



The Moment of My Reading

Selected Autobiographical Writings

David Myatt



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Pathei-Mathos

If anyone, from reasoning, exclaims loudly that victory of Zeus,
Then they have acquired an understanding of all these things;
Of he who guided mortals to reason,
Who laid down that this possesses authority:
'Learning from adversity'.

Even in sleep there trickles through the heart
The disabling recalling of the pain:
And wisdom arrives regardless of desire,
A favour from daimons
Who have taken the seats of honour, by force.

(Aeschylus: [Agamemnon](#), translated by DW Myatt)



- In loving memory of Fran, who through her life and death, profoundly changed me
- In loving memory of Sue, who died too young

cc David Myatt 2010 CE



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The Moment Of My Reading Of Those Words

So many times, in the past somewhat turbulent decade of my life, I have reflected upon a particular verse by Sophocles:

πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κούδεν ἄνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει [1]

For this seems to me to capture something of our rather strange human nature - of our ability, our potential, our capacity, to be compassionate, empathic, honourable, cultured, human beings, and our seemingly equal capacity (or often, greater capacity) to be unsympathetic, insensitive, selfish, dishonourable, and just plain barbaric.

This morning - as the Sun of a late English Spring rose into an almost cloudless sky and a north-easterly breeze presaged another beautiful but not too hot day - I received a lovely message (via that modern medium of communication, the Internet) from someone in Canada I have never met and whose existence I was previously unaware of. Some words about The Numinous Way - and in the moment of my reading of those words it was as if we two unmet human beings were somehow in some very human way briefly connected; as if some energy - something numinous and good - passed between, touched, and linked us, if only for a fleeting moment, to bring for me one more remembering of the numinous promise that lives within us, as individual human beings, and as a species.

For me, it has been a hard journey - sometimes a terrible journey - to finally arrive at this, my hitherto un-named, destination. To forge in words some work of art, wrought by memories and feelings of that decades long journey. And now, all I can hope for - all I should hope for - this work, this Numinous Way of mine which is yet not-mine, is that it may, it might, just aid someone, somewhere, to avoid the mistakes I made; that it might, just might, cause someone, somewhere at some time, to sense, to feel, the numinosity of life; that it might, just might, engender in someone, somewhere at some time, a certain empathy and compassion, and thus in some small way contribute to our human culture.

For surely that is what all human culture is, or perhaps should be: a means, one means, whereby we can share with others our *pathei-mathos* - presenced as some work or works of Art, or by the passage and experiences of our lives -

so that others can possibly learn from them, and so not inflict upon humans beings, upon other life, what we ourselves did in our quite often arrogant and selfish quest before the Cosmos, or some personal tragedy, or some love, humbled us, and restored to us, or gave to us as a gift, the goodness that exists in so many human beings.

Now, I have no gods, no God - living, remembered, hoped for or believed in - to thank for aiding, guiding, me on that journey. No longer any sense of personal Destiny, of that arrogant self-assurance and almost primal determination that so many times kept me safe in the midst of danger. Now, there is only a knowing of my place - of how I am but one fragile microcosmic connexion, one nexion, to all the life around, beyond, me; one affected and affecting connexion who can so easily, so thoughtlessly, so dishonourably, cause so much suffering and harm, and yet who has so many positive gifts to offer.

For this knowing of my place, this human perspective, is a knowing of how our humanity - the numinous good that lies in wait within us - is and can be and should be presented in a shared and personal love; in that compassion, that desire for the cessation of suffering, which empathy so painfully, and so poignantly at times, reveals for us; and in that sense of fairness, that spirit of nobility, that lack of prejudiced judgement, that a code of personal honour enshrines.

It has not, I must admit, been easy, to so selflessly offer such human gifts as a gentle love, shared; not easy to quell the anger that once, so many times, would arise within me; not easy to slowly emerge from the safe cave of prejudiced assumptions; not easy to cease to dream dreams of personal Destiny and worldly Fate. For such things had become a habit, perhaps even an addiction. But like a body, trained: there came time when effort, pain, endurance, produced a surge of health so that one would run, a young, youthful man, again, among the meadow grass, bare feet touching Sun-warmed soil, to feel, to be, the very essence of numinous life; glad, so very glad, to live, to be alive - one human being, reborn, bearing within so many gifts, and knowing, knowing in that wordless way of Empathy and Thought, that Life, we, are here, born, for compassion, love, sensitivity, and sharing.

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2455341.714

[1] Sophocles: *Antigone*, 334. My translation is - *There exists much that is strange, but nothing has more strangeness than we human beings.*



The Culture of ἀρετή

Essays in Praise of πάθει μάθος

Introduction

The essays in this collection - written over the past few years or so - are autobiographical in nature, and express, in essence, the *raisons d'être* behind my recent move away from the Way of Al-Islam and back to my own *weltanschauung* which I have termed both The Numinous Way and The Philosophy of The Numen.

This return has been the result of an almost four-year long interior struggle following one seminal event - the suicide of my then fiancée - and which struggle led me to not only reflect upon certain ethical and philosophical questions, but also to develop and refine my own *weltanschauung*. There was, thus, for me, πάθει μάθος - a certain learning from the adversity of a personal suffering [1].

A most important part of this interior struggle, and this period of reflexion, concerned notions of duty and personal honour - subjects that are somewhat *outré* in these causal material times of large nation-States, rapid (and vapid) communication, vulgar mass 'popular' entertainment, and a general unfamiliarity, among the populace of such nation-States, with what we may

term the culture of *ἀρετή* [2] and which culture now includes the works of such individuals as Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Aristotle, Livy, Abelard, Thomas Aquinas, Dante Alighieri, Isaac Newton, JS Bach, and TS Eliot.

Thus, I was for several years torn between doing what I considered was my honourable duty and following where my own personal learning from experience and reflexion took me. For some time before this - for around seven or eight years - I considered that I was under the noble obligation to adhere to an oath I had sworn; the oath of my Shahadah, taken when I became Muslim, and while occasionally some doubts did arise, they all became dispelled by a loyal clinging onto that oath. It just seemed, to me, dishonourable to place my own feelings, the results of my own reflexion, before this oath.

However, the aforementioned seminal event eventually - after much interior and external peregrinations - led me back to the culture of *ἀρετή* and to develop, at least in my possibly biased opinion, a deeper understanding and appreciation of *φύσις*, *Δίκαια*, *ἀρετή*, and thus of honour.

As TS Eliot so wonderfully expressed it:

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

My understanding of honour thus came to be as expressed, in The Philosophy of The Numen, as an ethical means to aid the cessation of suffering and thus as "a practical manifestation of empathy: of how we can relate to other people, and other life, in an empathic and compassionate way" [3]. That is, as a means whereby we as individuals can manifest a well-balanced, a fair, a noble, personal judgement, and thus how both *ἀρετή* and *Δίκαια* can be presented in those communities, those societies, we belong to or establish.

The Philosophy of The Numen is, therefore, and more perhaps correctly, the philosophy of *πάθει μάθος* - where the numinosity of authority of or deriving from *πάθει μάθος* is given precedence over the ways of doctrine, religious faith, and the ideation of causal, un-numinous, abstractions [4].

Naturally - given my somewhat unusual if not eccentric past and various peregrinations among what it is convenient (though not entirely accurate) to describe as political, social, and religious *-isms* and *-ologies* - I do not expect to be understood, except perhaps by some of those few who today understand

and appreciate the culture of ἀρετή, or in whom the culture of ἀρετή resonates.

As someone, not that long ago, wrote:

So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years -
Twenty years largely wasted, the years of l'entre deux guerres
Trying to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure

So, perhaps these essays are just another failure of communication on my part; hopefully, possibly not.

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(November 2010 CE)

Notes:

[1]

Ζῆνα δέ τις προφρόνως ἐπινίκια κλάζων
τεύξεται φρενῶν τὸ πᾶν:
τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τὸν πάθει μάθος
θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
στάζει δ' ἔνθ' ὕπνῳ πρὸ καρδίας
μνησιπήμων πόνος: καὶ παρ' ἄ-
κοντας ἦλθε σωφρονεῖν.
δαιμόνων δέ που χάρις βίαιος
σέλμα σεμνὸν ἡμένων.

If anyone, from reasoning, exclaims loudly that victory of Zeus,
Then they have acquired an understanding of all these things;
Of he who guided mortals to reason,
Who laid down that this possesses authority:
'Learning from adversity'.

Even in sleep there trickles through the heart
The disabling recalling of the pain:

And wisdom arrives regardless of desire,
A favour from daimons
Who have taken the seats of honour, by force.

Aeschylus: Agamemnon (174-183) translated by DW Myatt

[2] Central to the culture of *ἀρετή* are two things: the currently unfashionable concept (or archetype) of a noble, an aristocratic, personal character bred from physical and intellectual challenges (a personal development of, or discovery of, personal potential from direct and challenging personal learning) and the concept (or more correctly, archetype) of *Δίκη*.

In respect of noble personal character - and learning from *πάθει μάθος* - one has, for instance, Odysseus, and the fabled Oedipus, of whom Sophocles says:

ὦ πάτρας Θήβης ἔνοικοι, λεύσσετ', Οἰδίπους ὄδε,
ὄς τὰ κλείν' αἰνίγματ' ἤδει καὶ κράτιστος ἦν ἀνὴρ,
οὗ τίς οὐ ζήλω πολιτῶν ἦν τύχαις ἐπιβλέπων,
εἰς ὅσον κλύδωνα δεινῆς συμφορᾶς ἐλήλυθεν.
ὥστε θνητὸν ὄντα κείνην τὴν τελευταίαν ἰδεῖν
ἡμέραν ἐπισκοποῦντα μηδέν' ὀλβίζειν, πρὶν ἂν
τέρμα τοῦ βίου περάσῃ μηδὲν ἀλγεῖνον παθῶν.

You natives of Thebes: Observe - here is Oedipus,
He who understood that famous enigma and was a strong man:
What clansman did not behold that fortune without envy?
But what a tide of problems have come over him!
Therefore, look toward that ending which is for us mortals,
To observe that particular day - calling no one lucky until,
Without the pain of injury, they are conveyed beyond life's ending.

(Oedipus Tyrannus, vv. 1524-1530)

In respect of *Δίκη* Aeschylus wrote:

Δίκη δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦσ-
ιν μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει:
τὸ μέλλον δ', ἐπεὶ γένοιτ', ἂν κλύοις: πρὸ χαιρέτω:
ἴσον δὲ τῷ προστένειν.

The goddess, Judgement, favours someone *learning from adversity*.

But I shall hear of what will be, after it comes into being:
Before then, I leave it,
Otherwise, it is the same as a premature grieving.

Aeschylus: Agamemnon, 250-254

Thus, the culture of *ἀρετή* is, in essence, the education of discovering and knowing, intellectually and personally, that noble balance between our natural human tendency to commit *ὑβρις* - to go beyond the respectful, noble, limits of behaviour - and the necessity of learning the hard way, from *πάθει μάθος*, from direct personal experience. *Δίκαια* is this balance; a balance manifest in us - or which can be manifest in us - through thoughtful reasoning, that is, by a well-balanced, fair, noble, personal judgement.

As Heraclitus wrote:

σωφρονεῖν ἀρετὴ μέγιστη, καὶ σοφίη ἀληθέα λέγειν καὶ ποιεῖν κατὰ φύσιν ἐπαίοντας. (Fragmentum B 112)

Which suggests that what is most excellent [*ἀρετή*] is thoughtful reasoning, a well-balanced judgement - [*σωφρονεῖν*] - and that such reasoning is both (1) to express (reveal, discover, learn) meaning and (2) that which is in accord with, in balance with or in sympathy with, *φύσις* - with our natural noble human nature and the nature of Being itself.

[3] Refer, for example, to my essay *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life*.

[4] A brief analysis of this philosophy of *πάθει μάθος* in the context of the culture of *ἀρετή* is given in the first part of my essay *The Classical Foundations of The Numinous Way*, entitled *From Aeschylus To The Numinous Way: The Numinous Authority of πάθει μάθος*.

A concise discussion of abstractions, and their un-numinous nature, is given in my essay *A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction*.

I

A Learning From Physis

Life is or can be so beautiful, it is just that we humans seem to have a propensity to undermine or destroy or not even see this beauty, especially manifest as this beauty is in Nature, and in and through a mutual personal love between two human beings.

But why - just why - do we human beings have a propensity to so undermine or destroy or not even see the beauty of Life, of Nature, of love? Because of our desires, our selfish desires, and because of the abstractions - the lifeless, un-numinous, abstractions we human beings have, in our hubris, manufactured; which lifeless abstractions we pursue, or we place before such beauty, such a numinous apprehension and appreciation of Nature, as Nature is - a natural unfolding (*φύσις*) and a very slow natural change - without our interference and our arrogant desire to change things quickly according to some abstraction such as "progress" or according to some "plan" or some "destiny" or scheme we in our arrogance, insolence, and haste have devised or believe in.

However, I am as responsible as anyone for having committed the error of hubris - having pursued, for most of my adult life, some abstraction or other, and thus placed some manufactured goal, or some idealized perceived duty, before the beauty of love, and before that letting-be which allows us to appreciate, to feel, the numinosity of Nature.

As Sophocles wrote, several thousand years ago:

*ὔβρις φυτεύει τύραννον:
ὔβρις, εἰ πολλῶν ὑπερπλησθῆ μάταν,
ἂ μὴ ἴκταιρα μηδὲ συμφέροντα,
ἀκρότατον εἰσαναβᾶσ'
αἶψος ἀπότομον ὤρουσεν εἰς ἀνάγκαν
ἔνθ' οὐ ποδὶ χρησίμῳ
χρῆται.*

Insolence [hubris] plants the tyrant:
There is insolence if by a great foolishness
There is a useless over-filling which goes beyond
The proper limits -
It is an ascending to the steepest and utmost heights

And then that hurtling toward that Destiny
Where the useful foot has no use.

In retrospect, life, for me, has been in so many respects enjoyable and replete with joy – a joy sufficient and often innocent enough to keep me mostly balanced through many times of personal tragedy and loss, and also in situations when I myself suffered the consequences of some dishonourable act or acts by some human beings who seemed to have lost or not to even have possessed the human qualities of empathy and honour.

Now, as I recall and review over five decades of conscious living, I am also aware of just how selfish I have been, and in particular aware of how I, through focussing on abstractions, ideals and supra-personal goals, have personally hurt people who loved me, and personally caused or been the cause of suffering in this world. But I like to believe that I have, finally, learnt and understood some important things – especially about myself – as a result of my diverse rather adventurous and sometimes strange life.

Thus it is that I find, through and because of such a recalling, that what I value now, what I feel and sense is most important, is a direct, personal, mutual love between two human beings – and that such love is far far more important, more real, more human, than any abstraction, than any idealism, than any so-called duty, than any dogma, than any cause, however “idealistic”; more important – far more important – than any ideology, than any and all *-isms* and *-ologies* be such *-isms* and such *-ologies* understood conventionally as political, or religious or social. For it is the desire to love, to be loved – and the desire to cease to cause suffering – which are important, which should be our priority, and which are the true measure of our own humanity.

What, therefore, shall I personally miss the most as my own mortal life now moves toward its fated ending? It is the rural England that I love, where I feel most at home, where I know I belong, and where I have lived and worked for many many years of my adult life – the rural England of small villages, hamlets, and farms, far from cities and main roads, that still (but only just) exists today in parts of Shropshire, Herefordshire, Yorkshire, Somerset and elsewhere. The rural England of small fields, hedgerows, trees of Oak, where – over centuries – a certain natural balance has been achieved such that Nature still lives and thrives there where human beings can still feel, know, the natural rhythm of life through the seasons, and where they are connected to the land, the landscape, because they have dwelt, lived, worked there year after year, season after season, and thus know in a personal, direct, way every field, every hedge, every tree, every pond, every stream, around them within a day of walking.

This is the rural England where change is slow, and often or mostly undesired

and where a certain old, more traditional, attitude to life and living still exists, and which attitude is one of preferring the direct slow experience of what is around, what is natural, what is of Nature, to the artificial modern world of cities and towns and fast transportation and vapid so-called "entertainment" of others.

That is what I shall miss the most, what I love and have treasured - beyond women loved, progeny sown, true friends known:

The joy of slowly walking in fields tended with care through the hard work of hands; the joy of hearing again the first Cuckoo of Spring; of seeing the Swallows return to nest, there where they have nested for so many years. The joy of sitting in some idle moment in warm Sun of an late English Spring or Summer to watch the life on, around, within, a pond, hearing thus the songful, calling birds in hedge, bush, tree, the sounds of flies and bees as they dart and fly around.

The joy of walking through meadow fields in late Spring when wild flowers in their profusion mingle with the variety of grasses that time over many decades have sown, changed, grown. The joy of hearing the Skylark rising and singing again as the cold often bleak darkness of Winter has given way at last to Spring.

The simple delight of - having toiled hours on foot through deep snow and a colding wind - of sitting before a warm fire of wood in that place called home where one's love has waited to greet one with a kiss.

The joy of seeing the first wild Primrose emerge in early Spring, and waiting, watching, for the Hawthorn buds to burst and bloom. The soft smell of scented blossoms from that old Cherry tree. The sound of hearing the bells of the local village Church, calling the believers to their Sunday duty. The simple pleasure of sitting after a week of work with a loved one in the warm Summer quietness of the garden of an English Inn, feeling rather sleepy having just imbued a pint or two of ale as liquid lunch.

The smell of fresh rain on newly ploughed earth, bringing life to seeds, crops, newly sown. The mist of an early Autumn morning rising slowly over field and hedge while Sun begins to warm the still chilly air. The very feel of the fine tilth one has made by rotaring the ground ready for planting in the Spring, knowing that soon will come the warmth of Sun, the life of rain, to give profuse living to what shall be grown - and knowing, feeling, that such growth, such fecundity, is but a gift, to be treasured not profaned...

These are the joys, some of the very simple, the very *English*, things I treasure; that I have loved the most, and whose memories I shall seek to keep flowing within me as my own life slowly ebbs away...

For it is to the now almost lost England of such things that I belong, that I have always belonged, even though for many years I, in my profane often selfish stupidity, forget this, subsumed as I was in my hubris with un-numinous abstractions.

The Sun of Warm November

So this is Peace:
As the Sun of warm November
Warms and the grass grows with such mildness.

No strife, here;
No place beyond this place
As Farm meets meadow field
And I upon some hessian sack sit, write
To hear some distant calls from hedged-in sheep:
No breeze
To stir the fallen leaves
That lie among the seeds, there
Where the old Oak towers, shading fence
From Sun
And the pond is hazed with midges.

So this is the peace, found
Where dew persists,
Flies feed to preen to rest
And two Robins call from among that tangled brambled
Bush
Whose berries - unplucked, ripened - rot,
While the Fox-worn trail wobbles
Snaking
Through three fields.

So, the silent Buzzard soars
To shade me briefly:
No haste, worry, nor Homo Hubris, here
Only that, of this, a peaceful peace
Rising
When we who wait, wait to walk with Nature.

So there is much sadness, leaving

As the damp field-mists of morning
Have given way
To Sun

DW Myatt
2010 CE

Addendum - A Note Concerning Physis

The phrase *Φύσις κρύπτεσθαι φιλεῖ* - attributed to Heraclitus - expresses something of the true nature of Physis. See, for example, my brief essay *Physis, Nature, Concealment, and Natural Change*, where I suggest that the phrase implies something akin to *Concealment accompanies Physis*, or *Concealment remains with Physis, like a friend* (or, The natural companion of Physis is concealment.)

We, as thinking human beings - who can use *λόγος* - can not only uncover *Φύσις* but also conceal it again by our use of ideation, and by our "naming" of things. Why is why Heraclitus also said:

*τοῦ δὲ λόγου τοῦδ' ἐόντος αἰεὶ ἀξύνετοι γίνονται ἄνθρωποι καὶ
πρόσθεν ἢ ἀκοῦσαι καὶ ἀκούσαντες τὸ πρῶτον*

Although this naming and expression, which I explain, exists - human beings tend to ignore it, both before and after they have become aware of it. (*Fragment 1*)

An understanding also expressed by Hesiod (*Theog*, 27-28):

*ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
ἴδμεν δ', εὔτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα γηρύσασθαι*

We have many ways to conceal - to name - certain things
And the skill when we wish to expose their meaning

The Scent of Meadow Grass

Four days on from Fran's death, and I am in one of the ancient meadows on the Farm - soon, the haymaking will begin, again, but for now I can smell that special smell - the scent - of meadow grass growing in hot June Sun.

The varied grasses are at least knee high; often higher - and I startle a Deer, hiding, as I walk through the grass: up it leaps to bound and leap away to escape through a hole in the far hedge where the Oak, now full in leaf, rises so tall above me, only a faint breeze to disturb its leaves. Over the field, a Buzzard circles, occasionally calling while small Cumulus clouds drift under the blue sky of another English Summer. Around, over, the pond where I sit, Damsel flies, and two dark blue large Dragonflies, skitting, dancing, mating, landing - for the flow of life goes on.

Why such warm almost cloudless weather? It is not as if I wish my sadness, my grief, my guilt to be lifted and taken from me - but, still, a certain beauty touches me, bringing a few moments of peace. Shall I strive to push these aside, and remember, again, as yesterday when I walked through nettles, letting them sting my bare hands and arms? Now, a stripped yellow Dragonfly ventures forth over the pond - to be attacked, driven away by the Blue as two Blackbirds, tree dwelling and five hedge-Oaks apart, sing their varied, long-lasting songs, for the flow of living goes on.

So many Damsel flies, now, I have lost count, and, then, a Ruddy Darter lands on a leaf, feet from my feet. For minutes, it is still, as, around me, Bumblebees and fastly-moving, loud, flies pass by in their seemingly random way. On a nearby fallen branch - some small, glossy, black, winged insect scoops out dead wood with its legs, having made a perfectly round, small, hole above the sunken leaf litter where black Beetles scutter, to dive down to what is their deep. Then, a Bumblebee drops, stumbly, briefly, down to the very edge, as if to drink, for the flow of life goes on.

Is there meaning, for me, here? It would seem so in these brief moments - and yet, and yet there is no Fran to return to, no Fran sitting here, sharing such moments. But is she, in some indefinable numinous way, here beyond the bounds of memory, Time, grief, and thought? I do not know, only knowing a certain vague, mysterious feeling, which might just be imagination. Now, I must arise and walk: no sleep, here, as in the years gone by when I would lie down among this warm grass to feel the peace that lives in such a place as this.

III

Bright Purple Orchids

It is just over one month since I sat on this hill - then, it was also in the Sun of an early Summer's morning, and only a few days after Francine had killed herself, tormented as she was by despair, anguish and a deep self-deprecation. For I called her Francine - and she liked it - since it seemed to capture something of her quixotic, individual, nature which the names Frances and Fran did not really express. Now, as in the past when she was alive, I find myself still saying to myself - and sometimes out loud - "I love you Francine," as if it were some mantra that might bring her back to life.

But, yet again, I am alone - here, where there are bright purple Orchids on the lower slopes just above the tree-line and where, below, a Deer stood on the narrow footpath, watching me approach until, apparently unafraid, it sauntered off into the bushes growing by and beyond the stream that runs down through that quite small wooded valley. Overhead - the resident Buzzard, calling. Around - flies, starting their day as the warmth of the Sun increases to slowly dispel the clinging mist that lingers cloud-like over the flat land between those not-too-distant hills.

The stark cry of a Woodpecker, as it flies, dipping, from tree to tree. The loud Bumblebee, feeding on the many small flowers - blue, yellow, violet, red. The many birds - whose personal names I do not and probably never shall know - singing, in the many trees and bushes below, up from where there is a small clearing, gently rising as the hill beyond, and in which clearing two chestnut horses graze, half a mile or more from the nearest cottage whose white walls and faded-red roof break the swathe of green which, furlong upon furlong, reaches up to the very top of the hill, making my horizon: fields of pasture; hedges bursting with English-summer green

The ferns, since my last visit, are fully open, and almost all stretched fully out, and I sit on an old plastic bag, feeling the tragedy of Francine's death, and that I should be crying far more than I am now. For the tears, hours upon hour, day following day, has lessened, until - yesterday - I wept only once. So I feel guilty, partly believing I should be mourning her far more. But Nature, here, is alive and I have begun to sense again the flow of Life, sensing somehow and strangely - and hoping it is not some delusion - that she, by her

dying has given me this gift, this chance; these moments to reconnect myself with Life. A chance to redeem and be redeemed, to feel the beauty and the goodness inherent in life and to know, to deeply feel, the promise of human existence - as if she by her living and her dying has not only freed herself from her own inner pain, anguish and torment, but also finally, irretrievably, freed me from that lower part of myself that still kept me in thrall, even sometimes during our relationship, to abstractions, to a wayward questing after suffering-causing ideals.

So I am embodied, here, by my being, my thoughts, my feeling - as I sense she is, and somehow alive if I feel this, if I remember this, her, if I change; if I make her sacrifice worthwhile. For there is a depth not felt before; never quite experienced like this before; a depth of feeling; a depth of being; a deep connexion with Life, especially as it presences itself, here, around me, in me, on this hill, site of an ancient hill-fort - as if the sadness and the sorrow and the tragedy have been transformed, melded somehow with the quiet reverential joy of being in such a beautiful, still numinous aspect of Nature, to form something new, strange, far beyond words, bringing a definite knowing of myself, of my failure, a knowing of humility never known before. Thus there is a letting-be; a simple dwelling through sitting in silence and in peace, exhaling wordless and wordfull words of love. Change, life, death - all around; all here, and one day I also shall change as my beautiful Francine has changed. No fear, now; only that knowing that knows the flow for the changing it is.

Yet do such feelings, such thoughts, demean her death? Or are they merely some escape or delusion? I do not really know - I never probably will know for certain - but I hope not, even as I know I might be mistaken, in this. But this is all I have: this, the result of my month of effort, the month of tears - these slight answers; these meagre answers; these so slight positive feelings, feelings which may fade, which could fade, bringing back such anguish as caused so many thoughts of bringing forward death. For over a month, a struggle to find answers to the questions, the despair, which perplexed and often almost overwhelmed me. Faith; prayer; redemption - seeking to believe; needing to believe; desiring to pray, trying to pray. Trying again to find the answers in God; in Christianity, in Buddhism, in Taoism, in Islam, and in and from many other Ways.

But there is now, for me it seems, only the quiet sitting in places such as this; only the answers of, the development of, The Numinous Way. Only the feeling of being one connexion; only the yearning to presence the good, to cease to cause suffering; to strive to keep that silence, that non-interference, which which may well be the beginning of my own redemption and a move toward, back, to being in balance with Nature, with the Cosmos, with myself - and with

the Fran who has gone, leaving me behind.

There is, here, only sky, trees, hill, and history - and no one to share such beauty, such warmth of Summer Sun. No one to lie beside and feel the yearning for that short sleep which often overcomes us in a such heat as this. Instead - a small brown spotted Butterfly passes; then, an even smaller one of brown-orange with black spots on its wings, and then a larger white of black-tipped wings. So many flowers to feed, upon - and the heat of the Sun has taken those almost-annoying flies off, away, perhaps bushward into shade, leaving me free to rest in my new strange sad-tragic-quiet-reverential-remorseful-joy while a small Cumulus cloud in an otherwise cloudless sky drifts above, to my right, making faces. A sad face; then of anger then of joy - until it, too, becomes almost formless here in this flicker of Life which passes quickly upon one planet in one Galaxy among a Cosmos, changing slowly, as it does.

So many flowers; and Grasshoppers, calling, in the longer grass, above where three Crows caw, as they caw. So much Life, bursting, burgeoning, forth, to mingle as I become mingled with a future and a past, one connexion among so many where, ten feet away, the wind-shaped sapling of Oak, no taller than a three Rabbits, hopping, curves gracefully out over lichen-covered rock

IV

No Clouds Above A Natural Silence

A wonderfully warm and Sunny day with no clouds to cover the joy-bringing-blue. The Sun was warm even as it ascended while I cycled, on my roadster, rural lanes totally devoid of traffic because of it being Sunday, early. So pleasing, this simple joy of an English morning in latish Summer when I - tired from long hours of work yesterday - leant against a fence to just-be in each slowly passing moment. Such peace, as if the meaning of life was at last not only known but felt, lived, as no human-made noise intrudes and one feels the strength, the giving, of the Sun; feels the growing that is in fields, trees, bush, hedge.

So much, so much so simply known and felt as warmth and the natural silence bring a sleepy calm and there is the brief sleep of lying in warming grass

before one awakes to feel all living-life thus knowing human-caused suffering for the blight, the stupidity, that it is. To be - to let-be - is again my answer and so I slowly, so-slowly, returned to my dwelling where now, three hours later, I sit on the grass in the garden knowing-feeling my weakness of months, years, decades past.

So I am haunted, here and again, where - again - the Swallows gather as they gather at this time of year: chirping, chattering, to each other and preparing in a few weeks time, perhaps a month, to leave until the next Spring turns toward another Summer. Thus do they now skim the fields, catching, eating, their food as the cycle of natural life upwardly repeats and a cooling breeze dims a little of the humid heat here in a greening part of England spoilt only by the noise, the machinations, of Homo Hubris.

And yet I am no exception, having trodden many stages to perform so many rôles to so be a cause of suffering: learning, forgetting, learning, but addicted often despite intention to interfering, to blindly going where I had been so many times before. Such stupidity - such sanctimonious arrogant assumptions - negating again and again and again empathy, compassion, love. Too many words, then, even now: far too many too many times as the deluding self lived, arose, died, arose again, to mislead, each numinous allegory only one Sign of how to remember that which our selfish delusion bade us forget.

Thus am I left in Sun to shed such tears as might break me with no knowing of if - when - I will be stupid, arrogant, again. But now - now there returns the peace of silence and sitting in the warming Sun of a late but so English Summer.

(One Day One Third of August)

V

I Have No Answers, Now

One of the many problems occupying me in the months following Francine's tragic death - and among those many problems still, as yet, unsolved - is the problem of remorse. The problem of knowing our errors, our mistakes, the suffering we have caused to others, and knowing we must change. But we have

so much regret for the hurt we caused, we desire to return to some past moment in causal time when we would behave in a different way, say different things, having learnt from our mistakes. Thus might we change what-is-now, redeeming the suffering, the death. But this return is impossible, of course, a wakeing dream, and so there is a desire for some kind of forgiveness and a gentle determination not to commit the same mistakes, again.

Why such a desire for forgiveness? And from whom, since the person we loved, we failed, is dead? Forgiveness, as catharsis - to ease the burden of remorse, and of that guilt that seems to have seeped deeply within us, born as it is from our now shameful knowing of ourselves, for we are no longer the arrogant, prideful, often unempathic person we were. Now, we know our limits, our faults, our blame, and it is such clear self-honesty that shames us.

Of course, in times past we might and probably would have laughed at such thoughts, such feelings, and returned to our joyful often selfish immersion in life, regarding the person we now are - we have become - as someone weak, foolish. And it is sometimes tempting, still, to forget our new self-image, and return to the games we played with others in the past before the tragedy of a loved one's death overwhelmed, leaving us in those first fresh days of our new life with such morbid thoughts as kept us sleepless, weeping, bereft, as if the force of life had been somehow taken from us. No more, then, now, the lying - the lies we so often told to ourselves; no more, then, now, the so-convenient forgetting, the dislike we had for, the blame we cast at, others in the instinct of dishonourable self-survival and arrogant hubris.

We cannot hide, any longer - we have seen ourselves as we are, and we do not like much, most, of what we have seen. Much, most: for we have kept ourselves alive, at least in body, plodding through the days, the weeks, the months clinging to that still remaining small part of ourselves which is or seems to be imbued with life. Yet how many have failed, here? Failed to find within, in some shadowed space, an intimation of life - of that good which might, which can, redeem us still? To find something we, at least, still like about ourselves... How many, failed - and so in their despair by their own hand removed themselves from life? Too many; far too many, too many times.

So we cling to life, plodding through the days, lacking hope. For the hope of life, of our future, has gone, turning thoughts, feelings, back toward forgiveness, grace, redemption: toward the loving merciful kindness of the Saviour, the God, who, which, so often seemed to save us in the foolish gawky days of early youth when there seemed to be no horizon beyond the simple family life we lived; no problems that a parent, a Saviour, a God, some gift could not solve: days when happiness was play, a swim in sea; in finding what was beyond the corner of that reddish dusty track in the bush we walked one

sunny day to picnic there beside the lake in that dry season...

Where is my Saviour now? Where the peace of prayer among the incense that lingered as the oak of the choir stalls creaked as they creak, echoing in such vaulted nighttime silence? Where that innocence returned, felt, known - even briefly lived - when a purity of spirit seemed as if it came to dwell within? As when, the beautiful, numinous, Ave Maria Stella of Compline over, there was out of pure love a kneeling on the stone floor, wordless prayer and often tears before the deep peaceful rest of sleep. Such simplicity, there - lost now, by the sadness, the grieving sadness, for doubts, intellect, pride and passion have distracted me, distanced me from the life, there, from belief, faith, piety, obedience: especially from belief, so that there seems to be now at best only an allegory left, bereft of real, deep, immediate personal meaning.

Such sadness - for such loss; for her loss; loss upon loss... Can there therefore be hope, redemption, no more forgetting, a removal of remorse, without a Saviour's grace? Without God, prayer, faith?

I have thought so; I have hoped so. It has worked - for a while, as when the days of warm and hot and humid Summer past were felt, experienced, sometimes, as I walked the fields, the hills of this rural land I love, finding, in moments, such peace, such joy, as kept me quiet, smiling so that I was able for an hour, two, to lie gently on warm forgiving grass and drift toward, into, sleep, dreaming of so many happy days, gone. But now - now there is only the dismal cold rain of late Autumn, Winter; dark nights; a tension that leaves my head, aching, dull; and so many hours - so many hours - of painful remembering of times past when I in my stupidity, pride, arrogance, caused so much suffering to so many people. So much painful remembering, especially of how many times I failed Francine.

Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen caecis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce

Will this bleakness, this darkness, this crippling remorse, pass? Or will there - must there, should there - be a turning back, toward prayer? So much need, it seems, to believe - and yet no belief, for it is as if I yearn here for those warm, hot, humid, days of Summer, for the purity of wordlessly kneeling *sans* thought. No lasting deeply personal comfort, it seems, in Nature, as the cold darkness returns: no distractions to hold me in abeyance until the warmth, the light, the joy of Spring bursts forth bringing joy to a man worn, tired, from so many experiences, so many mistakes. No personal love, grace, there,

emanating from some living personal loving Being - only what-is, as it changes within such change as covers us through Nature's living acausal life.

Thus, it is the realization of personal love that is missing, lost: but no woman, now, to suffuse such vacant spaces with meaning; no woman to gently love with a knowing formed from failure; and no hope of such a loving being, given such a reclusive life born of such shame as now deeply dwells, within.

So there are no answers, now.

VI

One More Foolish Failure

I am such a fool; such a failure, in evolutionary terms, in the perspective of the Cosmos. Here I am, entering the sixth decade of my life, having spent the last forty years seeking experience and wisdom and having, in that time, made so many errors, mistakes, and been the cause of much suffering, personal and otherwise.

How then can I be deemed wise? How - when I have leant, from sorrowful experience, from my own *pathei-mathos*, from the personal tragedy of the dying and the death of two loved ones, and yet have always always, until now, returned to pursuing suffering-causing abstractions and unethical goals?

There is no excuse for this failure of mine, year following year - although of course I have always made excuses for myself, as failures often do. Wordy, moral-sounding, inexcusable excuses almost always of the unethical "the end justifies the means" kind.

No excuses - because from sorrow, from personal tragedy, I felt, dis-covered, the unethical nature of all abstractions, be they deemed political, religious, or social. And yet I always seemed, until a month ago, to gravitate back toward them, as if there was some basic flaw in my personal nature, my character, that allowed or even caused such a return, such a stupid forgetting of lessons learnt; as if I was in truth an addict, addicted to challenges, to strife, to violent change, because such challenges, such strife, such violence brought or seemed to bring a vivifying existence, a sense of belonging, of being alive - and yes, a feeling of being different, special, in the sense of believing that one is

able to make a difference, to the world.

Thus, I have been human - all too human, far too human; caught, trapped, by that egotism, that bloated self-esteem, that has blighted our species for centuries, for millennia, and made us place some goal, some idealism, some ideal, some abstraction, before empathy, before compassion, before our evolution into higher beings.

In addition, for a long time, I desired, yearned with all my being, with a sorrowful passion, to believe again in God, in Allah, Ar-Rahman, Ar-Raheem, As-Salaam - who thus could forgive, redeem, and guide, and from whom there might, could be, redemption and thus catharsis, and who thus could take away those doubts about myself, my actions, that never, ever, left me when I returned to the foray, to the pursuit of some inhuman suffering-causing abstraction or other.

Only in moments during all these years - these long, these too-long, four years - did my being reach out again to the Cosmos, my bloated all-too-human self-esteem punctured, brought down to Earth, by some incident, or some intimation of the divine, of The Numen; as when I chanced to listen, to hear, to feel, *In timorie Dei* from *Répons Matines pour la fête de saint Bernard*, and knew again as if for the first time the essence of one allegory, the suffering, the hopes, the errors, the potentiality, of human beings, century upon century - bringing thus a profusion of tears so that moisture fell from my eyes to moisten my beard as, outside my room, the modern world flowed as it flowed, replete with noise and ego... Or as when I out walking along some Promenade by some sea caught the smile, the very essence, of a women, youthful, who passed me by in warming Sun and whom I in that one transcended moment seemed to become with all her happiness, sadness, hopes, memories and living: such an intimation of goodness, there, nascent, ready and willing to spring forth when a trusting love caught her, again. Or as when I sat in Sun to watch a young family, in some town Park, playing as such young fathers, mothers, often played with their children less than a decade in their living.

Or as when I watched from a boat the Sun set over a calm almost wave-free Sea, the red disk descending, larger, slowly, there where sea horizon cut the darkening of Earth's sky to cause such a profusion of changing colour that one was calmed, again, in those moments; stilled and almost awed as one watched, felt, such beauty, presented on such a home as this.

But only in moments, during all those years.....

Perhaps all religions were, in their genesis, an answer to such stubborn foolish

human forgetfulness that brought me down, for all those years; and - in their development - an aid to remembering what we so easily forget, what I so easily forgot, except in such transient moments; an aid, a means, by their rites, of presencing for us, in our ordinary, daily, lives, some intimation of the divine, of what we might, could, should be, when we cease because of egotism to forget, when we remember the suffering of others and especially the suffering that we ourselves have caused, and thus acquire or develop the dignity of humility that we human beings so desperately need, and always have needed.

Perhaps - until, that is, those religious ways lost or obscured, the numen, the numinous, in, by and through abstractions, dogma, by requiring the certainty of a certain belief, or by changing their ancient rites in some vain unnecessary temporal effort to be "modern and relevant".

I tried; I did try, for years - to return to such ways, such religious answers; needing them - hoping to find in and through them and their rites that constant remembrance, that constant presencing, of the numinous that I felt, knew, understood, would keep me a better, more enlightened, more empathic, and compassionate, person, mindful through humility of my own errors, arrogance, and mistakes.

But it did not work, for me - except in moments; far too few moments. For always there were deep feelings of there being something missing in their rites; of there being something just too abstract, too un-numinous, in their requirement that one accepts certain beliefs and dogma. As if the pure numinous essence has somehow by some means and over time been lost, or might not have been fully there even in their genesis.

Perhaps, possibly, probably - this is just my all-too-human arrogance re-asserting itself, yet again. My presumption, my illusion, of knowing, born from some all-too-human desire. But the stark simple truth was that such accepted, conventional, religious means did not work for me - or no longer worked for me. No longer presenced the numen, for me; no longer enabled me to rise, to go, beyond my selfish, foolish, error-prone self, to where the essence of empathy and compassion and the numen itself seemed to live, far beyond our temporal world of selfish suffering-causing human beings.

Thus did I slowly, sometimes painfully, from my *pathei-mathos*, construct for myself, over years, my own Way.

But even this Numinous Way of mine seems incomplete, as it is only my own uncertain and possibly quite feeble answer. For even now I seem to have no means, in and through this Way of mine, to presence the Numen, on a regular

temporal basis to remind myself of the mistakes of my past, to feel again the living numinous Cosmos beyond that often mundane world which has now become the place of my daily living.

Thus is there the same old haunting question - of how long will it be before I in my addiction forget The Numen, yet again, and so return to the suffering-causing habits of so many previous years?

For now, I can only hope against hope that I have strength enough, memories enough, humility enough, to keep me where I know I should belong: infused, suffused, with the world of the numinous, enabling thus such an empathic living as can make us and keep us as ethical, compassionate, human beings; one sign toward the higher human type we surely have the potential to become.

VII

A Change of Perspective

Over the past decade there has been, for me, a complete change of perspective, for I have gone from upholding and violently propagating the racialism of National-Socialism - and encouraging the overthrow of the existing *status quo* through revolutionary insurrection - to the acceptance of empathy and compassion, and to that gentle, quiet, desire to cease to cause suffering, which form the basis for what I have called The Numinous Way, with this Numinous Way being apolitical, undogmatic, and considering both race and "the folk" as unethical abstractions which move us away from empathy and compassion and which thus obscure our true human nature.

Why unethical? Because The Numinous Way uncovers, through empathy, the nexion we, as individuals, are to all life, thus making us aware of how all life - sentient and otherwise - is connected and part of that matrix, that Unity, which is the Cosmos, and it is a knowing and appreciation of this connexion which is lost when we impose abstractions upon life, and especially when we judge other beings by a criteria established by some such abstraction. For this knowing and appreciation of our connexion to other life is the beginning of compassion, and a presencing - a manifestation - of our humanity, of our knowing of ourselves in relation to other life, and the Cosmos itself; and, thus, a placing of us, as individuals, in an ethical, and a Cosmic, perspective.

This change of my perspective - this personal change in me - arose, or derived, from several things: from involvement with and belief in, during the

past decade, a certain Way of Life, considered by many to be a religion; from thinking deeply about certain ethical questions whose genesis was reflecting upon my thirty years of violent political activism; and from a variety of personal events and experiences, two of which events involved the loss of loved ones, and one of which loss involved the suicide of my fiancée.

However, this change was a slow, often difficult, process, and there was to be, during this decade, a stubborn refusal, by me, to follow - except for short periods - where this change led me; a stubborn refusal to-be, except for short periods, the person I was shown to be, should-be, by and through this alchemical process of inner change. Thus was there a stubborn clinging to doing what I conceived to be my honourable duty, and it is only in the last month that I have finally and to my own satisfaction resolved, in an ethical way, the dilemma of such a duty, thus ending my association with a particular Way of Life, which Way many consider a religion. [\(1\)](#)

During this decade of inner reflexion, of great outward change - of lifestyle, occupation, belief, place of dwelling - there was a quite slow rediscovery of the individual I had been before my fanatical pursuit of a political cause became the priority of my life: the person behind the various rôles played or assumed, over more than three decades, for the purpose of attaining particular outer goals deriving from some abstraction, some ideal, or some other impersonal thing. That is, I gradually, over the past decade, ceased believing in a certain principle which I had formerly accepted; which principle I had placed before my own personal feelings; which principle I had used, quite deliberately, to change myself; and which principle I had stubbornly adhered to for almost four decades, believing that it was my honourable duty to do so.

This principle was that in order to attain one's "ideal world", certain sacrifices had to be made "for the greater good". In accord with this principle, I considered I had certain duties, and accordingly sacrificed not only my own, personal, happiness, but also that of others, including that of four women who loved me; and it is perhaps fair to conclude that it was this principle which made me seem to others to be, for three decades, a political fanatic, and - for many years after that - a kind of religious zealot. Indeed, it is probably even fairer to conclude that I was indeed such a fanatic and such a zealot, for, in the pursuit of some abstraction, some ideal, some notion of duty, some dogma, I deliberately controlled my own nature, a nature evident - over the decades - in my poetry; in my wanderings as a vagabond; in my initial enthusiasm as a Christian monk; in the tears cried upon hearing some sublime piece of music; in my love of Nature, and of women. That is, there were always times in my life when I reverted back to being the person I felt, I knew, I was; always times when I stopped, for a few months, or a year or maybe longer, interfering in the world; when I ceased to place a perceived duty before myself, and when I thus

interacted with others, with the world, only in a direct, personal, empathic way *sans* some ideal, some dogma.

Now, I have finally come to understand that this principle of idealism, the guiding principle of most of my adult life, is unethical, and therefore fundamentally wrong and inhuman. That is, it is a manufactured abstraction (2); a great cause of suffering, and that nothing - no idealism, no cause, no ideal, no dogma, no perceived duty - is worth or justifies the suffering of any living-being, sentient or otherwise. That it is empathy, compassion and a personal love which are human, the essence of our humanity: not some abstract notion of duty; not some idealism. That it is the impersonal interference in the affairs of others - based on some cause, some belief, some dogma, some perceived duty, some ideology, some creed, some ideal, some manufactured abstraction - which causes and greatly contributes to suffering, and which moves us far away from empathy and compassion and thus diverts us from our humanity and from changing ourselves, in a quiet way, into a more evolved, a more empathic and more compassionate, human being.

Thus, in many ways, The Numinous Way - as now developed, and as explicated by me in the past year or so (3) - represents my true nature: the hard, difficult, re-discovery of what I had controlled, and lost; and, perhaps more importantly, an evolution of that personal nature as a result of my diverse experiences, my learning from my mistakes, and my empathic awareness of the suffering I have caused to others.

Hence, I have been, for many decades, wrong; misguided. Or, rather, I misguided myself, allowing idealism and a perceived duty to triumph over, to veil, my humanity. My good intentions were no excuse, even though, for nearly four decades, I made them an excuse, as idealists always do. For, during all the decades of my various involvements - of my arrogant interference based on some abstraction - I sincerely believed I was doing what was "right", or "honourable", and that such suffering as I caused, or aided, or incited, was "necessary" for some ideal to be born in some "future".

But now my inescapable reality is that of a personal empathy, a personal compassion, a simple, quiet, letting-be; a knowing that such answers as I have, now, are just my answers, and that I have no duty other than to be human, to gently strive to be a better human being through reforming myself by quietly cultivating empathy and compassion. Of course, I do not expect to be understood, and probably will continue to be judged, by others, according to some, or all, of my former beliefs, involvements.

So There Is Warm Sun

So I rest - tired, awake, exhausted, from days of work,

Worry, Dreams, and Thought
Resting while the hot Sun flows
And the fastly flowing nebulae of clouds, wind-spaked,
Grow tendrils to shape themselves with faces
Here:
One planet gasping as it gasps
Since the slaying by Homo Hubris never ever seems
To stop.

Too late the empathy to set us flowing
Back to love?
So much promise for so long undesired
I am left sad, warm, sleepy
While the Summer Sun brings peace enough
To sleep-me
As the circling Buzzard
Cries.



In Memoriam Frances

*Debitum Naturae
29th May 2006 CE*

*θάνατος δὲ τότε ἔσσεται, ὀκκότε κεν δὴ
Μοῖραι ἐπικλώσωσ.....*



cc David Myatt 2010 CE



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A Learning From Physis



Life is or can be so beautiful, it is just that we humans seem to have a propensity to undermine or destroy or not even see this beauty, especially manifest as this beauty is in Nature, and in and through a mutual personal love between two human beings.

But why - just why - do we human beings have a propensity to so undermine or destroy or not even see the beauty of Life, of Nature, of love? Because of our desires, our selfish desires, and because of the abstractions - the lifeless, un-numinous, abstractions we human beings have, in our hubris, manufactured; which lifeless abstractions we pursue, or we place before such beauty, such a numinous apprehension and appreciation of Nature, as Nature is - a natural unfolding (*φύσις*) and a very slow natural change - without our interference and our arrogant desire to change things quickly according to some abstraction such as "progress" or according to some "plan" or some "destiny" or scheme we in our arrogance, insolence, and haste have devised or believe in.

However, I am as responsible as anyone for having committed the error of hubris - having pursued, for most of my adult life, some abstraction or other, and thus placed some manufactured goal, or some idealized perceived duty, before the beauty of love, and before that letting-be which allows us to appreciate, to feel, the numinosity of Nature.

As Sophocles wrote, several thousand years ago:

ὑβρις φυτεύει τύραννον:
ὑβρις, εἰ πολλῶν ὑπερπλησθῆ μάταν,
ἄ μὴ 'πίκαιρα μηδὲ συμφέροντα,
ἀκρότατον εἰσαναβᾶσ'
αἶπος ἀπότομον ὤρουσεν εἰς ἀνάγκαν
ἔνθ' οὐ ποδὶ χρησίμῳ
χρῆται.

Insolence [hubris] plants the tyrant:
There is insolence if by a great foolishness
There is a useless over-filling which goes beyond
The proper limits -
It is an ascending to the steepest and utmost heights
And then that hurtling toward that Destiny
Where the useful foot has no use.

In retrospect, life, for me, has been in so many respects enjoyable and replete with joy – a joy sufficient and often innocent enough to keep me mostly balanced through many times of personal tragedy and loss, and also in situations when I myself suffered the consequences of some dishonourable act or acts by some human beings who seemed to have lost or not to even have possessed the human qualities of empathy and honour.

Now, as I recall and review over five decades of conscious living, I am also aware of just how selfish I have been, and in particular aware of how I, through focussing on abstractions, ideals and supra-personal goals, have personally hurt people who loved me, and personally caused or been the cause of suffering in this world. But I like to believe that I have, finally, learnt and understood some important things – especially about myself – as a result of my diverse rather adventurous and sometimes strange life.

Thus it is that I find, through and because of such a recalling, that what I value now, what I feel and sense is most important, is a direct, personal, mutual love between two human beings – and that such love is far far more important, more real, more human, than any abstraction, than any idealism, than any so-called duty, than any dogma, than any cause, however “idealistic”; more important – far more important – than any ideology, than any and all *-isms* and *-ologies* be such *-isms* and such *-ologies* understood conventionally as political, or religious or social. For it is the desire to love, to be loved – and the desire to cease to cause suffering – which are important, which should be our priority, and which are the true measure of our own humanity.

What, therefore, shall I personally miss the most as my own mortal life now moves toward its fated ending? It is the rural England that I love, where I feel most at home, where I know I belong, and where I have lived and worked for many many years of my adult life – the rural England of small villages,

hamlets, and farms, far from cities and main roads, that still (but only just) exists today in parts of Shropshire, Herefordshire, Yorkshire, Somerset and elsewhere. The rural England of small fields, hedgerows, trees of Oak, where - over centuries - a certain natural balance has been achieved such that Nature still lives and thrives there where human beings can still feel, know, the natural rhythm of life through the seasons, and where they are connected to the land, the landscape, because they have dwelt, lived, worked there year after year, season after season, and thus know in a personal, direct, way every field, every hedge, every tree, every pond, every stream, around them within a day of walking.

This is the rural England where change is slow, and often or mostly undesired and where a certain old, more traditional, attitude to life and living still exists, and which attitude is one of preferring the direct slow experience of what is around, what is natural, what is of Nature, to the artificial modern world of cities and towns and fast transportation and vapid so-called "entertainment" of others.

That is what I shall miss the most, what I love and have treasured - beyond women loved, progeny sown, true friends known:

The joy of slowly walking in fields tended with care through the hard work of hands; the joy of hearing again the first Cuckoo of Spring; of seeing the Swallows return to nest, there where they have nested for so many years. The joy of sitting in some idle moment in warm Sun of an late English Spring or Summer to watch the life on, around, within, a pond, hearing thus the songful, calling birds in hedge, bush, tree, the sounds of flies and bees as they dart and fly around.

The joy of walking through meadow fields in late Spring when wild flowers in their profusion mingle with the variety of grasses that time over many decades have sown, changed, grown. The joy of hearing the Skylark rising and singing again as the cold often bleak darkness of Winter has given way at last to Spring.

The simple delight of - having toiled hours on foot through deep snow and a colding wind - of sitting before a warm fire of wood in that place called home where one's love has waited to greet one with a kiss.

The joy of seeing the first wild Primrose emerge in early Spring, and waiting, watching, for the Hawthorn buds to burst and bloom. The soft smell of scented blossoms from that old Cherry tree. The sound of hearing the bells of the local village Church, calling the believers to their Sunday duty. The simple pleasure of sitting after a week of

work with a loved one in the warm Summer quietness of the garden of an English Inn, feeling rather sleepy having just imbued a pint or two of ale as liquid lunch.

The smell of fresh rain on newly ploughed earth, bringing life to seeds, crops, newly sown. The mist of an early Autumn morning rising slowly over field and hedge while Sun begins to warm the still chilly air. The very feel of the fine tilth one has made by rotaring the ground ready for planting in the Spring, knowing that soon will come the warmth of Sun, the life of rain, to give profuse living to what shall be grown - and knowing, feeling, that such growth, such fecundity, is but a gift, to be treasured not profaned...

These are the joys, some of the very simple, the very *English*, things I treasure; that I have loved the most, and whose memories I shall seek to keep flowing within me as my own life slowly ebbs away...

For it is to the now almost lost England of such things that I belong, that I have always belonged, even though for many years I, in my profane often selfish stupidity, forget this, subsumed as I was in my hubris with un-numinous abstractions.

So this is Peace:
As the Sun of warm November
Warms and the grass grows with such mildness.

No strife, here;
No place beyond this place
As Farm meets meadow field
And I upon some hessian sack sit, write
To hear some distant calls from hedged-in sheep:
No breeze
To stir the fallen leaves
That lie among the seeds, there
Where the old Oak towers, shading fence
From Sun
And the pond is hazed with midges.

So this is the peace, found
Where dew persists,
Flies feed to preen to rest
And two Robins call from among that tangled brambled
Bush
Whose berries - unplucked, ripened - rot,
While the Fox-worn trail wobbles

Snaking
Through three fields.

So, the silent Buzzard soars
To shade me briefly:
No haste, worry, nor Homo Hubris, here
Only that, of this, a peaceful peace
Rising
When we who wait, wait to walk with Nature.

So there is much sadness, leaving
As the damp field-mists of morning
Have given way
To Sun

The Sun of Warm November

David Myatt
2010 CE

Addendum - A Note Concerning Physis

The phrase *Φύσις κρύπτεσθαι φιλεῖ* - attributed to Heraclitus - expresses something of the true nature of Physis. See, for example, my brief essay [Physis, Nature, Concealment, and Natural Change](#), where I suggest that the phrase implies something akin to *Concealment accompanies Physis*, or *Concealment remains with Physis, like a friend* (or, The natural companion of Physis is concealment.)

We, as thinking human beings - who can use *λόγος* - can not only uncover *Φύσις* but also conceal it again by our use of ideation, and by our "naming" of things. Why is why Heraclitus also said:

*τοῦ δὲ λόγου τοῦδ' ἐόντος αἰεὶ ἀξύνετοι γίνονται ἄνθρωποι καὶ
πρόσθεν ἢ ἀκούσαι καὶ ἀκούσαντες τὸ πρῶτον*

Although this naming and expression, which I explain, exists - human beings tend to ignore it, both before and after they have become aware of it. (*Fragment 1*)

An understanding also expressed by Hesiod (*Theog*, 27-28):

*ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
ἴδμεν δ' , εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα γηρύσασθαι*

We have many ways to conceal - to name - certain things
And the skill when we wish to expose their meaning

David Myatt - Myngath

Fifth Revised Edition December 2010 CE

Myngath

Being Some Recollections of A Wyrdful Life by David Myatt



(DWM, From a painting by Richard Moulton)

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Preface - The Moment of My Reading

So many times, in the past somewhat turbulent decade of my life, I have reflected upon a particular verse by Sophocles:

*πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κούδεν ἄνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει **

For this seems to me to capture something of our rather strange human nature - of our ability, our potential, our capacity, to be compassionate, empathic, honourable, cultured, human beings, and our seemingly equal capacity (or often, greater capacity) to be unsympathetic, insensitive, selfish, dishonourable, and just plain barbaric.

This morning - as the Sun of a late English Spring rose into an almost cloudless sky and a north-easterly breeze presaged another beautiful but not too hot day - I received a lovely message (via that modern medium of communication, the Internet) from someone in Canada I have never met and whose existence I was previously unaware of. Some words about The Numinous Way - and in the moment of my reading of those words it was as if we two unmet human beings were somehow in some very human way briefly connected; as if some energy - something numinous and good - passed between, touched, and linked us, if only for a fleeting moment, to bring for me one more remembering of the numinous promise that lives within us, as individual human beings, and as a species.

For me, it has been a hard journey - sometimes a terrible journey - to finally arrive at this, my hitherto un-named, destination. To forge in words some work of art, wrought by memories and feelings of that decades long journey. And now, all I can hope for - all I should hope for - this work, this Numinous Way of mine which is yet not-mine, is that it may, it might, just aid someone, somewhere, to avoid the mistakes I made; that it might, just might, cause someone, somewhere at some time, to sense, to feel, the numinosity of life; that it might, just might, engender in someone, somewhere at some time, a certain empathy and compassion, and thus in some small way contribute to our human culture.

For surely that is what all human culture is, or perhaps should be: a means, one means, whereby we can share with others our *πάθει μάθος* - presented as some work or works of Art, or by the passage and experiences of our lives - so that others can possibly learn from them, and so not inflict upon humans beings, upon other life, what we ourselves did in our quite often arrogant and selfish quest before the Cosmos, or some personal tragedy, or some love, humbled us, and restored to us, or gave to us as a gift, the goodness that exists in so many human beings.

Now, I have no gods, no God - living, remembered, hoped for or believed in - to thank for aiding, guiding, me on that journey. No longer any sense of personal Destiny, of that arrogant self-assurance and almost primal determination that so many times kept me safe in the midst of danger. Now, there is only a knowing of my place - of how I am but one fragile microcosmic connexion, one nexion, to all the life around, beyond, me; one affected and affecting connexion who can so easily, so thoughtlessly, so dishonourably, cause so much suffering and harm, and yet who has so many positive gifts to offer.

For this knowing of my place, this human perspective, is a knowing of how our humanity - the numinous good that lies in wait within us - is and can be and should be presented in a shared and personal love; in that compassion, that desire for the cessation of suffering, which empathy so painfully, and so poignantly at times, reveals for us; and in that sense of fairness, that spirit of nobility, that lack of prejudiced judgement, that a code of personal honour enshrines.

It has not, I must admit, been easy, to so selflessly offer such human gifts as a gentle love, shared; not easy to quell the anger that once, so many times, would arise within me; not easy to slowly emerge from the safe cave of prejudiced assumptions; not easy to cease to dream dreams of personal Destiny and worldly Fate. For such things had become a habit, perhaps even an addiction. But like a body, trained: there came time when effort, pain, endurance, produced a surge of health so that one would run, a young, youthful man, again, among the meadow grass, bare feet touching Sun-warmed soil, to feel, to be, the very essence of numinous life; glad, so very glad, to live, to be alive - one human being, reborn, bearing within so many gifts, and knowing, knowing in that wordless way of Empathy and Thought, that Life, we, are here, born, for compassion, love, sensitivity, and sharing.

David Myatt
(2455341.714)

* Sophocles: *Antigone*, 334. My translation is - *There exists much that is strange, but nothing has more strangeness than we human beings.*

Part One

Apologia

This work is a concise recalling - a recollection - of some events in my wyrdful and sometimes quite eventful life. In essence, this life has been a practical seeking: an exterior experiencing; an interior transformation resulting from consciously reflecting upon such experiencing and the feelings such experiences often engendered; together with an often exeatic desire to know and understand myself, the world, and Existence itself.

A concise recalling of some events (with much left unwritten), because it is the essence of this particular life, recalled, that is, in my view, important, and I have strived to present this essence in a truthful way - thus avoiding the plenitude of self-aggrandizing things that some writers of memoirs and autobiographies include in an attempt to present a favourable impression of themselves to others. I, au contraire, have tried to be honest about my failings, my errors, my mistakes, my feelings, especially in respect of personal relationships.

As a friend who read a draft of these autobiographical scribblings commented, "It is a strange work because the supra-personal adventures gradually give way to very personal encounters..."

Which in many ways sums up my life - the quest for abstractions, which gradually gives way to empathy and a certain self-understanding, *πάθει μάθος*, often, or mostly, deriving from personal relationships.

In general - for most of my life, that is - my nature has been to prefer direct, personal, experience to theoretical study, to be curious and at times defiant, and to use the faculty of conscious Thought, the faculty of Reflexion, to try and understand myself, other human beings, and life and the Cosmos in general.

My seeking arose from my feeling, my intuition - at a quite early age - that we human beings have great potential and can and should consciously change themselves. Given my somewhat curious, questioning, and arrogant, nature, I was never satisfied with the answers of others, and had to try and find things

out for myself, often the hard way, and occasionally by transgressing the given, or the accepted, limits imposed by others or by what has been termed "society".

Thus, I have been, since that early age, seeking to answer certain fundamental questions about our own nature, as human beings; seeking to answer fundamental questions about the nature of Existence, and what, if any, meaning there is to our own individual lives.

Hence, and despite what some people have assumed, there is nothing really mysterious about me - I have simply been someone who, over four decades, has explored diverse Ways, and participated in all manner of things. Furthermore, there has been no particular plan to my living, no life-long strategy, and no assumption or belief, by me, of having some particular Destiny. Rather, I have often drifted into things, into experiences, often out of curiosity or, more frequently, because they offered or seemed to offer the possibility of exulting in life, and/or seemed to be experiences that might bring me closer to answering those fundamental questions. Now, after over forty years, I do believe I have now found some answers, which have resulted from my own *pathei-mathos*; from my learning from experiences and involvement, answers which I have tried to express in my philosophy of The Numinous Way. Here, therefore, in this brief journal-like apologia - this recalling - there is a revealing of something of the numinous wyrd of the Cosmos; of how one human being - one error-prone mortal - came to understand and appreciate the beauty of Life, despite his arrogance, and despite his manifold errors and mistakes.

Thus, in essence, the wyrdful nature of that one fleeting delicate microcosmic nexion that this human world has known as David Wulstan Myatt.

David Myatt
2010 CE

Early Years

Africa

My earliest - and some of my fondest - memories are of colonial Africa in the 1950's CE, where I, as a quite young child, spent many happy years. There are memories of travelling, with my father, in a car - with running boards and coach doors - along an upward road in the Great Rift Valley, and which road seemed to drop precipitously on one side, and which steep slopes held many a crashed vehicle, recent, and otherwise. There are memories of travelling to a European-only resort - by Lake Naivasha, I seem to recall - where there was a path down to the lake strewn with beautiful flowering plants, and where one could spend many happy hours while, in the clubhouse, elderly (to me) memsaabs, many with bare flabby arms, would down their G&T's, often excusing their seemingly prodigious thirst because the Tonic, dear boy, contained Quinine.

There are memories of playing in a shallow river near our dwelling in East Africa - no one around for miles - and of a family picnic by another, quite distant and deeper, far wider, river on whose bank was a wooden sign with the inscription *Beware of the Crocodile*. There are memories of going AWOL and walking - with the younger of my two sisters - miles and miles along a road, into the bush, and which road I had been told was off-limits to Europeans. We stopped once, as the Sun descended on that travelling day, to drink from our canteen of water and open the tin of beans I carried which we ate, cold (being even then of a practical nature, I had ensured I had a can opener). I seem to recall the Police - a European officer and his Askari - found us as dark fell, and I could not understand what all the fuss was about. Since everybody said we should not go there, I simply had to go and see what was there - which turned out to be just a road from somewhere to somewhere else.

There are memories of climbing trees - and falling from one and breaking my left arm. My sister - a companion on many such outdoor exploits - for some reason knew what to do, and made a sling from my shirt. Memories of - inadvertently I must add in my defence - smashing the glass counter of an Asian owned shop in the nearest village, whose owner demanded my father pay for the damage, which, of course, he did. I just had, you see, to try and juggle with some of the brass weights the shopkeeper used for his balancing scales. There is a memory of walking through some trees not far from my favourite stream and instinctively, with the panga I often carried while outdoors, chopping the head off a Cobra which, startled, reared up in front of me.

My interests were the interests I found by being outdoors. There was a colony of safari ants, for instance, that I chanced upon one day while out wandering,

and I would spend hours watching them as their wide columns moved and marched across the reddish ground. Then there were the Chameleons I once, for some reason, long forgotten, wanted to find, and did, bringing one home to keep as a pet, which I did until I lost interest.

Once - for perhaps one whole term, I think, or maybe more or even less - I was packed off to some Catholic school, about which I remember very little except falling asleep a few times in lessons, and wandering off, into the grounds, when something interested me, or when I wanted to climb some tree. I do remember having a rather large magnifying glass and spending what seemed like many happy hours peering at things, outside. Perhaps I should have been in class - for I have vague recollections of being shouted at, by some adults, who seemed somewhat angry, and being somewhat bemused by all the fuss, as I recall on one occasion receiving six strokes of the cane for - something. Perhaps it was because - once, when the Sun reached in through a classroom window - I set fire to some papers on my desk using my magnifying glass. Or let off several stink-bombs during some boring lesson or other. I also remember a couple of fights of the schoolboy kind - pushing, shoving; wrestling on the ground, throwing and receiving the odd punch or four. But, for whatever reason, I was soon and gladly returned to my parents (perhaps I got expelled), and life for me continued as before, mostly outdoors, mostly day-dreaming, and quite often exploring.

Far East

Africa faded into the Far East - as the decade of the fifties faded to a few years past a new one - and to life in what was then a rural area, not far from a lovely sandy beach by the South China Sea, and a service-taxi ride from the still then rather ramshackle and quixotic city of Singapore with its riverside cluttered with row upon row of Junks, and many of its streets festooned with stalls.

For some reason I soon had to go to school, every day, and by Gharry. At first, I loathed it - bumph to read, sitting at some desk, sometimes in the air-conditioned main building, and sometimes in the much better open-air Attaps in the grounds. Then - and quite why I do not now recall - I began to enjoy it. Perhaps it was the running track, where I loved to run, barefoot in the tropical heat; perhaps it was the young, gorgeous, blonde, English teacher who would often sit on one of the desks at the front, her legs crossed, and read to us some story, some poem, or some part of some classic novel. Whatever it was, I began to look forward to that school where by the end of the term, I was "second in the class", and top in several subjects, including (if my ageing memory is correct) English and Maths. I developed an almost insatiable appetite for knowledge, and began to read voraciously - especially about

Physics, Astronomy, and History. In addition, I learnt ancient Greek, and Sanskrit, and studied formal logic.



It was as if I had suddenly, quite unexpectedly, acquired a new way of seeing the world around me; as if some unseen force, some *wyrd*, some *δαίμων*, had shaken me and awoken within me certain dormant faculties. Or perhaps it was just the lovely tropical weather, the quixotic surroundings.

Whatever, through and with these faculties, with the knowledge I imbibed from books, a feeling, an insight, came to dwell within me. This was of our potential, as human beings; of how we might - and indeed should - change ourselves in a conscious way through overcoming challenges, as I had grown in strength and insight through running, training, through swimming often almost a mile out to sea, and through devouring knowledge. This insight became a vision of, as I have written elsewhere, "us freeing ourselves from the chains of this world and venturing forth to explore and colonize the stars. For I felt that it was this new freedom, brought by venturing forth to the stars, which would give us the great challenges needed to evolve still further, and naturally, into another type of being. And it was the pursuit of this ideal which I believed would create noble individuals and a noble, civilized, society..." [\[1\]](#)

By this time, both my sisters had left home, to be properly educated in England, something which I had wilfully, almost demonically, resisted. One became - for some years - a Nun; the elder, a nurse at a teaching hospital in London, at a time when competition for such places at such a place was fierce, and required, I seem to recall, two 'A' levels.

As for me, I was enjoying my new life. Some years previously, I had taught myself to play chess, and now I began to play it at every opportunity, including at a local chess club (almost exclusively European, again if my ageing memory is correct) where I was the only boy. Some visiting Chess grandmaster was giving a simultaneous display - at the Singapore Polytechnic - and so off I went, one among perhaps thirty or so competitors, and one of only a few to manage to draw against him. And it was there, while wandering around, that I first saw a display of Martial Arts. It was almost balletic; full of seemingly effortless grace, and I felt at once that I wanted to be able to do

that, to move so gracefully with the ability to generate, direct and control a certain physical power. So, youthful, vibrant, and arrogantly naive, I approached them. At first they - those Chinese men - seemed surprised, if not somewhat amused, that a young European boy (wearing white socks, khaki shorts, white shirt, and sandals) would be interested. But I persisted, and was invited to meet them a week later, at the place where they practised.

I remember that journey well. The service taxi dropped me near the Capitol cinema in Singapore city and, with a mixture of excitement and nervousness, I walked past that restaurant - much frequented by my father and I - that served rather good steak, chips, and fried tomatoes, for what seemed a long way. The young men were surprised to see me, although an elderly gentleman was not, and thus began my training. To be honest, I never became very good, and certainly no match for most of those there, and subsequently. But I doggedly persisted - so much so that, after many weeks, I was invited to join them on their usual post-session foray among the eating stalls by the river, and did not arrive back home until well past midnight, much to the relief of my mother who was on the verge of calling the Police.

Thus began my interest in and study of what, at the time, we colonial Europeans often called Oriental Philosophy, and thus was I invited to the rather splendid home - complete with garden - of one of the Masters of that particular Martial Art. From this developed an interest, both practical and theoretical, in philosophy, and religions, in general, including Hindu, Chinese, and Buddhist philosophy, religion, and practices, and Singapore was certainly a good place to learn about such things, given its diversity of culture, and replete as it was with Buddhist, Hindu, Taoist, temples and places of gathering. A good place, also, to be initiated, as a boy, into the delights of women; or, more correctly, learning of and from the delights of young delightful foreign ladies.

Fenland Beauty

Fade, to England on a dull, cloudy, cold day. An aeroplane; a long journey, broken by some days in Ceylon. The descent down through the clouds on the way to landing in England was quite bleak, for me. Everything looked so enervating, and for several weeks after arriving in England my only desire was to return to the Far East, or Africa. My father felt the same, and began to seek alternative employment in Africa, while I, to alleviate my boredom and inner bleakness, took to cycling the fenland country around and beyond the small village where we were, temporarily, staying. There was talk of school, but I artfully resisted, manufacturing a variety of excuses while I waited for my father to succeed. He did, someplace further south in Africa than where we

had lived, and near the Zambezi river, which rather interested me, although my initial joy on learning this was tempered by the reality of us - my mother and I - having to wait six months before we could join him, given the relative isolation of the place, his need to find us accommodation, and other sundry practical matters. The desire I had nurtured, for some time, to study assiduously, and go to an English University to read Physics, slowly dwindled; the dull cold bleakness of the English weather as water thrown upon that fire.

So I left home, at age fifteen, to lodge with a widowed lady in the nearby town, and spend what I assumed would be only six months at some College morosely and not at all seriously studying for 'O' levels. College work was easy, and at times boring, and I spent most weekends cycling mostly southwards, coming to enjoy the physical exertion, the landscape itself, and almost always taking a selection of books with me, carried in my saddlebag.

But there was something else, engendered by these journeys. A sense, a feeling - a wordless intuition - of not being apart from that particular fenland landscape, with its vast panorama of sky, its fertile soil, its often wide drainage ditches that, though hewed by humans, centuries of natural change had melded into being a part of Nature, there. It was as if this land - of small hamlets, small villages, scattered farms, with its panorama of horizons - was alive in an almost unique way.

I took to staying out on clear and moonlit nights. To cycling lanes by light of moon. There was a strange, eerie, beauty there, at these times - almost as if I, myself, was not quite real; that there lay a hidden world, an older, world, a far slower, world, where one might hear the whisperings of trees or hear the distant call of someone calling; someone long dead but not quite gone from the land, here; someone who did not belong in the other, modern, world that now edged this older fenland country.



Fenland

There is no rational explanation for how or even why I met her. Perhaps - as I thought thereafter - it was she who met me, and meant to. Who somehow might have enchanted me to be there on that day at that hour in that year of my youth. As if she, also, was from, or part of, this other esoteric living land.

There were mysteries there that I did not then consciously fathom, but rather lived with and through, and which even now - over forty years later - I have only just begun to rationally understand as a natural and muliebral presencing of The Numen. Mysteries, perhaps, I felt then, of an ancient way never written down, and which no words, no book, could bind, contain, restrain, reveal. Mysteries of the connexion that links all Life together.

All I knew then was the occupant of that solitary small house along a narrow isolated lane near where the fenland waters, still, in those days, rose in some years to flood the land around and where a boat was kept, with daily life lived, if needed, on upper floors as in olden days. All I felt then, in the moment of that meeting and the hour beyond, was such an intense desire to stay as almost subsumed me. To stay - as one would stay stunned momentarily by the gorgeosity of some sunset, or by some vista suddenly chanced upon. No words sufficed, were needed, but we then idly talked nonetheless - I, leaning on my bicycle; she standing beside the broken fence that seemed to mark the inner sanctum of her sacred world.

It was not that I expected, then - or even hoped for - some kind of sexual tryst. But there she was, somewhat older than me, pretty in a comely way, standing, smiling, as I had slowly passed. It was not that I was lost and needed directions; a recent map was always carried in my bag. Not that I needed water. I had my flask of Oolong tea. Not that I... But I stopped, nevertheless, dismounted, to slowly saunter back.

I have no clear recollection of what we said, for it is all now as a fading dream, remembered in the hour past rising from fitful unrestful sleep. No clear recollection of the two weeks that passed until I, unable to resist, ventured there again.

Mostly - as on that day of my first returning - we together just sat close to each other in the inner dimness of that well-worn dwelling. Sometimes a fire was lit; almost always there was tea. Sometimes we all would walk together upon the land around. And we spoke, when needed not desired.

For it was a certain sensitivity that we seemed to share - a certain strangeness, a mostly wordless strangeness that I had previously not encountered upon this much mundane-spoiled Earth; except, perhaps, in moments swiftly gone, as

when one day the young, gorgeous, blonde, English teacher I still remember so well was reading to our class a poem and our eyes met, and it was if she somehow in some strange way then imparted in me not only her understanding of those words but also the feelings they engendered in her so that I, also, understood and felt the meaning behind such words. As if in that one short strange moment she had brought alive that work of Art so that it connected us, bridged us. So much so that for days afterwards I carried a copy of that poem around with me, and read it when I could to push open again that door that led to some distant different land. But, then, of course, the feeling faded, and some new interest, some new source of inspiration, came along; as - for me - that poem became surpassed, by others.

There was a walk, next time. Some talk about land, sky, Sun, Moon, rain, trees, insects, birds, and soil, and although I did not realize it then, I was learning; a learning, a species of learning, I once, many years later, strived to contain, constrain, reveal, with my own poor collocation of words:

Being the water: the Dragonfly above the water
I grieve of the road and the bridge of the road
Weeping in the wind
Because I am the Sun.
Being the river: all the river things
I feel the wounds
Inflicted deeply in my flesh
Because I am the dust.

Being the river-banks: the land around the banks
I am no-Time
Burning to cauterize my wounds
Because I am the world and all things of the world;
Being the wind: the words of the wind
I sorrow in my-Time
Knowing people who pass
Because they are my wounds.

Being my sorrow: the sorrow of wounded land
I sense the knowing turning beyond the pain
Because I am the water
Flowing with no end

There were other shared times, some when we simply listened to music. And then came that night when we two finally became lovers. Other such nights

came; went, as the Moon, as she herself, cycled through several monthly phases.

It could have lasted; perhaps it should have lasted, for that is what she possibly, probably, wanted: for me to stay with her in that cottage of hers. But I was young, restless, impetuous, and in truth perhaps too selfish; too enwrapped in my own inner visions, dreams, desires; certainly, I was often impetuously youthful but not in love. Enchanted certainly, but no, not in love.

Thus arrived that day when I felt I had to leave, to never wilfully return - she stood there, by her dwelling, as I bicycled away, and although I did not know it then, she was only the first spinning of that muliebral thread that was to bind my diverse lives together.

Toward First Love

A rather generous allowance from my father enabled books to be purchased, and travel, by means of train, to anywhere that interested me, and so one day I travelled to London to visit bookshops, and the British Museum.

But that journey was fruitful in other ways. Arrogant and self-assured as I was - somewhat helped by my Martial Arts training - I spent some evening time in less salubrious parts of London, desirous of finding some suitable young lady to entertain me, remembering as I did such Singaporean trysts and wistfully recalling as I did that Fenland enchantress.

I did find such a lady, and, after a short taxi ride (which I of course paid for) we arrived at the entrance to a large town house in Chalk Farm. We had reached the top of that first tier of inside stairs (which led to her room) when some loud commotion broke out below. A man, shouting; a woman's loud voice. From the stairs I saw a man push open the front door that a woman was, vainly, trying to close. He turned, shouted a few obscenities, and drew back his clenched fist, as if to strike the woman. He did not succeed. I cannot remember what I said, only that I said something to him after vaulting down that flight of stairs toward him. He replied with a vulgar epithet or two, and lunged at me. I simply turned, stepped sideways and used his own momentum to throw him to the ground by which time a huge man had arrived from some inside room to lift him, with remarkable ease, to his feet and almost bodily carry him out where he pushed him down the steps that led up from the pavement to that front door. The man lay motionless, briefly, there, then rose, slowly, to betake himself shabbily away, uttering curses as he did so.

I was thanked, by the lady he had intended to attack, and invited to join her for a glass of Sherry in her rooms.

Thus began our friendship. Or, more correctly, relationship. Somewhat older than me, with an enchanting if rather mischievous smile, she never once in the hours we spent together talking, that evening, mentioned the nature of her business, as I had no need to ask. It was all rather genteel, as she herself was, even though a trace of her local accent remained, and I found her quite enchanting, as, of course, she knew, drawing forth from me in those hours the then so brief story of my still so youthful life, and, our provided supper over, it seemed natural, an unspoken assumption between us, for me to stay the night with her. My stay became the following day, and then the day after that. There was a restaurant, of sorts, nearby, where she was known by name, and we spent a few hours there, eating a meal, and drinking wine, that neither of us paid for. I was introduced to her ladies, and to that huge man of the shaven head, who though rather grim looking had a gentle sense of humour. People - men and mostly well-dressed - came and went throughout most of the day and evening, and when my own self-appointed time came to leave, I did so with much reluctance and with a promise to return at the ending of that week.

I kept my promise, and it was to become the first of many such visits during those my early learning years. We had a simple, an uncomplicated, relationship, which was always honest, and I am not ashamed to say that in a way I loved her, in my then still rather boyish way, and - looking back, now - she almost certainly understood me far better than I then understood myself.

It is difficult, this understanding
Of my love:
I have to rise every morning
With the intention of our future
Moulded as some sculptors mould
Their souls around a form
That Will soon powers to a shape
In Time.

It is difficult, this sharing
Of each dream that makes her to journey
To the joining of our selves
And spills desire the way some music
Spills some notes to form the suggestion
Of some god:

There is no journey bribed by dread
No sea that sets the horizon
As the yearning of the dead sets
The seal to future Time;

There is no calling and no called:
No passing and no one passed
Since there is no you or I to understand
The laked reflexion of each moon.

But I forget, and need to remember
At each new beginning of each new
Dream which is the beginning of our
Love.

There are no words needed
As there are no excuses
For the failures of some Art:
It is difficult, this speaking
Of my love.

One weekend I particularly remember. Some hours were spent lazily strolling through what she insisted on calling *The Regent's Park*; some hours were spent listening to Jazz at some small club (she was a Jazz aficionado and very knowledgeable about that genre); and some hours spent at dinner in an excellent restaurant; and it was after midnight when we returned, by taxi, to her house. I remember then feeling pleased, and somewhat privileged, to be a part of her world - a young man who certainly felt, and behaved, much older than he was. Perhaps it was my childhood years in Africa and the Far East, perhaps my still then somewhat arrogant nature, perhaps my Martial Arts training, perhaps the manners my mother instilled into me and the rather laissez-faire attitude of my father; whatever it was, I felt and acted quite differently from all the other young men of my age that I knew, some of whom, no doubt considered me elitist and somewhat condescending.

Ecce Ego Contra...

Political Initiation

One day - a Saturday - I was idly walking around the centre of London, sort-of heading for the house of my lady friend. Sort-of, because in those days, I quite enjoyed such walks, in still unfamiliar cities and towns. A chance to stroll past places; watch people pass by; become immersed in my surroundings. I had a good sense of direction, and seldom needed to consult the London map that I carried in the pocket of my Corduroy jacket. Indeed, it was often interesting to get a little lost - to find new sights, places.

In those days I still dressed somewhat conventionally, conservatively: Corduroy or Tweed jacket, flannel or Tweed trousers; sturdy brown walking shoes; even linen shirts with detachable collars held in place by studs inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Short hair, of course; and a rather heavy Tweed overcoat, for when the weather was cold.

Thus attired (*sans* overcoat) I chanced, on that day, upon some fracas in some street. Young men brawling. I had no idea at all what it was all about - but it seemed to me somewhat unfair, since one young lad was getting battered by several others. Without thinking, I waded in to help him. There was that exhilaration, again. That love of direct physical violence I had felt before. A few more young lads joined the melee, and then it was over, and so we went, quite naturally, to some nearby Public House to celebrate our victory. Their accepting camaraderie was wonderfully refreshing, and many hours were spent, drinking - and talking politics.

Not that I was then ignorant of their type of politics. Indeed, I had spent many of the previous months eagerly reading about nationalism, about National-Socialist Germany, and especially about Adolf Hitler, inspired by an account of the actions of Otto Ernst Remer, on that day in July 1944 (CE) during The First Zionist War. Such loyalty; such a sense of duty; such honour; such forthright warrior action.

To me, in the moment of my reading, then as after, Remer seemed the perfect embodiment of the warrior; of the type of person who might build the new society I had often theorized about - precursor as that society would be for our exploration and colonization of the stars. Now, it seemed to me, I had met a similar type of people. Or at least, those who could, given training, direction, guidance, purpose, be such people. Young; enthusiastic; who seemed to share something - if only instinctively - of my dream and who, like me, seemed to enjoy and welcome violence. They had a meeting, arranged for the following weekend, and I was invited and gladly accepted. I went to the meeting - and the "social" afterwards - and it was there I met someone who knew Colin Jordan, whom I had already heard of. Thus, it seemed logical, indeed necessary, that I contact CJ myself, which I did, by posted letter.

It was, perhaps, a propitious time. A new political movement had been formed, by CJ, and I began to seriously consider how the new society I had envisioned might be created. It also seemed to me then - and for a long while afterwards - that Hitler's National-Socialist Germany was, and should be, the archetype for such a new society: that NS Germany embodied most, though not all, the ideals I then saw as necessary to the creation of such a new, warrior, society imbued with a Galactic ethos.

For nearly a year I came to inhabit three quite separate worlds. My lady friend, in London, the world of occasionally violent but always interesting political activism; and my academic studies. Thus, I was fully occupied; enthused; alive; replete with my various ways of living, so that when the date for my return to Africa drew ever nearer, there really was no need to make a decision, for my lives seemed then inextricably linked with England. It seemed, then, as if it really was me against: you; the world; against everyone, except my political comrades and my lady friend.

During these trips to London, 'O' levels at College came and went, and I drifted into the Sixth Form. It was tempting to leave, and move to live and work in London, based with my lady friend, but the promise of Physics still enthralled me, a little, particularly as at that time the Apollo program looked it would easily achieve the goal that had been set - soon, perchance, there would bases on the Moon, and then on Mars. So I plugged away at Physics, without much enthusiasm, feeling it might be different at University when I would be free to undertake my own study, experiments, research.

Increasingly, however, my lives became a distraction from schoolwork, but I seemed to have some innate talent for mathematics and Physics and so - studying very little (some weeks, not at all) - I plodded on, trusting in this talent to get me through [\[2\]](#).

Facies Abyssi

University

Fast forward to a University in the north of England, and a still young student,

who had grown well-trimmed moustaches and who, unlike the majority of other students, was always rather conservatively attired. My first term as an undergraduate had been a great disappointment following a Summer vacation of anticipation, and awaiting examination results.

No, wait - let us rewind, briefly, to that Summer vacation, after 'A' level exams were over. I had, perhaps rather foolishly, spent the weekends - and often the free days - of these examination weeks embroiled elsewhere. Attending political rallies, meetings, staying with political associates; and - more enjoyable - staying with my lady friend in London.

Possibly not so foolishly, since - in retrospect - I was perhaps letting the Fates decide my fate. I had studied very little in the preceding six months, trusting to my talent, and busy elsewhere doing what, at the time, were far more exciting and interesting things. So, if I failed my examinations, I could not possibly go on to University, and the decision regarding my direction would be made. However, as the Fates decreed, I got - just - the needed requirements.

Thus I spent a lot of that Summer working, in a mundane job, for my allowance from my father never did, in those days, seem to meet all my needs. On the last day of Term, and slightly inebriated after a lunch-time session down the nearby Pub with friends, I had met one of only two girls (EH and JJ) in my Sixth Form. EH and I had flirted before, and I liked her, as I knew she liked me, but I had kept a deliberate distance, given my assignments in London, for to have yet another intimate relationship would have been for me, at that time, just far too complicated. But on that day - a warm sunny one, I seem to recall - as we passed each other outside the refectory I embraced her. She eagerly returned the embrace, and we kissed for a long time, much to the amusement of some other students, passing by, who knew us both.

Thereafter I did not see her again for a while, reverting back to keeping my distance, until I heard from a mutual friend that she was having some trouble with her landlord (like me, she had rented rooms for the Summer in our local town). Perhaps I misheard, or misunderstood the situation - but I thought I was informed that she had been threatened. Without hesitation I went back to my rooms to procure a weapon (one always keeps a selection handy). In this case, a pickaxe handle, and - suitably attired in the working type clothes I wore to work: jeans, brown leather jacket, heavy boots - I made my way through the streets to where he lived. My insistent knocking on his front door brought him out, and although I cannot remember what I said, I know he understood. I threatened him. I was just so angry; madly unthinkingly angry, full of rage, and prepared for a bloody fight. In that moment nothing existed except him and that, my rage. He was a tall and stocky man - bigger than me - but

perhaps his own nature, or maybe something in my demeanour, my eyes, made him meekly agree to my demands. And so I left, still full of rage, and it was only as I was nearing my own rooms, somewhat calmer, that it occurred to me I was carrying what the Police would call an "offensive weapon".

Some days later, I was to learn that her landlord problems had been solved, and that she desired to see me, but I never did meet with her again.

So, fast forward again to University - that revealing of a part of my youthful character over - and back to that first Term, there. As I mentioned, I was so disappointed. I had gone somewhat naively believing I could study at my own pace, focus on topics that interested me, and do some practical experiments of my own devising. As it was, it was in many ways worse than school.

The lectures were tedious, rote-learning, affairs where one had to make copious notes and after which one was presented with a list of boring problems to be solved, each problem being of the type one might find in 'A' level examinations. Laboratory work as just as routine, even though one did have some choice as to what, of the listed experiments, one might undertake. Serious intellectual discussion, among the students, was at a premium - when it arose, which was rarely - and even the lecturers did not seem that scientifically curious. They had students to teach; or rather, certain parts of certain subjects to get through, every week.

One incident in particular made me seriously consider leaving, and involved a laboratory experiment. Toward the end of the first Term we were given the opportunity to devise and carry out our own experiments. I chose to replicate the Michelson-Morley experiment, having a particular interest in the theories that gave rise to this attempt to detect "the aether".

I was informed that such an experiment was really more suited to a Graduate, or Third-Year, student, but, of course, I ignored all the excuses and the advice that I was given as to why I should not try. Finally, I got my way, and was allotted a large part of one of the laboratory darkrooms. Suffice to say that it took me a while to set the experiment up, and even longer to tweak the equipment to get it ready: many weeks, in fact, despite spending many afternoons in the laboratory. I festooned my area with signs telling everyone not to touch the equipment. Then, I began to get some results. A few days later I returned, eager and excited, only to find that some lecturer had pushed all my equipment into one corner in order to set up some experiment for his students, thus destroying my weeks of delicate work. Not only that, I had "run out of time"; the darkroom really was needed by other students.

Strangely, I was not angry, just filled with an abyssal disappointment. It was as if some far distant apparently quixotic landscape which I had been eagerly travelling toward, for a long and arduous while, had at last been reached only to be revealed as ordinary, dull, devoid of any real interest at all.

Thus, gradually, my interest in studying physics waned, until - by the end of the next term - it has almost completely disappeared, replaced by increasing political activities, and a renewed desire to live and work in London. However, even though I never did any studious work, from that, my abyssal laboratory-moment, onwards, I still somehow managed to come second in mathematics at the end of year exams. There were various travels, and some trysts:

Here I have stopped
Because only Time goes on within my dream:
Yesterday I was awoken, again,
And she held me down
With her body warmth
Until, satisfied, I went alone
Walking
And trying to remember:

A sun in a white clouded sky
Morning dawn yellow
Sways the breath that, hot, I exhale tasting of her lips.
The water has cut, deep, into
The estuary bank
And the mallard swims against the flow -
No movement, only effort.
Nearby - the foreign ship which brought me
Is held by rusty chains
Which, one day and soon
And peeling them like its paint,
Must leave

Here I shall begin again
Because Time, at last, has stopped
Since I have remembered the dark ecstasy
Which brought that war-seeking Dream

Meanwhile, my political involvements had intensified. I regularly attended political meetings, demonstrations, and activities, by various organizations, including BM and the NF, and at one such political foray I met Eddy Morrison and his friends. I immediately liked Morrison. He was enthusiastic, committed, optimistic, down-to-earth and quite *au fait* with

National-Socialism. He also, at that time, possessed a certain personal charisma, and thus always had a few youthful followers who considered him their leader. One incident I remember well. He had invited me to join him and some of his friends on a day trip to Bridlington, an invitation which I accepted, and we ended up on the beach singing NS, and old BUF, songs.

A marvellous day, and I was genuinely sad when they dropped me off at my then place of University residence and went back to their city of Leeds, and it was not long before I joined them, again, for some political event or other. Morrison introduced me to his family, with whom I had a meal, and then off we went into the centre of his home city to raucously harangue some Communist paper-sellers and generally make a nuisance of ourselves. Morrison was far more experienced in practical street politics than I, and the more time I spent with him, the more it dawned on me that perhaps the two of us could not only make a name for ourselves but might, just might, be able to if not create the foundations of some new political force, then at least use an existing nationalist organization as means of gaining influence and power and thus begin to implement NS ideals.

It should be remembered that, at this time, the very early seventies, the NF regularly held large marches and rallies, all over England, with many of these marches involving violence, before, during, and after, and with many of these marches involving thousands of people. For instance, there was one march which I attended where those at the front had to physically fight their way through packs of Reds, with similar skirmishes occurring toward the rear. These were exciting times, and there really was a feeling, among the rank-and-file, that the NF was growing in such a way that, in a decade or more, it might be able to win or seize power.

Even CJ's British Movement was thriving, though in a much smaller way, and it was during this time that I came to act, on a few occasions, as CJ's bodyguard. Usually because the person who should have done that duty for some reason was not there. One of these occasions was at an outdoor demonstration - in Wolverhampton I seem to recall - when CJ stood haranguing the sparse crowd from the back of a Land Rover, while I stood in front, trying to look as thuggish as possible. Another of these occasions was an indoor meeting, where I stood at the front of the hall when CJ spoke, again to a small crowd, from the raised stage behind me and on which occasion I brandished a Shillelagh, which weapon the two or three, somewhat bored, Police Officers in attendance were completely unconcerned about. The Good 'Ole Days.

Compared to all this, my life at University seemed, and indeed was, boring; dull. Thus it seemed natural, inevitable - especially given my friendship with

Morrison - that I move to Leeds, and become involved with street-politics full-time. Which I dutifully did. As often in my life, it seemed as if the Fates revealed to me the direction in which I should go. Thus, and yet again, there was a certain period of drifting, by me, until a particular course of life seemed obvious, even to me.

My next year was a learning process. Learning about people; learning more about political propaganda; speaking in public; organizing and participating in street fights and demonstrations. That is, it was a learning of the Art of the revolutionary political agitator. I loved the life; I adored the life, and while domiciled in Leeds, in a garret (on Meanwood Road) appropriate to a revolutionary, fanatical, political activist, I still found time to visit my lady friend, in London.

One incident during my University stay may be worth recording. I happened to get to know someone there (who incidentally introduced me to the writings of Mishima) who was a personal friend of Martin Webster, and I met Webster on several occasions, one following some fracas at the University after he had been invited to address some meeting or other. On one of these occasions we had a discussion about political propaganda - a discussion which continued by several letters we exchanged over subsequent weeks. The essence of this discussion was to do with truth. I was of the opinion that if "our Cause" was indeed correct, and noble, as I believed, then we had no need to write or produce propaganda which distorted the truth in order to gain recruits, or make us and our Cause appear in some positive way. So far as I recall, Webster was of the opinion that I was being rather naive, and that, in practical politics, and to a certain extent, "the end justifies the means", something I then did not agree with.

Furthermore, it was during my time at University that I acquired personal experience of just how prejudiced some people could be - how they judged someone, for instance, according to their political views, or what they believed were their political views.

During my first few terms at University I had acquired something of a minor reputation as a fascist, helped no doubt by me handing out leaflets from the Racial Preservation Society outside meetings arranged by various Left-Wing and Communist groups. This led to several people actively disliking me - even hating me - although they did not know me, as a person, and made no effort to do so. Thus, they judged me a fascist, they did not like fascists, so they did not like me; or, even worse, they believed that fascists were "evil" and/or dangerous and therefore should and must "be dealt with". What I found curious was that these people, who so irrationally prejudged people on the basis of their alleged or assumed political views, were often the ones who also

loudly proclaimed that prejudice (particularly racially prejudice) was immoral. Thus, they were doing exactly what they were condemning in others.

I did, however, find one person - who belonged to some minor Marxist-Leninist group - who understood this, and who thus took the opportunity to get to know me and with whom I had many friendly discussions about politics, and life in general. And it was he who - along with a few other people - somewhat helped restore my belief that humans were, or could be, rational beings.

Excursus - Galactic Imperium

Since my discovery of National-Socialism, aged fifteen, I believed that NS Germany embodied the essence of - and could be archetype for - the type of warrior orientated and noble society that might make my vision of a Galactic Imperium real. I read everything I could about Hitler, NS Germany, and National-Socialism, and concluded - some time before what has been termed holocaust revisionism began - that the alleged extermination of the Jews during the First Zionist War was propaganda.

To me, then, National-Socialism seemed to embody everything that I felt was noble and excellent: a new, modern, expression of the Hellenic ethos which I had greatly admired since first reading Homer's *Odyssey* and *The Iliad* years previously. Thus my overriding aim came to be supporting and propagating National-Socialism, and aiding organizations which might prepare the way for a new type of fascist or NS State.

Furthermore, I really had come to feel a deep love for my ancestral land of England as I felt then an idealistic, and honourable, desire to help, to aid, those whom I regarded as my own people: as if all their problems could and should be solved by the emergence of a National-Socialist State; as if all that was required for Paradise to be created on Earth was the triumph of an NS movement and the practical implementation of NS ideals. Youthful exuberance and naiveté - perhaps.

In my understanding of NS I was greatly helped by Colin Jordan, who suggested I read certain books, including the works of Savitri Devi, who gave me many books, and loaned me others, who patiently answered my many enthusiastic questions, and who introduced me to many life-long National-Socialists, including some who had fought for, and given their loyalty to, Adolf Hitler, and one of my most treasured possessions came to be a signed photograph given to me by Major-General Otto Ernst Remer.

Even before I discovered NS and studied NS Germany, I had a vision of a human Galactic Empire, founded and maintained by a new breed of warrior-explorers, as I believed that we human beings possessed great potential and can and should change and evolve ourselves, consciously, by acts of will, and by overcoming, by accepting, great and noble challenges. Such challenges would reveal ἀρετή - reveal a person's true nature, and be the breeding ground of ἀρετή.

Thus, for me, discovering and learning about NS seemed fortunate, wyrdful - presenting to me the means to make my vision real.

As I was to write during my time living in Leeds:

"It is the vision of a Galactic Empire which runs through my political life just as it is the quest to find and understand our human identity, and my own identity, and our relation to Nature, which runs through my personal and spiritual life, giving me the two aims which I consistently pursued since I was about thirteen years of age, regardless of where I was, what I was doing and how I was described by others or even by myself..."

I further came to understand that in order to create the new warrior society, it was necessary to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow - or replace by any practical means - all existing societies, and all governments, and that while electoral politics might be one way for National-Socialists to take power, direct revolution or insurrection was a viable alternative.

Therefore, with the dedication of a fanatic, I set about doing just that, ready, willing and prepared to use violence in order to aid and achieve political goals. For I then considered that sacrifices were necessary in order for these goals to be achieved, and that, once achieved, the violent struggle would have been worthwhile, even if it cost me my own life, or that of others. Thus, I placed some idealized vision of the future before my own personal happiness - indeed, my own happiness became the struggle for, and the practical realization of, that vision of the future.

Years of Ultra-Violence

Fade back to the English city of Leeds, in the first few years of that decade - reckoned according to that vulgar calender still alas in common use - called the nineteen seventies.

I was released from my first term of imprisonment, having been convicted of leading a gang of skinheads in a Paki-bashing incident, following some racial skirmishes in Wakefield, and I soon settled back into my life as a violent street-agitator. I had found prison a useful and interesting experience, made some good contacts, learned some new skills, and left with more money than I had entered, having run a racket inside, selling certain liberated goods.

In the weeks following this, I put some of my new skills to practical use, and began to put together the nucleus of a small gang whose aim was to liberate goods, fence them, and make some money with the initial intent of aiding our political struggle.

Suffice to say that this gang - more petty criminals than racketeers - was based in or around Leeds and consisted of some useful people. For example, someone who worked in a large Department store, and someone employed by British Railways who had access to large parcels and rail freight. Thus, these types of people had easy access to useful, saleable, goods. The railway employees would simply change the labels and documentation, so that goods were mis-delivered to a contact, and then sold on to a fence, while the store employees would arrange delivery of goods in a similar way, or one of our people would simply collect them in-store and boldly walk out with them.

For some reason I cannot quite now recall, Eddy Morrison became involved on the periphery of this group - perhaps he may have wanted a certain item, or two, which I, being his friend, said I could supply, etcetera.

For quite a while things ran smoothly - even when I happened to get arrested, convicted, and sent to prison (again) for a short while, for violence - until, one day in 1974 CE, four or five Police officers from the then Yorkshire Regional Crime Squad (later to become part of the National Crime Squad), raided my garret in Leeds, and arrested me. Three other people in this small gang - including Morrison - were also arrested, and we were questioned for around six hours at the British Transport Police HQ in Leeds. Morrison and I were thrown into prison, "on remand", since it was feared that I would "intimidate witnesses" and that he was "my second in command" (which, unlike the first accusation, was not correct).

Having previously spent some time in Armley jail, being on-remand there did not bother me at all, and I soon settled back into prison life. Morrison, however, did not cope very well, and seemed genuinely surprised that I was rather enjoying myself. But, as I said somewhat humorously to one of the arresting Police officers, during one of my interrogations, "You get three

meals a day, free accommodation, and there are lot's of friends around, so what's the big deal?"

It turned out that the Police had been "tipped-off" by one of those involved in this petty criminal gang, because he had developed a personal grudge against me. The simple truth is that he had a violent argument with his girlfriend, she came to see me, and stayed for around two weeks.

There is an ineffable sadness
For your eyes betray that warmth, that beauty,
That brings me down
To where even my street-hardened Will cannot go:
So I am sad, almost crying

Outside, there is no sun to warm
As yesterday when I touched the warmth of your breasts
And the wordless joy of ecstatic youth
Lived to suffuse if only briefly with world-defying life
This tired battle-bruised body

But now: clouds, rain-bleakness
To darken such dreams as break me.
For there are many places I cannot go.

So I let her go, suffused as I still was with a particular political vision and various political schemes. To add insult to the injury of the grass who betrayed us, when he finally managed to see his former girlfriend again to try and get her back, she compared him unfavourably, in one department, to someone else. Thus, his pride hurt, he began telling lies about me to anyone who would listen, claiming, for instance, that once he pushed me up against a wall and I pleaded for him to let me go.

Quite naturally, given my character at that time, I arranged for someone to sort this grass out, but unfortunately this comrade of mine was on his way to do just that when he was pulled-over and arrested on some other outstanding matter, held on remand and eventually convicted of a variety of offences, receiving a long prison sentence.

I considered the matter, wyrdfully, concluding that I should - for the good of the Cause - ignore such an obviously dishonourable, weak, person, and concentrate instead on political activity. This also meant eschewing further petty criminal activities to fund that Cause.

When the criminal case against me finally came to trial, all the more serious

charges had been dropped due to "lack of evidence", and I was simply charged with "receiving and handling stolen goods", for which I was convicted and given a bender.

Fade, back to my political life in Leeds. While all the above was occurring, I was dutifully doing my duty as a street-agitator, and had been recruited (by JM) into Column 88, a clandestine paramilitary and neo-nazi group, led by a former Special Forces officer, which at that time held regular military training sessions with the Territorial Army, the volunteer reserve force of the British Army. According to gen received decades later, Column 88 was actually part of NATO's pan-European underground Gladio network, set up and trained to employ guerilla tactics against the Soviets had they ever invaded (as was still expected, in those days). But I knew nothing of this, at the time, and simply enjoyed being part of and training with Column 88.

Prior to this, in 1973 CE - just before I was recruited by Column 88 - Colin Jordan invited me to his then home in Coventry. Naturally, having great respect for CJ, I accepted and was to find, on my arrival, that a meeting of the inner Council of CJ's British Movement was taking place. After a short wait, I was invited to address them, which I did, answered a few questions about tactics and strategy, and then had to wait for a while in another room, which CJ used as his office. Invited back, I was informed that they had decided to co-opt me onto the Council, something I had not expected. Asking for time to consider the matter, I left to travel back to Leeds. For reasons I cannot now quite recall, a few days later I wrote to CJ declining the offer - probably because I was already then thinking of forming my own, more violent, political organization.

In December of 1973 CE, I finally managed to convince Morrison that we two, with our good ally Joe Short, should form a new political, more active (that is, more violent) and openly pro-Nazi, movement.



Morrison (front) at a rally, 1970's CE

Thus the National Democratic Freedom Movement (NDFM) was born, which was to have a brief, if exceedingly violent, existence, with Morrison as leader. Our intent was to build a revolutionary street movement, and so for seven or so months we held public meetings, organized demonstrations and protests, and generally had a jolly good time (or at least, I did) in pursuit of gaining members and propagating National-Socialism under cover of nationalism.

As John Tyndall later wrote in his *Spearhead* magazine (April, 1983 CE):

" The National Democratic Freedom Movement...concentrated its activities mainly upon acts of violence against its opponents. Before very long the NDFM had degenerated into nothing more than a criminal gang."

Among the highlights of that NDFM year, for me, were the following.

I smashed up (with one other NDFM member) an anti-apartheid exhibition, in Leeds (twice). I gave vitriolic extempore speeches at public meetings (some of which ended in violence when our opponents attacked). I waded into some Trade Union march or other, thumped a few people then stole and set fire to one of their banners (arrested, again). I arranged a meeting at Chapeltown, in Leeds (the heart of the Black community then) at which only five of us turned up, including Andrew Brons but not including Morrison. We faced a rather angry crowd of several hundred people, who threw bricks, stones, whatever, at us, and we few walked calmly right through them to our parked vehicles, and rather sedately drove away, our point made. No one said we could do it.

I spoke extempore at Speakers Corner in Hyde Park for around a half an hour to a crowd of over a thousand (it ended in a brawl) - the only person from the extreme Right to speak there since the days of Oswald Mosley. At the brawl, one of our stewards was arrested, and - the fighting over - we regrouped to march toward Downing Street, after which we all went our separate way (I quite naturally went to see and stay the weekend with my lady friend in London).

Finally, toward the end of that Summer, a meeting we had arranged on Leeds Town Hall steps resulted in a mass brawl when the crowd of around a thousand attacked us, after I had harangued them for around half an hour. Several Police officers were injured as they tried to break up the fights. I was arrested (again) but soon was granted bail. Morrison became somewhat disillusioned, as I was by the attitude of many of those involved with the NDFM, and so I spent the time before my trial occupying myself with various

travels around England and the NDFM simply slid into obscurity, a political failure - although, at least for me, it had proved to be an exceptionally valuable learning experience.

When my case came to trial, at Leeds Crown Court [\[3\]](#), I was accused of having "incited the crowd" and generally held responsible for most of the violence. I was found guilty of various so-called Public Order offences, and given several fines. What rather disgusted me after the trial was that several so-called comrades - including if my memory is correct, Morrison - having appeared at witnesses at the trial, collected between them witness expenses sufficient to pay my fines. But not one of them offered to do this, and I was not going to ask.

So, since I had no intention of paying the fines, I left Leeds.

Facies Abyssi

For well over a year I evaded the consequences of not paying my fines, living as a vagrant, then in a caravan in the fenland. Writing poetry. Musing on life; reading the collected works of Jung and Toynbee; studying religions, including Buddhism. And so on.

Crows calling while sheep cry
By the road that shall take them
To their death:

I sit, while sun lasts
And bleeds my body dry
In this last hour before dark
On a day when a warm wind
Carried the rain that washed
A little of this valley
Like the stream washes
My rock:

There are no trees to soften
This sun - only heather and fern
To break the sides of the hill;

I cannot keep this peace
I have found -
It seems unformed like water
Becomes unformed without a vessel
A channel or some stream:

It cannot be contained
As I contain my passion and my dreams.

There are no answers I can find
Only the vessel of walks in hills
Alone
Whereby I who seek
Am brought toward the magick peak
That keeps this hidden world
Alive

I even spent some time in a Buddhist monastery. But the Police eventually caught up with me, in my caravan, and I was arrested, and sent to prison (yet again). But this time for only six months.

My previous experiences of "being inside" were useful when I was sent back to prison. Strangely, I somehow managed to wangle one of the best prison jobs, Library red-band (even though I was serving a short sentence), which job meant that I had a single "peter", that I took over a few rackets, and was left pretty much to my own devices in the library. One of the rackets revolved around goods smuggled in; another centred on porn magazines ordered by the nonces on Rule 43 and which magazines had a strange habit of disappearing or not being delivered or getting handed round other cons for a small fee; another racket involved goods being liberated from certain prison stores.

At that time, prison life was a delicate balance, so I occasionally helped out someone who also had some rackets (centred around gambling) by getting a few people to "carry" tins of tobacco for him. Overall, a reasonable time, which meant that my release date seemed to come around quite quickly.

On release from prison, I was undecided, for a while, about what I should do. I visited my lady friend in London, who by then had larger premises and a more select clientèle, and after travelling around for a while as an itinerant, I drifted back to live in Leeds. Morrison [\[4\]](#) had some minuscule and new political organization, was still talking the same rhetoric, and still unrealistically dreaming of obtaining political power in a decade or so. At least he was, outwardly, consistent.

As for me, for over five, often violent years, radical street politics had been an important part of my life - often, the most important part; and I had dedicated myself to the struggle, undeterred by prison. But my naivety, idealism, and optimism had all but faded away. For experience had revealed to me that the

honour, loyalty and commitment to duty I expected from fellow political comrades was often absent, and that the leadership of all NS, all pro-NS groups and even all of our kind of nationalist organizations was woefully bad; un-charismatic and incapable of inspiring the loyalty required. Instead of idealism, loyalty and honour there were continual feuds, continued disloyalty, and little or no honour, manifest most often as this dishonour was in the spreading of malicious rumours behind people's backs.

My time away from Leeds - over a year, before my return to prison - had taken me back to those Fenland feelings of the late sixties. In particular, my solitary time as an itinerant had brought me close to Nature in very simple and unaffected way, so that there gradually arose in me a certain wordless feeling of dissatisfaction with modern life that had nothing whatsoever to do with my political beliefs, dreams or aspirations. In fact, nothing to do with any ideology, or, at that time, with any religion I had studied or personally experienced. Instead, it was interior, direct, personal - one individual, alone, who felt some relation with Nature, with the Cosmos, and it is true to say that this wordless feeling, and my memories of life close to Nature, rather haunted me when I returned to live in Leeds.

I just did not feel I belonged there, anymore. I yearned - for something; as one might yearn for a young lady seen briefly, spoken to briefly, whom one met on some travels, and whose presence, whose aura, whose scent, whose features, whose promise, lingered when she was gone; lingered so much, so numinously, that one regretted not running after her and blurting out some excuse to be with her, again. I yearned - for those intangible wistful moments of a wandering life:

Wine

Stale

I once drank you

Knowing no difference because of herbs.

She held me, her cunning hands

That did not wish

Nor offer the warmth that snared my soul:

The wine was

Intoxicating our senses

But only I was drunk:

She laughed.

I needed rest

Dreaming marriage under sun -

Until bright morning came
When she, alas, changed
Her form in the reality of the room
And I was left to walk with my sack
Down the dusty track
Past a grove of sun-burnt trees
Toward those distant hills:

And yet the white-washed house was only
One step
Along my Way.

Perhaps it was that hot, dry, Summer with its week after week of clear blue skies; perhaps it was some inner un-thought of satisfaction with my own subsuming political aims; some surfacing, some re-emergence, of that youthful desire to know, to understand, myself, Life, the Cosmos. Perhaps it was the feelings that gave rise to the many poems I had written in my wanderings; poems such as the compilation *Gentleman of the Roads*, and the poem *Clouds in the Sky*. Whatever the cause or causes, I found myself increasingly desiring to be alone; increasing desiring silence, both external and within; increasingly desiring to somehow in some way reconnect myself with that other older world that my political machinations and activities seemed to have almost totally obscured.

Two wyrdful things conspired together to seal my fate. The first was the music of JS Bach, especially some Cantatas. The second was a strange encounter at an old Parish church on the edge of the fenland in King's Lynn.

The new female companion I had acquired on my return to Leeds shared my love of classical music, and I went to many concerts and performances with her. At one, during a performance of Bach's *Erbarne Dich*, I began to cry, silently: silent tears of unknowing, of sadness and of joy.

Not longer after, I ventured to return to visit a friend in Norfolk, and - somewhat early for the bus that would take me near his dwelling - I passed some time by perusing what seemed an interesting Church, having, at that time, a minor interest in architecture. Somewhat tired after a long journey, I sat for a while in some pew. Then this young man, in clerical garb, passed in front of the altar to briefly turn toward me, and smile. There was such gentleness, such purity, in his face, his demeanour. And then he was gone, out of my view, toward what I assumed, then, was some door. It was as if, in that moment, I knew he might have answers to some questions which I had been pondering for some days before, and so, instinctively, I rose to follow him only to find a solid wall where he had disappeared from my view, and it was only

later, days later, that I discovered that once - centuries ago - there had indeed been a door there, and that the Church itself had been part of a medieval monastery.

He was so real; nothing in his appearance, his manner, to suggest a ghost, an apparition; and for weeks afterwards I tried convince myself that my tiredness, the unanswered questions in my head, had somehow in some way contrived to present me with some illusion, some delusion. But a vague feeling of unease remained - for there was that numinous face, that smile; that gentle presence radiating an inner contentment and a certain mystical peace.

My unanswered questions had to do with existence - with life - after our mortal death, and with the allegory of Jesus of Nazareth. An allegory I had felt, touched, when a performance of Bach's Matthew Passion had surprised me, had impinged itself, not long before, upon my psyche, bringing once again from one momentous passage, those silent tears of my unknowing.

The truth I felt, the truth which thus became so revealed, was that I did not know; that I did not have all the answers; that I had begun to doubt everything that for years I had so passionately, even fanatically, believed in. The truth that maybe, just maybe, I might not be able to find all the answers by myself, unaided; that maybe, just maybe, there was someone out-there, or something, who and from which I might learn, who and which might guide me toward a deeper, a better, understanding of myself and this world. That maybe, just maybe, in that particular allegory I might find some answers.

Thus there arose slowly in me after these events some desire to know about a certain, a particular, a quiet and inner way of life which I felt might be able to provide me with some answers, which might in some way connect me - reconnect me - to a beautiful, purer, way of life.

For a long time I had, in pursuit of some ideology - what I would later describe as a causal abstraction - controlled an aspect of my character: my almost naive sensitivity, my empathy, my rather boyish enthusiasm. But now this aspect came again to live, on a daily basis, so that I, perhaps rather foolishly, took to walking the streets of Leeds barefoot, and smiling like some village idiot; so pleased, so very pleased, to be alive; so happy with the blueness of the sky, the warmth of the Sun, the ineffable beauty of life itself. As if I was detached from myself, not really some young man named Myatt but rather

A falling leaf turned Autumn brown
Following the wind of the moment:
Neither clinging to, nor striving against,

The force of existence ever a dream in the end

For several weeks my plan became to return to an itinerant life, and thus became a kind of wandering poet, some sort of modern Taoist: a Way of Life familiar to me from my study of Taoism and my practical involvement with a Taoist Martial Art. But it seemed as if the wyrdful Cosmos had a rather different plan, for one day I decided - for reasons I cannot now recall - to borrow a bicycle belonging to a friend and head out for a week's holiday in the English countryside. A train conveyed me part of the way, and - the weather still hot, dry, and sunny - it was a pleasure to be away from the city, and I became as a schoolboy again for whom nearly every mile pedalled was an adventure.

There were stops for food, water - and a few overnight stays, often in some field beside some hedge. It did not matter, for I was still young, healthy, and quite strong.

After several days I came to be cycling down some narrow lane. To my left, a wooded hill of conifers; on my right, fields flowing gently upward to where a collocation of buildings were gathered just below a swathe of deciduous trees. The largest building somewhat - and I thought incongruously - resembled a French château, and so, intrigued, I cycled on to take a turning which I hoped might lead me toward it.

It was a monastery, and, leaving my bicycle propped up against a nearby tree, I wandered around. The door to the Abbey church was unlocked and I went inside. The cool quietness was slightly perfumed with incense from some recently ended Mass and a feeling of immense relief came over me as if I had, finally, come home. Words, scenes, emotions, scents, memories from a Catholic childhood lived within me once again, and it was so peaceful, so blissfully peaceful, sitting there, in the nave, that Time ceased to have any meaning or cause me any feeling as it trundled on in that other world, outside. Such stillness I had not thought possible came to keep me still.

I have no idea for how long I sat there, unthinking, and it was only when some activity in the monks choir beyond, behind, the altar distracted me that I remembered who and where I was. Then - their noonday prayer, chanted.

Suffice to say that when I returned to Leeds, soon afterwards, I immediately wrote to the Guestmaster of the monastery enquiring about a weekend visit. Some weeks later, I was there, at home, again. A weekend became a week; a certain request; an excited and nervous return to Leeds; and then that day when, with my few belongings, I ventured forth to begin my new life as a

monk.

Sun, broken by branch, seeps
Into mist
Where spreading roots have cracked
The stones, overgrown, perhaps,
For an hundred years

From a seed, flesh fed, the oak
Sheltering

Mary
Relict of William

And a breeze, stirring again
This year
The leaves of an Autumn's green gold

Part Two

Sensus Internus

Into The Light

Monastic life was, quite obviously, a complete contrast to the violence, the carnal indulgence, the political activity, the time spent in prison, of my previous years, and my first month in the monastery did not come as a surprise. I enjoyed it.

Like prison, there was a daily routine, and I soon adapted to it. Or, rather, I embraced it joyfully. Rising, in those years (I think they have gone a bit soft, now), at around half past four in the morning to - without breakfast - spend two hours and more in the monks' Choir stalls of the Abbey chanting Matins followed by Lauds and followed by Conventual Mass. The breakfast, in the refectory, was substantial, and needed to be. Then there was work, study, until past Noon, and Choir again for prayers before lunch, and at which meal one of the monks would read a religious text to us while we ate in silence. An afternoon of manual labour followed, with a short break for cups of tea; more

work or study until the hour of Vespers, sung in Latin, with the monks precessing from the cloisters, in cowled robes, into the Choir. Then the last meal of the day - supper - followed by an hour or so of "spiritual contemplation" and then onto the last prayers of the day, Compline. It was now not long after nine o'clock in the evening, and one was, quite understandably, somewhat tired, and so went to bed, in my case a cell (a small room with a small window) on the very top floor of the Abbey on what was called the Novices Gallery. Interestingly the only heating in these monastic cells - apart from the rooms of the Abbot and Prior, who had fireplaces - were hot water pipes running along the outside wall (no radiators). Of course, by the time the steam-generated hot water reached our pipes at the top, they were somewhat colder than in the rooms on the floors below.

Suffice to say, we were kept, busy, occupied, and I seemed to fit in quite well. It was also remarkably easy to forget about the outside world - and if something deemed really important happened in the outside world, one of the monks would pin a typed summary - a very small summary - of the event on the noticeboard in the cloister, which in practice meant once every month or so. Mostly though, the notices there were mainly about ecclesiastical matters - the Pope on a visit, somewhere; or a forthcoming visit to the monastery by some Bishop or other.

Weeks became months, and one of my jobs involved me working in the monastery library - a beautiful large place, of stone-mullioned windows (most of which did not open or had not been opened in decades), row upon row upon high row of dusty old books (many in Latin), large collections of manuscripts, and a quiet quietude that propelled one back into medieval times. It was as if the modern world - with its haste, its technology, its electricity, its Homo Hubris - no longer existed, and, my allotted tasks accomplished, I could browse, and settle down to read. And if by some chance (and as occurred quite often) I came across something I could not understand - some passage in Latin, or Greek, for instance - there was always someone, some scholarly monk, who could not only explain it to me but also place it in context, and who more often than not was willing to discuss the matter in great detail.

The monastery provided me with many opportunities, to study, to learn, to discipline myself, to acquire a new perspective on life, and - for a while - I did believe I might have a vocation.

But after many months I became somewhat restless, and - obtaining permission to leave enclosure - I began running down the lane from the monastery toward the small wood-enclosed lakes about a mile and half distant. Not that I had "running shoes" or anything like that - only some old plimsolls obtained from The Dive. The Dive was in the basement of the monastery, run

by one of the monks, and was where one might find some item one might need - a pair of sandals perhaps; or a shirt. Possibly even a tennis racket; an umbrella; or a hat if one was out in the Sun in the beautiful, secluded, wooded Monks Garden above the monastery, on the slope of a hill. Naturally, most if not all these Dive items were second, or third, or fourth hand, "donated" by monks, or their relatives, or someone else, and some items had been there - borrowed, and then returned, and sometimes repaired - for perhaps a half a century or more. A veritable emporium, and if something one needed was not in The Dive - which was rare - it could be obtained, given some time.

This restlessness abated, a little, during those times I spent with four people there, three of them monks. The first was an older, jovial, monk, who possessed a great knowledge of Buddhism, especially Zen Buddhism, and who, in fact, had spent some years as Prior of a Zen monastery in Japan. We had many interesting discussions, about Buddhism, about Catholicism, about religion in general. The second person was a Greek scholar - a layman who lived in the monastery - who would later go on to publish his own translation of The Odyssey, which was well received, and I seem to recall that he kept a card, filed among voluminous wooden card-indexes, for every single verse, and which card contained, in his scholarly handwriting, the text in Greek, his translation, and some of his notes. The other two were younger monks - older than and senior, in monastic terms, to me - who had an interest in the more arcane aspects of religion, and especially of Catholicism, and we three would spend hours upon hours discussing mysticism, esotericism, and religion in general, even though, according to certain monastic rules, I should not have been associating with them as much as I did.

One rather humorous incident during my time in the monastery is worth recounting. I was asked, by the Abbot, to spend some weeks in Dublin where some University research project was underway, funded (I believe) by several monasteries, into vocations: what motivated young men to become monks; what might the monasteries do to attract more vocations, and so on. Why I - with my past - had been chosen to take part I found somewhat strange; or, perhaps, I had been chosen because of my past, or rather, because of the edited version I had provided to the Abbot when I had applied to enter the novitiate. Whatever, it meant flying from the nearest airport to Dublin, staying in a Presbytery near Phoenix Park and attending the University every day.

So, there I am, at the airport in England, travelling under my real name [\[5\]](#), waiting with other passengers in the departure lounge to board the aeroplane, when I am taken away, by two Special Branch Police officers, to be "interviewed" in a nearby room. Obviously they - or some other official - had

recognized my name, or I was one some official Special Branch watch list. They asked why I was going to Dublin - and I explained where I was living, and why, and that the Abbot had selected me to take part in some research at the University. One of the Police officers then said that they would "check out my story" - and he duly returned, not long afterwards, and said I could go.

It was only on my return to the monastery, over two weeks later, that I learnt what had occurred. The Police officer had telephoned the monastery and enquired if there was a certain DM who lived there and what he was doing. One of the older monks happened to answer the telephone, and - in his schoolmasterish way, as though lecturing a schoolboy - confirmed my story, making some remark to the effect that he would be happy to ask the Abbott to telephone the Chief Constable, at which point, as he with great amusement later recounted to me, the Police officer said, somewhat sheepishly, that no, that would not be necessary.

Fundamentally, however, although I generally - most days - enjoyed the life immensely, three things surfaced to unsettle me, more and more. The first - and for me perhaps the most important - was that I missed women. I missed everything about them - carnal relations, naturally, but also their presence, their touch, their embrace, their scent, their sensitivity, their gentleness, that intimate often wordless sharing that arises from a passionate, lustful, sharing relationship. In brief, I missed - and desired - the essence of women. Or at least, the essence of a certain type of women that I had become familiar with: the empathic, cultured, refined, well-mannered, passionate lady with whom and through whom one could be part of and explore a numinous reality totally unknown to the likes of Homo Hubris.

The second was my combative nature - I loved to dispute, to argue, and many of the noviciate lectures degenerated into discussions between me and the senior monk trying to instruct we few novices. I argued about and disputed what the other novices thought were the most trivial things - for instance the exact meaning of certain words, and one discussion, in our course on New Testament Greek, about the meaning of the word *λόγος*, went on for days. Eventually, in a rather nice way, I was told I was being somewhat disruptive, but my good, my expected, monastic behaviour did not last for long.

The third was my lack of obedience and humility. For instance, I had been informed, by the Novice Master and then the Prior that I should no longer spend time with the two more senior monks with whom I had developed a friendship and with whom I discussed all manner of arcane matters. Although I agreed to abide "by the rules" it was not long before I broke them, again.

My rather un-monastic attitude was not helped when I pinned the following on the cloister noticeboard:

And Jesus said unto his disciples - "And who do you say that I am?"

And they replied - " You are the eschatological manifestation of the ground of our being, the kerygma in which we find the ultimate meaning of our interpersonal relationships. "

And Jesus looked at them amazed, and said, "*You what?*"

I cannot now remember where I obtained this quote from - some newly published book, perhaps - but my attempt at humour was somewhat unappreciated. My excuse? It had been suggested that we novices read Barth's *Church Dogmatics*.

Another incident - revealing of my nature - is perhaps worth recalling. An elderly monk died, peacefully, in his room, and on hearing this I rushed along the cloister to ring "the big bell", for I remembered having read somewhere (perhaps in the Rule of Saint Benedict) that what is what one should do, thus enabling the monks to pray for the soul of our departed brother. Naturally, I got into trouble for doing this - the bell could be heard for miles - for apparently this was, in that monastery, no longer the custom, and I should, of course, have asked permission first. Also, naturally, I argued the point - for a while, at least.

It was not that I made some sudden decision to leave. Rather, it became - after nearly a year and a half - rather obvious that I really did not have a vocation, a sentiment shared by both the Abbot and the Novice Master. Thus, by mutual consent, I left, to return to live, for a while, in a caravan in the Fens.

The most poignant, the most remembered, thing about my leaving was when I went to tell the monk who had been a Zen Master, who said that of all the novices he had known in the past few years, I was the most monastic of them all. "This place needs people like you..." he said. But he was, to be fair, something of a character, himself, and had a wicked sense of humour.

Wandering, Love, and Marriage

During my last few months in the monastery, one of my given tasks had been to care for, to nurse, an elderly monk with a terminal disease, and - to my

great surprise - the Abbot had occasion to thank me, several times, in person, for my work. Even so, he surprised me yet again by suggesting, on the day before my departure, that I should consider a career as a Nurse. Which I duly did and - with his letter of recommendation - managed to secure a place as a student Nurse. The start of the training course, however, was many months away, and so, for a while, I wandered around, once again, as an itinerant.

This wandering gave me time to reflect upon many things - especially my monastic life - and one thing I began to appreciate in a more conscious way was the centuries-long still living culture to which I belonged, of which Catholicism, monasticism, and Christianity in general, had been a part. For me, this was, and had been, especially manifest in two things: in plainchant (which I loved to sing and to listen to), and in classical music from medieval times to JS Bach, Haydn, and beyond, and a lot of which music - especially JS Bach and Haydn - was imbued with or inspired by a religious feeling, an appreciation and a knowing of the numinous.

This reflexion placed many things into a supra-personal perspective so that, for instance, I began to consider certain philosophical and ethical questions, including the nature of human love and human suffering, and the ethics of politics. During my time in the monastery I rarely thought about politics - or even about the world outside - and certainly did not miss political activity or involvement. I was far too occupied with daily monastic life and with my own studies, which included ancient Greek literature, Buddhism, Taoism and Western philosophy. These reflexions in turn led me to consider the nature and form of religion, especially in relation to Christian history and theology.

Thus my life became, for around three years after I had left the monastery, personal - for there was no involvements with politics, or even with any organized form of religion, Catholic or otherwise. I had no rôle, no aim beyond pursuing my interests - such as running, cycling and classical music - and was even gainfully employed, for a year, at least.

For my nursing course had started. In those days, the training was mostly practical, on the hospital wards, with a three month assignment on a certain type of ward (medical, surgical, and so on) followed by a few weeks back in the classroom, followed by another duty on another ward.

Sitting quietly in high Summer
While the river flows
Is peaceful, for an hour;
But any longer, and we who wish

Cannot wait to abstain:
We must be gone or find a goal
To satisfy such haste.

There was a man, dying from his age
As his flesh and organs failed:
He did not seem to mind this
 I've had a good innings
Except, sometimes, the pain.
He would lay, slowing breathing
And sometimes smiling in his bed
While we who waited on the living
And the dying
Cared
As our time, tiredness and allocations
Allowed.

Every two hours, on the Ward, still living bodies
Would be turned
To remove just one more soiled sheet
While the heat of Summer through half-open
Windows
Mingled with the smells
And the oozing from freshly sutured
Flesh:

But each dark moment was almost always
(If you watched)
Relieved
By the sadness or the smile
In another person's eyes.

And there was a learning
In such simple glimpses,
Shared.

I was one of only two male nurses on the course, and while the work itself was quite tiring and hard - and one went through periods of loving it, hating it, loving it - it was rewarding, and there was a sense, in those days, of belonging to a small community, especially since I lived, in a minuscule room, in the Nurses Home. One lived and worked in the same place, and generally spent time off-duty with one's fellow student nurses, in one's own year or from other years.

Naturally, there were liaisons with people with whom one worked and who also lived within the hospital grounds, and after a few of these I found myself in a serious relationship. There were plans for us to obtain our own accommodation, near the hospital; short holidays, away; and I felt I was in love.

The young lady in question certainly was in love with me. But then, as my first year moved toward its ending, I - stupidly, selfishly, dishonourably - ruined it all, by falling in love with someone else.

The "other woman" was a friend of a friend, and then a Post Graduate studying at Cambridge, whom I met at some party or other in that city. Her nickname was Twinkle, and there was a quite adorable child-like quality to her, a need to be loved, an enthusiasm tempered occasionally by a touch of anxiety, all of which, combined with a keen intellect and a love of classical music, poetry and English literature, made her (at least to me) irresistible. I did try to resist - for a while. For several months, I managed to behave honourably, and even managed to behave in a friendly way toward her then lover. But the more I saw of her, the worse I felt.

For weeks, I resisted the temptation to see her, and was glad when she moved away, her course over, to live and work in what seemed far off Shropshire. But then her fateful short note arrived in the post - "Feeling wretched. Do come!" it read, giving a telephone number and an address. The very next day another, quite similar, note arrived, sounding even more urgent.

Making excuses to K - for I was genuinely concerned Twinkle might harm herself - I set off, without any expectations and rather naively believing I could be a good friend. A train to Shrewsbury; a bus to that overgrown village where she lived where once there was a medieval Priory; and there she was, waiting for me at the bus stop. Alighting from the bus, she ran to embrace me, and clung onto me for what seemed, what felt, a long time. "I wish I had a camera!" an elderly lady, waiting at the stop said, and smiled. And then we were walking, holding hands, along the road to her lodgings.

Hours later, the evening meal she had cooked eaten, we sat - she on a chair, I on the carpet before the gas fire - in her room in the candlelit dark while she, to a mute background of a symphony by Brahms - tearfully recalled the last few weeks of her life. Her lover had spurned her, harshly, for someone else; she felt so alone; so betrayed; so ashamed of herself; so disgusted with herself for being so weak and needy, believing she was unworthy of being loved...

What could I say? Do? I should have played the rôle of unworldly, detached, Sage, and spake forth some words of fatherly wisdom and advice - but all I did in my weakness was move toward her, hold her hand and told her that I loved her. Thus did I that night and the next betray my lover. K met me at the railway station on my return, and she knew, just knew, immediately, of my betrayal, just as I felt her knowing. We did not speak of it then, and strived to carry on as normal, until some days later when a letter for me from Twinkle arrived. I was on duty, and K opened and read it. There were no tears from her

on my return to my room in the Nurses Home; no words shouted; no words at all. She simply gave me the letter and waited. There was, in that letter, a declaration of love, a passage about having children - about how even now she might be bearing "our child".

There were tears from she whom I had betrayed, and I felt ashamed, and the most wretched I had ever, up until then, felt in my life. Wretched because of her sadness, her feelings; wretched because I had so deeply hurt her; and wretched because there was no anger in her, no words or shouts of recrimination; no accusations; no flailing fists of a lover betrayed. Only deep soul-wrenching almost utter despair. She left then to leave me alone with my dishonour, my shame.

A few days later, I suddenly withdrew from the nursing course to travel to Shropshire to live with my new lover. The day before I left I had met K, briefly - or rather, she had saught me out. We embraced, then she pulled away to affect a smile while I just stood there, not knowing, in my shame, what to say or do. But she was far stronger than I and suggested, gently, affectionately, that - if I did indeed love Twinkle - then I could obtain a transfer to a hospital in Shropshire. She had it all worked out, having even spoken to a senior member of the teaching staff about such transfers. She left then, leaving me as if I had just awoken from some dream. A walk. Another walk. A telephone call some hours later; a question impetuously asked; an affirmative answer received. Yes, she would marry me...

I went to tell K. She had just returned from a late shift and, then as now, I am not quite sure how or why we parted in the gentle way we did. We spoke for a while, softly, of our own future separate plans; we shared a bottle of wine; then we were in each others arms; and in the morning we kissed and I, with no words exchanged between us, left to begin my new life in the rural county of Shropshire. Less than six months later I was married, to Twinkle, and never saw or heard from K again.

Now, recalling those events, I feel that K perhaps loved me far more than I deserved, as I know I behaved dishonourably and assuredly hurt her deeply. There are no excuses for my behaviour, then; I was quite simply - and for all my idealistic talk of honour in my political years - just weak, dishonourable. I gave in to my dreams and my desires, placing my needs, my dreams, my hopes, my lust, before the feelings of someone who loved me and whom I should have treated in an honourable way. In brief, I was selfish, and really did not know what love was - what it meant and implied - despite all my philosophical reflexion on the matter and despite all my previous trysts and involvements.

A few weeks before my marriage, I went to visit my lady friend in London for the last time to inform her of my change of circumstances, and spent an exquisitely poignant weekend with her; feelings recalled some months later in bleak mid-Winter:

Like memories, snow falls
With no sound
While I stand as Winter frosts
My feet
And a cold hand holds itself ready
Near a pen:

The birds, though starving, still sing
Here where trees and snow seat themselves
On hill
And the slight breeze beings to break
My piece of silence
Down.

Her love seemed only real
With its loss

Above the trees, crows cawing
As they swirl
Within the cold

A Shropshire Tale

The seven years of my first marriage were all spent in South Shropshire, that rural part of that border English county that I came to love. For a few months, after our marriage, we lived in lodgings and then in a caravan on the edge of a field on a farm, and enjoyed a reasonably happy time, until the snows of Winter came. I liked living in the quiet solitude of the caravan with its wood-burning stove, while she did not.



High Acre in Shropshire (from a painting by Richard Moulton)

One morning we awoke to find ourselves snowed in, and I had to crawl out of a caravan window to shovel snow away from the door so that she could decamp to the nearby shack, whose rotting wooden roof and walls provided some shelter and which enclosed our portable chemical toilet. She had, quite naturally, endured enough, and threatened that day to stay with friends whose central heating, indoor bathroom, and kitchen she somehow found enchanting, suggesting then that we immediately find somewhere else suitable for us to live.

After a while we did, a brief interlude of living in Shrewsbury town not really worth recalling. We found a glorious house on the edge of the Long Mynd overlooking the Stretton valley, and it was there - with Coalbrookdale fireplaces in almost every room - that we would spend most of our remaining married years together.

The years passed - or seemed to pass, for me - quite quickly. I, occupied with cycling, with daily runs on the Long Mynd, writing poetry, with researching and writing a book I called, somewhat pretentiously, *The Logic of History* [\[6\]](#), and sometimes with work; she occupied with her full-time employment, miles distant (she possessed a moped) and her small circle of friends.

Work, for me, like money, was incidental, while for her, her career was the main enthusiasm of her life, and something she did with excellence and élan, and a consummate and professional ease. Thus, we existed quite often in our separate worlds, our married life more a convenience than a sharing passion, a fault for which I alone was to blame.

For instance, for me, weekends were a time for long fifteen or twenty mile runs - or fifty to eighty mile cycle rides, or competing in bicycle Time Trials at club level [71] - with the remainder of the day spent relaxing, perhaps idly walking up the Burway, or listening to music. In contrast, she desired a rather more active social life, and on the few occasions I accepted some social invitation - an evening meal with some of her colleagues, for instance - I either, in my then still somewhat arrogant way, monopolized the conversation, or was disdainful and disinterested.

Thus, as might be gathered from this précis, I was rather selfish if not downright uncaring, although I did agree, much against my own desire, to her wish to delay having children, given her commitment to her career. It is perhaps not surprising that she, therefore, with her passionate needful nature sought to find a type of love elsewhere. Thus it was that she fell in love with another woman. Or rather, we both fell in love with the same married woman, except, for her, while a physical desire existed, she honourably did not act upon it, while I - yet again - allowed my desire to overwhelm me, and thus betrayed her.

Had I learned nothing from the torment, the grief, the sorrow, of only a few years ago? From my other act of dishonour? Yes - but only for a while. Yet again, there are no excuses for my failure. But, aged a few years past thirty, it would be the last time I allowed lust to overwhelm my honour.

Our marriage survived, for a while at least. She, though deeply hurt, forgave me in that loving way that many women often can. But, unsurprisingly, and correctly, she began to find fault with me, our marriage, aided by a loving, tender, relationship she developed with a younger woman. A year later we separated, and then divorced - she to live in a University city with her young lover, and I to stay in Shropshire.

During the years of my first marriage, I remained inactive in practical street politics, although I did keep in touch with both CJ and John Tyndall, and wrote a few articles, which JT published in his *Spearhead* magazine, both under my own name, and under several pseudonyms. [8]

For a few years, after my marriage, I worked in a few different occupations - or none, since I had a small private income - travelled [9], and enjoyed various liaisons with women, none of which lasted for very long and several of which placed me on the other side of betrayal, which in itself proved to be valuable, if painful, personal learning experience:

A bright quarter moon
As I ran alone in the cold hours
Along the sunken road that twists
Between hill-valley and stream:

There was a dream, in the night
That woke me - a sadness
To make me sit by the fire
Then take me out, moon-seeing
And running, to hear only my feet
My breath - to smell only the coldness
Of the still, silent air:

But no spell, no wish
Brought my distant lover to me
And I was left to run slowly
Back
And wait the long hours
To Dawn.

By the fire, I think of nothing
Except the warmth of my love
No longer needed.

Then, one day - and arranged through a mutual acquaintance - I had an assignation with another women. Reverting back to country type, I wore a tweed suit, my tweed overcoat, plus traditional English flat cap. We had arranged to meet outside a Wine Bar in Shrewsbury, and, as her close friend, A, was later to tell me in a letter, Sue immediately fell in love with me:

" When Sue first met you, I've never seen such instant love and attraction. I've never believed in love at first sight but I have to admit you and Sue seem to have been the exception that proved the rule..."

That evening we had a long leisurely meal in that Wine Bar, and had a quite marvellous time, for there was a lovely, and natural, affinity between us. We arranged to meet the following week, became lovers, and then began living together.

Quite simply, I adored her and fell deeply in love with her. She was practical (she designed and made most of her own clothes), uncomplicated, and we just fitted together exceptionally well, never arguing, and never even - not once - exchanging angry words.

As her friend, A, wrote in the aforementioned letter:

" She had a very deep and simple love for you which never wavered. You and Sue were privileged to have that kind of love..."

We shared everything; went everywhere together, including holidays abroad. Indeed, twice every year we travelled to Egypt, once to spend two weeks leisurely cruising down the Nile from Aswan to Cairo, one of the last of those two week trips, then, since Middle Egypt, around troubled Assyut, became closed to Nile cruise boats, following some attacks on Western tourists. Indeed, I can remember, on that particular trip, that armed Policemen accompanied our boat for part of our journey, as we were often escorted, on some excursions, by other armed guards.

My life became settled, and I was immensely happy. I began translating ancient Greek literature: first, *Antigone* by Sophocles, followed by *Oedipus Tyrannus*.

Then, just over four years into our relationship, Sue became ill. She had developed cancer. Surgery, and radiotherapy followed, and she seemed to recover, so we went again to Egypt. We had just returned when she became quite ill, and required emergency admission into hospital.

There we were, in an isolation room - it was feared, because of her yellow-coloured eyes, that she might have hepatitis or have acquired some tropical disease - awaiting the results of various tests.

"I am so sorry," the quite young hospital Consultant informed us, "it is very serious..."

She had around six weeks to live. Her first words to me after he, a lovely sensitive man, had left: "I am glad we went to Egypt." Then she smiled: "At least I'll have time to sort everything out!"

Never once, during those few remaining weeks of her life did she complain, even though she was on quite a high dose of morphine for her pain. Never once was she sad, dejected. Instead, it was she who - unbelievably - gave me strength and support. She was, in a quite literal way, remarkable. We stayed, for a week, with her mother and brother who, having the means, spent every Autumn and Winter in Spain in a house overlooking the Mediterranean sea

[\[10\]](#). Then, her health deteriorating, we left to return to England.

One incident, at Malaga airport, enraged me. She was by then in a wheelchair, and we had requested priority boarding which the airline had agreed to. As I pushed her in her wheelchair I heard one British woman, in the departure lounge, make a disgusting remark, doubting whether "that woman" really needed a wheelchair. Enraged, I was about to shout something vulgar in reply when Sue gently smiled, held my hand, and shook her head. She died just over a week later, one night in her sleep while I sat beside her.

For months afterwards I shut myself away, at first in a room at an hotel in Shropshire, and then in a chalet in the hotel grounds. I busied myself with completing my translation of *The Agamemnon* by Aeschylus and going for walks on the Long Mynd.

Translation, and those walks, became my life. I had no other aim and three months became many more. I do not now recall how many months I stayed there, reclusive in my world, but however long it was I endured until my translation was complete. I even took the radical step - on a few occasions when busy weekends were expected - of hiring the two chalets on either side of mine in order to be alone, at peace, as I had my own table in the hotel restaurant, set well away from the others.

The translation over, I found myself - or so I believed - almost recovered from the immediacy of her loss. Sue, organized, remarkable, to the end, had planned her leaving well, and one of the few things she insisted upon, in those final weeks, was that I should, must, have a life after her. So she had a friend find an exclusive agency that specialized in personal introductions, and their card was in that leather Filofax that Sue had given me as one of her departing gifts. For weeks, I ignored that card, making a whole variety of excuses. Then, remembering, and placing my pride aside for her sake, and using one of those new-fangled mobile telephones, I made a call. Suffice to say - some interviews over, one at the village home of one of the ladies who ran the agency - I was offered an introduction.

I arranged to meet J at the Feathers Hotel in Ludlow, and she, as I, was nervous. She was well-dressed, well-spoken, well-educated, and somewhat reminded me of the archetypal English Rose. We arranged another meeting, and then another, and so began a rather old-fashioned courtship, which pleased us both, and it was not long before I fell in love with her. Years later,

she confided in me that she began to fall in love with me on what was our second assignation when, in Worcester, after an evening meal at a fine restaurant, I was, as a gentleman should, escorting her to where her car was parked when I, like some schoolboy, unthinkingly blurted out, having taken out my pocket watch: "Gosh! It's half past nine already! I haven't been up this late for absolutely ages..."

Thus, there came a time when it seemed apposite for me to propose marriage. So I invited her to spend a long weekend with me at a rather lovely hotel beside a lake in Wales where, rather nervously, I revealed everything about my past. A few months later we were married, and honeymooned in the Maldives.

Combat 18 and the NSM

Life was never simple again, after that. For I had returned to writing about National-Socialism, publishing my fourteen volume *National-Socialist Series*, which included works with titles such as *National-Socialism: Principles and Ideals*, and *The Revolutionary Holy War of National-Socialism*.

Why this return? To be honest, I cannot really remember. But I have more than a vague suspicion that Sue's death had affected me more than I, at the time, cared or even dared to admit. Something seemed to have departed from my life: a personal vision, a dream, perhaps, of us - of Sue and I - growing old together; of a life of contented sharing, where the world was only our life together. For we had a beautiful life and home - a detached house, in Shropshire, tastefully furnished by Sue (who had impeccable taste); I had a collection of five custom made bicycles (including two with frames hand-crafted by Mercian); we had relaxing enjoyable holidays several times a year; our relationship was everything I had ever dreamed about; we had no financial concerns; and we were totally loyal to each other. I was, quite simply, in love and content, as I knew she was.

So, perhaps I replaced my personal vision with another one, retreating back into the world I had known before. The world of NS politics; of striving to create a better world, for others, based on the values of honour, loyalty and duty. In some ways, these NS writings of mine were an attempt to not only express the essence of what I believed National-Socialism to be, but also to evolve it, and I began to circulate a small newsletter, *The National-Socialist*, in the hope of introducing these ideas of mine to others.

It was around this time that the London-based group Combat 18 was becoming

well-known, and it seemed to me that many of those involved with this group were doing what I had again, and at that time, come to believe was necessary, which was revolutionary street-action in the name of National-Socialism, just as I believed then, as before, that I, by supporting NS, was doing something honourable and noble.

As I wrote in a previous autobiographical note, published in 1998 CE:

I came to admire them and openly declared my support for them. I also gave a personal pledge of loyalty to Combat 18's leader, Charlie Sargent, and his brother, Steve.

In a short space of time Combat 18 had built up a fearsome reputation and done what no other group had done - gained street power from those opposed to National-Socialism. Not surprisingly, the Press, aided by MI5, began a campaign to discredit C18, as both MI5 and Special Branch sought to infiltrate and disrupt the organization.

In article after article, in letter after letter, in discussion after discussion, I warned of the danger and urged people to uphold the values of honour, loyalty and duty. I also urged them to consider that the best way forward was a proper National-Socialist organization and to forget plans and talk of an imminent armed insurrection, for - as I had discovered from practical experience - the time was not yet right for such plans: we needed the people first, properly motivated, in their thousands, and we had but dozens. But the poison of the State took effect. People in nationalist organizations began to believe the clever MI5 dis-information about C18 being a MI5 run group, created to disrupt the so-called 'nationalist cause'. Some nationalists even went so far as to describe Charlie and Steve as 'informers'. Perhaps MI5 were also successful in disrupting C18 itself, or perhaps it was only the result of the ego and disloyalty of one individual.

Whatever the first cause, open feuding broke out between the two C18 factions, resulting in one death, and the arrest for murder of Charlie Sargent and his loyal comrade Martin Cross. I was honour-bound to stay loyal to Charlie Sargent, and decided to form and lead the National-Socialist Movement to continue the work he had begun. As a result, a smear campaign against me began. Rumours of Occult involvement - never entirely absent thanks to a few dishonourable and cowardly individuals - increased. But I believed I could ignore them as I hoped others around me would

ignore them and hold fast to honour, loyalty and duty.

The decision for me to come back into public prominence by forming and leading the NSM was easy, even though I knew what would happen with regard to rumours about me, and even though I never intended to stay for long as the leader, lacking as I did the qualities of leadership. Yet, secretly, in my heart, I yearned for a quiet rural life, working on a farm and undertaking Greek translations in my spare time.

However, the decision to form and lead the NSM was easy because I felt it was my duty - I believed I was responsible for what had happened to Charlie as I believed that someone had to publicly support him. I was responsible because in truth I - the exponent of honour, loyalty and duty - should have done something to prevent the situation that arose. I should have tried to bring the factions together on the basis of duty to the Cause first and foremost. I even went to Charlie's committal proceedings, after he had been charged with murder, in the belief that matters could even at that late date be sorted out. For I had a somewhat naive belief that the opponents of Charlie would see reason, ignore MI5 dis-information, and agree to put loyalty and the Cause first.

But the more I found out about what had happened, and was happening, the more I knew there could be no compromise with those who had betrayed Charlie, particularly by giving evidence against him in Court. This betrayal by giving evidence in a Court of Law was totally unacceptable behaviour - totally dishonourable. For we National-Socialists regarded the State and its Institutions such as the Police as our enemies, as we believed we should settle any disputes among ourselves in our traditional warrior way through a fair fight or a duel. Moreover these people continued parroting MI5 dis-information, and accused both Charlie and Steve of being informers when the truth was that the leader of their faction was the biggest informer of all, helping as he did to convict Charlie and Martin and supporting as he did the State and its dishonourable laws. Twice we who were loyal to Charlie waited for this informer and his supporters to turn up to sort matters out with a fair fight, once at Chelmsford and once in north London - and twice they did not turn up. [\[11\]](#)

My involvement with Combat 18, and later the new NSM, was to have a deleterious affect on my marriage, especially as my wife did not share my

political opinions. *Searchlight* devoted several pages of one issue of their magazine to me, complete with photographs, including one of me on the front cover, under the headline *The Most Evil Nazi in Britain*. As usual, their story was a mix of some truth, some lies, and some unproven allegations. That is, it was political propaganda, designed for a specific purpose. In another issue, dealing with the trial of Charlie Sargent, there was a photograph of me (perhaps it was on the first page, if my ageing memory is correct) walking toward the Court in Chelmsford beside the wife of Martin Cross.

This photograph - together with my many trips to London - made my wife suspicious and so we argued, at first about "other women," and then, gradually, about other matters. On one occasion I had to go to Northern Ireland, and she insisted that I telephoned her from there, which I did, as she insisted on calling me back to check the number so that she knew I was there and not somewhere else. But, during the whole of our relationship I was never disloyal to her, having learnt that lesson, at least.

Meanwhile, I took to working on a farm, near to where we then lived in a detached house in a village not far from Malvern, and it was at that house that one local Policeman, accompanied by six Detectives from SO12, Scotland Yard, came to call, early one morning in 1998 CE, to arrest me. For nearly seven hours they searched the house, seizing my computers, files, and letters, and arrested me. I was taken to Malvern Police Station, whose officers seemed somewhat bemused by this invasion of Detectives from an elite unit based at Scotland Yard.

A few interrogations, a period locked in a cell, and many hours later, I was released, on condition that I reported on a regular basis to Charing Cross Police station in London. I made a point, during my first "interview", of thanking the Detectives for their professional behaviour during their search of my home - for they had indeed acted in a very professional and courteous manner toward us - and it was this, and my subsequent interviews with SO12 officers in London (and on one occasion, in Oxford) - and the professional attitude of the custody Sergeants and other Police officers I had occasion to then interact with - that made me revise my attitude toward the Police.

My wife seemed, somewhat strangely, to take this invasion of her home, and my arrest, quite calmly, and did not seem particularly perturbed when I would adhere to my bail conditions and travel to London. I, certainly, was unperturbed - although my trips to London, the reaction of many comrades to "the dawn raids", and the attitude of the Police officers involved, did lead me to begin to think seriously again about the tactics, and indeed the rather stark ideology, I had been pursuing.

For, for all my rhetoric, for all my revolutionary words, for all my personal effort and sacrifice, very little - if anything - of practical import had been achieved. Indeed, the situation within and exterior to the NSM, and what remained of Combat 18, was analogous to the NDFM; in truth, it was far far worse. There seemed to be little honour; even less genuine loyalty; and the usual spreading of malicious rumours and of gossip. Furthermore, few people - if any - were prepared to risk their lives or their liberty for the Cause they claimed they believed in.

Hard manual work, on the farm, was some recompense, and I seriously began to wonder why I bothered with practical politics at all. But, outwardly, I maintained my revolutionary persona - at least for some months. For a new strategy had occurred to me, and this was that a religion might be very useful, or at least some kind of religious approach. Previously, I had rather vaguely written about NS as some kind of religion - but no one was interested, and it was, I knew, impossible to intellectually conjure a new religion into existence.

Thus, and impressed as I was at the time by the actions of devout Muslims who were, or who seemed to be, prepared to sacrifice their lives for "their Cause", I began to seriously study Islam, initially more to see what I could learn from it and perhaps apply to that NS Cause I then still believed in.

Pathei-Mathos

Copeland, The Way of Al-Islam, and A New Beginning

During my time with Combat 18, I had returned to Egypt, and it was during this visit that I began to appreciate the difference between Arab nationalism, and Islam, for I talked to several Egyptians, and several Muslims, about their land, about Islam, about life in general. I liked the manners of these Muslims, their devotion to their faith, which included praying five times a day.

I returned to England to find bad-manners, arrogance, materialism, decadence, and for the first time in my life I felt somewhat out of place among my own people. But gradually, over the coming months, the feeling faded.

After some months of studying Islam, during the Summer of 1998 - my new strategy regarding some religion completely forgotten - it occurred to me that the Way of Al-Islam was indeed a good way to bring-into-being a new, a noble, society with a warrior ethos, and the more I read about the life of the Prophet, Muhammad, the more I came to admire him. There did, indeed, seem to be something remarkable, something numinous here, and so - naively enthusiastic again - I trundled off to the nearest Mosque.

For nearly half an hour I hesitated - for these were the people I had spent thirty years trying to get out of Britain. How would they react to the former leader of the neo-nazi NSM walking into "their" Mosque?

At first when I, quite nervously, entered there seemed to be no one around. Out of respect, I removed my shoes and knocked on an inner door. The Imaam opened it - but he could not speak English, and I tried to say something in Arabic but the only thing that made sense was *Shahadah*. Soon, someone was fetched, who translated, and the Imaam embraced me. They were so pleased and so friendly that I admit that, then, tears came to my eyes, and I really felt I had, finally, arrived at the right place.

In retrospect, the years of my involvement with Islam were some of the most memorable of my life. Years when I learnt more about myself, and years which changed me fundamentally.

Not long after my conversion, I enrolled on a residential course in Arabic, and began to seriously study Ahadith, and, for several years, I was quite content as a Muslim - Namaz strengthened me, placed me into a humble relationship with my brothers and sisters; just as being part of the Ummah dissolved every last vestige of my former political beliefs. Ethnicity, one's territorial place of birth, the type of work one did, were all irrelevant.

I was welcomed into the homes of brothers, met their families, and there was this world within a world where what mattered was love of the prophet, Muhammad, and a desire to selflessly obey the word of Allah, as manifest in the Quran, the Sunnah, and *Ijmah*.

Meanwhile, my relationship with my wife became more and more strained - certainly not helped by my many absences to meet with Muslim friends, and most certainly not helped by the Media interest in me that occurred following the trial, and the conviction, of Copeland for the London nail-bombings.

Following the arrest of Copeland, I - by then a Muslim - was interviewed at my home by Detectives from the Anti-Terrorism branch who were investigating if I had any connection with him, and they seemed satisfied that I did not, for I was not interviewed again about the matter. Some time after this - many months, as the date for Copeland's trial came near - I was, for several days, followed around by a large red van which covertly filmed and photographed me, my place of work (a farm), and my home, before being waylaid, early one morning while on my way to work (as usual by bicycle) by a film crew from the BBC's Panorama television programme who were making what they described as a "documentary" about the bombings. Among the statements put to me that morning was:

"You inspired Copeland indirectly to do what he did.." [\[12\]](#)



Waylaid by the BBC

Following Copeland's conviction and imprisonment, the BBC Panorama programme was broadcast, and I, not long after, was pursued for a while by journalists from several newspapers, with several scurrilous articles about me appearing in print. One even included a photograph of our house, and named the village where my wife and I lived. One of these newspaper articles began (complete with photograph of me riding my bicycle on my way back from work):

" This is the man who shaped mind of a bomber; Cycling the lanes around Malvern, the mentor who drove David Copeland to kill...

Riding a bicycle around his Worcestershire home town sporting a

wizard-like beard and quirky dress-sense, the former monk could easily pass as a country eccentric or off-beat intellectual.

But behind David Myatt's studious exterior lies a more sinister character that has been at the forefront of extreme right-wing ideology in Britain since the mid-1960s. Myatt... was the brains behind the country's most openly neo-nazi organization....."

Yes indeed - *quirky dress sense*. That would be the type of clothes worn by a farm labourer, then.

As might be expected, all this Media interest somewhat affected my relationship with my wife, and she became quite distant, emotionally, physically, from me. Less than a year later, she became ill, suffering what is often termed a nervous breakdown. For a few months we stayed together, by which time it was obvious that our relationship was over.

In fairness to my wife, I have to admit that I had, yet again - and after my return to practical politics, followed by my conversion to Islam - descended down to abject, unforgivable, selfishness, placing some abstract goal, the personal pursuit of some abstract ideology, and then involvement with Islam, before her; before her needs. In brief, I was not a very good husband to her - more concerned with exterior supra-personal matters than with her, than with our relationship, than with her happiness. That she endured for so long with so little from me is tribute surely to her, as a loving woman. Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa, Mea Maxima Culpa.

Thus, my marriage over, I travelled in the Muslim world, met some very interesting and committed Muslims, all the while continuing my Muslim education, and it was some Muslims I met who prompted me to begin to write about this particular Way of Life; writings which I was, for some years, to become associated with, under my Muslim name of Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt.

But was I, as some people have wondered, a sincere Muslim? Did I, for example, really believe that Muhammad was the Messenger and Prophet of Allah? Yes, I was sincere, and yes I did believe that, just as decades before, and for a while, I believed that Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God. Did I really believe that Shariah was the best way of living? Yes - because I accepted that I was fallible, and that to submit to the will of Allah was my duty, my honourable duty, as a Muslim. [\[13\]](#)

In a literal way, Islam taught me humility, something I aspired to during my time as a monk but which my then prideful nature rebelled against.

Why, then, did I begin to have doubts about that particular Way of Life, as manifest in some effusions I wrote? As usual with my life, there was no *satori* - no one sudden moment of enlightenment with one's life thereafter and always changed. Rather, there were moments of empathy, of greater understanding, of insight, followed by a gradual return to almost, but not quite, where one had been before. Then, after some causal Time - of a duration sometimes short, sometimes long - there followed more such moments, until a slow, almost alchemical, change occurred within.

In retrospect, this change had its genesis in three things. First, because practical experience - my life as a Muslim - revealed to me, after a few years, how even the Ummah was woefully divided, how some Muslims seemed to be Muslim in name only, like some Catholics obeyed the precepts of their faith if and when it suited them, and how, it seemed to me, the various interpretations of certain texts often led to adherence to particular abstractions over and above a living numinously. [\[14\]](#) Second, after several years of interior struggle, of dwelling upon certain ethical and philosophical questions, I came to certain conclusions; and third, because - and most importantly, most significant of all - I became involved with, fell in love with, a certain lady.

Thus, this drift away from Islam resulted from a strange - perhaps a wyrdful - combination of circumstances, and from one singular, important, event.

A Personal Tragedy

While still nominally involved with Islam - although I had begun to develop, in earnest, my philosophy of The Numinous Way - I met a most beautiful lady. She was a friend of one of my closest friends, and he and his partner had, since the end of my marriage, been trying to bring us together, believing that we might find each other interesting.

By then, I had been living and working on a farm for a few years, and although I had had a few casual trysts during that time, I still nurtured a desire for a deeper, permanent, relationship, and - intrigued by what I had been informed was her love of the desert and her desire to undertake more such travels, especially in the Western Sahara, an area I had come to know reasonably well - I agreed to contact her, more with a vague kind of hope than any real expectation of such a relationship developing.

Thus, Frances and I arranged to meet, after speaking to each other, via the medium of the telephone, several times. I have always rather disliked the impersonal nature of that medium - for one cannot see the eyes, the face, of the person one is conversing with - but, rather strangely for me, I conversed with her in the days before our meeting for several hours, not once, but twice, for we did seem to have something of a rapport.

We met on the concourse of York railway station, and it would be something of an understatement to write that I was immediately attracted to her. In truth, I was rather astounded, for during our prior telephone conversations she had, several times, made it known to me that she was not "at her best", that she was still somewhat depressed, and that I was not "to expect too much".

Although I recognized her immediately, as she came through the crowd toward where I was sitting, I was so impressed by her beauty, her very presence, that, for several seconds, I quite literally could not move, and when I did, stumbling to my feet, she was there and, without hesitation, we embraced each other and kissed as though we had been lovers for months, years.



A day later, and I was already in love with her, and for almost a year I would - every fortnight or so and when possible - travel by train to visit her in York. In those days, such journeys and stays away were not onerous, for I had sufficient funds to travel First Class and stay in excellent hotels. Once - over the Christmas period - Fran came to stay at the farm, for nearly two weeks, and to write that we had an enjoyable time would be something of an exaggeration. By then, I had proposed marriage, which she had accepted, and then seemed unsure about. We talked during that time, at some length, about travelling - especially into the Sahara Desert, as we considered moving to live in Egypt, but never arrived at any conclusion.

For years before our meeting - for most of her adult life in truth - she had a difficult time caused by regular periods of clinical depression. She also, for

some unfathomable reason, often disliked herself intensely. Yet she was beautiful - astonishingly so at times when life flowed within her and animated her - and intelligent and talented. But little I could say or do made her feel better about herself in those periods when she descended down into bouts of self-deprecation - at least, these things did not seem to work for very long. That is, she always and so sadly returned to such self-deprecation. Thus our relationship went from glorious, ecstatic, highs to tremendous lows. But I loved her, and so persevered, hoping, trusting, that such love would and could aid and help her. For I had glimpsed - in moments, and sometimes for days on end - the woman she really was, she could be, beyond her self-loathing, her sometimes self-destructive habits.

My diverse and interesting past did not help our relationship, for several of her friends in York had, without ever having met me, "warned her about me" and so perhaps confused her, somewhat.

After eighteen or so often turbulent months, I went to live with her in her rather cramped flat in York. Our intention was to find an apartment, possibly in York, or possibly even abroad, and so begin a new life together. It became a difficult time, not helped by a full page article about me - complete with photograph - which appeared in *The Times* newspaper under the heading *Muslim Extremists in Britain*.

" A neo-nazi whose ideas were said to be the inspiration for the man who let off a nail bomb in Central London in 1999 has converted to an extremist form of Islam...

Myatt is reportedly the author of a fascist terrorist handbook and a former leader of the violent far-right group Combat 18..."

We talked, occasionally, about beginning new lives, together, in Egypt. For I felt such surroundings might gently entice her toward a new and better way of living which would enable her to find the personal happiness that so eluded her, except in moments.

But, after an intense six or so weeks in York, I felt that Fran and I needed a short break from each other. She did not feel this, and desired me to stay. But I - tired, physically, emotionally, and making excuses to myself - decided to go anyway, and so early one morning in late May I travelled back to the farm. Only hours after my leaving, she killed herself.

She left no note, had taken on overdose of insulin, placed a bag over her head

and secured it with layers of tape, and it is true to say that I was never quite the same person after receiving that call from her mother, less than an hour after Fran had died and only hours after I had so selfishly returned to be again among, within, the rural peace of the farm.

For hours after that telephone call I could not speak, and wandered around the fields of the farm alone, dazed - as if all feeling, and most of my blood, had suddenly been drained away from me to leave me almost totally bereft of life. Then, alone again in my room, the tears came flooding forth - so many for so long I sank to the floor to rock slowly back and forth, as if all of Fran's suffering year after year was flooding through me, as if I was being tossed around by surging towering waves of grief and battered by storms of remorse. Then, thoughts of suicide. Thereupon a certain calmness as I began to ponder the best way to die - a shotgun, perhaps, barrels placed under chin...

So much emotion within me, so much grief, so much dark death-embracing despair at my own failure, my own selfishness, that I felt, I knew, I had to die, and I was on my way to collect the chosen instrument of my death when, perhaps fortuitously, my mobile telephone rang.

It was a call from her mother, and there was such sadness in her voice, such grief at the loss of her daughter, that I felt ashamed, utterly ashamed, of my own selfish self-absorption. Thus we talked, trying to understand the circumstances, and sharing a little of our grief. And as I listened to her words, her voice, there came upon me the feeling that perhaps I had to live, that I should live, in order to bear the shame, to feel my grief, to live with the knowledge of my selfish nature, my abject failure, day after day. That, surely, might be a fitting punishment, or the beginning thereof. To die might be easy; to live with such self-knowledge would surely be - and should be - hard.

My feelings at the time were weakly captured in an effusion, dated 30 May 2006, which I sent to a friend:

I know what I should have done - been more patient; more supportive; more loving; placing her feelings, her life, before my own. But I made excuses for my failings here, not knowing the depth of her despair even though I who loved her should have known this, felt this. I made excuses for my selfishness, and listened to her Doctor; to others; to my sometimes selfish desires, when I should have listened to her far more.

Thus do I feel and now know my own stupidity for my arrogant, vain,

belief that I could help, assist, change what was. No blame for me, her relatives say - but I know my blame, my shame, my failure, here. Thus am I fully humbled by my own lack of insight; by my lack of knowing; by an understanding of my selfishness and my failure - knowing myself now for the ignorant, arrogant person I was, and am.

How hypocritical to teach, to preach, through writings, feeling as I do now the suffering of words, for she whom I loved killed herself only hours after I had left. Killed herself - only hours after I had left, despite her pleading for me to stay. There are no words to describe my blame; no words - for I had gone for a selfish break, to walk in the fields of the Farm.

So I am lost, bereft; guilty, crying, mourning the loss of her beauty, her life, her love, Never again to hold her hand; to embrace her. Never again to share a smile; a peaceful moment; our dream of being together in our home. The fault is mine, and I have to carry this knowledge of unintentionally aiding the ending of a life, this burden, and the guilt, hoping, praying, that somehow, sometime, somewhere I can give some meaning to her life, and perhaps live without ever again causing any suffering to any living thing... I miss her so much, so deeply, my mind suffused with images of what I did and did not do and should have done. If only I had not gone - or gone back to sit with her in that small garden as she wished.....

I shall never be the same again, deeply knowing that I do not understand.

(In Memory of Frances, died Monday, May 29, 2006)

In the weeks, the months, following Fran's death, Islam became personally irrelevant to me, for as I wrote at the time, it would have been just too easy to depend upon, to turn to, to rely on, Allah, on God - to have one's remorse removed by some belief in some possible redemption, to have one's mistakes, errors - "sins" - voided by some supra-personal means. To escape into prayer, Namaz. Can there be, I began to wonder, hope, redemption - some meaning in personal tragedy - without a Saviour's grace? Without God, Allah, prayer, Namaz, submission, sin, and faith?

Gradually, painfully slowly, I seemed to move toward some answers, often as a result of personal letters written to friends [\[15\]](#). For the act of so writing - of trying to so express my feelings, my thoughts - seemed to aid the process of

interior reflexion.

However, for a while at least, I maintained a public Muslim persona, stubbornly clinging as I did to some notion of duty; to the pledge of loyalty I had given on my conversion to Islam, a pledge I still then, and for some time afterwards, felt I was honour-bound to honour, and it would take me some eighteen months of an intense interior struggle, and further development of the ethics of my Numinous Way, before I resolved this very personal dilemma. [\[16\]](#)

The Numinous Way

A Debt of Honour

As a result of my new and intense interior struggles - promoted by Fran's death - there grew within me one uncomfortable truth from which even I with all my sophistry could not contrive to hide from myself, even though I tried, for a while.

The truth that I am indebted. That I have a debt of personal honour to both Fran and to Sue, who died - thirteen years apart - leaving me bereft of love, replete with sorrow, and somewhat perplexed. A debt to all those other women (such as K, and J, and Twinkle) who, over four decades, I have hurt in a personal way; a debt to the Cosmos itself for the suffering I have caused and inflicted through the unethical pursuit of abstractions.

A debt somehow and in some way - beyond a simple remembrance of them - to especially make the life and death of Sue and Fran worthwhile and full of meaning, as if their tragic early dying meant something to both me, and through my words, my deeds, to others. A debt of change, of learning - in me, so that from my pathei-mathos I might be, should be, a better person; presencing through words, living, thought, and deeds, that simple purity of life felt, touched, known, in those stark moments of the immediacy of their loss.

But this honour, I have so painfully discovered, is not the abstract honour of years, of decades, past that I in my arrogance and stupid adherence to and love of abstractions so foolishly believed in and upheld, being thus, becoming thus, as I was a cause of suffering. No; this instead is the essence of honour, founded in empathy; in an empathy with and thus a compassion for all life, sentient and otherwise. This is instead a being human; being in symbiosis with

that-which is the essence of our humanity and which can, could and should, gently evolve us - far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, beings we have been, and unfortunately often still are; far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, often violent, person I had been, until recently.

A chance, an opportunity twice refused after Fran's death, when I - still then addicted to abstractions - continued to sally forth on their behalf, as if in some way such abstractions were alive, or could be brought to life or made to live if only I, and others, fought for them, sacrificed for them, suffered for them, and caused others to suffer.

But, as the third anniversary of Fran's suicide approached - amid the beauty and promise of one more English Spring - I became suffused again with tears, breaking forth from the sadness, the tragedy, the knowing, of my own unconscionable mistake. The mistake of forgetting; of distracting myself. Forgetting the sorrow, the grief, the pain born from the moments of their dying; distracting myself as I have been by immersing myself in such abstractions as gave me some rôle, some illusion of importance, to keep me occupied, arrogant, and vain: a debtor running away from his debt. A debtor making excuses for each new scheme and scam: an excuse for every hustle, delusion, and lie. For it was so easy - just so very easy - to continue to delude myself.

There are no excuses for this continued failure, this error, of mine, following Fran's death. No words which can hide the truth I tried to hide from myself for so long. The blame is mine, and mine alone. The blame for not immediately acting upon my own inner understanding.

For the reality of my past nine or so years is not that of some sudden life-changing revelation, but rather of a profound inner struggle whose genesis lay years before - in my experiences with and passion for women; in my time in a monastery; in my ever-growing love for Nature and my involvement with English rural life; in Sue's illness and her tragic death.

This intense struggle was akin to an addiction, and I an addict addicted to abstractions. A struggle between my empathy, my understanding, my pathemathos, and my life-long belief, itself an abstraction, that somehow in some way I could make a positive difference to the world and that such abstractions as I adhered to, or aided or advocated were or could be a beginning for a better world, and that to achieve this new world certain sacrifice were, unfortunately, necessary.

A struggle which gave rise to what became - refined, and extended, year after

year - The Numinous Way, and which struggle was an interior war to change myself, to actually live, every year, every month, every week, every day, suffused with an empathic awareness and a desire not to cause suffering; the struggle to abandon abstractions.

For nine years or so this interior struggle wore me down, until it gradually faded away. It was akin to cycling up a long steep mountain climb in mist and drizzly rain, struggling on against one's aching body and against the desire to stop and rest; and not being able to see the end, the summit, of the climb. And then, slowly, the drizzle ceases, the mist begins to clear, the road becomes gradually less steep, and one is there - in warm bright sunshine nearing the summit of that climb, able to see the beautiful, the numinous, vista beyond, below, for the first time, and which vista after such an effort brings a restful interior peace, the silent tears of one person who feels their human insignificance compared to the mountains, the valleys below, the sky, the Sun, and the vast Cosmos beyond: the wyrdful nature of one fleeting delicate mortal microcosmic nexion which is one's own life.

The Silent Tears of My Unknowing

Thus, and at last, I ceased all involvement with Islam. In truth, I ceased involvement with everything; becoming only one still error-prone human being among billions. One human being who had no aim, no goals, who adhered to no abstractions - either his own or manufactured by others - but who instead just lived day after fleeting or slow day, and who occasionally would record, by some written words, some experience, some personal feeling, or the result of some Thought, manifest as a poem, perhaps, or some missive to a friend, or perhaps an article to elucidate some matter concerned with that Numinous Way which, over those nine years of struggle, represented both the silent tears of my unknowing and the results of my *πάθει μάθος* [\[17\]](#).

As I was to write, not that long ago now, and while on a holiday:

The moment of sublime knowing
As clouds part above the Bay
And the heat of Summer dries the spots of rain
Still falling:
I am, here, now, where dark clouds of thunder
Have given way to blue
Such that the tide, turning,
Begins to break my vow of distance
Down.

A women, there, whose dog, disobeying,
Splashes sea with sand until new interest
Takes him where
This bearded man of greying hair
No longer reeks
With sadness.
Instead:
The smile of joy when Sun of Summer
Presents again this Paradise of Earth
For I am only tears, falling

Thus, it is to Sue and Fran to whom I dedicate this work: they who profoundly changed me, and to whom I owe so much. They who by a remembrance of their love, their lives, their gifts, have finally, at last - after so much arrogance and stupidity and weakness on my part - revealed to me the most important truth concerning human life. Which is that a shared, a loyal, love between two people is the most beautiful, the most numinous, the most valuable thing of all.

Fini

Footnotes:

[1] See also the section *Excursus - Galactic Imperium*, below.

[2] One thing about school Physics I continued to immensely joy was practical work in the laboratory, for which work I almost always received an A plus. Indeed, on the one occasion I recall receiving a miserly plain A, I complained about the marking.

[3] One humorous thing about this criminal trial - which lasted many days - was that I was "in the dock" along with some of our Red opponents. These so-called communists had all attired themselves in suits and ties and had short hair - in order to try and make a good impression - while I, *au contraire*, did not care to pander to mundane expectations, and so had grown a beard, had long hair, sported jeans, a collarless shirt without a tie, and wore an ex-RAF

Greatcoat. Thus, I somewhat resembled the archetypal communist agitator while they resembled archetypal fascists.

I was to keep this bearded appearance for the next thirty years, although I did, on occasion, shave off my beard if I needed to travel somewhere incognito, often using some alternative identity.

[4] Morrison was, in later years, to - rather sadly, given his potential - descend into alcoholism and drug-addiction. He was also, over a quarter of a century after the demise of the NDFM, to pen his own recollections of those violent times; recollections which were somewhat inaccurate.

See *Appendix 1* for my comments on Morrison's recollections of those times.

[5] In previous years, having an alternate identity or two proved useful, given my life-style and inclinations.

[6] An extract from this unpublished and incomplete work - whose manuscript I subsequently lost - was published, in 1984, under the title *Vindex - Destiny of The West*.

[7] I mostly rode a fixed gear bike, and never won any events, although I was second and third a few times. I just enjoyed the challenge, but did manage 50 miles in under two and half hours, and - a few years later - won my club's Best All-Rounder trophy, one year, for the most consistent rider during a season.

[8] One curious incident during these years - relating to politics - may be worth recording. For some reason, the Jewish anti-fascist group *Searchlight* had taken a dislike to me, and - following the murder, in Shropshire, of the elderly CND activist Hilda Murrell, they gave my name to the Police as a possible suspect.

As a result, Detectives from Shrewsbury Police interviewed me both at my home, in Church Stretton, and my then place of work - a country house in South Shropshire. Satisfied with my alibi, they eliminated me from their enquiries.

I was subsequently contacted and interviewed by Jenny Rathbone, a rather attractive research assistant from ITV's *World In Action* television programme who were producing a documentary about the murder. She also seemed satisfied that I had nothing to do with the incident, and I do recall sending her, anonymously, a bunch of red roses with a card which read "Good luck with your investigations." It was signed, *A Little Devil*.

[9] These travels included various trips to Egypt, and two into the Sahara desert, on a bicycle. Given that most of the desert areas I explored was *hamada* - and thus did not have large, archetypal, sand-dunes - these bicycle trips were not as difficult as they might seem.

[10] We had to obtain a special and official permit to enable us to take several weeks supply of heroin medication out of the country, as we had to obtain special medical insurance, both of which were very kindly arranged by our local GP.

[11] In his book, *Homeland: Into a World of Hate*, the journalist Nick Ryan - an ally of the *Searchlight* organization, and a personal friend of its organizers - made several untruthful accusations about me. For instance, he states:

"When Myatt later falls out with Will Browning, he insists on a duel... I'm told he backed down when The Beast claims the right to use baseball bats as weapon."

The truth is that Browning - through a contact (I seem to recall it was Watmough) - did suggest such a weapon, to which I replied that the only weapons which could be honourably used were deadly weapons, such as swords or pistols. I included with my reply a copy of the Rules of Duelling, and re-affirmed my challenge to fight a duel using such deadly weapons. I received no reply, and was not contacted in any way by either Browning or his supporters.

It should be noted that I challenged Nick Ryan to a duel - for publishing this lie, and making other malicious accusations about me, in his book. He did not reply, and I therefore concluded that he was a coward, and that my own honour had been vindicated.

See my Addendum, below - *Interviews, Journalists, The Police, and Pathei-Mathos* - for more details about Ryan and other journalists.

[12] See *Appendix 2* for an extract from an article (written by RS) and which extract gives a reasonably accurate account of this incident, and the background to the Panorama programme itself. Note that I have somewhat edited that article for inclusion here.

[13] This obedience was why I, as a Muslim, supported the people, and the policies, I did - because I believed those Muslims were correct, and acting in accord with the Will of Allah, and because I regarded those particular policies

as correct, according to Quran and Sunnah.

[14] Rather naively, perhaps, I had somehow expected Islam to be different, and it began to occur to me, from direct personal experience, that all conventional religions, and Ways - however numinously they might presence part of The Numen - were in some or many ways unreasonable abstractions which human beings had to align themselves to and strive to be in accord with, and which quite often resulted in a particular attitude antithetical to empathy and *wu-wei*.

Some of these insights are contained in works of mine such as (1) *Religion and The Numinous Way: Three Essays Concerning The Nature of Religion*; (2) *The Classical Foundations of The Numinous Way*; and (3) *Quid Est Veritas?*

[15] Some of these letters have been published, by JRW, in the second part of the collection entitled *David Wulstan Myatt: Selected Letters, Part One (2002-2008)*

[16] As I wrote in that scribbling entitled *A Change of Perspective*:

For almost four years - since Francine's suicide - I struggled with this dilemma of honour and duty, believing that it was my honourable duty to stubbornly adhere to the particular Way of Life I had embraced in the previous decade; and stubbornly adhere despite the conclusions of my own thinking regarding compassion and empathy, manifest as these conclusions were in the ethical, and non-racialist, Numinous Way that I had continued to develop. Thus did I during this period, and several times, publicly and in private re-affirm my commitment to that particular Way of Life, striving hard to forget my own answers, born from my thinking, my experiences, and especially from that personal tragedy, for surely these things were only a test, a trial, of my belief, my honour? Was it not therefore my duty to just humbly submit to الله, to thus acknowledge that my own thinking, my own conclusions based on experience, were flawed, the product of error and pride?

But, to paraphrase TS Eliot, here I am now, in the middle way I have devised for myself, having had many years, often wasted, the years between two wars within myself

Trying to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure

Thus, I have declared a still rather shaky new truce, a compromise: based on a treaty where I have (re)defined personal honour as a practical manifestation of empathy, of the desire to cease to cause suffering to living-beings, with such empathy and the compassion deriving from it a guide to living that awareness of ourselves as but one nexion to all Life and to the Cosmos, and which awareness, which Cosmic perspective, expresses both our true human nature and the potential we possess to change ourselves into higher, more evolved, beings.

I would like to believe that this new truce I have manufactured will hold, but I have believed that before, and been mistaken, and even now it occurs to me that my theory of ethics, my new definition of honour, is just that: *mine*, and that I may be wrong. Yet my experiences - my feeling for, my empathy with, the numinous (manifest for instance in sublime music or in a mutual personal love) - tell me I can only live what I feel, I know, I empathize with, and this now is presenced in my developed Numinous Way.

During these years of interior reflexion, I studied, for several years, what was regarded as the interior way of Islam - that is, Sufism - in the hope that such a study might provide some guidance in respect of the ethical and philosophical questions, in relation to the Way of Al-Islam, which still perplexed and troubled me. However, this study just led me back to my own Philosophy of The Numen, and to develop it further.

[17]

Ζῆνα δέ τις προφρόνως ἐπινίκια κλάζων
τεύξεται φρενῶν τὸ πᾶν:
τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τὸν **πάθει μάθος**
θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
στάζει δ' ἔνθ' ὕπνω πρὸ καρδίας
μνησιπήμων πόνος: καὶ παρ' ἄ-
κοντας ἦλθε σωφρονεῖν.
δαιμόνων δέ που χάρις βίαιος
σέλμα σεμνὸν ἡμένων.

If anyone, from reasoning, exclaims loudly that victory of Zeus,
Then they have acquired an understanding of all these things;
Of he who guided mortals to reason,

Who laid down that this possesses authority:
'*Learning from adversity*'.

Even in sleep there trickles through the heart
The disabling recalling of the pain:
And wisdom arrives regardless of desire,
A favour from daimons
Who have taken the seats of honour, by force.

Aeschylus: Agamemnon (174-183) translated by DW Myatt

Addendum

Excursus: Interviews, Journalists, The Police, and Pathei-Mathos

Interviews

During the course of my political involvements, I gave four interviews to journalists, as one is inclined to do in the hope, however naive at the time, that one might thus publicized in a positive way the political cause or organization one is involved with.

Two of these interviews occurred during my time in Leeds and involvement with the NDFM, the other two during my involvement with Combat 18. It should be noted that the article that appeared about me, in 2006 CE, in *The Times* newspaper, under the main heading *Muslim Extremists in Britain* - like other similar newspaper articles - was about me, and not based on a direct, personal, interview. Instead, the comments attributed to me in that and other such articles about me are mostly taken from my writings, or from what others have reported I may, or may not, have said.

Of these real interviews, only one interviewer had the integrity to write an article containing a fairly accurate summary of what I said, and only one interviewer (unsurprisingly, the same one) had the integrity to produce an article which gave a reasonably accurate impression of me, as I was at the time. The other three all seemed, for some reason, to have some political, or perhaps some personal, agenda, which led to them to produce somewhat biased articles.

The person of integrity was Nicholas Witchell, who was then a student at Leeds University, an aspiring journalist, and editor of the student newspaper, in which newspaper the two page article about me was printed, under the headline *Evil Genius*. This was to be my second interview, and Nicolas Witchell, perhaps not surprisingly given the integrity of personal character he revealed to me at that time, went on to have a very successful career in journalism and broadcasting, becoming, for many years, the main newsreader for the BBC's early evening television news, and later on, their Royal Correspondent, probably one of the best jobs in British journalism.

My first interview, however, was a few months before that, and not long after the formation of the NDFM, and during the interview I briefly mentioned how it might be possible for chaos to be created by subversive means, and subversive groups, as a prelude to a revolution which an NS movement could take advantage of, an idea I had been discussing for a while with several Comrades, including some in Column 88.

The journalist promised to let me read his final copy before it was published - a condition I had specified before giving the interview - and several photographs of me were taken, with him suggesting I hold something to do with the Occult, since he had noticed I had a collection of horror, and Occult, fiction (most of which in fact were given or loaned to me by Eddy Morrison). Perhaps foolishly, I agreed, holding up some Occult thingy which Joe Short had given to me a few days before. Our conversation lasted for about half an hour, during which the journalist took a few notes (it was not recorded).

I assumed that he would simply recount what I had said. Of course he neither showed me the article before publication, nor printed what I said, except for one short sentence about causing chaos. The journalist also made some rather silly allegations about animal sacrifice, which were investigated at the time by both the Police and the RSPCA whose conclusion was that they were fabrications concocted by the journalist, and perhaps, as I concluded, to get his name on the front page of the newspaper and sell more copies.

What surprised me (and to be honest, upset me, for a while), after this interview, was how so many people believed everything the journalist had written, without bothering to ask me for my side of the story. As if just because something was printed in some newspaper or other then "it must be true" or - as the cliché of mundanes goes: "there is no smoke without fire." And it was then that I learnt several valuable lessons: just how easily people can be manipulated, just how dishonest and conniving (and thus dishonourable) some journalists seemed to be, by nature; and just how powerful the established Media was, able make or break a person's reputation.

During my time with the NSM and Combat 18 I had occasion to give two more interviews, one with the journalist Nick Ryan, and the other with Nick Lowles, who worked for the *Searchlight* organization. Why did I give those interviews? Because I still, even then, despite many years of political involvement, believed that I, in trying to be honourable, should give people, including my political opponents, and even journalists, the benefit of the doubt. I bore them no personal malice since I neither liked or disliked them before I met them in person. But I was to be, rather sadly, disappointed, by their subsequent behaviour.

The first of these two interviews was with Ryan. We had arranged to meet on the top of the Malvern Hills, but he did not turn up, no doubt fearing an ambush, or an attack, or something equally silly. Perhaps he had heard rumours that I always carried a weapon, be the weapon a knife, a swordstick, or a .22 Bersa pistol, and perhaps he had heard that I was "a bit of a psychopath" who had no compunction about using such a weapon.

So, another meeting was arranged, at the small Tea-Shop on Malvern Railway Station - a public place, where no doubt he felt safe, and one which would make a good stop-off for me on one of my long cycle rides. We talked about politics, and especially about the NSM and Combat 18, and also a little about Martial Arts, which he had an interest in. I was affable, and honest - although somewhat circumspect as to where I was living - and my opinion of him was not unfavourable.

However, when his version of our encounter appeared in print, in his book entitled *Homeland*, it was clear that he seemed to have some political or personal agenda, for his account was somewhat biased, and seemed deliberately, if not rather cunningly, designed to give a quite negative impression of me. Ryan wrote:

Myatt draws inspiration from a fanatical devotion to Germany in the 1930s. "National Socialist Germany is the closest thing to there being a cultural expression of something which is natural and healthy for Aryan peoples," he says in a polite, soft-spoken accent when we meet at the tea shop in Malvern station, surrounded by oblivious old-age pensioners.

Listening to Myatt is a surreal experience. A slim, diminutive figure dressed in bright cycling gear and sporting a huge beard, he has a passion for toasted tea cakes and translating Greek literature.

As someone was later to write about Ryan's piece:

Notice how in just a few paragraphs Ryan paints his own picture of Myatt - as a rather strange diminutive fanatic. The impression that Ryan wants to create - and does, for most of his readers - is of Myatt as some weird character, whom you just cannot take seriously.

Note, for instance, how Ryan states that Myatt has a *fanatical* devotion to Germany in the 1930's - quoting a few words by Myatt out of context, omitting Myatt's later remarks about Myatt's own revision of German NS ideology, evident in Myatt's ethical National-Socialism and his Reichsfolk group, and omitting how even some of Myatt's opponents (as evident for example in one *Searchlight* article) considered he had attempted to revise Hitler's National-Socialism. Thus, Myatt certainly did not have a fanatical devotion to Germany in the 1930's - more like a devotion, at that time, to his own version of that ideology.

Note, for instance, how Ryan states that Myatt is a *slim diminutive figure* - whereas if Ryan was being truthful and unbiased he could have written something like, "Myatt is five foot nine inches, and fit for his fifty years, due to his work as a farm laborer and competing in cycle races..." Myatt's height, by the way, is average for men of his generation.

Note also how Ryan states that Myatt has a *passion for toasted tea cakes*, whereas Myatt simply ordered a tea-cake (and tea) in an establishment that only sold tea-cakes and sandwiches, and just stated that he liked tea-cakes.

Note how Ryan states that Myatt is *dressed in bright cycling gear and sporting a huge beard*. Conveying the impression of a rather weird person. The simple truth is that Myatt was dressed in bright cycling gear because of cycling long distances on busy roads - which makes sense, although Ryan makes it sound eccentric; and as for the so-called huge beard, see the photograph of Myatt below, where Myatt's red-beard (which goes with his green eyes) is not "huge" by any standards, and never was.



The second of these two interviews was with Nick Lowles. As someone later wrote about this encounter, since he was there:

Myatt is interviewed at an Inn in Craven Arms, Shropshire, by Nick Lowles of *Searchlight*, who - fearful of Myatt's reputation as man of violence who "always carries a weapon" - brings along a "minder" and declines Myatt's suggestion to meet elsewhere, fearing an ambush. Unknown to Lowles, several supporters of Myatt are already present in the Inn. Lowles tries to get Myatt to admit to being Anton Long, mentioning a PO Box in Hereford which he claims is "proof", but Myatt politely replies that he was, for a short while only, merely doing a favor for a long-standing friend whose views he did not share. Lowles eventually gets angry - shouting at Myatt: "Why don't you just admit it!" - but Myatt remains calm and polite and repeats his denial. Myatt was later to write that he had mentioned this friend several times before, including to Professor Jeffrey Kaplan (see footnote #51 of Kaplan's book *Nation and Race*).

Some of Lowles' fellow travellers subsequently and incorrectly claimed that I had, during this conversation, "admitted to being Anton Long". Lowles also claimed that, at the time of the interview, I was living on a farm in Shropshire, with my good friend Richard Moulton, although the truth was that I was, as I had been for years, living with my wife in a village near Malvern - a fact I assumed a journalist such as Lowles would have ascertained, or could easily have ascertained. This false claim might perhaps indicate something regarding the veracity of other claims made by Lowles.

Suffice to say that these two interviews, the last I ever gave, and their consequences and their subsequent use, and the attitude, character, and intent of those two individuals described as journalists, provided me with more opportunities to learn from experience, a learning which aided my insights into abstractions and how some individuals can, it seems, so easily behave in an unethical way if they believe that what they are doing, or what they believe in, is right and just.

I, however, as a result of such experiences as these - and many many more similar experiences

over the next ten years - would finally come to the conclusion, expressed in my philosophy of The Numinous Way - that nothing, no cause, no ideology, no faith, no belief, no abstraction, justifies unethical personal behaviour.

Thus, there was to be, for me, and eventually, an interior revolution, a complete change of ethos. Or, perhaps more correctly, I would discover again the simple truths I had felt, though then not rationally understood, as a young curious naive boy in Africa and the Far East. Truths which I had once tried to express, while at University, during an exchange of letters with, among others, Martin Webster (qv. *Facies Abyssi (University)* above).

Ideology, and The Behaviour of the Police

Before my time in Leeds, I had no views about the Police, other than the rather conservative one that they were doing a difficult and necessary job, and thus deserving of support. Even during my time in Leeds, when I was often arrested and appearing "in the dock" charged with various offences, I had no particular views, other than that one should never, under no circumstances, grass on one's comrades or one's fellow partners in crime, and that the Police were one's opponents in a not-too-serious game one was playing, affording them a certain kind of professional courtesy. Perhaps I should mention that my non-political petty criminal activities in Leeds - the gang I organized with the original intent of obtaining money to help finance a political Cause - were victimless crimes, and involved liberating certain goods from certain commercial concerns. These activities were thus all part of the game, whose rules both sides, for the most part, abided by - or at least I did, and most of the Police officers I came into contact with did.

Some incidents, however, presented one with a rather different view. The first was following my arrest by the Yorkshire Regional Crime Squad, when - during some of my interrogations - the members of that squad tried to somewhat bully me, as was sometimes a tactic used, by some Police officers, in those days (the early 1970's) when their main intent seemed to be to get a signed confession. The second was when, at my last trial in Leeds, at the Crown Court, a Policeman lied under oath concerning certain events leading to, and subsequent to, my arrest. I remember looking at him, from the dock as he lied, and how he turned his face away. It was his evidence which, I believe, was mainly responsible for my conviction then.

But I did not condemn - or judge - the whole Police force on the actions, the behaviour, of some of its members. Rather, I realized that people, even in such organizations where they are expected to act honourably and do their duty, having sworn an oath to do both, were still fallible, error-prone, human beings who could make mistakes or decide, for whatever reason and from whatever motive, not to do that duty in an honourable way. Furthermore, it occurred to me that no organization, however noble it might aspire to be, was or ever could always be right, infallible; or rather, that no organization or group could ever, whatever its training or its idealism, make people honourable - that honour had to arise from within the person, and could not be taught. That no organization, no code, no oath, no amount of idealism, no rhetoric, no exhortations, could breed good character.

Thus, I began to somewhat modify my own beliefs, for I had for some years been living with the illusion, the naive idealism, that if the leadership of an organization - especially a political one - was honourable, and noble, and if its principles and aims were idealistic, then its followers would be also honourable and noble or at least could become so given leadership, inspiration, and motivation.

It was only many years later, during my time with Combat 18 and the NSM, that I stupidly allowed my own judgement to be usurped by the prejudice of an ideology, and so, for a while at least, took a rather dim view of the Police in general, regarding them as my, as our, sworn enemies.

Until that is, I had occasion to be arrested by Police officers from SO12, Scotland Yard. As I have mentioned elsewhere in these autobiographical scribblings:

I made a point, during my first "interview", of thanking the Detectives for their professional behaviour during their search of my home - for they had indeed acted in a very professional and courteous manner toward us - and it was this, and my subsequent interviews with SO12 officers in London (and on one occasion, in Oxford) - and the professional attitude of the custody Sergeants and other Police officers I had occasion to then interact with - that made me revise my attitude toward the Police.

Thus, again and I almost always did save for that deplorable, short, ideological, lapse, I allowed practical personal experience to guide, inform and learn me; a learning which - combined with a great deal more similar learning - made me, eventually, abandon my adherence to a certain political ideology, and, eventually, abandon politics, all ideologies, all abstractions, and all religions, whatsoever, in favour of my own philosophy of pathei-mathos. Or perhaps, more correctly, which contributed to me developing that particular philosophy of life.

Journalists, Allegations, and Propaganda

For many years - in fact up to and including the present - rumours and allegations concerning my involvement with practical Occultism have been in circulation, and regularly referred to and repeated by journalists, and others, in newspapers, magazines, articles and, latterly, on that new medium, greatly susceptible to the spreading dishonourable allegations and rumours, that has been termed the Internet. One of these allegations is that I am a certain person known as Anton Long.

These rumours, and allegations, derive in part from the aforementioned scurrilous article in 1974 CE in Leeds. In the three decades since that interview, only three people, on hearing or learning about such rumours and allegations, have had the decency to ask me, in person, "for my side of the story". The first was Colin Jordan, the second was John Tyndall, and the third was Steve Sargent.

I have, when asked in person, or via impersonal means of communication such as letters, always denied such allegations of such involvement, as I have, on numerous occasions, challenged anyone to provide evidence of such accusations. No such evidence has ever been forthcoming.

I have also, on a few occasions, challenged some individuals to a duel with deadly weapons, according to the etiquette of duelling, for repeating and spreading such rumours and allegations, two of these individuals being Nick Lowles and Nick Ryan. Not one of the individuals so challenged to a duel had the honour to accept, or issue a public apology in lieu of fighting such a duel.

Such challenges, the lack of evidence to support such allegations and rumours, and the refusal of those so challenged to a duel of honour to either fight that duel of honour or issue an apology, reveals the truth of this particular matter - at least to those possessed of arête.

Why have such rumours and allegations persisted? Perhaps there are two simple reasons. First, because some people, lacking empathy, have had and probably still do have a vested interest, or motive - political or otherwise - in trying to discredit me, because to them I am not an individual but rather only a nazi or a fanatic or some weirdo or whatever; second, because some people are just dishonourable or irrational by nature, and so make instinctive judgements based on their own prejudices, and/or they believe what they hear or read without ever bothering to do their own research, and/or they lack the ability to rationally consider the matters for themselves and certainly lack the personal character to give someone the benefit of the doubt.

Thus, in some ways, the persistence of such rumours and allegations may well be a tribute to our current human condition and our current societies. Of how so many people are still in thrall to abstractions and still prejudiced - and so judge others on the basis of such abstractions or on some instinctive ignoble prejudice - and of how current societies seem to militate against, and even to discourage, with their impersonal means of communications and their Media, that direct and personal knowing which is the basis for all ethical judgement.

Appendix 1

Myatt, Morrison, and the NDFM

Around 2005 CE, a former political associate of mine - Eddy Morrison - wrote his version of some events which occurred in and around Leeds between the years 1972 and 1974. Since his version of events differs from the reality I remember it is only fitting that I present here "my side of the story".

It should be noted that - despite some personal and political differences between myself and this person - I steadfastly defended him for well over ten years, often praising his commitment and dedication to "the Cause". In the 1980's I had occasion to defend and praise him to John Tyndall, then leader of the BNP. This led Tyndall to comment: "your loyalty to him is commendable..." Yet I was to learn that this person - or Street Soldier as he styled himself - had also been in contact with Tyndall, and "warned Tyndall about me", having sent copies of newspaper articles about me containing unproven allegations of involvement with Satanism. Tyndall was one of the very few people, over the past three decades, to have the honour, the decency, to ask me in person for "my side of the story". Tyndall was always wary of Morrison, having, in the April 1983 CE issue of his *Spearhead* magazine, written about Morrison in less than complimentary terms, stating that, "I know a good deal about the career of Eddy Morrison..."

Morrison wrote:

Ok, we thought, if they want trouble we'll go over the top. We booked an open air public meeting for a Saturday morning (1973) and again our blaring red posters announced that our National Leader, Colin Jordan would be speaking. When we arrived (about twenty of us), the whole area was occupied by a veritable sea of reds. Not only

IS turned up to stop our speaking, but the Communist Party and a host of smaller groups. We were badly outnumbered but steamed into the reds. In a few seconds, fist fights had broke out all over the Town Hall steps. I was struggling with a Zionist "class warrior". I noticed Dave Myatt was on the floor being kicked by the reds. We pulled him away and with a few cuts and bruises to our credit, we beat a hasty but sensible retreat. (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

Morrison, it seems, is mixing-up two separate events, separated by a year. The only time in those often violent years that I was "on the floor, being kicked by Reds" was during the later outdoor demonstration of the NDFM at Leeds Town Hall steps when I was jumped on from behind by a Red, who was then jumped on by a Policeman with all three of us tumbling down the steps. I landed on my back, pinned down by the Policeman. It was then that some cowardly person kicked me twice in the head after which I was arrested and taken to a nearby Police Station.

Morrison wrote:

From the first it was attack, attack, attack! Our first activities included the turning over (twice!) of an Anti-Apartheid Exhibition in Leeds. Another activity that got us a stack of publicity and our first arrests, was a counter-demo to an Anti-Racist march in Bradford. This one hit the news because some of our lads captured their main anti-racist TUC banner and publicly burned it! (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

I was the one responsible for both the attacks on the Anti-Apartheid Exhibition (which attacks were my idea), on each occasion accompanied by only one other activist. I was also arrested at the Anti-Racist march in Bradford and charged with destroying the anti-racist banner. It should also be noted that while Eddy Morrison and myself jointly formed the NDFM, I was the one who agitated for its creation, eventually convincing him the formation of such an organization was a good idea.

Morrison wrote:

At this time I had the unpleasant duty of rooting out and expelling a small bunch of "Satanists" who thought that tying our White Nationalism with their weird cult practices would get us front page publicity. It did! But although they say any publicity is good publicity, it isn't always. I had to take a bunch of our inner core harder members and eject about seven of these Cult people from our membership and ban them from our HQ. It was a pity as one in particular whose name I have mentioned earlier was a stalwart founder member. Why he went off the rails I'll never really know, and expelling him was painful but very necessary. (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

There was no "bunch of satanists", just a sensationalist, factually incorrect, article in the local evening newspaper. The newspaper interview was, for me, a learning experience. I had decided to give an interview (my first) with a journalist to talk about our new NS movement, the NDFM. I briefly mentioned how it might be possible for chaos to be created by subversive means, and subversive groups, as a prelude to a revolution which an NS movement could take advantage of, an idea I had been discussing for a while with several Comrades, including some in Column 88.

The journalist promised to let me read his final copy before it was published - a condition I had specified before giving the interview - and several photographs of me were taken, with him suggesting I hold something to do with the Occult, since he had noticed I had a collection of horror, and Occult, fiction (most of which in fact were given or loaned to me by Eddy Morrison). Perhaps

foolishly, I agreed, holding up some Occult thingy which Joe Short had given to me a few days before. Our conversation lasted for about half an hour, during which the journalist took a few notes (it was not recorded).

I assumed that he would simply recount what I had said. Of course he neither showed me the article before publication, nor printed what I said, except for one short sentence about causing chaos. The whole article was a fabrication, designed to be sensationalist and to discredit me. This whole episode was to be a very interesting, worthwhile, experience for me: pathei-mathos, as Aeschylus wrote.

As for the allegations which the journalist made about animal sacrifice, they were investigated at the time by both the Police and the RSPCA whose conclusion was that they were lies, and perhaps, as I concluded, concocted by the journalist to get his name on the front page of the newspaper and sell more copies.

In addition, about this matter, as elsewhere, Eddy Morrison seems rather forgetful. All he did was call round to my garret accompanied by one other NDFM member whom I knew well. Morrison - standing well away from me when I, as almost always, answered the downstairs door, armed - then announced his "expulsion" of me. I did not care - for I was then planning to return to Africa, and enlist in the Rhodesian Army, having already made contact with someone there. So I said nothing, and Morrison went away. This "expulsion" lasted only about six weeks, after which it was "business as usual". Without my violent activism, my public speaking, my fanaticism, the NDFM had become moribund.

Morrison wrote:

We organised a meeting on Leeds Town Hall steps in the Summer of 1974 and I was the main speaker. We had fifty or so NDFM "stormtroopers" protecting the meeting, but were opposed by a bunch of red weirdos including "Transexuals Against the Nazis". I spoke for about twenty minutes whilst the lads (and some lasses) held back the red filth. There were local reporters everywhere and although the police soon closed the meeting, we got away with two arrests and a few cuts and bruises. (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

The "We" who organized this meeting were the Street Soldier and myself, and he was not the main speaker. I was. I spoke for nearly half an hour and managed to control the seething crowd of Reds by haranguing them. I also dealt quite well with many hecklers. Then the Street Soldier began to speak. He spoke for only a few minutes before the Reds surged forward and fighting began. It was during this fighting that - as I recalled above - I was jumped on from behind by a Red and then by a Policeman. I and one other NDFM member were arrested and subsequently charged with "Breach of the Peace". Several Reds were also arrested and charged with various offences, and several Police officers were injured as they tried to break up the fights.

When my case came to Trial, the Prosecution tried to prove that I had "incited the crowd", and there was no mention whatsoever by either the Police or the Prosecution of the "Street Soldier" having spoken or having "incited the crowd". I was found guilty on the lying evidence of one dishonourable Police officer, and one of the Reds was also convicted and sent to Prison.

Morrison wrote:

We were told by London nationalists that NOBODY spoke at Hyde Park Corner. That was an open invitation for us to book a coach and take fifty NDFM down to Speakers Corner in Hyde Park. We set up a stand and three of our people spoke, whilst I controlled the stewards. We soon attracted a large crowd of lefties and for some reason a stack of anti-fascist Jewish taxi drivers. We held them at bay as long as we could. I was knocked senseless by some Zionist wielding a metal object. With blood streaming from quite a few cuts we marched away under police observation singing "We'll meet again" to the Reds. It was only a short meeting but we had broken the taboo. White Nationalists had again spoken at Speakers Corner.

In fact, only two people spoke at this rally: myself and Joe Short. I stood on a rather shaky table and spoke for about half an hour or so, haranguing the crowd and dealing with several hecklers. I then stepped down, and Joe Short (who looked rather like Alfred Rosenberg) began to speak. He did not speak for long - only a few words in fact - before the Reds surged forward and some fighting began. One of our stewards was arrested and later charged with possessing an offensive weapon. I believe part of my speech was filmed by an NDFM member using an 8mm camera. We then proceeded to walk toward Downing Street, followed by the Police, before dispersing. I spent that weekend in London, with a lady friend.

In respect of Eddy Morrison himself, we were both once arrested by the Regional Crime Squad and thrown into Prison for several weeks. Before this imprisonment - during my "interrogation" - he came into the room several times and asked me to co-operate with the Police, which I refused to do. I believe he did not, at that time, realize the potential seriousness of the charges which might be against us.

Appendix 2

Panorama, Myatt, and Copeland in Context

by Richard Stirling

Background

The program itself was produced by Nick Lowles, who for many years has worked for the *Searchlight* organization, and who is now editor of the *Searchlight* magazine [...]

Thus the program itself was hardly an unbiased documentary, given the opinions and past of its producer, and given the inordinate amount of time given to the opinions of Gerry Gable, another *Searchlight* operative.

The program also clearly had an agenda, clearly stated by Gable at the end of the program: *Who -*

other than Copeland - is responsible for all of this? Responsible for the killings, the terror?

The answer that the program gives is that David Myatt was and is responsible. This theme was picked up by many newspapers after the program's transmission, with one printing a photograph of Myatt on its front-page with the headline: "This is the man who shaped mind of a bomber; Cycling the lanes around Malvern, the mentor who drove David Copeland to kill..." and with the story beginning:

" Riding a bicycle around his Worcestershire home town sporting a wizard-like beard and quirky dress-sense, the former monk could easily pass as a country eccentric or off-beat intellectual.

But behind David Myatt's studious exterior lies a more sinister character that has been at the forefront of extreme right-wing ideology in Britain since the mid-1960s. Myatt... was the brains behind the country's most openly neo-nazi organization....."

Thus, it seems that it was the intention of Gable and his fellow travellers such as Lowles and Michael Whine (of the Board of Deputies of British Jews) - and with the help of the Panorama program about Copeland - to "point the finger" at Myatt and have the Police send Myatt to jail for a very long time.

Myatt's Part in Context

For several days before being accosted by the Panorama TV crew (which included "minders", or bodyguards, given Myatt's reputation for violence) Myatt was followed around - to and from his then place of work (a farm) - by a large red van which covertly filmed and photographed him, his place of work, and his home, which home he shared with his wife and family.

After several days of this covert surveillance, Myatt was accosted by the TV crew early one rainy and Winter morning while on his way to work. As is evident from the program, Myatt - well spoken, with a soft, educated accent - was polite, and restrained. As given in the official transcript:

McLAGAN

Mr Myatt, we're from the BBC. We're from Panorama. We wanted to ask you some questions about the NSM and David Copeland, the London nailbomber.

DAVID MYATT

I have no comment to make.

McLAGAN

You called for the creation of racial tension and that's exactly what Copeland did. You inspired Copeland indirectly to do what he did.

MYATT

I have no comment about anything to do with that.

Here, the scene shifts to give another view of Myatt and the TV crew, taken from behind, and one of the burly minders can just be seen (with his face blanked out) on the right hand side.

Then - as is common practice - some further comments by Myatt were edited out for transmission,

and the edited interview of the encounter continues with:

McLAGAN

But two years ago, when you were head of the NSM, the NSM was calling for the creation of racial terror with bombs.

MYATT

I have no comment to make about the past, as I said, and as...

Here Myatt, in saying "as I said..." is referring to some comments edited out for transmission, which comments referred to his conversion to Islam some months earlier.

The broadcast conversation continues:

McLAGAN

Well the fact that you're making no comment, doesn't that make it clear that you are excepting some responsibility?

MYATT

I have no comment to make about responsibility and anything to do with that.

McLAGAN

Any guilt?

MYATT

What I feel is between me and God. It is nothing to be made public. It is a private matter.

Myatt's reference to "God" refers back to his edited-out comment about his recent conversion to Islam.

Myatt then went on to explain that he would be happy to continue the interview, and answer any questions, later than day or at a convenient time, at his local Mosque with the Imaam of the Mosque present. These further comments, by Myatt, were never broadcast.

Myatt's personal appearance in the program is noteworthy because his mustache is shaved in the fashion of Muslims following what is called Hanafi fiqh - that is, trimmed and shaved well above the upper lip.

R S, October 2009

Glossary

Attap - traditional Malay building, with a roof thatched with Palm leaves

B & E - breaking and entering (burglary)

Bender - a suspended prison sentence.

Bumph - documents, usually boring (often official) material

European - Caucasians from Europe

Fence - dealer in stolen goods

Gen - facts; knowledge; information

Gharry - Colonial British slang for a vehicle which conveys people (esp. Europeans) from place to place

G & T - Gin and Indian Tonic Water

Grass - to inform on, to the Police

Memsaabs - Colonial (White, European) women

Nick -Police Station

Nonce - convicted child-molester

Panga - African term for the type of machete used in Africa

Peter - prison slang for a cell

Pukka - good; reliable (as in pukka gen: reliable info)

Red-band - prison trustee

Rule 43 - secure segregation in prison

Screw - prison officer (warder)

cc David Myatt 2010 CE



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Preco prehemine

These are the tears that I have cried, that I should have cried - tears which unbidden fall as I listen to *Preco prehemine* by Dunstable; and tears which express my longing for that beauty, that love, that ineffable goodness which sometimes someone somewhere has presented on this grieving Earth.

This is what I am - these tears, born of both suffering and joy, and bearing as they do in memories of light and dark the life which was, is, mine. This is what I am - that quiet look of love; that desire to transcend beyond the moment to where exists a purity of being.

Why has the learning not been learnt? Am I with my life an analogy, an answer? Seeking, questing, plunging often without any thought, reason or plan, into life, knowing thus that exhilaration of existence as when one early Winter's morning I fastly cycled on roads of snow newly iced by a night of bright moon to give to she whom I then loved just one letter of love - one hour, one moment of existence, of perfect bliss, of perfect union of body, thought, spirit, soul, as when I stubborn beyond myself grimly bore my complaining body on through the stark deathly heat of the desert to reach just one more goal in two weeks of tortured goals whose ending left me briefly suspended between life and death, my being then transcending out as if I had become the desert, the Sun, the water that saved me, the people who in their simple act of kindness took me in and brought me even then to an insight of understanding of their culture, their Prophet, their God.

Seeking, questing, as when I gently cared for a patient, dying, and listened as he told of how he had endured years in those Trenches of stalemate war. There, in a bedside drawer were his medals, brought by his wife - and that last night I stood watching, unseen, as she briefly took them out as he rasped, to breathe his last breath of life.

Seeking, questing - as when I sat on the edge of the bed of she whom I loved who loved me, and held her as she drifted into that last and never-ending sleep. Seeking, questing... forgetting as when, less than a year later I was travelling, writing, speaking words of chaos and of hate, as if hoping such words might change what-was for what I hoped might-be, forgetting, forgetting the pain, the anger, the suffering, even the deaths, caused. Had she, my love, died in my arms in vain? Seeking, questing, as when years later I, grieving, sorrowed as my then wife became troubled, ill, and I knew my blame; forgetting - as when, less than six months later, in a land of hot Sun I was again preaching death, destruction, as if it might again change what-was to what I in arrogance believed should-be...

So much known, seen, felt - so many tears, insights along the Way, and so many times when those tears, insights, were lost. It was as if I had to start all over again, and re-learn what life, myself, in-between, had forced me to forget. As if my questing life each year had to shed its slowly learnt wisdom to vigorously grow, up, upwards to where the pain of remembering merged with the joy of passion; upward, ever upward beyond and between the light and the dark. And I am, was, like them - those who

for thousands of years acted to strive to change what-was to what they believed should-be, who experienced, who learned, who forgot and who so acted again. I - the deed; the redemption and the blame. I, they, we - in our tears, our understanding a beginning of what we should and can be.

Seeking, questing, forgetting until I finally distilled the essence - which is of empathy and honour.

Yesterday - as I myself was held, touched, kissed by a woman - I was blessed through her, with her, by her, with another intimation of the divine, another presencing of the numinous, and all I can do to force myself to remember is create these words, only these words, born by tears; born of divine music, presencing: such a poor recompense for five thousand years of suffering, seeking, questing, forgetting, pain, and toil.

DW Myatt

December 2003 CE

[One More Foolish Failure](#)

We Love Unsuspecting

A quite relaxing day, for me: a day of unexpected sunshine and September warmth after so many dull and rainy days, and I spent most the hours of the daylight morning in the fields, or sitting by the large pond listening to the song of the birds, watching the Dragonflies, the Butterflies and the pond life, with the afternoon spent in gentle gardening, and then just sitting in the warming Sun.

There has been thus moments of pleasure, peace and joy, as of those remembered times when one's distant gentle lover comes, if only briefly, to stay with one, again. Thus was I, thus am I, brought back, or moved forward, to just-be in the flow of Life as Life flows, slowly, when we gently let-go of that perception which is our small and often selfish self: to feel, to be-again, not apart from Nature.

Hence I am again but one life slowly dwelling in some small part of a rural England that I strive to keep within me by the slow movement of only walking, or cycling, along the country lanes, and which never takes me far from the meadow fields or from the hills which rear up, wooded, less than half a mile away.

Thus has there been time for that calm thinking that arises slowly, naturally, as the Cumulus cloud arose this morning, early, to briefly shade the Sun before they, the clouds, changed so slowly to leave me where my horizon of sighted landscape ended, far beyond the farthest trees, hedge, and hill that I could see. And thus was there a slow thinking about, a dwelling upon, your question of balance.....

Do you find you are still unsatisfied as to path? Or did you find/are still finding, a synthesis between the many? It's the Balance I find that I seek, and hope for.

.....and yet, for myself, I feel it is more a question of change than of balance, as if we, as a species, are poised, caught, between the past of our animal ancestral nature and the future that surely awaits us if we can change, evolve, into a different kind of being, perhaps into an almost new species. Thus do I sense us, now, as in transition and yet mesmerized, held-back, even imprisoned, by the things we in our hubris-like cleverness have constructed: by the words, the terms, the very language, we have manufactured in order to try and understand ourselves, others, and this world.

Thus do we now interpret others, ourselves, the world - Reality - by abstractions which we project: which we have mentally-constructed and to which we assign "names" and terms, thus obscuring, hiding, the very essence itself, and thus mistaking such manufactured things for this essence.

Thus have we and for example manufactured a concept called a "nation" and a "State", and have theories of how to govern such constructs, and manufactured "laws" to ensure some kind of abstract "order" within such places, as millions have given their "loyalty" to such abstract things and fought and died and caused great suffering in order to "defend" them or bring them into-being. Thus have we given "names" to differences among and within ourselves - based on some outward "sign" such as skin colour or on

some inner sign such as a perceived or assumed "religious" or "political" belief - and thus dishonourably, un-empathically, used such "differences" as a criteria of worth and judgement, and in the process often or mostly behaving in a quite inhuman way. For all such abstractions - however named or described - seem to me to obscure The Numinous: obscure the simple reality which is of the connectedness, the acausal unity, of all Life.

I am as guilty as anyone in having done such things, for - for nearly four decades - I believed in or upheld some such abstraction or other, and used such things as not only a measure of the meaning of my own life, but also as a criteria of judgement, just as I often used violence in pursuit of such abstractions. It did not matter that I sincerely believed my inner intentions were noble and "good"; what mattered was that all such abstractions caused suffering for someone, or some many, somewhere. For such suffering was a natural consequence of those abstractions, constructed and manufactured as such things were by us in our vain arrogance.

Of course, many have understood this, or felt this, over the millennia - as some Ways have been developed to try and move us back toward the reality of connectedness. But always - always, it seems to me - over causal time, the simple unaffected pure meaning, the suffering insight, becomes lost in the words and through dogma, especially through dogma, and in particular through our very need, our very desire, to strive to "attain" some-thing, or to follow some-thing, or someone.

Perhaps only in music, Art, literature, poetry, a personal loyal love, and such-like emanations - in those things which wordlessly capture if only for a moment the Numinous itself - there is and has been a reminder of what-is, of what can-be. Of what we have forgotten and what we have glimpsed or have the capacity to glimpse, to feel, to know.

It seems to me, finally, that there are no answers, because no questions exist; we only impose questions upon what-is. For we have this need to make complex what is simple; we have this Promethean irritation within us. Certainly, this inner irritation, this inability to be empathic with Life (except perhaps in moments) brings us or can bring us joy, ecstasy, and can move us toward a different and at times exhilarating existence - as I know from my own not inactive, woman-loving, and sometimes warrior-like, life. But such a living I sense and feel is only a stasis, a repeat of our often barbaric, animal-like, past, and not the change, the evolution, we need and which surely is possible now, from the understanding the past five thousand years or so has given us.

Thus, my Path now is my Path - which in my temerity I have called The Numinous Way, and which, as it exists now due to the metamorphosis of recent years, represents the results of my ponderings, my thinking, my feelings, and what little knowledge I have acquired from *pathei mathos*.

Have you found that the seekers path has brought you as much joy as sorrow?

"Always a dream or a memory

Lead us on
And we wait like children
Trusting in the spirits of the Earth.
We love unsuspecting
While they our lovers scheme,
Succour themselves on our blood
And bleed us dry..."

In truth I have found, over four decades of seeking, more sorrow than joy - and yet the sorrow now seems to have merged with the joy to become some-thing which is of both yet beyond both. A new way of feeling, perhaps; or a new way of being, far beyond any words I know, and certainly beyond any and all the various and many Ways and Paths I have experienced and lived. But, of course, there are times - many times - when the sadness seeps back to bring forth burgeoning tears.

All I have from four decades of strife, seeking, searching, questions - of a learning from my plenitude of mistakes - are some tentative scribblings of my own, manifest in The Numinous way, with its Cosmic Ethics, its emphasis on empathy, compassion and honour, and its understanding of how our manufactured abstractions cause and continue to cause suffering, re-enforce our hubris, obscure our connexion to the Cosmos, and distance us from The Numinous.

DW Myatt

2454723.351

One More Foolish Failure

I am such a fool; such a failure, in evolutionary terms, in the perspective of the Cosmos. Here I am, entering the sixth decade of my life, having spent the last forty years seeking experience and wisdom and having, in that time, made so many errors, mistakes, and been the cause of much suffering, personal and otherwise.

How then can I be deemed wise? How - when I have learnt, from sorrowful experience, from my own *pathei-mathos*, from the personal tragedy of the dying and the death of two loved ones, and yet have always always, until now, returned to pursuing suffering-causing abstractions and unethical goals?

There is no excuse for this failure of mine, year following year - although of course I have always made excuses for myself, as failures often do. Wordy, moral-sounding, inexcusable excuses almost always of the unethical "the end justifies the means" kind.

No excuses - because from sorrow, from personal tragedy, I felt, discovered, the unethical nature of all abstractions, be they deemed political, religious, or social. And yet I always seemed, until a month ago, to gravitate back toward them, as if there was some basic flaw in my personal nature, my character, that allowed or even caused such a return, such a stupid forgetting of lessons learnt; as if I was in truth an addict, addicted to challenges, to strife, to violent change, because such challenges, such strife, such violence brought or seemed to bring a vivifying existence, a sense of belonging, of being alive - and yes, a feeling of being different, special, in the sense of believing that one is able to make a difference, to the world.

Thus, I have been human - all too human, far too human; caught, trapped, by that egotism, that bloated self-esteem, that has blighted our species for centuries, for millennia, and made us place some goal, some idealism, some ideal, some abstraction, before empathy, before compassion, before our evolution into higher beings.

In addition, for a long time, I desired, yearned with all my being, with a sorrowful passion, to believe again in God, in Allah, Ar-Rahman, Ar-Raheem, As-Salaam - who thus could forgive, redeem, and guide, and from whom there might, could be, redemption and thus catharsis, and who thus could take away those doubts about myself, my actions, that never, ever, left me when I returned to the foray, to the pursuit of some inhuman suffering-causing abstraction or other.

Only in moments during all these years - these long, these too-long, four years - did my being reach out again to the Cosmos, my bloated all-too-human self-esteem punctured, brought down to Earth, by some incident, or some intimation of the divine, of The Numen; as when I chanced to listen, to hear, to feel, *In timorie Dei* from *Répons Matines pour la fête de saint Bernard*, and knew again as if for the first time

the essence of one allegory, the suffering, the hopes, the errors, the potentiality, of human beings, century upon century - bringing thus a profusion of tears so that moisture fell from my eyes to moisten my beard as, outside my room, the modern world flowed as it flowed, replete with noise and ego... Or as when I out walking along some Promenade by some sea caught the smile, the very essence, of a woman, youthful, who passed me by in warming Sun and whom I in that one transcended moment seemed to become with all her happiness, sadness, hopes, memories and living: such an intimation of goodness, there, nascent, ready and willing to spring forth when a trusting love caught her, again. Or as when I sat in Sun to watch a young family, in some town Park, playing as such young fathers, mothers, often played with their children less than a decade in their living.

Or as when I watched from a boat the Sun set over a calm almost wave-free Sea, the red disk descending, larger, slowly, there where sea horizon cut the darkening of Earth's sky to cause such a profusion of changing colour that one was calmed, again, in those moments; stilled and almost awed as one watched, felt, such beauty, presented on such a home as this.

But only in moments, during all those years.....

Perhaps all religions were, in their genesis, an answer to such stubborn foolish human forgetfulness that brought me down, for all those years; and - in their development - an aid to remembering what we so easily forget, what I so easily forgot, except in such transient moments; an aid, a means, by their rites, of presencing for us, in our ordinary, daily, lives, some intimation of the divine, of what we might, could, should be, when we cease because of egotism to forget, when we remember the suffering of others and especially the suffering that we ourselves have caused, and thus acquire or develop the dignity of humility that we human beings so desperately need, and always have needed.

Perhaps - until, that is, those religious ways lost or obscured, the numen, the numinous, in, by and through abstractions, dogma, by requiring the certainty of a certain belief, or by changing their ancient rites in some vain unnecessary temporal effort to be "modern and relevant".

I tried; I did try, for years - to return to such ways, such religious answers; needing them - hoping to find in and through them and their rites that constant remembrance, that constant presencing, of the numinous that I felt, knew, understood, would keep me a better, more enlightened, more empathic, and compassionate, person, mindful through humility of my own errors, arrogance, and mistakes.

But it did not work, for me - except in moments; far too few moments. For always there were deep feelings of there being something missing in their rites; of there being something just too abstract, too un-numinous, in their requirement that one accepts certain beliefs and dogma. As if the pure numinous essence has somehow by some means and over time been lost, or might not have been fully there even in their genesis.

Perhaps, possibly, probably - this is just my all-too-human arrogance re-asserting itself, yet again. My presumption, my illusion, of knowing, born from some all-too-human desire. But the stark simple truth was that such accepted, conventional, religious means did not work for me - or no longer worked for me.

No longer presented the numen, for me; no longer enabled me to rise, to go, beyond my selfish, foolish, error-prone self, to where the essence of empathy and compassion and the numen itself seemed to live, far beyond our temporal world of selfish suffering-causing human beings.

Thus did I slowly, sometimes painfully, from my *pathei-mathos*, construct for myself, over years, my own Way.

But even this Numinous Way of mine seems incomplete, as it is only my own uncertain and possibly quite feeble answer. For even now I seem to have no means, in and through this Way of mine, to presence the Numen, on a regular temporal basis to remind myself of the mistakes of my past, to feel again the living numinous Cosmos beyond that often mundane world which has now become the place of my daily living.

Thus is there the same old haunting question - of how long will it be before I in my addiction forget The Numen, yet again, and so return to the suffering-causing habits of so many previous years?

For now, I can only hope against hope that I have strength enough, memories enough, humility enough, to keep me where I know I should belong: infused, suffused, with the world of the numinous, enabling thus such an empathic living as can make us and keep us as ethical, compassionate, human beings; one sign toward the higher human type we surely have the potential to become.

DW Myatt
2455272.759

Both Ennoble and Complete

My own apologies for a lateness in replying are due, caused in part by quite lovely times on the last warm Sunny days of last week, walking along and climbing up sea-side cliffs, and strolling in breezeful loneliness the nearby sandy and pebble-strewn beaches; and, in part, by being again for a few days a part of another adventurous and dangerous world.

Now, here at the Farm (sanctuary) the wind has turned colder and stronger, clouds obscure the warmth of the Sun, and flecks of rain impinge upon my window as I sit at my desk listening to the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, whose beautiful First and Second Movements always seems to me to capture that sublime joy, that hope, and that poignant sorrow, that so often describes our personal relationships. Thus, are so many memories returned: and amid the mixed remembering there is such a numinous intimation of how good it is to be healthy and alive so that the drying tears of only moments ago are only the drying tears of a past that has brought us this briefest wisdom of our knowing. Thus is there - and yet again perhaps foolishly - such a straining almost painful yearning for that personal love which we so earnestly believe can both ennoble and complete...

I'm still too much in love with life, with desire, with abandon and childlike needs, of Nature and adventure and the Quest.

Perhaps it always should be thus: that the dichotomy we feel - between actively being and seeking, and between resting, seeking solitude and often replete with some new sorrow and hope of inner peace - will be always with us. For how else do we inspire ourselves to create? How else do we - perhaps only in some small way - inspire others? How else do we - knowing, feeling - keep alive that adventurous, reckless, childful, part of ourselves which, secretly, in our darkest moments of sorrow, we perhaps never desire to completely cease to live?

For myself, this dichotomy has never, despite my many words and hopes, been completely resolved, and even when I begin in vanity, arrogance and pride to delude myself it has (as recently), my inner impish self returns to somehow in some way break the fetters of peace and solitude so carefully, painfully, constructed: as happened, again, only last week. Perhaps it is that we who know, feel, such a division, within - who have lived it for almost all our adult lives - cannot ever and should not try to escape this our true nature which is both of joyful passion and of a sorrowing pain. Or perhaps it is (and more likely) that for such as us it only ever and truly ends when we perchance find that special person who so completely and with honour completes us.

Now, I shall take myself out into the meadow fields again, to feel the wind, the cold, remembering the joy and the sorrow of so many pasts.

DW Myatt
2454743.993

All Is Sadness

Two months ago, for the first time in over ten years, I was able to listen again to, to share with someone, the Symphonies of Brahms - with the Third seeming to capture and express something of my then often turbulent but always loving recent personal relationship, before the object of my love killed herself in her despair. For so many years I had avoided that music, expressing as it had for me so many memories from another personal relationship, which also ended with the tragic death of a loved one, then, from cancer. Now, in this dark but still rather humid night, I listen to it again, but only briefly, hoping for catharsis - and I am overwhelmed with the sadness of it all. All is sadness, in this moment of heavy rain following days of Mediterranean heat, and I ask again what is the meaning to life: is there anything beyond our death, or is such a belief in a life beyond just a need in me, in us, as human beings? All now seems to be sorrow, the sadness of the centuries seeping through a transient joy - as the opening of JS Bach's St Matthew Passion, presaging a strange but powerful allegory.

So much beauty, promise, gentleness; so much to presence and feel of the numinous. But even more the sadness of tragedy and of sorrow; the suffering inflicted by so many for so long, and still without any ending in sight. And why do so many of those fragile ones - the good, sensitive, ones who for whatever reason could find no answers, no hope, no way to end their inner torment and pain - die by their own hand, month after month, year upon year, decade upon decade, century upon century, when those who cause so much suffering continue, and mostly enjoy their life? There is no fairness, here; no large movement toward a better way. Only the perpetuation of suffering, since each person, blankly-born, struggles as others have struggled millennia upon millennia, learning very little through the beauty of Art, music, literature, music, education, the suffering of the past. Such a waste; such a sad un-necessity.

There is no excuse - and I cannot any longer it seems believe that an omnipotent compassionate God would allow such suffering; would allow us to continue to inflict so much suffering. But we it seems make, have made and probably will continue to make, excuses for God. It is all a test, we are told to believe - and the innocent ones; the suffering ones; the good, taken from us, will be redeemed, somewhere, after their death and be rewarded, while the others will suffer for their deeds. It is after all a test, of us, for us, by God. And if it is not? If there is nothing: no life, no existence, beyond; no punishment of those who have caused harm; no reward for good deeds done? What, then? How then do we make sense of the suffering; of the early death of a loved one taken from us by their own hand in their despair? How are we to live, with what moral guidance? Or are we merely thinking animals, who just die?

For most of my adult life I have found my answers through three things - through a personal relationship; through belief in a Cause, a particular Weltanschauung; and through work. Sometimes, for

years on end, I have had all three together to provide my role, my sense of identity, a sense of being, as sometimes, these things have kept me distracted from what I now feel is the essence of life itself, distracted from very purpose of life. That is - like many people, I assume - I was often so busy, so involved with work, a relationship, with doing things, that life passed often quickly by, and even when one of these three things was lost, through for example the ending of a personal relationship, I still had the other two, or at least one of them. I especially had, for nearly all of my adult life, my belief in duty - in being involved in some way in creating what I considered to be a better world, through my political writing and activism, and through my propagation of the Cause, the world-view, I upheld. Furthermore, I also knew I needed a personal relationship - to be involved with, to love and to be loved by, a woman, for I found such joy in such things; such beauty; such a source of comfort and meaning - even though there were times when I placed my adherence to some Cause, my perceived duty to some ideal, before the women I loved, thus causing some suffering for that person. This, as I now understand it, was wrong - for I know now that no sense of duty, no perceived duty, no Cause, no ideal, no striving for some ideal, no religion or Way of Life, should be the genesis of suffering, for that is wrong, immoral, against the ethic of life, contrary to our humanity, and that to cease to cause suffering, to be compassionate, is the human thing to do. But it has taken me a long time to arrive at such conclusions - taken me many years of learning from my mistakes, as it has involved me causing suffering to others, and even though my intentions were mostly good, such intentions are fundamentally no excuse for causing suffering. I made such excuses, many times, and that was morally wrong.

Now, I have no relationship, no role of work; no particular Weltanschauung to uphold, which I believe in, which I feel is right and which I feel I have a duty to propagate, above and beyond work and a relationship. Thus, there are difficult and important questions to be answered - questions I have asked before, several times, over the past three decades, and which I believed I had answered, at least for a while, although in truth I only found myself distracted again, by one or more or all of those three things. However, in the past year - due to understanding the nature of suffering and and especially since Francine's death - I have been thinking deeply about morality; about the question of life's meaning, beyond the role of work; beyond a particular Weltanschauung or religion or Way of Life which we may believe in; beyond a personal relationship.

What can imbue us - without causing any suffering - with meaning? What gives us, as individuals, meaning - beyond the role of work; beyond a personal relationship; beyond some perceived duty to some ideal, some Cause, some Weltanschauung, beyond God? Do we need - must we have - a belief in God, a belief in some kind of existence beyond death, to provide us with morality, with some reason to cease to cause suffering? And, if so, do we have to accept a God who seems to be indifferent to suffering; who allows suffering? Are the theological answers for such suffering merely an excuse to continue to so believe in God? Why do we so often forget, in our living, the tragedy that may have caused us, for a moment, to pause, and reflect? Why do we so consistently it seems fail to learn from such tragedy and keep repeating the mistakes of the past, mistakes which cause, which perpetuate, suffering?

Certainly, the stark remembrance of tragedy, of suffering, seems to be mostly avoided in the modern West - except in some rather stage-managed national events where a certain insincere sentiment seems

to be present in otherwise hypocritical opportunistic politicians and where one cannot quite escape the maybe unkind thought of such events being staged for some ulterior political motive. We also seem to prefer to hide away our own personal suffering, caused by the deaths of loved ones or by tragic personal events, while the hedonistic culture around us continues on its way, oblivious to such things, with the Media of that culture striving so hard, it seems, to portray an idealized life of people smiling, happy, wallowing in possessions and following, chasing, the emotion, the gossip, the fashion, of the moment, and chasing, following the latest idea or "trend". Certainly, our politicians seem to pride themselves on the success of our material culture, while avoiding the suffering that still blights us - while avoiding, for instance, the number of suicides; the poverty; the growing inequality; the ever present prejudice and continuing lack of moral behaviour. We also seem to avoid the underlying causes, the morality, of suffering itself- of such suffering as nations, and governments, and politicians, and armies, inflict, often allegedly in our name. We certainly for the most part - as I myself did, for decades - avoid applying the correct moral criteria to our own behaviour, and make excuse after excuse for ourselves, and for others. Is it easier, less traumatic in personal terms, to just forget - and busy ourselves in work; in relationships; in some Cause, or in striving for some perceived duty or some ideal? Yes, of course it is - but that surely is a denial of our humanity: a denial of our ability to learn, and of our ability to change ourselves for the better.

What, then, can induce us to change? For myself, I am finding answers in what I have called The Numinous Way - in that understanding of simple cause and effect which does away, it seems, with an omnipotent Deity who allows suffering, and which thus does away also with the theological necessity of trying to explain how such a God can be compassionate and allow such suffering and the continuation of suffering. The basis for this Way is the morality of compassion, empathy and honour - of a knowing of suffering and its causes, as in Buddhism. But there is also, unlike, in Buddhism, an appreciation, an understanding, a knowing, of the Cosmos as a living being - of Nature as a type of being, and of ourselves as nexions, one connexion between the change which was the past and the evolution which is possible; and an understanding of such a presencing of what is numinous in those things, such as some music, or a personal love, which might or which could aid us to change, to remember our failings. There does not, of necessity, even have to be any assumption in this Way regarding a life beyond - only that understanding of the causes of suffering and the way to end suffering. Ceasing causing suffering has the effect of reducing suffering in the world and thus in the cosmos. Which reduction, which transformation, is the aim, the purpose, of our life - for thus do we evolve the Cosmos because we are the Cosmos. We are contributing to the consciousness of the Cosmos; to evolution. That is, there is a personal desire to alleviate suffering arising from an understanding of suffering, an understanding of its cause and its ending, because such a desire is an expression of the evolving life of the Cosmos - a presencing of The Numen, of the numinous, of The Cosmic Being: of that imperfect, still-evolving, changing, consciousness of which we are a part, if we but perceived it, if we but felt it.

Furthermore, it does seem to me that there is another possibility here - a possibility already within us by virtue of our nature, our being. This is to participate in another way in this change, this ending of suffering and it implies us, as individuals living within the causal, accessing more of the acausal, of acausal energy - balancing ourselves; returning to a harmony with the Cosmos, with Life - and thus becoming, beyond this causal realm, some-thing far more than we are now. For now, we are a nexion,

one small presencing of acausal energies in the causal, and we surely have the potentiality to be, to become - through such presencing of acausal energies, such presencing of the numinous, of The Numen, such awareness of the Cosmic Being, such a cessation of causing suffering - an acausal being. Or, rather, to move toward an acausal existence after our causal death - to be part of the Cosmos, beyond the self, beyond individuality, and thus to participate in a new, acausal way, with the Cosmos, and the evolution of the Cosmos which is Life and its changes.

Is this life, then, all sadness? Yes, and no. As some music, or perchance some loving personal relationship, has made us aware, there is also joy - the potentiality for change; for sharing such joy - mingled in with the tragedy of suffering. But it is the living between the moments of understanding, between the moments of insight, which can be, which is, difficult - if there is no prayer for us to rely on; no God to turn to; no Master or Sage or Buddha to follow; no prospect of being rewarded for enduring and striving to be what is good. It is difficult, and, occasionally, bleak - being removed from that feeling of love which arises, which can arise, from a belief in God, from a belief in a Saviour, from following the revelation of some Messenger or Prophet; and which can even arise from the knowledge of the possibility of a personal redemption, a personal, living in another Time and Space. And difficult, sometimes, because there is the temptation, for the sake of such love, such comfort, to strive to believe; to hope to believe.

Now, the Dawn has arrived - but the rain continues, and the Dawn Chorus of hungry birds is somewhat subdued, as dark clouds have come to obscure the warming Sun which, for weeks, has warmed us, bringing a certain transient joy.

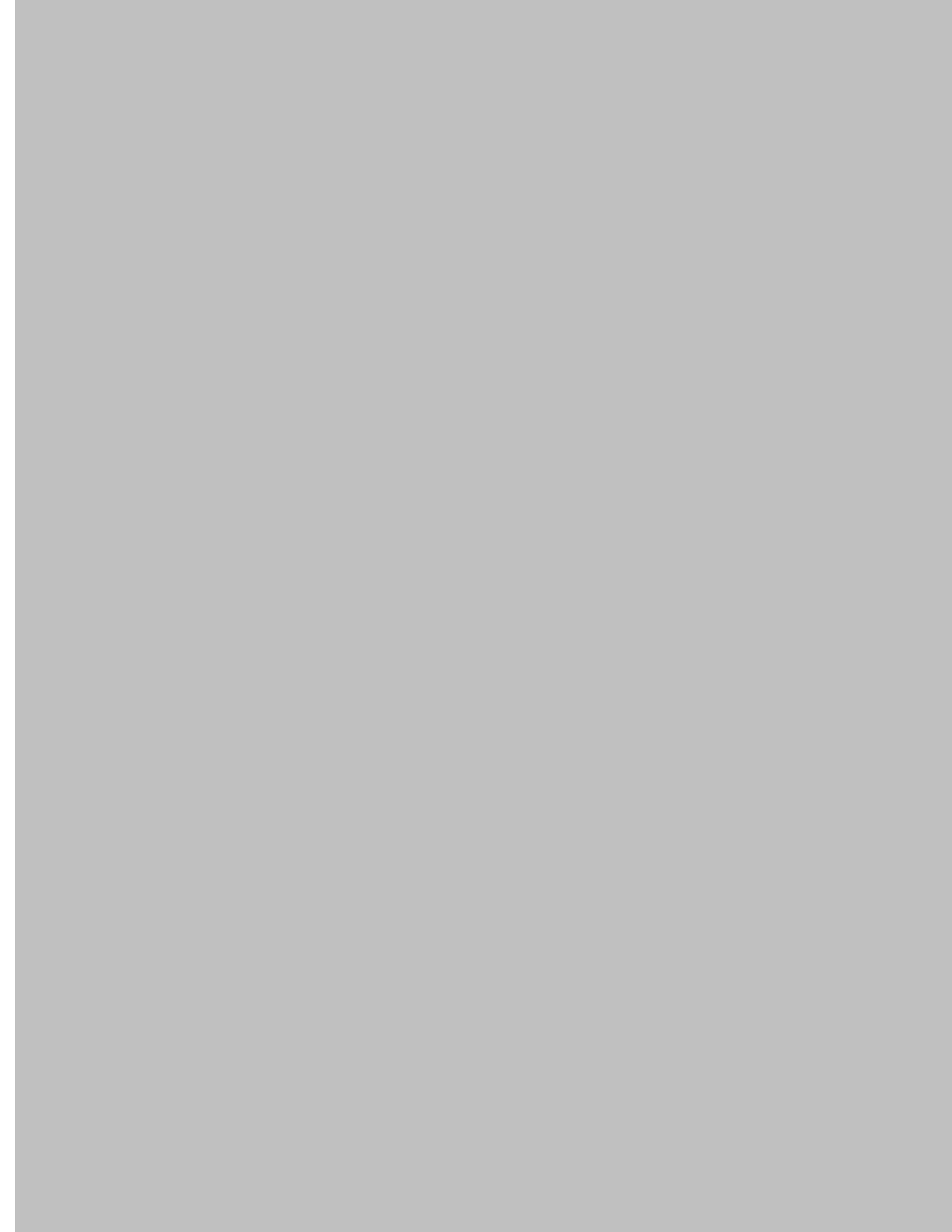
DW Myatt

The Early Morning of the 6th of July 2006 CE

[Existence Without End](#)

[So Many Tears](#)

[I Have No Answers, Now](#)



The Dreams of Strangers



It was one of those marvellous days of an English Spring when no clouds obscure the blue of the sky and a cooling breeze followed the sea-waves inshore. I was sitting - as often these days, alone - on the sand, indulgently lamenting the now long-gone days of love and youth.

The beach - despite the middle morning hour, and the sunful warmth - was denuded of humans, save for two young women walking their dogs; the women chatting amiably, while their dogs chased each other in that friendly manner dogs sometimes exhibit toward their own domestic kind, occasionally running to splash happily about in the sea whose tide, just past its highest, was now turning.

It was a pleasant - perhaps a very English - scene, and this Monday was, at it proved, no or little different from the many others which had found me there on such sunful, warmish, days. For I had occasioned upon this quietful spot toward the end of the busy tourist season, last year, and quite often came to sit here on subsequent holidays - a man of sixty years, whose greying hair, Tweed jacket, flat cap, corduroy trousers, and well-polished if worn boots, proclaimed him to be a somewhat old-fashioned, possibly eccentric, but nevertheless harmless Englishman.

It had not always been so, in the years and decades past, when death, killing, hatred, and violence, had been my chosen and most constant companions. But now I could be and was just that: an ageing man sat, peacefully, by the dunes at the almost farthest end of the bay of an English seaside town.

To my left, and nearby, a craggy treeless sea-surrounded Down. To my right, and almost a quarter of a mile distant, the small seaside town itself, home now to a motley multitudinousness construction crew whose garish fluorescent jackets, white protective hats, noisy machinery and machines, proclaimed them to be some alien invading army from another world.

Their excuse - for their continuing occupation and intrusive noise - was that of constructing some new-fangled sea-defences, and, like all occupying armies,

they were both resented and welcomed. For some, they brought new business, their shekels most readily accepted; for others, they were but something of a pest, to be stoically endured in that very English way, much as we endured our bleak, at times depressing, climate - keeping alive our hopes by remembering days of warmful seaside Sun such as this.

For myself, I had longed for them to finish and to depart, so that peace - the quietude of sea, sand, and breeze - might once again descend upon locations such as this. But for now, they were there - and this was the only nearby place by the sea still currently free from their machinations and their noise, enabling me to thus liberate, if only briefly, the dreams of strangers, waiting, so patiently, within.

1

But just where - how - to begin this brief recalling of those many strangers who over five decades have been me or who have visited, and stayed awhile while I lived with, and sometimes learnt from, them?

Begin the story somewhere, for us [1]. Begin perchance with the happy childhood years in East Africa and the Far East, with their memories of bathing in a river a short walk from our home in Africa, of swimming out from a beach into the warm South China Sea? Or begin of going alone on a Saturday morning into that Singapore city of the middle nineteen sixties (a very different place from that city, now) where I would walk down a street past the Capitol cinema, and an eating place where one could get steak and chips, to meet with a group of young Chinese men who, as I, were learning a specific Martial Art?

Or, perhaps, begin with the two years in the sixth form, at a place where I was one of only around a dozen seven-days boarders, with memories of the innocent joy of undertaking some new experiment in Physics when I felt world upon world opening up before me through such scientific understanding as I had begun to experience, and where - even then - I betook myself ever closer to the deepest, most dark, Abyss of all because I felt I wanted to know, to experience, everything...

Or, perhaps, begin, with the story of that first, fragile, tentative, naive love that seeped out from me, unexpected and it seemed then almost uncontrollably, one hot very Sunful Summer during the school holidays after only a week of picking strawberries with a gaggle of mostly older women, one of whom in the following week taught me much about my body and her own.

Or, perhaps, begin with the year - my only full year - at University where all my friends, save one, were gay because I enjoyed their company, finding in them a sensitivity, an appreciation and knowledge of culture, that the other often posturing and ill-mannered young men around me seemed so much to lack?

Or, perhaps, to - and rightly - begin with the over two years of ultra-violence, political extremism, and small-time racketeering, in a city in the north of England, and which years would take me in and out of courtrooms again and again until prison cells claimed me several times to finally bring that day when I walked away, a free man, from the gates of one such prison to sit, that early morning, in sunshine by the side of a road wondering which way to go, and wandering, wandering, for months as a tramp until the life of a Catholic monk sneaked up upon me, slowly cunningly, to claim both my *ψυχή* and my soul... [2]

Or, perhaps, and morally, fast forward to begin with events only a few years ago, now, when she whom I so deeply loved took, in her despair, her own life after I had so selfishly taken myself away to stay again for a few days, only a few days, at the Farm, the fields, my home, that I also loved and despite her pleas for me to stay, to be, with her...

And yet were these - these so many strangers, now, and those so few old friends - really me? For they are, it seems, now only as dreams insubstantially remembered in the minutes past awakening, when as today one looks out from a friend's bedroom to see the mature Cherry tree quite full in glorious wondrous bloom; awake to smell the freshness of the early morning air when the Sun has yet to rise into the growing brightness of the clearful April sky, and one smiles as her neighbour's cat cheekily but so gracefully walks the so narrow top of the garden fence to find that usual useful spot warmed by the first rays of a risen Sun.

For what seems real now - only real, now - are the memories, the sights, of only days ago. What seems important now, only now, is the person I have, apparently, become, melded from some strange quixotic alchemical mix of *personae* and that living of over five decades past: grown from the feeling, the acceptance, of mistakes made, of errors understood, of suffering caused and happiness recalled.

What has grown, slowly, so painfully slowly, then from that mix? Only the knowing of love - and of our human need for stillness, which stillness can sometimes be presenced in such numinous culture as can remind us of our fragility, our folly, and how so very quickly we in our hubris can forget our

errors, mistakes, and how easily we can lie to, and deceive, and make excuses for, and cheat, others and ourselves.

For there is importance, an overriding importance, in a personal mutual love - for therein is presenced and can be presenced the numinous, the divine, our very humanity - beyond and devoid of all abstractions, all dogma, all organization, and beyond all faith and all vainglorious selfish hopes.

For there is a need for us to be still, accepting, peaceful within ourselves, within the limits the bounds, set by both empathy and honour. A stillness arising, growing, when we cease to strive after abstractions, cease to judge by some human-manufactured standard; when we cease to be troubled by a lack, known or felt, within us; when we become as we truly are: one life, one microcosmic mortal connexion to Earth's past and future, one who is simply passing-by and who but briefly lives, not in the abstract causal fast time we have manufactured for ourselves, but instead in the living, numinous, much slower Time of Nature and the Cosmos. Where there is wu-wei, *φύσις*, to name but three...

2

In the past few weeks, following much self-indulgent musing on my own mortality, I seem to have acquired a somewhat strange, and occasionally embarrassing, habit - of suddenly, unexpectedly, being so overwhelmed by something, some event, some chance encounter, some sight, some sound, some scent, some woman, so that I often find myself quite tearful; sometimes to such an extent that tears fall, slowly, or occasionally even stormily, from my eyes, falling or dripping down unbidden to wet my beard and face.

It was thus, only around a week or so ago, when I on holiday ventured into the centre of some seaside town. There was a young man playing the accordion, quite well. (I had forgotten how lovely an accordion, played well, can sound.) So I sat in the warm Sun under another clear blue sky, to listen, as people passed. Perhaps it was the rather sadful music, which sounded - at least to me - somewhat Slavonic, as indeed the man himself appeared to be. And yes, I did give him some money, no wine for me that day...

Perhaps it was the slim Cherry trees, coming into bloom, that lined one side of this small, park-like, enclave on one of whose benches I had sat. Perhaps it was the music - provoking some memories, of some time, somewhere; perhaps it was the young, quite pretty woman, who so quickly and so unnoticeable of me passed me by but whose scent assailed me. Perhaps it was all - and more - of these and other such things which combined to form within me one moment,

one passing moment, of a numinous, living apprehension where I became more than just one human being, seated in some town on some day in *Oster-monath*.

Whatever, it just *was*; and so beckoned me to unwillingly cry as if I in that one moment, that one numinous moment, had become all the shadows, all the strangers, all the sorrow, all the joys, all the happiness, all the remorse, all the errors, all the wistful promise, of my past - and of the past of so many other humans, century piling upon century, war-killed corpses piling upon war-killed corpses.

It was thus, on that same day, when no longer tearful I found myself relaxing in the still fine weather on the townside beach where people crowded, often noisy and quite nearby.

A year ago, or more, this would have somehow in some way annoyed or even angered me - this proximity of people; this manifestation, in noise, of their life, their families. So much so that I would have gone elsewhere, seeking to be alone; seeking some quiet place, to dwell inward upon myself in such selfishness as perhaps marked me. But now - now it is so very different.

For now I can sit or walk or traverse among such thronging people, quite happy, quite content, quietly peaceful within myself. As when on that day I sat among families on the beach - children laughing, playing. Young men and young women, sharing, alive with their still burgeoning hopes. There - two young children, both girls, with their mother and father; the father with a dog - throwing a ball into the sea for the dog to fetch, forgetting the dog was still on its lead. So the dog ran, where the tide gently ebbed upon sand, the lead stretched, and the father fell into the sea, to much loud good-natured amusement from his children and his partner/wife. Even he himself laughed. Such a simple human pleasure, a simple joy, so simply shared.

There was such humanity - such real humanity - there, in that moment, and all I could do was smile, alone, to myself, and turn my face away lest someone saw such tears.

No war here, imposed by some government. No abstract ideology, no abstract cause or duty to lie, cheat, fight, and die for. Only this, of that: fragile mortal humans bound by the natural sanctity, the divinity, of love. There, only there, was perhaps the only cause sufficient to love, to fight, even die for: those that one knew, loved, shared, cared for and grew with, moment to moment, day following day.

Such human closeness with others unknown no longer thus detracts or even begins to annoy me. Not even the speedboat which was surged out from the

harbour slipway above where I - my pottering-resumed - walked, could distract or annoy, for it was only what it was; only one small and passing microcosmic manifestation that no longer had any power to break the peaceful silence that somehow in some way had come to dwell within me, brought, gifted, by so many strangers.

So I just smiled, walking on to where I could sit again to wait and watch, one human being among many and perhaps to others just one man of greying hair inanely smiling.

3

There is, cannot yet be, any conclusion - only the flickering of one more brief mortal life upon one planet which its dwellers have named Earth. Only one more connexion between a present, a future, and some pasts. One one more nexion, so gently opening so that one *ψυχή* may, perhaps, pass beyond one type of Time to another. Only one more human-being hoping, perhaps beyond hope, that some words, some act, some writing of his may one day somewhere cause some numinous resonance, some memory, some remembering, in some other living sentient being, provoking, bringing, thus some change, some evolution, however small, for the better...

One stranger writing to another.

David Myatt
2455309.137

Notes:

[1] *τῶν ἀμόθεν γε, θεά, θύγατερ Διός, εἰπέ καὶ ἡμῖν* (Hom. Od. 10). So you, my goddess - daughter of Zeus - begin the story somewhere, for us.

[2] *ψυχή* is now commonly regarded as a synonym for *soul*, a somewhat vulgar error which, in my view, a cultured person would not make [see, for example, its usage in Homer, Aeschylus, Aristotle, *etcetera*].

A Change of Perspective

Over the past decade there has been, for me, a complete change of perspective, for I have gone from upholding and violently propagating the racialism of National-Socialism - and encouraging the overthrow of the existing *status quo* through revolutionary insurrection - to the acceptance of empathy and compassion, and to that gentle, quiet, desire to cease to cause suffering, which form the basis for what I have called The Numinous Way, with this Numinous Way being apolitical, undogmatic, and considering both race and "the folk" as unethical abstractions which move us away from empathy and compassion and which thus obscure our true human nature.

Why unethical? Because The Numinous Way uncovers, through empathy, the nexion we, as individuals, are to all life, thus making us aware of how all life - sentient and otherwise - is connected and part of that matrix, that Unity, which is the Cosmos, and it is a knowing and appreciation of this connexion which is lost when we impose abstractions upon life, and especially when we judge other beings by a criteria established by some such abstraction. For this knowing and appreciation of our connexion to other life is the beginning of compassion, and a presencing - a manifestation - of our humanity, of our knowing of ourselves in relation to other life, and the Cosmos itself; and, thus, a placing of us, as individuals, in an ethical, and a Cosmic, perspective.

This change of my perspective - this personal change in me - arose, or derived, from several things: from involvement with and belief in, during the past decade, a certain Way of Life, considered by many to be a religion; from thinking deeply about certain ethical questions whose genesis was reflecting upon my thirty years of violent political activism; and from a variety of personal events and experiences, two of which events involved the loss of loved ones, and one of which loss involved the suicide of my fiancée.

However, this change was a slow, often difficult, process, and there was to be, during this decade, a stubborn refusal, by me, to follow - except for short periods - where this change led me; a stubborn refusal to-be, except for short periods, the person I was shown to be, should-be, by and through this alchemical process of inner change. Thus was there a stubborn clinging to doing what I conceived to be my honourable duty, and it is only in the last few months that I have finally and to my own satisfaction resolved, in an ethical way, the dilemma of such a duty, thus ending my association with a particular Way of Life, which Way many consider a religion. [\(1\)](#)

During this decade of inner reflexion, of great outward change - of lifestyle, occupation, belief, place of dwelling - there was a quite slow rediscovery of the individual I had been before my fanatical pursuit of a political cause became the priority of my life: the person behind the various rôles played or assumed,

over more than three decades, for the purpose of attaining particular outer goals deriving from some abstraction, some ideal, or some other impersonal thing. That is, I gradually, over the past decade, ceased believing in a certain principle which I had formerly accepted; which principle I had placed before my own personal feelings; which principle I had used, quite deliberately, to change myself; and which principle I had stubbornly adhered to for almost four decades, believing that it was my honourable duty to do so.

This principle was that in order to attain one's "ideal world", certain sacrifices had to be made "for the greater good". In accord with this principle, I considered I had certain duties, and accordingly sacrificed not only my own, personal, happiness, but also that of others, including that of four women who loved me; and it is perhaps fair to conclude that it was this principle which made me seem to others to be, for three decades, a political fanatic, and - for many years after that - a kind of religious zealot. Indeed, it is probably even fairer to conclude that I was indeed such a fanatic and such a zealot, for, in the pursuit of some abstraction, some ideal, some notion of duty, some dogma, I deliberately controlled my own nature, a nature evident - over the decades - in my poetry; in my wanderings as a vagabond; in my initial enthusiasm as a Christian monk; in the tears cried upon hearing some sublime piece of music; in my love of Nature, and of women. That is, there were always times in my life when I reverted back to being the person I felt, I knew, I was; always times when I stopped, for a few months, or a year or maybe longer, interfering in the world; when I ceased to place a perceived duty before myself, and when I thus interacted with others, with the world, only in a direct, personal, empathic way *sans* some ideal, some dogma.

Now, I have finally come to understand that this principle of idealism, the guiding principle of most of my adult life, is unethical, and therefore fundamentally wrong and inhuman. That is, it is a manufactured abstraction; a great cause of suffering, and that nothing - no idealism, no cause, no ideal, no dogma, no perceived duty - is worth or justifies the suffering of any living-being, sentient or otherwise. That it is empathy, compassion and a personal love which are human, the essence of our humanity: not some abstract notion of duty; not some idealism. That it is the impersonal interference in the affairs of others - based on some cause, some belief, some dogma, some perceived duty, some ideology, some creed, some ideal, some manufactured abstraction - which causes and greatly contributes to suffering, and which moves us far away from empathy and compassion and thus diverts us from our humanity and from changing ourselves, in a quiet way, into a more evolved, a more empathic and more compassionate, human being.

Thus, The Numinous Way - as now developed, and as explicated by me in the past year or so [\(2\)](#) - represents my true nature: the hard, difficult, re-discovery of what I had controlled, and lost; and, perhaps more importantly, an evolution of that personal nature as a result of my diverse experiences, my learning from my mistakes, and my empathic awareness of the suffering I have caused to others.

Hence, I have been, for many decades, wrong; misguided. Or, rather, I misguided myself, allowing idealism and a perceived duty to triumph over, to veil, my humanity. My good intentions were no excuse, even though, for nearly four decades, I made them an excuse, as idealists always do. For, during

all the decades of my various involvements - of my arrogant interference based on some abstraction - I sincerely believed I was doing what was "right", or "honourable", and that such suffering as I caused, or aided, or incited, was "necessary" for some ideal to be born in some "future".

But now my inescapable reality is that of a personal empathy, a personal compassion, a simple, quiet, letting-be; a knowing that such answers as I have, now, are just my answers, and that I have no duty other than to be human, to gently strive to be a better human being through reforming myself by quietly cultivating empathy and compassion. Of course, I do not expect to be understood, and probably will continue to be judged, by others, according to some, or all, of my former beliefs, involvements.

So I rest - tired, awake, exhausted, from days of work,
Worry, Dreams, and Thought
Resting while the hot Sun flows
And the fastly flowing nebulae of clouds, wind-spaked,
Grow tendrils to shape themselves with faces
Here:
One planet gasping as it gasps
Since the slaying by Homo Hubris never ever seems
To stop.

Too late the empathy to set us flowing
Back to love?
So much promise for so long undesired
I am left sad, warm, sleepy
While the Summer Sun brings peace enough
To sleep-me
As the circling Buzzard
Cries.

So There Is Warm Sun

DW Myatt
2455227.753

(1) For almost four years - since Francine's suicide - I struggled with this dilemma of honour and duty, believing that it was my honourable duty to stubbornly adhere to the particular Way of Life I had embraced in the previous decade; and stubbornly adhere despite the conclusions of my own thinking regarding compassion and empathy, manifest as these conclusions were in the ethical, and non-racialist,

Numinous Way that I had continued to develop. Thus did I during this period, and several times, publicly and in private re-affirm my commitment to that particular Way of Life, striving hard to forget my own answers, born from my thinking, my experiences, and especially from that personal tragedy, for surely these things were only a test, a trial, of my belief, my honour? Was it not therefore my duty to just humbly submit to ●●●●, to thus acknowledge that my own thinking, my own conclusions based on experience, were flawed, the product of error and pride?

But, to paraphrase TS Eliot, here I am now, in the middle way I have devised for myself, having had many years, often wasted, the years between two wars within myself

Trying to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure

Thus, I have declared a still rather shaky new truce, a compromise: based on a treaty where I have (re) defined personal honour as a practical manifestation of empathy, of the desire to cease to cause suffering to living-beings, with such empathy and the compassion deriving from it a guide to living that awareness of ourselves as but one nexion to all Life and to the Cosmos, and which awareness, which Cosmic perspective, expresses both our true human nature and the potential we possess to change ourselves into higher, more evolved, beings.

I would like to believe that this new truce I have manufactured will hold, but I have believed that before, and been mistaken, and even now it occurs to me that my theory of ethics, my new definition of honour, is just that: *mine*, and that I may be wrong. Yet my experiences - my feeling for, my empathy with, the numinous (manifest for instance in sublime music or in a mutual personal love) - tell me I can only live what I feel, I know, I empathize with, and this now is presented in my developed Numinous Way.

(2) See my revised essays collected under the title [The Numinous Way of Life: Empathy, Compassion and Honour](#). This was first issued in the Spring of last year, since when I have written a few additional articles, such as [The Prejudice of Abstractions](#).



A Return To My Beginning

"Three things have always inspired me: the ideal of Space Travel, the belief that our evolution, as human beings, has only just begun - that we can and indeed should evolve still further, in terms of our abilities and our consciousness - and a feeling concerning our being part of Nature. The first two are really part of one vision - the ideal of a Galactic Empire."

In many ways, my life has been a Faustian, or Promethean, quest - to discover, to know, to experience, the essence of life; to answer the fundamental questions about our existence, as human beings, and about the nature of the Cosmos itself. In the course of this quest, I have experienced many things - both light and dark, of sorrow, and joy, of violence, hatred, love - and from all these things I have slowly, very slowly, learnt, and changed myself, until, after forty years, I have arrived where I am.

Thus it is that these notes represent signs, experiences - only signs, only experiences - along the way that led to such understanding.

A Return to the Beginning

The eleven years since my conversion to Islam have been the most rewarding, the most difficult, and the most perplexing of my life. In these years, it seems that I have learnt much - especially about myself, and what is often called human nature. I have experienced - again - one personal loss and then another, and then a great personal tragedy; I have been in love, again, several times, and been loved; felt

happiness, joy, sorrow and - yes - felt remorse, doubt, and despair.

During these years, I have undertaken more travels (most to study and learn, but some to visit friends and relatives, including my daughter, far away, who now has a family of her own); written many, many things - from poetry to articles in praise of Al-Islam and of Jihad, to essays concerning National-Socialism and what I have called The Numinous Way with its ethics now firmly based upon empathy and compassion, with such essays and items about NS and The Numinous way initially being written to develop those world-views so that co-operation, between Muslims and others, against the tyrannical, ignoble, un-numinous and mis-named "New World Order" might occur.

Furthermore I have, yet again, and possibly out of arrogance, but often from what I believed to be a desire to do what is honourable, tried to inspire people through words and deeds. But, perhaps most of all during these years, I have thought, deeply, about life, my life, my experiences, my beliefs, and come to know not only my own mistakes but also know - to feel - the nobility that is Al-Islam.

Thus, it is true to write and say that I learnt a great deal from my involvement with Islam - about myself, and the world. I also came to appreciate, and know, how unethical, for instance, racism was and is, and to know that Islam expresses, and has expressed, the Numen, the sacred, in the modern world, just as for some people in the West Christianity once did, and occasionally still does - although the people in the West are increasingly losing the sense of the Divine in their personal lives, and in their societies. But was, and is, Islam the answer, for me? I admit there was a time - several times - when I began to doubt it was. Was Islam - for me - just another naive following of an ideal? A desire, yet again, to re-make the world somehow in an idealized and perhaps unattainable way with all the suffering that such a striving for such an ideal seems almost always to involve? That is, I came to consider, and strove to answer, ethical questions concerning the causes, and the cessation of, suffering; and questions relating to ethics, to the very meaning and purpose of life.

I remember, several decades ago now, my first wife saying before we married that she did not believe in God - except when she listened to some of the music of JS Bach. I loved her for that - for there, in such music, I also sometimes felt an intimation of the Divine, an expression of the Numen sufficient to bring us, even if only for a moment, to the feeling of humility we surely need to keep us human, to prevent us from committing the dishonour of insolence, of hubris: that moral crime against reason which the governments of the West, their officials, representatives, and minions, have committed, and are increasingly committing, and which some of the peoples of the West themselves are also increasingly committing in their prejudice and arrogance and support of a new colonialism.

So it was that I found this intimation of the Divine, in Islam - in the striving of the many Muslims, world-wide, who sought and who seek to be reasonable and honourable, and who sometimes succeed, bringing thus a civilized way of life into this world, just as many people, of various Ways and faith, and none, did and do, and just as some people of the West did, and still perhaps do, despite the machinations of their governments, despite the loss of the Numen in the everyday life of the peoples of the West, and despite the increasing dishonour and hubris among the peoples of the West.



Furthermore, and on the personal level, some doubts arose because I have for most of my life only ever felt a true inner peace, a harmony, a oneness, when I am among Nature. I feel I belong among the open hills; by the rivers; in deserts; on mountains; in the forests; on the open sea; in small fields, working with my hands. In these and other such places I seem to have my being - having always felt I do not belong in this modern world with its destruction of night by electric light; with its cars and fast transport; its noise, manic pace, intensive farming, consumer ethos, material greed, cruelty to animals and humans in the name of progress, and its almost total lack of manners and courtesy.

For most of my life, man and boy, I found a special kind of peace in Nature, as I have often felt that our very humanity is defined by our awareness of Nature with its slow, quiet, natural, rhythm which modern life and living has almost totally destroyed. Thus, there was for me - after my discovery of Islam - a joy in, as a Muslim, praying daily according to the rhythm of the Sun, and in following a lunar calendar: an awareness of our connexion with Nature, the world, the Cosmos, made real through Namaz; a realness which touched me very deeply when as a Muslim I ventured on two occasions to travel alone in the Sahara desert to feel, to know without words, how slim was the thread by which I seemed to cling to life, and knowing, feeling, the nearness of God, of Allah.

I had felt, known, something of this feeling before, in Taoism, decades ago; and during my time as a monk when, for instance, between Matins and Lauds I would walk outside in the quietness, often the darkness, feeling, feeling a beauty, a wordless ritual of joy knowing the centuries for the imposters they were...

But were such intimations, such moments, enough? What was most important - being-with Nature through a natural spontaneous way of living, and thus *wu-wei*, or striving for a Way of Life even if, or especially if, such a striving involved causing suffering to others and a personal detachment from Nature?



Some years ago, and for many months, living alone, in rural isolation, I once again deeply pondered such questions, and many other questions, trying to arrive at some kind of synthesis, perhaps thus confusing some people about my intentions and beliefs as I expressed or attempted to express some of this synthesis, and my own thoughts and experiences through various essays, poetry, and in some of the personal letters I wrote to friends.

But were these doubts of mine - recurring over several years - just the inevitable doubts of faith that should - that must - be cast aside for the sake of loyalty and honour? To me, it seemed then as now that one of the main differences between monotheism (exemplified by Islam) and the way of Nature is that the way of Nature seeks: (1) to create a type of Paradise here on this Earth, believing that this Paradise exists in Nature, as Nature is - wild, isolated places where human beings are at best small communities of farmers or nomads, bound by a common cultural and folk ethos, and at worst travellers who are only passing through; and/or (2) accepts that Paradise is already here, within us, when we cease to strive for illusive abstractions, and thus know and strive to let life unfold as it unfolds, in its own way, in its own species of causal Time; there is then $\phi\sigma\tau\iota\varsigma$, wu-wei. In contrast, monotheism understands Paradise as existing in the life-after-death.

Furthermore, the way of Nature sees us as a part of Nature, dependent on it, whereas monotheism sees us as masters of Nature, with Nature existing to provide for us. To attain Paradise, through the way of Nature, we have to care for and protect Nature, and restrain our desire for more comfort, more material things, and come to see our self for the illusion it is. To attain Paradise, through the way of conventional religion, it seems we can use Nature - build and dwell in large cities; encourage industry and create a modern-type of developed nation with its large farms and meat-producing factories where the urban way of life dominates.



Where can I, personally, find peace? Where should I strive or rather hope to find peace? In the Gardens of Paradise after my death - or here, on this Earth, among the beauty of Nature, aware of my connexion to Nature, to all Life, to the very Cosmos itself? What, in truth, is peace? Is our mortal life a test given to us by the Supreme Being who can reward us with eternal life and who gave us reason and free will to pass this test? Or is our mortal life - our reason, our consciousness - the product of evolution, with us as creations of, and dependent upon, our mother, Nature? We seem to have struggled painfully slowly over thousands of millennia to transcend our savage animal past - and yet we are still half-savage; still prey to our savage instincts which can overwhelm our reason, our judgement, our fairness, our honour. I myself had struggled for decades through and because of diverse experiences to what I believed to be a certain insight and understanding - and yet, and yet...

In addition, the question of suffering came to occupy me, more and more during the years following my conversion to Islam, and I began to seek answers to what then seemed to be the difficult question of the origin, the basis, of honour itself. Did honour - must honour - derive from God, from Allah, from a supra-personal, divine source? If so, could there be divinity without revelation? Was - could - honour be the basis for ethics? Or did - could - personal honour derive from empathy, and thus have its genesis in compassion? This question was further complicated, for me, by the tragic suicide of my then fiancée, genesis as this tragedy was of questions concerning, of deep personal feelings about, remorse, redemption, and the very meaning and purpose of our lives. How to respond to such a tragedy? To accept some personal blame? To acknowledge mistakes? To strive to see a wider perspective through belief in a life beyond our causal, mortal, life? And if one does affirm such a perspective, is that - is all such faith - an abnegation of one's personal understanding, knowing, and responsibility for suffering, as The Numinous Way, and Siddhartha Gautama among others, affirm, affirmed and believe?

For many months, after this personal tragedy, there was indeed a great inner turmoil: an asking of difficult and perplexing questions, and a writing of some personal missives, some of which I sent to various friends. There were more travels, more studies; and a seeming personal need for faith, for redemption, for something to remove the pain, the dark thoughts of death; the often disabling anguish of such a tragic loss: a loss greater, it felt, than the loss of my second wife from cancer the previous decade; a loss far, far, greater than the turmoil of divorce, than the painful ending of one more intimate, personal, loving relationship.

It would have been easy - all too easy - to simply return to the simplicity of submission to some Deity, with thus all questions answered; all conflicts resolved; all doubts suppressed. This would certainly be helpful and healing; a catharsis. But I just could not do this, for it felt such a callous forgetting of the tragedy of her death; a renunciation of my own responsibility, and the complete rejection of where my own experiences and thinking had led me. It also felt a dishonourable rejection of the presencing that was and is Nature, and a return to causing even more and possibly greater suffering.

For where, then, with such a return to faith, the empathy? Where the compassion? Where those numinous feelings arising on a warm Summer's day in the fields of a Farm in rural England when I would sit before a pond to hear only the breeze, the birds, to feel only the simple beauty of life, presenced there in such a simple moment? It seemed as if Nature, the very Cosmos, was there and so many times reaching out to me, to all human life, in such places, as the beautiful matrix of numinous life itself reached out through a piece of sublime music, or some work of Art, or some work of literature whose words, whose very ending left us tearful but suffused with that joy which for centuries has moved so many onwards toward empathy, compassion, and honour.

Thus, for me, the dilemma of honour returned, starker, greater, than before - for I had the memory of her life, her death, before me, to remind. Thus did I then seem trapped between dishonour and dishonour. For many months I wavered, trying through will, words and deeds, to dispel the renewed and rising doubts. It did not work, for I remembered the many mistakes of my past. I remembered the beauty of a simple letting-be: of the Numen of Nature, of the slim crescent Moon in the sky before Dawn when the rain of night had gone and I was left to wander down the hill in the warm almost humid night of almost mid-October to feel such joy, such tragedy, such suffering, such promise as brought the tears of life: century upon century of suffering and strife; century upon century of love, one person to another. Such much death, so much hope as when a man olding in years but young waited one late morning in early Spring for her to open her door: then, she was there, with that strange, quixotic smile, half-happy, half-troubled, doubtful still of her beauty, her life; doubts which left her a moment but for only a moment as we embraced to be in that flow the essence of life's meaning, happiness, goodness, and hope...

In essence, I came to understand - through *pathei mathos*, through thinking deeply about certain ethical matters, through reflexion upon my experiences, my diverse past - how honour is only and ever personal and relates to, depends upon, empathy and thus is connected to compassion - to the desire to cease to cause suffering - and that such personal honour does not and cannot reside in loyalty and duty to some abstraction, to some-thing, or to some person no longer alive. Thus there was a knowing that it is the striving for, and loyalty to, some ideal, some abstraction, some dogma, some causal human-manufactured form - be it or they political, or social, or religious, or whatever - which causes or which contributes to personal suffering and which is thus unethical, wrong, dishonourable, and disruptive and destructive of Life itself. That it is empathy - and its cultivation through a personal *living* honour, and through compassion - that captures and which can and which does express the essence of The Numen, and thus the essence of our humanity.

But even this personal understanding did not - for over three years beyond the death of a loved one - stop the occasional forays back into the realm of abstractions, for I was, it seemed, still in thrall to my own old nature which bade me, sometimes, to react to some dishonourable event, somewhere, and try to do something to counter such dishonour against others in whatever way I could. Thus did the new compassionate, empathic, Cosmic perspective of The Numinous Way - my new perspective of a numinous living-honour - give way to the old perspective of someone bound by old oaths, sworn years ago, someone reacting to non-personal events, and thus were there, on occasion, more missives, occasional deeds, based upon one particular Way where there was an acceptance of a supreme Being, and of revelation from that Being, and upon that old non-living type of honour which was bound to abstractions or to someone long dead.

How stupid, how very stupid, was this forgetting of my own understanding, this negation of my own empathy and compassion? How very indicative of one fallible, foolish, error-prone, human being. Thus, it began to seem, to feel, as if the genuine, lasting, transformation, within me which was necessary - which was required for me to always live my own answers, to always be the person born from, transformed by, experience - was rather like falling out of love, of mourning for a lover who has forsaken you, for another: a slow, often sad, lonely process, replete with regrets, suffused with so many memories and feelings of times past. Thus, the dilemma for me became instead: how to remember to not forget, again? To always live the knowing that thinking, that *pathei mathos*, had brought, wrought?

Now, there is a feeling of nearing the end of a four-decade long quest; a hope, within, of having at last found satisfactory, honourable, ethical, answers. A hope that such inner conflict as has occurred these last almost four years is honourably resolved, so that I will no longer sally forth on behalf of some abstraction, whether religious or whatever. But, as I have written elsewhere, I have believed that about myself before, and been mistaken.

Conclusion:

So it is that I, beyond the tragic death of a loved one, beyond my many mistakes and diverse experiences, beyond my thinking of the past eleven or so years, have come to just be me: this - the ethical, compassionate, Numinous Way - is what I am, now, beyond the words written, the words said; beyond the many deeds of the past, for there should not be any ideas or ideals or abstractions imposed upon the fragile simple flow of Life, upon individuals, only a going-beyond any and all labels, descriptions or terms. Beyond all words whether written and spoken which do not convey in some way the Numen of life and which thus do not cause or contribute to any suffering to any living being. No more, then, from me those words which have marked and made the dishonourable barbarism of our present and our past: only a flow that flows, from one beginning to one end; only, here, one finite, mistake-prone being ceasing to cause suffering having learned, at last, and hopefully, from his many errors of experience.

"There is - was - no excuse: the failure, the weakness, the forgetting, was, and is, mine.

And so, I ask again: how shall I never forget, again?"



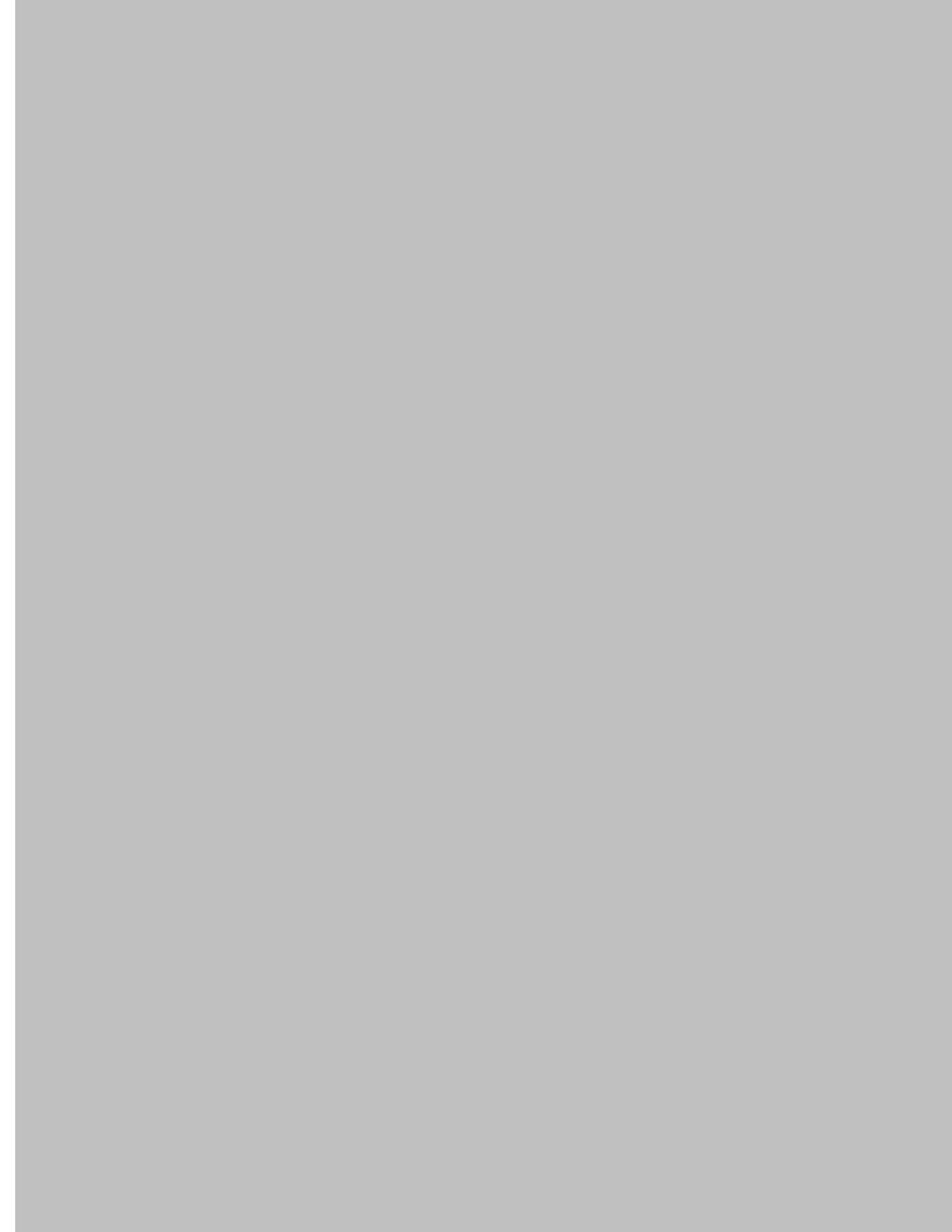
As for my dream, my life-long vision, of a Galactic Empire - of the exploration and settlement of Outer Space - there was a time, not that long ago, when I veered toward the conclusion that we human beings were still too ignoble, still too barbaric, still too uncivilized, to do this, and that, if we did undertake such adventures beyond the Earth, we would only be spreading dishonour: spreading our disease of hubris, spreading our destruction of the Numinous. But now - now as I approach, this year, the sixth decade of my life - I feel that we can possibly avoid such things: that there is a cure for the disease of hubris and of dishonour, and that were we to be cured - and thus return to our natural human wyrd - then we could and perhaps should, sometime in the future, so venture forth. But to do this - to cure ourselves of hubris - we, as individuals, need to develop empathy, as we need to have compassion and live our lives according to the code of a personal, numinous, living, honour.

But, there need not be - and should not be - any detailed explanations, from me, of the life that now is mine, of the why that it is; and others can make of all this - of me - what they will, for I no longer care about being understood, for the flow of Life goes on, and there is the perspective of the life of Nature, of the life, the being, of the Cosmos - our own smallness - to take us beyond the primitive, selfish, perspective of both our present and our past.

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

In my end is my beginning...

David Myatt
2455238.017



A Question of Empathy



*In recent items, such as [A Change of Perspective](#), and [A Return To My Beginning](#), you state that you have returned to your own, now much developed, philosophy called *The Numinous Way*. Can you give more details of your reasons?*

In relation to Islam, I realized that, yet again, I had been following an ideal - or rather, striving to find an ideal in something which was, like many religions and Ways, open to interpretation, and misinterpretation, and whose principles were sometimes, or often, ignored by people who claimed adherence to them, and which thus was, in essence, fallible. That is, I came to realize - from practical experience and studies lasting many years - that I was making the mistake I had made with Christianity, with Buddhism, with a political ideology, with many other Ways and *-isms*, which mistake was to place some abstraction, some ideal, before *being*, before life, and thus to wrongly strive to realize, to strive to make real, some abstraction, some ideal, by a striving to have life, and people, conform to, be restricted by, some ideal, some abstraction, some revelation, some *-ism* or some *-ology*. This, I came to understand, caused suffering; it was hubris, and thus un-ethical. That is, I came to consider, and strove to answer, ethical questions concerning the causes, and the cessation of, suffering, and how or even if honour was or could be related to the cessation of suffering.

I considered - as I had years ago in relation to first, Buddhism, and then Christianity - that only the natural, honourable, tolerant, empathic, reasoned,

Way which underlies what I have called The Numinous Way fully answered all the questions about the meaning and purpose of our lives. It seemed impossible to reconcile my belief in the importance of a personal, living, numinous, honour, and the overriding importance of Nature and a Cosmic identity, with the principles of Islam. Yet - and yet there was the question of honour, of the oath I had sworn, as a Muslim, to do my duty. This was Shahadah, the testimony of submission. Thus, I felt myself caught between dishonour and dishonour: between betraying the new understanding I believed I had achieved and which I sought to express through The Numinous Way, through poetry, and in some of the personal letters I wrote to friends, and between betraying that past oath of submission to a Deity.

Hence, through my diverse experiences, my diverse studies, I came to understand how the ethics of conventional religions are firmly based upon the morality of the individual; a morality which speaks of the reward for the individual in some after-life, or in the attainment of some-thing such as Nirvana. In contrast, it seems to me that my Cosmic Ethics are both revolutionary and evolutionary: for according to these new ethics, we do what we do not because we as individuals may be rewarded by some Supreme Deity, but because it is the human, the civilized, the empathic, the noble, the honourable, thing to do. Furthermore, I perceived the perspective beyond this world - toward the Cosmos itself, feeling that there probably was life elsewhere, and, sometimes, I would look at some of the beautiful photographs of the Cosmos taken by instruments such as the Hubble telescope and imagine world upon world of life in Galaxy after Galaxy. How foolish I, we, seemed; how primitive, how childish, for we were but one minute - one microcosmic - manifestation of life in one part of one Galaxy among millions upon millions of Galaxies.

Thus, and for a several years, I lived troubled by the human dilemma of honour - or, rather, troubled by the dishonour of rejecting an oath sworn before good, noble, people, and troubled by the dishonour of causing suffering in this life through propagating the Way of submission, to some supreme Deity, whose ultimate aim was beyond this mortal life, and which ultimate aim allowed for suffering of some or many in this mortal life because those so suffering might be rewarded, by a Deity, in an after-life.

But despite many and varied means of trying to accept this, my apprehension was not then inwardly, and now is not, of a Supreme Deity as such a Deity has hitherto been understood by both the revelations embodied in Christianity and Islam. Instead, my own intuition - which intuition I would later make conscious by means of my Numinous Way philosophy - was of a Cosmic Being: of how Nature, and we ourselves as rational, honourable, empathic, cultured beings, manifest or can manifest this Cosmic Being. Of how all life was connected; of

ourselves being a nexion to other life, to Nature, and to the Cosmos. Of how we exist on one planet circling one star among millions of stars in one Galaxy among a Cosmos of Galaxies. Of how we evolved, painfully slowly and in a natural way, toward reason, and honour and those other things which express our humanity, and how we still are tainted with our primitive, our barbaric, ancestry. Of how we can and should evolve further by preserving and developing those things which make us human, through a new culture, or many new cultures, with such a new empathic culture or cultures being the genesis of the type of society which really can begin the quest to explore the Cosmos because the right type of empathic, rational, honourable human being exists to make this possible.

Would you therefore say that it was practical experience, lasting for years, that provided your insights into and understanding of other religions, and of other Ways of Life?

Certainly, it was such practical experience, combined with a detailed personal and involved study lasting years. To actually live a particular Way of Life, for some years, is quite different from just studying it in a detached, academic, manner. To live a Way of Life is to associate with, to learn from, to come to know, others who follow, who believe in, who adhere to, that Way; and it is also to experience, to come to really know and discover, how its practices, its own presencing of what it regards and holds to be sacred, affects others and yourself and often society in general.

Thus, one learns the practical, everyday, reality of such a Way, and this, combined with a detailed, personal, and involved learning and study of it - from the learned ones of that Way - provides, in my view, a genuine insight into and a real knowledge of that Way. And an insight, a knowledge of, which - again in my considered opinion - is superior to a mere academic study of a particular Way.

So, having studied and immersed myself in many and diverse Ways over the past four decades, I believe I have been able to appreciate them and understand them, as well as discover whatever practical, ethical or philosophical flaws, if any, they may possess.

In addition, it has enabled me to in a quite literal way come to know and - most importantly - to change, and evolve myself: to know and to (hopefully) learn from my own mistakes. Thus, this immersion, this study - this practical four-decade long quest - has seen me, for instance, move beyond the nationalism, the racialism, of my past, as it has led me to understand, appreciate, to value, empathy and compassion, and to define personal honour as a living presencing of the numinous. It has also led me to construct, to

refine, over a period of some ten years, my own Way, my own philosophy, which I have called The Numinous Way, and it is this now completed philosophy of mine which provides the only satisfying answers I have found in answer to those fundamental questions I asked myself over forty years ago, now.

Which fundamental questions were what, exactly?

What is the purpose, if any, of our mortal life? Is there an existence, for us, after our mortal death? What type of society, and what type of individuals, are required - are best - in order for us to leave this planet which is and has been our home, and for us to thus explore and colonize the star-systems of our Galaxy? How can we change, evolve, ourselves in a positive, evolutionary way? What is the true, the human, meaning of freedom? Do we need laws, and if so who or what defines them? And, of course, what is our true nature, as human beings, possessed of the faculty of speech and the faculty of consciousness, of rational thought, and how did such faculties develop, or evolve? That is, were and are such faculties a gift from some Creator, or a natural consequence of our evolution?

Your answers, then, are provided in your philosophy of The Numinous Way?

Yes. In essence, the answers are empathy, compassion, and personal honour. Of ourselves, as individuals, being a nexion - a connexion to all life. Of how empathy, compassion, and honour enhance that connexion, and how causal abstractions, and the suffering they cause, limit, constrain or destroy, that connexion.

Quintessentially, it is a question of empathy: of us using and developing our human faculty of empathy, and thus of us being honourable, and compassionate.

Many people will be interested to know whether or not you really believed in the religions, the various ideologies and so on, which - as you say - you have acquired practical experience of in the last four decades.

Sometimes, but not always, for often it was curiosity; a desire to know, to learn, to experience. And this includes a curiosity about, a desire to know, my own limits, and how I might or could change, evolve, myself, and how I might experience the numinous in diverse ways, and so learn from such an experiencing: how I might understand the numen, the numinous, and what - if

anything - was beyond such things, or gave rise to, was the genesis of, such things.

To use a cliché: I sought wisdom, and the genesis of wisdom itself; sought to find the reality, the essence, behind what we have come to describe by the terms wisdom and numinous.

Would you say that your basic nature has changed, or been changed, by your experiences and learning? By your quest for wisdom? And if not, why not?

Certainly, I have changed, as a conscious, thinking, individual. Certainly my perception of myself - in relation to what I have called causal abstractions - has changed, and in relation to *others*, to what is termed *society*.

Certainly, I believe this change in me, of me, is now positive, evolutionary - that is, ethical, where by ethical I mean two related things. Firstly, striving to be honourable, and thus a striving to be empathic, to cease to cause suffering to other life balanced with an honourable, a noble, willingness to observe the limits of honour. Second, to cease to interfere, in the affairs of others, beyond the limits set by a personal, living, honour; which means, for instance, striving to live in the immediacy of the moment, and to forgo all causal abstractions, seeing such abstractions for the illusions, the un-numinous, unethical, things they are, and understanding all abstractions as containing, within themselves by their very nature, suffering or the causes of suffering.

What, then, are the limits or the conditions which a living honour sets? They are the conditions of honour being only and ever personal, direct - *of* the living moment of the life of an individual - and of requiring a mutual and personal respect.

Thus, honour cannot be abstracted out from the immediacy of the moment - from a personal, direct, encounter between individuals - and honour demands that an honourable individual be prepared and able to defend their own honour, in a practical way, if someone, or some many, treat or try to treat us in a dishonourable, ignoble, manner.

And it is in respect of honour, that I have not, fundamentally, changed - only come to understand honour better; to be able to define it; to make it the practical basis for the ethics, for the Way of Life, I have devised as result of my experiences and learning.

For, ever since a quite early age, I had a feeling for, an instinct for, honour; instinctively feeling that it was or perhaps should be the basis for a civilized, a cultured, an evolutionary, a human, way of life. Of course, there have been, in

the past forty years, a few occasions when I made the mistake, the error, of acting in what I inwardly considered to be a dishonourable way because I then believed, on those occasions, that some Cause or some *-ism* or some *-ology*, or some abstraction, or some ideal, or some goal, or loyalty to some abstract Deity or some oath, was more important, and that "sacrifices had to be made", and so on, etcetera.

Hence, as I mentioned previously, what I termed my dilemma of honour. Which I now believe I have resolved, by means of further developing The Numinous Way.

Would you now say that you have acquired wisdom?

I depends, naturally, on how one defines wisdom, and how honest one desires to be about one's self with others. If wisdom means acquiring an insightful understanding of one's self, of people, and of our human constructs, such a society and causal abstractions, bringing thus the ability to live, to behave, in an ethical way, then possibly I may have acquired something of the kind. There again, I have been wrong about myself, in the past.

But, the social - the current human - reality is that the answer should really be given by others, not by me; and given probably after the ending of my own mortal, causal, life as a result of those others having studied the results of my experiencing, manifest as these results are in The Numinous Way, in some of my poetry, in some of my personal letters to friends.

David Myatt
(In Conversation with JRW)
February 2010 CE

An Allegory of Pride and Presumption

I recall you mentioning somewhere that you considered your own life something of an allegory in respect of our human failings. Could you elaborate?

What I meant was that perhaps I am an example of how - so many times - we fail to learn from our own experience, keep making the same mistakes, and, despite some progress, some evolution, toward empathy, compassion, and the cessation of suffering, we often seem to, and often do, regress because we are still in thrall to abstractions, to desires, to our feelings which even if we understand them still cause us to make errors, mistakes, and still motivate us to interfere.

Thus, despite all my knowing, deriving from *pathei mathos* - from feeling and knowing the suffering I have personally caused and which is caused by pursuing abstractions, however good one's intentions might appear to be - and despite the periods of striving to live such knowing, I have often, even in the past few years, regressed to sallying forth on behalf of some abstraction. One of the errors, the mistakes, here is pride: the arrogance of feeling, of assuming, that we as a mere individual can make a difference if we act in a certain way, if we engage in a practical way in matters which are beyond our immediate vicinity and beyond our own personal, individual, lives. That is, if we interfere in some matter which is not directly personal, immediate and rooted in the locality where we dwell and have our being.

In the past three decades, I have learnt much - about myself, people, the world, the Cosmos - and some of this learning has been because of my involvement, my many and various peregrinations (personal, political and religious, if we want to categorize them according to some abstraction). Much of this learning I have strived to express in my personal letters, in my poetry, in my writings about The Numinous Way, especially those written just prior to, and following, Francine's tragic death.

But quite a few times over the past six or more years of this personal learning, this discovery, this coming-to-know empathy and compassion and the causes of suffering, I have reverted back to old habits, to old ways of living, stupidly angered as I often was at some dishonour, somewhere, manifest by some or many dishonourable people, and feeling as I stupidly did that things I said, things I did, things I wrote, could or might make some difference. Thus did I sometimes live a different way as often I deeply felt it was correct for me to do such things because of loyalty and honour; because of an oath sworn some years before. And thus was there much conflict, within me, because such things - such adherence to such loyalty and honour - seemed to contradict, and in truth did contradict, the simple wisdom of Wu-Wei, the empathy, the compassion, the numinosity, the humility which I had re-discovered through my peregrinations, through my three-decade-long Promethean adventure and through and because of the suffering, the death, the suicide, of loved ones.

Hence the allegory: of presumption; of weakness; of pride; of stubbornness and stupidity; even, perhaps,

of hypocrisy. Of a failure to live as one feels one should. Of a clinging to abstractions. This may be human - or rather, may be part of our present human nature. But that is no excuse, especially for me, someone who has pontificated so many times (especially in recent years) about how we should and could evolve ourselves, and thus develop our human nature. Hence the personal feelings of weakness, of stubbornness, of stupidity, and even of hypocrisy.

The problem has been - and sometimes still is - three-fold. First, there is the personal desire, born out of personal character, to challenge dishonour, and in so doing to champion what is felt or believed or perceived to be noble, honourable and good. Deriving from this, there is the question of loyalty deriving from an honourable oath. Second, there is the understanding, the knowing, the empathy, arising partly from personal character and partly from *pathei mathos*: from a learning from the errors of experience.

Thirdly - an adjunct to the problem of honour and loyalty which I have, elsewhere, discussed several times - there has been the problem of having, for the past seven or more years, a certain perceived and public image: in not desiring to express, through various means and via various mediums, certain personal things, certain personal conclusions, which would have or which might have undermined that image and which I believed might harm a certain Way and those following that Way, and which might have given comfort and aid and even joy to those dishonourable ones who were engaged in a war against that Way and those who followed it and who strived to implement in, in the world. But: was this vanity? Foolishness? Arrogance? Presumption? Perhaps. Probably. And there was also a time when - believing this to be so - I did express, and distribute, through various public mediums, such as the Internet, some of my recent conclusions, feelings, doubts and understanding, and various recent writings about the development of my own The Numinous Way, only to sooner, or later, strive to withdraw them, or remove the dates of their writing from some of them, thus - perhaps - confusing some individuals about my own intentions, beliefs and so on.

But now, now as the second anniversary of Francine's suicide approaches and the season of an English middle-Spring comes to lighten, brighten and warm, there is yet again the feeling of humility, a burgeoning and much-needed inner tranquillity, and a certain renewed desire to just-be: to cease worrying about or concerning myself with image, with rôles, and with consequences, perceived, imagined, believed-in, or otherwise. To speak and write what is now in my being: that which is the essence of my being, my new character, created through my peregrinations and through and because of the suffering, the death, the suicide, of loved ones. But, of course, this could be just the weariness of age... Or even just one more change which may itself be changed again by a reversion to previous behaviour, and thus yet one more mistake, one more human, personal, failure; one more example of my pride, my stubbornness, my stupidity, my arrogance.

I hope it is not. But I have felt and said - and written - that before, and been proved wrong.

In an earlier dialogue - a few years ago now - you mentioned that you had become rather pessimistic about the future. Have your views changed in the intervening years?

I am still rather pessimistic about the future of both our human species, and the fate of Nature: of the life with which we share this planet. In fact, rather more pessimistic than I was.

Why? Because of the allegory of pride and presumption, which has led to and which leads to non-personal, an abstract, interference in the lives, the affairs, of others. The intentions behind such non-personal interference are irrelevant, for the effect is always, always, suffering, destruction and death: for other human beings; for the other life with which we share this planet; for this planet itself.

Thus, according to this old way of being, there is always, always, some "enemy" who has to be fought but who has not dishonoured us in a personal matter, or nor affected us in a dishonourable and personal and immediate way, and which enemy is or becomes demonized and depersonalized. There are always, always, "sacrifices" - involving suffering, destruction and death - which have to be made in name of some abstraction, such as some "nation", or some ideal (such as democracy and/or "freedom"). There is always, always, a striving for some impersonal abstract "progress" - or some fashionable "change" - which always involves us distancing ourselves from immediacy with Nature, which always is hubris-like and involves a loss of empathy, and which almost always seems to undermine the numinous. There is always, always a following of our own desires, our own perceived needs, our greed, often regardless of the consequences to other human beings, to the other life with which we share this planet which is currently our home.

I am pessimistic because while the causes of suffering are known and understood, while we feel or know the fragility of life, of Nature, while we feel or know our greed, stupidity, arrogance and pride, we keep making the same errors, the same mistakes; keep striving after the same failed ideals and abstractions; keeping stupidly believing that "this time, it will be different..." Thus do we continue to slaughter and maim individuals in impersonal war after impersonal war. Thus do we find some justification - or invent some lies - to invade and occupy another land, or to use brutal force to impose "our" vision, our ideals, our way, upon others, believing we are right. Thus do we give eloquent speeches or write fiery tracts and articles and propaganda to convince and persuade others, appealing to their emotions, or their base instincts - or, slyly in a manipulative way, appealing to their "better nature".

Thus do we continue in our hubris, our greed, to exploit Nature, as thus do we continue to exploit other human beings and the other life with which we share this planet. More life - human and otherwise - has been destroyed by us in the last hundred years than in the whole of the last five thousand years.

It is as though, as a species, we are flawed: that the individuals, the minority, who clearly see and who clearly understand and who speak and write about compassion, empathy and suffering - a minority which arises every generation, every century, generation after generation, century after century - is swept aside, engulfed when the fever, born of our flaws, yet again flows within us and we, *en masse*, sally forth to war, or go forth on some crusade or other, or follow some leader or other, or sally forth to exploit some new resource, or adhere to some cause or other, or demand revolution, change or the implementation of some recently manufactured ideal or abstraction.

Thousands of years of literature, philosophy, poetry, music, Art - thousands of years of examples of human love, of adversity, suffering, misery, fortitude, death, thousands of years of allegories, of the presencing of the numinous, of culture - do not seem to have made much difference to the majority, except sometimes as examples which the propagandists, the hypocrites, the sly ones, the dishonourable ones, may use, from time to time, if it suits their purpose, their cause, their abstraction, their desire, their greed, their crusade, their war.

For the inescapable truth seems to me to be that - despite all our words, spoken and written - we are still animals: that all our pretences, all our pretence at being "civilized" or "cultured", is just that, pretence; mere show at worst, and at best, just a brief interlude, a brief following of a more evolved way of life; an interlude, a way, which ends, which is forgotten, when we revert back to type, to being animals who walk upright, in human form, barbarians who can speak, write, talk and who manufacture and use machines.

Perhaps we human animals will just continue to ravage this planet, continue to be barbarians - predators on each other and on the other life which lives on this planet which is our home - until we move toward extinction or until Nature is so harmed, so damaged by us that we destroy the home, Nature, we depend on and which gave and gives us life.

Yet it is tempting to hope, to hope that we can and will change; even more tempting to believe there is a purpose, hidden or otherwise: that there is an existence after our death, a God, Allah, or some supreme or supra-personal Being. The crux here is *believe*. To assume; to presume. And if we cannot so believe, so presume?

As I wrote recently in a missive to a friend:

Who is there to hear the cries of anguish, of sorrow - who to know our knowing of our mistakes, experience - if there is no God, no supra-personal numinous Being or beings beyond this causal realm where we, mortals, but so briefly exist?

What is there, of meaning? Except that, perhaps, we give ourselves or that which we, believing, accept. Or that which we impose, upon ourselves, upon others - Life - through manufactured, unreal, abstractions.

What is there, then, but the briefest of brief numinous moments captured in one moment of joy; in some precious presencing of music, of Art, of sharing, of a personal love; of a moment perhaps perchance prolonged when we, living, surge forth beyond our causal selves to touch: something.

What is there left of such moments when the years, the decades, have worn away each immediacy of each moment until only the haze of memory remains, as of those warm Summer days of youth when by the forded river we rested, our whole world that gurgling river replete with stones, the garden of play and our welcoming safe home?

What is there of meaning in such moments recalled? Only, perhaps, the meaning felt, possessed, then - which slowly, slowly leaves us as age begins to wear us, down.

What is there to do but continue to live, to seek, search, for such moments, again: drifting with, perchance against, the flow until one feels that Life again which lived so - by, in - such rushing of a causal Time. And when the energy of our one life begins to flow away - away from seeking, searching, feeling, away toward that waiting fated Winter - then we, alone, steady ourselves to sit, recline, or lay-adown, to dream, to feel again, those memories that so suffused us, then, in that precious Time of Living.

Yet, and yet I cannot in my own weakness, in my own dreams, cease to hope: feeling that each numinous poem, each numinous piece of music, each numinous work of Art, each tale of tragedy and remorse, each deed of love, each act of expiation, of humility and compassion, each awakening of empathy, has meaning and gives meaning and is thus an evolution; one more example for one more person somewhere, sometime, and that in the not-too-distant future each and every such singular presencing of the numinous will merge together to form a global culture that has the allegorical power, over causal time, to transform us, as human beings and *en masse*, thus beginning our evolution into compassionate, empathic, human beings.

David Myatt
2454549.093

Journeyings

As for my own journeyings, they have been many and varied - in essence a search for meaning, identity and purpose, and also, to be honest, an inner following of an ideal, a dream, a sense of personal Destiny. Thus, outwardly, I have studied, and been involved with Taoism, Buddhism (both Theravada and Zen), Catholicism (of course!), Islam, and various pagan ways. There has also been a decades-long history of political and "para-military" involvement, as I strived to change society in accord with some political idealism I believed in - which involvement led me, in my pride, arrogance and stupidity, to cause great suffering to others, and to have the experience (twice) of being in prison. For I often used, and incited, violence, in my pursuit of political abstractions, and was, for a long time - and still am, by many - perceived as some violent fanatic, an extremist, and even as an "evil man".

This perception of me is understandable, although I personally regard it as incorrect because during my years of involvement I was, for most of that time, controlling my natural empathy, and compassion, believing that "sacrifices had to be made" in order to create some better, idealized society. That is, I placed some abstraction - political, or "religious" in the case of Islam - before human beings: before their happiness, before a simple, joyful, human love. Thus, I regarded violence, war - and some killing - as an acceptable "price"...

Sometimes, during these decades, it did get too much, and so for a while I ceased my involvements - to study various philosophies, religious, or Ways; to wander around, as tramp, for some months; to spend nearly two years in a monastery; to get married for the first time and strive to live a "domestic life"; to live in a tent for several months; to travel around the world; to spend six months (following the death from cancer of my second wife) living in an hotel translating Greek literature... But always, always, I returned to my posturings - to striving to change the world in accord with some idealism, in accord with some abstraction I held in my head, stupidly believing that I was indeed trying to make the world a better, a more noble, place: and arrogantly, pridefully, believing that I could make a difference.

Gradually, very gradually, my pride, my arrogance, my sense of personal Destiny, my belief in abstractions - political, social and religious - have all been worn down, so that now I am somewhat like some of the monks I knew who joined the noviciate after the Second World War because their personal experience of war and suffering changed them, greatly. But in my case, my pride, my arrogance, my inner belief, was, it seems so great, that it took me decades to be fundamentally changed - or, rather, to shed, to have taken from me, the illusions of this world, to accept I had been wrong, to feel the meaning of humility.

Yet - somewhat shamefully to recall - I understood many things, such as the need to cease to cause suffering, several times over the years: understood them both intellectually, and emotionally; rationally and empathically. But always, always, I in the end returned to involvement, to causing suffering, as I always, always, in the end and in my arrogance, rejected the answers of all religions, philosophies and

Ways, striving to find my own answers.

Now, I live quite quietly, almost as a recluse, spending my days walking in the hills, or reading, or messing around with (and testing) computer software, or just watching clouds pass. Still searching, for answers; hoping that I have at last ceased to cause suffering - but knowing only that I do not really know, that I am fallible, that I have been wrong so many times in the past; that my answers, such as they are, are only my answers, accepted for the moment, and feeling how incomplete these answers are, with so many questions remaining unanswered...

With her death - over seven months ago, now - I felt, surprisingly strongly, the need for prayer; the need to once again believe in God, in a Saviour; to have again the healing, the catharsis, of the sacraments of the Church. So I became perplexed, hoping to believe, wishing to believe, but not believing - or, perhaps, not being given the Grace to believe, from the Holy Spirit. So I fought, again, against myself - striving to find my own rational and empathic answers, beyond religion, faith, God...

Is this striving yet again my arrogance, my stupidity, my pride? Probably. Thus there is again the question of humility - of just accepting; of surrender to a supra-personal redeeming love. And yet - and yet there are the doubts, intellectual, and born from empathy: from the knowing of Nature, of the Cosmos; from the knowing of my own answers, however, feeble, born out of the struggle of the past seven months, the past several decades of my mistakes.

DW Myatt

(Extract from a letter to a religious of OSB)

David Myatt - A Desire To Know

How would you sum up your life?

A quest for knowledge, understanding and wisdom. A desire to know through direct, personal, experience. A learning from my errors, my mistakes, my experiences.

However, my life - until a few years ago - has also been subsumed with a certain arrogance, a certain hubris. For I have striven, for decades, to implement, to propagate, what I now understand are suffering-causing, un-empathic, causal abstractions.

Thus, in some ways, one could with some justification describe my life until recently as a kind of dialectic, between that quest - ἔνωσις - and my desire to change the world for the better, or what, at the time, I mistakenly considered was better.

Many people - perhaps the majority - who have commented on your life seem to think that you have flitted from one ideology, from one religion, to another, and that therefore whatever you write is rubbish because you will have some new opinion tomorrow. How do you respond to this?

What other people may think or believe or assume about me is irrelevant. Since early 2002 CE - when, following the ending of my third marriage, I went to live again, for many months, as a vagabond, a gentleman of the road - I have simply been trying to document as honestly as I can my experiences, my learning, my feelings, evident as these experiences, these feelings, are in the many private letters, the poems, and the personal writings, I have written since then.

Thus, the term *πάθει μάθος* in many ways describes what I have been doing for almost ten years: learning from experience; learning from the suffering I realized I have inflicted upon others; learning from the suffering I have inflicted upon myself because of my acceptance of my mistakes, my errors -

especially my error of having, for most of my adult life, been in thrall to abstractions, to idealism. Learning to forgo idealism, and learning instead to accept, to be, the empathy I have known, felt, for most of my adult life but which I suppressed or ignored because I stupidly, foolishly, accepted that some ideal, some goal, some idealized duty, was more important than love, and more important than someone, somewhere, suffering.

Now I know, I understand - I feel - that nothing whatsoever, no ideal, no goal, no perceived duty, no ideology, no dogma, no oath of loyalty, no chain of command, justifies inflicting suffering on any sentient being, on any human being, and that what is most important is empathy, compassion, honour, and a personal, a human, love. That it is our desire to cease to cause suffering, to not inflict any suffering, to love, that makes us human - and which is the essence of our humanity, the essence of culture, the essence of true civilization, and that there are not, there never can be, any excuses whatsoever for placing some ideal, some goal, some duty, some cause, some ideology, some dogma, before such love, before such empathy, before such compassion; that our duty to be human, to express our humanity through empathy, compassion, love and honour, comes before everything and anything else.

The results of my thinking, my learning from experience, are evident in my own, personal, and only recently completed *weltanschauung* which I have called The Numinous Way, with this Way being based on the virtues of empathy, compassion, personal honour and personal love.

Hence, in many ways, The Numinous Way represents what I have learnt from my own life-long quest for knowledge, understanding, and wisdom.

Would you say then that The Numinous Way is a new philosophy?

It is more a philosophy of life - a way of living - than a philosophy in the academic sense. As for being new - it just represents my own conclusions, and I shall let others decide just how "new" it is, since it seems to me to simply re-present certain truths which others have expressed in various ways throughout our human history.

You mentioned direct, personal, experience. Would it therefore be correct to say that you deliberately became involved with certain ideologies, and religions, in order to gain personal experience of them?

Yes - in respect of some such Ways, some such experiences. For I have always,

since a quite early age, felt that practical experience was the better way to know, to understand things.

Or, expressed another way, my personal nature, my character, was such that I preferred, I enjoyed, I sought, practical experience over and above theoretical study, as I mentioned in an earlier dialogue, *A Question of Empathy*, quod vide.

Would you care to say anything particular concerning your learning from your practical experience of Islam, National Socialism, Christianity, and Buddhism?

In respect of the Nazarene Way (the Nazarene faith) - and I am being somewhat pedantic here, in using the term Nazarene in preference to Christianity - I concluded that, while it is a powerful allegory, and while it could, especially in Catholicism in pre-Vatican II days, present something of the numinous, it had also become over time a type of causal abstraction, where dogma, and especially reverence for scripture, came before empathy and before one's own personal and direct experience of ἔνωσις.

Furthermore, there is the belief of being saved - of being judged by a supra-personal, perfect, creator-being - so that the impetus for good deeds is often or mostly to do with one's own desire to be rewarded by this supra-personal, perfect, creator-being. That is, the motivation is often, or mainly, still personal, tied in with notions of, with the abstraction, of the self.

There is thus, for me, in this personal motivation, something lacking - and what is lacking is what I have described as the Cosmic perspective: that knowing of ourselves as but one nexion, one connexion, to Nature, to Life, to the Cosmos itself. There is thus, by knowing ourselves as a nexion, a moving-beyond the self; an appreciation, through empathy, of how we affect and can affect other Life, human and otherwise. There is also an appreciation of how we can and should further develop our empathy. However, and in particular, in such a Way as that of the Nazarene, there is little or no awareness of the *immediacy of the moment*, and thus a lack of knowing how all abstractions are or can be the cause of or contribute to suffering. A lack of knowing, in brief, of how empathy, honour, compassion - and thus ethics and law - cannot be abstracted out from the *immediacy of the moment*, from a personal interaction between human beings.

Furthermore, in The Numinous Way, there is a certain, a particular, solution to what has been termed *the problem of evil* - a solution that I, personally, am happy with, over and above the solution offered by both the Nazarene Way and

Islam.

For what applies to the Nazarene Way also applies to Islam. In respect of such matters as dogma, ethics, empathy, and so on.

Furthermore, in both Islam and in the Nazarene Way one has a reliance upon certain texts, which are open to interpretation and mis-interpretation, and thus there develops, and has developed, various schisms, and various conflicts, where certain individuals, and even particular groups, are considered to be heretics, or apostates, or wrong, and where certain very un-empathic things, and much suffering, human and otherwise, comes to be considered "justified".

In both of these Ways of Living - for both are, correctly understood and correctly appreciated and correctly implemented, Ways of Living rather than just a personal faith - there is thus a certain lack of personal empathy, a particular lack of the Cosmic dimension, for both Ways are Earth-centric, concentrating on human beings as having been created, and capable of being saved by, a supra-personal, perfect, creator-being.

Thus, and for example, I had a problem with the notion of Jesus of Nazareth being born and crucified on Earth in order to redeem us and show us the Way, for what of other planets, in the causal Cosmos, where sentient life most probably exists? Would there be, for them, a Saviour, a similar crucifixion and resurrection? In the same way, would other sentient life in the Cosmos receive a revelation similar to the Quran, from Allah? Would there thus be the equivalent of Catholics, Protestants, Sunni and Shia Muslims, on other worlds?

All of this is not to say or even suggest that these two Ways have not presented something of the numen, and have not contributed to positive change, among human beings. That they certainly have done, through the actions of many of their adherents, over centuries, and through - for example - the Tridentine Mass, the plainchant Latin office of certain religious orders, and the Namaz of the Muslims. But they have also and indisputably contributed to suffering, to conflict, personal and otherwise, and will, in my view, continue to do so, given, for instance, their ontology, their basal reliance on certain texts, their lack of the Cosmic perspective, and their lack of cultivation of empathy.

In respect of National-Socialism, I concluded that race - ethnicity - was fundamentally irrelevant, an unethical causal abstraction, the pursuit of which caused suffering. I also concluded, among other things, that the concept of a folkish State, or nation, was also an unethical causal abstraction, the pursuit of which caused also caused or contributed to suffering.

Thus, I moved far away from any and all supra-personal authority - to conclude that small, local, communities are the only social structures compatible with the virtues of empathy, compassion and personal honour, and that nations and States, and all governments, contribute to or cause, or can cause and can contribute to, suffering and, in particular, negate by their very abstract, supra-personal, nature both empathy and personal honour.

I further concluded that - in respect of both Islam, and National-Socialism - that honour could only and ever be individual, personal, and relate to the immediacy of the moment. That is, that one's duty, one's loyalty, can only be to those known personally - and cannot be abstracted out from the immediacy of the moment, from a direct, personal, interaction between other human beings; that honour thus cannot be abstracted into some impersonal State or some national or some government or some Shariah law. Thus, personal honour, in the personal immediacy of the moment, is for The Numinous Way, the source of all law, just as honourable, empathic, individuals are the only source of human justice - not some abstract, impersonal, Court of Law or some judge (or Qadi) or some jury sitting in some Court.

In respect of Buddhism, I concluded that while it was a noble Way, it also did not, for me, provide sufficient answers to particular questions. In particular, and as I sought to explain in my essay *Buddhism and The Numinous Way*, there is the matter of personal honour, the matter of re-birth, the question of empathy and its cultivation, and the matter of letting-be, of there being no specific way, such as meditation, for us as individuals to achieve enlightenment, to presence the numen.

How do you react when people call you a mage, or a mad mage?

I suppose it depends on whether they use, and understand, the words in its exoteric or its esoteric sense.

Which are what?

Exoterically - that is, in common usage - a mage means a practitioner of the Occult arts. Esoterically - as used by those of discernment, and culture - a mage is a synonym for a Sage, for someone seeking wisdom, ἔνωσις. Which ἔνωσις is for me the knowledge, the awareness, of the unity beyond our causal selves; of how we are a nexion to other Life, to Nature, to the Cosmos, and thus not separate from them.

If those who use the term mage mean, and/or imply, the latter, then it is pleasing, if perhaps undeserved if having found wisdom is additionally meant or implied. For, as I mentioned, all I have expressed, in *The Numinous Way*, in various letters, in some poems, and in my personal writings, are my own conclusions, deriving from my own learning from experience.

As for mad, well perhaps *wild* might be apt, for some of my life, at least!

Given all your experiences, your learning from such diverse experiences, is there one thing in particular that you have come to value?

Yes, and it is empathy - our human, our undeveloped, faculty of empathy. For it is empathy which, as I said, I have come to understand is the essence of our humanity, and it is by and through and because of empathy that we can express and develop that humanity in our personal and social relationships, and which humanity is especially evident in a mutual, honourable, personal love.

David Myatt
2455295.313

Humility, Abstractions, and Belief

πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κούδεν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει
(*Soph. Antig. 334*)

There is much that is strange, but nothing has more strangeness than we human beings

One of the many questions that has occupied me recently is the question of humility - can there, for instance, be true humility without a belief in a supreme Being, be that supreme Being God, as understood for instance, by Christianity, or Allah, as understood by Islam.

For I have certainly come, through and because of my own peregrinations and my *πάθει μάθος*, to recognize, to understand, the need for humility - the need for us, as individual human beings, to place ourselves in such a supra-personal context, such a perspective, that we become aware of our own fallibility, our own mortality, our own humanity, our own weakness, so that there is within us, or develops within us, a natural empathy with other Life, with Nature, and especially with other human beings.

From humility, it seems to me, derives two most important human virtues, dignity, and awareness of the numinous, the sacred. From humility derives the necessary desire to forgo or at least restrain what seems to be, at least so far, our human need for arrogance, for personal pride, for ὕβρις (hubris); for pursuing some ideal, such as a disruptive, often suffering-causing un-numinous change, where we are intensely and personally dissatisfied with ourselves, our situation, our circumstances, and often with what we regard as "society".

Manifestations of Humility

One of the great advantages - a manifestation of humanity - of a Way such as Islam and Christianity and Buddhism is that they provide, or can provide, us with the supra-personal perspective, and thus the humility, we human beings require to prevent us veering into and becoming subsumed with the error of

hubris.

As it says in the Rule of Saint Benedict:

"The peak of our endeavour is to achieve profound humility..."
Chapter 7, *The Value of Humility*

As it says in the Quran:

"The '*Ibaad* of Ar-Rahman [Allah] are those who walk on earth in humility." 25:63

As it says in the Dhammapada:

"Yo bâlo maññati bâlyae paúóitovâpi tena so bâlo ca paúóitamânî sa ve bâloti vuccati."

" Accepting of themselves, the simple person in their simplicity is wise, although if they pride themselves they are wise, they are simply full of pride. "

Furthermore, such Ways provide such a supra-personal perspective in a manner which is living - that is, these Ways are presented to us as something which has a historical genesis and which lives among us, in our own times, in and through those devoted to them in that dignified manner which makes such people living examples of those tenets, of those Ways. That is, the dignified people who follow such Ways - who are inspired by those Ways to practice humility in their own lives - thus manifest the numinous, the sacred, among us, and so can provide us with practical, and personal, guidance, and a sense of belonging.

Thus, in such Ways we, as individuals, can find a welcome, a type of identity beyond our own personal one, and certainly a place where we can often, in time, find a home: a place to dwell awhile between the problems and the passions and the foibles of our lives, and place where we can feel, and come to know, the numinous.

Yet such conventional Ways also require a certain belief, a certain faith: an acceptance of their own abstractions, and often their own dogma. For

example, Islam requires, among other things, an acceptance that the Quran is the literal word of Allah. Christianity requires, among other things, that one accepts Scripture - the Old and New Testaments - as authoritative guides, to be quoted, admired, and followed; as Christianity also requires a belief in Jesus as the resurrected Son of God. Buddhism requires, among other things, an acceptance of Siddhattha Gotama as *the* enlightened one, who left guidelines and means to be followed; Buddhism also requires that one accept such things - such abstractions - as nirvana, and re-birth.

But, is humility possible without recourse to such Ways? Does humility of necessity require a certain inclusion - of one becoming part of a living tradition or of some conventional Way with a multitude of adherents and members? Does humility, therefore, of necessity, depend on one accepting certain abstractions and having faith in certain dogma?

The Cosmic Perspective

In essence, the truth of our human nature is that we are simply one type of life which exists on one planet orbiting one star in a Galaxy composed of billions of stars in a Cosmos containing billions upon billions of other Galaxies.

That is, in Cosmic terms, we do not seem to be anything special, and are most probably - if not almost certainly - not unique. We only assume or like to believe that we are unique - an assumption, and a belief, an arrogance, that most conventional Ways (termed religions) accept as a fundamental premise. Thus, Christianity and Islam both speak of a supreme creator-Being providing us with revelation, by means of Prophets, and which revelation is a guide to how we might attain what is regarded as the aim of our mortal existence, which is an eternal after-life in Heaven or Jannah.

There is, thus, the notion of this supreme Being guiding us, interfering in our affairs, and having a direct concern for we human beings on this planet we have called Earth - hence, for example, the concept of prayer to this Being; forgiveness from this Being; hence the notion of Jesus being crucified for us; hence the notion, in Christianity, of redemption and Heaven through Jesus; hence the notion of, in Islam, Shariah and Adab as a means, a path, to Allah and thus as guides to attaining the after-life in Jannah promised to us by Allah.

Even in Buddhism there is the belief in enlightenment, which Siddhattha Gotama and his teachings can guide us to, even if this takes several re-births in this mortal world, on Earth. There is also the notions of nirvana, re-birth,

and of the Sangha as an enlightened way to enlightenment.

In all of these Ways there is *us*: we human beings, on this planet, striving for a different non-mortal, non-causal, existence. There are human beings thus concentrating on their own salvation, their own enlightenment, as there is some supreme Being, or some Enlightened One, concerned with us, or guiding us.

Which leads us to certain important questions, if we suspend the human-centric presumption - for example, does the probable existence of sentient life elsewhere in the Cosmos mean that:

(1) the God of Christianity, the supreme Being, the creator and giver of life, has to provide revelation through Prophets on every planet containing sentient life; and for there to be another crucifixion of another Jesus or even the same Jesus? And, if not, why not - for does not all sentient life, being the creation of the supreme creator, require redemption and the chance of Heaven?

(2) the Allah of Islam, the supreme Being, the creator and giver of life, has to reveal another Quran on every planet containing sentient life through other Messengers akin to Muhammad?

(3) a sentient being such as Siddhattha Gotama has to become enlightened to guide other sentient beings on every planet bearing sentient life?

Further questions arise, such as, if Heaven and Jannah exist will they become the abode of all the other non-human sentient life from other worlds who have been judged fitting to be there - or will other non-human sentient life have their realms, their own after-lives, and if so why if there is only one supreme God, one Allah, for the whole of the Cosmos as the ontology and theology of Christianity and Islam require? Would God, or Allah, operate a kind of apartheid policy to keep humans and non-humans separate in their after-lives?

Would there be an alien, a non-human, equivalent of the Catholic Pope on some other, extra-terrestrial worlds, somewhere in our Galaxy or in other Galaxies? Would there be a type of Shia or Sunni divide on another world, or on other worlds? And so on.

The easy answer to such questions is to continue with the human-centric perspective; with the assumption, the belief, that we human beings are, if not unique in the Cosmos in being sentient beings, then are somehow in some manner special, or favoured, by God, by Allah, or even by the nature of what Siddhattha Gotama taught was the impermanence of existence.

But if one asks such questions about the Cosmic nature of life, then it is easy to see that a non-revealed Way (or philosophies) such as Buddhism, and Taoism, can be adapted or expanded to answer most of them, whereas revealed Ways such as Christianity and Islam have quite major problems, in terms of ontology, ethics, theology, eschatology, and so on.

Which then leads us to the simple question as to why there is no mention of the Cosmic perspective - of non-human sentient beings on other worlds in the Cosmos, requiring enlightenment, redemption, and so on - (1) if Siddhattha Gotama was the enlightened one, who perceived the true nature of existence, which existence is as vast as the Cosmos; (2) if the supreme Being of Islam and Christianity, as posited is the all-knower, the creator of all life, everywhere.

Of course, conventional Ways have easy - if ultimately unsatisfying - answers to such questions, which are *either* the canard that we humans are indeed special, chosen, and have some "sacred duty" to take our Earth-given revelations, the enlightenment of Siddhattha Gotama, out to other sentient life in the Cosmos, *or* that Siddhattha Gotama, God, Allah, were concerned with guiding us, we human beings, and deemed such questions about the Cosmos and other life would or might "only confuse us..." and what was important was our salvation, our enlightenment. Thus, we are treated like children, who cannot be told, or trusted with, the whole truth.

Such answers are unsatisfying because they require either a continuation of our arrogance, or an act of faith; they require that we limit our curiosity, limit our expectations; and accept that God, Allah, Siddhattha Gotama know or knew what is best for us, and it is right that they regard us as and treat us as children.

Such answers are unsatisfying because, to the rational, the doubting, human being it seems as if the revelations from God, from Allah, are somehow in some way deficient, as it seems as if Siddhattha Gotama may not been as fully enlightened as Buddhists seem to accept or to believe.

In truth, our human appreciation of the vastness of the Cosmos, of the probability of other sentient life existing elsewhere, our faculty of reason, should move us toward the conclusion that most if not all conventional Ways are incomplete at best, or at worst are just other examples of our human-centric perspective, of our lack of empathy with all life, with all existence, in the Cosmos.

Humility and Empathy

The Cosmic perspective points us toward a possible answer in respect of the initial question asked regarding humility, for it seems that the essence of genuine humility lies in this Cosmic perspective and in the empathy which enables us to appreciate other life in the Cosmos.

That is, what we call humility - with its human-making quality, its distillation of an essential part of our humanity - does not necessarily depend on God, or Allah, or on some revelation, or on some enlightened human being such as Siddhattha Gotama. Rather, it has become or it can become inherent in us by virtue of our slow human process of *πάθει μάθος*, of us learning from our experiences, and thus growing in consciousness and empathy, which consciousness and which empathy provide us with both a knowledge, an understanding, of suffering and its causes, and with a means of ceasing to cause or to contribute such suffering.

Thus, humility is, like personal honour, an essential practical manifestation of empathy itself and of us acquiring a Cosmic perspective - because humility disposes us toward acting in such a manner that we try and avoid causing suffering to other beings, and removes from us that arrogance, that pride, which arises when we are subsumed with ourselves, our desires, and a human-centric perspective. For, by and through humility, we do what we do not because we expect some reward, or some forgiveness, given by some supra-personal supreme Being, or have some idealized duty to such a Being or to some abstraction (such as some nation, some State) but because it is in our very nature to do an act of compassion, a deed of honour: to do something which is noble and selfless.

That is, we act, not out of duty, not out of a desire for Heaven or Jannah, or enlightenment or some other "thing" we have posited - not from any emotion, desire or motive, not because some scripture or some revelation or some Buddha says we should - but because we have lost the illusion of our self-contained, personal, identity, lost our Earth-centric, human-centric, perspective, lost even the causal desire to be strive to something different, and instead just *are*: that is, we are just one microcosmic living mortal connexion between all life, on Earth, and in the Cosmos. For our very nature, as human beings, is a Cosmic nature - a natural part of the unfolding, of the naturally and numinously changing, Cosmos.

Evolution and Change

One objection to our human *πάθει μάθος* - to our evolution toward sentience and cosmic empathy and thus humility - might be that such evolution is itself an abstraction, a theory, or some ideal.

However, by such evolution is meant only change, only a natural unfolding - φύσις; only that slow interior iteration whereby we are changed through experience, through learning, through culture, through art, through those many and varied presencings of the numinous which contain and which express, and which have expressed for several millennia, the quintessence of our human *πάθει μάθος*.

Such a change is numinous, and distinct from that change - that disruptive, un-numinous, profane, change - which abstractions cause or which are the genesis of suffering.

For the change that is our numinous φύσις is essentially and at first an interior, a personal, one, imbued with the very acausality of the numen; whereas the vapid change of abstractions is the change of the causal, of cause-and-effect, arising from the pursuit of, or the desire for, outer change, of attempting to mould life, especially human life and Nature, to some abstraction or some ideal, which we believe in, assume, or hold onto.

Furthermore, empathy with life, with the Cosmos, disposes toward an understanding, a knowing, of the Cosmos itself as a natural unfolding, a natural, and numinous, changing, just as Nature is such, here on Earth: one particular, one finite, presencing of the very living of the Cosmos.

Conclusion

Hence, we arrive at the simple conclusion that for us human beings, humility is a natural and necessary and numinous development; an expression of our humanity, of the potential that we possess to evolve, to change, ourselves in a numinous manner consistent with the Cosmic nature of our own being, and consistent with the nature of the Cosmos itself.

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Exegesis, and the Discovery of Wisdom

One of the problems of conventional Ways [1] is their reliance upon certain texts (original or derivative), which texts come to be regarded as either sacred, or as possessing wisdom, or both. For, almost invariably, all such texts require interpretation [2] and/or come to used a source, if not the primarily and authoritative source, of information about, and a guide to, a particular Way. This reliance upon texts applies both to revealed Ways - such as Christianity and Islam, with Scripture (Christianity) and Quran and Ahadith (Islam) - and to non-revealed Ways, such as Buddhism and Hinduism [3].

What is common in respect of all Ways based upon or centred around certain texts, is that there invariably arises, over a certain period of causal Time, a particular attitude, both personal, and collective (among the community of adherents or believers), with this attitude being one of, if not veneration of the texts themselves, then of reliance upon them so that they are preferred over and above the *πάθει μάθος* of individuals: that is, preferred over and above the slow and the natural and the numinous (the living) accumulation of personal insight, understanding, and wisdom.

In addition, the interpretation of such texts - and/or the emergence or the writing of new texts concerning a particular Way - has, almost invariably, led to schism or schisms within a particular Way, with such schisms often being, at least in respect of revealed Ways - violent in nature, and leading to accusations of heresy.

These two features - the particular attitude of reliance upon and/or veneration of texts, and the emergence of schisms due to texts - may be said to represent *the religious attitude* itself. And it is this religious attitude, among individuals, and collectively - among a community or communities of adherents or believers - which is the fundamental problem of all conventional organized Ways.

However, in its genesis, a particular Way often does not possess nor require the cultivation of this religious attitude, this religious approach. Indeed, some Ways, in their genesis, may be quite opposed to such an attitude, such an approach, which attitude, which approach, often leads to the veneration, if not the deification, of the founder (known or perceived) of the Way.

One, particularly modern, manifestation of this religious attitude is in the desire, by adherents of a particular conventional Way, to find the results of modern science in such texts. Thus, there arises the desire to find, or to prove, that such texts prefigured, or indeed contain, certain scientific notions or certain recent rational explanations of natural phenomena, and this desire is often based upon a need to show or to somehow "prove" that the founder of a Way, or the supra-personal supreme Being of a Way, possessed a knowledge of such newly discovered matters.

Thus, and for instance, ancient texts are scoured to show that there was some ancient knowledge, and understanding, of such things as life existing elsewhere in the Cosmos; and/or there was some ancient knowledge and understanding of planets orbiting stars; and/or some ancient knowledge and understanding of what we now refer to as evolution, and the origin of diverse species; and so on.

This is, in effect, a re-interpretation of particular texts, where certain modern terms are mistakenly projected onto ancient or old words to give them a modern meaning, with this re-interpretation often being required by individuals, subsumed by the religious attitude, in order for those individuals to continue to believe in, or to continue to adhere to, what has become a particular Way reliant upon such texts.

The Problem of Reliance

Reliance on texts - revealed, venerated, or otherwise - is a fundamental problem because it not only removes wisdom from the personal experience of the individual, but it also tries to prescribe, to define, to restrict, the numinous.

Fundamentally, the religious attitude is itself a problem because it is a reliance on those abstractions that often derive or have been derived from an initial numinous experience, and which abstractions denude, undermine, or disrupt or conceal, the numinous itself.

For the truth is that wisdom is only - and only ever can be - personal, individual, and unique, and cannot be abstracted out from *πάθει μάθος* into some abstraction, religious or otherwise, or be found in some text, revealed or otherwise. That is, wisdom is a function of acausality - of acausal Time, of what is living - and not the result of some cause-and-effect; not the result of adhering to or striving to adhere to what someone else, somewhere at some moment in causal Time, has transcribed, tried to describe, or might even have revealed or dis-covered in some manner.

Thus, wisdom is natural, within each of us, nascent - a potentiality to be discovered by and through the immediacy of personal experience. All some texts may do - and should do - is point us or guide us toward this of necessity interior discovery, which occurs in its own way, in its very own species of a living Time.

Furthermore, such an individual discovering of wisdom, by means of *πάθει μάθος*, leads to a knowing, an understanding, of humility - that is, to a placing of ourselves into that natural Cosmic perspective which forms the basis of Reality itself [4]. And it is such a natural and indeed spontaneous humility - beyond words, terms, abstractions - which is the practical antithesis of the religious attitude itself, and indeed which is a necessary precursor for our own individual change and evolution.

Similarly, the numinous itself is presenced, and can be found, within each of us, and within those natural things, those living things, such as Nature and the Cosmos, a personal love, and empathy, which arise, and which have arisen or unfolded, in their own way according to their basal acausal nature, *sans* any and all causal abstractions.

David Myatt
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Notes:

[1] By *Way* is meant a particular *numinous* Way of Life, distinguished from a particular philosophy (academic or otherwise) by virtue of the adherent or believer in such a numinous Way finding therein a presencing of the numinous sufficient to make them aware of, or feel, or come to know, a distinction between the sacred and the profane.

I have used *Way* in preference to the more common and in my view, inaccurate and now often pejorative term, religion.

[2] By *interpretation* here is meant (1) commentaries (academic, theological, and otherwise); (2) explanations (critical, and otherwise); (3) translations; and - most importantly - (4) a seeking of the meaning of (a) both the text (in whole and in parts; and both esoteric and exoteric) and (b) of the words and terms used.

[3] In Buddhism, the primary texts are regarded as: (1) for Theravada Buddhism, the collections referred to as *Tipitaka/Tripitaka*; (2) for Mahāyāna Buddhism, the Tipitaka (in some cases, depending on interpretation) and the various *Sutras*, including the collection often referred to as The Perfection of Wisdom; (3) for Tibetan Buddhism, the various Tantric texts, plus some of the Tipitaka (in some cases, depending on interpretation) and some the Mahāyāna sutras (in some cases, depending on interpretation).

In Hinduism, there is the *Bhagavad Gītā* and the literature of the *Vedas*.

[4] See, for example, the essay *Humility, Abstractions, and Belief*.

A Selection of Poetry by D W Myatt



[Closeness Becomes Us](#)

[One Exquisite Silence](#)

[Wine](#)

[The Sun of Warm November](#)

[Rounwytha - Some Poems by DW Myatt](#)

(pdf)

[Exquisite Silence - A Collection of Poems](#)

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[Two Face: Some Poems](#)

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[No Sun To Warm](#)



[Gentleman of the Roads](#)

[Clouds in the Sky](#)



Selected Letters and Personal Writings

[We Love Unsuspecting](#)

[Both Ennoble and Complete](#)

[Between Dishonour and Desire](#)

[One More Foolish Failure](#)

[One Missive To A Friend](#)

[One Simple Numinous Answer](#)

[The Suffering of Words](#)

[All Is Sadness](#)

[One Mid-September Mist](#)

[A Sunny Morning in March](#)

[Bringing Back The Numen](#)

So Many Tears

I Have No Answers, Now

Redemption and The Numinous Way

Such a Moment of Tears

Over One Year Beyond

A Natural Silence

The Illusion of Self

Crouched Up Over Muddied Earth

The Scent of Meadow Grass

The Sun of Mid-September

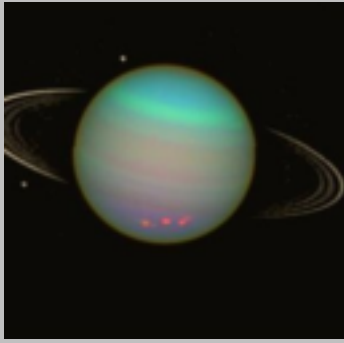
Toward Compassion

A Silent Dweller

Bright Purple Orchids

Existence Without End

Empathy, Honour and the Question of Suffering



The 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus:

A Radical Translation

by

D. W. Myatt

Introduction

This new translation of the 'Agamemnon' has, I believe, restored to Aeschylus that pagan vigour and understanding which is essential if one is to appreciate not only the work of Aeschylus, but also the civilization of Greece.

Aeschylus, along with many other ancient classical authors, has suffered at the hands of those who have tried to translate Greek into English. Perhaps the greatest disservice done to him - and the others - is the rendering of certain concepts, mostly described by a particular Greek word, in what is fundamentally an un-Hellenic, abstract and moral way - albeit that this seems to be mostly unconsciously done. What results from this thoughtlessness is more often than not a sort of 'Christianizing' of Greek culture in retrospect - and thus a lack of insight into and understanding of the Hellenic way of living.

One thinks here of verses like 1654-1656 from the 'Agamemnon'. This is always mis-translated to give something like: "No more violence. Here is a monstrous harvest and a bitter reaping time. There is pain enough already. Let us not be bloody now." The effect of such a 'translation' - not withstanding the abstract and modern concepts like "time" - is a moral one: the speaker (here, Clytaemnestra) apparently says, after killing Agamemnon and Cassandra, that she does not want any more "violence" and describes her killings as "monstrous".

However, what Aeschylus actually has Clytaemnestra say is: "Let us not do any more harm for to reap these many would make it an *unlucky* harvest: injure them just enough, but do not stain us with their blood." The whole tone is different - she is being practical and does not want to bring misfortune upon herself (or Aegisthus) by killing *to excess*. The killings she has done are quite acceptable to her - she has vigorously defended them claiming it was her duty to avenge her daughter and the insult done to her by Agamemnon bringing his mistress, Cassandra, into her home. Clytaemnestra shows no pity for the Elders whom Aegisthus wishes to kill: "if you must", she says, "you can injure them. But do not kill them - that would be *unlucky* for us."

Another example will make clear how moral abstractions are projected onto the text by the mistranslation of certain words. Consider lines 369-373 from the 'Agamemnon'. Conventionally: "A man thought the gods deigned not to punish mortals who trampled down the delicacy of things inviolable. That man was wicked."

A correct rendering would be along the following lines: "Someone denied that the gods deem it worthy to concern themselves with mortals who trample upon what, being untouchable, brings delight. But such persons have [or 'show'] no *proper respect*."

The difference here is startling and obvious. The first is moral in the Christian sense - involving abstract, fundamentally monotheistic notions like 'wickedness' and 'sin'. The second is pagan, or Hellenic, and represents the true spirit or ethos of the Greek civilization.

The result of this moral projection - and other acts of thoughtlessness - has been to destroy the vitality of the original and, incidently, make it seem rather boring. I, however, have taken a new and radical view of those concepts and words - such as kakos and so on - which are important to both a general and specific understanding of the Agamemnon. The result is this present work (which incidently solves some hitherto intractable problems of textual interpretation) - Volume I of which is the present Translation, and Volume II the rather extensive Commentary necessitated by such a radical approach. I have explained my interpretations in detail in Volume II.

In my translation I have tried to capture not only the pagan ethos of the original but also the images and metaphors of Aeschylus. The result, I hope, is a version which is enjoyable in its own right when either read or heard in performance, and which can be of use to students of Greek and the civilization of Greece.

The text used is that of Martin West (Teubner, 1991).

Note: Since this html document was produced by digitally scanning the printed text, there may be scanning errors missed in proof reading.

Notes on Performance

The language of Aeschylus - particularly in the Choral Odes - is flowing and expressive. It is not what was the language of 'everyday' speech and Aeschylus often seems to invent language in an attempt to express his meaning - compound words; omitting the article.

Often on a first reading or hearing, the sometimes complex method of construction Aeschylus uses may cause one to 'lose the thread' of meaning if one is inattentive - and Aeschylus certainly repays attention.

In my translation, I have striven to express something of the kind of vitality found in Aeschylus - to try and re-present the poet in another language which is not, like Greek, an inflective one. At the same time I have tried to keep his meanings, images and metaphors as I find them. In performance, some of the seeming complexities of the Choral Odes can be overcome by different members of the Chorus speaking different lines. Generally, when such a division is required, the text of the translation is indented and this often follows the strophic patterns of the Greek [unfortunately these divisions are not in this *html* web version]. However, within a particular strophe or antistrophe two speakers can be used to advantage.

Sometimes, wordless cries of horror or woe are appropriate: at the beginning of line 1100 for example, and at line 1114. At lines 1072 and 1076 Cassandra makes an 'invocation' to Apollo - a series of sounds rather like an incantation. In performance, the loud, repetitive chanting of certain 'vowel sounds' would suffice - e.g. "I-A-O! I-A-O! followed by the chanting of the name of the god, Apollo.

Dramatis Personae:

Watchman

Chorus (of Argive Elders)

Clytaemnestra

Herald

Agamemnon

Cassandra

Aegisthus

Scene: The dwelling of Agamemnon at Argos. Near the dwelling stands a statue of Apollo.

Agamemnon

Watchman:

Again I have asked the gods to deliver me from this toil,
This vigil a year in length, where I repose
On Atreidae's roof on my arms, as is the custom with dogs
Looking toward the nightly assembly of constellations
And they who bring to mortals the storm-season and the summer:
Those radiant sovereigns, distinguished in the heavens
As stars when they come forth or pass away.
And still I keep watch for the sign of the beacon,
The light of the fire which will bring report of Troy,
10 Announcing it is captured. For such is the command
And expectation of that woman with a man's resolve.
So I have a restless night and dew upon my couch,
With no dreams being visited upon me -
Since it is Fear and not Sleep who stands beside me,
Making it unsafe for Sleep to close my eyes -
And when I deem to sing or to chant
Some song as a prepared cure against Sleep,

Then I grieve, lamenting the misfortune of this family

Whose nobility lacks the perfection it possessed before.

20 But may it be my fortunate fate to be delivered from this toil

By that fire, which announces fortune, becoming visible in the darkness.

[The bonfire Beacon is seen, blazing]

Hail to that blaze, which makes night into day

With its light! And there will be an appointing of dancers

In Argos in their multitude because of this favourable event!

Awake! Awake!

To the Lady Agamemnon I give this loud signal

That she may swiftly arise from her bed and for her family

With ululation for this blazing auspicious omen

Raise her voice! For indeed the citadel of Ilium

Has fallen, as the bonfire most clearly declares. As for myself, I shall open the celebrations.

And I shall count the fortunate throw by my Lord

As mine, since I am cast as a triad of six by my beacon-watch.

Therefore, let it be that when he of the friendly hand arrives,

That my own hand is grasped by that Master of this dwelling.

As to other things - I am silent. Upon my tongue a great weight

Will be placed. But this dwelling itself - were it given a voice -

Would surely speak. As to my own intent:

To those who know, there is a speaking;

To those who do not know, a concealment.

[Exit Watchman, Enter Chorus]

Chorus:

It is the tenth year since that mighty accuser of Priam,

Lord Menelaus, and Agamemnon -

They of that double-throne and double-realm given by Zeus

Who thus honoured the stalwart pair, those sons of Atreus -

Went, with an Argive fleet of a thousand,

From this land as avenging warriors

With a mighty war-cry from their hearts

50 As vultures afflicted by their offspring being lost

And who, high over the nests, circle around -

Their wings the oars which move them -

Since those young, laboured-over in the nest, are gone.

But one of Apollo or Pan or Zeus hears the lofty

Sharp cries of the loud lamentation of those resident alien birds

And sends forth an avenging Fury against the offenders.

60 Thus were those sons of Atreus sent forth

By mighty Zeus, guardian of hospitality, against Alexander

On account of that woman who has had many men.

And many would be the limb-wearying combats

With knees pushed into the dirt

And spears worn-out in the initial sacrifice

Of Trojans and Danaans alike. What is now, came to be

As it came to be. And its ending has been ordained.

No concealed laments, no concealed libations,

70 No unburnt offering

Can charm away that firm resolve.

But I of the aged flesh was exempt

And so, left behind by those defenders, stay here -

Holding onto my staff with a strength equal to that of a child.

For that young marrow which reigned within the breast

Is the equal of an old man's - and Ares is not at his post.

80 Thus, he of great Age, his foliage drying up

And no stronger than a child, with three feet to guide him on his travels,

Wanders - appearing a shadow in the light of day.

[Clytaemnestra is seen, silently making offerings]

But you, the daughter of Tyndareus, royal Clytaemnestra,

What necessity, what that is new, what knowledge

Or message persuaded you to send around for incense to be burnt?

For all the gods who support this community -

Those above, the chthonic,

90 The celestial and of the Agora -

Are given gifts in abundance on their altars.

And from one place to another, flames rise up

To the celestial heights,

Anointed with sacred oil -

Soothing, unblemished and soft -

A libation from the royal sanctum.

Tell me of these things, if it is fitting

And proper - and consent to being healer of what divides me.

100 That which now brings to me a bad judgement

And then, from a sacrifice, a pleasing revelation,

A hope, to repel the numberless thoughts:

The affliction which feeds on my life.

I have the mastery to invoke those commanding men,

Of auspicious omen and mature -

For still the numen of the gods is with me,

Giving conviction, a strength to my choral-dance which grows with my age

Of how the double-throned might of the Achaeans,
The vigour of Hellas commanded by a common reason,
Were conveyed with avenging hands and spears
To the land of the Teucry by those fierce birds -
The Chieftain of birds of prey to Chieftain of Ships,
A black one and one with white back -
Manifesting near the tent-pole and, by the spear-throwing hand,
Settling, all-transfixing,
To feed on hares who, overburdened by offspring within,
120 Were stricken because last in the race.
Even though it is a skilful victory - say a lament!
Thus the worthy prophet of warriors, beholding those two,
Dismembering hares, saw the doubly-resolved sons of Atreus
Commanded by those Chiefs. And he spoke this of that omen:
The citadel of Priam, by this going forth, finally captured
All the fortifications;
Most of its folk acquired, enslaved - by a purging Fate
130 Subdued.
Only let no dislike from a divinity cover-up
This great mouth for Troy by striking first these assembled warriors!

For Artemis - the respected one - lamenting, is hostile

To those winged hunters of her father

Sacrificing the unborn young and their fearful bearer:

For she loathes this eagle-feast.

Even though it is a skilful victory - say a lament!

140 The Fair-One is good-natured toward

[The young who cannot follow the hunting lion,

And the breast-loving sucklings of all

Who rule in the wilds are pleasing to her.

Thus it should be asked that this prediction is fulfilled -

For though auspicious, this bird-omen could be false.]

So make invocations to the healing Paeon

That she does not cast her breath against the Danaans

Causing delay by holding the ships so they cannot sail

150 So that a second sacrifice beyond what is customary is required

An uneaten one -

Constructing a quarrel for those joined in planting,

With no man respected,

Another straightening, a waiting terrible

Cunning ruler of a dwelling:

A frenzy seeking retribution for a child.

Such were the things Calchas called forth -

Of great advantage to and fated for, the ruling family -

From the manner of those birds.

And this has that same sound:

Even though it is a skilful victory - say a lament!

160 Whenever that being came to be, if the name Zeus

Is pleasing, then by that I so call him.

I do not possess a model -

When I reflect upon the whole - except Zeus

If this foolish thing, the burden of Thought, is indeed

To be really taken from me.

There is nothing of that powerful being who existed before

Who, replete with boldness, fought anyone:

170 Of how he came to be, nothing can be told.

And the one produced after that, departed

Following a triad of combats.

If anyone, from reasoning, exclaims loudly that victory of Zeus,

Then they have acquired an understanding of all these things;

Of he who guided mortals to reason,

Who laid down that this possesses authority:

'Learning from adversity'.

Even in sleep there trickles through the heart

180 The disabling recalling of the pain:

And wisdom arrives regardless of desire,

A favour from daimons

Who have taken the seats of honour, by force.

Thus it was with that most respected leader

Of the Achaean ships -

With no rebuke for any prophet,

His breath the same as that of the Fortune which struck him

When the urns were emptied without sailing,

His Achaean warriors wearied

190 With holding what was opposite to Chalcidos

From where the foam returned to Aulis -

And who, while that breath arrived from Strymon,

Were badly at rest, hungry, anchored wrongly,

Men crowded together, careless with anchoring ropes and the ships themselves:

There a long while, a double length

Which wore out and blunted the vigour of Argos.

200 And then of another remedy - more grievous

Than those injurious storms - did the prophet

Shrilly cry to those leaders:

Calling upon Artemis so that those sons of Atreus,

Striking the ground with their staffs,

Could not hold their tears.

Then the elder of those Lords, spoke - saying these things:

Not to yield on this would be a hard Fate,

But to slay my child - she who honours our dwelling - is hard, also:

210 A gushing near the altar, from the slitting of a virgin's throat,

To pollute a father's hand.

Which of those is without injury?

How could I live - a deserter from a ship,

Having failed in my duty to my comrades?

For, to stop the winds, their desire

Above all desires is to offer in sacrifice

The blood of a virgin. So I call upon Themis

For what is best, to be.

But when he had put on that yoke of destiny

He breathed out changing reasons - disrespectful,

220 Without reverence, and profane.

Thereafter, his understanding lost, his judgements

Were excessively bold.

For mortals are given courage, their discernment harmed,

When the first injury is a hard deceiving blow.

So he dared

To become the sacrificer of his daughter

To aid a battle to avenge a woman

By so consecrating the ships.

Her warning of 'Father!', her supplications,

Her virgin state - were counted as nothing

230 By those commanders lusting for battle.

After invocations, her father ordered the servants

To lift up and place upon the altar - like a yearling goat -

She who with all her passion had bent down

To grasp his robe,

And to place a guard upon her beautiful lips -

To prevent a sound from bringing misfortune to the family -

By the power of a strong bridle making her without a voice.

Then, as she poured to earth that which stained her garment,

So at each sacrificer she cast from her eyes

240 Arrows of lamentation:

As if she were pre-eminent within a painting With a desire to speak,

As often at her father's good feasts

In the male dining-room she had, in song:

When - undeflowered, with her pure voice,

Honouring her beloved father -

She had with the third libation pleasingly sang

A paeon for good fortune.

I did not see, and do not speak of, what followed these things.

But the art of Calchas was not so incomplete:

250 The goddess, Judgement, favours someone learning from adversity.

But I shall hear of what will be, after it comes into being:

Before then, I leave it,

Otherwise, it is the same as a premature grieving.

Yet what does arrive, will be clear and align with those things.

May what is after what is now, be a favourable outcome -

As desired by the one left to protect these defences,

She closest to the fatherland of Apia.

Honouring your authority, Clytaemnestra, I am here:

For it is customary to respect the leader's woman

260 When the throne is left empty by the man.

If what you have learnt is not something good -

That you so make offerings for a welcome message, of hope -

Then I have the good judgment to hear it, and also not be envious of silence.

Clytaemnestra:

It is often said that it is Dawn,

Born from her mother, Night, who brings welcome messages.

For you will learn of a joy greater than any you hoped to hear of:

The Argives have captured the citadel of Priam!

Chorus:

What do you announce? In my disbelief, your words fled from me.

Clytaemnestra:

Is this speaking clearly? - Troy is Achaean property

Chorus:

270 Joy comes out from within me, bringing with it tears!

Clytaemnestra:

Your eyes reveal your good judgement.

Chorus:

But - what sign have you? And do you trust such a thing?

Clytaemnestra:

Certainly, I do - unless I am being tricked by a god.

Chorus:

Do you honour what is rightly yielded to - a portent in a dream?

Clytaemnestra:

I have no belief in what I receive when my reason is asleep.

Chorus:

Has then an oracle - not from augury - gladdened you?

Clytaemnestra:

Would you tarnish me with the reasoning of a young girl?

Chorus:

Then - how long has it been since the citadel was ravaged?

Clytaemnestra:

I say within that night whose child is this Dawn.

Chorus:

280 But who is the messenger who is so swift?

Clytaemnestra:

Hephaistos, bringing forth from Ida a radiant blaze:

A courier sent here to light bonfire after bonfire.

First, Ida to the rock of Hermes at Lemnos

And then, from that isle, the great bonfire third in line

On Zeus' mountain at Athos received he

Who on his back high over the sea

Conveyed that pleasing pine-torch of the strong flame:

Its golden light another sun,

Its blaze passing on the message to the towers of Makistos.

290 But he did not stop and neither did he - since there was no reason -

Let sleep triumph over him and so let go of his role as messenger.

Thus to the streams of Euripus from afar came the bonfire's radiance,

A sign to the watchmen of Messapios:

And, as the messenger passed on by them, they answered,

Raising a fire from their pile of gnarled wood.

The torch, vigorous and far from extinguished,

Bounded over the Asopian plain

To the rocks of Cithaeron as bright as the moon

So that the one waiting there to begin that fire, jumped up:

300 And those guards, praising this torch conveyed from afar,

Lit a fire greater than any I have spoken of before.

Then, the torch was rushed over lake Gorgopis

To reach the peak of Goat Mountain -

Rousing there a fire-ritual not for some favour

Where without envy of its might the kindled fire sent upwards

A great beard of flame -

And so on and over, beyond where the Saronic channel

Reflects the cliffs, onwards and blazing!

Then, rushing on, it then reached the summit of Spider's rock

And so approached the watch-towers of this town.

310 Thence - to the roof of the Atreidae here - rushed

What had not been without a father since that fire at Ida:

That torch, there!

Thus, willingly, were the functions of those who race with torches,

One after the other, fulfilled in succession

By he who, being first and last, was the victor.

I say to you, by such a sign and means

Did my man pass the message out of Troy to me.

Chorus:

My lady - later, I will invoke the gods,

But I am so with wonder at hearing what you said

That if you would continue, and speak again, it would be agreeable.

Clytaemnestra:

320 On this day, the Achaeans possess Troy -

With, I deem, within the citadel a clashing of cries of war.

For if, into the same urn, oil and vinegar are poured,

There would be no calling them companions, since they keep apart.

Thus apart are those seized and they who overwhelmed -

Giving voice to how both of those fortunes arose.

As those - casting themselves down near the bodies

Of husbands, brothers, sires,

The young of their elders - who, from a neck no longer free,

Bewail the fate of those loved ones.

330 While those others, following the toil of battle, wander in the night,

Hungry, for a meal of whatever the citadel contains,

Stationing themselves - with nothing to mark their share -

As if each one had drawn his lot by chance.

Thus, in spear-taken dwellings,

They now abide - delivered, as from an unlucky daimon,

From the open air with its frost and dews,

To sleep the whole night with no guard.

If they conduct themselves properly toward the guardian gods of the folk

Whose land they have seized - and the abodes of those gods -

340 Then those who have seized may not be seized in return.

So let not what first attacks those warriors be a desire

To plunder what they should not - a victory for profit;

For they require protection when returning to their homes

After turning around for the second leg of their journey.

And should the warriors arrive without being bereft of their gods,

There is the injury done to those killed, who are watching:

If no sudden bad fortune arise.

Such are the things one hears from me - a woman.

But one will see, with no division of opinion, the best superior

350 For that is the benefit I have chosen, from many honourable things.

Chorus:

My lady, with the reasoning of a man, you express good judgement.

Hearing of those signs you trust

I will prepare myself so I can, fittingly, speak with the gods.

For, with no dishonour, this is their reward, earned by our labour.

[Exit Clytaemnestra]

You, Zeus our Chief, and Nox, our companion -

Mistress of the mighty cosmos

Who cast over the Trojan towers a covering net

Such that neither the full-grown nor any young were beyond the limits

360 Of Misfortune's all-taking enslaving vast trawl.

This act was yours, Zeus - you who are honoured

As the mighty guardian of hospitality:

You who long ago at Alexander drew your bow

Such that neither before the mark nor toward the stars

Would these arrows be hurled, in vain.

They can say they have a wound from Zeus:

Such is manifest from the marks he has left.

He chose, he acted. Someone denied

370 That the gods deem it worthy to concern themselves with mortals

Who trample upon what, being untouchable, brings delight.

But such persons, have no proper respect.

Yet their descendants are revealed

By the breath of Ares as lacking courage -

Proud instead of fair -

Their abodes excessively overflowing

Beyond what is for the best.

For unharmed is the one

Who rightly reasons that what is sufficient, 380 Is what is allotted to him.

For there is no protection

In riches for the man of excess

Who stamps down the great altar of the goddess, Judgement,

In order to hide it from view.

But vigorously endures Temptation -

That already-decided daughter of unbearable Misfortune.

And all remedies are in vain.

Not concealed, but conspicuous -

A harsh shining light -

Is the injury.

390 For, like bad bronze

Struck and rubbed, he becomes blackly-covered

As is the customary practice [as a boy

In pursuit of flying game]

Laying upon the folk an unbearable affliction.

But not one of the gods hears the supplications:

Instead, they take down those persons

Who, lacking fairness, turn their attentions to such things.

And such a one was Paris -

400 Who, visiting the clan of those son's of Atreus,

Insulted them - their hospitality - by stealing a woman.

Thus - leaving behind her people: the tumult of shields,

Of assembling cohorts and of loading weapons upon ships

She brought to Ilion for her ransom, ruin!

Proud beyond pride, with ease she passed through the gates.

And there was much sighing

Among those prophets of the clan who spoke:

410 Alas for this clan! - and its leaders!

Alas for that union - and the path to that lover of men!

There stands he - silent, curseless in his dishonouring

Who knows that she whom he enjoyed, has deserted him.

And, desiring what is overseas,

The opinion shall be - a ghost rules this clan.

Thus will those skilful shapely statues

Be hated by that man for their beauty

Since, lacking in eyes,

All the passion is gone.

420 And a dream-revelation of her returning, weeping,

Will he believe - bringing him a moment's joy:

For it is momentary - as when one believes one beholds what is fortunate -

The vision which slips through the arms, and is gone: not lingering

As those flights which accompany sleep's journeys.

And, at family altars, there was a grieving such as his.

Yet what is, goes beyond what then was:

Since - for those many others who, together, rushed forth from this land of Hellas

430 There is mourning, courageously borne,

Perceptible in every one of their dwellings.

And many are touched by anger.

For, indeed, those whom they sent forth

Were known to them - yet, instead of a man,

Armour and ashes have returned

To each of those families.

And Ares - exchanging bodies for gold

And holding his scales among the combat of spears -

440 Has, from Ilion by his fire

Conveyed to their loved ones a painful lament - that heavy dust

He had exchanged for their men: ashes, stuffed into easily-stowable urns.

Thus do they grieve for those warriors, rightly speaking

Of how that one excelled in combat

And of how another honourably fell amid the killing

"On account of that foreign woman".

That is what some whisper, growling.

450 And, because of this creeping pain, there is resentment

Against those sons of Atreus: they who were the first to accuse her.

Yet there are others who, around those ramparts,

Are encased by that Ilian soil

Which covers-up their bodily beauty

And which - since they are enemy occupiers - will conceal them.

Now, rudely do folk talk in their anger -

Of payment a curse delivered by the people.

And I remain here, listening,

460 Anxious, in the darkness of night.

For the gods are not unobservant

Of those who have slaughtered many:

In due measure, there is a dark Avenger

For he who attains fortune without fairness -

A reversal of fortune, a life rubbed away

And obscured. And, becoming unknown,

No one defends him. To over-step the bounds of praise

Is rude - and sent forth to their eyes

470 Is a thunderbolt from Zeus.

Prosperity without hostility is my preference:

I am not a destroyer of clans

So therefore may I never be captured,

To behold a life of subservience to foreigners.

With that beacon-fire - its welcome message -

A rumour hastily passed through the clan:

But does anyone know whether it is true

From the gods - or whether it is false?

Whose reason is so injured, or so childish,

480 That his heart is set on fire by a sudden fiery signal

And then is sick when the news is changed?

It is shown by a woman's spear

That they approve of what is graceful

Rather than what gleams.

Easily captivated, the female boundary is swiftly trespassed upon,

And swiftly-fated to die is that fame which a woman bestows.

We shall soon learn about those light-bearing torches,

490 That exchanging of fire, and the beacon-watching -

That is, whether they are real, or whether that light, pleasurable,

Arriving in some dream, deceived the reason.

For I behold, coming from the shore, a Herald

Shaded by sprigs of olive. And, for me, the testimony of that mud,

Sister to and bounded by the dry dust,

Is that he will not lack a voice, and neither will he -

Setting alight mountain wood - signal us with the smoke of a fire

But will either utter the words most delightful for us

Or ... - but what is the opposite of this is displeasing to speak of.

500 To what has, favourably, been seen, let what is favourable to us, be added.

Whomsoever makes invocations other than for this clan,

May the crop that is his reason, fail.

[Enter Herald]

Herald:

I hail my fatherland - this Argive soil!

In this, the tenth moon of the year, I have returned!

One of my expectations, attained - after a multitude shattered!

For I never boasted that, here, on this Argive soil

I would die, obtaining a most agreeable fate - a funeral feast!

I salute this soil, I salute this sun-light

And Zeus, supreme over this land - and also he who mastered that Serpent:

510 May you no longer cast forth at us arrows from your bow!

Sufficient, by the banks of the Scamander, was your hostility:

Now, therefore, be our defender and Champion,

Lord Apollo. You gods of combat -

I speak to you all - and to my protector,

Hermes, the Heralds' comrade whom we Heralds respect,

And to the Heroes, our escort: be friendly, again,

And welcome those warriors who have survived the war.

I greet that dwelling which sheltered my own Chief,

Those seats of honour, those daimons in opposition to the sun

520 Who perhaps long ago looked brightly upon him -

Fittingly receive our Chief, who has been greatly delayed.

For returning to you carrying with him through the night a blazing fire

To be shared among you all - is our Lord, Agamemnon!

Therefore, properly greet him - for he is worthy,

Since, harrowing-down Troy with that retribution-bringing

Spade of Zeus, he levelled-down their earth:

Unseen are the altars and the shrines of their gods

With every seed of that soil utterly destroyed!

He who placed a yoke upon Troy -

530 That man with a lucky daimon, the elder son of Lord Atreus -

Is returning! Now, after such things, he is the mortal who most deserves

A reward. For neither Paris, nor they who belonged to his clan,

Can boast that a deed of theirs surpassed their adversity.

The penalty for the pillage and theft was fair -

He lost his booty and completely ruined

His own land with his father's family cut down:

Those sons of Priam have paid twice for their weakness!

Chorus:

Greetings to you - Herald of those Achaean warriors.

Herald:

And greetings to you. Before the gods - I will no longer speak against my death!

Chorus:

540 Did you prepare for this because you loved your fatherland?

Herald:

Indeed. It is because of joy that my eyes are full of tears.

Chorus:

Then the sickness that struck you brought a delight?

Herald:

In what way? If you instruct me, I can master those words.

Chorus:

In that you longed for those who in their turn loved what you did.

Herald:

Are you saying you missed those warriors as they missed this land.

Chorus:

Indeed. So gloomy was my reasoning, that there were many lamentations.

Herald:

How did such faulty reasoning - abhorrent to those warriors - come to be?

Chorus:

Since long ago my remedy for such an injury has been silence.

Herald:

But why? The ruler absent - did someone make you tremble?

Chorus:

550 Indeed - so that, as you mentioned, it would be very agreeable were I to die now.

Herald:

Yes - it has ended well, although the wait was long.

Some things - fortunate happenings - should be spoken of,

Although there are other things to complain about.

Who - except for the gods -

Passes their entire life without any injury at all?

Were I to recount our toil, our bad quarters -

Our scanty relaxations and defective coverings -

What was not allotted to us for part of a day, what things were not moaned about?

Then those other things about that land - and with greater disgust!

For we slept near those hostile fortifications

560 Where, from the heavens and out from the earth of those meadows,

Dews drizzled down upon us, constantly harming us,

Breeding vermin in our body-hair and clothes.

If I told of those bird-killing Winters -

Of how the snows of Ida made them unbearable;

Or of the heat at mid-day, when the sea -

Waveless, windless - rested and fell asleep ...

But why be afflicted by such things? Those labours have been left behind

And left behind by those lying dead:

Their recovery is no longer of any concern to them.

570 Why speak about the count of those who were destroyed?

Why should those who live grieve at Fortune's repeated anger? -

Since there is much to rejoice at in that favourable event!

For we Argive warriors who remain,

Our gain is superior to not outweighed by - our injury,

Because, by this light of day, this boast is just,

To be rushed far beyond this land and its seas:

"Argive weapons have at last captured Troy!

To the gods of Hellas, the spoils -

Splendid antiquities, staked to their Temples!"

580 On hearing this, there should be eulogies to our clan

And its leaders, and honour given to he whose favour

Wrought this - Zeus himself!

You have the whole story.

Chorus:

I will not deny that yours is the better story.

For, in the old, what is still virile is the skill to learn.

But those things are naturally of the foremost concern to Clytaemnestra

And her family - although, together with them, I could profit.

[Enter Clytaemnestra]

Clytaemnestra:

Long ago, out of joy, was my ululation

When that first messenger - fiery, nocturnal - arrived,

Announcing Ilion's capture, its devastation.

And someone rebuked me by saying: "Does a bonfire

Persuade you to believe Troy is now destroyed?

How very womanly - to so extol the heart!"

Such was the language used to show I was lost!

I, however, made offerings - and, as is the practice with women,

One following another - ululations went on through the clan

To celebrate this good fortune while, within the shrines of the gods,

The flames devoured our fragrant incense until they slept.

So now - what further words do you have for me?

I shall ask the Chief himself for the whole story,

600 Honouring and respecting he who is my husband

By hastening to receive him on his return.

For what day can a woman behold that is more pleasing

Than the one when - her man unharmed in battle because of the gods -

She opens her gates for him? Announce this to my husband

So that he who is beloved by this clan most swiftly arrives.

On his return, he will find that the woman of the family has been honourable

As she was when he left her - a guard-dog for this family,

Faithful to them, hostile to those badly disposed toward us,

And in all ways the same, no seal

610 Having been violated during this long wait.

I enjoy neither the pleasure of, nor the speaking of rumours by,

Other men any more than I do tempered bronze.

[Exit Clytaemnestra]

Herald:

A boast such as that - full of revelations -

Uttered by a woman of breeding, is not disgraceful.

Chorus:

Thus she speaks about herself - you will learn

To correctly interpret such dignified speech!

But speak to me, Herald, of Menelaus - for I seek to know about him:

Whether he has returned and whether, uninjured,

He who is loved in this land journeyed back with you.

Herald:

620 I cannot possibly speak falsely about honourable things

Since my comrades would reap the results for a long while after.

Chorus:

Why - given your joyful revelation - do you happen to say that?

For it is no easy to keep secret something which has been opened -up.

Herald:

About that leader, there are no sightings from among those Achaean warriors -

Of he himself and his ship. This is no false story.

Chorus:

Was he observed going away from Ilion -

Or carried off from those warriors by that common affliction, a storm?

Herald:

As a master archer, you hit your target,

Reporting a considerable injury, concisely.

Chorus:

But which - of he being either living or dead -

Was the rumour among the other sailors?

Herald:

No one has accurate information - no one knows,

Unless it be Helios, whose nature is to feed the earth.

Chorus:

But tell me - how came that storm to those warriors,

And what did that wrath from daimons achieve?

Herald:

On a day of good omen it is not fitting for bad announcements

To be voiced, staining it - on it, only the gods should be given tributes.

But when a horrible injury is what a messenger to the clan

Conveys with a gloomy face - of warriors defeated

640 That, for the clan, a single wound has befallen the folk:

Many men from many families taken in sacrifice

By that double-lance beloved by Ares,

Both of its injurious double-points bloody,

Then, when one is loaded-down with injuries such as these,

It is fitting to utter those paeans of the Furies!

Yet when good news which preserves fortunes

Arrives at a clan favoured with well-being

How to mingle the joyful with the bad, to say that it was

Not without the wrath of the gods that the storm came to the Achaeans?

650 For, binding themselves by an oath, those former bitter enemies

Fire and Sea, showed their trust

By destroying those unfortunate Argive warriors.

The treachery of that bad-swelling came at night

For that Thracian breath pushed the ships one against another

So that their horns struck, damaging them

With tempest of heavy rain and typhonic-storm -

The treacherous guardian whirling them away out of our sight.

Then, when Helios came back with the splendour of dawn,

We beheld corpses growing in the Aegean sea

660 Achaean men from their wrecked ships.

As for us, the hull of our ship was unharmed,

For someone stealthily took us away or interceded for us -

Not a mortal, but some god who, touching us, steered us.

Fortuna, to preserve us, willingly placed herself on board

So that we were neither at anchor - taking in that surging tempest -

Nor being driven toward the rocky shore.

Then, having escaped Hades at sea -

In the brightness of day, with no belief in our good fortune

We wandered for reasons as to our recent misfortunes,

670 The toil of the warriors, and this bad beating.

Now, if any of them, breathing, has being,

They will speak of us as destroyed - and why not?

For we hold to the same presumption about them.

What is best, will be. Now, as to Menelaus.

First - and before others - expect his arrival.

That is, if the radiance of Helios can reach him

And he is alive and healthy by the planning of Zeus -

Whose will would never be to annihilate that seed.

There is hope that he shall be with his family again.

680 So much you know - be assured, what you have heard is not false.

[Exit Herald]

Chorus:

Who was the one who - in all ways true - named her?

Was it not someone who is never seen -

With a perception of destiny -

Whose tongue, chancing upon it, bestowed upon she

Of that quarrel-making, battle-producing marriage

The name Helen?

690 Since, fittingly named, she - man-seducing, clan-seducing, ship-seducing -

Leaving her gorgeous web of veils,

Was with the breath of the giant Zephyrus

Navigated away.

And many were the shield-bearing men who hunted her -

Following those unclear marks left by the oars

To that shore of the thriving-leaves at Simois,

Because of those blood-letting Furies.

700 Indeed, it was Ilion who was subjected to the judgement

Frenzy had urged for that rightly-named alliance:

Such followed after a while, for the dishonour done

By that guest - and to Zeus, guardian of hospitality,

Who acted against those who uttered their approval

Of the consummation of that marriage in song:

Those kinsfolk who favoured chanting Hymen's hymn.

But they were taught a different hymn,

710 Those of Priam's venerable clan,

Full of lamentations: a great groaning

Calling Paris 'he of that disgusting marriage!'

But even before this, for a long while,

That clan was full of lamentations on account of suffering

Such a waste of their blood.

Even thus there was reared among a family by a man

A daughter of a lion -

Breast-loving but left without milk -

720 Tame at the start of its life, rightly befriended by children,

Pleasing to their elders,

Who was often in their arms.

As is customary with a newly-reared child

Its bright eyes looked upon the hand as it begged

When its stomach pained it.

But, later, it showed those habits

It had from its parents -

For the delight of those who had reared it was repaid

730 By a ruinous slaughter of sheep

As it made them, uncommanded, its feast

And their dwelling was moistened by their blood:

A grief for their servants who could not do battle with

That large frequently-killing pest.

Yet, she reared within that family was appointed by some god

To offer such sacrifices to Misfortune.

Now, in like manner, I say there arrived at the citadel of Ilion

740 What was considered to be stormless, lacking in gales

A glory of voluptuousness in abundance,

The delicate arrows from whose eyes

Wounded the heart bringing forth desire.

But there was a laying-down-beside, achieving through intercourse

That bitter conclusion:

An inauspicious companion - unlucky for them -

Was, escorted by Zeus guardian of hospitality, hastened toward

Priam's descendants -

A Fury, making that bride to lament.

750 Long ago, an Elder - explaining about mortals - said:

On reaching adulthood, a man with possessions

Acquires offspring, never dying childless!

For from the inheritance of a good fortune

There is born the pain of dissatisfaction.

In opposition to others, I have this odd judgement:

Disrespect after it is sown, will produce more

760 Of the same kind as itself.

But for an open and fair family

There is a succession of agreeable children.

Yet it is usual for an ageing insolence to produce,

Sooner or later in cowardly mortals, a younger insolence.

At the appointed Dawn, there arrives a new envy,

A daimon who cannot be combatted because he will not fight:

770 Arrogant, Temple-less - a black Misfortune for the family,

As were its parents.

But the goddess, Judgement, can in truth manifest

In well-incensed dwellings -

A favourable omen for those living there.

Yet when dirty hands gild good fortune with gold,

She turns her eyes away,

Eager to go to the-dutiful,

780 For she has no respect for that ability of the wealthy

To counterfeit praise.

And she sets a limit for everyone.

[Enter Agamemnon, with Cassandra]

I hail my Chief - Descendant of Atreus. -

The destroyer of the citadel of Troy!

How to address you, how to honour you

Without exceeding, without falling short of

The due limits of what is acceptable?

For many are the mortals who, highly esteeming

The appearance of things, go beyond what is fair.

790 Everyone is preparing to grieve for the ill-fated ones,

But not at all suitable to their display of grief is their anger -

And, appearing to be like those who rejoice,

They - lacking laughter - will have to compel their faces.

Yet to he who has a good knowledge of his herd

A person's eyes cannot conceal what is a feeble begging for friendship

Behind a pretence of reasoned good judgement.

But, when you were preparing those warriors

800 On account of Helen - I shall not hide this -

What I wrote about you then was very unrefined,

As not fully giving your reason control:

In spite of courage,

She would be returned with men dying.

Yet now to me - neither perfect in reasoning, nor lacking in friends -

Your work was well-judged and well-completed.

In a while, you through inquiry will have knowledge of

Who has been correct and who outside the proper limits

In their duty to this clan while they waited here.

Agamemnon.

810 It is customary to first greet Argos

And our native gods - they who together with me

Rightly caused our return and our success against the citadel

Of Priam. The gods did not hear from our tongues any pleading -

Yet for man-killing, a destroying of Ilion

Into that blood-stained container with no division of opinion

They cast their votes. While at the opposite container,

Although the hand of Hope came near, nothing filled it.

Even now the smoke of that plundered citadel is a favourable sign:

For the breath of Misfortune is a tempest - a killer

820 And a wind to convey away the ashes that were their abundant wealth!

It is fitting that we frequently recollect our debt to the gods for these things

Since we were successful against that insolent robber

And, on account of that woman, that citadel was laid to rest

By the fierce bite of that newly-born horse - bearing the shields of warriors -

Which, in the season of the Pleiades, leapt forward:

A flesh-eating beast bounding over their fortifications

To gorge itself on the blood of those insolent people!

I stretched out this beginning for the gods;

830 But, as to your judgements on those other matters which I heard:

I recall them, and declare that I will be an advocate for them

For there exist few men who have the breeding

To - far from envying someone's good fortune - actually honour their comradeship.

The poison of bad judgement comes to settle in the heart,

A doubling of the burden of he who is beset by sickness:

He is loaded down by his own injury

And groans when he beholds someone else's good fortune.

I speak from experience, for I am well skilled

In deflecting the familiarity of those shadowy figures

840 Who seem to me to be over-friendly.

The only one unwilling to sail, was Odysseus -

But/we made a bond, and he was prepared to work in harness with me.

And it is thus - whether he be breathing or dead -

That I speak of him.

But as for those other matters relating to the clan and the gods

I shall participate in the debates in the assembly,

And then decide. And - obtaining what is agreeable -

The decision should endure so that what is well, remains so.

Whomsoever needs a healing potion -

By a burning-out or a well-judged cutting-away

850 I shall seek to defeat the sickness of that injury.

Now it is to my dwelling and the family altar

That I go to first salute with my right hand the gods

Who sent me that distance and who brought me back.

Since the goddess, Victory, followed me, may she stay constantly with me!

[Enter Clytaemnestra]

Clytaemnestra:

Clansmen - you Argive Elders, here.

There is no dishonour in me telling you of the nature of my love

For my man. After a while, that fear

Which mortals have of something, dies. It was not because others

Instructed me that I can speak of that bad burden I lived with

860 While he was that long while near Ilion.

Primarily, for a lady to be separate from her mate -

To remain unprotected by family - is a harsh misfortune:

She hears many harmfully- recurring rumours,

And, as one arrives, another one also conveys a misfortune,

The announcement of another more injurious misfortune for the family.

And, as to wounds, if my man had been struck by as many

As were the reports which poured into this dwelling,

One would reckon he had more holes than a net!

Or, had his deaths been as many as the stories of them,

870 He would have been a second Geryon, with three bodies -

Ample up-above, not to mention down-below -

Boasting of that three-fold cloaking by the earth which he received:

One death for each and every one of his forms!

It was on account of such harmfully-recurring rumours

That numerous were the nooses, up-above, that from my neck

Others loosened by taking hold of and restraining me.

Thus it is that there is not, standing here beside me,

The child, Orestes - he who ratified that oath between you and I -

As he should have been. Nor be astonished at this.

880 He is in the care of someone well-disposed toward us: your comrade-in-arms,

Strophius of Phocis. He openly spoke to me about possible trouble -

Of your peril, while near Ilion

And then of a clamouring, leaderless, people

Plotting against us, as it is the nature of mortals

To take advantage by kicking he who falls down.

Such indeed is my defence, conveyed without cunning.

As for me, that rushing Spring of my tears

Has dried up - not a drop remains:

My eyes hurt since I went late to sleep,

890 Weeping, when those your bonfires

For that long while were not used. And, when I did dream,

I would be awakened by the slightest buzzing from a darting mosquito,

Having beheld misfortunes which, for you,

Lasted longer than the duration of my sleep.

But now - having endured all these things, my judgement untouched by grief -

I say that my man, here, has been a hunter for these settlers,

The main-stay securing our ship, the foundation of the pillars

Of our high roof, the only begotten son of a father:

And that land which, against their hopes, navigators see;

900 That most agreeable Dawn beheld after a storm,

A gushing Spring a thirsty traveller -

For there is/always delight in escaping from what is disagreeable.

He is worthy of being so greeted,

With hostility leaving us, for numerous were those misfortunes

We hitherto endured. So now, my beloved Lord,

Step down from that carriage, without placing on the ground

These - the feet of my Master - which ravaged Ilion.

You servants! Why do you delay? I assigned to you the task of

Spreading over the ground in his path those coverings!

910 Directly! - let the way be spread with purple

So that the goddess, Judgement, can lead him to a dwelling beyond his expectations.

As to other things - my concern, not once conquered by sleep,

Shall, with the gods, arrange what is a fitting Destiny.

Agamemnon:

Descendant of Leda - you who kept watch over my dwelling:

Your speech befitted my absence -

It was a long while before it ended. It is auspicious if others

Praise me - what honours are necessary should come from them.

And also do not give me luxuries fashioned by a woman

Nor - as is the custom among barbarian peoples

920 Lower yourself to the ground, gaping at me in awe.

Neither cause hostility for me by spreading those garments on that path:

By such things it is fitting to honour a god

But, to me, the mortal who walks upon such purple robes

Would never, in any place, be far from dread.

Therefore I ask that you respect me as a man, not as a god:

"With no foot-kissing and also no such robes" -

The rumour, to be shouted out. Not to badly judge things

Is a great gift - from a god. One's fate is a fortunate one

If one's life ends, agreeably, in well-being.

930 And I am resolved to always act in such a way.

Clytaemnestra:

Yet speak to me of what is not beyond my understanding.

Agamemnon:

Be assured that I will not be destroyed by "understanding"!

Clytaemnestra:

Did you invoke the gods because you feared doing such things?

Agamemnon:

If it was anything, it was abundant experience that made me know my purpose.

Clytaemnestra:

And Priam? What do you believe he would have done had he achieved these things?

Agamemnon:

It is my certain belief he would have walked upon such robes.

Clytaemnestra:

Then do not now fear any rebukes from mortals.

Agamemnon:

Yet with great vigour, the people will speak.

Clytaemnestra:

But of course! Those who are without enemies also have no one to admire them.

Agamemnon:

940 It is not becoming for a lady to eagerly love battle.

Clytaemnestra:

Perhaps; but he of abundant fortune becomes distinguished when letting others win!

Agamemnon:

And do you value being given an advantage in this contest?

Clytaemnestra:

Be persuaded - if you willingly allow me this, it is you who triumph.

Agamemnon:

Then if it pleases you; swiftly, someone undo these shoes -

These servants my feet have walked on -

So that when I step upon those purple garments of the gods,

No hostile eyes will wound me from afar.

For it is very ignoble for my feet to ruin my family

By spoiling that abundance of woven cloth, purchased by my silver!

950 But no more of such things. Treat this stranger well

When you bring her inside. The gods see he who, in victory,

Is lenient - and they treat him well.

For no one, willingly, wants to be yoked as a slave.

But she - a young bloom, plucked, frequently useful,

A gift from my warriors - has come with me.

But since in that other matter I in listening to you gave way,

I shall walk into our dwelling upon that purple path.

Clytaemnestra:

There exists a sea - can anyone staunch it? -

Where that precious-as-silver purple grows

960 Always to ooze out again, a colouring for garments:

A family, my Lord, has such things given to them by the gods,

And our kinfolk have no experience of having to labour for them.

Yet I would have promised to frequently trample upon garments

Had some oracle pronounced such a thing to our kinfolk

While I was planning to pay for a living being to be brought back.

For, while the root has being, green leaves can come to a family,

Extending it giving shade to a Sirian hunter.

And so you - returning to your family altar

Signalled the arrival of warmth in the storm-season.

970 And, when Zeus from bitter unripe grapes makes wine,

Then in the family there will be a life

Because its man had frequented that abode which his completely his.

Zeus - you who are complete in all things: accomplish my supplication

By letting your concern be for what you may desire to accomplish.

[Exit Agamemnon, followed by Clytaemnestra]

Chorus:

Why this dread, continuing

To hover-over my soothsaying-life, directing it?

And so I prophesy, in song - with no one bidding me,
No one paying me.

980 Why not spit it out? -

As is customary with a badly-understood dream

Which, easily over-powering confidence,

Can seat itself upon the cherished throne of reason.

But it was a long while ago - after those anchor-cables clashed,

With ships beached, and vigour lost -

That those warriors rushed forth to Ilion.

Yet I know from my own eyes

Of their return - I am their witness.

990 And so, although I have no lyre, I sing:

For there is a desire, within me - a self-taught hymn

For one of those Furies,

With nothing at all to bring me

That cherished confidence - hope.

And my stomach is by no means idle -

In fairness, it is from achieving a judgement

That the beat of my heart continues to change.

And so there is this supplication of mine:

For this defeat of my hope to be false

1000 So that, that thing cannot be achieved.

In truth, that frequently unsatisfied goddess, Health,

Has a limit - for Sickness, her neighbour,

Leans against their shared fence;

And it is the fate of the mortal who takes the short-cut

To strike the unseen reef.

And yet if - of those possessions previously acquired

1010 A fitting amount is, through caution, cast forth by a sling,

Then the whole construction will not go under -

Injuriously over-loaded as it was -

Nor will its hull be filled, by the sea.

Often, the gifts from Zeus are abundant

And there is, then, from the yearly ploughing,

A death for famine's sickness.

But if once upon the earth there falls from

1020 A mortal that death-making black blood -

What incantation can return it to his arms?

Not even he who was correctly-taught

How to bring back those who had died

Was allowed by Zeus to be without injury.

Were it not that Fate was ordained

By the gods to make it fated

That when more is obtained it is not kept,

My heart would have been first

To let my tongue pour forth these things.

1030 But now, in darkness, it murmurs,

Painfully-desiring, and having no hope of when

There will be an opportunity to bring this to an end,

Rekindling the fire of reason.

[Enter Clytaemnestra]

Clytaemnestra:

You - and I speak to you, Cassandra - go within,

Since it is Zeus who, with no anger, has placed you here

To share in our family libations, where - with our many servants

You will stand close to that altar guarding our possessions.

Do not be unreasonable - step down from that carriage;

1040 For it was once said that even Alcemene's son

Endured being sold, and the food of servants.

And even if one's fate does incline toward this necessity,

There will be many favours from masters accustomed to wealth:

But they who, unexpectedly, make a useful pile

Are, in everything, strict and cruel to their servants

While, from such as us, that which custom has established, is obtained.

Chorus: [to Cassandra]:

It is to you that she has addressed those plain words.

And, since you are the game Fate decreed would be captured,

Yield - if you can yield and it is suitable to yield

Clytaemnestra:

1050 If indeed she does not - as is customary with swallows -

Possess the speech of a barbarian, she is without learning

For I yielded to reason in addressing those words to her.

Chorus:

Obey her. For what she says is the best thing, for the present.

Yield - and leave your seat in that waggon.

Clytaemnestra:

I certainly cannot delay, here, outside, by prolonging this.

For, concerning our altar, sacred to Apollo,

Even now the sheep are waiting, before their sacrifice:

As we, who never hoped to obtain such a favour as this.

And so, if you are to perform this - do not, by staying here, delay.

1060 But if you do not receive my words because you do not understand us,

Then - instead of speaking - make some sign with those your foreign hands.

Chorus:

This stranger seems to need a skilful interpreter:

She has the manner of a newly-captured wild-beast.

Clytaemnestra:

She is certainly possessed - and listening to defective reasoning;

She who deserted her newly-captured clan

To come here - and who will not be able to bear the bridle

Until the vigour in her blood has been let out, bubbling!

But - having been thus insulted - I will not excite myself any more!

[Exit Clytaemnestra]

Chorus:

Since I could lament for her, I myself am not angry.

1070 Now, unfortunate one, abandon that carriage,

Willingly accepting the necessity of this change to subjection.

[Cassandra leaves the carriage, to stand near the statue to Apollo]

Cassandra:

I, grieving, make lament to my god!

Apollo! Apollo!

Chorus:

Why this loud lamentation in the name of Loxias?

For he is not among those to whom one laments about misfortune.

Cassandra:

I, grieving, make lament to my god!

Apollo! Apollo!

Chorus:

Yet again her call to her god is inauspicious

For he is not of those who attend to such wailing.

Cassandra:

1080 Apollo! Apollo!

God of settlements - my Apollo!

It was not difficult for me to fail you - again!

Chorus:

Will her prophecies concern her own misfortune?

What a god gives, remains - even with reason conquered.

Cassandra:

Apollo! Apollo!

God of settlements-my Apollo!

To where have you led me? To what manner of shelter?

Chorus:

That of those sons of Atreus. If you had not observed this,

Then it is I who have told you - and you cannot pronounce it false.

Cassandra:

1090 It is of they who detest the gods - they who share a knowledge

Of many treacherous cruel slayings of kinfolk,

With mortals sacrificed and the ground moistened.

Chorus:

This stranger, it seems, has the skilful nose customary among hounds:

And, in seeking blood, she will discover it.

Cassandra:

For I am persuaded by testimony from those who,

Lamenting, were sacrificed as children,

Their flesh roasted and devoured by their fathers.

Chorus:

Although I have been informed of your renown at divination

I am not looking for a prophet.

Cassandra:

1100 I lament - for what is it that someone plans?

What new grief ? What is this great,

Great injury planned for a family -

Difficult to heal, difficult for loved ones to bear,

Whose remedy is far away, in distance?

Chorus:

I myself have no knowledge of these prophecies:

But there are others, which echo through all of the clan.

Cassandra:

What suffering! Will it be accomplished? When the partner, sharing the same bed,

Has been rendered clean by that bathing ...

But how can I tell this ending?

1110 Yet it will be swift - a hand stretched out,

The other hand thrusting forth.

Chorus:

As yet, I do not understand; for now, the enigma

Of these unclear oracles is beyond my cunning.

Cassandra:

I behold ... But - what is this manifestation?

Surely - some trap, from Hades?

But the snare is the one who shared the bed

And who will share the blame for that killing.

Never satisfied with our race, Strife will give loud ululations

When, by stoning, there is sacrifice!

Chorus:

What Fury is this that you so exhort it to loudly wail

1120 Against a family? Such words bring me no joy,

And running toward my heart are those yellow-stained drops

As when a spear befalls one,

Achieving with one's life an ending of what is seen:

For it is swiftly that Misfortune arrives.

Cassandra:

There! - I see it! Remove the cow from the bull!

Entangling him in his robes, she strikes

With her black-horned instrument! He falls,

Into a construction containing water.

I speak to you of a death by cunning - during a libation.

Chorus:

1130 I cannot boast of a complete knowledge of message from the gods -

But these resemble ones that are defective:

For, by means of messages from the gods, something useful

Is said to mortals, while through defective ones -

Constructed of many words -

It is a dread of oracles that tends to be learnt.

Cassandra:

It is my injurious Destiny to suffer misfortune!

And with loud cries I pour forth this my affliction:

You brought me here to suffer - but for what?

For whom? If not to die with someone - for what else?

Chorus:

1140 God-possessed, with frenzied reasoning,

You loudly cry wordless odes -

As that song-bird who calls, unanswered -

For, alas, your reason has suffered:

You live with an abundance of ills

As that songstress sighing "Ityn! Ityn!"

Cassandra:

Plaintive was the fate of the songstress!

For there was placed around her a body bearing wings,

Pleasing to the gods - and that struggle to be without tears.

But I await being split-apart by some double-edged weapon!

Chorus:

1150 From where did this god-possession rush upon you

That you toil so uselessly,

Drumming-out in song your fear in shrill

Ill-omened words - almost an ode?

From where came this method of prophecy

By giving voice to misfortunes?

Cassandra:

Alas - for that union, that union by which Paris destroyed His friends!

Alas - for those waters of the Scamander that my ancestors drank!

Once, beside your banks, I was nourished - and grew,

To suffer this.

1160 But now, it seems I shall soon be beside the Cocytus

And the shores of Acheron Chanting my prophecies!

Chorus:

With much skill you announced those words -

The youngest among us, hearing them would understand!

And I - am wounded, stabbed bloodily:

For your chanting invokes such painful misfortunes

That I, listening, am disabled.

Cassandra:

Alas - for the toil. the toil of my community,

Now totally destroyed!

Alas - for my father making sacrifice by the fortifications,

Slaying numerous grass-fed cattle!

1170 For they were not a cure to relieve those afflictions

That the clan received as they did.

And, as for me, my fiery foresight shall soon be cast down upon earth.

Chorus:

What you announce follows what went before:

Your faulty judgement is caused

By some over-weight daimon falling upon you

So that you sing of death-making afflictions.

But your aim is beyond my cunning.

Cassandra:

Now - no longer giving divine-answers from behind a veil -

I can be looked at, as is customary with a young woman, recently deflowered:

1180 Truly radiant, as when Helios in coming forth

Arrives with his breath - and there is, as is customary with swellings,

A purging in the sunlight of much greater wounds than this one.

But no longer will the information I give be enigmatic

And of the marks of treachery you will be my witness,

Walking with me as I follow the smell of deeds done long ago.

For there are Choral-Dancers who never leave that shelter

They sing displeasing words to what are displeasing sounds.

Now having drunk mortal blood, they are given more courage

These revellers who stay in that dwelling:

1190 And it is difficult to send them away, such is the nature of those Furies.

For they occupy that abode, chanting the chant

Of that primal most significant curse -

Each, separately, telling of their hostility

For he who violated she who was sleeping with his brother.

Have I missed? Or has this archer hit the mark?

Or is it that I, at divination - as some lover gushing forth - lie?

First swearing an oath, bear witness that I know

The story of the failings of this most ancient family.

Chorus:

How could an oath, that by its nature is constructed to injure,

Come to heal? But I marvel that you -

1200 Who grew up overseas - hit the mark in speaking about another clan..

Cassandra:

It was Apollo - he of oracles - who gave me such work.

Chorus:

Was it that he - a god - was wounded by desire?

Cassandra:

Before now, I was ashamed to speak of it.

Chorus:

Every person who does well has more of luxuries.

Cassandra:

He was a fighter - breathing out much that was pleasing to me.

Chorus:

And, as is the custom, did his exertions lead to you bearing his child?

Cassandra:

In giving my approval for that, I lied to Loxias.

Chorus:

Had you by then been seized by the art of divine inspiration?

Cassandra:

1210 By then, I was giving my oracles concerning everything that afflicted the clan.

Chorus:

Given the rage of Loxias - how is it that you are uninjured?

Cassandra:

Because of my error, no one believed me about anything.

Chorus:

We, however, are of the opinion that your oracles can be trusted.

Cassandra:

Alas - for this misfortune!

Once again, a premonition strangely afflicts me!

Sitting nearby - what began this typhonic storm:

I see them, there, sitting near that dwelling,

Those youngsters - with forms as in some dream

As if killed by those who had cherished them -

1220 Their hands full with that food made from their own flesh,

Organs mixed with entrails: holding a feast to lament for,

Eaten by their father!

Because of this, I say someone plots to avenge:

A lion without strength frequently engaged in copulation,

Who waited here for the master himself to arrive!

As for me - a servant is required to carry a yoke.

But that commander of ships who laid Ilium waste

Does not see as belonging to an insatiable bitch that tongue

Which spoke and in joy stretched out to him, as is the custom.

1230 Preparing an injurious Fate is this concealed Frenzy -

Such boldness! - a woman to slay a man!

What kind of thing is she of the loveless bite?

How to chance upon her name? Amphisbaena? Or Scylla

Who, dwelling near rocks, injures navigators?

The mother of Hades making sacrifice who, proudly,

With no truce, fights against her own kin?

And what loud ululations she - in all things bold - will utter

When she triumphs in her fight!

After appearing delighted by that safe return!

But it does not matter if you are not persuaded by this:

1240 What must be, will arrive - and you yourself, being present here,

Will soon relate in lamentations how my premonition was only too correct.

Chorus:

That feasting of Thyestes on the flesh of children

I listened to - and shivered; for a dread holds me

Having heard a disclosure of what no one has fully described.

But as to learning anything else - having run off course, I fell.

Cassandra:

I announce that you will look upon the dead Agamemnon.

Chorus:

Unfortunate one - let your mouth have a rest from invocations!

Cassandra:

The healing-god was not behind those words.

Chorus:

Indeed, unless he is here: but let that not be so!

Cassandra:

1250 You may wish that - but some are concerned enough to kill.

Chorus:

Who is the man who prepares this trouble?

Cassandra:

My revelations must indeed have disabled you!

Chorus:

I did not hear the means whereby someone will achieve that thing.

Cassandra:

And yet I speak Greek very skilfully.

Chorus:

So do those giving oracles at Pytho - but they are difficult to understand.

Cassandra:

Ah! - As for that fire, it falls upon me!

Ah! - That wild wolf, Apollo, is here ...

There - the lioness with two feet who, with her well-bred

Lion absent sleeps with a wolf -

1260 And she will kill me, the unfortunate, for she prepares

A remedy, putting into my reward her own wrath.

With invocations she sharpens her dagger - for a man,

To take revenge with my blood on he who brought me here.

Why then keep this thing for others to laugh at me?

And this necklace of Apollo? And this wand?

You at least I will destroy before I myself die!

Fall - go to your destruction! Thus do I avenge myself on you.

In my place, give someone else an abundance of misfortune!

Behold! It is Apollo himself who takes from me

1270 These vestments of a priestess! And he looked upon me,

Attired in those things, as I was laughed at

Foolishly, by friends, by those undivided in their hostility:

And called names as if I were some wandering teller of fortunes,

Begging, starving and holding out my hands!

And now the god of prophets, exacting from me his gift of prophecy,

Marches me to a death-making event

Where waits not my ancestral altar but a butcher's block -

A striking-down first as the sacrificial offering of hot blood.

Yet the gods will not let us be dishonoured when we die

1280 Since someone will arrive to defend us -

A mother-slaying descendant avenging his father.

A wandering exile, far from his homeland,

Returning to cap the injury done to his kin:

His father - laid out when his back was turned - will bring him.

So why do I - a settler, here - lament aloud?

Since when I first beheld the clan of Ilion

Acting as they did act - with those of the clan who were taken

Delivered up by decision of the gods -

I have acted to go to take upon myself that death

1290 Since, before the gods, a mighty oath will be sworn.

Thus, it is towards these gates of Hades that I speak:

My wish being to obtain a fatal wound

So that without painful convulsions but with my blood gushing forth

To give me an easy-dying, I may close my eyes.

Chorus:

You - greatly unfortunate, who has great skill in your craft -

Your speech was complex. And yet if you truly know

Your own fate, how can you - as the custom with oxen

Driven to the altar by a god - go there with such boldness?

Cassandra:

There can be no escape, my friend, no more delay.

Chorus:

1300 But the person who is last has the advantage of that delay.

Cassandra:

My day has arrived - little is gained by running away.

Chorus:

Then know that such bold judgment will give you strength.

Cassandra:

No one who has a lucky daimon listens to such things.

Chorus:

Yet mortals are pleased if they die well-known.

[Cassandra moves towards the gates of Agamemnon's dwelling, then stops]

Cassandra:

Alas for you, my father! And your noble descendants!

Chorus:

What is it that you so turn around in fear?

Cassandra:

Dreadful! Dreadful!

Chorus:

Why "dreadful"? Unless The Dreaded One has affected your judgement.

Cassandra:

That family reeks of blood-letting slaughter!

Chorus:

1310 It is but the smell of offerings on the family altar.

Cassandra:

It is the same as that which rises from a burial.

Chorus:

What you speak of is no Syrian luxury for that family.

Cassandra:

Now I will go to that family chanting an elegy about the Destiny

Of Agamemnon and me. What I have lived has been sufficient.

My friends:

I am in no way different from a fearful bird, suspicious

Of a bush. Give testimony to this about my dying;

For me, a woman, another woman shall die -

For her man, unluckily-wed, another man will fall.

1320 1 - about to die - you received as a guest.

Chorus:

Unfortunate one! The fate you foresaw causes me to lament!

Cassandra:

I desire to say one more thing - or utter a lament -

About myself- invoking Helios

On this my last day, that the defender of my honour

Is a killer exacting from my enemies what they did from me

Who, easily-overcome, dies a slave.

Alas! - for those concerns of mortals. A lucky fate

Is a shadowy thing that can change: and if an unlucky fate

Strikes, what is written about someone is destroyed by a moistened sponge;

1330 And then there is much more to make lament for.

[Exit Cassandra]

Chorus:

All mortals who do well bring forth Insatiability,

And not one of them, pointing their finger, declares it will be kept out

Of his dwelling, saying: "No longer enter here!"

And thus it is with he whom the Immortal Ones allowed to capture

The citadel of Priam and who arrived at his home, honoured by those gods.

But now if he is to render tribute for ancient bloodshed by others

And by dying for those deaths

1340 Require compensation by more deaths,

Then who among mortals is there, on hearing of these things,

Who would boast that the daimon they were born with

Would do them no harm?

[A cry of pain is heard]

Agamemnon: [from within the dwelling]:

I am grievously wounded - cut, deeply!

Chorus;

[The Leader of the Chorus turns to the other members:]

Quiet!

[He then turns toward the dwelling:]

Who cries "I am cut - grievously hit!"?

Agamemnon:

Yet more! A second wound!

Chorus:

Since it is the Chief who shouts, my belief is that that deed is done.

But let us together, consult, to consider what is without fault.

[The Chorus each speak in turn]

I shall tell you how I understand things:

We shout for assistance - "You people: here, to this abode!"

1350 * My opinion is that we swiftly rush in

And charge them with the deed while the sword is freshly dripping.

I agree with your understanding of this matter:

I vote we act! The moment is right! - we should not delay!

I know what it is! This is the first act of those people

Whose banner is that of some tyrant!

* Indeed - because we wait! While we delay, they trample our glory

Underfoot! Their hands do not rest!

* I know I cannot find a good plan to tell you of -

It is warriors who should make plans for such things.

1360 And I agree with you - since words are not an effective device

By which the dead may be raised up again.

And shall we then destroy our livelihood by submitting

To those leaders who have disgraced that family?

* That would be unbearable: it would be better to die,

Such a fate being more acceptable than being ruled by some tyrant!

Are we then taking that cry as a sign,

Predicting that the man has been killed?

To discuss this matter, it is necessary that we see the evidence:

Since without seeing the evidence, we are guessing.

[The leader of the Chorus speaks again:]

1370 From all sides, there is an increase in those who approve of that:

We must see the son of Atreus clearly to confirm how he is.

[The gates open to reveal Clytaemnestra standing beside the bodies of Agamemnon and Cassandra]

Clytaemnestra:

Although much of what I said before was for a purpose,

There was no disgrace in saying it:

For how else - while preparing hostile things for enemies

Who appeared to be friends - to set an injurious trap

Too high to be jumped out of?

And I did not lack for reasons for this ancient fight

Where the victory, although delayed, has at last arrived.

And I remain here, where I attacked - beside my achievement!

1380 Such was my deed - I will not deny it -

So that he could neither escape from nor ward off his fate.

As when fishing, there was a complete surrounding:

A placing-around of an abundant injurious garment!

And I struck him twice - with two loud cries

His joints were loosened there, and, as he fell,

I gave a third as well for the one below the ground,

Invoking a favour from Hades, preserver of corpses.

Thus he fell - gasping for his life,

And swiftly spurted forth his sacrificial blood,

1390 Striking me with dark, wet, crimson drops!

And my rejoicing was not inferior to when that delightful Zeus-given rain

Seeded the concealed sheath to bring-forth a new birth!

So things are - and you, Elders of Argos,

Can rejoice if you do rejoice at this. I myself offer exultant invocations:

If it is necessary to make a libation over that corpse

Then such a thing is fitting: indeed, more than fitting

Since so full had he filled his chalice with so many misfortunes

For his family, that he on his returning had to empty it himself.

Chorus:

I am astonished at your words! Such boldness

1400 To boast of such things when speaking about your man!

Clytaemnestra:

You challenge me as if I were a woman lacking in reason

But I, fearless of heart, speak to those who know

Whether or not your will is to praise or rebuke me.

Here is my husband, Agamemnon -

A corpse by that work which this is my right-hand

Fittingly executed. It is thus that things are!

Chorus:

Woman! What injurious soil-grown edible thing -

Or what drink drawn from the salt-sea - have you tasted

That, by such a sacrifice, you place upon yourself the people's curse:

Set apart, cast out - belonging to no clan

And mightily hated by this community?

Clytaemnestra:

Now you deem it fitting to exile me from my clan

And bear the hatred and curses of the people of this community

Although you then did not oppose that man

Who valued her death no more than if she had been some beast

From his well-fleeced abundant herds of sheep!

He sacrificed his own child - she, my beloved,

Brought forth through my pain - to charm with incantations those

Thracian storms.

Should it not have been he who was banished from his native soil

1420 As payment for that pollution? But, having heard of my work,

You judge me harshly. As to the threats you have uttered.

I am ready for all of them: he who can overcome me in a fight

Will command me, but should the gods accomplish the opposite,

Your instruction in how to be discreet will have been too late!

Chorus:

Sufficient was your planning, well-thought out your words -

But it is your reason which will be lost because of that blood-stain:

Over your face, blood and gore are spattered.

For it is necessary that you - robbed of your friends -

1430 Be paid-back, wound for wound.

Clytaemnestra:

Now hear what is just - my oath!

I swear by the goddess, Judgement, that I accomplished this for my daughter -

And also by Ate and Erinys for whom I slit his throat.

Thus could I hope to enter, without fear, that dwelling

Until Aegisthus makes the fire on my hearth:

He who has previously been well-disposed toward me.

For, there, is that not insignificant shield who gave us courage

There lies he who dishonoured this woman,

He who while near Ilion was the delight of those like the daughter of Chryseis

1440 And she whom he won by his spear - that observer of omens

With whom he had intercourse, that prophetess who loyally slept with him

Even when his ship was under sail at sea!

And such conduct was not without dishonour!

For thus things are: he was laid out here while she,

As is the custom with swans, wailed her last call for her loved one

While she died, serving me additional dish -

Sensuous and spicy - because they had been lovers!

Chorus:

If only something, neither excessively painful

1450 Nor which makes me bed-ridden - some fate - would swiftly arrive

To convey me to that everlasting endless sleep,

Since he, our protector, well-disposed toward us, has been tamed

Having endured much from a woman

And having that woman end his life.

Helen - you who went beyond what is proper -

Because of you alone that multitude, that great multitude,

Lost their lives near Troy!

Now you have crowned that long-to-be-recalled achievement

1460 By this blood you cannot wash away -

For you were in that dwelling,

You, Strife - who by an affliction vigorously tamed a man!

Clytaemnestra:

Because of these grievous things, no one should invoke a fatal curse upon

Nor turn their wrath toward, Helen

As if she was some man-killer who alone destroyed

The lives of those many Danaan men

By having wrought such a festering wound!

Chorus:

You - daimon - who has befallen that family

And those two descendants of Tantalus:

1470 Your strength is in those women whose natures are the same -

So strong, you gnaw at my heart!

And, as is customary among hostile ravens, you stand

Upon that body, calling your invoking unnatural call!

Clytaemnestra :

What you spoke of knowing is now put right

By you calling upon the thrice-fed daimon of this family:

For there was in him a lust to feed on fresh food by sucking new blood

1480 Before this most ancient affliction was over.

Chorus:

What you praise in indeed for that family

a mighty and wrathful daimon -

But it is an ill-omened praising of a still unsatisfied, injurious misfortune.

It is Zeus who causes everything, who cultivates all things -

For what can mortals achieve without Zeus?

What of this has been done without some god?

1490 My Chief - how may I make lament for you?

What can I say so that others can judge our friendship?

But you are there - within what that spider wove,

Having breathed out your life: killed, with no respect shown,

By that ignoble embrace -

Tamed by death through a cunning hand

With a double-edged weapon

Clytaemnestra:

So you affirm that it was me who did that work?

But do not add to those words that it was me who was the mistress of Agamemnon

Since the wife of this corpse presents herself here

As that most ancient fierce Avenger.

It is Atreus, he is of that cruel feast,

Who, in payment for that, has added to his young victims

This adult one.

Chorus:

Is there anyone who will bear witness

That you are blameless in this killing?

But - how can that be? Perhaps, because of that one's father,

The Avenger might have helped you -

Dark Ares compelled

1510 By the blood flowing from those sharing the same seed

To go to where he will give satisfaction

For those stains left behind after those boys

Had been made into food.

My Chief - how may I make lament for you?

What can I say so that others can judge our friendship?

But you are there - within what that spider wove,

Having breathed out your life: killed, with no respect shown,

By that ignoble embrace -

Tamed by death through a cunning hand

1520 With a double-edged weapon.

Clytaemnestra:

But do not suppose that his killing was ignoble

For did he not by his cunning set Misfortune upon this family?

Since he to that young shoot which I raised -

My Iphigenia, of the many laments -

Did what merited him suffering what he did,

Then he cannot, before Hades, make great boasts,

Having been killed by a sword-wound to pay for what *he* began!

Chorus:

1530 I lack a plan - robbed of reasons,

I am divided about the right means:

What to do now this family has fallen?

I fear blood thundering-down during a storm

Which will shake this settlement!

The drizzle has ceased - and for another deed of injury,

Fate sharpens another sword/for the goddess, Judgement.

Gaia! - Would that you had consumed me

1540 Before I was shown him laid low while in his silver-walled bath!

Who will bury him? Who will give his eulogy?

Will you - having killed your own man - dare

To make lament for his life, unfairly granting him

Such a thankless favour for his mighty deeds?

Who over his cairn will utter the praises

Of he who, descended from a god, was a hero?

1550 Who, through such a labour, will reveal his heart?

Clytaemnestra:

It is not fitting for you to trouble yourself with such concerns.

It was by me that he fell, that he died -

And so I shall bury him, with no family lamenting him,

Although his daughter, Iphigenia - as she ought to -

Will welcome her father

After he is ferried over the swift-flowing Acheron,

Embracing him with a kiss.

Chorus:

1560 This rebuke has arisen because of the other rebukes:

And it is difficult to choose which side to fight on.

He who carried things away, is carried away - having killed, he has paid;

For this remains, while the aeon of Zeus remains:

There is adversity in deeds, for that is his law.

Who in that family can expel the seed of that curse?

For Misfortune has fastened herself onto that brood.

Clytaemnestra:

Until now, what the oracle revealed has been followed:

1570 And so therefore I am willing to make a pact with the daimon of Pleisthenes.

That I - difficult to bear though this is - be content with things as they are.

While on his part, he goes from this family

To another brood to waste them away by kin killing kin.

A small share of my property is entirely sufficient for me

If I remove from this dwelling this kin-slaying frenzy.

[Enter Aegisthus, with an armed escort]

Aegisthus:

Hail! To this well-judged light of this day which has brought me satisfaction!

Now I can reveal how mortals are protected

By those gods who - from above this land - behold our afflictions,

Who see - in a robe woven by the Furies -

What is pleasing to me: a man lying here

Who has paid for what the hands of his father planned.

For when Atreus, the father of him, there, ruled this land -

And I shall speak clearly - he who was my father

Disputed the authority of his own brother

Who exiled him from his own clan and family.

But, returning to the family-altar to be purified of his stain,

The unfortunate Thyestes found his fate was so secure

That his blood was not shed upon his native soil.

1590 Instead, Atreus - he of an unlucky god and father to that person there -

Was a host who had a greater purpose than friendship

For he, pretending to be well-disposed to my father on that festive meat-day,

Placed before him a feast made from the flesh of his children.

The toes and the fingers of the hands

He had ground down to spread over what he, sitting alone,

With no clues, unknowingly received, and so ate

What was - as you behold - unsafe food for his kin.

And when he did know of his inauspicious deed,

He cried out - and leant forward to vomit out the bloody sacrifice,
1600 Invoking upon the descendants of Pelops an unbearable fate,

Kicking over that meal-table as he rightly made his curse:

"May the whole clan of Pleisthenes perish!"

It is because of this that you behold that person there, dead

And only fair that I contrived his killing

For, with my unfortunate father, I - his third -

Then small, enwrapped in swaddling clothes, had been driven out with him

And, having grown up, was brought back here by the goddess, Judgement.

For, even while aboard, I fastened myself to that man

And put-together this whole cunningly-devised plan.

1610 Thus I can now die, content -

Having killed him, there, ensnared by the goddess, Judgement!

Chorus:

Aegisthus! I cannot respect someone who is insolent about his treachery!

For you say you willfully killed this man

And alone devised such a woeful death.

I affirm that your head will not escape from the judgement

Of the community who will, be assured, curse you with their stones!

Aegisthus:

You who say such things sit lower down, at the oars,

While it is those on the steersman's seat who command the ship!

You will come to know how grievous it is for someone

1620 As old as you to be taught - when ordered to be reasonable!

For bonds and the pains of hunger are - even for the old -

Most excellent teachers of the powers of reason!

Can you who see not see this?

You should not kick at your masters, for in trying to strike, you will be hurt!

Chorus:

You woman! You who waited here when others went to war -

Who only then dishonoured the wife of a Chief! -

Was it you who contrived the death of that warrior Chieftain?

Aegisthus:

Those words will be the genesis of your lamentation!

The sounds you make are the opposite of those of Orpheus

1630 For whereas he through his delightful voice could persuade anyone,

You - having angered us by your infantile howlings -

Will be persuaded by us, revealed as tame when we overpower you!

Chorus:

You could never be King of the Argives!

You who although contriving that death

Could not even do the killing yourself!

Aegisthus:

Such deceit was clearly for his woman

Since I as an old clan rival was not trusted.

However, by his wealth I will seek to rule this clan,

And those who do not obey me

1640 I shall harshly bind - unlike an unharnessed

Barley-fed horse! - and house them, hungry,

In unfriendly darkness, to watch them weaken!

Chorus:

Was it because of your cowardly spirit

That you did not yourself kill that man, but let a woman -

To so defile our soil and our native gods -

Do your killing?

Orestes! Do you behold the light of day?

Can you - by the grace of Fortuna - return here

To become the conqueror who slays these two?

Aegisthus:

Since you deem to act and speak so - your learning will be swift!

Chorus:

Comrades! Prepare for battle! This deed is not far off!

Aegisthus: [to his guards]

Prepare! All of you - draw your swords in readiness!

Chorus:

I also am ready: I am not afraid to die!

Aegisthus:

We accept your words "To the death!" You have chosen your fate!

Clytaemnestra [To Aegisthus]:

My dearest - let us not do any more harm,

For to reap these many would make it an unlucky harvest:

Injure them just enough, but do not stain us with their blood.

You Elders - go to your families, as fate decrees,

Before, by acting, you suffer in vain. What was done, was necessary.

If of those troubles this should be a remedy, accept it:

1660 An unlucky wound from the grievous claw of some daimon.

Such is the advice of a woman - should you deem to accept it.

Aegisthus:

But is his foolish tongue to blossom before me

By him casting forth such words - testing his daimon -

And being deprived of that learning of reason for so abusing my authority?

Chorus:

Not one of us Argives would submit to a coward!

Aegisthus:

Some day, after this, I shall get you!

Chorus:

Not if a daimon should command Orestes to return here.

Aegisthus:

I know that men in exile feed themselves on hope.

Chorus:

Continue, fatten yourself, defile what is fair - while you can!

Aegisthus:

1670 Be assured that I will exact payment from you for this stupidity!

Chorus:

You boldly strut about - as a hen beside its cock!

Clytaemnestra [To Aegisthus]:

Have no regard for such idle howlings! It is you and I

Who have the power to make where we live favourable for us.

cc DW Myatt 2010 CE



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Existence Without End

This afternoon is hot, following the long hours of rain during the night, but there is a lovely breeze as the Sun dries the Clover-filled grass where I sit resisting the temptation to sleep, stretched out, warm.

For it is so beautifully warm, this Sun, taking away for a while the sadness of the sleepless night when dreams and memories of Fran kept me, often weeping and often silently hunched by the window, listening to the rain. No music of mine, then, as I yearned to capture, to express, the almost despairing sadness of it all. There were only words; only words such as these, and not for the first time I gently envied those gifted with the talent of musical composition. But no words can express what the sounds of numinous music can and sometimes have expressed, and I was left to sigh and close my eyes to try and dream such memories of happier days as have kept me alive as the days since her death turned first to a week and then to a month, no God to bring forth the comfort and the love so desired, so needed in the bleakness of that, of this, long night.

But this Sun brings something, while it lasts - something strange: a quite quiet remembrance of the joys and beauty of life when personal love lived to suffuse us with both happiness and dreams - no death to tear us apart. Yet how many times, how often and how stupidly, did I turn away from the sharing of such love - from its value, its humanity, its goodness known only, valued only, felt only, with its loss, with such a loss as this? Turned away from - for what? Some hard, unforgiving, inhuman ideal. Turned away from - too many times these past thirty years so that a storm now wells up inside me as the clouds of the night grew, waiting to break in a tempest of tears. So stupid, the man that I was, and maybe still am.

Swallows, sweeping low over the grass; a Honey-Bee, feeding, from the clover. A small Fly, by my hand. All emanations of that flow of Life which lives, presenced on this planet which is both a dwelling and a home. Someday I - all this, here: the Fly, the Bee, the birds; the Clover - will be gone, as she is gone and as the Cumulus clouds that now drift past the hill will be gone. Gone - to where? Returned; continued; lost. changed... And what remains, of us? I do not know, and can only suggest or presume.

Yet there is something, here; some feeling, burgeoning in Sun - of Life in its essence; of consciousness, living, of compassion, love; droplets forming one whole, one river flowing from one source to one end in one sea in one moment of one Time. Thus, a brief smile, a knowing of moments where the I is at least lost as it become lost in the happiness of such sharing as love makes. No God - but a warmth of being flowing from one small beginning to one Cosmic existence without end.

Yes - she is there; as I, the Bee, the Fly, the Clover, the Swallow, the rain, the river, will be there, transformed, transmuted, one infinitesimal emanation of Thought among so many where the Cosmos evolves to be, there, where Time shall never end. Am I dreaming - or just listening to, feeling, the quiet

soft emanations of a Cosmos dreaming, breathing, seeing, being, existing in both the sadness and the love?

Now, thinking ended, I can drift into that warm sleep that so often heals... And then, for a moment, such peace it is as if the joy of death reached out to touch me, claim me. Is this, then, what touches some in that their last moment of decision? For it feels as if it is the dying which is easy - and the living which is, which can be, which will be, hard, as the despair, the burdens remain to reclaim them, me, us. But have I strength enough, dreams enough, hope enough to help me here? Yes, perhaps I have again, for a while...

DW Myatt

Afternoon of 6th July, 2006 CE

So Many Tears

Here am I listening to JS Bach's *Erbarme Dich* and weeping, weeping, weeping: such tears of sadness as if all the pain, all the suffering of the past five thousand years has come to be within me, this selfish man who caused so much suffering, who once - long ago it seems - thought he knew and understood and who thus sent forth so many words.

So many words... Now there is only the pain of knowing; only the anguish of failure; only one allegory among so many to bring that feeling, that knowing, which is far beyond any words I know.

So much failure so many times, by me, by others. Why cannot we learn? Why have we not learnt? Why has not the simple love of one such simple numinous allegory come to stay with us, day after day, decade upon decade, century after century? Why did not the simple love of my own personal leaning born from the tragedy of one beautiful woman's death stay with me through those so recent weeks of ignorance when I turned back toward a vainful striving?

Why have we always, it seems, regressed toward the mistakes of our past? The mistakes of suffering born from striving for - from adherence to - some abstraction which leeches away that personal love, that compassion, that empathy that is the very essence of our human being?

So and yet again I am humbled by my own knowledge of myself; by that love which has lived within so many others century century and which so briefly lived within me until I became distracted again by the passion of following some stupid inhuman abstraction.

Failure upon failure; death following death; suffering upon suffering. Why have we not learnt? Why have I not learnt? Or am I by my life - by the mistakes of my life, by my own stupidity, time upon time - just one more example among so many examples these past five thousand years?

So much promise - oh how so much promise! - that lives within us, that has lived within some of us but which so many, it seems, take or leech away through their own selfish passion or through their striving for some lifeless un-numinous abstraction, just as it lived within her, him, taken from them as it was taken from them by things not even now fully understood but only felt as when I as in the moment just now past bent down, weeping, weeping, weeping such tears of sadness as if all the anguish of the centuries was seeping out from the depths below.

So, the music ends, and I am once again one man veering toward old age, looking out toward the autumnal hill where the clouds of Dusk have come to cover the setting Sun as begins again one more dark night for this forgetful fool.

Erbarme dich, mein Gott,
um meiner Zähren willen!
Schaue hier, Herz und Auge
weint vor dir bitterlich.
Erbarme dich, mein Gott.

Bin ich gleich von dir gewichen,
stell' ich mich doch wieder ein;
hat uns doch dein Sohn verglichen
durch sein' Angst und Todespein.
Ich verleugne nicht die Schuld;
aber deine Gnad' und Huld
ist viel größer als die Sünde,
die ich stets in mir befinde.

I Have No Answers, Now

One of the many problems occupying me in the months following Francine's tragic death - and among those many problems still, as yet, unsolved - is the problem of remorse. The problem of knowing our errors, our mistakes, the suffering we have caused to others, and knowing we must change. But we have so much regret for the hurt we caused, we desire to return to some past moment in causal time when we would behave in a different way, say different things, having learnt from our mistakes. Thus might we change what-is-now, redeeming the suffering, the death. But this return is impossible, of course, a wakeing dream, and so there is a desire for some kind of forgiveness and a gentle determination not to commit the same mistakes, again.

Why such a desire for forgiveness? And from whom, since the person we loved, we failed, is dead? Forgiveness, as catharsis - to ease the burden of remorse, and of that guilt that seems to have seeped deeply within us, born as it is from our now shameful knowing of ourselves, for we are no longer the arrogant, prideful, often unempathic person we were. Now, we know our limits, our faults, our blame, and it is such clear self-honesty that shames us.

Of course, in times past we might and probably would have laughed at such thoughts, such feelings, and returned to our joyful often selfish immersion in life, regarding the person we now are - we have become - as someone weak, foolish. And it is sometimes tempting, still, to forget our new self-image, and return to the games we played with others in the past before the tragedy of a loved one's death overwhelmed, leaving us in those first fresh days of our new life with such morbid thoughts as kept us sleepless, weeping, bereft, as if the force of life had been somehow taken from us. No more, then, now, the lying - the lies we so often told to ourselves; no more, then, now, the so-convenient forgetting, the dislike we had for, the blame we cast at, others in the instinct of dishonourable self-survival and arrogant hubris.

We cannot hide, any longer - we have seen ourselves as we are, and we do not like much, most, of what we have seen. Much, most: for we have kept ourselves alive, at least in body, plodding through the days, the weeks, the months clinging to that still remaining small part of ourselves which is or seems to be imbued with life. Yet how many have failed, here? Failed to find within, in some shadowed space, an intimation of life - of that good which might, which can, redeem us still? To find something we, at least, still like about ourselves... How many, failed - and so in their despair by their own hand removed themselves from life? Too many; far too many, too many times.

So we cling to life, plodding through the days, lacking hope. For the hope of life, of our future, has gone, turning thoughts, feelings, back toward forgiveness, grace, redemption: toward the loving merciful kindness of the Saviour, the God, who, which, so often seemed to save us in the foolish gawky days of early youth when there seemed to be no horizon beyond the simple family life we lived; no problems that a parent, a Saviour, a God, some gift could not solve: days when happiness was play, a swim in sea; in finding what was beyond the corner of that reddish dusty track in the bush we walked one sunny day to picnic there beside the lake in that dry season...

Where is my Saviour now? Where the peace of prayer among the incense that lingered as the oak of the choir stalls creaked as they creak, echoing in such vaulted nighttime silence? Where that innocence returned, felt, known - even briefly lived - when a purity of spirit seemed as if it came to dwell within? As when, the beautiful, numinous, Ave Maria Stella of Compline over, there was out of pure love a kneeling on the stone floor, wordless prayer and often tears before the deep peaceful rest of sleep. Such simplicity, there - lost now, by the sadness, the grieving sadness, for doubts, intellect, pride and passion have distracted me, distanced me from the life, there, from belief, faith, piety, obedience: especially from belief, so that there seems to be now at best only an allegory left, bereft of real, deep, immediate personal meaning.

Such sadness - for such loss; for her loss; loss upon loss... Can there therefore be hope, redemption, no more forgetting, a removal of remorse, without a Saviour's grace? Without God, prayer, faith?

I have thought so; I have hoped so. It has worked - for a while, as when the days of warm and hot and humid Summer past were felt, experienced, sometimes, as I walked the fields, the hills of this rural land I love, finding, in moments, such peace, such joy, as kept me quiet, smiling so that I was able for an hour, two, to lie gently on warm forgiving grass and drift toward, into, sleep, dreaming of so many happy days, gone. But now - now there is only the dismal cold rain of late Autumn, Winter; dark nights; a tension that leaves my head, aching, dull; and so many hours - so many hours - of painful remembering of times past when I in my stupidity, pride, arrogance, caused so much suffering to so many people. So much painful remembering, especially of how many times I failed Francine.

Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen caecis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce

Will this bleakness, this darkness, this crippling remorse, pass? Or will there - must there, should there - be a turning back, toward prayer? So much need, it seems, to believe - and yet no belief, for it is as if I yearn here for those warm, hot, humid, days of Summer, for the purity of wordlessly kneeling *sans* thought. No lasting deeply personal comfort, it seems, in Nature, as the cold darkness returns: no distractions to hold me in abeyance until the warmth, the light, the joy of Spring bursts forth bringing joy to a man worn, tired, from so many experiences, so many mistakes. No personal love, grace, there, emanating from some living personal loving Being - only what-is, as it changes within such change as covers us through Nature's living acausal life.

Thus, it is the realization of personal love that is missing, lost: but no woman, now, to suffuse such vacant spaces with meaning; no woman to gently love with a knowing formed from failure; and no hope of such a loving being, given such a reclusive life born of such shame as now deeply dwells, within.

So there are no answers, now.

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The Prejudice of Abstraction

The Immoral Prejudice of Abstraction

The prejudice of abstraction is the inhumanity of judging and categorizing people according to some abstraction which has been assigned to them by others, or which abstraction one projects upon them.

Thus, there is no empathy with the individual; between individuals. No direct, immediate, personal interaction between individuals, no coming-to-know-them in the immediacy of the moment through empathy. This is unethical, immoral, because it is such direct, immediate interaction - this empathy between individuals - which is human; which is the human way; which is the essence of our humanity and a sign of our own maturity, as human beings.

The prejudice of abstraction is similar to - and indeed often much worse than, often more immoral and more injurious than, and far more prevalent than - racial prejudice. Racial prejudice is judging another human being according to some racial (ethnic) abstraction; that is, according to some physical characteristic or some combination of characteristics that are regarded as being some identifying mark of such an abstraction, such as skin colour, or physiognomy.

Thus, in racial prejudice, an individual is assigned to some ethnic group or type, and then that individual judged according to what is assumed to be, or has come to be regarded as, the behaviour, the personality, the proclivities, and so on, of such a group or type. Thus, assumptions are made about that individual - based on the behaviour and the personality, assumed or otherwise, of others who have, in the past, been identified as belonging to the same ethnic group, or type, as the individual.

That is, the individual is or becomes de-humanized because they are not perceived, or regarded, as a unique individual, as a unique human being. There is no empathy with them; or no attempt to empathize with them.

The prejudice of abstraction is or can be based upon three criteria, alone, or in some combination: (1) on judging, or interacting with, other human beings according to some value (or worth) assigned to them based on the assumption of them belonging to, or being a part of, some abstract group or grouping; (2) on them seeming to conform to, or believed to conform to, some criteria established by or based upon some median, or some so-called "representative sample" of what is regarded as or assumed to be "similar individuals"; or (3) on the accumulated personal experiences of others.

These three criteria have one thing in common - what we may term *other-ness*. That is, a lack of our

own personal knowing, deriving as such personal knowing does from direct practical interaction with the individual who is being judged or assessed.

As with racial prejudice, the prejudice of abstraction de-humanizes human beings because the individual is judged by some impersonal criteria, and because there is little or no empathy with them, or no attempt is made to empathize with them. The prejudice of abstraction has long been part of what we may term the immaturity of our human condition.

In practical terms, the prejudice of abstraction involves us in making judgements based upon the apparent or seeming other-ness of human beings: on whether they are, or seem to be, similar to or distinct from us, in terms of such things as their manner of dress, their physical appearance, their occupation, behaviour, speech, habits, customs, their interests, their personal life, and their personal history and background (or their assumed or rumoured personal life and background and history). Our approval or disapproval of them - our judgement of their "worth" or merit - can and often does vary according to how closely we judge or we assume they are similar to us because we ourselves can and often do base our own identity, our own perception of life, on such outward or such assumed characteristics and abstractions.

In addition, such outward or such assumed characteristics and abstractions have often themselves resulted from some criteria or some abstraction which we human beings have, over millennia, manufactured in an attempt to provide ourselves, our lives, with a sense of identity, of meaning and of purpose, with such manufactured abstractions including the ways and dogma of religion, various "political -isms and -ologies", and constructs such as The State and The Nation.

The Cosmic Nature of Life

One thing which gave, and which gives, rise to, and which aids, the prejudice of abstraction, is our limited and rather immature perspective regarding life.

Thus we have often tended to define ourselves - or have come to define ourselves - according to some generalization, some supra-personal grouping, some abstraction, such as our assumed nationality; or our "citizenship" of some State.

In addition, we often strive to control or limit or adapt our own personal feelings according to some category or some group which we personally identify with or to which we believe we belong to, or which we aspire to belong to. These groups and categories include "our family", "our community", our "nation", our "State", and often even our profession or the colleagues and the people we work with, especially if such work is of a dangerous nature.

Thus our feelings of love, of loyalty, of duty, come to be associated with such categories or such groups. We "are of them", and thus to a greater or a lesser degree, "they" become our identity, or how we

identify and define ourselves. Beyond "them and us" are "the others" - those who are not like us or are different from us in some way. Sometimes, the temptation is to assume or to believe that "we" and our group are somehow better than these "others".

Thus, our perspective about life comes to be based upon, or is based upon, some category or some group we identify with or believe or assume we belong to, or which we aspire to belong to.

All this is - or rather, has been - natural, a part of our present and past human manner of living. However, according to The Numinous Way, we human beings possess the potential to go beyond this particular manner of living, this limited perspective, with this limited perspective of ours - based on abstractions - thus representing only an early stage of our possible development, as human beings.

That is, The Numinous Way regards this limited perspective, our current manner of living, as an immature one, appropriate to children, and affirms that it is time for us, as human beings to become mature - to grow up, to evolve into adults, and to thus acquire a genuine human perspective regarding life; to thus go beyond the abstractions that we have hitherto relied upon in our attempt to understand ourselves, and life; in our attempts to define ourselves, as an individual living, human, being.

Central to the new mature perspective is empathy. That is, an awareness of, a sensitivity to, other human beings as individuals, and a placing of ourselves according to a Cosmic perspective, as opposed to placing ourselves in relation to some abstraction, some group, or some category which we and other human beings have relied on in the past or have manufactured according to some theory or some dogma or some ideology or even according to some accumulated personal experiences, of our own or of others.

Furthermore, according to The Numinous Way, all life - sentient, human, and otherwise - is numinous, and connected, because all life is a presencing of acausal energy in the causal. That is, all life - each and every living being - is a nexion; one connexion between the causal continuum (the causal Universe) and the acausal continuum (the acausal Universe). [1]

Thus, we as individual human beings should define and come to understand ourselves according to the Cosmic perspective of the connectedness of all life; that is, according to empathy, for empathy is how we are aware of or can become aware of this connexion, of how we are more than seemingly separate individuals, alone, or divided up into some group or some category, abstract or otherwise. Of how we can become aware of the Cosmos itself, with its vastness, with we ourselves - we human beings - just one type of life upon one planet around just one star among billions upon billions of stars in just one Galaxy among the billions and billions of Galaxies in the physical, causal, Universe.

Thus empathy makes us aware of, or can make us aware of, our true human identity: which lies far beyond the cosmically un-important, the lifeless, the un-numinous, and the suffering-causing abstractions we have imposed ourselves, upon other human beings and upon our world.

Unfortunately, instead of embracing and developing empathy - instead of evolving into mature human

beings - we have not only allowed ourselves to continue to accept the prejudice of abstractions, we are allowing such prejudice to increase, and thus have created and are creating more and more human suffering, not less [2].

The Prejudice of The State

The growing prejudice and the growing problem of abstraction is inseparably bound up with the rise of the modern State because such prejudice is inherent in The State. Why? Because not only is The State itself an abstraction, but also because The State is predicated on the presumption of a supra-personal sovereignty.

Thus, The State itself, by its very nature, by its very existence, is immoral because it disrupts - by its presumption of, and its assumption of, authority - the natural, human, empathy between human beings. That is, it disrupts the numinous itself - our connexion to all other life, and to the Cosmos itself.

It does this because it ascribes to itself (and thus to its Institutions and its organized bodies) the process and means of judgement, of individuals; and the so-called "right" to use physical force against individuals according to some abstract criteria which its Institutions and its organized bodies manufacture and/or which they regard as "right". Thus, The State - its Institutions and its organized bodies - incorrectly and unethically gives to itself the authority to decide what is "unlawful", and it gives to itself the authority to "punish" (by such things as imprisonment) those who transgress what The State has decided is "lawful". In effect, it behaves, and acts, like a strict and very often unfeeling parent over its "children" (its citizens).

Furthermore, The State presumes its authority over all individuals who live within what it declares or has declared is its territory, and can and does use physical force to enforce this presumption. That is, the individual is afforded no practical opportunity to dissent from, to not accept, this presumption of authority and this use of physical force. In effect, "the parent" (The State) maintains and exercises its authority over its "children" from their birth to their death, thus preventing them from growing up, from becoming mature human beings, aware of their own individual connexion to all life, on Earth and beyond. In addition, The State gives to itself the authority to demand and to collect taxes from its citizens, and tolerates no dissent from this so-called "duty of taxation", with any practical dissent against such taxes (which taxes ensure the continued survival of The State) suppressed by force.

By any other name, this presumption and assumption of authority, this life-long control of individuals by threat and use of force, and this demand for and enforcement of payment of taxes, is tyranny.

According to The Numinous Way, what is good, or ethical, is that which does not cause, or which does

not contribute to, the suffering of any living being, sentient, human or otherwise; and we know or can come to know suffering and the causes of suffering by means of our faculty of empathy. Thus, what is ethical is that which manifests, and that which increases, empathy. Furthermore, empathy is and can only and ever be, by its very nature, individual, and based upon the immediacy of a personal knowing; that is, it is founded upon, having its own being in, a personal, individual, judgement; founded, in essence, on the numinosity of a personal knowing.

This immediacy of personal knowing - this personal judgement - cannot be extracted out from such immediacy and such personal knowing because empathy itself is a direct connexion - a nexion - between two living beings, and thus is numinous. That is, no abstract law can ever describe or determine or even suggest or point to what is "right" and what is "wrong" because all such abstractions, all such generalizations, are not and can never re-present, that direct connexion - a nexion - between two living beings, which nexion itself is living while such a direct and immediate connexion, between two living beings, exists. As explained elsewhere [3] personal honour is how empathy is or can be practically manifest in the lives of individuals who are free from - who have escaped from - the tyranny of The State, and who thus are free to grow to be mature, adult, human beings, and who thus evolve our own human species, which species has remained immature for thousands upon thousands of years due to the constraints of un-numinous abstractions, such as The State, and due to us living according to the prejudice of abstractions and according to our own, often suffering-causing, desires.

The Development of Empathy

To mature as human beings - to develop a new and Cosmic perspective - is to acquire and/or to develop, empathy. That is, to be aware of, to have a synchronicity with, other life, so that we possess or have an awareness of, and a compassion for, the suffering of living beings. To develop empathy is to go beyond our own feelings to the extent that the suffering of some other life is or becomes our own suffering.

Thus, through empathy and the compassion that arises from it, do we desire not to cause any suffering to any living being, as we desire to seek in a compassionate way to alleviate whatever suffering we may encounter, because we desire other life - sentient, human and otherwise - to be treated as we ourselves would wish to be treated.

In actuality, we - as individual human beings - are not only connected to all other life, sentient, human and otherwise, but we are part of that other life, part of all life; or, more accurately, the causal life that we appropriate as "ours" and which "we" as an individual identify with, is not separate from other life, and it is only the illusion of our self-identity - caused or formed by abstractions and often maintained by the immoral prejudice of abstraction - which prevents us from feeling this, knowing this, understanding this, and acting upon this most fundamental and ethical truth concerning the interconnected and dependant nature of all life in the vastness of the Cosmos.

David Myatt
2455163.901

Footnotes:

[1] Refer to *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way*.

[2] The sad and rather shameful reality of our times is that while there is more and more meaningless rhetoric about "peace" and "humanity", there is less and less genuine peace, and more and more inhumanity.

For instance, in the last hundred years alone, human beings - as especially those residing in what is termed The West - have been responsible for inflicting the greatest suffering the world has ever known, resulting in the deaths of an estimated two hundred million people, at least, world-wide. In addition, the natural world itself - the other life with which we share this planet - has been decimated by us to a degree unprecedented in human history.

A lot of this suffering can be attributed to recent abstractions such as: (1) The State, and The Nation, with various imposed and manufactured forms of these abstractions contending against, and opposing, one another; (2) abstract concepts and ideologies such as "communism", capitalism, and a so-called "peace" that is and has to be enforced and imposed by war, occupation, regime change, revolution, sanctions, and so on; and (3) conflicts between religions and various world-views.

In addition, we ourselves, as individuals, are directly to blame for inflicting much suffering on life - human and otherwise - because of our own personal, childish, immaturity and thus because of our lack of empathy, which immaturity allows us and which immaturity has allowed us to indulge ourselves, regardless of how much suffering we cause, directly or indirectly, to other life by so indulging ourselves, by so allowing our emotions and our desires to control us.

There has been a general and world-wide move away from individuals and from empathy and genuine freedom, toward direct and indirect control of individuals by supra-personal abstractions and "authorities" until there is hardly anywhere in the world - no land, territory, public space; no sea, river, lake or mountain - that is not considered to be controlled by, or claimed to be controlled by, some government or some national or some supra-national agency, who and which claim the "right" or "the duty" to make laws to control such parts of our world. Human activity - and the activity of most if not all domestic animals and wildlife - is now monitored, judged and controlled, according to abstract criteria

and by means of powerful governments, agencies, and impersonal supra-national authorities.

[3] Refer, for example, to *Honour, Empathy and the Question of Suffering*.

Closeness Becomes Us

This is the life of silence
As she lives warm, within -
There where a net of dreams is woven
By a day's walk, a night's love,
And those hopes that stretched out as our hands entwining
Seeking some horizon
Beyond
Where the cloudy sky of our dull October day
Became the silky sandful warmful Summer smoothness of beach
Beside a sea azure, Sunful, clear - and warming.

These are the moments of her silence
As she lies warm within such arms as hold her
And the blood of sleep, slowing, keeps her still
Because the nightful sky of night is still
With stars
And the breath to keep her living
Is a gentle tide to ebb to rise to flow
Upon our shore of sharing.

There is sand still - a little - between her toes
Unwashed by such haste as brought us
Back, back to one bed shared
Because we could not would not wait
To be together to seep again
Here where, door locked, the world divides
To be only that which we feel dream see, and flow
Here where daylight seeped sepia-softly
To become our starlit night bright
With stars.

Now, now surely I have dreams memories ecstasy enough
To keep the inner smile
As time, my time, seeps to break me
As those three score years and ten seek to break

Each Earth-dwelling being of Life.

So, three decades older, I touch and touch with gentle touch
The warm soft tautful flesh that keeps her youth
The way our warmth melds us
As the scent of night, sea and sex
Melds together to be a perfume for her Sun
To warm me here
Where I am nothing more than moments.

For these are such moments of a loveful silence
Seeping
That I could die here peaceful in her sleepful scented arms

DW Myatt

One Exquisite Silence

These are the moments of an exquisite silence
As we lie together on your sofa, holding, pressing
Our bodies together
As I, gently, stroke your face and hair
And you kiss each finger of my hand.

There is a fire of logs to warm us,
As night descends:

There are no words to confuse,
No time, as we flow, together,
As clouds on a warm Summer's day
Beneath a dome of blue.

There is a peace, here, which fills us
As if we are the world and all the beautiful, peaceful, things
Of the world.

Nearby, your two ginger cats sleep
Secure in the warmth of their world
As we are secured while we lie,
Wordless, feeling those subtle energies
Born from no barriers:
You are me as I am you,
In such exquisite moments.

But you belong to another
And it is against my will, my dreams, desires
That I leave
To walk the lonely miles under moonlight
To where a dreary lamp lights my empty room.

DW Myatt

Wine

Stale

I once drank you

Knowing no difference because of herbs.

She held me, her cunning hands

That did not wish

Nor offer the warmth that snared my soul:

The wine was

Intoxicating our senses

But only I was drunk:

She laughed.

I needed rest

Dreaming marriage under sun -

Until bright morning came

When she, alas, changed

Her form in the reality of the room

And I was left to walk with my sack

Down the dusty track

Past a grove of sun-burnt trees

Toward those distant hills:

And yet the white-washed house was only

One step

Along my Way.

DW Myatt

The Sun of Warm November

So this is Peace:
As the Sun of warm November
Warms and the grass grows with such mildness.

No strife, here;
No place beyond this place
As Farm meets meadow field
And I upon some hessian sack sit, write
To hear some distant calls from hedged-in sheep:
No breeze
To stir the fallen leaves
That lie among the seeds, there
Where the old Oak towers, shading fence
From Sun
And the pond is hazed with midges.

So this is the peace, found
Where dew persists,
Flies feed to preen to rest
And two Robins call from among that tangled brambled
Bush
Whose berries - unplucked, ripened - rot,
While the Fox-worn trail wobbles
Snaking
Through three fields.

So, the silent Buzzard soars
To shade me briefly:
No haste, worry, nor Homo Hubris, here
Only that, of this, a peaceful peace
Rising
When we who wait, wait to walk with Nature.

So there is much sadness, leaving
As the damp field-mists of morning

Have given way
To Sun

DW Myatt

Rounwytha

Some Poems by DW Myatt



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Dark Clouds of Thunder

The moment of sublime knowing
As clouds part above the Bay
And the heat of Summer dries the spots of rain
Still falling:
I am, here, now, where dark clouds of thunder
Have given way to blue
Such that the tide, turning,
Begins to break my vow of distance
Down.

A women, there, whose dog, disobeying,
Splashes sea with sand until new interest
Takes him where
This bearded man of greying hair
No longer reeks
With sadness.

Instead:

The smile of joy when Sun of Summer
Presents again this Paradise of Earth
For I am only tears, falling

The Dying

I might die on these moors:
No trains in the distant valley would stop
Just as no one would vow
Revenge.

Would it be easy, dying?
Only the cold day in Winter
Might change
Just a little
When the sun shines into blue
And white wisps of cirrus
Gather to briefly signal the change.

All that is, is balanced
Caught Like this Sunday hour
Early
When people sleep
And sun just stretches past hill.

But all hills must die, even mine,
Straddled as they are between roads
Invisible and seen
Leading to where there is a profundity of excuse
With the name of some city or some town.

But there is wisdom here
Where wind stirs great storms of snow
And a Summer sun burns the summer Men
Who leave cars to tramp
A little
While the fine weather or their humour
Lasts.

It might be difficult to die here,

With worlds still unknown.

Summer Days Travelling Roads

Day hides the stars that might shine tonight
As my life when the loneliness comes
Among the hills:
I have touched the joy that goes
Seeping down into darkness
Rooting my soul that thus a storm
Cannot wash it away.
Here - a smile to capture worlds
With hidden words
When I believe a night has no terrors
Like my own
And I sleep at peace
Beneath the dome of stars.

I - passing the world
That way each day passes to a week -
Shook dust from my clothes
And walked barefoot toward a village green.

It was no use -
I had only to forget to remember
The silence where I in gladness sang
Stopping those spirits who had waited by their trees
For one like me to visit them,
Again.

So I sit on the damp grass
Waiting
For a world of love.
Then, smiling, I shake away the dew
To walk barefoot across a village green.

Etude

A sudden silence -
No longer can I hear the many sounds
Of Nature.
A falling darkness -
No longer can I see the distant hills.

Instead:
Whispering shadows hang upon the Earth
Tendons of a goddess mauling the insignificance
That is me.

Sudden rain -
Tempestuous in sylphic fury;
A blinding flash
Startling in its nearness
As I walk a country path.
Then - shattering shouts as the wroth of the gods
Rolls around me.

Suddenly
No longer am I calm
No longer am I still -
Instead:
Throwing wide arms of madness thrashing
Dancing dance of Daedalian dreams
In tears of goddess weeping sadness
I come to joy and youthful schemes
Feeling a freedom brought, at last!

Foolish self -
Left standing in light left by passing storm,
Hoping no one human has seen.
Then, mindful of the past, and smiling,
I return to tramp the country lane.

The Witch's Daughter

Rain

And you have cried
So many tears
Because you were alone:

Sleep

And tall the masted ship came
Bringing, storm-black, your precious child home
Who wished without knowledge
The rain silence
That would to your valley
Be a young witch's spell
And spread its wrath to the waves.

Sea

And you caught in foam faces
Each arm as they rose
Clasping meekly another scream home,
Deep down toward a cold
Welcome womb
That turned in tides.
Cold her sea wind
As you caught the cloud
That grew in your dream
And made you weave the white spell
Calling back Her thunder home -
Too late.

Warmth

And you cried and made sleep
Cling to your face each morn
When you could not wake:

Anger

That made you write
On round pebbles a curse

That wrote the end date
For another woman's tomb.

Home
And you drank in deep
The mist of Prolley Moor
To celebrate the return of your gods:

Sun
While you walked crying
On the hill
Hearing in the hail
Your dead daughter's voice

Awe

We who wander are drawn here
To this one place which is many
As water draws the uninitiated
Upon that illusive quest
For outward peace:

Here, where a dying leaf falls
To the pond in one of these few
Neglected woods where leaves lie
Like flowers and mist swirls early
Sealing in this silence,
We the lost of gods
Are found.
Half-bare, the tessellated trees
Speak
Before their Winter sleep.
Such silence and speech were saught
Once.

But all trees die
Even here where the twisting ash

Does not spread its boughs
In shame:
They, the unreverent, have not yet unlearned
But live in speech and noise
Within each grossly lit infested city
Spreading forth to pick and break
The dying bones which once upheld
Their sky.

I am here alone again
As a mendicant to my gods
Because I am the seeping silence
As I am my quiet but sometimes frenzied
Quest for life:
I like water am a contradiction
Of suppleness and strength.
I remember
And because I remember
I am bound by honour to these sleeping
Gods
As water is bound as a stream
Which fills yet drains this pond:

Shall I then - under moon and willfully
In mist -
Awaken They who sleep
To balance through suffering
The unwise deeds of the many,
Bringing back thus the awe?
Half-bare, the tessellated trees
Speak the spells I seek

Water

Being the water: the Dragonfly above the water
I grieve of the road and the bridge of the road

Weeping in the wind
Because I am the Sun.
Being the river: all the river things
I feel the wounds
Inflicted deeply in my flesh
Because I am the dust.

Being the river-banks: the land around the banks
I am no-Time
Burning to cauterize my wounds
Because I am the world and all things of the world;
Being the wind: the words of the wind
I sorrow in my-Time
Knowing people who pass
Because they are my wounds.

Being my sorrow: the sorrow of wounded land
I sense the knowing turning beyond the pain
Because I am the water
Flowing with no end

One Exquisite Silence

A Collection Of Poems

by DW Myatt



This Dewy Grass

This dewy grass reflects a warming Sun:
Small spheres to prism rays
With each slow move -
There, a clear-sea-blue
As when from beach to end-of-reef I - we together - swam
While an ocean's island calmed
And each day a so-brief bliss
Lasts.

But it was cold, last night
No woman to warm -
Only Owl calling to blackness

And a tiredness to take me restless to early hours
When the ageing body knows its age
And rises slowly to begin again
Another day
Of work.

Yet, in moments,
A certain calmness comes:
Grown, growing - uninvited, unexpected - as warmth of morning
Measuring out six seasons since her death
As the toiling species toils
Trapped
In Time through Ego;
No gentle wisdom, nor empathy, there.

So I sigh, one prism so briefly placed on Earth
Among some dewy grass.

One Answer

Sitting quietly in high Summer
While the river flows
Is peaceful, for an hour -
But any longer, and we who wish
Cannot wait to abstain:
We must be gone or find a goal
To satisfy such haste.

There was a man, dying from his age
As his flesh and organs failed:
He did not seem to mind this
 I've had a good innings
Except, sometimes, the pain.
He would lay, slowing breathing
And sometimes smiling in his bed

While we who waited on the living
And the dying
Cared
As our time, tiredness and allocations
Allowed.

Every two hours, on the Ward, still living bodies
Would be turned
To remove just one more soiled sheet
While the heat of Summer through half-open
Windows
Mingled with the smells
And the oozing from freshly sutured
Flesh:

But each dark moment was almost always
(If you watched)
Relieved
By the sadness or the smile
In another person's eyes.

And there was a learning
In such simple glimpses,
Shared.

Dirty Work

Weary and sleep inclined
I watched the pools of rain
Upon a roof below a corridor
White, quiet and quite empty.

A calmness of concentration came
As I aimed and made the kill, again.
There, a bleeding body
While, somewhere, trees buds were bursting
With the Spring of Life.

I had killed, knitting in space-time
A synchronicity since it was only
One family's loss
But civilization's gain.

The choice was never hard
Since Thought can never act
And in Action without Thought
Lies a perfect bliss.

But the Dragon stayed
While only I moved on:
They - the politicians - could still cry
For they forget our memories,
The things that we did in their name.

Yet our eyes betray our loss
For we few who survived are forever
And always
Alone.

One Seaside Inn One Day One Late October

Such life, there
As they - the young couple - talk
Here where warm Sun of late October
Warms,
And I again
Am calmed
By Chablis whose bottle there
Is almost
Empty.

So the smile
The cheerful knowing since
No grief, here
While warm Sun
Sea-breeze

Wine
Their distant company
Last.

No desire to constrain myself
To some abstract-ology:
Only a moment as living
Leaves, flowing

On the pebble-beach, the child,
Playing

So many tears
Since breeze is only breeze,
Her laugh her laugh
And I - only I
Where Seagulls call, a tide
Returns
And Sun makes pearls with waves
While the blue that so-small Cumulus cloud
Does not break until my last horizon:

But how shall I - can I - never forget
Again?

One Bench Along The Way

He was called Steve:
Or so he said when we met one very cold
Bleak October morning
In that grey-stoned Cumbrian town,
He, Northbound, while I was travelling
South.

I passed the bench where he sat on his bag

And we knew each other at once:
The beard, the many layers of clothes,
The slightly dirty hands,
The boots, the sun-touched wearied face.

So I sat to idle away a few
Of hours which - more than rain -
Were such an enemy
Of ours.
He offered smokes, a drink of Brandy
And I - some cheese and bread.

Warm again - for a while -
We spoke as friends unmet in some time:
He of a place nearby where fire could be lit,
Of a shop selling cheap food,
Of recent travels
And how last Winter near Morecombe Bay
He had collapsed, from cold.
And I, I spoke of one week's work waiting somewhere, South,
Of how Summer days walking roads had tired me,
And how bin-bags are useful wrapped around the legs
At night.

It was good, cheering, to spend those hours talking
While people passed,
Some staring:
Our world the bench where we sat, that shelter of the night before
When frost broke sleep into short and shorter spells
And left us huddled, tired,
With only a walk - or Rum or Brandy -
To warm us.

There is no Sun, here, now,
No dreams, and - the Brandy gone -
We parted, quite happy then within our wandering, homeless, world:
He, to fetch more warming spirits,
I to begin one more journey
South.

Religion is Beer

Religion and beer both provide an answer
Here - No Destiny, No Signs -
And I sit
In this town's Park
Greatly worse, for wine:

Dread, debts, problems, pain - all gone
And we, he, she, they, homeless and inebriated as me,
Chatter incoherently in our stupor.

Years ago religion sheltered that tramp,
But Doubt came bringing to an end
Those threads of Life.
So now I sit, quite happy, while beer, wine, Benefit last
Since it does not matter I have no memory
Of her, our, exquisite silence.

For no longer the care that bore me,
No longer the pride
Since that cloudy Winter settled itself upon
So meekly upon
My life:
No more the bright Sun
Of youth
As Death came bringing to an end
Her thread of Life.

Yet - sometimes - a dream of warm Summer
Can still wake me

Africa Recalled

Where, among these books that breed like flies
Are bred from a carcass in the bush,
Are the meanings which once girded our lives
And led us like supplicants
To the slaughter?
There was a special meaning, there
While bullets parted our desire

From our death
And the torrid sun lay breathing
Between the hills of mist.

It is forgotten, like the natives soon
Forgot why we the forgotten fought
Amid the mud with the flies of heat sucking
Our blood of life.
Memory, like money, fades:
Each beauty becomes dulled
Without the fulfilment
That our projected image promises
But never brings:
And our women will forever weep.

Once, words spoke but now
They speak no more
Since what was treasured is profaned
Through the profanity of use
Just as in action without thought
The wordless meaning fulfilled
And we who remained were glad
When each morning brought the news
From our body to our brains:
We are alive, still, thanks
To our gods...

How could we, as civilians, re-adjust?
Was there a meaning in clouds,
In waiting because such waiting reminds?
But there is truth in desiring desire
Which we ourselves may not
Yet always should strive to fulfil
Through the actions which endanger life
Since we have only to release our hidden self
To become that being-beyond
Which all great striving
Brings.

But
Every warrior desire breeds
Another death
While every quiet and dreary peace fulfils

From its beginnings
The sulking coward who lies in wait
Within.

So Simple

It is so simple
He heard the wanderer say
While he sleeping lay warm with Sun
Propped up against fence
On hill-top field:

Settled and focused on what there was to see
Where the walk is only the walk
We can walk in one day
Walking.

Then - clouds covering, awakening -
To descend down
To where no one
Was waiting
No more.

Yet there would could be dreams, now,
Since the silent land
Gave back his gift
Growing wordless as grass growing green
With Sun

cc DW Myatt 2010 CE



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Two Face

*Some Poems by DW Myatt
1974-1979*



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Within.

Love

It is difficult, this understanding
Of my love:
I have to rise every morning
With the intention of our future
Moulded as some sculptors mould
Their souls around a form
That Will soon powers to a shape
In Time.

It is difficult, this sharing
Of each dream that makes her to journey
To the joining of our selves
And spills desire the way some music
Spills some notes to form the suggestion
Of some god:

There is no journey bribed by dread
No sea that sets the horizon
As the yearning of the dead sets
The seal to future Time;
There is no calling and no called:
No passing and no one passed
Since there is no you or I to understand
The laked reflexion of each moon.

But I forget, and need to remember
At each new beginning of each new
Dream which is the beginning of our
Love.

There are no words needed
As there are no excuses
For the failures of some Art:
It is difficult, this speaking
Of my love.

The Two Faces

I am the two faces of God -
Vox Patris Caelestis -
Within, within, a lewd Satan grins
Playing at Change:
My pieces are human who cried
At my hurt.

I am alone, the cry
While Treble voices sing
Echoing, and strange shadows long dead
Dance too briefly along the cloister wall.
There is pain as I stare
Past dying sun and a valley
Winter cold
Trying to believe while stars break
And a crescent moon
Glowing like the whore's eyes
In that dark room
Jibbers over the heavy breasts
Of the hill:
No cloud
To veil her shame.

No one, nothing
Answers. Only
Air, and I sit, still waiting
And remembering prayer.
In the ruins, my dead self comes to life

Rising slowly, worm-slowly
To the first singing blackness
Of night.

No answers, nothing:
Only this tramp sheltering
In the ruins of a church -
And memories, yes there are memories
Glowing
Like the lies of my life

In The Valley

In the valley each rock
Is reduced by rain -
It runs, as small stones
Which will be soil
As I and all that I carry
Will be dead.

Was this valley a hill
Before water weathered
And each sheep trail was worn
Between fern and heather
And steep fern?
There are no people, today,
No noise lying like the dead crow
Wormed:

But there are gods,
If one knows where to look
And can tread the steep slopes
Of this hill.

Every road intrudes
Upon slow thinking rock.
Who tastes the silence that lies
As each Summer's green
Upon the broken rocks of rain?

Here, near Narnell's Rock
Where Thor's hammer struck
Many a startled tree
And where dead men lie like seeds
Waiting,
Is neither day nor sun
Rain nor rock -
There is only the essence that exists
Because essence must:

There are no answers
Because no questions can exist -
Just as I am the rock which is me.

Yet there are gods, still,
If one knows where to look
And can climb the steep slopes
Of this hill

Letter

It is raining
And I am watered
And cold:
There is warmth in love
Which explains my wait
By this road while cars pass
Noisy in the shielding dark:

My spirit is not seen as it sits
On the wooden bench where hill
Meets valley sky
And where a standing stone waits
To whisper words
Of a language that has died.
But I listen, while rain falls,
Hearing your cry.

Always a dream or a memory
Lead us on
And we wait like children
Trusting in the spirits of the Earth.
We love unsuspecting
While they our lovers scheme,
Succour themselves on our blood
And bleed us dry

There is a sun as we sit
In the heat of a summer
On this bench as new lovers
Holding hands -
Transmuting all the dark days
The tears of our past
In the touch that mingles our auras
As they must be mingled to bring
The words of our waiting stone
Alive:

Always this dream
Leads me on.

But it is raining
And in the rain I hear
Your spirit cry

Only Relate

There is a simplicity in love
To help solve those difficult equations we impose
Upon our own problems of life:

There is nothing complicated about joy -
It is only an appreciation which takes us far beyond
The beginnings of our self
When we who still desired strove mightily
Against all other desires and our own.

Had we stopped, sat even, for moments, still,
We might have seen the clouds
Shape-changed by wind
As they passed above
There where even our street-hardened desire
Could not go.

But we had to fight to prosper to live
And only in passion did we glimpse in moments a beauty
Beyond -
As when, satiated within our lover's arms,
Our being relaxed to journey in defiance of our life
To where some gods were born
While rain played as rain played upon those panes of glass
And a Church clock tolled its ten amid the morning city noise
In her Apartment
When we who waited warm in bed should long ago
Have been upon our way to work.

All religions were born from such answers
Before we lost the Vision in the words:
Each day we need to try to remember the questions
That presenced such beauty
Perhaps once only
Upon our treasured space on Earth:

But can just one poem give just one killer
Waiting
Just one vision of the numinous reality of life?

In Memoriam, Office Life

Red skirt below black blouse she passes
With her smile

*Contact Hospital Urgent
Daughter Seriously Ill*

Recalling memories from a warm Spring
Night
When once I loved:
What is this within my hand?

*Regret Inform You
Daughter Died Today.*

File as Form P158
As drains my office day
Toward death

"Five Duty lapsed"

Spreading no rumours
Of doom.

What has one left
Save the urgent ululations
Of dreams that once
On a hot summer's day
In a country far distant
Sent a youth rushing into arms
Where innocence was taken

Like this woman - whose black blouse
Hides beautiful breasts -
Takes these Forms that are only forms
Bereft of life.

What has one but the ways
That once were learned
When I learnt how bullets
Turned a body and how some women
Bore within their clothes burning
Hearts

"Calculator, please"

What have I left save the passing passion
Moment that soon will pass toward a future
Full of regret unlike that day now distant
When Spring leapt into my life
Stirring tears in a man too full to dream
Amid a city sun and body sweat
That held no promise but my own.

What have I left
Save the silent spinnings of Destiny
Gold beneath gods
That once others followed
In a country far distant
As Degueudre bled tears before Jeanpierre
While a world scorned all rumours of doom.

But, returning, my lover smiles
And sighs, softly:
"Where shall we go tonight?"
While red below black, beads bounce
Upon her breasts
And her shapely shadow touches mine
Recalling dreams from our damp
Dependable night.

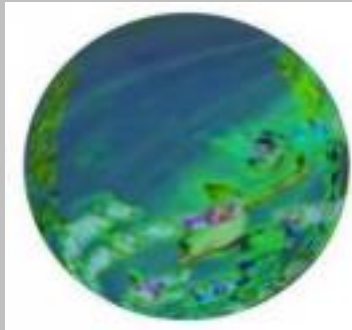
What is this now within my hand?

Regret to inform you, I resign

For I'm the damned
Bound for another land

Two Face

*Some Poems by DW Myatt
1974-1979*





For The Cognoscenti

Selected Poems by DW Myatt

Closeness Becomes Us

This is the life of silence
As she lives warm, within -
There where a net of dreams is woven
By a day's walk, a night's love,
And those hopes that stretched out as our hands entwining
Seeking some horizon
Beyond
Where the cloudy sky of our dull October day
Became the silky sandful warmful Summer smoothness of beach
Beside a sea azure, Sunful, clear – and warming.

These are the moments of her silence
As she lies warm within such arms as hold her
And the blood of sleep, slowing, keeps her still

Because the nightful sky of night is still
With stars
And the breath to keep her living
Is a gentle tide to ebb to rise to flow
Upon our shore of sharing.

There is sand still – a little – between her toes
Unwashed by such haste as brought us
Back, back to one bed shared
Because we could not would not wait
To be together to seep again
Here where, door locked, the world divides
To be only that which we feel dream see, and flow
Here where daylight seeped sepia-softly
To become our starlit night bright
With stars.

Now, now surely I have dreams memories ecstasy enough
To keep the inner smile
As time, my time, seeps to break me
As those three score years and ten seek to break
Each Earth-dwelling being of Life.

So, three decades older, I touch and touch with gentle touch
The warm soft tautful flesh that keeps her youth
The way our warmth melds us
As the scent of night, sea and sex
Melds together to be a perfume for her Sun
To warm me here
Where I am nothing more than moments.

For these are such moments of a loveful silence
Seeping
That I could die here peaceful in her sleepful scented arms

One Exquisite Silence

These are the moments of an exquisite silence

As we lie together on your sofa, holding, pressing
Our bodies together
As I, gently, stroke your face and hair
And you kiss each finger of my hand.

There is a fire of logs to warm us,
As night descends:

There are no words to confuse,
No time, as we flow, together,
As clouds on a warm Summer's day
Beneath a dome of blue.

There is a peace, here, which fills us
As if we are the world and all the beautiful, peaceful, things
Of the world.

Nearby, your two ginger cats sleep
Secure in the warmth of their world
As we are secured while we lie,
Wordless, feeling those subtle energies
Born from no barriers:
You are me as I am you,
In such exquisite moments.

But you belong to another
And it is against my will, my dreams, desires
That I leave
To walk the lonely miles under moonlight
To where a dreary lamp lights my empty room.

Summer Love

Swallows gather, high above
Where, this morning, mist rose
Steadily, masking my view of the valley.

It was soon gone, this mist

Dispersed by burning sun and a breeze
Carrying honeysuckle scent to where
A bleached window lights
My tenant room.

I had sat quite still
While her words destroyed
My soul.

It was a calm night
Perfumed by moon
Which drew droplets of fractured
Light to my pillow and relief
To the majesty of her flesh.

For hours, the White Tiger's cave
Explored: and when the shared sweat
Dried and sleep with Her tender
Grace filled her limbs
I lay, savouring the sweetness
Of her joy.

For two weeks, a world
Explored.

Was it all a dream?

I remember
The small cafe where she, tired
From wind, hill and sun
Rested her head as only a lover can
On my shoulder: no one cared
When we kissed or ran barefoot
Along the narrow street
And too much wine made us
Each together try to capture
With our hands a star
Jumping jumping until blood seared
Our ears and we fell
Softly, on forgiving grass.

It is silent and still, my room

Where foods rests uneaten and undesired.
There is no foolish laughter
No sweat to dry as sun dries.
There is only
The broken picture of my past
Since all my letters are unanswered
And undesired.

The cool breeze stirs -
Something.
She does not or will not hear.
Her husband claimed her
As the jealous god claims souls:
Dry, without any magick
Or mirth.

Was I her freedom or her guilt?

Soon, the sleeping bats screeking
Will swoop, launched by Dusk
And I will wait, perhaps,
Until Winter brittles memory
And deep frost slows the blood.

But by then, I will be distant footsteps
In the snow

Wine

Stale
I once drank you
Knowing no difference because of herbs.

She held me, her cunning hands
That did not wish
Nor offer the warmth that snared my soul:
The wine was
Intoxicating our senses

But only I was drunk:
She laughed.

I needed rest
Dreaming marriage under sun -
Until bright morning came
When she, alas, changed
Her form in the reality of the room
And I was left to walk with my sack
Down the dusty track
Past a grove of sun-burnt trees
Toward those distant hills:

And yet the white-washed house was only
One step
Along my Way.

Only Time Has Stopped

Here I have stopped
Because only Time goes on within my dream:
Yesterday I was awoken, again,
And she held me down
With her body warmth
Until, satisfied, I went alone
Walking
And trying to remember:

A sun in a white clouded sky
Morning dawn yellow
Sways the breath that, hot, I exhale tasting of her lips.
The water has cut, deep, into
The estuary bank
And the mallard swims against the flow -
No movement, only effort.
Nearby – the foreign ship which brought me
Is held by rusty chains
Which, one day and soon
And peeling them like its paint,
Must leave

Here I shall begin again
Because Time, at last, has stopped
Since I have remembered the dark ecstasy
Which brought that war-seeking Dream

The Sun of Warm November

So this is Peace:
As the Sun of warm November
Warms and the grass grows with such mildness.

No strife, here;
No place beyond this place
As Farm meets meadow field
And I upon some hessian sack sit, write
To hear some distant calls from hedged-in sheep:
No breeze
To stir the fallen leaves
That lie among the seeds, there
Where the old Oak towers, shading fence
From Sun
And the pond is hazed with midges.

So this is the peace, found
Where dew persists,
Flies feed to preen to rest
And two Robins call from among that tangled brambled
Bush
Whose berries – unplucked, ripened – rot,
While the Fox-worn trail wobbles
Snaking
Through three fields.

So, the silent Buzzard soars
To shade me briefly:
No haste, worry, nor Homo Hubris, here

Only that, of this, a peaceful peace
Rising
When we who wait, wait to walk with Nature.

So there is much sadness, leaving
As the damp field-mists of morning
Have given way
To Sun

In The Night

A bright quarter moon
As I ran alone in the cold hours
Along the sunken road that twists
Between hill-valley and stream:

There was a dream, in the night
That woke me – a sadness
To make me sit by the fire
Then take me out, moon-seeing
And running, to hear only my feet
My breath – to smell only the coldness
Of the still, silent air:

But no spell, no wish
Brought my distant lover to me
And I was left to run slowly
Back
And wait the long hours
To Dawn.

By the fire, I think of nothing
Except the warmth of my love
No longer needed.

A Summer Sun

Crows calling while sheep cry
By the road that shall take them
To their death:

I sit, while sun lasts
And bleeds my body dry
In this last hour before dark
On a day when a warm wind
Carried the rain that washed
A little of this valley
Like the stream washes
My rock:

There are no trees to soften
This sun – only heather and fern
To break the sides of the hill;

I cannot keep this peace
I have found -
It seems unformed like water
Becomes unformed without a vessel
A channel or some stream:
It cannot be contained
As I contain my passion and my dreams.

There are no answers I can find
Only the vessel of walks in hills
Alone
Whereby I who seek
Am brought toward the magick peak
That keeps this hidden world
Alive:

It does not last
But like the cirrus cloud
Is blown by breeze to free
A summer sun.

In A Foreign Land

Hot, this sun while it breaks
As I sit quite still
Beneath cloud
On a white bench watching
Flies spiral for shade.

My head is at peace
While the body waits
In this Park
Where each shade of Summer green
Becomes real in this light
And trees speak, slowly,
Of their fears of being
Half alive:

But there was magick, I found
In sitting silent
While beams of Sun become filtered
And fractured through leaves:
A joy in watching while clouds form
And break, casting
In their myriad ways
This Sun's gift of life.
There is ecstasy in walking
High upon hills while wind cries
Or thunders:
No suffering, except hunger,
While I wait for my Dark Daughters
Of Earth;
No pain of dreams destroyed.

Now there is rain to make me
Take up my sack and walk
As a wanderer in creaking boots
To where the Spirits of my waiting Woods
Will sigh:

*Without his dreams,
He would be nothing*

And I shall smile while, hot,
The Summer Sun breaks briefly
To dry my rain-soaked back

Water

Being the water: the Dragonfly above the water
I grieve of the road and the bridge of the road
Weeping in the wind
Because I am the Sun.
Being the river: all the river things
I feel the wounds
Inflicted deeply in my flesh
Because I am the dust.

Being the river-banks: the land around the banks
I am no-Time
Burning to cauterize my wounds
Because I am the world and all things of the world;
Being the wind: the words of the wind
I sorrow in my-Time
Knowing people who pass
Because they are my wounds.

Being my sorrow: the sorrow of wounded land
I sense the knowing turning beyond the pain
Because I am the water
Flowing with no end

We Are The Ones The Dead Leave Behind

We are the ones the dead leave behind:
We, who remain to struggle with remorse, guilt, failure
After she – he – have found the courage
To end their lives.

We are the ones who find them,
Or who receive that sudden unexpected, expected, call:
Our life stilled, lost, irrelevant
In that moment.
What have we to give them, now?
What have we but words said,
Unsaid, deeds done or promised unfulfilled?
What have we to give them now -
Too late the love, the words, the effort
That might have saved them:
Too late this knowing of such sadness and such grief.

So we cry, or force back those tears
Stumbling forward
Minute to minute, hour to hour, day to weary day
Hoping, trusting, wishing
For something.

Or do we – and how often – plan
As they planned
Unable to bear their loss, the grief?
So many plans, to die – and what prevents us?
Some small intimation of life, perhaps
Or our own weakness
For even with their ending how often we lack the resolve
They showed
In that last breathing of their lives
When bleak and utter desperation
Claimed them.

How do we, can we, live when guilt at our living
Wakes us in the late or early night
And we hope, pray, believe:
But this is life – they are gone; dead, taken from us
And no words, no deeds now can redeem or save them:

So we move from night to day to night -
We, the living-dead that our dead leave alive.

Apple Blossom in May

There is a reality about Spring
When grass grows green with the sun:
Days lengthen bringing the warmth
That reassures and one is pleased
To run a hand where wind moves
And blossoms have been blown:

Every hour is unique
When rain stops.

In the town – three hills
And a valley to the left -
Music slithers from a shop
While people rush,
Gathering.
A drill strikes stone
Where youths gather
Sneering at people who pass.

There is a pleasure about Spring
When free grass grows in the sun,
A slowness when wind rushes tree:
Nearby
The curlew and lark
Where sun glints
Upon rain sodden earth:

How are you today, Mr Hughes?

Oh not so bad, you know -
Better for the sun.

*Aye, will dry the ground
So we can seed.*

Over the fields -
White clouds making faces

In the sun

DW Myatt

Selected Poems 1974-2009 CE

No Sun To Warm

There is an ineffable sadness
For your eyes betray that warmth, that beauty,
That brings me down
To where even my street-hardened Will cannot go:
So I am sad, almost crying

Outside, there is no sun to warm
As yesterday when I touched the warmth of your breasts
And the wordless joy of ecstatic youth
Lived to suffuse if only briefly with world-defying life
This tired battle-bruised body

But now: clouds, rain-bleakness
To darken such dreams as break me.
For there are many places I cannot go.

DW Myatt

GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD

Poems of a Wanderer

D.W. Myatt



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Hermit Tent

It is so cold ice has formed
In my boots while
Frost-bitten snow crunches
When you walk the short
Distance to water
Gathering ice in a pail

Ochre, the morning sun lies shrouded
By mist, casting no heat
As the birds do not cast
The imprint of their feet
Upon snow:

The rose cutting juts
Above white there
Where last week I buried
That car-killed cat and where a leaf
Unfurls in
Intimation of Spring

Over the tree, a crow
Calling:
Nothing answers
Awkwardly I amble through the cold
While ice forms on my face:
Slowly
A crake awakes
To life

Snow in Late April

My tent is cold - I have to huddle
Again
Within wool. Outside
It is strange, this layer of white
Which covers long grass;
Never before the snow which
Covers deep green.

There is an unutterable silence
About the land; nothing stirs
Only air, and the blackbird
Whose perch was my pole
Will have to unlearn to learn
To eat bread.

It is strange - this windy desolation;
There is a voice within the wind
A sign written by snow
And I have come to recall
Through sitting huddled like an old man

Each meaning which strands together
Life:

Shaken, the tent groans through the wear
In its joints; it is old, this tent,
Perched upon Earth - full of spiders
And seeds
As if seeking as seeds seek
To cover themselves within Earth.

I will die here
Says the wind
My poems covered
By snow.

Relict

Sun, broken by branch, seeps
Into mist
Where spreading roots have cracked
The stones, overgrown, perhaps,
For an hundred years

From a seed, flesh fed, the oak
Sheltering

Mary
Relict of William

And a breeze, stirring again
This year
The leaves of an Autumn's green gold

Spring Dawn

It is a cold dawn in Spring
When the red disk rises
Above hill
And the frost-layered village
Still sleeps.

Only I walk
Where silent trees rear up
Beneath blue.
No sound
Not even birds.
In the valley, mist swirls
Cold.

While on the hedge
Neat-trimmed and almost dead
Slivers of crystals cling
As my feet become frozen
Within boots.

On the green, a glaze
Of white as in a field a horse
Runs steaming
To free the cold of night.

Nearby, a car awakes to ruin
This peace and life

Traveller's Wait

So much neglect
Even the platform has dirt:
The young - they talk as they stand

Seeing through themselves
Each other living life
In moments

Appearance for them seems forever
Reality:
Nowhere a word for compassion
Only destination signs.

I do not beg
But rise from the bench
To sit awhile, smiling.
There is no haste
While sunlight warms.

People come, rushing
While I sit with my sack
Gathering strength to spend
A few pence for a tea.

So much neglect
Even my boots have a hole

The Two Faces

I am the two faces of God -
Vox Patris Caelestis -
Within, within, a lewd Satan grins
Playing at Change:
My pieces are human who cried
At my hurt.

I am alone, the cry
While Treble voices sing
Echoing, and strange shadows long dead
Dance too briefly along the cloister wall.
There is pain as I stare
Past dying sun and a valley
Winter cold
Trying to believe while stars break

And a crescent moon
Glowing like the whore's eyes
In that dark room
Jibbers over the heavy breasts
Of the hill:
No cloud
To veil her shame.

No one, nothing
Answers. Only
Air, and I sit, still waiting
And remembering prayer.
In the ruins, my dead self comes to life
Rising slowly, worm-slowly
To the first singing blackness
Of night.

No answers, nothing:
Only this tramp sheltering
In the ruins of a church -
And memories, yes there are memories
Glowing
Like the lies of my life

Road

I wander aimless along a road
Fresh food to allow me thought:
Ahead, a dead thrush
Its carcass decaying
While in the hedge above, bush buds
Burst with life.

Even the wind seems warm
As I walk
Watching the White Horse on its hill
While streaming streaks of high cirrus
Cloud
Fleck the changing blue

There is a freedom here
A pattern to possess my life:
Each day brings me
Close

The Poet's Song

Remember the ones whom you killed
You, the poet, in your youth?
They brought a unity, those memories,
A pain that possesses all things
Bringing with their dread remembrance
The field of connection grown
From deep Space:

What was concealed is seen
As what is felt is possessed into Word
Through the possession of the consciousness
That connects all life to itself

Because it is life through the origin
Of growth
And brings the tranquillity of age.
There is remembering: the forgetting,
The little goals to pass the days
Between the next remembering

I see little needed in life:
No books, houses, fine clothes or cars,
Since this connectedness that makes
The poet a child
Makes him a place to rest awhile
Between the troubled strophes of life.
He, the forgotten values, seeks
Only sufficient shelter
Food enough to fill his gauntness
For a day -
All else is insufficient and inauthentic
As he himself is an admission
Of a god's weakness
For Man.

All life is divine:
Each field, each tree,
And he the poet carries this message
Gently, like cloud its rain.
There is nothing special, unique:
He is only the half-remembered aspirations
Of his age
Forgotten when they to whom connectedness
Was a lie from birth, live in power
Within the boundaries of a State.

There should be no preaching, no faith
Without the connectedness of consciousness
That uncovers divinity as the divine
As there should be no guilt or sin
While the

tireless worker for the Cause
Stalks the streets of the chosen
City. There was a sunset
As he walked the hill home -
A plethora of colours magnified

By cold caught his eye
Briefly, for the wound on his face
Hurt. But he got them,
The bastards, and next time
The Party will be strong

For each Cause defines a Goal
To overturn the gods
Creating illusion in expiation;
There is no connectedness, only division
And divide

Words will not end this
Or any other admission of how we forget
To remember
As sublime music is not a premonition
Of peace.
They are only reminders of what is
As my past is a reminder of what I
Once was;
And there are still enigmas, many questions
Unresolved.

There is a natural balance between
The outward challenge
The inward look of age
That decays with each present passing
Week
There is self-survival
The question of inner Space

Words will not end
But only the middle way between
The word and the act
Where desire is the poet's desire
For passive divinity
Can begin the remembering
Of the connectedness that is divine
Without the ending that is another's
Death

Waves

Waves of rain beat
Upon this tent, wind rucked
In wildness:
I have no illusions

Cold the comfort of this bag
With its dead duck down.
Sometimes a little sun
Brightens
While boots dry
And tired muscles rest

Freedom is hard
While Winter lasts
And Summer savings dry -
Sometimes a little work:
Over the lake
A bittern booms

Pavilion Bench For A Night

Cold, I watched the moon
Rise, until with weary body
I settled down to sleep.

It was a bitter night
And frost greeted me
As I climbed through the glassless window

To stare with bleary eyes at the School:
No one came
And I was free to drink
From their stream

When shall I learn peace?

Only will walk this body
To another village blurred
Like the rest
By fatigue

Tuesday's rabbit is gone
And, weary and sleep inclined,
I sit by some stones
Wishing the warmth of a home

When shall I learn peace?

Walking

Rain, falling heavy as rain does
In storm.
It is beating down
While I wait in this cold tent
For the light of dawn

I am alone, as I came, to this clearing
Within trees:
Trying to live the moments that are those
Moments between the walks I walk

Upon roads:

Rain, beating heavy as the pain in my leg:
I have no rôle to guide me, happy, toward
My death
Only a wish for some warm soup
To suckle my soul.
There is instead rain with no fuel
For the stove

I am alone, as once I wished:
And in the morning
I shall shoulder my pack
And walk -

Is rain the seed, the sun the sower
For the fecund planet called Earth?
Am I one seed who by silence alone
Can breed a flower of Thought?

But it is late and I close my eyes
To sleep

Wandering and Free

Clouds fastly moving across
A Winter's sky:
No rain, only a breeze
Warm after the solstice-week
Of ice;
No one to hear as I tread a pat
Bent by sack and memories
That make a rhythm
For my feet.

There are no answers within me
As there are no cars to despoil
This empty border glade
And I am only a division because divided:
Freedom is no one and nothing
To care for - and no one
Who cares
But I have grown used to sleeping
Ill within a tent
Since pains are a Winter in my life.

Yet there was love
Broken by the dreaming and the doubt
And I that rainy Spring
Left the passion and its pain
To find this kind of peace:

I am torn, still, between
Dreams, pride and the reality
Of this road-walking life,
But most miles tire
And bring a kind of sleep.

There is music in me
Which grows as I grow
But I cannot compose
And have only these words to sculpt
From this crumbling rock
My images of sadness and of joy.

Clouds
Fastly moving
Over a remembering voice
That someone in some future
Might recall as me -
But like a cloud
I am born to quickly fade
And die

Intermezzo

No longer the low sun which caught
The brown, hedged field under hill
To show the covering of spider's silk
Weaved, slow:
Instead, twilight and clouds,
Transforming

I cannot walk when such beauty
Stops me -
There is then a sitting by some stream,
Perhaps a fire
To warm the body that desire wearies
By walking

No wind, now, to chill
Or take me to some shelter:
There is instead my small fire of wood,
The peace brought by stillness;
All journeys were a sign
To this place
While, on the distant road, some car
Blares its horn
In haste

City Autumn

Dawn's magickal moment when dim light
That strains the eye
Bursts upon a horizon still
Clutching the mist of night:
I was awake, experiencing,
Trying to hold through sleepy eyes
The silence that gave me for a moment

God;
Then the birds, thrusting their song
In the wind
Which snatched trees
Breaking the colours down
Because rain has long rejoiced to seed
This Earth.
I, on a bench

Until the traffic came:
Hard noise that crushed my spell -
Clouds, that promised tomorrow

Waiting

No suffering, as Christians suffer -
Only the stream, there
By my tent.
It is home, now,
Green like its field, and at night
With a shrunken stomach
I sit by its flap and dream.

I cannot play the flute
I have made from maple;
But there is time
There is always time
For a madman like me to scheme.

It is not romantic, this life,
Like others think.
It is boring and hard yet I endure
With endurance to bring more
Than deep lines to my face.

My tent is a message
As I myself am not me.

No falseness, as burning religion
Makes false. Only a stream
Of impressions that makes me
Nothing unique.
Each changing cloud reminds
Just as I am a reminder
Of what I and all others
Might be

Apple Blossom in May

There is a reality about Spring
When grass grows green with the sun:
Days lengthen bringing the warmth
That reassures and one is pleased
To run a hand where wind moves
And blossoms have been blown:

Every hour is unique
When rain stops.

In the town - three hills
And a valley to the left -
Music slithers from a shop
While people rush,
Gathering.
A drill strikes stone
Where youths gather
Sneering at people who pass.

There is a pleasure about Spring
When free grass grows in the sun,
A slowness when wind rushes tree:
Nearby
The curlew and lark
Where sun glints
Upon rain sodden earth:

How are you today, Mr Hughes?

Oh not so bad, you know -

Better for the sun.

Aye, will dry the ground

So we can seed.

Over the fields -
White clouds making faces
In the sun

Clouds in the Sky

The one of understanding, feeling the timeless nature of Existence,
Does not exhort, nor preach, nor hold fast to any dogma:
They are Silent,
Pointing to the clouds in the sky.

For each must find their own goal, in their own time:
They who understand only guide those who earnestly seek,
Those whose time for understanding has come.

The tranquillity of life is in understanding of self,
For thereby comes acceptance of the illusion of Existence:
And they who are tranquillity become thus all life,
Realizing the folly of action breeding violence.

Yet they who are all life are Being, become -
Waiting with tranquillity for the coming of death.

With discarding of self comes the realization of eternity bringing sadness
And with the realization of eternity comes the tranquillity of compassion.
For they who are compassion merge with all existence
And live thus in the wisdom of sorrow bringing tears.

Yet they who cry know also the laughter of the moment:
Blown away by the wind like the clouds in the sky.
Thus does the seeker of the goal that is no goal
Realize the unwisdom of words:
Understanding wind in clouds in the sky.

Those who transcend self by their many errors of experience -

Understanding thus the serenity of silence -
Need no outward chattel
For they are richer than all the riches of Earth.
Thus do they who quest after transcendence become still,
A falling leaf turned Autumn brown
Following the wind of the moment:
Neither clinging to, nor striving against,
The force of existence ever a dream in the end.

They who are still
Seek not the folly of the wisdom of worship,
Nor the secrecy of shrines:
For their temple is a swaying branch in a glade of trees
Resting on a high hill beneath the wind-blown clouds in the sky;
And their prayer is Silence.

DW Myatt
(Written 1975 CE)

Between Dishonour and Desire

The clouded sky of most of the daylight hours has given way at last to breaks of blue, and - another day's work over - I sit by the window that overlooks the hills beyond where trees begin that turning of colour which so marks the downward part of an English Autumn - and my very being is moved as there plays within this room Bach's so numinous *Aria Ich habe genug*.

Thus does beauty live, again, and somewhere, here: as if I reaching out can almost touch its very being as one might reach to touch one's nearby gentle loving lover. But: there is instead only that ache, that sighing, that knowing of a loneliness, clinging - kept small, undepressing, by only memories of so many times, pastly shared, which in their dwelling bring some solace, as out beyond such a presencing of beauty here we still in our, in this, moment feel so many people of this world subsumed in folly, lostness: hubris hiding compassion, a personal love hiding somewhere between dishonour and desire.

Yet, and yet - we have to hope; to cling to such a wistful dream of ours as the early mist of yesterday's sun-full morning clung to the meadow fields of the Farm as I alone walked among the trees, by hedges, while the light of Dawn broke to reveal a clear sky which sucked away that mist from dewy ground, mist-fully rising only feet, only a few feet, above where the tops of the still growing grass, now only sparsely flowered, gave way to the still cold air seeping up toward the horizon of my dreaming brightening so slowly warming sky.

Thus are there tears as one man's so small being seeks a Cosmos where belief knows, learns, cares and yet still so honourably desires. But this is not, yet, that death where one might so easily so peacefully pass to that which awaits, beyond - for there seems, feels, so much more living still to do; so many more spaces of causal Time to so drearily fill with ordinary life until we again can be taken away by such sublime perfection of another numinous moment such as this...

DW Myatt

One Small Missive To A Friend

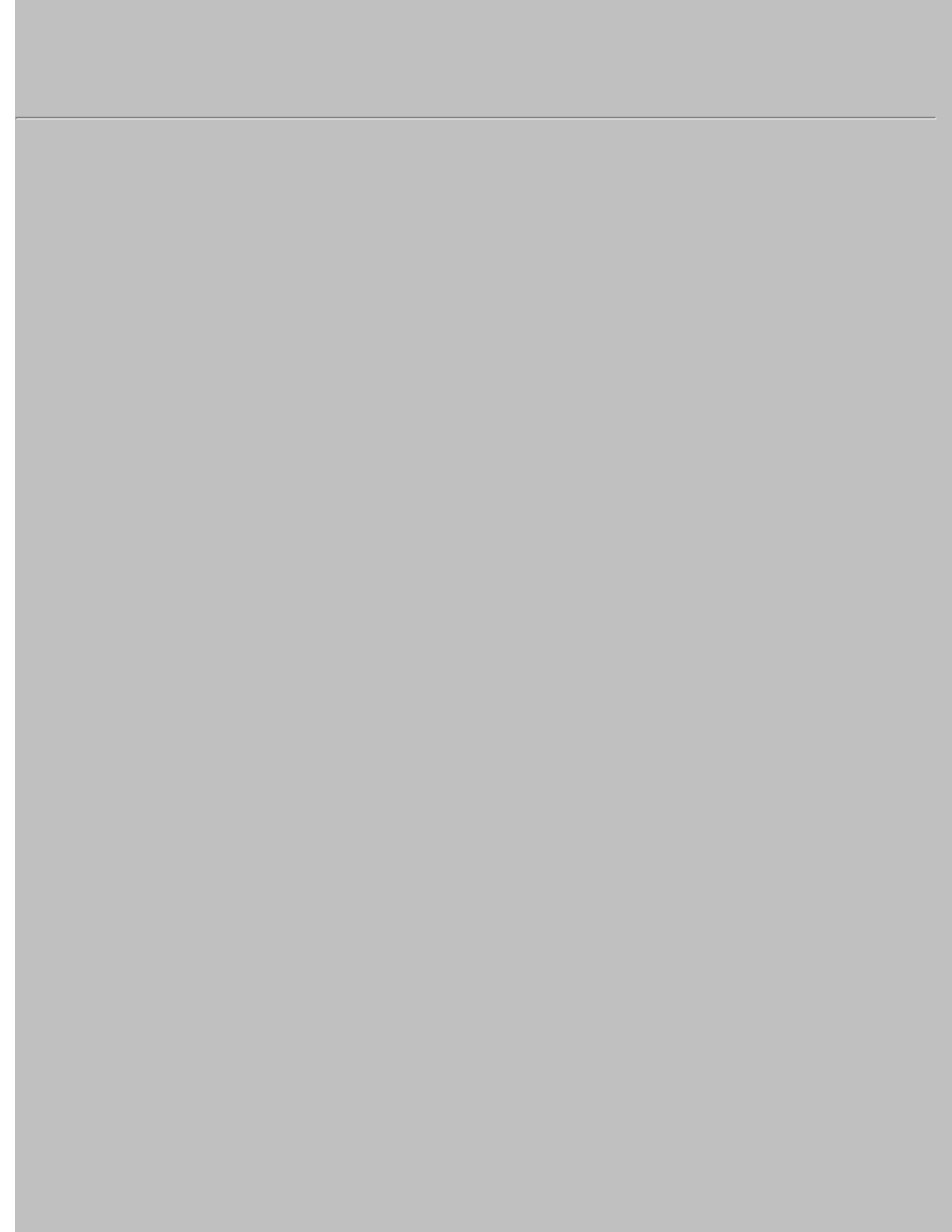
Too much sadness; far too much sorrow - from the knowing, the feeling, of my mistakes; from the knowing - the feeling - of having caused so much suffering. So I listen to the Aria from Bach's BWV 82 and I am overwhelmed. Tears of sadness, beauty, suffering, knowing: overcome with too little and yet too much: so much suffering for so little apprehension gained. So much suffering before, century upon century, for so little change, and I am left remembering as I was this morning under warming late August Sun when I wandered among the meadow-fields to sit myself upon dew-covered grass and close my eyes while the sun-warmth of an English Summer brought one small moment of an almost tragic respite.

No faith to redeem; no prayer to ease if only for a while the hurting burden of remorse. No allegory of hope to grasp and hold in needful arms which reach out to only the emptiness of this room, only the emptiness of that field where a Buzzard flew to shade me so briefly perhaps so fittingly from Sun. Yet - and yet - there is an intimation; one intimation, one reaching out beyond God, deity, toward a new burgeoning supra-personal love that I cannot quite grasp. Elusive, as the haunting dreams of night only partially remembered when we, sleepfull still, awake to hope that we can at least begin to hope, again.

One intimation of one needfull wordless love born from such a temporal knowing as breaks me down to one connexion upon one Earth; one transient form, fleeting between life, sorrow, death. Thus is there that deepfull needfull knowing of how I am cloud, dew, seed, soil and Sun; of how the years have worn me down to be only what I am: as the small golden Beetle crawled upwards upon that one stalk of breeze-swayed grass to be in that moment of my morning one connexion undefined undefinable of and to one unknown Cosmic Being breaking through while I sat in silence, observing as I the almost-broken did observe then in one pure undefiled moment of almost peace and purity of an undirected unrequited love...

And so the music and memory end, to leave this, only this; only such feeble words as these as burgeons forth again that yearning to be only and ever alone in such silence and solitude as may keep me mindful, hopeful, unable to cause or seek to cause ever again any suffering and able thus to feel again one more such moment of that elusive blissful-sadness.

Thus there is no longer any need nor desire in me to be, by others, understood...



One Simple Numinous Answer

Thus have I, from my *pathei mathos*, come to accept that conventional faith - and all dogma, be such theological or political - rather obscures the essence, The Numen, itself. Such things I now regard as abstractions which we manufacture and impose, or project, upon Reality in a somewhat vain and arrogant attempt to "understand" it, and ourselves, and others - and which, in effect, dispose us toward pre-judgement, based on such abstractions, with such pre-judgements often being inhuman in the sense that they cause suffering or harm or destroy other life.

Thus my understanding now is of how all life - sentient and otherwise - is connected, and an expression, a presencing, of that some-thing which is beyond us (and which Nature is a part of) which some-thing I have tentatively called "The Cosmic Being". This Being is not God - but rather the Cosmos, and all life, and thus we ourselves, in-evolution: with our consciousness being a means whereby we can know this Being - and The Numinous and Beauty, which are manifestations of this connected Life, this Being. Our consciousness is also a means whereby we can change ourselves, and thus be what we have the potential to be.

For me, all Art, poetry, music, literature, and Ways of Living which capture or express (or presence) something of the numinous - which so manifest something of the beautiful, the sublime, "the primal innocence" - are or can be a means of transformation for ourselves and for others. As are - or rather as can be - some personal relationships, where love, based on loyalty and that simple sharing and trust which such personal loyalty engenders, is freely given and freely received. Indeed, I would go so far as to express the belief that it is such human love, between two human beings, which is perhaps the finest, most noble, and most beautiful expression of our humanity - and there is such a sadness in knowing how much this is not the case, now, in the world where we dwell; in knowing how so many people, knowing or unknowing, abuse and misuse such love, given to them, for their own selfish, prideful, ends.

In a very important sense, we are The Cosmic Being: we are other life, we are the very Cosmos itself, although as human beings we just do not perceive this or feel this, yet. And so, being a connexion to other life, we can harm or aid this other life and ourselves, and thus harm or aid and help to assist and evolve, The Cosmic Being itself.

To so perceive, feel and understand, our connexion - which sublime Art, music (and so on) and some moments of some personal relationship are intimations of - we require empathy. From empathy there is compassion, and from both arises that desire to cease to cause suffering to other living beings: to live in such a way that we ourselves are changed, moment to moment, by remembering the numinous and by feeling the numinous both within us and without.

To do this, we do not need "prayer" - or belief in some deity or deities; and we especially do not need some theology or indeed any dogma. All we need is a certain numinous apprehension; an empathic way of seeing and being which burgeons forth into a wordless compassion; the faculty of remembering how

we are but one connexion, but one transient part of one cosmic flow which began somewhere, long ago, and which will change to-be something else in some future.

Which leads us on to the very purpose of our individual lives, which I personally understand as transcending - through our mortal life's ending - to where we merge back into Life itself; returned to the Cosmos; to be part of the very consciousness of a still imperfect and still changing and still evolving Cosmic Being.

Thus, what motivates us is not the hope of some personal "reward" given to us by some deity; nor even the hope of attaining for ourselves some kind of Paradise or Nirvana. Rather, the motivation is supra-personal. For what motivates us is the reality which so plainly exists: the reality of ourselves as a loving connexion to life, to Nature, and to the Cosmos; the reality of empathy - of how we have the ability to go beyond our animal, our barbaric, past, and perceive and feel beyond the ego and even the self; the reality of suffering, and how we can cease to cause suffering and so aid Life and the very change and evolution of the Cosmos.

From all this there derives a particular and quite simple morality - a guide to personal behaviour - and a particular way of living. Our moral guide is empathy, and the personal honour and compassion that derives from this. There is thus a living in the moment; an acceptance of Life; and yet also a remembrance of suffering and tragedy, and a wordless but very numinous hope. This numinous hope is that born by the new cosmic perspective which our awareness of ourselves as one connexion brings us. Thus do we feel the centuries, the millennia, before us, and after us, and thus do we place contemporary events in perspective.

Hence there is an understanding that the only way the world - people - will change in any significant and ethical way, is by the difficult change within each and every individual: through perception, through them developing empathy, and through a living based upon that empathy, and that all we, as individuals can do, is strive to live in an ethical way ourselves, trusting, hoping, that our lives, our artistic and musical emanations, can aid such a numinous transformation of others.

DW Myatt

[Extract from a letter to a friend. I have amended the text slightly to remove typos and clarify the sense in one or two particular places.]

The Suffering of Words

A warm morning in late May and I watched the green scenery pass as I sat in a train conveying me to the place which, except for the past six weeks, has been my home these last four years.

For those six weeks - emotional turmoil while I stayed with she whom I love and loved while the beauty and growth and spreading green of May passed me by as I lived, confined, within a city. So much emotion - too much; too much, sometimes, many times, as I went beyond the limits of what I in my arrogance had assumed was my calm, reflective, self to find such passion - and, sometimes, such anger and annoyance - as perplexed me. For days, a kind of restraint - but then feelings would burst forth to leave me wondering and, sometimes, ashamed. What was I to do as she in her inner pain and torment verbally lashed out? I know what I should have done - been more patient; more supportive; more loving; placing her feelings, her life, before my own. But I made excuses for my failings here, not knowing the depth of her despair even though I who loved her should have known this, felt this. I made excuses for my selfishness, and listened to her Doctor; to others; to my sometimes selfish desires, when I should have listened to her far more.

Thus do I feel and now know my own stupidity for my arrogant, vain, belief that I could help, assist, change what was. No blame for me, her relatives say - but I know my blame, my shame, my failure, here. Thus am I fully humbled by my own lack of insight; by my lack of knowing; by an understanding of my selfishness and my failure - knowing myself now for the ignorant, arrogant person I was, and am.

How hypocritical to teach, to preach, through writings, feeling as I do now the suffering of words, for she whom I loved killed herself only hours after I had left. Killed herself - only hours after I had left, despite her pleading for me to stay. There are no words to describe my blame; no words - for I had gone for a selfish break, to walk in the fields of the Farm.

So I am lost, bereft; guilty, crying, mourning the loss of her beauty, her life, her love, Never again to hold her hand; to embrace her. Never again to share a smile; a peaceful moment; our dream of being together in our home. The fault is mine, and I have to carry this knowledge of unintentionally aiding the ending of a life, this burden, and the guilt, hoping, praying, that somehow, sometime, somewhere I can give some meaning to her life, and perhaps live without ever again causing any suffering to any living thing. Or should I, out of honour, ease this all-consuming pain and guilt by joining my beloved? I do not know; cannot decide. I miss her so much, so deeply, my mind suffused with images of what I did and did not do and should have done. If only I had not gone - or gone back to sit with her in that small garden as she wished.....

I shall never be the same again, deeply knowing that I do not understand.

DW Myatt, 30 May 2006

(In Memory of Frances, died Monday, May 29, 2006)



One Mid-September Mist

He sat down on the wet grass and - unashamedly and without restraint since overwhelmed - cried, and in this crying began to call upon God, any god, upon any Deity or being who might be there, anywhere, to guide him, help, forgive. For she was dead, having killed herself that warm, bright, May Monday afternoon while he, selfishly, had returned to his home despite her pleading for him to stay: for him to be with her, so that - he remembered in his anguish that she said - they might sit awhile in that small garden tomorrow, that Monday afternoon...

Thus - after nearly a month of strength regained; of walks; of sometimes vaguely smiling - he became again in that one long instant of suspended Time as a small child, lost, without a home: someone needing, pleading for, some Sign, however small; some show of Hope; some glimmer amid the bleak blackness of remorse, of guilt, of suicidal thoughts which then, as several time before, came over him, a lingering dense cloud covering Sun of Day, Moon of Night, the warming welcoming joy-bringing Sky of blue.

He was in a copse at the bottom of a steep hill damp from the nights and mornings of mid-September mist and rain, and the two Sparrows that chattered, tree to tree, might be calling to him and telling him that which he so earnestly desired to hear - but he did not anymore understand their language and so sank down to his knees, there on the damp and muddied ground, to pummel his fists into the leaf-littered earth.

"I am so sorry, so sorry..." he cried, aloud, in words, then wordlessly as his body strained forcing breath and words from him until his back arched to move his head toward the sky where dripping rain fastly washed it to flood his tears away.

But no Sign, no show of Hope came upon or toward him, and slowly as an old man injured he raised himself to stand again then totter forward, half-stumbling as if learning to walk, again.

And the world around him was unchanged.

A Sunny Afternoon in March

One sunny afternoon in March, and I am yet again sitting in a field - this time by a narrow shallow slow moving stream - in this rural England that I love. Yet, even here so sad to say, the rumble of traffic, miles distant, can be heard, as one Homo Hubris after another trundles on in such a trundling life as becomes them.

Here - only the Frog, still, there on the bottom of the stream, unmoving as I for ten minutes. Here - a Skylark, rising, singing. Here - a blue sky as the morning dull cloud broke to leave shuffling Cumulus which brest the distant hill in my South. Here - a hay meadow where life grows as it grows: now with wild Primrose by the hedge and Daises rising, opening, in the grass soon to be home to the so many wild flowers of late English Spring...

Yesterday I remember so well how I came down from a walk in the hills alone having stood to watch the Dawn Hour where beautiful patterns of colour became transformed almost minute by minute: a dark narrow band of altocumulus above the eastern horizon behind which was another higher band of thinner cloud with the yet-to-rise Sun scintillating their colour, edge to edge, from magenta to English Rose-red to crimson to Roman-purple while, around, a banded sky of azure, violet and early-morn-blue changed as it changed, slowly, as if in rhythm with the growing light... So much beauty, to softly, gently bring a crying as one cries silent when so much life, so much belonging, touches to stilly touch that deeper-being, within.

Yes, I remember how, there on that narrow summit bounded by hedge, tree, bush, I had stood, leaning on my stick, as the birds around sang - Blackbird, Robin, Wren, Thrush... There had been an Owl, hooting, as I walked up the narrow wooded path in the almost-dark before Dawn Hour; some rustling in trees nearby as wild Deer, startled by bearded man, moved as they moved, away. I remember how, on my return, I emerged from the narrow path - there an old Roman road - to stand before the modern road which bisects the village, and it was as if I had entered another, strangeling, world, not quite human.

Gone - the slow natural quietness of Nature. Gone - the changing lights and that sense of belonging. Gone - the sacred stillness of so much beauty. Instead - cars, fastly moving in their haste and their noise. Not for their denizens, hunched, the taste of early morning English Spring-March air; not for them the song of birds as the Dawn Chorus, numinous, builds as it builds in March, beyond a now passed bleak-dark Winter. Not for them - the hunched, eyes-fixated - the slow natural walking rhythm of a natural walking life where one can through slowness watch the light growing in that wondrous Dawn Hour on a clear day before the Sun, bringer of Life, breaks forth over the horizon where we dwell, knowing thus our fated fragile smallness.

So, yes, I remember how I felt, yet again, then - feeling I do not belong to the modern world with its noise, denizens, speed and lifeless abstract urban concerns. And yet - and yet, that world is so eagerly, so earnestly, encroaching upon, destroying, my world where I, reclusive, dwell within my silence. So I sigh, to see the green Frog move to rise, slowly, to fill itself once more with air here where one field is

one cosmos, observed.

DW Myatt

March 2007 CE

Bringing Back The Numen



Work, in a small industrial concern - heavy manual work with days spent indoors where the only light is from a multitude of bright fluorescent tubes and where the constant din of machine noise is layered with that raucous cacophony mis-named "music" which loudly blares, often distorted, from speakers and whose origin is some urban "radio station" where some inane person inanely and manically chatters between the ending of one piece of mis-named "music" and the beginning of another.

The tedium of long hours relieved only by a short morning break and one half unpaid hour for lunch when I sit, hedged-in by walls, in the small back yard on an old box upon broken concrete surrounded by broken glass, old, smashed bricks, patches of oil, and the detritus of Homo Hubris. Some sky - but not much - is visible over and above the roof and walls and vents, and nothing natural lives or even exists here: no tree, no bush, no flowers, not any weeds. No sound of birds - only noise, from the unceasing machines; from the lorries and vans which arrive and depart nearby, disgorging and receiving their goods. No peace; certainly no Numen of Nature.

There is only the incessant unnatural rhythm of industrial life, of factory toil - a card to be stamped by a clock: in, out, even for lunch. And, at days end, I - tired as the others - slope off and out into the nearby street where no one, passing, says "hello!" or greets me as almost always they did in those small villages of England where I have mostly lived. No, no greeting here; not even any eye-contact, held. For this is urban life where humans are shunted to shuffle encased in their worries, their inner worlds, and where traffic gluts streets. Nowhere here the calm, measured, quiet of that life, rural, where Time is what it is - instead, there is abstraction, measuring out our lives as the clear water from a leaking tank seeps out, to the dirty hubris-made ground, drop by drop by drop; drip drip dripping away, clean water to dirty ground... So I am once again adrift; not lost but far, far from home and measuring out my days until, sufficient money saved, I can return to the source of belonging: there, where such dreams in such quiet places as may bring the Numen back to me.

Yet here, in this place of work, people rush to compete as if such swift toil was a badge of pride; thus do they scamper, to complete abstractly-imposed tasks, for profits, and ego, must be made, saved. Thus do we workers toil - so many slaves, en-slaved, needing but not-needing the pittance to live such a life as

lives among the urban clutter, smallness, meanness and sprawl. But I, I have seen the sky and hold here in my being such visions as bring the Earth to earth - dust to dust, and life to Life: one world, one planet, one dimension, among so many. Nowhere for so many in day or night that sigh when we close our eyes to feel the oboe d'amore of one slow movement of one piece by JS Bach, bringing thus such quiet tears of empathy as connect us, one human life, to other human lives beyond the-words the-abstractions - and thus take us out, out, out into the being, the Numen, of Nature. There is then in such a moment that sacred precious meaning which urban living, and traffic, has, these days, defiled.

No beauty, here, no song to the sanctity of Life - except, perhaps, fleetingly glimpsed in her eyes, face, as she, the young blonde-haired Polish worker, smiles. Four, five times - more - this week we have looked into each other's eyes as she, I, smiled, touched-but-not-touched, in wordless greeting. Then, such humanity over, we return to our tasks - I, to lift, move, heavy laden objects; she, to her machine. But she is there, in the background, as she works with her sister - quietly, stoically, both toiling as they toil: hard, grafting, as if inured to such a way of life. So they keep their own company - with few words between them; few for others, for they have "little english" and at lunch sit together beside the machine that steals their day, gazing ahead while they eat their meagre food perhaps enwrapped in dreams which are their dreams, bringing perchance some glimmer of hope among the stark noiseily brightly-lit bleakness.

This life is grim, grim grim, only saved by such an intimation. No insects, even, outside, as I sit here, scribbling - only a few ants, as I gasp-in lungfulls of the cleaner outside air; only a few ants, dithering, backwards, forwards, over the detritus, as if lost. Toiling, grafting, working - untouched, it seems, by that knowing of Life which a knowing of death may bring.

Such are we here, slaves of modern life - sure, such toil could bring me the security of some settled home; warmth enough, from fire, to ease the the pains that seep now into olding flesh and bones; food enough to keep me well; walls and roof enough to keep clothes dry from rain and turn a chilling wind, away; perhaps another companion-bestfriend-wife... But such a price, to pay: too high a price, it seems, for freedom, Numen, lost.

No time, here - then - to watch the Sun rise on a clear day; no time here - then - to catch the growing Dawn Chorus as it grows, week by week from early to late and later Spring. Nowhere to wander watching clouds form and shade to move as they are moved. No stream to watch as sunlight filters and fractures and water ripples, singing a wordless song. No sounds of an English Summer - flies, darting aimless and aimed; bees, seeking; birds, warning, calling, sparring; no wind breezing as it breezes among tree, hedge, reed, grass and Autumn's late leaf-litter... No natural Time to stand dreaming or sitting as the day passes in moments of memory. No natural Time, of Nature - only that unsettling abstract time of clocking-in-clocks, measuring out the seconds to our death. No, no natural Time, here: only the unnatural unnecessary stupidity, born of Homo Hubris, which adds one hour to herald so-called "Summer time" - for even when I, toiling hard during years on Farms, planted, in Spring, or harvested in Autumn - weather-permitting - such "government time" made no difference: work began Sunrise, to finish, weather-permitting, as the Sun began to set, for thus we followed there in that, our almost vanished world, a different Time to the time of the scuttling denizen of some rootless traffic-fume-filled city.

Yes, freedom is hard, while savings dry and boots are worn as one walks, alone, with that walking that measures out the now almost forgotten pace of true human life and the human way of living, bringing back as such slow rhythm and quietness does that connexion to presence the Numen without and within. Yes, freedom is hard while too much toil for another, in the wrong place, lasts.

DW Myatt
March 2007 CE

Love, Deities and God: Redemption and The Numinous Way

For many months, I have been seeking answers to questions such as - "Is redemption, and thus genuine personal, spiritual, change and development, possible without a belief in God, deities, Buddha, or a belief in some personal reward - such as Heaven, Nirvana, Paradise?" For there is a great need - or seems to be great need, as personal experience reveals - for such a personal redemption when one is aware, or becomes aware, through empathy and compassion, of how one's own actions have caused suffering in the past.

One great benefit of conventional religions - which posit a Deity or deities, a personal reward, or some kind of intercession - is prayer. That is, a personal placing of the individual in perspective: there is or can be a personal dialogue which provides, or which can provide, comfort and reassurance, and sometimes even a feeling of love, of what has been called spiritual "grace". This is and can be cathartic, healing. Thus, there is or can be personal redemption, or at the least the hope of redemption. Even the old pagan religions, with their many gods and goddesses, allowed, at least in some degree, for a personal supplication - for an individual, private, communication with a deity or deities - which supplication thus gave the individual, or could give to the individual, that feeling of connectiveness, of belonging, which engendered hope, and the prospect of a personal change of fortune, for the better.

One of the joys, the beauties, of a religion such as Christianity is that it allows for and encourages such a sacred, numinous, catharsis and healing: that is, there is grace and personal redemption, through, for example, the private Catholic sacrament of Confession, the public and private prayer of Anglicanism, and the quiet, inner, discovery of The-God-within that lies at the centre of groups such as The Society of Friends. Indeed, one might consider that it was and is the feelings of love and hope and of redemption that arises or which can arise through such prayer, through such a sacrament, through a belief in a divine but personal Saviour, through a belief in The-God-within, which is one of the great strengths of Christianity, and which enabled Christianity to not only survive, and flourish as it has done, but also become a great force for noble personal and social change.

But, lacking such personal supplication - a belief in a Saviour - lacking such a catharsis, such redemption, such as religious ritual, prayer, and belief provides from Buddhism to Christianity to paganism to Islam, what is there in respect of redemption for The Numinous Way: for those individuals, such as myself, who cannot for a variety of rational reasons believe in a supreme all-powerful Deity, in a personal Saviour; in olden, ancestral, deities; in dogma; in the concept of "sin"; or in following the teachings of some Master, or Buddha, the following of which, it is claimed, will lead us to Nirvana?

Where can we find the joy of a supra-personal love? The gift of spiritual grace? The redemption for deeds past? The warm hope that is as the warmth of Spring Sun following the dark cold days of Winter? For we cannot pray to God, to some deity, to some Saviour, we cannot ask for guidance - all we have is a

wordless feeling of empathy; what seems to be sometimes a slender connexion to Nature, to the Cosmos, to all Life. There is no one to hear, to whom we might go, for we have done away with deities, with an all-powerful God, a Supreme Being, Who can forgive and show mercy and Who decides our Fate. Thus there is, or can be at times, a certain impersonal bleakness; almost a melancholic acceptance that is several levels below the natural, spontaneous often joyful *wu-wei* felt in the past.

How, thus, to presence the Numen in the moment - beyond the olden forms of personal prayer, supplication, and that forgetting which is the basis of techniques such a Buddhist meditation where there is a seeking of no-thing, an intimation of Nirvana, but which just seems to be a negation of that personal joy of life, that empathic, accepting, living-in-the-moment-without-causing-suffering which is the essence of The Numinous Way itself, and which *wu-wei* points us toward?

For it is such a presencing, in a moment, which reconnects us to the matrix of all Life: which strengthens us, within, bringing forth again that silent wordless knowing - beyond concepts, ideologies, dogma, faith - which is or can be both joy and hope, and which thus in a natural way eases our burden of remorse and guilt, as wakeing on a warm, Sunny, morning in Summer eases the burden of a night of restless sleep: for there is the potential of joy there, in such a new morning; the potential to be again the joyful, playful, child-within which we have somehow lost.

How thus to presence the Numen in a moment for those who, as I, find some answers in The Numinous Way? I admit I do not fully know. But I do feel that it can be presented in a variety of ways - through such things as a personal love, a personal sharing, with a person, a companion; through compassionate, empathic, deeds done; through creation, artistic, or musical or even scientific (in the sense of the observing and deductions of Natural Philosophy rather than the now more common overt sometimes hubris-like interference); and especially be presented through a being-with-Nature, where one can - in natural, or wild, or isolated, or quiet places on this planet (such as even a garden can provide) - become aware again of our own human fragility and smallness, and aware again of the beauty, the Numen, of Nature and of the Cosmos, beyond.

David Myatt

Such a Moment of Tears

A short while ago I was listening to a recording of the Monks of the Abbey Saint-Maurice and Saint-Maur at Clervaux singing *Hodie Christus Natus Est*. I do not know why I wept on hearing this - except that perhaps the beautiful, numinous, divine-like music reached me, as such music often does, beyond that intellect whose pride and arrogance has often blighted my life.

There was such a purity in such music as if it takes away in some indefinable way the almost physical moments of despair when I remember the stupid deeds of my past. If only I had not done that - or said that... If only I could go back to some, many, moments in time. So much regret.

In such listening, in such a moment of tears, I seem to be so many places, so suffused with so many emotions - I am by the door, the last time I saw Fran, as I selfishly left to leave her, to leave her alone with her anguish, alone with that anguish which prompted her to take her own life, only hours later; I am back again in what seems to be the pure, gentle, days of my novitiate when in Choir I strive to praise through the Latin plainchant that which I felt, knew, then was the essence of the good.

And yet at the same time I am also. in such moments of tears, the pain, the suffering, of so many people for so many centuries - crying out without words for it to end; for the warm Sun of a wordless love to break forth from this sad Winter of darkness so that the suffering of so many for so long will end. Thus, there is again that straining yearning when we fall to our knees as tears stream forth; hoping, hoping... For answers.

But, yet again, there are no answers; no answers are found, given, to us, now; no words in reply to such tears; no gentle comfort coming forth from - somewhere. We are alone, just alone, again, wiping the tears away from our eyes, our face, to slowly rise, and look out of the window toward the hills where the trees stand, Winter-bare, under a cloudy sky.

Such a desire to pray - to say some words for comfort; for myself; for the so many others who suffer; who have suffered; who will suffer, in anguish, despair, sadness, pain. But the words refuse to issue forth from lips, from the mind, as if I would be a hypocrite for saying them, without belief, without that heartfelt sincerity of faith. Perhaps that would after all be too easy; too soon. Too easy, too soon - for me who has caused so much suffering for so many people for so many years. And it seems somewhat strange that now, when I do not believe, but often desire to believe, that I read Saint Benedict's Rule regarding humility when - as monk who did believe - I did not read it, except in a cursory way. Then, the read words had no meaning - they were only words, of some book. Now: now, some of the words seem to have a life, a meaning: "...but then I was humbled and overwhelmed with confusion..." As if I am some learner of some lesson; a slow learner, who took decades to know, to truly feel, to fully understand, and so cease - or at least strive to cease - to cause suffering to any living thing.

So, now it is back to my life in this world - to the many things to occupy the time of day before the hours of sleep arrive to sometimes gracefully bring a certain peace.

DW Myatt

December 2006 CE

(Extract from a letter sent to a religious of OSB)

Over One Year Beyond

Over one year beyond the tragic death of a loved one there has been a change in me - a subtle change, a slow and at times almost imperceptible change: from the overt sadness of despairing tears and that longing born of personal loss, to an inner almost contemplative sadness that in moments brings a certain ennui, and in other moments a feeling for both the beauty and the impermanence of life.

So there is a strange kind of peace, sometimes - as if all the trauma, all the remorse, all the guilt, all the sadness and grief have in some way by some means been alchemically transformed into that certain stillness belonging to the weary often slow wordless joy and sighing of old age. Each week, each day a new beginning, with few of those youthful worries as to what the next day, the future, holds. Thus there is a new and sometimes even satisfying perspective: almost but often not quite tranquil and almost but not quite the fusion of unhappiness and joy of the waiting for death wherein which waiting are, or can be, often sublime moments as one becomes more than one individual: as one becomes infused, fused, with the enchantment of life through a passing moment: the clouds flowing in a warm breeze below a sky of blue on a mid-June day as the birds around call, sing, and be only, precisely only, what they are; the bee, clover-finding, as the breeze bends the nearby stalks of grass grown fast in the past days of rain, Sun warmth; the brief words politely spoken in a very English way as the old lady rests on a bench pained by the pain in her hip while the storm clouds build to block away the Sun that followed the warm rain which washed, deeply washed, the lanes of her, our, village; the smile of a young woman briefly passed on one's way to work one early morning when wordless being descends, ascends, upon one to leave a knowing of being-not-alone.

So there is being - and a loneliness born from such being: an almost buried but never quite forgotten longing for a life shared when the smile, the touch, the warmth, the scent, the feel, the gentleness, the love of a woman is known, again. But also that settling for, that knowing of, that acceptance of a life alone: too many, far too many, the painful memories; the many promises broken; the many, too many, hopes unfulfilled, often crushed, smothered, broken, by a harsh reality, by too many past relationships. No more then the early morning dash, cycling on snow covered ice, to see, to speak to, to be with if only for a moment, the woman one loves. No more, then, that joyful often nervous anticipation of that first meal, shared, that first walk when one's hand nervously seeks another and one smells, feels, for the first time her warm breath as lips touch as they touch to merge body-soul-desire-dreams-waiting into love; no more the tender sleep as one rests, satiated with life, as sweat dries as it dries on two bodies lately meshed as one... No, no more: too many words have been said; too many moments of unhappiness known; too many dream shared, decade following decade - to leave only the memories fading as they fade from feeling, as the Sun of this life of mine fades as it slowly almost imperceptibly descends down beyond the hazy cloud of day at day's ending here, red against the old Apples trees in the old orchard: descending down there, here, as it always does at this particular time of year, being only, precisely only what it is while the chicken coop in the nearby field bleeds its old old wood. So I watch this Solstice Sun

as midges spiral as they spiral and the birds in call and song begin to presage the night with such being, such life, as lives within, being only ever, only precisely ever, what they are, what they always are.

Perhaps I have strayed too far: too far from being the being who was, who should be, who should have been, me; too far through too many hopes, too much emotion, too many dreams and expectations; too much desire which sent me questing to build so many personae for myself that at times I seemed to leave the world behind. Too many lives, lived: or perhaps in truth too many abstractions by which I strived to shape, constrain, contain my life...

But now, now there is a reaching out - a great reaching out to the very life of Life: out toward the very being of the Cosmos embracing as this does and has done and will do all the myriad nexions on all the worlds world after world orbiting star after star, my problems, my life, but one pulse, one infinitesimal pulse on the complex matrix which is but one finite expression of the divine if often sad music of existence.

So there is rain to take me in, away from the warm if still damp garden bench of old English oak on which I have been sitting this past hour; rain, to take me in but only after I have heard again her voice among the millions...

DWM

No Clouds Above A Natural Silence

A wonderfully warm and Sunny day with no clouds to cover the joy-bringing-blue. The Sun was warm even as it ascended while I cycled, on my roadster, rural lanes totally devoid of traffic because of it being Sunday, early. So pleasing, this simple joy of an English morning in latish Summer when I - tired from long hours of work yesterday - leant against a fence to just-be in each slowly passing moment. Such peace, as if the meaning of life was at last not only known but felt, lived, as no human-made noise intrudes and one feels the strength, the giving, of the Sun; feels the growing that is in fields, trees, bush, hedge.

So much, so much so simply known and felt as warmth and the natural silence bring a sleepy calm and there is the brief sleep of lying in warming grass before one awakes to feel all living-life thus knowing human-caused suffering for the blight, the stupidity, that it is. To be - to let-be - is again my answer and so I slowly, so-slowly, returned to my dwelling where now, three hours later, I sit on the grass in the garden knowing-feeling my weakness of months, years, decades past.

So I am haunted, here and again, where - again - the Swallows gather as they gather at this time of year: chirping, chattering, to each other and preparing in a few weeks time, perhaps a month, to leave until the next Spring turns toward another Summer. Thus do they now skim the fields, catching, eating, their food as the cycle of natural life upwardly repeats and a cooling breeze dims a little of the humid heat here in a greening part of England spoilt only by the noise, the machinations, of Homo Hubris.

And yet I am no exception, having trodden many stages to perform so many rôles to so be a cause of suffering: learning, forgetting, learning, but addicted often despite intention to interfering, to blindly going where I had been so many times before. Such stupidity - such sanctimonious arrogant assumptions - negating again and again and again empathy, compassion, love. Too many words, then, even now: far too many too many times as the deluding self lived, arose, died, arose again, to mislead, each numinous allegory only one Sign of how to remember that which our selfish delusion bade us forget.

Thus am I left in Sun to shed such tears as might break me with no knowing of if - when - I will be stupid, arrogant, again. But now - now there returns the peace of silence and sitting in the warming Sun of a late but so English Summer.

DW Myatt
(One Day One Third of August)

The Illusion of Self



Over fifteen months since her death and why have I not died? Why cannot I die as she died? Is it that I lack, lacked, the courage to bring forth life's end, or - more truthfully, perhaps - that I, despite so many mistakes, my so many peregrinations this past year or so, still cling to a strand, many strands, of self-worth, of that illusive-self which brings and which brought so much suffering?

I do not know, but feel I know - and the tears of the night's anguish have dried, here, as the almost Equinoxal September Sun rises, warm, and the grass and ferns of this wooded clearing give up their slight misty vapour which rises slowly to briefly swirl to be gone while a few tuneful birds call and sing in the bushes and trees around.

No breeze beneath the clear sky-blue, and - for a moment - there is a joy seeping into my being as the warm rays of the rising Sun seep into hands, face. Nearby, the young Ash trees rustle as a Squirrel branch-crawls then jumps to jump again, tree to tree, as a few midges rise to fly then spiral between the dew-flecked webs among the grass. No flies, yet.

In the distance, on or below the slopes of this wooded hill, a shotgun sounds - one blast, then two, breaking this so natural silence. So there is death there, somewhere, once again, as the warmth builds and the first Fly of the morning, warmed, buzzes past as they, such beings, buzz past in that living which is their living.

So who am I who in my living was this person, then that, who supported "this", then "that"? Who am I that such empathy then such annoyance then such reaction to dishonour lived within to bring so many, sometimes too many, questions and so much living that at night or in day I could lie or sit dreaming, remembering, so replete with so many satisfying memories, decade after decade, that they brought an inner Indian-Summer's warmth?

Yet there are no supra-personal answers I could find - no God, no Deity, despite desire. The need was there - how the need was there, so many times - to believe because of redemption, sorrow, remorse, but such Thought, Curiosity, Reason and Pride as kept me company during the long months of the past year's inner reformation conspired to break such burgeoning faith, such hope, as was required to submit to what always, always in the end seemed, was felt, as some foreign, not-quite-right, culture which might, which could, which did and briefly, draw me away from the living Numen I found, felt, in Nature. Yes - broken, to break, each and every time such things, such phantasmagorical beings, arose as a morning's mist upon some English valley fields.

Thus do I now wait, in almost-ennui: waiting for life to bring such change as may change, as may move me away from the place I call now my home. For there is no desire, no will, to break forth yet again; to change what-is to some perceived, preconceived, pattern, some abstraction, some dream, dreamt and felt. Only a deep wordless inner knowing of such illusion as lived, dwelt, within one so often selfish self; a knowing, such a knowing, to keep me in fleeting moments settled, feeling this life how it is: one vapour which rises to swirl beneath a sky of blue before being given back to the other Life, its source, beyond; one phase among so many phases, so many places, in this our infinite acausal Cosmos.

So there are more flies, midges, here, now; and bees, feeding, as this warming Sun feeds one man's dreams and desires to breed such a momentary happiness as sleeps me. Long gone, it seems, the tears of another anguished sleepless night. So there is yet another living within this strange being stretched out among the dewy ferns and grass.

DWM

Crouched Up Over Muddied Earth



Who is there to hear the words of remorse, to see, feel, such tears of anguish as bring me down, crouched up over muddied earth? Who - if there is no God, no Saviour, no Heaven, Paradise, and no personal life beyond that ending which is death?

Who hears? Who can forgive? She who could, might, is gone, dead, lost to me and to life, and here - on this wooded hillside where the strong breeze creeks trees and fastly scutters cloud - there is only a faint hope: dim, as the dimness on the far horizon where the Sun is still nearly one whole hour from rising. It would be good to believe - as I tend to believe, as I tend to hope - that the Life, the living-beings, here can and do hear, and can and could respond. But I am only one being, one human, for them - tree, bird, deer, rabbit, the very hill itself - to be wary of as they, each in their life in their own way, are wary, and even the two Ravens, prukking as they skim the trees above, are only Ravens. No omens, there. So there seems only fantasy while I whisper, slowly, to the life that lives here. No answers; no answers: only the breeze bringing darker clouds, and rain.

Here, among brambles, I sit where the fallen leaves of Oak, Ash, have covered the grass, and the breeze no longer carries the sound of a distant traffic-filled road. For it is Sunday, and still, with only this human who stirs in the gibboning gloom of Dawn on a Winter's day warm for the time of year. Soon, there will be weariness to take me back along the muddied path that seeps over hill - no one to meet, walking, while such earlyness lasts. And it is good, this solitary silence - once, a few times, I have, being late, seen strangers approaching, and shyly, wary like an animal, have crept away into woods, or beyond some hedge, keeping thus my own strange company: no human words to break the bleakness or the slight joyiness of mood.

So there is a kind of living, a kind of thinking, for me - seven months beyond her death, with no religious faith, belief, to bring me company. Thus, I am alone, again. And yet, there is this, this being-here, where the rain washes away the tears that some leaves briefly held after they fell as they fell from

one man, anguished in one moment of one walk on one day one warmish Winter. No bright Sun, today, rising over hill: although somehow, for some reason, there comes that slow muted joy to bring a slight brief smile - for there is Life, around, beings living as they live; one future, one present, to connect one consciousness since I am a living in illusion.

So brief, the insight, and I am become again one man ambling toward old age, slowly climbing with my Ash walking-stick the steep slope of a hill. Soon, there will be tea, toast, a seat by the window, as the rain of dull day beats down, again. So brief, that insight: but sufficient as often to keep me dreaming, replete, for many hours, today...

DW Myatt

December 2006 CE

The Scent of Meadow Grass

Four days on from Fran's death, and I am in one of the ancient meadows on the Farm - soon, the haymaking will begin, again, but for now I can smell that special smell - the scent - of meadow grass growing in hot June Sun.

The varied grasses are at least knee high; often higher - and I startle a Deer, hiding, as I walk through the grass: up it leaps to bound and leap away to escape through a hole in the far hedge where the Oak, now full in leaf, rises so tall above me, only a faint breeze to disturb its leaves. Over the field, a Buzzard circles, occasionally calling while small Cumulus clouds drift under the blue sky of another English Summer. Around, over, the pond where I sit, Damsel flies, and two dark blue large Dragonflies, skitting, dancing, mating, landing - for the flow of life goes on.

Why such warm almost cloudless weather? It is not as if I wish my sadness, my grief, my guilt to be lifted and taken from me - but, still, a certain beauty touches me, bringing a few moments of peace. Shall I strive to push these aside, and remember, again, as yesterday when I walked through nettles, letting them sting my bare hands and arms? Now, a stripped yellow Dragonfly ventures forth over the pond - to be attacked, driven away by the Blue as two Blackbirds, tree dwelling and five hedge-Oaks apart, sing their varied, long-lasting songs, for the flow of living goes on.

So many Damsel flies, now, I have lost count, and, then, a Ruddy Darter lands on a leaf, feet from my feet. For minutes, it is still, as, around me, Bumblebees and fastly-moving, loud, flies pass by in their seemingly random way. On a nearby fallen branch - some small, glossy, black, winged insect scoops out dead wood with its legs, having made a perfectly round, small, hole above the sunken leaf litter where black Beetles scutter, to dive down to what is their deep. Then, a Bumblebee drops, stumbly, briefly, down to the very edge, as if to drink, for the flow of life goes on.

Is there meaning, for me, here? It would seem so in these brief moments - and yet, and yet there is no Fran to return to, no Fran sitting here, sharing such moments. But is she, in some indefinable numinous way, here beyond the bounds of memory, Time, grief, and thought? I do not know, only knowing a certain vague, mysterious feeling, which might just be imagination. Now, I must arise and walk: no sleep, here, as in the years gone by when I would lie down among this warm grass to feel the peace that lives in such a place as this.

The Sun of Mid-September

A small black winged insect lands on my knee as I sit on the grass waiting, to write - I do not know what this insect is, but it is slowly cleaning its long antennae and then its wings which briefly catch the Sun and iridess. Such complexity, in miniature - such life, living, as it lives.

It is just past mid-September and warm, very warm, with small Cumulus clouds beneath a joyful sky of blue and I am awake, it seems, at last, from the daily dream of the past six or more weeks when I sleep-walked through life to wake only briefly, so briefly, to cry unexpected as when I two days ago walked one narrow path where trees reared up, arching over as some cathedral isle, and bright morning sunlight filtered and fractured to touch me, the ground, the life that grew, seeping, around. I cried then such tears as saw me crouched, hunched up, then kneeling - feeling the sorrowful tragedy of her loss, her dying: of my mistakes. A sorrow which the wakeing-dreaming-sleep of those past weeks kept me distant from as I, again and foolishly, meddled, wrote, postured, to keep pain and experience away through a desire, a hope, to believe; through the gestures and words of prayer; through articles written. For I had felt again that I knew; that I had words to issue forth - some role again to help me live and keep such life as mine alive beyond that tragedy of self-inflicted death.

Such tears began to break such illusion, such wakeing-dreams, down. Now - so green this grass, so warm this Sun of mid-September that I cannot sleep or hold this role any longer. There is, can be, nothing but the flow of life which I as one living being cannot hope to contain, constrain, for I am, in being, no-one and nothing; only one fleeting flicker of life as that insect, living, flickers briefly to fly away lost to sight under Sun.

There are images, of Space, to remember: one nexion, here, sitting upon grass, among the billions presented here on one planet orbiting one star in one Galaxy among billions. So many, so many - that I am become again what I am, was, one fallen leaf drifting, flowing down one stream in one field in one land on this one planet among so many. I have no power to really change what-is, what-was; no power of bringing-into-being; no power to even really know; only living, breathing, dying.

So there is a smile, fine words flowing of knowing not to cause suffering again - words written before this failure, born from weakness. For I know my failure, here, these past weeks - no excuse, not even that wordless, strong, desire to live beyond the grief, beyond the nothingness without her, beyond the faith that clung to life, hoping for redemption in a total loyal submission to the one God beyond all gods. Such loyalty is troubling, still... But it is the warmth of Sun, the green of grass, that brings me back, for there is only the brief touching of such beauty as we can find, discover, know; only the thin, faint, hope to somehow bear and carry this to others - to pass the numinous knowing on so that someone, somewhere, somewhen can transcend, themselves, feeling the living matrix, beyond, where in ending we merge, again, one being-become.

All else is insufficient, illusion, delusion, for there is what there is. Yet I am weak, worn out from

experience, loss upon loss, mistake following mistake, so there is, shall be, can be, only a living from moment to moment; no plans to follow then deny; no aims to strive or hope for.

The Swallows of Summer have gone, and I smile as I run my hand through the warming, growing, grass in this field where the breeze does not move the acorn as it falls, tree to ground, here by the pond set and drying below leaf-shedding Willow. My tears can never fill this - and it might be good to die now, in this peaceful warmth as the Craneflies rise to stumble to briefly live before life leaves them without a knowing such as this.

So, there is now only the living of existence; only the quiet slow semi-joyful waiting for this life to slowly, quickly, painless or with pain, dimly end to be returned, perchance transformed. Only being, beyond desire: one cloud but briefly passing making many faces under Sun...

DW Myatt

Toward Compassion

A strange month - and an even stranger past ten days - with only a few walks away from the Farm, and even fewer visits beyond this village where I dwell. Today - three months on from Fran's death - there is the warming Sun between early Autumn showers, and it is good to be still, again, where the streaming silence of Nature is heard in voice and song: leaves, breeze moved; flies, seeking warmth and food; birds, calling; sheep, in the distant field where the two Buzzards hover, almost playing over the large tree of oak.

For over a month a return to those abstractions that so often held me in thrall, despite the rare journey and trek in company that found me sitting above the sea while small ragged Cumulus clouds grew, upwards, to move across the horizon, and a Sparrow Hawk, swift, pursued three small birds, dipping, over bramble and bush, until one died, caught, that another life might live.

A month, and more, betrayed, as I, in my stupidity and remorse and weakness and forgetting and desire for duty, provoked by dishonourable events, sought to return to one discarded answer. One Hawk pursuing one nexion of Life. But now, the clouds, here, build, to rise again to cover such a warming Sun as brings a joy to life; covering, to bring, in a few hours, the rain, much needed to seed the dry ground with life. Now: so many numinous moments to remember it is as if the sleep beyond the brief life we lead desires to claim me when I can recall in smiling peaceful joy the passing of times shared when love lived as it lives between two people whose horizon is the limit of their dwelling and their dreams.

For twenty days, a vacuous striving perhaps stirring suffering, conflict. But there was no belief, anymore - only a drab dryness, the inhuman concealing of that love, that compassion, that empathy, that understanding so painfully, so remorsefully gained. Yet there was a desire to believe; a hope of belief that kept me there, day after day, sometimes writing. But it was only one forgetting - ten days, then another ten days, then another ten days long. Why? No God, Allah, no Angels, no lover, to oversee, castigate, remind. Only the memory of the past days, weeks, months; only the struggle during those ten days to seek the warmth of Nature and of Sun. But now, by sea, Sun, dreams, moments remembered, I am rescued; returned: he was no longer me, never could be me, again, for there is, in Nature, no straight, perfect, abstract line, only the growing that grows, turning, as it grows in its own way, its own slow Time.

The trap was mine, and I fell into it: the trap of duty, of forgetting suffering caused or nascent in the illusive striving to redeem; in the striving to strive to right some perceived wrong, in the striving born of desire to be more than a man, waiting, half-dead from grief, content with field, Farm, bereavement, the darker days as Summer cooled to change to Autumn's cloudful rain. There is - was - no excuse: the failure, the weakness, the forgetting, was, and is, mine. And so, I ask again: how shall I never forget, again?

Now, I shall walk to where Summer's long heat has dried the pond - there, where the Willows gather round to shade a man who has slept so many moments in peaceful dreams while the Church bells, two miles distant from the meadows, tolled as they toll, each Sunday, decade upon century, here in this English land I love. Would that she were here to greet me, to share such rebirth as this humbled man walks joyfully back toward compassion...

How can I never forget, again?

DW Myatt

[The Sun of Mid-September](#)

Note by DWM, June 2006: The following is taken from an e-mail sent to a long-standing friend

A Silent Dweller

Yet again I have spent an hour or so sitting in the hot Sun in the garden of this Farm, feeling and thinking many things, on a day before that day which marks a month since Fran's tragic death.

Something seems to have happened at, or because of, my brief stay at the monastery : something slowly grown, within me, as a result of being there, and I do not understand how or why this is so. Perhaps it was the time alone, in silence. Or the many attempts to pray, to believe. Or the knowledge of my failings, laid bare among such surroundings and among such people of genuine goodness. I do not know, and do not, really, even wish to work such things out. It just is what it is - a gentle, but wonderful, appreciation of the innate beauty and goodness of life, which I felt, and feel, is in some indefinable way a gift from Fran, something which gives her death some meaning, at least to me.

This feeling first suffused me a few days ago in the hills when, cycling along a quiet lane, I stopped on a warm and sunny morning to hear two Skylarks above a field of Poppy-filled wheat: life in all its quiet stillness was beautiful and good, then, and it was as if Fran, or something of her, was around, with her somehow and faintly smiling in that way she often smiled. So, on my return, I quickly wrote out my *The Ineffable Goodness* poem, as some attempt at a positive tribute for her.

Now, a few days further on, I am beginning to feel somewhat re-assured about life, again - remembering all the good times, the good days, Fran and I shared, and feeling that she may at last have found the peace that certainly eluded her for most of the last two troubled years of her life. Thus, there are for me moments of happiness, again - and moments of sadness because she cut short her life even though so many people, myself included, loved her, and even though she had such beauty, such talents, such promise of happiness had she only been able to appreciate herself as others appreciated her. So, both the happiness and the sadness merge to form something, in me - something new; something deep, and strange, so that I am beginning again to sense that warm glowing goodness and beauty which is and can be presenced in some numinous music, in some Art, in good, compassionate deeds, in prayer, and especially in a noble personal love.

Where does this leave me, now? With a certain knowing of how Fran changed me for the better, and with a desire to remember this discovery, this insight: to transform myself, my life, through a calm,

compassionate, acceptance and use whatever causal time remains to me to gently do what is right, to cease to cause suffering, to accept the beauty of each moment, in a numinous way, and to remember Fran with the dawning and the ending of each day.

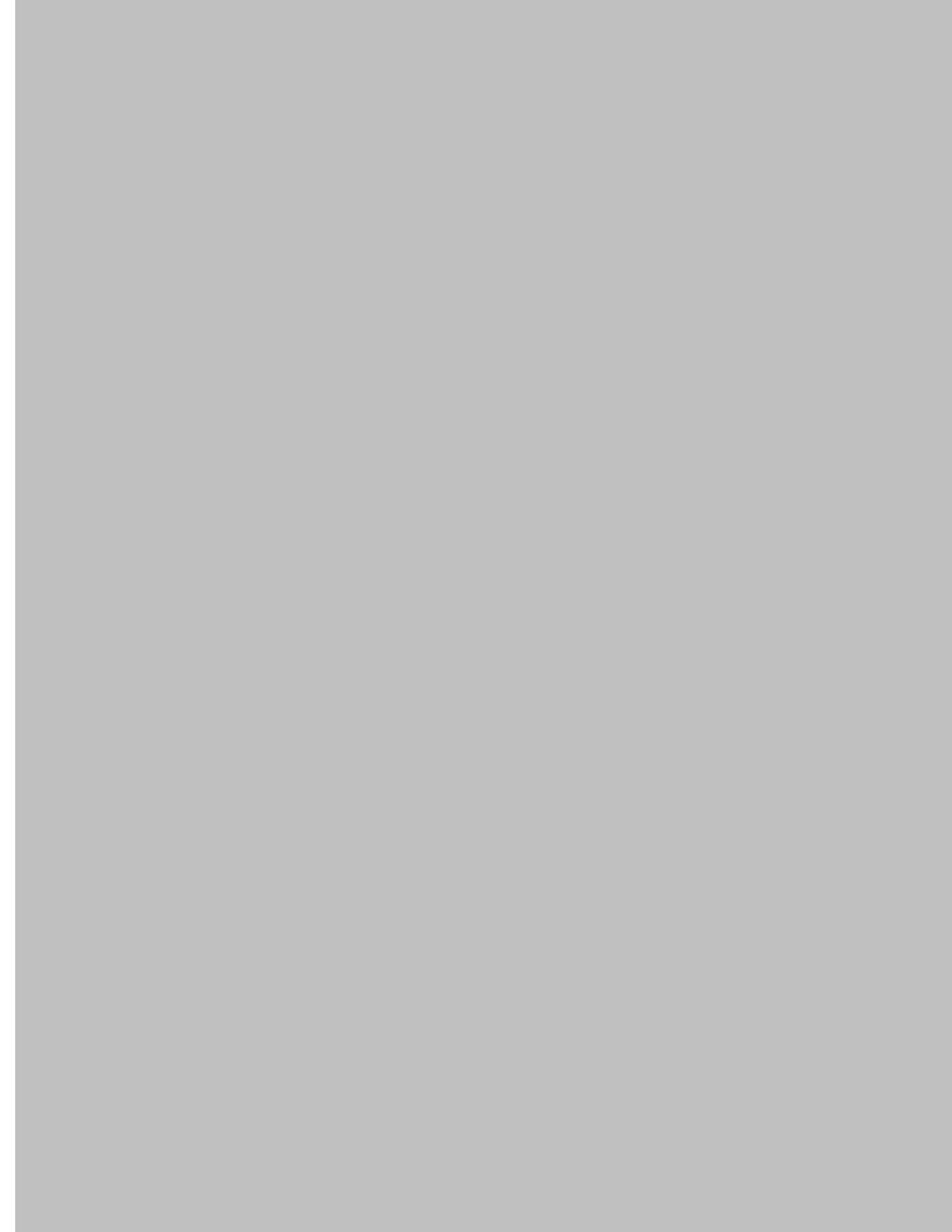
There remains, of course, the difficult, perplexing, sometimes still troubling question of belief, of prayer - but I feel this is resolving itself, as such things often do, in its own slow, inner way. Not a sudden moment of insight, but instead a gradual dawning, as when Sun slowly breaks through a thin but total covering of cloud in Spring and Autumn to bring that blue I, we, so admire and which seems to express something of the wonder of life, of Nature, of the Cosmos. Hence, there is an increasing awareness, for me, of Nature, of us as one connexion; an awareness of The Numinous Way, manifest in compassion, empathy, gentleness and honour. Above all manifest in gentleness, in letting-be; in an appreciation of how the numen is and can be presenced, in us, in our lives.

Thus, I am calm again, for the moment, gently remembering the beautiful Frances, and hoping that I can live up to my own words, as monk, or nun, hopes in silent, contemplative, prayer to live up to the Jesus within, and external, to them. Yet - there is still a vague, rather ill-defined yearning, to be part of something beyond me, which might aid me to remember, which might and which could and which should correct me, guide me. A yearning to surrender to the beauty, the presencing, that was and is manifest in early polyphony, in the Latin Opus Dei sung in some monastic Choir. A yearning to just be in such a place, without words, without thought - suffused with the centuries of being, with the goodness, the numinous silence, that pervades cloisters, a Choir, an Abbey. I did not find that at that monastery - at least outwardly - for there was the mostly English Office; the modern buildings. Perhaps it is the essence behind all such things that I feel, that I yearn for, that I seek - the essence beyond even the Latin Opus Dei; beyond the numinous office of Latin Compline, and beyond that beautiful silent, reverent prayer before a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The essence beyond the wheatfields where Skylarks sing; beyond the beauty of some women; beyond the sharing of exquisite moments with such a woman. Beyond all such worldly things, all such causal manifestations. How to live always in and with the Essence itself? With, within, the Numen? Always in the presence of The Numen? To be at peace, and in silence, at last? I do not know - and perhaps I never will know. What I do feel, what I do believe I now know, is that all such manifestations of the Numen are important; that they all have their place, and all perhaps may serve the same ultimate purpose - that of bringing us closer to the ineffable beauty, the ineffable goodness, of life; that of transforming us, reminding us; that of giving us as individuals the chance to be good, to presence the good, to be part of the Numen itself.

Hence, there is now a real gentle tolerance in me - a silent dweller, who dreams.

DW Myatt

June 25, 2006 CE



Bright Purple Orchids

It is just over one month since I sat on this hill - then, it was also in the Sun of an early Summer's morning, and only a few days after Francine had killed herself, tormented as she was by despair, anguish and a deep self-deprecation. For I called her Francine - and she liked it - since it seemed to capture something of her quixotic, individual, nature which the names Frances and Fran did not really express. Now, as in the past when she was alive, I find myself still saying to myself - and sometimes out loud - "I love you Francine," as if it were some mantra that might bring her back to life.

But, yet again, I am alone - here, where there are bright purple Orchids on the lower slopes just above the tree-line and where, below, a Deer stood on the narrow footpath, watching me approach until, apparently unafraid, it sauntered off into the bushes growing by and beyond the stream that runs down through that quite small wooded valley. Overhead - the resident Buzzard, calling. Around - flies, starting their day as the warmth of the Sun increases to slowly dispel the clinging mist that lingers cloud-like over the flat land between those not-too-distant hills.

The stark cry of a Woodpecker, as it flies, dipping, from tree to tree. The loud Bumblebee, feeding on the many small flowers - blue, yellow, violet, red. The many birds - whose personal names I do not and probably never shall know - singing, in the many trees and bushes below, up from where there is a small clearing, gently rising as the hill beyond, and in which clearing two chestnut horses graze, half a mile or more from the nearest cottage whose white walls and faded-red roof break the swathe of green which, furlong upon furlong, reaches up to the very top of the hill, making my horizon: fields of pasture; hedges bursting with English-summer green

The ferns, since my last visit, are fully open, and almost all stretched fully out, and I sit on an old plastic bag, feeling the tragedy of Francine's death, and that I should be crying far more than I am now. For the tears, hours upon hour, day following day, has lessened, until - yesterday - I wept only once. So I feel guilty, partly believing I should be mourning her far more. But Nature, here, is alive and I have begun to sense again the flow of Life, sensing somehow and strangely - and hoping it is not some delusion - that she, by her dying has given me this gift, this chance; these moments to reconnect myself with Life. A chance to redeem and be redeemed, to feel the beauty and the goodness inherent in life and to know, to deeply feel, the promise of human existence - as if she by her living and her dying has not only freed herself from her own inner pain, anguish and torment, but also finally, irretrievably, freed me from that lower part of myself that still kept me in thrall, even sometimes during our relationship, to abstractions, to a wayward questing after suffering-causing ideals.

So I am embodied, here, by my being, my thoughts, my feeling - as I sense she is, and somehow alive if I feel this, if I remember this, her, if I change; if I make her sacrifice worthwhile. For there is a depth not

felt before; never quite experienced like this before; a depth of feeling; a depth of being; a deep connexion with Life, especially as it presences itself, here, around me, in me, on this hill, site of an ancient hill-fort - as if the sadness and the sorrow and the tragedy have been transformed, melded somehow with the quiet reverential joy of being in such a beautiful, still numinous aspect of Nature, to form something new, strange, far beyond words, bringing a definite knowing of myself, of my failure, a knowing of humility never known before. Thus there is a letting-be; a simple dwelling through sitting in silence and in peace, exhaling wordless and wordfull words of love. Change, life, death - all around; all here, and one day I also shall change as my beautiful Francine has changed. No fear, now; only that knowing that knows the flow for the changing it is.

Yet do such feelings, such thoughts, demean her death? Or are they merely some escape or delusion? I do not really know - I never probably will know for certain - but I hope not, even as I know I might be mistaken, in this. But this is all I have: this, the result of my month of effort, the month of tears - these slight answers; these meagre answers; these so slight positive feelings, feelings which may fade, which could fade, bringing back such anguish as caused so many thoughts of bringing forward death. For over a month, a struggle to find answers to the questions, the despair, which perplexed and often almost overwhelmed me. Faith; prayer; redemption - seeking to believe; needing to believe; desiring to pray, trying to pray. Trying again to find the answers in God; in Christianity, in Buddhism, in Taoism, in Islam, and in and from many other Ways.

But there is now, for me it seems, only the quiet sitting in places such as this; only the answers of, the development of, The Numinous Way. Only the feeling of being one connexion; only the yearning to presence the good, to cease to cause suffering; to strive to keep that silence, that non-interference, which which may well be the beginning of my own redemption and a move toward, back, to being in balance with Nature, with the Cosmos, with myself - and with the Fran who has gone, leaving me behind.

There is, here, only sky, trees, hill, and history - and no one to share such beauty, such warmth of Summer Sun. No one to lie beside and feel the yearning for that short sleep which often overcomes us in a such heat as this. Instead - a small brown spotted Butterfly passes; then, an even smaller one of brown-orange with black spots on its wings, and then a larger white of black-tipped wings. So many flowers to feed, upon - and the heat of the Sun has taken those almost-annoying flies off, away, perhaps bushward into shade, leaving me free to rest in my new strange sad-tragic-quiet-reverential-remorseful-joy while a small Cumulus cloud in an otherwise cloudless sky drifts above, to my right, making faces. A sad face; then of anger then of joy - until it, too, becomes almost formless here in this flicker of Life which passes quickly upon one planet in one Galaxy among a Cosmos, changing slowly, as it does.

So many flowers; and Grasshoppers, calling, in the longer grass, above where three Crows caw, as they caw. So much Life, bursting, burgeoning, forth, to mingle as I become mingled with a future and a past, one connexion among so many where, ten feet away, the wind-shaped sapling of Oak, no taller than a three Rabbits, hopping, curves gracefully out over lichen-covered rock

DW Myatt
June 29, 2006 CE

Honour, Empathy and the Question of Suffering

Can you explain in more detail the relation between honour and empathy and how this relates to the question of suffering?

Empathy may be said to be the essence of what I have called The Numinous Way - empathy with life, with Nature; with other human beings; with the very Cosmos itself. From empathy arises compassion - the desire to cease to cause suffering, the desire to alleviate suffering - and honour is how we can do this, how we can restrain ourselves and so do the right, the moral, the empathic, thing.

That is, in an important sense, personal honour is a means of living in an empathic way - how we can be compassionate, and empathic, in our lives, in our interactions with other human beings, and indeed with all other life. For the basis of personal honour is the desire to treat other people - other living beings - as we would wish to be treated. Having manners, modesty, being polite and gentle, are part of honour, because these things enable us to relate to people in a moral, empathic, way.

What about animals? You have written about respecting all life and not causing suffering to animals - does this mean you accept that animals have rights?

In respects of animals, it is a question of respect and empathy, of knowing and feeling the connexion that we, as individual human beings, are with all manifestations of life, human, animal and otherwise. We should treat animals as we ourselves, as individual beings, would like to be treated. Would we wish to be subject to pain? To suffer? Would we wish to be captured, and held in captivity, and experimented on, and breed for food and for slaughter? No, of course not. In an earlier essay of mine, I gave an analogy concerning a race of aliens - sentient extra-terrestrial life-forms who possess technology far superior to ours - who come to Earth and who treat us as we treat and have treated animals: as property; as some commodity. Such an analogy should place us, and other life in the Cosmos, in context - providing us with the new Cosmic perspective, the new Cosmic ethics, we need, in place of the ego-centric, human-centric, arrogant perspective and ethics of the past.

Thus, we need to feel and know - to accept - how we are but one small manifestation of Life, connected to all life in the Cosmos. What we do, or do not do, has consequences for ourselves and for other Life. To have empathy - to be empathic - is to be an evolved and evolving human being: it is to be and behave as an adult, a rational human being rather than as the children we have been for so many thousands of years with our tantrums, our squabbles, our pride, our need to fulfil our own desires regardless of the suffering we might or do cause to others, to animals, to Life.

As for "rights", that is an abstract concept, imposed upon Life, and like all concepts, it distorts what-is, and encourages conflict and suffering because it posits some ideal which it is believed can and should be

striven for. Correctly understood, it is empathy which is important - not such an abstract concept as "rights". From empathy there is compassion, and personal honour, for such honour, as I explained earlier, sets the practical limits of our personal behaviour, and thus prevents us from going beyond the boundaries which empathy sets.

In essence, therefore, empathy takes us far beyond the classification of concepts and the sterile, rather uncompassionate debates that revolve around such concepts as "rights". Thus, there is no need to debate, for example, whether some or all animals are sentient, or whether they are "intelligent" according to some abstract criteria, for such questions are irrelevant, from the perspective of empathy, from the perspective of the matrix of the Cosmos. We have - or can develop - an empathy with life; an appreciation of Life itself; an understanding of the possibilities that life presents.

But we are encumbered by the dead-weight of our own arrogance, our hubris, our belief we are "superior" to some other life on this planet.

You have written recently that you regard The Numinous way as fundamentally a-political, more of a spiritual way of life. Has this fundamental change in your beliefs been the result of your own experience these past six or more years, since surely you previously agitated for political, revolutionary change?

There certainly has been a fundamental change, as a result of my thinking, and my experiences, some of which have been deeply personal, and occasionally tragic. In essence, I have come to feel, know and understand the value and importance of empathy, compassion and human love, and to realize how abstractions - be they political, religious or even social, and be they forms, constructs, ideas or ideals - undermine and are contrary to the empathy, compassion, love and personal honour that are the essence of our humanity. All such abstractions cause suffering. This is the inescapable reality. For adherence to such abstractions, the pursuit of such abstractions, always results in conflict and suffering, and as I have learnt, and remarked in recent essays, good intentions are no excuse, for it the cessation of suffering that is the most important thing, not some abstraction, not some ideal, not some cause, not some vision or dream of the future.

For decades, I myself in my error, in pursuit of some so-called glorious vision or some ideal, pursued such abstractions, and in the process contributed to, and caused, suffering. For year after year I made excuses, controlling my natural empathic nature, my instinct for compassion, by believing that "sacrifices" have to be made - that it was acceptable, in order to have a better future, to use violence, to encourage struggle, and war, and conflict: that if people had to suffer and die to preserve "this", or create "that", then it was necessary; harsh, but necessary. That view, however, is morally wrong; reprehensible. We should no longer make excuses for ourselves, for no cause, no abstraction, no ideal, no construct, is worth even one person's suffering, pain and death. Morally, we are only ever justified in defending ourselves on an individual basis in a personal situation - that is, it is only honourable for us to defend ourselves, and those of our relatives or family, who may be near us, if we or they are attacked. This personal defence can and may involve force sufficient to cause injury to the attacker or attackers, or, as a last resort, it may involve their death if there is no other option available. However, this use of force

cannot morally, honourably, be abstracted out from such a personal, direct, situation or confrontation.

For centuries we have mistakenly, arrogantly, pursued such abstractions as "nationalism" and we have gone to war to defend an abstraction called our nation, as we have killed others, and caused suffering. Millions upon millions of people have been killed. Millions upon millions of people have been injured, and millions upon millions have endured hardship and suffering. This is and was morally wrong; it was and is dishonourable.

Previously, we pursued such abstractions as Empire, or we followed some leader or ruler or some King who desired to conquer, or rule, and who in the pursuit of such things again went to war and again indulged in killing and again caused suffering. We have also pursued religious abstractions, and fought, and suffered and died, in the name of such an abstraction, such a faith. Now, the rallying cry is or seems to be for "democracy" and "peace" - and in the pursuit of these abstractions, people regard war, invasion, the occupation of lands, the killing of so-called "enemies", as acceptable and indeed necessary, as the price which has to be paid. As I said, this is morally wrong; it is reprehensible; it is inhuman.

Not so long ago, some politician said that "if we want peace, it has to be fought for", by which he meant people had to suffer, be injured and be killed in the striving for this mythical peace, which he incidentally never bothered to define.

Such an attitude, such a belief, is uncivilized: a sign of immaturity; a sign in truth of barbarism, of inhumanity. It is de-humanizing. True peace can only ever be attained by means which do not cause any suffering and by means which do not contribute to any suffering, for true peace is within each and every one of us - it is not some mythical or abstract "thing" which can be attained at some future time through violence, hatred, struggle, suffering, killing or war, just as true peace cannot be attained through some law, or be given by some political party or government or leader or ruler. Neither can it be legislated into existence by some piece of paper (a constitution) or by a particular type of government, such as democracy.

The simple compassionate, empathic, honourable truth is that to attain peace we must change ourselves; we must become empathic, compassionate human beings. We must reform, evolve, ourselves through accepting a Cosmic morality that does not depend on amoral, inhuman, abstractions and which does not claim to have been revealed by some deity. For it is the struggle for abstractions, for abstract ideals - the struggle to implement such things - which is inhuman, which always leads to suffering, however noble and fine such ideals or abstractions might seem, and our foremost, fundamental, principle must be to alleviate suffering, to cease to cause suffering to any human being, or to any living thing.

The politician who made the aforementioned statement has been responsible, as head of the British government, for many tens of thousands of people being killed in various parts of the world; for the suffering of hundreds of thousands of people, for the maiming of tens upon tens of thousands of people, and directly or indirectly, for the torture and humiliation of thousands upon thousands of peoples. Yet such a person - and those who support such a person - finds and find such things acceptable; acceptable,

but, they say, regrettable, and they will write and say this because they have placed some abstraction, some ideal, some mythos, before human suffering, and are prepared to inflict suffering in the name of this ideal, this abstraction, this mythos, this belief. This is fundamentally wrong. It is immoral.

For decades I myself made the same mistake, in my pursuit of some political idea, or some religious belief. As I keep writing and saying, we must at last grow-up, and become truly human: that is, empathic, compassionate. We must cease to cause suffering. All we have to do is change ourselves - and let-go of the abstractions we have brutally imposed upon Life, upon human beings.

Are you optimistic about the future?

Vaguely. I used to be very optimistic, but not any more. I hope I am wrong. But it does appear that we human beings are incapable of learning from our errors, from our experience. The names we give to our abstractions change, as do some of the excuses we make for killing and causing suffering, but our basic nature does not seem to change very much. My own life is an illustration of our human stupidity, of our forgetting - for I myself failed to learn, for decades; failed to change myself; continued to make excuses for continuing to cause suffering, and continued to forget the sometimes painful lessons I learned along the way.

We have thousands of years of history to learn from; thousands of years of literature, of Art, of music; thousands of years of personal examples - of people who strove to do what was moral, honourable, who understood the truth regarding the cessation of suffering; who understood the wisdom of compassion. Sometimes, we have honoured such people - more through rhetoric, through platitudes, than following their example. And yet still the suffering goes on - still we follow and strive for and adhere to some abstraction, or we follow our own dishonourable passions.

That is, we have failed to develop the empathy we need, the empathy which we must have if we, and the life on this planet, are to survive, and if we human beings are ever going to evolve, ever going to grow up. It is empathy which is the key, which is required, which is the beginning of our change into genuine, civilized, compassionate, beings, and this requires us to have the perspective of the Cosmos, of all Life: an appreciation and understanding and feeling for how all such life is connected, and how we are but one finite, temporal, nexion, and of how we can, through such empathy, reach out toward a more evolved existence beyond the spatial temporality of this Earth.

As some people have remarked, all this does seem rather like Buddhism. Would you agree?

There are certain similarities, but a great many differences. A difference such as that of personal honour. A difference such as that of empathy - as manifest in the perspective of the Cosmos; in the knowing of The Numen, and the presencing of The Numen through such things as music, Art, literature, and the immediacy-of-the-moment when we feel the beauty, the joy, the potential, of Life within us.

Thus, while there is suffering, there is also - and can be and should be - great joy; great beauty. A

knowing of beauty so great that we are momentarily removed from our own often mundane lives and transported to another more numinous realm of existence. Hence there is the prehension of the moment - a living-in such a moment, rather than the somewhat turning-away from the world, from life, that exists in Buddhism when so many moments are used to end the presencing of the moment, through such a technique as meditation.

The Numinous Way is essentially both a new and an old way of living. New, in that we are consciously aware of the need not to cause suffering and so can, because of honour, restrain ourselves and reach out with empathy, love and compassion. Old, because there is or can be *wu-wei*. New, because there is a going-beyond each and every abstraction to the essence which is of ourselves as one finite, temporal nexion; old, because there is a feeling for the moral allegories, the lessons, of the past. New, because there is a knowing of the possibilities which await if we can but use empathy and honour to change ourselves.
