

# The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the  
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

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DR. RUDOLF KASSNER

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

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## THE LEPER

BY DR. RUDOLF KASSNER

### INTRODUCTION

RUDOLF KASSNER, the renowned Austrian philosopher, and one of the profoundest and most original thinkers of the day, was born on September 11, 1873, at Gross-Pawlowitz in Moravia. He is of entirely German origin, and not only his parental, but more especially his maternal ancestors (all of them free-holders) belong to that race of fair-haired mountain Silesians, which has given to the Germans a Jacob Boehme and an Angelus Silesius.

Kassner studied at the universities of Vienna and Berlin, and, later on, for a short time at Oxford. He then spent many years in the capitals of Europe, and undertook long journeys in India, through the whole of Russia, etc. After the war he settled in Vienna and lives there still, Tilgnerstrasse 3, Wien 1.

His works represent a unity, and should be read in chronological order as they were published, for more than is generally the case in the writings of the thinkers of this world, one work emanates from the other, and is only fully comprehensible in connection with its forerunner.

Kassner is deeply original. He possesses the originality of life itself, and in his writings one can hardly discover any direct influence by modern German minds, with the one exception perhaps of Nietzsche, and this only in the first period of his intellectual career. On the other hand, the works of his youth are distinctly influenced by the English Essayists and Aesthetes and by Emerson, but most especially by Plato and the Upanishads. Rudolf Kassner's translation of Plato's *Symposium* (1904) is considered to be classical and of rare beauty, and has become one of the most popular translations of all, from any ancient tongue.

The titles of his works, as they appeared in succession (mostly in the Insel-Verlag, Leipzig) since 1900 are: *Death and the Mask*, *The Moral of Music*, *Melancholia*, *A Trilogy of the Spirit*, *The Elements of Human Greatness*, *Indian Idealism*, *The Chimera*, *The Leper*, *Number and Visage*, *Essays*, *The Foundations of Physiognomy*, *Transformation*.

Rudolf Kassner's works, from the first to the last page even in those books in which the expression does not yet appear, is physiognomy in the widest and profoundest sense of the word. It is a doctrine of Form, a new irrationalism. His thinking is bound to the language in which he writes, and he has what Flaubert calls: "*la conscience du mot*" in a higher sense than any other living writer. Therefore the enormous difficulty in translating him. As was the case with the great mystics of the Middle Ages, his thinking is absolutely irrational, not to be understood in the sense of the Rationalists of Irrationalism, like Maeterlinck or, to a certain extent, Schopenhauer. It is entirely alive, a particle of life itself. His doctrine of Physiognomy has nothing in common with that of Lavater or other famous Physiognomists, on the contrary: it stands in direct opposition to them. We may not be permitted to say that his philosophy is *a* or *the* philosophy of intuition (which would be romanticism, a

form of mind which Kassner repudiates entirely), but his physiognomy teaches most essentially, that just the intuitive mind must be very logical, if intuition is not to become senseless and empty. Perhaps none will understand his work better than he who recognizes in it the innermost and innate opposition to the works of Professor Freud. This opposition (Physiognomy versus Psycho-Analysis) is all the more important, as in the early writings (English poets) psycho-analytical problems were possibly hit upon in the language of the Aesthete, at a time when Freud was not only unknown to Kassner, but to the world at large. In Kassner's last essay: *Christ and the World Soul*, this opposition to psycho-analysis has been made particularly clear—we may say: has become a sort of program.

But there is another side to Kassner's being, beyond that of the Seer and thinker, which the short work we are offering to the American public exemplifies in a particular sense: Kassner is a Mystic, a God-seeker, and the deepest essence of all his productions is the linking together of the visible and the invisible world, of matter and idea, of mind and soul. His nature, in its deepest source is religion, and like a second Offerus he is well able to carry the Christ Child across the waters on his great rugged shoulders. Only he who keeps this in mind will understand him fully. How endlessly far have we out-distanced Frances of Assisi's famous sermon: He who gives one stone for the restoration of the Chapel will receive one recompense in heaven; he who gives two will receive two recompenses, in Kassner's *Leper*, "who does not long for wages, for measure, for the Emperor's good-will, but whose Soul by the power of its purity longs for God alone."

#### EXPLANATORY NOTES

From a purely legal point of view, Alexander I. cannot be held responsible for the murder of his father, Paul I.

On the other hand, what Prince Jachvil, to whose lot had fallen the task of strangling the Emperor Paul with the ribbon of the order he was wearing, supposedly said to the latter's son, namely: "Your hands are clean, because ours have been soiled by this deed," probably gives the truest expression to the facts of the case.

The Emperor Alexander's piety and mystical vein, his unexpected death in far-away Tagaurog, the fact that his coffin was always kept closed and his burial hurried over, gave rise to the popular belief, that he did not die as an Emperor, but as a penitent and a man of God at a much later date in Siberia, under the name of Fedor Kusmisch; further, that the burial in Tagaurog was a mystification and that the coffin supposed to contain his remains, was in reality empty.

Against this may be held the testimony of the people present at his sudden demise, who declared that they had seen his corpse in the coffin.

A totally new light has been brought to bear on the whole subject by the Sovjets having Alexander's coffin opened, which was discovered to contain nothing but stones.

The *Leaves from Alexander I. Notebook*, are totally imaginary; written in the form of the Diary of an Emperor-Penitent.

APOCRYPHAL PAGES FROM THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER I. NOTEBOOK<sup>1</sup>

To know whether we are doing His will, whether His will really is in us, that is all. Between our will and His stands fear. Between our will and His stand the constellations, stand the fear and the terror of the constellations. And we must pass through this fear, then all is well. He who can do so is strong, and reaches the goal.

Today I have felt it more deeply than ever before: God wants something of me, and then all will be well. I know not what it is that He wants me to do. I will that He should tell me, He wills that I should know. This is how we stand opposite each other. A day must come in which everything will be decided. When will it come?

—*Troitza Monastery.*

**D**URING a talk we had in the garden of the Convent, as we sat before the fresh grave of the Starez Heliodor, I said to Father Jefim: "Men cannot understand suffering and are incapable of feeling the joy and the sweetness of suffering, because they have numbers." Upon this Father Jefim answered in almost the same words as the Holy man in Kostroma used when he spoke to me—just a year ago: "It is not a question of men, but of God. Men must count, God alone need not count."

In the course of our conversation, Father Jefim said: that I ought to, and must look upon the fact that I am the first man in my Empire as my sacrifice: order stands for the path, the rank and file for the peregrination.

We all desire to see God and to rest in Him. As long as we live in the body, we shall not make unto ourselves any graven image of Him—then only do we live fearlessly. The Tartars tolerate neither an image of God nor of themselves, for they are willed to live and to beat the enemy, till the hour comes when they shall see God face to face. I would I could live as they do. But as it is, one man sees himself in the other: men sink down and are ruined before their time in each other, and the flesh dies in the flesh.

<sup>1</sup> A legend lived for many decades in Russia, which told that the Emperor Alexander I. had spent the last years of his life in Siberia, under the name of Feodor Kusmitsch, and there had died, unknown, as a penitent, because he had been privy to the murder of his father, Paul I. History has refuted this legend. In reality, Alexander died in his bed, as Emperor, and his remains were laid to rest in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The Volga measures 3,000 versts from its source to its mouth. How much do I measure from my beginning to my end? For the people I am measured, and have a beginning, and an end, because I am the Emperor. But by what do I measure myself? By God. And that is why I must die in order to live. For men I must live in order to die. If we could only know and feel in our innermost hearts that we die for God, that by death we step out of man's Kingdom and enter the Kingdom of God! Saints must be inexpressibly blessed in the hour of their death, in all their life no hour can have been happier for them than their last.

If our measure be guilt, then all our acts are indeed crimes and our true crime is suffering. A single man, a Pilgrim, is perhaps still able to think this thought. But how can two, or three, or a hundred, how can all men think this thought? Human beings cannot do it, and therefore God must think it for them, and act for them. The destruction of number by God—that is Christianity. Heathenism was the sanction of number by God.

One of my favorite thoughts: Heathenism has not reached its end, as is written in the Catechism and in the lesson-books of history, but goes on living in all nature, in animals, in human beings, everywhere. And the profoundest idea of Heathenism, which only few can conceive, is Christianity, just as death is the profoundest sense of life, is the innermost being, the value of a thing, the debt we owe to God. I expressed these thoughts to Strachow this morning. Upon which he answered: "Why should we then have the Church? Can everything which has been done up to now be undone again? Does not the historical man stand above the natural man? He asked whether it were possible for me to wear the crown with such thoughts in my heart? My thought, he held, was too great and too small for an Emperor, it was a thought for pilgrims and penitents. He is right. And yet, he understands not me nor the human heart. I thought of what the Starez Heliodor had said to me in the Troitza Convent.

My happiness is the course. That I am the first man in the Realm signifies nothing beyond the fact, that I must travel over the whole course to the very end. It is narrow as thought, narrow as the rent of lightning in the clouds.

I asked to be led to Feodor Kusmitsch. Tomorrow morning, before sunrise, he is to be executed, because he cut his comrade's—a common soldier's—throat for the sake of half a rubel. I was disguised, and therefore he had no idea who it was that came to see



him. When I looked into his eyes I know, that this was a man without a course, that the murderer is without a course.

All men are linked together by the course. The course is love, is the Good, is truth, is law. If I could only believe this quite simply! How much this belief would comfort me!

I often think: man is a celestial body, as finished and perfect in himself as a celestial body. All creatures, animals, trees, flowers, are celestial bodies. And that which connects them is their orbit, their course.

If I dared believe this! It is the belief of guiltless men. And yet, at the beginning of the path, at the entrance to the course, stands guilt, and therefore it remains guilt all the way, till I have blotted it out and turned back and become converted. And then I and Feodor Kusmitsch are not separated any more, we are brethren in death, and united in death.

It may also be, that my course is nothing but patience, and his course, the course of the murderer, impatience, for the sake of death.

I remembered today, what I once said to Kutusow, a year before he died: "Everybody, I myself, you—no matter who, is good, brave, full of courage to begin with, and then quite suddenly, he becomes cowardly, from one moment to the other, and remains so, from this moment on, and can do nothing to fight against it. How would you explain this? Does this cowardliness come from God or from the Devil?"

The old General answered: "From the Devil."

I. "No, from God."

Baron Stael has returned from Germany. We talked philosophy, as was our wont two years ago. He is always of a different opinion, but I need this, because it clarifies me all the more surely about my own self, as he who expresses his opinion, is one of the truest men I have ever met with. Stael is very German and does not understand the Russians. We touched upon the subject of Glory. I said to him: "The older I grow, the less can I understand Glory and the longing of men for Glory. Day by day I feel more strongly, that the Christian may and cannot live for Glory. Glory is the last limitation of the Soul, and therefore the most dangerous one. The Christian soul must pass beyond all boundary lines. Napoleon could not conceive a human being getting beyond his own Glory, for Napoleon was of the flesh, his spirit was the spirit of the flesh. I remember that his physical appearance and his voice always had a

paralyzing effect upon me. I disliked his body, his flesh; for me the texture of his flesh, his cheek, his chin, the nape of his neck, his hands, had something repulsive about them. I can say no more. It was flesh of the flesh, externalized, and I imagine, that in the grave it must have decayed sooner than the flesh of other people. He was opaque. As opaque as flesh is at all times—like the big grey Seal, which I saw a little while ago, in a fisherboat on the Fontanke. I never could get rid of the feeling, that behind that which we saw and heard of him stood quite another man, and behind this one yet another, and so on, neverendingly. The hidden secret of such men is nothing but deceit, and their revelation must be Glory.”

Stael answered: “Every man is just such an incomprehensible lump of flesh, such a captive seal, if we take away his deeds and his aims from him, a thing which would be entirely unfair and inhuman. None but the active man, the soldier, the commander, the law-giver seeks Glory. Glory and fame are the spirit of human deeds, they are actually the light of our deeds, and as such as precious as the deed itself. Whoever denies Glory must also deny the deed. They both belong to us as little as they belong to our sons. Glory is nothing but the deed which reaches beyond the doer. What nobler ties can be formed between men, between periods of time, than by Glory. The lonely man is indeed not capable of understanding either Glory or the times in which he lives. Therefore the lonely man should not have a son. The son would turn against him.”

I. “Are not all great men lonely?”

Stael: “That is what the poets, who falsify everything, say. The great man is our Judge, our measure, is the law-giver; the lonely man is guilty whatever he does, and therefore he may not judge. Can one conceive a greater difference?”

I. “We each of us talk in our own tongue, and cannot understand one another. Answer me: What is it that has set the distance between us and God?”

Stael: “It is the law, beyond which we dare not go.”

I: “No, Stael, it is guilt. And therefore guilt is blessed. He who is not guilty can also not feel joy, or rather, his joy is worthless. The Glory of the lonely man, the Glory of the Christian is guilt, the guilt of the guiltless. In Kaluga there lives a peasant, who, in spite of being innocent, was sent to Siberia for twenty years. He was suspected of having committed a murder, and the evidence was against him. At first he defended himself, then gave it up, went to Siberia and did penance willingly, indeed joyfully, for a deed which

another man, whom he did not even know, had done. I ask you, Stael, who is in the center of our moral world, this peasant or Napoleon? You will say: Napoleon. I say: the peasant. Napoleon lives on the circumference. Do you understand this?"

Stael: "No, I do not and I will not understand it."

I: "Why?"

Stael: "If we all felt as this peasant does, there would be nothing but criminals and no crime, or else nothing but crimes and no criminals any more."

I: "Stael, there was a time when I spoke exactly as you speak now, it comes back to me quite clearly at this moment. Let me tell you of one of the most wonderful hours of my life. It was at Paris, in 18. . . I had formed a great friendship with a Marquise Carega, who at that time surpassed all women in Paris by two things, by her walk, and by her pearl necklace. Her walk, all the other women attempted to imitate, without success; her pearls few people had ever seen, as the Marquise never wore them publicly, at the play or at receptions; for such occasions she had had a necklace of imitation pearls fabricated, which were so like the real ones, that even connoisseurs owned themselves deceived. In the evening, when she was alone, she hung the real pearls round her neck, or else they lay on her table before her, or she held them in her hand. There are Beings, Stael, in whom the secret of the human race reveals itself; more cannot be said of them, and it is senseless to call such people good or wise. And the Marquise Carega was a Being of this sort. Other people cannot exist without obstinacy, they make a point of honor of their obstinacy, in order to be admired. Women like the Marquise are without obstinacy, and if only for this reason they partake of a higher life and are alive in a higher sense, they are truly marvels, who touch the heart of him who has the happiness of coming near them most deeply. On the day, when the Marquise betrayed the secret of her pearl necklace to me, I was as much taken aback as you were, Stael, when I told you of the penitent of Kaluga, and I asked the Marquise exactly as you asked me just now: 'If all women, out of too great a love for their real pearls, or out of precaution, or fear, or for some other reason, wore false pearls and hid the real ones, we would never see real pearls any more; in a certain sense real pearls would cease to exist, and the fact would be established, that we could deprive a thing of all its value by over-estimation,' whereupon the Marquise answered: that I did not know the human heart, more especially, that I did not

understand woman—there was much that I still had to learn. She could see by this question. Men ripen so slowly. Not until it had become quite impossible for me to formulate such a question even in my thoughts, and not to see the right answer immediately, would I understand what I had not understood up to now: the human heart. “Learn not to think in such a way any more: make it a rule from today, from this hour on, never to draw such horrible conclusions! Promise me this! Try and see a new, a better, and freer humanity by not asking: if all acted as you do what then? Any more—not asking it even in your thoughts. Oh my friend, believe me, all do not act as I do, nothing is as certain as the fact that all do not act as I do, and even if they did, it would not be the same. It is extraordinary that after so many experiences, after so much suffering, after humanity has grown so old, love appears incomprehensible, indeed absurd to you and to many men—to most of them, and above all to those, who we women instinctively feel and love as men. Where shall we seek for the source of all the many women’s disappointments if not in this? Mark my words: from that day on when you will feel your question to be simply foolish, childish and senseless, love will not appear incomprehensible or absurd to you any more, but, on the contrary, just because of its incomprehensibility and absurdity you will look upon it as the only true and innate state of human beings, and then, I give you my word, I shall destroy my false pearls, and wear the real ones before the eyes of all the world.”

No man is able to conceive God in Spirit. Man must be moved by God, then God is there. Happy is the man who is moved by God. He cannot go astray, and reaches his goal. (After an hour of greatest forsakenness.)

In the evening I asked Stael quite suddenly, because this thought had occupied me all day: “What is the hardest thing in life?” Stael answered without a moment’s hesitation: “Comradeship.”

“I don’t understand you.”

“That it should be possible for two to go together, that neither of the two should be more than the other, that the two should be one. That is hard.”

“God brings men together, God is equality and unity.”

Stael answered: “By God one could explain everything. God makes everything easy. He, Stael, had only one desire, to feel what he had felt in his youth, he did not ask for more.

I: "Is not age an everlasting agony, a continual disappointment, under such circumstances?"

He: "Certainly, for him who has no son. I want to go on living in my son, and in this way to refind my lost youth."

There is very much delicacy and kind-heartedness in the way in which Stael clings to that which is. He does not wish man to overestimate himself in God. Stael lives in an internal world of honor. That is German, not Russian. If a Russian gets ready to live in an internal world he will leave honor outside, he will feel honor to be superfluous, and nothing but a hindrance.

Monsieur de Mirepoix was struck by my good memory, because I took up the conversation with him today exactly there, where I had broken it off five years ago, when he first came to Petersburg from Paris. I can always do this. And yet, when I saw Mirepoix once more, after all this time, it seemed to me as if he had risen from the dead, as if, for these five years, he had not tarried among the living, thus completely had he escaped my memory. This is what always happens to me, with all human beings. My capacity for forgetting and for remembering are equally great and there where the two meet, I live, there it is that I am. Nothing is as strange to me as that which men call Time; it is as strange to me as the face of a woman, who we have ceased to love, is to us all. My time is waking.

N. wants to know men without moving a finger. None can take without giving. He should give men enormous odds to begin with, in order that men should reveal enormously much to him. This is knowledge of men. It is what Christ did. He gave men Eternity to begin with, He gave Himself to all men, therefore He knew them. I cannot conceive anything more paltry than that which men generally call "knowledge of men."

Stael has his limitations, of that I have become fully conscious today. The young and beautiful Princess D., whom all men adore, is going to marry blind Cheremeteff, and Stael declares, such a thing ought not to be allowed, it could only turn out to be a mistake. Sooner or later disappointment was bound to set in. One should warn the Princess not to share the fate of a blind man. "What a fellow you are, Stael! always trembling before something. Do you want to wait, from this day on, till the Princess has found out that she has presumed too much upon her love? Do you know exactly what a human being is capable of accomplishing? Is it ever, or in any way possible to calculate this? Stael, sometimes it seems

to me that you are not only no Christian, but a thorough-going pedant. Stael, you understand nothing but time. But for that which does not take place in time, for that which is there from all eternity, you have no sense. Do you really believe, that Christ only came to earth to convert the Jews and heathens one after the other. He could then well have come sooner, in fact, He should have done so. No, it is not so, Stael. Christ was there from all eternity, in all those who do not live in time, who do not live in fear, because time is fear, be it the time of the Heathen or of the Christian. Christ lived in His mother, for Mary, the wife of Joseph, was without fear, and therefore chosen among all women to bring forth the God who was in her. Mary Magdalene also was without fear. And Princess D. is without fear. Let your thoughts rest upon this.

I asked Mirepoix whether a very taciturn man must not necessarily be very cruel, and all the more cruel, the more taciturn he be. I have been thinking how a man can become a murderer, by too much taciturnity. I am thinking of Feodor Kusmitsch, who appeared to me today in my dream. His face was close, even as flesh is close. If I am right, then God's loving-kindness can only show itself by being everywhere, in all men, quite openly. God's Being is openness. Perhaps the murderers and those who must die, believe that God's Being is secrecy.

To reckon with God. Who is secret enough to dare reckon with God? Who besides God Himself?

Sometimes I feel as if life rushed on with a velocity for which we men have no measure and which we therefore cannot calculate. How would it otherwise be possible for us to part from the moment, if we did not do so as men, who are in the act of madly rushing on?

Prince Urussow lives by gambling. People tell me that he wins. In the end he must win. At that point where he is hard and opaque he must win. And his partner must also win just there where he is hard and opaque. Whoever plays with God is bound to lose. It is God who then is hard and opaque, and his opponent, man, is soft and broken, like the soil in Springtime. In order to win he must lose, he must be destroyed by God. Human beings who play with God love death in their secret hearts, while they fight against it.

I said to Stael today: "We are all born stubborn, refractory, morose, and must slowly train ourselves to an ever purer worship and devotion. The path which leads to this is common to all men, and links the boy to the man, and the young man to the old. I said that I could hardly understand how a boy could grow to be a man

without following this path. Stael tries for the shortest cut, and this shortest cut is shown to him by duty, by obedience. He does not understand love, or in how far love is happy to be in the wrong. That is what Christianity has taught men: to choose the longest way, to actually put ourselves in the wrong before God.

Stael answered: "There are duties towards God as well as towards man, and whoever fulfills these cannot err."

I: "No, no and no. We only say such things in order to say something. We have not a single duty towards God, except the one duty to put ourselves in the wrong."

"Why? That wrong may be there?"

"No, because we love God, for no other reason."

I then asked Stael, whether he could guess which of the Apostles was his own particular one. He could not guess. I said: St. Peter. He, the Apostle, also believed, that only the shortest way leads to God, that there is, in fact, only one way, a sort of public highway, which leads to God. Everybody should set their foot upon it, and then all would be well and perfectly clear. But see here, Stael, as Peter would not put himself in the wrong before God, God had to put him in the wrong, and now you will understand why Christ let Himself be denied thrice by Peter, before the cock crowed twice.

I had a long talk with Stael, and here set down its content, in order to keep in mind something of its essence. I said to Stael: "It is a great and hard divine thing to appropriate a human being, to possess a human being, to penetrate a human being. Cannot you feel how impossible it is to pierce the flesh? The older I grow, the more I feel this. In my youth I struggled against the sacrifice, for my Soul was the Soul of a robber. Today I know that there is only one way in which to possess living things: by sacrifice. Dead things alone can be possessed without sacrifice. And a human being can only become my own, if I sacrifice myself to it. In no other way. Stael, cannot you understand that that which is alive fights for ever against that which is dead, and therefore he who truly wishes to possess men, must abhor every other possession. None can possess both, the living and the dead. It is the true essence of our human nature, that we are able to sever the living from the dead. Many do not understand how to do so. Those are the unclean spirits, the interlopers. Stael, I love not the single thing which has a beginning and an end and which leads to nothing; I cannot possess it, I can only destroy it. Sometimes I have the feeling that I have destroyed everything which was mine, in order that it should become not mine

any more—for no other reason. The measure is more than the object, and the sacrifice is more than the measure. The sacrifice is the inner sense, is the possession, is the chain of Beings. You say: he who denies God is godless. No, God can still live in denial, as the salamander lives in the fire. Godless is he, who does not feel the sacrifice between man and man, who does not perceive the gulf and the grace between man and man, godless is he who is dead, godless is the serpent, for he claims that he has a right to possess man without grace, without love, without happiness, without sacrifice. He kills, and by killing he gains possession. Many die the death of the serpent, they die prematurely, before their death. The only thing which we are called upon to do, is not to die this death, not to die the death before death, the death of the serpent.

Stael: "And yet there is only one death for us, and the further off from this the happier we are."

I: "Do you not feel that the great secret which lies in human beings also lies between human beings? Can you not feel the gulf, the grace, the happiness between man and man?"

Stael: "Perhaps grace and happiness were there once—long ago, in our youth. What, then, if in the course of time we are forced to put indifference in place of grace between man and man, just exactly indifference, nothing besides indifference? We can make it as great as we like, it will always remain indifference."

I: "I cannot do so. I could not place indifference between man and man: I prefer to put deceit just there, where you put indifference, Stael. Yes, most decidedly. I will put deceit in its place. Where I see nothing between man and man, Stael, out of this nothing temptation arises before me. It cannot be otherwise."

Stael: "In this case life can never be peaceful."

I: "No, and it should not be peaceful, not for a single moment. Then only God will be merciful to me, then only will I not die the death before death."

A dream I had last night: I was in my coronation robes, my crown was on my head, and with my sword, for no apparent reason. I was belaboring someone who had stepped in my way, and of whom I knew that he was a leper. He wore a Tarter's cap made of fox fur. I saw this quite plainly, and see it still. I went on hitting him, but my sword never touched him, and every time I tried to strike the sword was between me and the leper, and I could not reach him because of the sword. The more I struck at him, the more the leper laughed. He laughed again and again, quite loathsomely, his laugh-



ter ran down his face, which was the face of a dead man, like rain down a window-pane. But suddenly, when I stopped hitting at him, I was he, I was the leper and yet again myself, I was still wearing the crown, but under my robe of purple and ermine my body was covered with ulcers and sores, and my face was fixed and my laughter loathsome, and ran down me like rain down a window-pane. I felt quite distinctly that I was the leper and myself at the same time and that I was alone and nobody would come near me and my voice was hot as fire and dying away, and the words in my mouth were heavy as stone, and fell to earth, and I called upon God, and knew, that God was God no more.

My dream of yesterday haunts me. I will not tell it to any man. I still see the leper with the Tartar's cap before me. I know, that he is the only man on earth who does not long for righteousness, for my good-will, for wages, but who longs for God alone. All measures and all greed and all wages fester away from his body, and thus his soul is pure, as pure as the soul of no other man, and by the power of its purity it longs for God.