

house, are afraid of each other — which proves we are all fools' . . . In many ways the French Revolution remains the most important event in modern history, and still overhangs most of the modern world's problems more than the moderns will admit. In *Jacques* Diderot has answered before the fact both the *practical* and the *philosophic* problems which the Revolution . . . has preserved for the *twentieth century*".

VII

It is only too probable that here, in Diderot's answer to the *practical* and *philosophical* problems of our time, one of the truly determinant factors for the rejection of *Jacques* by (specifically) American publishers has been uncovered. To act out of spite, to accept what is absolutely inevitable, to fight unflinchingly against avoidable evils, to make necessary compromises without sacrificing one's character — this alone is already "dangerous". But it does not exhaust Pantagruelian revolutionism and cannot suffice to make the Pantagruelian temperament the rounded, well-balanced unit it is. Pantagruelists are generally far ahead of their time, and their revolutionism has other "appalling" aspects for the Masters of the mad-house in which we live.* Some of these aspects particularly concern America, the country in which a serious compromise with the *Jacques* could spare humanity innumerable sufferings and prevent its eventual annihilation. In Mussolini's Italy, Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Empire it has all too clearly been demonstrated that any violation of the "will of nature" cannot but destroy the social substance, engender general barbarism and finally, a universal catastrophe. Vice versa: America could eliminate barbarism once and for all and free the world from want, fear and avoidable evils. In no other country does it appear so clearly written up yonder that as long as the *Jacques* and the Masters *live*, the former would have the stuff and lead the latter to the creation of a society in which both categories are to be dissolved into pure and simple human beings, whose lives will be regulated neither by orders nor their ratification, but by social relations which have become *reasonable in themselves*. It is, in short, in no other country so absolutely clear that the very terms Master and servant have already been stripped of

* A fine observation by Loy concerning the fear Stalinists sense in view of *Jacques* shall not be omitted: "The Russians . . . usually skip over *Jacques* as having no [!] significance to their study, or perhaps, as having only an equivocal or even dangerous [!] conclusion for their narrow Soviet interpretation. Luppold, in his whole work on Diderot, is content to say only that 'in 1773 he finishes the great prosaic epic, *Jacques le fataliste*'. Luc . . . limits himself to a sympathetic observation on the so-called 'obscenity': 'As for the tone of Denis Diderot's sexuality, I believe that *Jacques le fataliste* gives it better than the painful [!] artifice of the *Bijoux indiscrets* . . . [it is] an admixture of a rather [!] rustic indecency which expresses scarcely [!] more than a healthiness of temperament'". — It seems that this utterance is less sympathetic than extremely snobbish. Stalinist counter-revolution was naturally eager to stamp out all achievements of the October Revolution also in the sexual field. And since then the rather rustic indecency of a healthy temperament has been supplanted by a rather *Russian* admixture of icy Siberian puritanism coupled with Stakhanovism and unhealthy figures in child-production. Luc and neo-Malthusians may learn from *Jacques* why to-day even France has a rising birth-rate: "One never makes so many children as in times of misery". Or as the Master puts it: "*Rien ne peuple comme les gueux*."

all sense by force of material conditions which have rendered the capitalist *status quo* obsolete and require no longer the social types corresponding to these terms.

And yet, besides the Stalinoid sector of our mad-house, no other part of it is so extensively pervaded with insane fear, hysterical distrust, malevolent persecution, ridiculous (but disastrous) witch-hunting, intimidating "loyalty oaths", degrading "tests", perverse spying, insulting controls, wanton injustices and insidious censorship as America. Especially there have Masters long since been transformed into sheer *usurpers* — its ranks have been filled with innumerable parvenus, with scum and (in the genuine tradition which has always "distinguished" the formation of the American ruling class) outright criminals. And what such "Masters" instigate is amply supplemented by the viciousness and the zealous cowardice of their dependents (lackeys in the meanest sense of the word) in every sphere of public life. The press, Hollywood, publishers, writers, professors, school-teachers, union-leaders, scientists, "liberals", many organizations and bodies impose *voluntarily* — and therefore all the more ruthlessly — a devastating censorship upon themselves and the public, not to mention voluntary participation in illegal government drives, and witch-hunting, denouncement and similar activities of *their own*.

Even willing publishers must, in such an atmosphere, be frightened of one-knows-not-what at the sight of *Jacques*. They must be "awed" by a book which has a "contagious" quality, and whose author delights in the unpardonable sin of saying what he means and — *for the benefit of all: seriously, honestly* — meaning what he says. Indeed, what is to be done with a "Master" who revolts outright against the injustice of Him who "is said to be the assemblage of all perfection"? No doubt, *Jacques* and his Master have outraged Master, looked around to make sure that nobody had overheard him. But pray, has an American publisher in our time not to watch out for Cardinal Spellman and the American Legion? Are they not at any time ready to "protest" successfully against anything they "don't like", and that without the slightest concern for the democratic right of others to like intensely what the "protesters" don't like? Indeed, the poor publisher has to watch out — the fear is under his skin and drives him into submission, even if he is unaware of what really makes him conform to the rules of the mad-house.

Perhaps the most horrifying circumstance of all for to-day's illiterate rulers is the fact that *Jacques*, this devil of a man, is so strong in character, so unsubdued, so steady, so indomitable, so sure of himself, and simultaneously so gay, so easy, so good-natured, so harmless, so undisturbed, so relativistic. Diderot's portrait of him and his ideas really inspires "dread":

He does not, like our beloved "mass-psychology", hold that the masses are "inhuman" and enjoy the crimes of their diverse tyrants. "They would snatch that unfortunate about whose gallows they gather from the hands of justice if they could. . . . The people are terrible in their fury, but it doesn't last. Their own misery has made them compassionate; they turn their eyes away from the spectacle of horror they went looking for; they grow tender, they return weeping". [Pray, citizens, what can any government and "scientific" propaganda do with teachings which do not conform

with "collective guilt" and give the lie to the assumption that people are crazy about witch-hunting?]" "The distinction of a physical world and a moral world seemed void of sense to him". [That fellow is definitely dangerous: If people realize what he means — adieu rulers and a lot of ideologies!] "He waxed angry at the unjust man; and when somebody objected that then he resembled the dog who bites the stone that struck him, he said: 'Not at all; the stone bitten by the dog is not corrected; the unjust man is modified by the stick'. Often he was inconsistent like you and me and subject to forgetting his principles, except in some circumstances where his philosophy evidently dominated him and then he said: 'That had to be, for it was written up yonder'. He tried to prevent evil; he was prudent *with the utmost scorn for prudence*. When the accident happened, he came back to his refrain, and he was consoled".

Practically speaking: If the rulers are foolish enough to *provoke* a violent "accident" *must* happen and provide the consolation which all natural events bear in themselves. Pantagruelian revolutionism is thus not only a property of the physical world, but also of the human "moral" world whose behaviour is off-hand not distinguishable from the "behavior of matter". For in the final analysis only one morality can stand the test — the morality expressed in the great dictum: *Good is that which is necessary, or what is necessary, that is good*. And what is necessary will be felt with irresistible force every time the situation itself commands: For better or for worse, you have no other choice than between these two possibilities! In the interim which separates such situations from each other, the problems of balance are solved by steps relative to the concrete stage of the development, and here numerous solutions are offered. Jacques remarks: "The doctors say that opposites are cured by opposites". The master concretizes: "Which is as true for morality as for *physiology*. I have noticed a rather strange thing; there are scarcely any moral maxims of which you couldn't make a medical aphorism, and, conversely, no medical aphorisms which wouldn't make moral maxims".

The cure of opposites by opposites is the general pattern of all development, but it depends again on many concrete circumstances what form this development will take. The Master has been condemned to bring up a child which is in reality that of his deceitful friend, the Chevalier de Saint-Quin. Jacques reflects on the strange things written up yonder: "Who knows the rôle which this little bastard will play in the world? Who knows whether he is not born for the good fortune or the destruction of an empire?" The Master says no — he will make him a good turner or a good watchmaker. He will marry and have children who will perpetually do the same as their father in this world. Jacques: "Yes, if that's written up yonder. But why should not a Cromwell come out of the workshop of a turner? He who had his King's head cut off, didn't he come out of the workshop of a brewer, and does one not say to-day . . ."

The Master hastily interrupts him at this point, and while the book approaches its end the opposite solution is presented in the episode which is, as the climax of human behavior, the most significant in the whole story. This episode has been prepared in a dialogue in which Jacques challenges the Master's view that he is free to do as he wishes. The Master admits

that we pass three-quarters of our lives in intending without doing. Jacques immediately gives the problem its dialectical turn: "And in doing without intending." This the Master doubts, yet he consents that it be proven to him. Jacques declares that the proof will be delivered and proposes meanwhile to speak about other matters. Before long the following happens:

Jacques has loosened the straps of his Master's saddle; the Master falls, but Jacques is at his side and receives him (falling) in his arms. The Master complains that Jacques takes bad care of him — he might as well have ended his life in falling. Jacques answers insolently; the Master gets furious and chases Jacques round the horse in order to beat him; Jacques hursts out laughing and the chase goes on until the cursing Master and the laughing Jacques, sweating and exhausted by fatigue, stop each at the opposite side of the horse, both breathless, but Jacques still laughing and the Master looking furiously at him. With breath coming back, Jacques says:

"Will the sir, my master, now agree?" The Master: "And with what, you dog, rascal, insolent, shall I agree if not that you are the most malignant of all servants, and that I am the most unhappy of all masters?" Jacques: "Is it not evidently proven that we act most of the time without intention? There, put your hand on your conscience: have you intended something of all what you have said or done since half an hour? Haven't you been my marionette and wouldn't you have continued to be my pickle-herring for a month if I had so proposed to myself?" Master: "What! This was a jest?" Jacques: "A jest." Master: "And you were expecting the straps to break?" Jacques: "I had that prepared." Master: "And with your marionette cord, you led me at your fancy?" Jacques: "Exceedingly nice!" Master: "And your impertinent reply was premeditated?" Jacques: "Premeditated." Master: "You are a dangerous scamp." Jacques: "Say that thanks to my captain who gave himself once a similar pastime at my expense, I am a subtle reasoner." Master: "If I nevertheless had been hurt?" Jacques: "It was written up yonder *and in my provision* that that wouldn't happen".

As soon as *provision* comes into play and arises as a possibility out of the development, the Cromwell-perspective can be supplanted: if the masters consent to the experiment it will be proven that they will "fall" without being hurt. Loy neglects this obvious aspect of the episode, but his philosophical comment on it is of the highest "recent standard":

"Yet what is this but a complete admission on the part of Spinoza's disciple that *volonté* did come into the affair — obviously not the Master's free will, but *moral freedom* nonetheless. So that the chain of cause which toppled the Master is then not purely physical but, in great part, psychological, and the latter due to Jacques' wishing. [Observe, however, that wishing must have become *physically* possible if it is to be more than wishful fancy! W.L.] The victor in the affair is not fatalism, in which planning is helpless but determinism, in which planning is an *integral part* of the moral freedom granted".

Equally excellent is Loy's summary concerning Diderot's moral ideas:

"After Jacques, there is no easy analysis, but it becomes increasingly clear that there is here still no *codified* moral system, no philosophic structure with *bylaws* for behavior. There are as *many solutions* as there are in *actual personal behavior*; there is *only an attitude* toward life, a

suggested state of mind toward a facilitated acceptance of life by the individual, of the individual by the world".

VIII

With this attitude or state of mind the third essential element of the Pantagruelian temperament has been brought to the fore, namely the philosophical element which involves, of course, all other elements, and especially revolutionism. It is now again irrelevant whether the elements make for a distinct philosophy or are shaped by it: the philosophy cannot be separated from its concrete content — both philosophy and temperament form one whole and are as a whole stronger than the sum total of their parts.

The balance of Pantagruelian realism and revolutionism is well established, but is the matter of its morals definitely settled? Loy does not always escape the danger connected with an abundance of nerves — here and there he turns his subject around too much in the desire to explore it to the fullest extent in his reach. And so the discussion of philosophy opens anew with the problem of morals when Loy continues his happy summary:

"And in that parallel acceptance centering about the individual, there is a blending of the conservative with the revolutionary which presupposes a humanistic equilibrium of moral behavior. But the actual balance of such equilibrium is not precisely projected".

Unless we have missed Loy's point, he obscures what he had just so excellently clarified and makes a statement which represents factually an impossible demand. In order to show that the first part of Loy's summary is sufficient in itself and injured by his addition, some steps back are imperative.

It seems above all that the parallel acceptance must center as much about the world as about the individual, for no facilitated mutual acceptance (as a matter of practical behavior) is thinkable if that attitude (also something practical) or state of mind is not suggested by the, so to speak, physical state of the world. The only meaningful distinction between the unconscious (elemental) physical world and the conscious (responsible) physical world is exactly this, that a part of the physical world has become conscious of its problems and tries consciously to solve them in a responsible (moral) manner. Since wide differences between consciousness and consciousness exist and by far not all human beings have reached that degree of consciousness required for responsible action, it follows at once that it is impossible to precisely project the actual balance of the equilibrium in either world. To speak about actual projection means to pose a false problem (as, alas, all moral or ethical systems have hitherto not projected the actual balance of the equilibrium, but the abstract balance of a very actual disequilibrium) — the real problem is whether or not an equilibrium, of which the actual balance is unknown and unprojectable, can be achieved in human society. And in this respect everything depends on whether or not there are sufficient reasons which suggest that the problem is solvable in actual practice.

A famous sentence has it: "It is not enough that the idea strives toward reality, reality itself must strive toward the idea". If a humanistic equilibrium of moral behavior is presupposed, then no problem exists, for problems arise out of concrete practice and must be solved. If, conversely,

there is a problem and it can be solved by moral behavior, then the latter is only a means to the end and cannot have an equilibrium of its own, for means give up their ghost with the solution of the problem. The mere fact that a social equilibrium is lacking inspires us with the idea of such an equilibrium and causes us to reflect on the means for its realization. (This in turn tells us that only the equilibrium is projected, in abstracto, not the actual balance of behavior, in concreto.) Our problem of equilibrium has, consequently, a purely practical nature and excludes for its solution any presupposition, except that forces must be at hand or tendencies at work or means be found which make a solution possible. It is a sad fact that ideas are cheap under many circumstances, and that they remain powerless as long as the concrete material conditions which are the presupposition for their realization don't exist or have not yet been created in reality. The primary importance of the material conditions and circumstances for a mere understanding of certain problems has already been stressed (section III) and can only again be stressed in connection with the problem of a social equilibrium which is, moreover, a problem of the material wealth, resources and techniques required for an undisturbed social life. As for this material side of our problem, it must in the present context simply be assumed that the question is no longer one of social wealth, resources and techniques — the trouble of our time is precisely the question of what to do with a superabundance of those requirements in the framework of a social organization where they are in ever greater measure used for the destruction of humanity. As for the philosophical side, the question is: What are the general reasons for asserting that a humanistic equilibrium can be achieved? The answer to this question must of necessity be a general one and is, naturally, imbued with "recent standards", i.e. the level of a time which has in every respect (materially, philosophically, morally, etc.) become ripe for the fulfillment of humanity's dream.

The whole universe is dominated by a striving for equilibrium, which for its part is incited and regulated by the perceptive or sensitive faculty (attribute) of matter. This sensitive faculty gains with the grouping and regrouping of matter in intensity and momentum: it leads to a higher and higher organization of matter and produces gradually (though by no means evenly) reflection, consciousness, intellect, thinking, perception, reason, mind, morals, ethics. And that is to say: Matter creates forms of organization in which it becomes increasingly responsible (to use a moral term) for its own movement and behavior.

Further: All matter is at one time or another subject to elemental processes and violent elemental eruptions which are, in that world not yet capable of reasoned perception (reason or perception alone are inferior to reasoned perception, the highest product of matter), beyond the notions of good and evil. Included in these violent eruptions is the never lasting fury of the masses which it is sheer convention to pronounce good or bad, for it is invariably provoked and necessary in the sense that it has become an unavoidable reaction against intolerable pressure. It is therefore one of the great regulative factors: Every time the conscious world, for whatever determinants, falls short of responsible action and reaction, it recedes for all practical purposes to a greater or lesser extent into the strictly elemental world and produces as many "morals" as there are elements and different

degrees of perception (cognition) in differently organized *conscious* matter. Morals are thus not only a problem of an actual *disequilibrium* and always correspond to the latter and change with it, but are eventually dissolved when *reasoned perception* becomes sufficiently generalized to permit the establishment of a solid social balance with no other limitations than those imposed by the eventual disappearance of the *physical* conditions for responsible behavior itself. Summarizing these:

a) The world, in whatever sense conceived, tries to overcome its purely elemental state and to master its own destiny. It lies in the nature of the problem that its attempts can be successful only in the realm of the *conscious* world, but the conscious world will in the end miserably fail in its task if it does not succeed in harmonizing its surroundings called "nature". (Maxim: Given our present economic, technical and scientific standards which have taken away all justifications for the destruction of man by man and for a blind, wanton exploitation of nature, man must centre about it and can commit no greater crime than to destroy unnecessarily the relative balance already achieved in the unconscious world around him and waste his own resources of life. Man must *help* nature or he will perish.)

b) The blending of the conservative with the revolutionary is intrinsic in all matter, but that does not *presuppose* an equilibrium, still less a humanistic one of *moral behavior*. On the contrary, it *conditions* only the *striving for it* and invariably reaches with eternal changes a point where either the conservative or the revolutionary gains preponderance, then turns into its opposite and so on.*

* A philosopher of "recent standards", Ernst Cassirer, writes in the *Philosophy of the Enlightenment*: "The novel *Jack the Fatalist* endeavors to show that the concept of fate is the alpha and omega of all human thinking; but it also shows how thought time and again comes into conflict with this concept, how it is forced implicitly to deny and revoke the concept *even while affirming it*. . . . According to Diderot it is this oscillation between the two poles of freedom and necessity which brings the circle of our thought and existence to completion. By such oscillation, not by a simple assertion or denial, we can discover the *all-inclusive* concept of nature, that concept which in the last analysis is just as much *beyond agreement and contradiction* and *beyond truth and falsehood* as it is *beyond good and evil* [moral W.L.], because it *includes both extremes without differentiation*". — Philosophy is at its highest where it discovers that the movement of thinking is identical with the movement of matter, i.e. where it perfectly "mirrors" the laws of nature. To supplement Cassirer's parallel between thought and existence: The concept of fate in human thinking corresponds to blindness in nature, to the *strict* (mechanical) determinism which is the alpha and omega of the physical world. But nature itself comes time and again into conflict with *strict* determinism and is forced implicitly to deny and revoke mechanics even while affirming it. As fate has the two poles necessity and freedom, so has this concept as all other concepts the poles necessity and accident, continuity and disruption, statics and dynamics, attraction and repulsion, inertia and mutation, evolution and revolution, etc. Only one should not say that the circle of our thought and existence is brought to completion by the *oscillation* between these poles (oscillation is a pendular, not a circular, movement), but by the "growing", of one pole into the other or by the constant "turning over" of opposites into opposites. Our human world would, exactly like nature, be beyond good and evil and include all extremes *without* differentiation, were it not for the fact that freedom (otherwise identical with accident) is a matter of consciousness (physics turns into chemistry

e) Matter is intrinsically (by attribute) revolutionary, namely *creative* — it tolerates no other absolutes than its own attributes: motion (energy), sensitivity (as a faculty), creativeness (revolutionism), and the striving for balance.

d) An equilibrium may be "presupposed" in the most abstract sense because, for the whole universe, equilibrium and disequilibrium are in "equilibrium" and constitute their opposites without distinction. In the concrete, however, everything is and remains partial and relative. A part of the universe may be in violent eruption or change, while the solar system is in relative equilibrium, which may be indeed "the best of all possible" equilibria.

e) The same holds for the relative equilibrium of matter organized in all the forms of our globe up to human society. Specifically, parts of human society for a long time may live in a fairly stable equilibrium; for example, primitive people if not disturbed by natural catastrophes, the interference of the white man or other outside influences. But human society as a whole has never reached a stage in which the equilibrium was the predominant, disturbance the minor feature. The so-called social balance has been and is to-day more than ever an extremely precarious one — it is through and through a *coercive* and *suppressive* "balance", not a free one swinging of itself.

f) The moral problem arises precisely from the fact that in human society, with growing *reasoned perception*, the elimination of all blind elemental processes, eruptions and violences is, at least in principle, possible.*

* To avoid misunderstanding: The "violence" attached to childbirth, personal accidents, certain sicknesses, minor natural catastrophes are of no consequence for the social equilibrium and must be left aside. However, traffic accidents (public services), epidemics, social maladies and — death belong to the problems of balance. To eliminate these evils and make natural death (which is a "problem" only for those who had not a full and harmonious life) for all a peaceful and painless process instead of a "dreadful" event, a well-balanced society is required. And to make the other side clear: All possibilities hold only as long as an unpredictable elemental catastrophe does not interfere. The natural end of the solar system is another factor which brings all possibilities to an end, but that is a matter too far off to be counted with here.

and distinguished from accident by cognition or "insight". It is frequently said that accident and necessity, fatalism and free will (etc.) are not simply antithesis but *synthesis*. The fallacy of this assertion is obvious: fatalism and free will, or whatever opposites (poles) one may take, are as little synthesis as hydrogen and oxygen, the synthesis of which is *water*. With water something *new* is "created" (the criterion for all true synthesis), while accident and necessity, taken as *synthesis*, produce nothing other than what they are: two poles of one and the same thing (blindness or fatalism of the *strictly* determined world), turning into each other and remaining accidental as necessity, necessary as accident. The case turns from bad to worse if the *concept* (fatalism) which has the two poles of freedom and necessity is taken as one of the poles and *fatalism* and free will are presented as not "simply" antithesis but *synthesis*. In other words: Fatalism and free will are not even an antithesis — they are "simply" *false* poles and cannot be opposed at all. The real poles of fatalism (strict mechanical determinism or blindness of nature) are accident and necessity, and freedom as the *evolutionary* synthesis (more complicated than and different from the "unification of opposite units" in chemistry) appears only where the evolution has progressed to reasoned perception and material conditions which permit differentiation in *practice*, not only in theory. From this moment on, accident and necessity, necessity and accident, become *practically* distinguishable

Not even the idea of a *general, non-coercive* social balance could be conceived by the human brain until, at the time of the Renaissance, the material development suggested it to the mind. The humanistic equilibrium is a *product* of history — nothing in it can be presupposed other than the striving for balance inherent in matter. This striving is the sign of a real *disequilibrium*, the *negation* of which is a real *equilibrium*, not an equilibrium of *moral behavior*.

g) Hence: Morals are always relative and concrete, never absolute and abstract. Their own nature, moreover, will render them completely superfluous when the social organization has reached the stage where Rabelais' *lay ce que voudras* (do as thou wilt) becomes *generally* practicable, for immoral, but simply *amoral* (a synthesis of all maxims and is neither moral nor preserved, yet deprived of their specific character).

IX

When Loy returns from his occasional errandries to "recent standards" he sees the true state of affairs. Some of what he has to say on philosophy is once more an excellent summary and deserves a place of honor. For example:

"To make Jacques and every other man worthy of existence on this earth, *practically* not intellectually, he must be granted the possibility of doing something for himself. But if, like the Neveu, he is necessarily the product of natural, unfeeling, antecedent combinations of matter, where can the reservation for human effect be intercalated? Spinoza had made no distinction between mind and matter, and by Cartesian reasoning, in general, Diderot would insist on the same anti-Cartesian unity but for completely different scientific and experimental reasonings. For mind to Diderot is but the organ of minding and constructed from the same (in modern parlance) electro-chemical organization of matter which has produced the modern calculating machine. Spinoza's Substance, being of itself and causing all other existence, has just as surely made individual decision a confusion of terms, for that decision at any given moment has already been decided in the Substance. Of the myriad *attributes* [Loy's emphasis] possible to his Substance, Spinoza has made only two comprehensible to man. Thus man, like all Substance, moves and occupies space and that is all. But suppose, once matter has become organized into the species man, in his capacity as a new entity, he finds himself capable of more than movement and extension, finds himself, from the great necessary backlog of matter-movement and matter-extension, capable of envisioning the cause of his next step, but the effect which it might have. Would not this in itself add to the causes of the next step and change, ever so slightly, the fated effect? [In reality, we change the effect tremendously and

and *separable* as a chain of differently determined cause and effect by which accident has been freed from the blindness of necessity, necessity from that of necessity, not enough to say (with Hegel) that freedom is the recognition understood or perceived. The true synthesis of accident and necessity is *planning*, and not only "plan" planning, but planning capable of *calculating the consequences* of both accident and necessity.]

find in principle no limitations to effect *decisive* changes! W.L.] Here basically is Diderot's argument with Spinoza. The sage of Amsterdam has completely ignored the possibility of development and evolution of the modes of his Substance. However determined any human entity may be, can he not for that become an agent, another *attribute* [Loy's emphasis] of Substance? Or more simply, as Spinoza defines it, really exist? There is that matter, does Substance, as Spinoza defines it, really exist? There is matter, to be sure, capable of movement and extension; and there are atoms of matter. But who is to say that such atoms must always follow an incontrovertible path in their peregrinations? Must not Lucretian *chance* be taken into consideration here? Then Jacques is what he is because the atoms took the turn they did, but they did not have to take those turns and those turns only. And if there were but a way of encouraging a certain turn over another in the realm of psychologic determinants [again: such a way exists to an enormous extent in every realm! W.L.], might one not have added to or at least have *directed* the turn of events? The issue of disagreement is clearly scientific reasoning vs. a *priori* reasoning, determinism vs. fatalism, a doctrine of advance vs. a pragmatic doctrine of circumstances [the "philosophical" equivalent for chewing-gum! W.L.], a doctrine of optimism on *practical* grounds vs. a doctrine of, *at best*, purely *intellectual* optimism".

With this the moment has arrived where a closer description can be given of that element from which the examination of the Pantagruelian temperament proceeded, namely the "sound dose of pessimism". It is the palpating heart, the fiery soul, the animating spirit of Pantagruelism and gives (to repeat what is of paramount importance) the enthusiasm or optimism on *practical* grounds the necessary resistance, the temperament its wonderful balance. Since this pessimism is concretely at work in the forms of resignation, scepticism, satire, irony, humour, stoicism, "fatalism", and since it prevents the acceptance of the world from becoming the hard-boiled, brutal, disgusting, conceited, self-righteous, infatuated, stinking, murderous "optimism" of those vulgar materialists who (God bless America's pragmatic doctrine of circumstances, so flatly mirrored in Eisenhower's face!) take business, their own world, their own stupid beliefs, their own "successes" for the last word — it refutes any over-seriousness and declares even the "seriousness" of the universe with its "grave" problems to be what it is when all reflection has been done with: vanity, futility, fuss, nonsense. It makes an enormous difference whether one indulges blindly in such vanity or approaches world and life with the distance flowing from the insight that "all this" is a play — a serious play, certainly, but a play nonetheless. With the latter approach, the nonsense can make sense — with the former, humanity will go to pieces. Loy sees the true state of affairs and has jewels to offer:

"*Jacques le fataliste* [Pantagruelism] makes sense only if seen in the general setting of nonsense."

"There is [besides the outward amusement] an inner amusement of much more lastingness — the 'merry heart of Sterne', the Pantagruelic chuckle, the enlightened laugh of Diderot. The complete treatment of a serious problem in this atmosphere of healthy gaiety [the cure for dead-sick over-seriousness] is what makes *Jacques* a rare and worthy work of French fiction."

"*Jacques*, far from Swiftian bitterness, is full of good fun and derision however serious certain implications of the fatalism question are for Diderot."

"For *Jacques* is a gay book and the *intentional playfulness* of the author is certainly not least in that part which centers about fatalism. . . . *Jacques* is ridiculous many times and the very recurrence of the stock phrase 'written up yonder' is calculated, sooner or later, to strike the reader's sense of comedy, given the character of *Jacques* and the situations in which he proffers his dictum. . . . All of this constitutes not a boisterous humor, but rather an intellectual chuckle, that very inward smile of Sterne of which Diderot has so many times been judged incapable."

"*Jacques'* doctrine works, of course, much more efficiently after the fact, and Diderot takes relish in showing the Great Scroll at work in such circular order. After a request by the Master for clarification on a point of *Jacques'* love story, the following dialogue takes place:

Jacques: I consent — but only on condition that we come back on our traces and return to the surgeon's house. *Master*: Do you believe that's written up yonder?

Jacques: It's up to you to say so; but it's written here below that *chi va piano va sano*. *Master*: And that *chi va sano va lontano*; and I would like to go there.

Jacques: Well, have you decided? *Master*: It's up to you; whatever you like. *Jacques*: Well, in that case, we are back at the doctor's, and it was written up yonder that we would come back.

Jacques is certainly not unique in this *playfulness*. . . . But it is unique in the degree of *playfulness*; from first page to last, the reader cannot long ponder seriously over these weighty problems of human freedom because Diderot cuts him off with an 'after all this twaddle or humbug', or 'thank your stars, readers, that I don't continue this problem which theologians have argued for centuries'. For Diderot has realized the *academic nature* of the problem and — to put it frankly — the *futility* of it. In this, he has again foreseen much of modern philosophy, for if the *basic implications* of human freedom are still very vital, the dissection of the question as academic metaphysics is not; the interest has been transferred more to what the *tangible effects* of the problem *will be to society*, which is precisely where Diderot would have put it. It is to the philosopher what the squared circle is to the mathematician — a philosophical chess game. But meanwhile the philosopher must live in an actual world. Academic questions are not complete nonsense on the one hand, but on the other, they are not the sum total of truth. A thinking man considers them seriously when he is serious, knows how to play with them when they refuse to bend to his contemporary world. The very academic thinking is not useless; the day might arrive when the steadily changing, the steadily enlightened psychological elements will have made a *natural adaptation to the equally changing physical elements*. Moral freedom might one day be either unnecessary to the human entity, or nature itself might leave off its adamancy and become increasingly a *willing cosmos like man*. But until then, the answer of *Jacques* is evident: at all times when the materialist philosophy would seem to confuse and thwart the humanist — paradox, contradiction, inconsistency notwithstanding — the humanist must stay.

It stays naturally, for after *Jacques* it is clear that the *humanist* can be, must be, and is *synonymous with the materialist*. So *Jacques* [whose materialism is not business-materialism!] goes peacefully to sleep, lulled by his doctrine which need not necessarily influence his acts, and Diderot continues to act and mold for the future although his experience many times tells him he is a fool!"

"Hoax it is [the book], and the laugh is equally on the reader, the author, and humanity in general. And if the good-natured admission of the joke does not end in an equally good-natured laugh, *Jacques* has missed its point."

"Any paradox which is read into Diderot comes from the eternal desire to categorize, to demand that each man create his system if he is to be preserved for posterity. Systems are so much more easily and painlessly grasped. What has not been seen is that Diderot is *preeminently human*, with none of the pretences of a *Nietzsche*; that, although he may waver on concrete problems between two possible points of view, the general feeling for and interpretation of human existence remains much the same, one of *reasoned optimism*. Has more been required or received from Montaigne and Rabelais?"

"If the final interpretation of *Jacques le fataliste et son maître* seems thus to turn completely toward the comic, there have perhaps been many words wasted in the foregoing attempt to study several aspects of the novel from the serious point of view. If that is true, then much unnecessary talk about Rabelais has been published since 1532. The serious implications in *both cases* are, rather, the necessary precondition for the fullest enjoyment of the final laugh. The steady infectious laugh of the simple and naive jokester is spontaneous and momentary; the more sparing intellectual laugh of the responsible man who has equal reasons for weeping is apt to be more effective and more lasting. It is the second type of laugh which is the final impression of *Jacques*."

"The final tone of the work, then, is *Rabelaisian*. . . . *Jacques* is a comedy, a true human comedy whose tragic is felt but definitely hidden beneath the playful Pantagruelism."

X

The Pantagruelian approach to life or the philosophical attitude of Pantagruelism, forming one whole with the Pantagruelian temperament and admitting no difference (disequilibrium) between philosophy and practical activity, is the miracle by which nature attains its self-liberation. It is an inexhaustible miracle and reveals the realism, the revolutionism, the playfulness, the merry heart, the bursting laughter, the philosophic chuckle, the preeminently *human* and *unpretentious* seriousness with which nature proceeds in all its creations and finally finds with the creation of the human brain its liberating formula: As *serious* nonsense I recognize myself the moment self-reflection has been completed, but since the nonsense cannot be brought to an end I constitute my capacity of being serious as *reasoned optimism*.

This formula leads back to the question of realism and deeper into the inexhaustible miracle of Pantagruelism. Writes Loy: *

* The writer of this Appeal selects the following quotation in which Loy quotes

"In an excellent article on Sterne, B. H. Lehman [*Of Time, Personality and the Author, Studies in the Comic*] has attempted to explain the real significance of *Tristram Shandy*; he has succeeded admirably in writing *order* of a much more *universal* and *human* kind than is usually granted about the *disorder* of that work. It is not at all surprising if in many places his conclusions are equally valid for Diderot. For both men had set themselves the same Herculean and generally thankless task.

"Sterne and Diderot were both conscious of the *basic relativity* of all things. As Lehman puts it, 'For Sterne, the world is *contingency incarnate*. Anything and everything may be upset by thoroughly but *irrelevantly* motivated chance'. So that the 'normal' concept of reality, of morality, and particularly of time is an artificial concept. The possibilities, then, of reality in a multimed world are infinite, and small wonder that both men found themselves incapable of expression in a *traditional medium* [the steady opposition of Pantagruelism against convention! W.L.]. For they are talking of time by the period clock, by the mind's clock, and in a much broader sense, by the universal clock which for Sterne is moved by God, for Diderot, by matter and the material concept of the cosmos. This points the way to obvious differences of detail in the two men. Says Lehman,

Since therefore all that man can know was mind-made and not actual, all principles of morality were *imposed* on the natural order by the idea-association process of the mind. As laid down in a hundred directions, they did *not* consist with the reality, because man's dreams and hopes and fossils of old institutions and procedures got *associated into the reality patterns and falsified them*.

Thus far we are still in a Lockian, if not indeed a Berkeleyan* world. But Diderot has gone even further. For if he insists very definitely upon this psychologic causality, he has made it sufficiently clear that there is another *very physical causality of materialism*. His conception of reality is then doubly complicated, for there is the chance of both simple matter and organized or mind-matter to be accounted for when he defines the real, and the complete comprehension of this twin chain of causality has thus far eluded him. The gigantic proportion of the problem he has set himself becomes suddenly much clearer. For 'personality', that enigma in itself, 'existed and manifested itself in time; association of ideas and communications took place in time', and time itself (in whatever concept it existed — personal, periodic, or universal) was the precarious balance between per-

* In a note on this Loy says: "One of Diderot's maddening preoccupations was his inability to refute completely Berkeley". Diderot's inability was one inherent in the problem — any idealism in philosophy can only be refuted in practice, not in theory. But the paragraph quoted from Lehman is one of the many proofs that consistent idealism is practically much closer to materialism than is generally believed.

Lehman, because he has the avowed aim of demonstrating that there exists a "community" of Pantagruelists (he will return to this point a little later) and that this community is expanding — a fact which might make the Appeal a successful one. He tries, therefore, to bring in as many witnesses as possible and refrains wherever he can from treating in his own words a subject he has cherished during all his conscious life. The motive for quoting other (if only potential) Pantagruelists is, avowedly, a selfish one: Pantagruelists find their utmost satisfaction in meeting — Pantagruelists.

sonality and the very impersonal physical world of matter. The very reflection of reality is, then, *irreality* as seen by *traditional* concepts; the prolonged analysis of the order which is predicated on the above relatives personality, time, and the cosmos — must appear disorder to *traditional* minds. And yet 'the incongruous and the inconsistent, the contingent, all the diverse doing and being, though it could come to nothing, had something in it — a vitality masquerading oddly. And that something was good. The temper of Yorick's heart was a naked temper; but the heart consented, it was a merry heart'. The *comic*, the *nonsensical*, and *rhapsodical* of both *Tristram* and *Jacques* is there. That is why both novels had to be *essentially* queer and Rabelaisian; it was a necessary postulate of the type of realism they sought after. 'Philosophy considered as the wisdom of acceptance after recognition, understood as the mental climate of an imagination served by a true eye and deeply imbued with a *reverence for reality*, discovered in 'the naked temper of a merry heart' — this philosophy the book is not only made of but is enveloped in as in an atmosphere. Only after one realizes all this, does Jacques become the very real character he is. So both Sterne and Diderot — and especially Diderot — are far ahead of their time."

Loy writes this in connection with the problem of the *Realistic Novel*. He continues: "It is *questionable* if the problem has been more conclusively treated by anyone since Diderot. True, others have more clearly suggested solutions — Proust, for example — but be it noted, in a much longer, involved and patience-testing work. One might conclude with Lehman, taking the liberty to add a second title, '*The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent. [Jacques le fataliste et son maître]*' is full of premonitions of the future of the novel. To see what Sterne's [Diderot's] achievement really was, is, I believe only in these last years possible, in a mind made aware by the *Magic Mountain, Ulysses*, and the *Remembrance of the Past*."

If this is to mean that the formidable *limitation* and the over-serious *pathos* of the *Magic Mountain* (etc.) makes the mind aware of how infinitely *superior* Diderot's achievement really was, the case could be considered as closed and the premonitions left in their full right. For what is more self-evident than the fact that above all the *Magic Mountain* is the cheapest *symbolism* imaginable? There is in it not one iota of what is essentially Rabelaisian — no true eye serves the imagination and there is only a reverence for the *past*, not for reality. It is, further, imbued with a "vitality", a temper and a "merriness" (Mann's pedantic and pale "irony") which are not even as "good" as in that "something" known as a wooden horse, and its reality patterns are utterly *falsified* by exclusively reactionary dreams and "hopes", by fossils of old institutions and procedures associated into them.

Loy, however, seems to reach farther and is on the way to one of his errandries. With his usual conspicuously good start he explains:

"In the *final* analysis, a more *practical* point of view must perhaps be adopted. Diderot has not written a realistic novel or *anything approaching it* in *Jacques le fataliste* if one judges it by usual standards. Of realistic touches there are doubtless many; Diderot did know how to write convincingly and writers in the realist tradition can learn much from his mastery of dialogue and gesture. But in the broader sense, *Jacques* is not a

creative whole which reflects a *limited reality*. From the foregoing it is obvious that both Sterne and Diderot were much too *sincere* to accept the inherent compromise of such limitation [a devastating point against Mann, Proust, etc.]. What Diderot probably knew very well, but *refused to accept* was the consciously or unconsciously admitted fact that every work of art presupposes a certain artistic *convention*. Each time a spectator enters the theater or the opera he has already accepted without question a *great deal of limitation*; what he is going to see has by definition been subjected to much formalization or stylization. The same applies to all genres of literature. It is true, that at some periods such formalization has been more strict, in other periods, more pliable, but the tacit understanding between creator and audience has always existed. New art forms are continually searching to break down or add greater freedom to this artistic convention; some indeed, seem intent upon working the other way and making the formalization so difficult to accept that only a chosen few disciples can hope to share in the communication; but invariably such attempts sift down to the same attempt at mutual understanding. . . . The scope of both the imitation and the communication of *Jacques le fataliste* is so *vast* and *all-inclusive* that it rather defies the type of acceptance which every work of art must have. Perhaps a changed novel form will one day successfully cope with the problem, but it seems *highly improbable*, for the problems of *Jacques*, tied as they are to so many other relative values, would still appear rather insoluble.

With such a good start Loy arrives at the rather strange conclusion:

"It is the very wilful order of disorder which has so characterized *Jacques*, that allows finally the introduction of a term which has become so familiar to the modern literary world. It seems clear that Diderot and *Jacques* stand at the beginning of a long and involved road which leads finally to surrealism. If by surrealism one thinks of Apollinaire's search for a reality above and beyond the accepted and the obvious, if surrealism, as Anna Balakian has so clearly stated it, is an expedition into disorder using contradiction in place of comparison as basic communication, then *Jacques* is Diderot's clearest surrealist attempt".

If, says Jacques, if the sea boils there would be a lot of cooked fish — it simply makes no sense to ask for more than is there, because it means to ask for much less. It is, of course, true that a long and involved road has, among other phenomena, also led to surrealism, but it is equally true that the great stream or the great tree of literature and life has many stunted arms and dead branches, one of which is precisely the *pretentious* (over-serious) nonsense of surrealism. That the dead wood is still "wood" and that *Jacques* has something in common with surrealism (all things have something in common with — *all things*) *in no way* justifies the identification of the dead branch with the *man* and "all-inclusive" living tree. The main tendency of the modern development goes toward the *positive* dissolution of bourgeois society in economy, politics, art, literature, philosophy, etc. — a vast process in which much that is sheer *decomposition* tries to resist and to crystallize against change. Such crystallizations, as the very manifestations of an actual decay, may remain an interesting phenomenon and can tell us much about the degree which the decomposition has already reached. The main stream, in contrast, defies the type of acceptance and

the formidable limitation of surrealism which has, *at best*, succeeded in creating its own disorder which it tries to ossify, but which has not succeeded in making order of a *universal* and *human* kind out of disorder, not sense out of nonsense. Pantagruelism achieves this miracle and nothing can deprive it of further characteristics which — together with the mass of other characteristics and elements so far enumerated — irrevocably separate it from surrealism: *sincerity, simplicity, naturalness*, and the *power to convince*. It is neither art nor a means of communication to use contradictions for the sake of contradiction, i.e. to operate with *absurd* contradictions and to ask for so much mutual understanding as is required to accept a lobster dancing on human legs for more than an attempt to justify the absurd position of the artist in the framework of our absurd system. Such endeavor is, even if executed with the most refined techniques, simple affirmation of the *convention* apologetically postulated and taking the form of *voluntary dilettantism* in the service of the *status quo*.* The real art in every sphere is to reveal the inner logic of true, *tragic*, contradictions whose essence is to represent sense *in spite* of nonsense and to remain (as Rabelais, Diderot, Sterne, and nature itself) perfectly *natural*. The real art, in one word, is to *master* the nonsense and to face the grotesque with the same *heroic serenity* which characterizes nature's behavior on the one, and Pantagruelism (as the miracle of nature's self-liberation) on the other side. Loy, in this case too, returns to the true state of affairs and shows by his own efforts the hopelessness of his undertaking:

* Accordingly, our newspapers must be regarded as "great manifestations" of surrealism because they are filled with the most absurd contradictions that are by no means below the level of to-day's voluntary dilettantes called "artists". It is the same story as with other "artistic" efforts of our time. The "pact with the devil" in *Dr. Faustus*, for instance, is a "symbol" of German fascism which newspapers had invented and used "comprehensively" for the apology of American imperialism, before Thomas Mann adopted it in order to justify a still more "limited reality". Newspapers falsified the reality patterns enough by the fossil concept of a "pact with the devil", but at least did not leave out *economic* and political factors which all his "artistic" apparatus could not even make *Dr. Faustus* a *novel*, was so sincere as to falsify reality to a point where it simply — disappeared in the "surrealistic" description of "compositions" by a syphilitic musician. To describe music is the, so to speak, pretension of pretensions, and that pretension of describing *non-existent* music could not make ten steps without landing in Hollywood. There is, besides innumerable crutches like "my good and faithful Helen", the shoddy-story of the "beautiful" boy killed by the (platonic) love of Leverkühn who had, in his pact with the devil, forsaken all love. How terrible! — Hollywood should not neglect the subject but rather combine it with the story of the dog who listens to a whistle men can't hear! There is the story of the morphine adulterer, Ines Rodde, who shoots her infidel lover (the "real" murderer is again our syphilitic "composer"), and God knows how bitterly this irrelevant trash was needed to make *Dr. Faustus* a "big" book. There is the still more irrelevant story of Clarissa Rodde who kills herself (that noble Hollywood soul) because a stereotype of the purest Hollywood brand (for whom she once fell while she was, in the purest Hollywood style, a little "tipsy") tries to blackmail her with a motivation drawn from the purest Hollywood psychology, etc. That a man like T. W. Adorno, who helped Mann in the fabrication of his Hollywood monster but together with Horkheimer (*Dialectic of the Enlightenment*) wrote bitter truths about Hollywood, — that such a man associated himself with these pure Hollywood revelations is a problem which psychologists interested in the phenomenon of "dual-personality" may examine in their own way.

"It is equally true that Diderot could not have accepted many of the manifest peculiarities which have characterized the more daring [one should say the most *apologetic!* W.L.] surrealists. To begin with, the frank *anti-social* iconoclasm would have needed limits for Diderot; as *Jacques* has so plainly shown, Diderot could not equate his *artistic search for the trans-logic* with complete isolation from the social. But [the errantry is still to tempting! W.L.] there is more than enough feeling if not proof in all of Diderot (cf. the surrealist René Crevel's title, *Le Clavecin de Diderot*) and particularly in *Jacques* to justify the conclusion [the *impossible* conclusion that particularly *Jacques* is Diderot's clearest surrealist attempt! W.L.]. It is so difficult for Diderot to tell what he means by *real* [Loy's emphasis values, if it is so difficult for the reader of *Jacques* to assimilate and co-ordinate what *seems* many times only disordered contradiction [by far not all readers find that assimilation and co-ordination difficult! W.L.], it is most probably because he was groping about for the *surreal* [Loy's emphasis] in the vocabulary of a century whose ideal was logic and whose first mission was to *destroy the old marvelous* and in every way spread the conviction that the physical universe including man was *more logical* and *natural* than tradition would allow. Thus Diderot is far ahead of his contemporaries, for he has seen a new unreal [?] world, not based on the traditional confusion of *revelation and metaphysical speculation*, but which must grow out of a better comprehension of the pseudo-logical nature of things."

The point is that Loy for all his efforts is unable to reconcile Jacques the *Pantagruelist* with the pitiful experiments of "surrealistic" *parasitism*. He himself has said so much about the impossibility of his conclusion that all that is left of it is the same "confusion of terms" he has seen in Spinoza. Indeed, why insist on the term "surreal", why speak about Diderot's search for "the trans-logic" the "pseudo-logical nature of things" and a new "unreal" world when Diderot was looking for the *real* world and the *deeper reality* behind the vanishing *status quo*? Is this not a fact which Loy has repeatedly stressed, foremost in his brilliant discussion of Diderot's disagreement with Spinoza? There is not even a purely *formal* justification for Loy's conclusion, for *not even the slightest similarity between the formal (artistic) means* employed by Diderot and surrealism exists. Surrealism, one could say with Lehman, is *contingency incarnate*, but with the severe reservation that it is exclusively artificial, *mechanical* and dead: *reality, not irrationality*, as seen by the *traditional concept* of irrationality which appears as perfect "order" to *traditional* minds coaxed by the contingencies of competition. *Jacques* is far removed from the mechanical artifices of surrealism and remains perfectly *natural* — it destroys, as Loy states (and in reality argues *against* surrealism), the *old marvelous* and spreads the conviction that the *physical universe including man* was more *logical* and *natural* than tradition would allow. Indeed, how is one to reconcile this statement with the *opposite* statement that Diderot has seen a new *unreal* world (recession into the *Berkeleyan* world against which Diderot had "made it sufficiently clear that there is another *very physical causality of materialism*") which must grow out of a better comprehension of the *pseudo-logical* nature of things? This contradiction makes no sense and only leads back to a world based on the *traditional confusion* if not of

evolution, then at least of *metaphysical speculation*. Diderot had, in truth, realized the *futility* of metaphysical problems like "surreality" and was groping for the deeper *coherence* of what *seems* (in a world which was for him entirely a physical *reality*) many times only disordered contradiction. It must be admitted that Loy's contradiction is a "perfect" one and consequently (Mephistopheles told us so long ago) "equally mysterious for ages as for fools" — he has constructed a paradox against his own pronouncement: "Any paradox *read into* Diderot comes from the eternal desire to categorize."

Summary: In surrealism the world becomes more adamant than ever (not a willing cosmos) and the humanist disappears in it. And so it is the business of "petty scholars" who have not read in the "great book", where *Jacques* the *Pantagruelist* has his feet "solidly on the ground" (Loy) and stays as a *convincing* character, *preeminently human, sincere, simple, natural, beyond all bourgeois art*. But as the living instrument of nature's self-liberation and the personification of this miracle he emerges with new qualities of great consequence. To be preeminently human and to love life in spite of the nonsense, nay, even with the firm resolution to *master* it, means to face life and world *heroically*. Yet this heroism too is beyond bourgeois notions: it is not the heroism of the drama, the battle-field or the "tragic" destiny — it is the *serene* heroism of *prudence* with the *utmost sternness for prudence* which yields the synthesis of all characteristics and elements of *Pantagruelism*, namely *Sovereignty*.

XI

Sovereignty reigns in every *Pantagruelistic* work from Rabelais to Claude Tillier, the man who has to be put in the place of such inferiors as Anatole France and André Gide in the "typical French lineage" of *Pantagruelism*. There are, no doubt, *traces* of *Pantagruelism* in many individuals, but it should by now be absolutely clear that neither France nor Gide exhibit any of the *essential* features required to constitute that all-rounded, all-inclusive and preeminently *French* miracle. The only man who corresponds in temperament and character, in philosophy and attitude, in politics and personality perfectly to Rabelais and Diderot is, all necessary differences between the three men considered, Claude Tillier. No guess can be ventured as to why Loy totally overlooked Tillier's *Mon oncle Benjamin*, that novel which manifested the "Gallic spirit" (of which the *keynote* is *Pantagruelism*) in the *nineteenth* century with a freshness, originality and uniqueness as if no similarity with the two other great originals (*Pantagruel* and *Jacques*) had existed.

The originality of these works flows from the character of the ages in which they were written and which have left their "imprint" on them. It has been explained that great manifestations of the new feeling for life (*Pantagruelism*) always coincide quite naturally with times of political and social troubles, of wars, reaction, persecution, censorship and confusion, but that spirits are highest when these features are but the reverse side of impending and far-reaching social changes of a progressive order which reaction attempts to prevent. It has further been stressed that the enthusiasm for *Jacques* receives impulses only when the deeper *coherence* between the basic aspirations and certain trends or events in a given stage

of the development impresses itself to whatever degree upon the mind; that the revitalized coherence may then produce new manifestations or enthusiasm for the older ones, but that they are (except for the intervals of roughly 200 years each which separate Jacques from the fifth book of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* and Loy's study from Jacques) not strongly enough supported by events to make *new directions* clear even to those *preoccupied* with them. And that is to say that Tillier's *Mon oncle Benjamin* has all the features of Pantagruelism crowned by Sovereignty, that it exhibits the Pantagruelian *personality* with its specific attitude towards life in which no difference between philosophy and practical activity is permitted, but that it gives, unlike *Pantagruel* and *Jacques*, no clear new direction. To bring this difference between Tillier and Rabelais-Diderot into relief, the attempt to define Pantagruelism as closely as possible and from all sides may be rounded up with the help of some writers who approach the problem in such a way that the Pantagruelian *personality* becomes the *centre* of the whole, as is natural and fitting for a phenomenon which is both the incarnation of nature's miracle and its performer. To begin with, there is Rabelais' own definition of Pantagruelism (Prologue to the fourth book) which is unthinkable without his personality:

"Do you ask what Pantagruelism is? Good heavens, you know as well as I! Pantagruelism is a certain *gaiety* [serenity] of spirit produced by a *contempt* for the incidentals of fate; it is a healthy, cheerful spirit, one ever ready to drink, if it will.

"Did someone ask me why? O dearly beloved, I answer positively: because such is the will of the mighty, beneficent and omnipotent Creator [nature], Whom I acknowledge and obey. Whose sacrosanct and auspicious Word I revere. (By Word, I mean Bible.) [By Word, I mean what is written in the "great book".]

"Is it not the Bible which derides with excoriating sarcasm the physician who neglects his own health? Does not the Holy Book say: 'Physician, heal thyself!'"

Then there are the fine and pertinent passages concerning Rabelais himself in Jacques LeClerc's Introduction to his praiseworthy English translation of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (The Modern Library, N.Y., 1944):

"Born into that *age* which, of all ages, possessed the most *passionate love of life and knowledge*, Rabelais believed intensely in the *cultivation of nature*, and its *enjoyment through every sense and faculty*. He is a *thorough-going realist*, interested in life as it is; this *realism*, moreover, holds the key to his *own existence*, to his *philosophy* and to his *writings*.

"To his existence, because, *eminently French*, he never failed to *face facts*. . . . As hostile to the mediaeval bigotry of extreme papacy as he was to the new fanaticism of Calvinist cant, he steered, almost miraculously, the middle course of *reason*.

"To his philosophy, because it was concerned *solely with actualities*, and because it indicated always a *reasonable resolution of the problems of life*. Rabelais was, after all, *no profound thinker*, however wide his scholarship; indeed, his ideas are *primitive, fundamental and eternal* in their simplicity.

"To his writings, because those five books, far from being a single work, reflected three decades of constantly changing endeavor in the world, over

four centuries ago, yet to-day possess a *freshness, a power and an immediacy* that are *dynamic*.

"What is the secret of Pantagruelism? It is the *theory of life* held by your man of the Renaissance: *live fully, richly, follow your instincts, find the utmost satisfaction for the body in the pleasures at hand, acquire the utmost delight for the mind in the joys of intellectual curiosity and study. Do as thou wilt*" was the *only rule* in the house of Thélème; and Rabelais was too confident in the unerring *rightness* [LeClerc's emphasis] of instinct to fancy there lay the slightest danger in doing as one willed. Instinct, with him, thus became a *principle of human morality, a principle of human conduct, a principle of science and art. Nature was good; excessive discipline, not to mention the mortifying asceticism of mediaeval monasticism, was utterly rotten*. For the middle ages had taught contempt for the body; flagellation of corrupt flesh, and a scholasticism to justify it to the incursions of acquiescent mind. Into this dreary miasma, Rabelais tossed the household of Thélème. He preached the *full and free development of every faculty, the rehabilitation of the body, the love of forms*; his work was a *parody on nature, a hymn that are free, of gentle birth, well bred and at home in civilized company, possess a natural instinct* that inclines them to virtue and saves them from vice. This instinct they name their '. Was truer, nobler tribute to humanity ever penned?

"What Rabelais has the power of communicating to us', says John Cowper Powys in *Visions and Revisions*, 'is the renewal of that *physiological energy* which alone makes it possible to enjoy this monstrous world. . . . Rabelais is the sanest of all the great writers, perhaps the only sane one' . . .

"The man, then, was religious in the high sense of the term. But, since he believed in instinct and since *'laughter is the essence of mankind'*, he *abandoned himself prodigiously to it*, and, mirthfully engaged in a satire which can be qualified only by applying to it a word coined from his own gigantic character, Gargantua. This satire was, *ever reasonably, ever realistically, directed against anything that could offend or hinder Rabelais' philosophic conception of liberty*. . . . O laughter, *universal, purgative, indestructible, immense!*"*

Speaking of the ideas on education of the "*broad, all-inclusive*" (nobody who describes Pantagruelism can avoid these terms!) Rabelais, LeClerc notes:

"His literary method consists first in *sharply satirizing the existing order, the old scholarship routine of the middle ages* [no Pantagruelism without steady opposition to convention and the *status quo!* W.L.], then in outlining the new humanistic learning. Poncecrates' *instruction follows out, step by step, Rabelais' philosophy*: since nature and instinct are good, they should be cultivated to the utmost; since life is enjoyable, the faculties should be developed and trained to enjoy it to the full. The body is not the corruption despised by mediaeval monks, it is the temple of the Holy Ghost, worshipped by Renaissance men. . . .

* O modern psychology, pale, beacked (as Rabelais would have said), limp, doleful — this laughter must ring like a blasphemy in thy dog's-ear!

"Mentally and intellectually, the plan is *encyclopedic*; Rabelais would have Pantagruel become 'an abyss of knowledge'. No detail of daily life but serves to teach something *useful in the most pleasant manner*. Rabelais' *own curiosity, realism and joy pierce through the text at every line* [the unity of Pantagruelism in all its aspects! W.L.] . . .

"Does Rabelais' idea make his schoolboy a well-taught compiler, rather than a *human being feeling and experiencing objectively*? Does it lack the sense of beauty that animates the Renaissance poets, does it lack the exquisite tact of Montaigne?"

"In fairness to Rabelais it must be stated that his is a program for a giant, perhaps [!] less a workable scheme than an ideal to aim at. And, as such, for all our modernism, we have advanced very little further in the last four centuries. Again, Rabelais' pupil studies texts and books; but he *also studies the text of nature and the book of life*. His learning derives from *things about him*; Ponocrates proves *more realistic* and one hundredfold *more inspiring* than Rousseau. If the enjoyment of art goes by the board, that is a *slight loss* compared with the *practical results acquired* [and what a slight loss in our time, where "art" is merely "artful" b-----t! W.L.]. Montaigne offered us a sceptic adapting his intelligence to a strangely limited life [reflecting the conditions of the time! W.L.]; Rabelais aimed to *create* a man, *happy and rich in the satisfaction of his natural instincts*. 'An abyss of science!' Rabelais is the higher ideal, and the closer to a noble tradition which is *daily being perverted*."

Wherever one touches it, Pantagruelism emerges as a miraculously organic and indivisible unity in philosophic composition, temperamental attitude and practical results or (with a new formula and a perhaps surprising turn) as a philosophy which is preeminently *French*, which is *lived in daily life* by Pantagruelists, and which aims to *create* Pantagruelists and a Pantagruelistic society.

No truer word can be said about this philosophy than that it constitutes (neither in *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, nor in *Jacques*, nor in *Mon oncle Benjamin*), after all and despite the knowledge of their authors, no so-called "profound thinking". It must only be clearly understood that a) Pantagruelism has practically *overcome the adamancy* of "profound thinking" and has recognized the academic nature and futility of certain problems; that b) to work consistently with ideas which are *primitive, fundamental* and *eternal* in their *simplicity* amounts to the same as to work with the most profound ideas of the most profound system,* that c) to be concerned

* Hegel's philosophy, the deepest and richest ever conceived, is a case in point on which to expand is impossible here. It may at least be said that it stands closest to Pantagruelism and is the only profoundly *serene* philosophy besides Pantagruelism and its other great relative, Marxism. Just because of the close relationship between primitive, fundamental, eternal, simple ideas and true profound thinking was Loy able to write:

"From England also comes the assurance that two correspondents, whose names are destined to remain long upon many lips, have read and talked about *Jacques*. In a letter of August 20, 1852, from Marx to Engels, both *Jacques* and the *Neveu* are spoken of as well worth rereading. In a subsequent letter Marx speaks more at length of the *Neveu* which he characterizes as a 'unique masterpiece'. Unfortunately, there is no record of a longer statement on *Jacques*. But in the article on the *Neveu* he quotes at length from 'old Hegel' who must have read the *Neveu* with *rare understanding* and delight. It is clear that Hegel had also read and

solely with actualities, to indicate always a *reasonable* resolution of the problems of life and to oppose ever *reasonably*, ever *realistically anything that can offend or hinder one's liberty* means to *solve* our problems more "profoundly" than any other philosophy can, for it means to solve them *practically*, not theoretically or intellectually.

Rabelais, working with his philosophy in the broad perspective opened in his age, presented the only realistic *new direction* possible for that time. The way in which he, himself threatened by the church (dear Calvin at the spearhead) and saving his neck thanks to his common sense, solves the problems of government and politics is best illustrated by the principles applied in the Picrocholine War (LeClerc on that whole episode: "What a ridiculous thing he can make of personal ambition, of militarism and its minions"). One has literally to *study* these principles in all seriousness in order to perceive that they are of a profundity which answers any objection in advance, of a wisdom from which our own age has still everything to learn, and of a freshness, power, immediacy so dynamic as to reduce to bloody dirt the "principles" with which in "modern" times utterly obsolete governments conduct utterly obsolete wars.* Rabelais' *enlightened sovereigns* proceed with genuine Sovereignty — the policy of the pretentious pygmies in Washington, Paris, Bonn and the Kremlin (250 pounds and a face like a balloon don't make Malenkov a giant!) merits only the sarcastic comment: Physician, heal thyself!

True enough, Rabelais was enthusiastic about the new broad perspective and *anticipated* genuine Sovereignty in *state affairs*, expanding his exuberant, gigantic personality into a sphere not yet ripe for him. True enough, hence, that the still adamant material conditions did not answer him with the Sovereignty of his enlightened giants. But they answered him nonetheless with what was still necessary to secure further development and to hold the perspective of Sovereignty in state affairs open: with the more or less enlightened sovereigns of *Absolutism* as the interim form of Sovereignty and the only progressive *political* force which could pave the way for Sovereignty in *all* spheres. This *intermediary* phenomenon of

* In fact, the Picrocholine War amounted to a true revolution, executed sovereignly by Pantagruel, and must particularly have angered Calvin, who in the interest of his monstrous doctrine of predestination eagerly watched for victims to be tortured and burned. Compare Gargantua: The "worst harm" he did to the troublemakers who had instigated the Picrocholine War (not merely stated their *opinion* like Rabelais, Servet, etc.) "was to make them work the screw-presses in the printing house he had newly installed" (compare also the Allies and their "concept" of "collective guilt"). The contrast is illuminating: Calvin and the Allies as miserable slaves of "divine" or "democratic" passions, Rabelais as the enlightened, reasonable and practical humanist acting with serene Sovereignty and anticipating the most daring modern views on "crime and punishment". Is it necessary to underline that Diderot and Tillier, in this respect too, are one body with Rabelais?

remembered *Jacques le fataliste*, for in a short newspaper article which concludes with a discussion of master-servant relationship, his admiration is reserved for the *French manner of looking at things, exemplified immediately* for him by Diderot's lackey and master. In Diderot's strange pair, he half-jokingly sees a *new possibility* of class society which might succeed, just as in the whole of the article he has *playfully and humorously* seen a *central problem* of his philosophy in terms of eighteenth-century art."

Absolutism, moreover, confirms Rabelais' new direction as the truly reasonable and realistic resolution instead of refuting it, for there is at the end no way to get around it! With all the material progress achieved under Absolutism it reached politically nothing else than the point where Rabelais' direction became decisive for its destiny: either engage in Pantagruelian policy or be doomed. Pantagruelism is the enlightened essence of nature itself — it is known how the violators of nature's will were punished.

XII

Subsequently, Rabelais' new direction cannot be supplanted by another realistic one before the eve of the French Revolution. The perspective in the seventeenth century (the century after Rabelais) is more limited; the mind is sobered by the painful development which stretches out in time and space; Pantagruelism is reduced to the individual and literary sphere; the tradition is upheld by Montaigne, Molière, Cyrano de Bergerac, each of them rather a large fragment of Pantagruelism than the miraculous unit. In the following (the eighteenth) century Pantagruelism is faced with the definite decadence of Absolutism and the necessary new direction cannot longer be promoted by the representative of this obsolete institution. All that has been said in praise of Rabelais' solution of the problems of government and politics applies now to the new directions which Diderot the Pantagruelist (like Rabelais, threatened, persecuted, and saving his neck thanks to his common sense) advances as the only realistic and reasonable ones: the compromise in which the Jacques, who have now the "stuff", lead their Masters and carry the development farther, or the (same anticipation of Sovereignty in state affairs as in Rabelais) voluntary abdication of the Masters who instead of losing something by their act will only benefit from it. And why will this be so? Because this act of Sovereignty will (as reasoned perception tells us) set an invincible example — it will accelerate and harmonize the development which would then be freed from the blindness, complications and innumerable quarrels implicit in the obscurity dominating the compromise. If the material conditions are still too adamant and if they blind the Masters in regard to their fate, the only other realistic direction which Diderot envisages and which the development finally carries through is then the enforced abdication of the Masters, the Revolution. But again: This latter intermediary direction confirms and not refutes Diderot's alternative directions as the truly reasonable and realistic solution. No way to get around it: With all the material progress achieved under bourgeois rule we have only reached the point where the stupid rulers of our time have no longer any other choice than at least to accept the compromise sincerely (they had better abdicate voluntarily) or to perish in a revolution — revolution failing, in a general catastrophe of society.

The irrefutable proof that the fundamental and simple ideas of Pantagruelism embody the only realistic and reasonable resolution of the problems of life and are more profound than anything "profound thinking" has to offer in the interim which brings the political development invariably back to the point where the directions of Pantagruelism become imperative — this proof is delivered by the great Pantagruelist of the nineteenth century — Claude Tillier. No need to dwell upon well-known political facts, upon the political failures of the new Masters (the "third estate"), etc. Suffice it to

note that the new Masters are generally blind or bad Masters; that the Jacques of the nineteenth century have greatly increased in numbers; that their sufferings drive them repeatedly to revolt; that "deep thinking" has advanced society not one iota and is factually an ideological attempt to prevent political progress which is always achieved by execution of the revolutionary directions of Pantagruelism; that the only real new directions which are formulated aim to end the sufferings of the Jacques by bringing them to power, i.e., to free society by the revolution and the (temporary) rule of the fourth estate; that these new directions (profoundly thought out and at the beginning seemingly the final solution, it must be admitted) were with regard to their ultimate aim at the end radically disproven by all events from the Paris Commune to the October Revolution in Russia (which was in content only a belated Revolution of the third estate and almost immediately exposed but the most extreme decadence of Bourgeois society); that in this whole period "profound thinking" is on its positive pole identical with real knowledge, scientific research and discovery (which Pantagruelism absorbs to the full), on its negative pole with pseudo-thinking which marks the progressive decay of the capitalist system in every field and becomes more and more a systematic dupey of the people.

Mon oncle Benjamin appears in a time of high political fermentation — between the July-revolution (1830) and the February-revolution (1848). Its author shares the persecution suffered by Rabelais and Diderot: for his liberal pamphlets he is punished by the loss of his position as a teacher; he lives in poverty, dies at forty-three years (born 10th April, 1801) of consumption, but holding his ground to the last and ready to haunt his children should they ever become "rich". He is the man of the people in a time of the people, and his unrestricted love of the people, his deep instinct tells him what is needed for its cause. The mere fact that he is untouched by contemporary concepts concerning the social question proves not only that he is the deeper realist but it assures also the roundedness of his uncorruptible character. For what is the secret of the entire epoch from the French Revolution up to the present day? Its secret is that the time slowly ripens for Rabelais' higher and general direction of "Do as thou wilt", for the installation of the house of Thélème everywhere, in which house rulers of any sort are unknown. The situation of society becomes from decade to decade more perplexed and paradoxical: On the one side nature, under the molding hand of man, visibly loses its adamancy and behaves increasingly like a willing cosmos which produces and reproduces whatever is desired; on the other side society, under the system of commodity production and precisely because of nature's unlimited willingness, becomes more enslaved by petty interests, more adamant than ever and behaves blindly like nature in its most crude stage. Those blind automatons, who possess and rule and ruthlessly exploit their fellow men and nature, harden under the compulsion of competition to a degree where they sacrifice everything except their profits and privileges — the people who are forced into the mechanism of competition suffer all its consequences, until the very adamancy of the rulers and their army of interested parasites will either drive the people to revolt or the whole system to explosion.

What is the way out of the social paradox? It is surely not the workers' movement whose leadership and functionaries finally wind up in total

corruption. These bureaucrats gain influence, power, positions, privileges, high salaries, even fortunes; they get well embedded in bourgeois society, lower the intellectual level to zero and sacrifice everything (especially one bit of political liberty after the other) except their positions, until they become either political oppressors themselves (chemically pure example: Stalinism) or the victims of their own policy (fascism), with the further alternative that either the people will dethrone them or that they perish with the system.

The workers' movement dead, it is surely not "profound thinking" which has found a way out, for this fine endeavor finally winds up in charlatanries like Positivism, Pragmatism, Logical Positivism, Existentialism, Keynesian Economics, Psychoanalysis, Pre-natal Anthropology, trash on "Education", on "1984" (Orwell), the United Nations and so on.

Since no other effort enters, it is after a hundred years of experience simply a fact that Tillier the Pantagruelist was the man who took the correct stand. Factually, he operates firmly on the basis that one has to oppose ever *reasonably*, ever *realistically* anything that can offend or hinder the liberty of the *people*. Factually, he recognizes that his is the age of the whole mass of the people, not of a new class which has to take power, and it is a fact of highest significance that as long as the workers' movement conquered and defended its political liberty, human and social progress were assured. Through defence and constant enlargement of the peoples' liberty to a human society — that is the *fundamental* idea of Pantagruelism which in its simplicity leaves "profound thinking" behind and *solves* the social problem, because enlargement of freedom means to break down the adamancy of class society and to dissolve it through its harmonious unification with liberated nature, which unification becomes a natural necessity at that point of the development where both man and nature can accept each other with the greatest facility. Where the leadership of the workers' movement engaged in the wars of the Picrocholines and "led" the masses into ever greater misery, the utmost Pantagruelism did was to accept *necessary* compromises without injuring in whatever form its character. One has to read *Mon oncle Benjamin* and to study it in order to see how Tillier's fundamental idea works, how his inviolable character pierces through the text at every line. The perspective of the age is anything but rosy — for the first time in a work of Pantagruelism the "sound dose of pessimism" appears directly as its basic pessimistic *philosophy*, but no other form, characteristic or element is lacking which constitutes the miraculous unit, and serene Sovereignty reigns supreme. One must firmly grasp that Pantagruelism is something that is *incarnated* and actually *lived* if one is to understand the realism, the revolutionism and the philosophical attitude of the Pantagruelistic temperament and personality. Tillier is not less identical with his Benjamin than Rabelais with his Pantagruel and Diderot with his Jacques, a point which Guy Palmade in his Introduction to *Jacques* (*Éditions Delmas*, Paris, 1948) brings out somewhat better than Loy who tends to weaken it. What Palmade has to say is interesting in more than one respect:

"There is much of *Diderot* in this sympathetic Jacques, of the *Diderot* who believed, as André Billy wrote, 'in a nature *sovereignly good and just* in its compensations and its unfathomable harmonies'; of the *Diderot* also

who had given himself for epitaph: '*Ci-gît un sage; ci-gît un fou*' [here lies a sage; here lies a fool]. The *same* cure to understand all and to clarify all, but inside of *certain limits only*, and the *same calm scorn* for what overflows them and exceeds man. To compare Rabelais and Diderot, as the critics of *Jacques* want, is folly if one thinks of the profound differences of the men and the epochs; but to recognize in them, together with a *certain relationship*, I don't know what *common quality*, that the reader of *Jacques* can doubtless admit'.

The certain relationship and the common quality which Palmade cannot denominate is precisely the complex miracle of Pantagruelism — consequently no wonder that the quotation contains not one word about Diderot's personality, personal behavior, beliefs or endeavors which does not entirely apply to Rabelais and Tillier. This is but another side of the miracle: The difference of the men and epochs is there and asserts itself vigorously, yet the complex unit too is there and asserts itself as stronger than the sum total of its parts, i.e. renders even the most marked difference unessential. And that is still not yet the end of the miracle: *Ci-gît un sage; ci-gît un fou!*, the epitaph for all Pantagruelists, is a formula which bespeaks them as *a-bourgeois* individuals.

Indeed, the Pantagruelist is not anti-bourgeois or "non-bourgeois" but *a-bourgeois*: he is preeminently human, while the bourgeois is fundamentally a-human and alienated from the human essence; he is naturally social, while the bourgeois is unnaturally a-social; he possesses reasoned perception, while the bourgeois is blind and demoniacal; he *faces* facts, while the bourgeois is *overwhelmed* by them; he is sovereign, while the bourgeois is entirely enslaved by commodity production and its adamant mechanism of competition; he is a realist and an effective planner, while the bourgeois is essentially irrational and with all his pseudo-planning increases solely the adamancy of his extremely chaotic commodity production; he revolutionizes the mind and society, while the bourgeois is reactionary and revolutionizes only the means (techniques) for society's enslavement; he is heroic and serene, while the bourgeois is stupidly tragic and idiotically serious with all the pretensions of a Stalin or Hitler; he is reasonable and enlightened, while the bourgeois is fanatic and either cynical or superstitious or both; he is concerned with what the tangible effects of certain problems will be to society, while the bourgeois is completely absorbed by the problem of profit-making in the interest of which he disregards all other effects; he recognizes that insoluble problems are no problems at all and have to be dismissed as absurdities, while the bourgeois insists on the absurdities of commodity production and, thoroughly infatuated, tries to solve the insoluble problem of competition which will simply be dismissed when production for profit is transformed into production for human use.

XIII

That Rabelais-Pantagruel and Diderot-Jacques are the embodiment of this a-bourgeois entity has been sufficiently demonstrated (at least one can hope so) by their deeds, procedures, attitudes, lives, philosophy, etc., which are besides well-known enough to bring many complementary illustrations to the mind. As for Tillier-Benjamin, this shamefully neglected but inestimable witness for the fact that since Rabelais the social problem itself has steadily

become more humanized and must be solved by the majority of the *people*, only a few indications are possible here. One has to read *Benjamin* and to observe with what scorn for prudence Benjamin encounters the Marquis de Cambyse; how he saves his neck thanks to his common sense and faces the fact of brute force which compels him to compromise, i.e. to kiss the behind of the Marquis instead of being killed by the ragamuffins of the latter; with what serene Sovereignty, wit, prudence, planning he fools the Marquis and drives *him* to kiss his (Benjamin's) behind, insisting that every witness of the insult done to himself be present when it is avenged, but gallantly permitting *Madame la Marquise*, who had not witnessed the insult, to retire (realistic episodes of that sort, by the by, burden Tillier with the unavoidable Pantagruelian "obscurity"); with what indomitable pride he preserves the integrity of his character and rejects, poor as he is, the money with which the Marquis tries to buy his silence on what had happened; how reasonably he handles matters like duelling (to give only one instance) and first offers his adversary to settle the affair by a game of chess, then thrice simply disarms the well-trained fencer without doing him in true Pantagruelian fashion any physical harm (that unjust nobleman has, however, to endure the whip of Benjamin's vivid wit); how he is in unflinching opposition to convention; how he cares to understand all and to clarify all, but inside certain limits only, — *in toto* how he acts, lives, laughs, loves (very "earthly", it is only too true!), philosophizes, makes sense out of nonsense and is "ever ready to drink" in a perfect gaiety of spirit produced by a contempt for the incidentals of fate . . . until all that is essential for Pantagruelism is unfolded and the sparkling miracle performed once more.

O laughter, o serenity of mind, o wisdom of Sovereignty and of the readiness to drink! Whenever there is a presentiment, a doubt, an insoluble problem, a false tragedy — whenever inspiration is needed, the Holy Bottle gives advice. Gargantua and his companions travel far (that is they examine many social institutions and find them bad or ridiculous) in order to obtain an answer on Panurge's pseudo-problem! Shall I marry or not? And if I marry, will I be a cuckold? The one-word answer Panurge receives from the Holy Bottle is: *Trinc!* The priestess of the Bottle, Bacbuc, then instructs the amazed Panurge:

"My friend", she said, "give thanks to heaven, as *reason* requires you to, for you have been vouchsafed the Word of the Holy Bottle. And what a word! The most gracious, godliest, most *certain* word of answer I have ever heard her give since I have officiated here at her most sacred oracle. Rise, friend; let us try the chapter in whose glass this noble word is explained".

She produced a large, unwieldy silver book, shaped like one-quarter of a four-volume work of *erudite philosophy* or, if you prefer, like a *half-hoghead of learning*. Having dipped it in the fountain, she announced:

"The philosophers, preachers and learned doctors of *your* world feed you up with fine words, cramming their cant down your ears. *Here*, on the contrary, we really incorporate our precepts at the mouth. Therefore I shall not tell you to read this chapter or consult that gloss; I prefer to suggest that you *taste* this succulent chapter or *swallow* this rare gloss."

"In olden days", Bacbuc pursued, "at the Lord's bidding, an ancient prophet of the Jewish race, Ezekiel, ate a book and became scholarly to the back teeth. I now tell you to drink a book to become learned to your very liver. Come, open your jaws!"

Panurge was gaping wide as his jaws would stretch. Bacbuc picked up the silver book — and we watched, spellbound. For we believed it to be a real book,

because of its shape: it looked like a breviary. And a breviary it was, too: a torn-shaped flask filled with Falernian wine, every drop of which she made Panurge swallow.

"A notable chapter! A most authentic gloss!" Panurge declared. "Is this all the trismegistan, or thrice-mighty Bottle's word meant? I'm very grateful, of course. . . ."

"Exactly that and nothing more", Bacbuc explained. "For *Trinc* is a panomphic word, that is a word employed, understood and celebrated among all nations. It means simply: *Drink!*"

Mind you, I do not mean drinking in the *simple and absolute* sense in which *any beast may be said to drink*. No — I mean the drinking of cool, delicious wines. Remember, friends, that by the vine we grow divine: no argument could be surer, no divination less hazardous. Why, your own Academics say as much, when they give the etymology of wine . . . as being connected with *vis*, which means strength and power. Has not wine the power to fill the soul with all *truth, wisdom and philosophy?*" . . .

"It is impossible to speak more cogently than this excellent priestess", Pantagruel told Panurge. "I said *as much to you* when *first* you spoke to me about it all. *Trinc*, then. What says your *heart*, elevated as it is by Bacchic enthusiasm?"

"I say this", cried Panurge:

Trinc! Drink up, by Goodman Bacchus!

Let no *ponderous* problem rack us!

All our *quest* was one long *farce*.

I foresee a jogging arse,

Gaining vast momentum under

Good Panurge's wedding thunder.

From my arsenal, I draw

My gigantic pleasure-saw,

Working it in the soft wood

Of Milady's maidenhood.

Trinc! I know I shall be wed,

How my wife will love her bed!

The pot snaps shut, the stout eel

wriggles,

Lord! What juicy *frambletriggle!*

So the problem of cuckoldry is not less effectively drowned than in the case of Jacques who reacts to *ponderous* problems as follows:

"Here, sir, here's what knows better than all the augurs, seeress geese, and sacred chickens of the republic; it's the bottle [his *gourde*]. Ask the bottle":

Jacques took the bottle and consulted it lengthily. His Master drew out his watch and snuffbox, looked at the time, took his snuff, and Jacques said: "It seems I see destiny *less black* now".

But since the author of a Pantagruelian work is always fully involved in the affair, Diderot himself addresses the reader as Rabelais did:

"I have forgotten to tell you that in cases which demanded reflection, his [Jacques'] first move was to interrogate his gourd. Was it necessary to solve a problem of morals, discuss a fact, prefer one way to the other, embark upon, pursue or abandon an affair, weigh the advantages or disadvantages of a political operation, of a commercial or financial speculation, the wisdom or folly of a law, the outcome of a war, the choice of an inn, in the inn the choice of an apartment, 'Let's interrogate the gourd'. His last was: 'It is the opinion of the bottle and mine'. When destiny was mute in his head, he explained it by the gourd; it was a sort of portable Pythia, mute the instant it was empty. At Delphi, the Pythia, her skirts pulled up, seated with naked arse on her tripod, received her inspiration from the bottom up; Jacques, on his horse, his head turned toward heaven, his gourd uncorked and the mouth of the vessel near his own, received his inspiration from the top down. When the Pythia and Jacques pronounced their oracles, they were both drunk. He pretended that the Holy Ghost had come down to the disciples in a gourd; he called Pentecost 'the festival of the gourds'. . . . He gave the most magnificent picture of the enthusiasm, the passion and the fire with which

the Bacchians and Perigourdians were and still are seized when, at the end of a meal, their elbows resting on the table, the divine Bacchus would appear to them, would be placed in their midst, would hiss, throw her cap far away and cover her worshippers with her prophetic foam. His manuscript [his treatise on divination] was decorated with two portraits, beneath which one reads: 'Anacreon and Rabelais, the one among the Ancients, the other among the Moderns, Sovereign Pontiffs of the Gourd.' [Diderot's italics.]

All this is very well, you will add, but Jacques' loves? — As for Jacques' loves, there is but Jacques who knows them, and there he is suffering from a sore throat which reduces his master to his watch and his snuff-box; an indigence which afflicts him as much as you. — What shall we do then? — Really, I don't know. This would be truly the case to interrogate the divine Bacchus or the sacred Gourd; but her cult is falling, her temples are deserted. As at the birth of our divine Savior the oracles of paganism ended; as at the death of Gallet the oracles of Bacchus were mute — so also no more great poems, no more these pieces of sublime eloquence, no more these productions marked with the stamp of enthusiasm and genius. All is reasoned out, considered, academic and flat. O divine Bacchus! O sacred Gourd! O divinity of Jacques! Come back to our midst! . . . The desire seizes me, reader, to entertain you with the birth of the divine Bacchus, the miracles which accompanied and followed it, the marvels of her reign and the disasters of her retreat. . . .

It is the same praise of the Holy Bottle, namely of genius and serenity, as in the verses with which Pantagruel rebukes Friar John who makes fun of Panurge's rhyming:

Believe me, friend, this must be noble Bacchus —
His mad, poetic frenzy will attack us
Through his sweet wine, and grant the gift of song.

Impossible for Tillier not to strike again and again this keynote of true Pantagruelism. Two examples will show how congenially he understands the nature of the Holy Bottle:

"Is he [Benjamin] drunk?" whispered my grandfather to his wife.
"Why?" answered she.
"Because he speaks with sensibleness".

Yet my uncle Benjamin was not what you trivially term a drunkard, take care not to believe that. He was an epicurean who pushed philosophy to the point of rapture, and that was all. He had a stomach full of elevation and nobleness. He loved wine, not for itself, but for that dementia which it procures for some hours, a dementia which makes the man of wit talk nonsense in such a naive, such a piquant, such an original fashion that one would like to talk so forever. If he could have intoxicated himself by reading the mass, he would have read the mass every day. My uncle Benjamin had principles: he pretended that a man with an empty stomach was a man still asleep; that drunkenness would have been one of the greatest blessings of the Creator, if it did not cause headaches, and that the only thing which gave man superiority to the brute was the faculty of getting drunk.

Goethe, says René-Louis Doyon in the René Rasmussen edition of *Mon oncle Benjamin*, "Goethe affirmed that only a work of circumstance could attain to a masterpiece; if his works were not adequate to confirm his saying, Rabelais had confirmed it in advance [and Diderot had confirmed it at Goethe's time! W.L.]. The history of *Mon Oncle Benjamin* decides once more amply in favor of the Weimar master". And a winged word has it: The style is the man! That is only too true, but the style of the Pantagruelist is something more; it is, one could say, the man plus the world, plus his life and his time.

Tillier's style is pure and, in the noblest sense of the word, popular; his art of chacterization is masterly concise, his wit cogent, his irony sure of its aim; his cheerfulness and humor are bubbling, his sympathy with the

people and its cause undisguised, his serenity and the pessimism underlying it indestructible.* This style answers for the man as for his time, his life and the world around him:

* The author takes the passage on style, as some on other subjects to follow, from a study he wrote ten years ago. A rather strange coincidence: just having tackled the question, an English translation of *Mon oncle Benjamin* arrives for which he had asked his friend M. S. Shiloh. The translation has an appendix — the sketch of Tillier's life and works by Ludwig Pfau. Pfau is the learned German professor who rescued *Mon oncle Benjamin* which had passed unnoticed in France. So this immortal work, like *Jacques le fataliste*, became known to France and the world through the enthusiasm a German (or some Germans) had felt for it. It is interesting in this connection that Job. Fischart, Rabelais' German "relative in spirit", had already presented in 1575 a German adaptation of *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, the last book of which had appeared in 1564. Since the present writer has up to this day not known Pfau's sketch, he is somewhat struck by the similarity of judgment on style and spirit:

"For a long time no book had yielded me such deep satisfaction; but by whom was it? [The "stitched volume, of damaged appearance" which Pfau bought on one of the Seine-quais' bookstands, had "no cover, no title-page, no preface, neither author nor printer."] The simple, concise, and direct style seemed to be that of the eighteenth century; the narrative, so natural and without reserve and circumlocution, recalled Voltaire, Diderot [!], and Le Sage; the genuine feeling for nature and mankind maybe [!] also conveyed a suggestion of the sentimentalism of Rousseau. But the whole manner of expression was more spontaneous, popular, and richer in color; and even if the author had not introduced himself as a grandchild of that generation, the spirit of liberty and equality that permeates his book betrayed too much of modern thought not to have lain at the breasts of the Revolution". — Pfau also points to the "Gallic spirit" of Tillier who, as all our Pantagruelists, is an "uninhibited gaulois from the provinces" [Loy], and quotes abundantly from Tillier's pamphlets. Among these quotations is one which the corrupted writers of our time will like:

"But however base we esteem venality in general, the basest is that of the writer. Those who have a voice strong enough to make themselves heard by the masses are the natural champions of the noble cause. God has loosened their tongue and commanded them to preach the service of liberty. If they prove false to their sacred calling, if they, like wicked shepherds, lead their flocks to the shambles, they deserve all the contempt of which a human soul is capable. That is just as if the light-house were to desert the coast that it ought to point out to the storm-tossed ship and station itself on a cliff. I am one of the least of those who write it to our oppressors! O, no! and if hunger with his iron fingers should tug at my vitals, I would not so degrade myself. If I must beg my bread, it shall at least not be in the ante-chambers of the ministers. Rather would I recite my pamphlets from door to door and hold out my hand to those who have a heart for liberty and the people. And surely calmer dreams would visit me on my straw than many another on his silken couch. . . . Instead of selling myself to the powerful, I made war upon those who sold themselves to them, and I do not regret it. That is after all, the best road to an honorable grave. Of that I am convinced; and if this my pamphleteer's quill should grow out of my grave, and my son had the cunning to use it, I should urge him to grasp it, even if he should [as Tillier himself! W.L.] meet a prison in the middle of his course. When one can say to himself: the oppressor fears you and the oppressed puts his trust in you — that is the noblest riches, riches for which I would willingly give all else. . . . It is true, I have cancelled a number of too pompous adjectives which certain names had appropriated to themselves; and now and then I have also pricked the bubble of some bloated self-conceit. But the persons whom I have treated so, were on the side of the enemy, and I had a right to explode their airs. I did not violate the law of war against them; and if they complain about me, it is just as if an old soldier of the empire should complain because he was wounded at Austerlitz by a Frenchman. Call it personalities — what of it? Every one has his own way of making war: the others shoot into the masses at half the height of a man; but I select my man

"For the rest, the gaiety of the poor is a sort of pride. I have been poor among the poorest. Well, I found pleasure in saying to fortune: I will not bend under your hand; I will eat my hard crust as proudly as the dictator Fabricius ate his raddishes; I will wear my poverty as kings wear their diadem; strike as much as you like, and strike again: I will answer your flagellations with sarcasms; I will be like the tree that blooms while one cuts it at the roots; like the column whose metal angle shines in the sun while the pick is working at its base.

But, at the period to which I take you back, the customs of the little towns were not yet glossed with elegance; they were full of a charming *laisser-aller* [Rabelais' *jay ce que voudras!* W.L.] and a most amiable simplicity. The character of that happy age was unconcern. All these men, ships or nut-shells, abandoned themselves with closed eyes to the current of life, without troubling themselves as to where it would land them.

The *bourgeois* were not office-seekers; they did not hoard treasures; they lived at home in joyous abundance, and spent their incomes to the last louis. The merchants, rare then, grew rich slowly, without devoting themselves exclusively to business, and solely by the force of things; the laborers worked, not to amass savings, but to make both ends meet. They had not at their heels that terrible *competition* which presses us, which cries to us incessantly: 'On! On!'

Tillier sees that competition is the basic evil of the capitalist system and Benjamin draws politically the conclusion:

"It is for us, men of heart and education, to do honor to these people in the midst of whom we were born; they must learn through us that they do not need to be nobles in order to be men; that they may rise through self-esteem from the degradation into which they have fallen; and that they may say at last to the handful of tyrants who oppress them: 'We are as much worth as you are, and more numerous. Why should we continue to be your slaves, and why should you wish to remain our masters?' Oh, Page, may I live to see that day and drink sour wine for the rest of my life!"

But to round the picture of the Pantagruelistic style which is the man, his life, his time and his world, LeClerc may speak about Rabelais, André Billy and Goethe about Diderot. One will again see how much "common ground" there is between our three Pantagruelists in spite of all differences.

LeClerc on Rabelais:

"His was a flexible, supple, abundant style, brilliant with *verve* [this word is to be kept in mind! W.L.] and *harmony*, extraordinarily complex and *original*; his admirable memory and his bold imagination allowed him the most vertiginous flights of fancy. Into his expression went racy French terms of the soil, the mill, the tavern, the marketplace . . . scholarly terms from ancient philosophy, Renaissance science, jurisprudence, theology, scholastics, medicine . . . terms that were a part of the oral heritage from the Middle Ages . . . phrases borrowed from the Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Arab, English, German, Italian and Basque . . . terms of the arts, crafts, theatre . . . and finally, fantastic terms he himself invented with a *robustness* and *feeling* that make James Joyce sound anemic and obscure. . . . And ever, shot through them, that *supreme sense of reality!* . . . True, it [Rabelais' French] has aged considerably. Yet — O consoling thought! — compared with Calvin's, it is rapid, modern and picturesque as the 'Normandie'!"

André Billy on Diderot:

"*Jacques* is of all the novels of Diderot the most strongly marked with and take a good aim. But if a plumed crest happens to pass by my door, I always give him preference."

With regret must here be left out the short but excellent Introduction to *Benjamin* by Benj. R. Tucker who translated the work into English and published it (Boston, 1890).

his *personal spirit*, his *turn of mind*, and his *qualities* . . . What accent, what *verve!* What a sense of dramatic dialogue! . . . The criticism of bad taste has not been spared this work. Shall we admit that the grossness of certain joking does not shock us? The style saves everything and every work has its strong points" [especially if the style is "strong" content].

Goethe on Diderot (in the notes to his translation of Diderot's *Neveu*): "The important work which we deliver over to the German public under this title is certainly to be reckoned among the most outstanding works of Diderot. His nation as well as his friends have approached him as being able to write excellent parts of things, but no excellent whole work. Such formulas of judgment are not denied and are being propagated; and the merit of an excellent man, without further inquiry, remains belittled. The same ones who judge thus have certainly not read *Jacques le fataliste* which . . . shows quite well with what happy skill he has been able to mold the heterogeneous elements of *Reality* into an ideal whole. You can think of him as a writer that you will, even so, both friends and enemies will have to agree that nobody, in *viva-voce* conversation, has excelled him in *vivacity, vigor, spirit, diversity and charm*."

XIV

It is natural, after all the foregoing insistence that Pantagruelism is a predominantly *French* phenomenon, to pose the question: Why is this so? The problem defies any exact scientific investigation — the phenomenon is there together with the fact that France, unlike Italy, Spain, etc., is a great capitalist nation and yet industrially second-rate. France has arrived at her relatively favorable second rank because she has in all her colorful history travelled a side road which was her fortune and (under capitalist conditions) also her fate. This nation, which has given modern society its dramatic effects and the fireworks of history, the Great Revolution and the Paris Commune, the press and the parodical operetta, comedy and satire, bourgeois rhetoric and criticism, pathos and passion, irony and serene catholic sentimentality, romanticism and naturalism, eroticism and luxury industries, liquors and the gourmet's kitchen, spirit and fashion, imperialism and pointilism, military techniques and the Republic (yes, for all that and more France is "classical", because economically second-rate) — this nation is imbued like no other with a feeling for life in which the consciousness that all earthly efforts are in the last instance nonsense vibrates perceptibly.

The French feeling for life is based on pessimism, but it has nothing of the burrowing despair of Northern pessimism or Eastern nihilism, nothing of the struggle of the Faustian man with an eternally insoluble problem.* The plant grows, blooms and must die — on such crystal-clear grounds, which are by no brooding surpassable for depth and balance, sprouts the incomparable flower of French "sérénité", a word that has a precise

* The so-called Faust-conflict is a pseudo-problem which Pantagruelism dismisses; the same goes for the Hamlet-problem and many others, to say nothing of the personal tragedy of Faust's Gretchen which with her pseudo-salvation reflects but the pettiness of German conditions at Goethe's time. Compare with Goethe's treatment of such "conflicts" (Gretchen's brother too has to die because he is possessed by a social prejudice) the death of Minxit's daughter in *Mon oncle Benjamin*.

equivalent in several languages and yet is as untranslatable as the transplanting of the French feeling for life into other cultures. Out of the marvellous and, in its perfection, unique mixture of both components (the consciousness of the nothingness of all efforts, and the priority of existence which obliges to activity) springs the ideal of "*clarté*", that is, *clarity* in all its nuances such as light, splendour, transparency, brightness, limpidity, perspicuity. *Clarté* represents the living readiness of the *qui-vive*? — the call to be heroic and to fight, to guard life and to empty the goblet in the quiet flow of life, but also to plunge into the stream and to burn oneself when the great hour has struck. The world for hundreds of years has rightly looked upon France with admiration and pampered her even with abuses. Her vices and weaknesses have been as figurative as her strengths and virtues. Nowhere else has civilization borne a more beautiful flower on its broad vulgar stem; nowhere else have liveliness of temperament and the *laissez-faire, laissez-aller!* transmitted an inkling of better humanity than in France. Where sureness, composure, ingenuous humanness appear, one is on the trail of great traditions which condition their — self-evidence.

Alas, that great and noble tradition is, as LeClerc says, daily being perverted. Poor France! — she too has not been spared by the general retrogression of contemporary society. How horribly she has broken up since the Dreyfus-affair, how her magnificent feeling for life has sunk to mere banal need for rest, how her well-balanced optimism has crept down to the trivial affirmation of the *status quo*. The true battle-cry of France in the last war sounded: *Je veux mon bœufsteck!* (I want my beefsteak) and *Foutez-moi la paix!* (go to hell). The famous French talent for improvisation, by which the Marne-battle was once won, flames up for the last time in the sit-down strikes of 1936 and fails completely in the last war, giving way to the slogan: *Débrouillez-vous!* (get out of trouble).

Débrouillez-vous! is the negative turn of the winged *verve* of *qui vive*?! It is indeed the only possible battle-cry for France after every better solution has been prevented through outright betrayal by those world-forces figuring under the name of the "progressive camp". Thus it is only natural that the flower fades while the stem rots; only fatal destiny if France goes to ruin in the capitalist mill; only broken force of a people with sure instinct in good and evil if it accepts certain defeat without futile resistance. That befits a great nation which economically never could reach the first rank, which exhausted itself in the dramatic effects of politics and precedes the doom of the British Empire while the merciless Gods of imperialism prepare with the doom of the latter also their own downfall.

What France during the last war was scolded for by the "progressive camp" — for her "pacifism", her unwillingness to let herself be once more sacrificed for a hopeless cause — that is what she should be praised for. As much as she has sunk and her qualities have been lost in triviality — in this refusal of the French people is preserved a remnant of her former qualities: in it is hidden political instinct and historic genius. The French people refused to follow the leadership of Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt; it gave them the negative answer which the masses always have in store for political deceptions: passive rejection.

Old France is dead and will never see her resurrection under the rule of the capitalist system. That is what the French people senses and has lived

through intensely. Whether in the Great Revolution, in the Paris Commune or in the Dreyfus-affair — at all historical turns it accepted being shaken from top to bottom. Again and again it has, collectively and individually, fought out its conflicts to the point of exhaustion; again and again it has forced through events which set its blood in uproar and which left the true taste of things on its tongue. And therefore it had to be thus: Finished as an imperialistic country, France could do nothing else but anticipate the fate of humanity in the age of capitalist disintegration and be the mirror in which the civilized world's future is reflected. The hopelessness of all endeavors becomes under imperialism the gray reality of daily life. This hopelessness burns now in the consciousness of a people which has experienced history like no other and has learned from it: History is (to speak with Theodor Lessing) the endeavor "to give sense to what is senseless", or, better yet, the effort to purge the senseless of the demony which it bears in its crude natural status. It is the great want of life under unmastered nature which sets history in motion — through it shall be restored the pure, uninhibited movement of the senseless (waxing, blooming and withering away) which emerges from the historical process purged from the demony of the unconscious. History is thus the formal means in the liberatory struggle of humanity and must in its present form negate itself with the accomplishment of its task. A great nation which imperialism deprived earlier than other great nations of a historical perspective had to feel the catastrophic effect of the capitalist system earlier than they. France has authentically proven that capitalism ruins humanity, breaks its life-energy and murders its spirit, will and instinct.

If that is the situation (and it surely is), what will then be the fate of Pantagruelism? And has the France of the twentieth century made no attempt to keep the tradition alive?

The last attempt to present a true "Frenchmannish" novel the present writer knows of was made by Romain Rolland with his *Maitre Colas Breugnot*, the story of a philosophic woodcarver. It was, significantly enough, written in 1918 (there was some hope that the war would end with a social turn) and passed quite unnoticed. And since then the scene has, perspicuously, changed. On one side the tradition becomes more and more perverted and we have, in fact, not advanced, but terribly regressed from Rabelais' "ideal". Thus no more great Pantagruelistic works, no more these Frenchmen for whom, the same as for our man of the Renaissance, the ideal was as much a workable scheme as the workable scheme an ideal. A program for a giant fitted perfectly a multitude of men (especially in the Renaissance and in the eighteenth century) who were giants themselves — broad, all-inclusive, encyclopedic, universal not only in knowledge, but also in their capacity to exercise many "professions". Goethe, that universal genius who represented both Germany's spiritual greatness and politico-economic backwardness (this "philistine" side of his prevents him from being the Pantagruelistic entity, but he nevertheless easily manages to admire *Jacques* and *Tristram Shandy* without restraint) — Goethe and Hegel and even Schiller are compared to Proust, Gide, Joyce, Thomas Mann, Jaspers, Bertrand Russell, the world in comparison to a piece of dry straw (cf. Mann's utterly rotten "problem": the "problematic of the writer in our time", the lollipop of an over-pretentious parasite). "The strange

Jacques to the English speaking world is thus the need to restore more and more the sense of how full the Pantagruelian challenge is, and yet, how much we will surpass this peak when all fetters have been removed which separate us from our own human resources.

XV

"The awkward and tenuous work of preparation, of suggestion, of criticism has been done. There remains only to read, or reread, *Jacques le fataliste*, a masterpiece of Diderot who doubtless knew all this without knowing it. It is enough to consider — to consider anything — if, as for Alice, it will keep us from crying, keep us from forgetting man".

With these words Loy takes leave of his readers and the sober practical question must be answered for which this Appeal has been written: If there is a need to present *Jacques* in English, how can it be met if all efforts to find a publisher for it fail? In former times it was the usage to open subscriptions and it may well be that we have to return to solid customs in this respect too. Contemporary Press, in any case, will publish Diderot's ravishing work if a sufficient number of readers encourage it by giving their opinion and support. They can rest assured that Contemporary Press is no business enterprise and takes the editorial work upon itself as a public service.

"To Posterity and the Being who does not die". This dedication by Diderot, says Loy, "is the fitting dedication to the wonderful nonsense of *Jacques*". It will, eventually, be also the dedication to the readers of an edition by Contemporary Press.

G. Troiano

THE FARM GLUT

THE housewife who protests the outrageous prices of food probably does not realize that what she pays the grocer is only a small part of her actual food bill. Indeed, government statistics show that she is paying twice for everything she buys. First she pays the grocer for the food that actually appears on the family table. But, at income tax time, she must pay again: this time for food that she will never see at all. This second kind of food will probably never be eaten by anybody. Instead, it will be bought by the government, stored away in granaries, freezing plants, abandoned factories, and surplus ships. There it will be left to rot. When it begins to overflow all available storage space, it will be taken by truck and trainload and dumped into lakes, rivers, and into the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Great heaps of it will be poisoned or set afire. The government, which cannot

prejudice that any worthwhile achievement can be brought about only by the always earnest, always serious man whose life follows an irrevocably blue-printed doctrine remains just that — a narrow prejudice" [Loy]. Compare then the life, occupations, actions of Rabelais, Diderot and Tillier with those "professional" writers, philosophers, specialists who are regarded as the "cream" of our time, and the tremendous regress, the extreme rarity of men distinguished by character and "free development of every faculty" is striking.

But this side of the picture portrays only the official side of a *status quo* which has become untenable, has even factually vanished. If to-day France can neither live nor die, her past still stands before humanity and extends into the present as a challenge! You all can neither live nor die, and yet there is Pantagruel who has the answer to every one of your silly problems! Indeed, the pretentious and disastrous madness of the capitalist system is too obvious — renewed and forceful hope flows from the fact that the official trend is slowly being reversed. There is, as a consequence of the inherent tendencies working beneath the surface of the confusing modern development, a steadily growing number of individuals from all social strata who see the problem and elaborate it from the most diverse angles — a kind of collective effort to reconstruct Pantagruelism by pieces or elements scattered all over the world which corresponds perfectly to a world full of awakening *Jacques* who sooner or later must ask: "Why should we continue to be your slaves, and why should you wish to remain our masters", if you yourselves are dissatisfied with the system, if there is more than enough for all of us and if you don't even know what to do with the fruits of our services? Favorable conditions made Pantagruelism spring up first in France, but it is the essence of nature in its human form and will be a general phenomenon when the basis for it has been laid on a world scale. This is presently the case — to pose a problem means to go beyond former limits, and the urge to look for its solution has led to the scrutiny of the past not for the sake of mere (passive) scholarship, but with the more or less clear aim of finding "workable schemes" outside of the official ones. This has in turn created a kind of Renaissance, especially of the Renaissance itself with all that goes back to classical Greece (Periclean age) and forward to the eighteenth and the middle of the nineteenth centuries.

Men, dissatisfied with the *status quo*, again study texts and books, but also the text of nature tortured by man and the text of life violated by a vicious system. If there are no more great Pantagruelistic works, there are pieces* and studies in its spirit and, above all, the spreading of the Pantagruelistic human individual. Again Ponocrates proves more realistic and one hundredfold more inspiring than Rousseau, again men derive their learnings from things around them. The whole development turns, on a higher technical and material level, back to its starting point, the point where man and life occupied the first place and production, art, science and so on were not their masters, but their friendly helpers. The need to present

* It is for several reasons a delicate matter for the author of this Appeal to declare that Erik Erikson's "Critical Review of 'The Dog Behind The Stove'" (*Cont. Issues* Nr. 9) is a truly Pantagruelistic piece. Honor to delicacy! but it had to be declared because the fact is important and — honest opinion and truth value higher than formal considerations.