~~to~~ ~~sleep~~. ~~He~~ ~~would~~ ~~have~~ ~~lost~~ ~~everything~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~delights~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~mundane~~ ~~order~~. Happiness is our greatest enemy. "Le bonheur", said R. "a été ma fatalité, mon remède, mon ver." Happiness is unavoidable, it is the great danger of mankind.
J'ai fait la magnifique étude.
Le bonheur que nul n'évite.

This happiness, is responsible for the poverty and unreality of our existence. The order, or rather the orders of our life, — the orders of our body, of our reason, of the state in which we live, of the society to which we belong, the order of our home, the order of nature, the order of our everyday life, to mention only a few of them, — ~~all these orders which protect us in themselves and make us comfortable, secure all these orders "take charge" of our life and they do not, let us really exist with our own self ^{that} is lazy and prefers to retire as deep as it can and sleep undisturbed.~~

J'ai fait la magique étude

De bonheur que personne n'étude,

Rimbaud says of happiness — of the orders of our lives.

Où Ah! je n'aurai plus d'envie,

Il s'est chargé de ma vie.

Ce charme a pris âme et corps

Et disperse les efforts.

L'heure de la fuite hélas

Sera l'heure du trépas.

And he was right. Only death can deliver us from ^{most} all of these orders — the order of our body for instance. Only death can deliver us from our happiness. Human beings are condemned to spend their lives in happiness — that is in the order of the world. World, ~~is~~ the opposite of chaos, means order, and order makes us comfortable and gives us a feeling of ~~security~~ security — that is happy. No one can conceive us outside the happiness secured to us by the world. And we cannot escape. Our body, for instance, is one of the orders of the world. How could we escape from our body? But this unavoidable happiness is our great unhappiness. It is an evil power ~~subjecting us~~ by which subjects us by flattering the laziness of our bodies and souls, — an evil power which sends to sleep ~~all over~~ our real self and sees to it that we lead a life that is not ~~our own~~ our own. ~~The superficial and~~ We lead ~~it~~ imposed to us by the ~~order of nature, or, by the order of our office~~ life of the order of our office, of the order of our meals, of the order of the social conventions, of the order of our car, and so on and so on and all these orders which take charge of us procure such a ~~sort~~ of the order of the language we speak, and so on and so on of the ~~or~~ and beyond them of the order of day and night, of the order of the seasons and so on, and so on — we never do or live something that does not belong to an order which ~~is related~~ has but little to do with our real self, — and it is sweet to live so and ~~enjoy~~ we enjoy it and we enjoy ourselves and our ~~deeper self~~ real self indulges in its laziness and we neglect the things which really matter. We forget that we belong to a world of appearances and that nothingness

he left France and Europe for a life of a man of action in 3 exotic countries. He had nothing else to say to the world. Since his words had reached the point had dared to reach with his words the ~~point~~ limit beyond which there is ^{nothing} eternal silence and since he ~~had~~ ^{had} brained himself and broke his words upon ~~the~~ the eternal silence, why should he ever ~~to~~ speak again? ~~The fragments are still the line cannot go further than he did in thought. The fragments of his words we possess speak for ever of the solid compact wall surrounding our lives. The fragments of his words we possess speak for ever of the impenetrable wall surrounding our lives and walls.~~

He dared and said more during his ~~life~~ During his three years of adolescence he dared to ~~He knew that one cannot say more than he ~~ever~~ had said, and no one could ever go beyond what he had said. There are no words for this beyond, no thoughts, ~~for it, not~~ no symbols for this beyond. It is only silence. ~~And say so that if ever~~~~

I do not dare to ask, what is the moral of this story. ~~That one must face nothingness. Is it that nothingness is nothing ~~and dangerous~~ Must one face nothingness something I do not know. No one can ever know. The things of the mind are ambiguous. One can say that nothingness is ~~definitely~~ a dangerous thing and Rimboud ~~was~~ had to pay ~~for~~ for having so much to do with ~~it~~ it. ~~Somebody else might say that nothingness is the only thing ~~that~~ can save us, ~~for~~ and Rimboud ~~in~~ spite of his ~~things~~ life was admirable ~~when~~ because it is the only thing that ~~can~~ remind us of the meaning of our life (because it reminds us of the meaning of our life and that Rimboud was admirable for the courage ~~with~~ and the resolution with which he faced it. ~~Either of these~~ Both these thoughts ~~have~~ ~~but~~ ~~if~~ ~~we~~ ~~might~~ ~~be~~ ~~too~~ have a truth in them. What matters is not the conclusions we draw; but ~~to~~ think of these things and be interested ~~in~~ ~~in~~ these things? ~~That~~ if we are interested in such things - in another moment we might draw the opposite conclusion. The important is to get interested in such things, to get ~~really~~ interested in one's own ~~to~~ dare to think of them and to dare ~~to~~ face the problem of our existence. Nothingness might save ~~us~~ or destroy ^{those who face it} ~~us~~, but those who ignore it ~~will~~ ~~not~~ ~~be~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ ~~lead~~ ~~a~~ ~~real~~ ~~life~~, ~~with~~ ~~many~~ ~~risks~~ ~~but~~ ~~also~~ ~~with~~ ~~many~~ ~~which~~ ~~is~~ ~~full~~ ~~of~~ ~~risks~~, ~~but~~ ~~also~~ ~~full~~ ~~of~~ ~~promises~~.~~~~

equally dark, inexplicable, incommunicable experiences transcending the world and pointing to its gaps. To become the explorer of this country is to ~~approach madness and venture near madness and death~~. And Rimbaud had to ~~venture by a necessity~~ do it, not because he ~~wanted~~ to find ~~a dangerous amusement~~, but because of a ~~the~~ necessity of his life that ~~was terrifying him~~ terrified him. One never forces nothingness because one likes it or because one thinks one must do it. It suddenly comes and one has to do it. "Les souffrances sont énormes," he wrote in this same letter ~~of~~ disillusioned friendship we last quoted, "Les souffrances sont énormes, mais il faut être fort, être né poète, et je me suis reconnu poète. Ce n'est pas du tout ma part. Je est un autre. Tant pis pour le bois qui se trouve vidon." - "Y is somebody else." The great and significant things of our lives, - love, ~~death~~ creation, death, - come to us by ~~somebody or something else~~, not by ourselves, they are a necessity, sometimes mad we cannot evade, ~~times~~ ~~inexplicable~~, sometimes so illogical they are an inexplicable and unavoidable necessity, sometimes so illogical that we cannot conceive it at all. Rimbaud was ~~not~~ watching himself becoming watching himself becoming a "visionary" of ~~all~~ the unknown with an inconceivable terror. It was imposed upon him by the despair which also was brought upon him. No one wants to be crushed by suffering but ~~some~~ people have to be ~~crushed by suffering~~, it undergoes it. ~~Rimbaud had to become an explorer~~ To be a poet meant for Rimbaud to be crushed by suffering, but he had to undergo it. "Tant d'égoïstes se proclament auteurs; il en ~~est~~ ~~est~~ bien d'autres qui s'attribuent leurs progrès intellectuel!" he ~~then~~ ~~exclaims~~ contemptuously exclaims in another letter. The only ~~intellectual~~ ~~possible~~ ~~intellectual~~ The only real intellectual progress is given to them who have had a revelation of the unknown and this revelation cannot be attributed to ourselves. It is always brought upon us by extreme suffering or by some similar ~~unknown~~ ~~experience~~ ~~unaccountable~~ experience. ~~The same thing can be said of poetry too.~~
~~le jeune homme dont l'œil est brillant, la peau brune,~~
~~le beau corps de vingt ans qui devrait aller nu.~~
 the young man - Rimbaud ~~and his dream~~
 Pareil aux jeunes ners, pleurs de nuits estivales,
 Qui se retournent

The young poet,
 Le ~~je~~ beau corps de vingt ans qui devrait aller nu,
 Pareil aux jeunes ners, pleurs de nuits estivales,
 Qui se retournent sur des lits des châteaux;
 the young poet does not go to conquer poetry by ambition or because he loves it. He was wounded. He has not to go towards anything but
 Il sent marcher sur lui d'atroces solitudes.
 Flots et toujours beaux, sans dégoût du cercueil,
 Qui'it croie aux vastes fins, Rêves ou Promenades
 Immobiles à travers les nuits de verte,
 Et l'appelle en son âme et ses membres malades,

se doit à la société, and managed to be given a good job. The disillusionment was cruel. R. saw through him and he found no trace of an aspiration towards the absolute. He answered to his "Cher Monsieur" now with a heartbreaking ^{bitroum} ~~expression~~: "Vous revolta professeur. On se doit à la société, vous m'avez dit; vous faites partie des corps enseignants: vous roulez dans la bonne ornière. - Mer aussi je suis le principe: je me fais cyniquement entretenir; je déterre ~~de~~ d'anciens imbéciles de collège: tout ce que je puis inventer de hête, de sale, de mauvais, en action et en parole je le leur livre: on me paie en bocks et en filles. - Stat mater dolosa, dum pondet filius. - Je me dois à la Société, c'est juste et j'ai raison. - Vous aussi, vous avez raison, pour aujourd'hui. ~~allez~~ Maintenant je m'écrapule le plus possible. Pourquoi? Je veux être poète et je travaille à me rendre royant. ~~et~~ ~~vous~~ ne comprenez pas du tout et je ne saurais presque vous expliquer. Il s'agit d'arriver à l'inconnu par ~~le~~ le dérèglement de tous les sens." - That was the only solution. He had tried once more to find what he needed ~~into the world, in a into this world, by~~ - the absolute into this world, in the absolute friendship with the person he loved, but this person proved incapable of such a relation; such a relation proved impossible; friendship had also splitted letting the eye catch a glimpse of the unknown behind it. The orders of the world were full of gaps printing to another, inconceivable reality lying behind them. ~~There~~ There could be no happiness; there was only a realm of pure unhappiness behind everything. Nothingness was sending its mute appeal from everywhere; ~~Nothingness~~ ^{it seemed} the only possible absolute; everything else ^{seemed to be} ~~was~~ an appearance, ~~which~~ ^{was} a deceiving ~~surface~~ surface behind which there ~~seemed to be only one thing~~ ~~was~~ ~~impressed~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~to be~~ ~~omnipresent~~, always, the same thing: nothingness. The boy was fascinated. His despair had led him discover the only reality, the realm, of absolute despair, of nothingness. When he was a little younger he used to read adventure books about explorers in ~~unexplored~~ ~~countries~~ ~~unexplored~~ before. Why not to ~~to~~ try to become the explorer not of ~~the~~ ^{any} ~~definite~~ unknown country, but of the Unknown in general, of the ~~endless~~ ~~unknown~~ ~~surrounding~~ stretching to the infinite ~~surrounding~~ surrounding our world, surrounding our lives, surrounding all our gestures or thoughts, everything we see or touch. ~~Even~~ Even if he would not have liked it, ~~then~~ he was compelled to become this, because there was no other solution for him. His despair had brought him to the verge where ~~the~~ the alternative of there are only three alternatives which, after all, come to the same ~~death~~ ~~madness~~ ~~and~~ ~~what~~ ~~himself~~ ~~called~~ what was called by R. "vision". All three of them mean a leap into nothingness. They are ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~thing~~ three different forms of the same thing. One could interchange their names without ~~changing~~ ~~giving~~ giving a false impression of the facts. Death, madness and the vision of nothingness are three