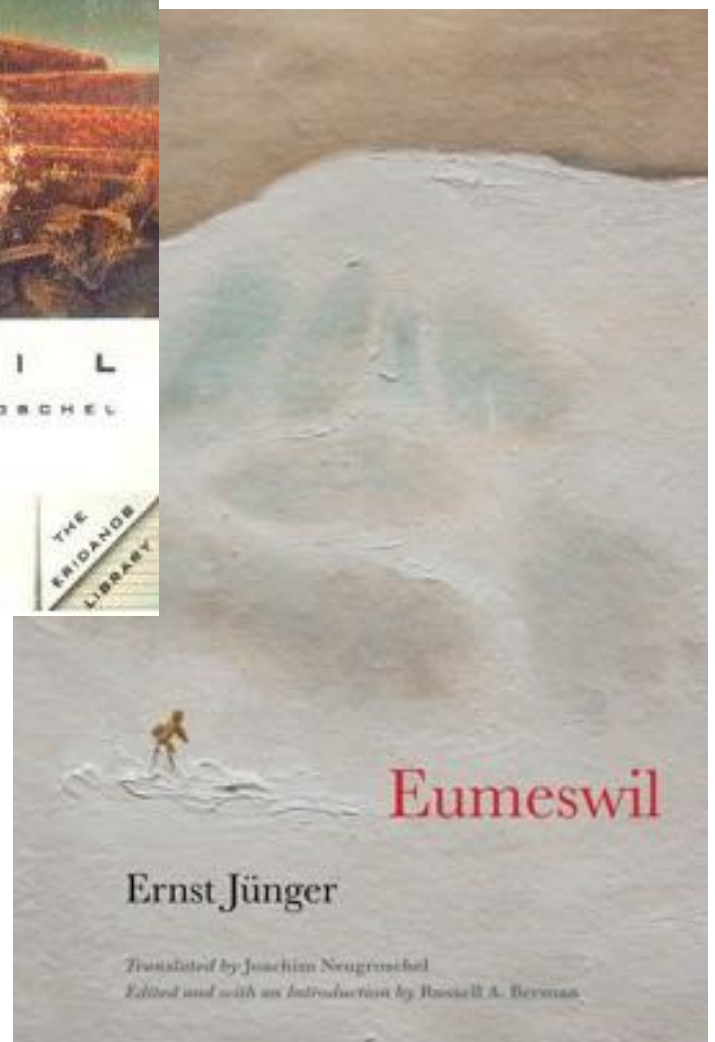
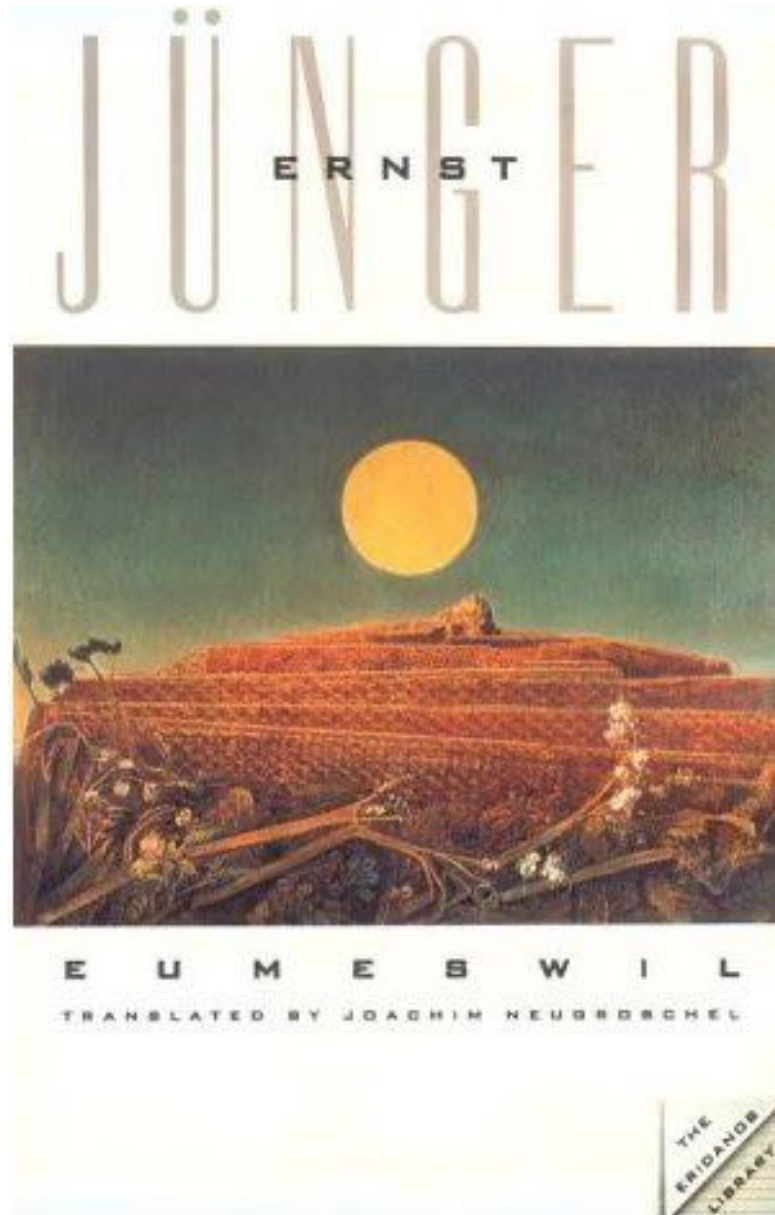


The Essential **Anarch**

Quotes on the **anarch** from Ernst Jünger's *Eumeswil*



* Key characters and terms *

Eumeswil – a small, independent, north African city-state, somewhere near present-day Morocco, in the late 21st or early 22nd century, after a period of widespread, apocalyptic ‘firestorms’. It is ruled by a tyrant, the Condor, and his entourage. Previously, it was ruled democratically by the ‘tribunes’. The Condor holds onto power somewhat tenuously, although there is no immediate threat of an overthrow.

Manuel/Martin – the protagonist and model for Jünger’s figure of the anarchist. He studies the history of anarchy and considers himself an anarchist. He divides his time between historical research at the university and working as the barman at the Condor’s private night-bar. He has two main teachers or mentors: Vigo and Bruno. His father and his brother, Cadmo, are also historians; they are critical of the Condor. Manuel has limited respect for their intellectual views.

Casbah – the stronghold and seat of the Condor, situated on a hill above the city. Manuel has a room here.

Condor – tyrant of Eumeswil and so Manuel’s employer at the Casbah. He keeps a private night-bar here in the Casbah where he meets with the Domo and Condor for relaxation, private discussion and occasional informational sessions from summoned experts.

Domo – the Condor’s police chief, a pragmatic, Machiavellian man.

Attila – the Condor’s personal physician and spiritual guide, a shamanic-like figure.

Vigo – professor of history, one of Manuel’s ‘teachers’, as he calls them. Vigo is characterized as old-fashioned, oriented towards the forest and the gods (rather than the titans); he advises Manuel in his research of anarchy.

Bruno – Manuel’s other main ‘teacher’, characterized as oriented towards the titans and the ‘catacombs’ (the underground seat of a technologically-based power organization which appears to have also ruled Eumeswil or its predecessor state in an earlier period).

Rosner – a zoology professor whom Manuel assists with field research, using the opportunity as a cover to set up his refuge in the wilderness.

Scavo – an economics professor called in to advise the Condor on financial matters.

Zerrwick – editor of an anti-Condor magazine.

Max Stirner – author of *Der Einziger und sein Eigentüm* (*The Ego and its Own*), an individualist anarchist whose figure of the ‘Only One’ is a major influence for the anarchist.

Phonophore – a personal communication device remarkably similar to our smartphones, used for also banking, voting, navigation, accessing information archives, and other functions. From Jünger’s 1949 novel, *Heliopolis*.

Luminar – Jünger’s remarkably prescient vision of a vast archive of information similar to today’s Internet. It was compiled over many decades during the 21st century and appears to be based in the ‘catacombs’. It is not universally accessible, and includes different levels of access; Manuel has access to the ‘Great Luminar’

Dalin – one of Manuel’s personal butlers in the Casbah, characterized as a ‘nihilistic anarchist’.

ALL QUOTES - in order of appearance in the 1993 Marsilio publication of *Eumeswil**

* The Marsilio edition is since out of print, but the same translation by Joachim Neugroschel was reprinted by Telos Press and is available for purchase on their [site](#) and as a [Kindle version](#) on Amazon. The page numbers following each quote refer to the Marsilio edition.

Please note!

- Page 2 above has a helpful list of key characters and terms for those new to the novel.
- The quotes are presented in order of appearance in the novel, even if multiple quotes on the same topics could have been collected into thematic groups. We believe the order of presentation in the novel provides a logical development of the concept which might be lost if presented as thematic groups. The index in any case provides this grouping.
- The quote titles below are each linked to the specific quote.
- A comprehensive index has also been created.

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Men and might in history and politics

(history; political change; power; anarchy)

“In the analysis of history, two main perspectives crystallize, one of which is directed at men, the other at might. This also corresponds to a rhythm in politics. Monarchies, oligarchies, dictatorships, tyranny as opposed to democracies, republics, the okhlos, anarchy. The captain as opposed to the crew; the great leader as opposed to the collective. For insiders, needless to say, these antitheses are necessary yet also illusory; they are motives serving to wind up the clock of history. Only seldom does a Great Noon shine, making the antitheses dissolve in happiness.” Pgs. 28-29

Inner neutrality and external involvements

(inner neutrality; generalists and specialists)

“Inner neutrality. A man is involved wherever and for as long as he likes. When the bus is no longer comfortable, he gets out. Jomini, if I am not mistaken, was Swiss, a condottiere as in the Renaissance, a high-level mercenary. I intend to pinpoint the details at the luminar [an internet-like archive] or ask Ingrid to do so.

A general is a specialist insofar as he has mastered his craft. Beyond that and outside the arbitrary pro and con, he keeps a third possibility intact and in reserve: his own substance. He knows more than what he embodies and teaches, has other skills along with the ones for which he is paid. He keeps all that to himself; it is his property. It is set aside for his leisure, his soliloquies, his nights. At a propitious moment, he will put it into action, tear off his mask. So far, he has been racing well; within sight of the finish line, his final reserves start pouring in. Fate challenges him; he responds. The dream, even in an erotic encounter, comes true. But casually, even here; every goal is a transition for him. The bow should snap rather than aiming the arrow at a finite target.

‘General’ stands here for the individual who goes into action, whether freely or forcedly. Since anarchy offers him an especially favorable charge, this type is permanent today. Thus, ‘general’ has a universal rather than a special meaning. It can be replaced ad libitum. It refers not to a profession but to a condition. The latter may also crop up in a coolie, in which case it is particularly effective.”

Pgs. 36-37

Anarchic being as normalcy

(anarchist; normalcy; history; killing; love; marriage; freedom; Christ)

“They found no mischief in me. I remained normal, however deeply they probed. And also straight as an arrow. To be sure, normality seldom coincides with straightness. Normalcy is the human constitution; straightness is logical reasoning. With its help, I could answer satisfactorily. In contrast, the human element is at once so general and so intricately encoded that they fail to perceive it, like the air that they breathe. Thus they were unable to penetrate my fundamental structure, which is anarchic.

That sounds complicated, but it is simple, for everyone is anarchic; this is precisely what is normal about us. Of course, the anarch is hemmed in from the first day by father and mother, by state and society. Those are prunings, tappings of the primordial strength, and nobody escapes them. One has to resign oneself. But the anarchic remains, at the very bottom, as a mystery, usually unknown even to its bearer. It can erupt from him as

lava, can destroy him, liberate him. Distinctions must be made here: love is anarchic, marriage is not. The warrior is anarchic, the soldier is not. Manslaughter is anarchic, murder is not. Christ is anarchic, Saint Paul is not. Since, of course, the anarchic is normal, it is also present in Saint Paul, and sometimes it erupts mightily from him. Those are not antitheses but degrees. The history of the world is moved by anarchy. In sum: the free human being is anarchic, the anarchist is not.” Pg. 41

Anarch vs anarchist

(anarchist; anarch vs anarchist; profession; monarchy; history; human nature; tyranny)

“If I were an anarchist and nothing further, they would have easily exposed me. They are particularly geared towards detecting anyone who tries to approach the powerful with mischievous intent, ‘with a dagger in his cloak.’ The **anarch** can lead a lonesome existence; the anarchist is sociable and must get together with peers.” Pgs. 41-42

The positive counterpart of the anarchist is the **anarch**. The latter is not the adversary of the monarch, but his antipode, untouched by him though also dangerous. He is not the opponent of the monarch, but his pendant.

After all, the monarch wants to rule many, nay, all people; the **anarch**, only himself. This gives him an attitude both objective and skeptical towards the powers that be; he has their figures go past him – and he is untouched, no doubt, yet inwardly not unmoved, not without historical passion. Every born historian is more or less an **anarch**; if he has greatness, then on this basis he rises without partisanship to the judge’s bench.

This concerns my profession, which I take seriously. I am also the night steward at the Casbah; now, I am not saying that I take this job less seriously. Here I am directly involved in the events, I deal with the living. My anarchic principle is not detrimental to my work. Rather it substantiates it as something I have in common with everyone else, except that I am more conscious of this. I serve the Condor, who is a tyrant – that is his function, just as mine is to be his steward; both of us can retreat to substance: to human nature in its nameless condition.” Pg. 43

Equality and freedom; tyrant and anarchist

(human equality; killing; tyranny; profession; social role; anarchist; detachment)

“When in the course of my work at the luminar, I was reviewing public law, from Aristotle to Hegel and beyond, I thought of an Anglo Saxon’s axiom about human equality. He seeks it not in the ever-changing distribution of power and means, but in a constant: the fact that anyone can kill anyone else.

This is a platitude, albeit reduced to a striking formula. The possibility of killing someone else is part of the potential of the **anarch** whom everyone carries around inside himself, even though he is seldom aware of that possibility. It always slumbers in the underground, even when two people exchange greetings in the street or avoid each other. When one stands atop a tower or in front of an oncoming train, that possibility is already drawing closer. Aside from the technological dangers, we also register the nearness of the Other. He can even be my brother. An old poet, Edgar Allen Poe, grasped this possibility in ‘Descent into the Maelstrom’. In any case, we watch our backs. Then comes the thronging in the catastrophe, the raft of the Méduse, the starving in the lifeboat.

I want to indicate this only insofar as it concerns my service. In any event, I brought this knowledge into the Condor’s range, into the inner sanctum that Monseigneur described as his ‘Parvulo.’ I can kill him, dramatically or discreetly. His beverages – he especially likes a light red wine – ultimately pass through my hands.

Now granted, it is unlikely that I would kill him, albeit not impossible. Who can tell what astrological conjunctions one may get involved in? So, for now, my knowledge is merely theoretical, though important insofar as it puts me in his level. Not only can I kill him; I can also grant him amnesty. This is in my hands.

Naturally, I would not try to strike him just because he is tyrant – I am too well versed in history, especially the model that we have attained in Eumeswil. An immoderate tyrant settles his own hash. The execution can be left to the anarchists; that is all they think about. Hence, tyranny is seldom bequeathed; unlike the monarchies, it barely endures beyond the grandson. Parmenides inherited tyranny from his father ‘like a disease.’ According to Thales, the rarest thing he encountered in his travels was an old tyrant.

That is my basic attitude in performing my job, and perhaps I do so better than any number of others. I am his equal; the difference lies in the clothing and the ceremonies, which only blockheads despise; you doff your clothes only when things start getting serious.

My awareness of my equality is actually good for my work; I am free enough to perform it lightly and agreeably – as if dancing. Often it gets late, and if things have gone well, I pat myself on the back before closing the bar, like a performer whose act has succeeded.

The powerful appreciate this mood, especially at the Parvulo. The free and easy atmosphere in the space increases their enjoyment. Of course, this atmosphere must be dosed out. Needless to say, I do not imbibe, even if I am offered a drink, which happens if the Yellow Khan is our guest – at which time caution is in order.

I also let the conversation pass over me, although I follow it attentively and am often enthralled. My smile is detached; it is part of my job, but I do not join in the mirth triggered by a punch line. I weave a tapestry.” Pgs. 44-45

Degrees of freedom: anarch vs anarchist

(liberalism; anarchist; freedom; anarch vs anarchist)

“When I began my job, my genitor behaved like a true liberal: on the one hand, he was embarrassed by my working as a waiter; on the other hand, he felt politically strengthened in his security. For Cadmo – that is my brother’s name – I am simply the ruler’s menial. The old man is a speechifier, the boy a permanent anarchist, albeit only so long as things do not get hot. Degrees of freedom in which one can commit or omit everything are alien to both men.” Pg. 51

Father – son relationship

(rights; father)

“In any case, I am willing to acknowledge that my genitor, in going after me, was behaving naturally [Manuel’s father wanted to have him aborted, as he was conceived in an accidental encounter, but his mother refused]. As an **anarch**, I have to admit that he was protecting his rights. To be sure, this is based on reciprocity.

Our city teems with sons who have escaped their fathers in a similar way. Usually, this remains obscure. The Oedipal relationship is reduced to a malaise between individuals. The loss of esteem is inevitable, but people get along with one another. Moreover, I am troubled less by my background than by the respect that my old man demands on the basis of his paternity. He cites a credit that is not his due: the fact that fathers, rulers, professors once lived and deserved this name. Nowadays, that is nothing but a rumor.” Pgs. 57-58

Relationship to authority

(authority; history)

“Although I am an **anarch**, I am not anti-authoritarian. Quite the opposite: I need authority, although I do not believe in it. My critical faculties are sharpened by the absence of the credibility that I ask for. As a historian, I know what can be offered.” Pg. 67

Personal attachments and commitments

(attachments; imperfection; profession; commitment; history; freedom; science)

“I sidestep, as I have said, any affection, any personal sympathy. As an **anarch**, I have to steer clear of such feelings. Working somewhere is unavoidable; in this respect, I behave like a condottiere, who makes his energy available at a given moment, but, in his heart of hearts, remains uncommitted. Furthermore, as here in the night bar, work is a part of my studies – the practical part.

As a historian, I am convinced of the imperfection – nay, the vanity – of any effort. I admit that the surfeit of a late era is involved here. The catalogue of possibilities seems exhausted. The great ideas have been eroded by repetition; you won’t catch any fish with that bait. In this regard, I behave no differently than anyone else in Eumeswil. People no longer demonstrate publicly for ideas; bread or wine would have to cost a lot more, or there would have to be a rumpus with the racers.

As a historian, I am skeptical; as an **anarch**, I am on my guard. This contributes to my well-being, even to my sense of humor. Thus I keep my property together – albeit not for myself as the only one. My personal freedom is a perquisite. Beyond that, I stand ready for the Great Encounter – the irruption of the absolute into time. That is where history and science end.” Pg. 73

Historical involvement

(history; nihilism)

“Bruno withdrew from the field of history more resolutely than Vigo; that is why I prefer the former’s retrospect but the latter’s prospect. As an **anarch**, I am determined to go along with nothing, ultimately take nothing seriously – at least not nihilistically, but rather as a border guard in no man’s land, who sharpens his eyes and ears between the tides.” Pgs. 87-88

Crime, violence and freedom

(violence; freedom; crime)

“Man is born violent but is kept in check by the people around him. If he nevertheless manages to throw off his fetters, he can count on applause, for everyone recognizes himself in him. Deeply ingrained, nay, buried

dreams come true. The unlimited radiates its magic even upon crime, which, not coincidentally, is the main source of entertainment in Eumeswil. I, as an **anarch**, not uninterested but disinterested, can understand that. Freedom has a wide range and more facets than a diamond.” Pg. 93

Authority and belief

(authority; social role; profession; sacrifice; belief)

“I tend to distinguish between other people’s opinions of me and my own self-assessment. Others determine my social status, which I take seriously, albeit within certain limits. Nor am I dissatisfied with it. In this respect, I differ from most Eumeswilers, who are dissatisfied with their positions or their standings.

I could just as easily say that I neither am satisfied with my position nor take it seriously. That would obtain for the overall situation of the city, the absence of any center, which puts every office under obligation and gives meaning to every action. Here, neither oath nor sacrifice counts any longer.

Nevertheless, when anything is possible, one can also take any liberty. I am an **anarch** – not because I despise authority, but because I need it. Likewise, I am not a nonbeliever, but a man who demands something worth believing in. On this point, I am like a bride in her chamber: she listens for the softest step.” Pg. 97

External commitments and freedom

(commitment; freedom; history; politics)

“When I, as a historian, view us *en familie*, it strikes me that I dwell one story higher than my father and my brother: in rooms where one lives more unabashedly. I could come down at any time. That would be the historian's descent into politics – a change that might have good and even noble reasons, yet would in any case entail a loss of freedom.

Such is the role of the **anarch**, who remains free of all commitments yet can turn in any direction.” Pg. 99

Social roles and freedom

(history; profession; life as game; danger; study; social role; self-distancing; commitment; freedom)

“I ponder my mission from three points of view: first as the Condor’s night steward, then as an historian, and finally as an **anarch**.” Pg. 105

“People say I thrive on my work, and I do live up to this reputation. My day flows by agreeably; I have plenty of time for my studies. But when the waves surge high, as during the Yellow Khan’s visits or at the banquets, I volunteer for cabin service, and I also wait tables, which is not normally part of my job. My efforts are rewarded and known to everyone all the way up to the Domo. This provides me with leisure when Emanuelo turns into Martin at the luminar.

My about-face is not as simple as it may look at first glance. For one thing, I have to succeed in treating my work as a game that I both watch and play. This gives even dangerous places like the duck shack [his assigned defensive post in case of an insurrection] a charm of their own. It presumes that one can scrutinize oneself as from a certain distance like a chess figure – in a word, that one sees historical classification as more important than personal classification. This may sound exacting; but it used to be required of any soldier. The special trait making me an **anarch** is that I live in a world which I ‘ultimately’ do not take seriously. This increases my freedom; I serve as a temporary volunteer.” Pg. 111

Facts vs ideas

(ideas; patriotism; martyrdom; facts; self-distancing; pragmatism)

“Playing the gentleman here would be possible only for actors; nor would anyone consider doing it anymore. Rather, people, such as my genitor and my brother, feel like martyrs. Half of Eumeswil is inhabited by types who have suffered for an idea or at least claim to have done so. They stood true to the flag, offered heroic resistance – in short, the worn-out military claptrap has reawakened. Upon taking a closer look, one sees that, with rare exceptions, they tried to save their hides just like anybody else. But one turns a blind eye to all that, as long as they do not over-do it.

The **anarch** sticks to facts, not ideas. He suffers not for facts but because of them, and usually through his own fault, as in a traffic accident. Certainly, there are unforeseeable things – maltreatments. However, I believe I have attained a certain degree of self-distancing that allows me to regard this as an accident.” Pg. 113

Patriotism and freedom: contrasted with anarchist

(patriotism; political change; social role; anarch vs anarchist; freedom)

“For the **anarch**, little has changed; flags have meaning for him, but not sense. I have seen them in the air and on the ground like leaves in May and November; and I have done so as a contemporary and not just as a historian. The May Day celebration will survive, but with a different meaning. New portraits will head up the processions. A date devoted to the Great Mother is re-profaned. A pair of lovers in the wood pays more homage to it. I mean the forest as something undivided, where every tree is still a liberty tree.

For the **anarch**, little is changed when he strips off a uniform that he wore partly as fool’s motley, partly as camouflage. It covers his spiritual freedom, which he will objectivate during such transitions. This distinguishes him from the anarchist, who, objectively unfree, starts raging until he is thrust into a more rigorous straitjacket.”

Pg. 114

Historical and political change

(fear; history; political change)

“In my genitor’s home, too, there were meetings of people who, like him, hoped that the tribunes would hold out and who more or less had reasons for their hopes. They tried to raise each other’s spirits; they heard more or less sensible things. I could judge them from my perspective as an **anarch**, who, although personally indifferent to the whole business, found it fascinating as a historic issue. Moreover, I may have been the only person who was not afraid. I relished what I was listening to, like Stendhal on such an occasion. I appreciate him also as a historian.

Now I am not putting down fear. It is a foundation of physicality, indeed of physics. If the ground wobbles or if the house so much as threatens to collapse, one looks for the door. This, too, creates a selection – say, of those people who did not fall into the trap. In this respect, Odysseus is one of our greatest models – the whiffer par excellence. Fear is primary; the instinctive whiffing of danger. It is joined by caution, then by canniness and also cunning. Odysseus’ caution is so extraordinary because he also has courage. He is the harbinger of Western man’s intellect, boldness and inquiring mind.” Pg. 120

Relation to political trends

(tyranny; history; political change; liberalism; philosophy; art; belief; security)

“The Condor feels like, and presents himself as, a tyrant; this entails fewer lies. For me, nothing basic has changed; my character, that of an **anarch**, remains intact. For the historian, the yield is actually richer in that it becomes more vivid. The political trend is always to be observed, partly as a spectacle, partly for one’s own safety. The liberal is dissatisfied with regime; the **anarch** passes through their sequence – as inoffensively as possible – like a suite of rooms. This is the recipe for anyone who cares more about the substance of the world than its shadow – the philosopher, the artist, the believer.” Pg. 124

Relation to external conflicts

(security; aloneness; forest passage; external conflicts; society; danger)

“On a sloping plane, one deals more thoroughly with questions of personal safety. Nor am I different from anyone else. I began taking practical precautions when I noticed that passersby were glaring at me. Ferreting out the bunker was the preparation; then came the setting up.

My goal was to find the best solution for vanishing as thoroughly as possible for an indefinite period, so I approached this problem in my own way, taking my time. When society involves the **anarch** in a conflict which in which he does not participate inwardly, it challenges him to launch an opposition. He will try to turn the lever with which society moves him. Society is then at his disposal, say, as a stage for grand spectacles that are devised for him. Everything changes; the fetter becomes fascinating, danger an adventure, a suspenseful task.

In my case, passage was transformed into the luxury of solitude. Living as a monk in a cell, as a poet in a garret, as Robinson Crusoe on his island: everyone has had those dreams.” Pg. 131

Life achievements

(profession; social role; life achievements)

“Above all, I could confirm that this fowl was in fact a new breed. Rosner was enraptured; he absolutely insisted on naming it after me: *Alectura venatoris*. I had a hard time dissuading him. After all, despite everything, I had tricked the good man. However, one of the **anarch's** emoluments is that he is distinguished for things that he has done on the side or that go against his grain.” Pg. 135

Fighting one's own battles

(forest passage; security; gun ownership; (sovereignty)

“Needless to say, I took weapons along to the bird stand. Not only did I have to catch birds for Rosner's museum, but I also had to protect myself against predators and big game, especially the red buffalo, a highly dangerous creature that pops up unexpectedly. I therefore armed myself with hunting and military weapons. The **anarch** wages his own wars, even when marching in rank and file.” Pg. 135

Partisan vs forest rebel and anarch

(partisans; facts; ideas; aloneness; freedom; sacrifice; forest passage; political change; commitment; society; service; danger)

“A mine is anonymous, a crude weapon. Partisans like using mines because of the peculiar nature of their struggle, which makes the landscape uncertain. The **anarch** is not tempted by them, if only because he is oriented to facts, not ideas. He fights alone, as a free man, and would never dream of sacrificing himself to having one inadequacy supplant another and a new regime triumph over the old one. In this sense, he is closer to the philistine; the baker whose chief concern is to bake good bread; the peasant, who works his plough while armies march across his fields.

The **anarch** is a forest rebel, the partisans are a collective. I have observed their quarrels as both a historian and a contemporary. Stuffy air, unclear ideas, lethal energy, which ultimately puts abdicated monarchs and retired generals back in the saddle – and they then show their gratitude by liquidating those selfsame partisans. I had to love certain ones, because they loved freedom, even though the cause did not deserve their sacrifice; this made me sad.

If I love freedom above all else, then any commitment becomes a metaphor, a symbol. This touches on the difference between the forest rebel and the partisan: this distinction is not qualitative but essential in nature. The **anarch** is closer to Being. The partisan moves within the social or national party structure, the **anarch** is outside of it. Of course, the **anarch** cannot elude the party structure, since he lives in society.

The difference will be obvious when I go to my forest shack while my Lebanese joins the partisans. I will then not only hold on to my essential freedom, but also gain its full and visible enjoyment. The Lebanese, by contrast, will shift only within society; he will become dependent on a different group, which will get an even tighter hold on him.

Naturally, I could just as well or just as badly serve the partisans rather than the Condor – a notion I have toyed with. Either way, I remain the same, inwardly untouched. It makes no difference that it is more dangerous siding with the partisans than with the tyrant; I love danger. But as a historian, I want danger to stand out sharply.

Murder and treason, pillage and fire, and vendetta are of scant interest for the historian; they render long stretches of history – say, Corsican – unfruitful. Tribal history becomes significant only when, as in the Teutoburger Wald, it manifests itself as world history. Then names and dates shine.

The partisan operates on the margins; he serves the great powers, which arm him with weapons and slogans. Soon after the victory, he becomes a nuisance. Should he decide to maintain the role of idealist, he is made to see reason.

In Eumeswil, where ideas vegetate, the process is even more wretched. As soon as a group has coalesced, ‘one of Twelve’ is bound to consider betrayal. He is then killed, often merely on suspicion. At the night bar, I heard the Domo mention such a case to the Condor.

‘He could have gotten off more cheaply with us,’ he commented. ‘Muddle heads – I’ll take the gangsters anytime: they know their business.’

I entered this in my notebook. In conclusion, I would like to repeat that I do not fancy myself as anything special for being an **anarch**. My emotions are no different from those of the average man. Perhaps I have pondered this relationship a bit more carefully and am conscious of a freedom to which ‘basically’ everybody is entitled – a freedom that more or less dictates his actions.” Pgs. 131-138

Pain and martyrdom

(forest passage; cruelty; pain; martyrdom; history; nature; gods)

“Up in the bunker [a secret refuge that Manuel has selected and prepared for a potentially necessary escape from society], I will also have time for fishing and hunting. There will even be notes for Rosner. During my first exploratory outing, I had noticed an acacia; it grew in the type of clearing that emerges when a tree collapses. The bush, like a gallows, was hung with skeletons. Although the skeletons were small, I recoiled at first glance.

This sometimes happens when we unexpectedly stumble on nature’s cruelty. Rosner views this as resentment. He compares nature to a festive kitchen where everyone both consumes and is consumed. Nothing perishes; the equation works out. ‘Everything fertilizes everything else,’ as the farmers say. If I am to believe Rosner, we live partly on the beings that we produce in our innards in order to digest them. That is how one might picture the demiurge: up there as a world spirit, with Olympian serenity, delighting in the raging of animals and the warring of men; down here as a pot-bellied man, who benefits from every consuming and being consumed.

This of course releases me from pain as little as it does the grenadier whose leg is shot off for the greater glory of the king. As an **anarch**, I also have to steer clear of martyrdom. And for the historian, the issue of pain is fundamental.” Pg. 142

Intellectual inquiry and mental health

(forest passage; history; study; health)

“Aside from a calendar in which I cross out the days, I will take no reading material along [when he retreats to his secret refuge]. The prospect of a year in which the mind is utterly free of reading is pleasant. A temporary break from reading can be as beneficial as a fasting cure to physical health.

The absence of the luminar [an internet-like archive] will also be benign. Not only is the transformer stored in the rock under the Casbah, but it could only be moved by truck. I will miss inquiry not as an **anarch**, but probably as an historian.” Pg. 143

Social change: partisans and do-gooders vs anarch

(partisans; society; social change; progress; Christianity)

“As I have said, I have nothing to do with the partisans. As an **anarch** I wish to defy society not in order to improve it, but to hold it at bay no matter what. I suspend my achievements – but also my demands.

As for the do-gooders, I am familiar with the horrors that were perpetrated in the name of humanity, Christianity, progress. I have studied them. I do not know whether I am correctly quoting a Gallic thinker: ‘Man is neither an animal nor an angel; but he becomes a devil when he tries to be an angel.’” Pg. 145

Forest rebel and anarch vs partisan and criminal

(forest passage; autonomy; partisans; crime; law; history; morality; greatness; revolution; pragmatism; state; social change; life achievements; custom)

“I have done some serious cogitating about the reasons for the failure of the forest passage. The issue haunts many people – indeed, everyone who plans the ‘perfect crime’. Nearly all these types surrender to a misplaced optimism.

The forest passage confirms the independence of the **anarch**, who is basically a forest rebel anywhere, any time, whether in the thicket, in the metropolis, whether inside or outside society. One must distinguish not only between the forest rebel and the partisan but also between the **anarch** and the criminal; the difference lies in the relationship to the law. The partisan wants to change the law, the criminal break it; the **anarch** wants neither. He is not for or against the law. While not acknowledging the law, he does try to recognize it like the laws of nature, and he adjusts accordingly.

When it is hot, you doff your hat; in the rain, you open your umbrella; during an earthquake, you leave your house. Law and custom are becoming the subjects of a new field of learning. The **anarch** endeavors to judge them ethnographically, historically, and also – I will probably come back to this – morally. The state will be generally satisfied with him; it will scarcely notice him. In this respect he bears a certain resemblance to the criminal – say, the master spy – whose gifts are concealed behind a run-of-the-mill occupation.

I assume that in great men whose names I dare not mention, the anarchic element was very powerful. You see, when fundamental changes are to occur in law, custom, and society, they presuppose a great distancing from established principles. And the **anarch**, should he take any action, is capable of working this lever.

I have summoned a few of the great movers and shakers to the luminar in order to look behind the revolutionary façade – less by delving into their private lives than by tracking down their intellectual foundations. Things that are unspoken and noticed peripherally, unintentionally, without slogans, are often more revealing than the program itself.

‘Greatness’ is secondary for the **anarch**, often fortuitous. This explains why these great men considered their own achievements inadequate or even repugnant. Last words: ‘And so much to do.’

They do not like being pinned down. Such qualms are posthumously reflected in their followers. More and more new schools and sects that cite the master keep germinating.” Pg. 147

Forest rebel vs anarch

(forest rebel; partisans; society; service; history; sacrifice; progress)

“The forest rebel and the partisan are not, as I have said, to be confused with each other; the partisan fights in society, the forest rebel alone. Nor, on the other hand, is the forest rebel to be confused with the **anarch**, although the two of them grow very similar for a while and are barely to be distinguished in existential terms.

The difference is that the forest rebel has been expelled from society, while the **anarch** has expelled society from himself. He is and remains his own master in all circumstances. When he decides to flee to the forest, his decision is less an issue of justice and conscience for him than a traffic accident. He changes camouflage; of course, his alien status is more obvious in the forest passage thereby making it the weaker form, though perhaps indispensable.

Needless to say, I thoroughly studied these issues in the luminar and at the library. Here I stumbled on the possibility of an error in the wrong direction. Let me quote a sentence I found in the introduction to an ancient work on Germanic pre- and proto-history. A certain Professor Kiekebusch wrote: ‘To live as a serving link in the whole is both a duty and a reward. The supreme goal of every individual’s labor and striving is the good of the collective.’

This is in the style of the eschaton of the warring nations, when exploitation changed its face. A few generations earlier, during the wars of liberation, this would have been expressed in a more fiery manner. The spirit passes over the flesh like a wind that keeps moving new generations. Enthusiasm follows it and vanishes after it. In Eumeswil, such statements have long since become so historical as to be rarely quoted in seminars.

For the **anarch**, things are not so simple, especially when he has a background in history. If he remains free of being ruled, whether by sovereigns or by society, this does not mean that he refuses to serve in any way. In general, he serves no worse than anyone else, and sometimes even better, if he likes the game. He only holds back from the pledge, the sacrifice, the ultimate devotion. These are issues of metaphysical integrity, which have little clout in Eumeswil. By the same token, one does not chitchat with men who actually think there is plenty of room for improvement here or who actually promise you a heaven on earth.

I serve in the Casbah; if, while doing so, I died for the Condor, it would be an accident, perhaps even an obliging gesture, but nothing more.” Pgs. 147-148

Rules of society: contrasted with anarchist

(anarchist; anarch vs anarchist; rules; freedom; society; church; state; existence; happiness; security; profession; Being)

“The **anarch** differs from the anarchist in that he has a very pronounced sense of the rules. Insofar as and to the extent that he observes them, he feels exempt from thinking.

This is consistent with normal behavior: everyone who boards a train rolls over bridges and through tunnels that engineers have devised for him and on which a hundred thousand hands have labored. This does not darken

the passenger's mood; settling in comfortably, he buries himself in his newspaper, has breakfast, or thinks about his business.

Likewise, the **anarch** – except that he always remains aware of that relationship, never losing sight of his main theme, freedom, that which also flies outside, past hill and dale. He can get away at any time, not just from the train, but also from any demand made on him by state, society, or church, and also from existence. He is free to donate existence to Being, not for any pressing reason but just as he likes, whether out of exuberance or out of boredom.

Why do so many people strive for the career of petty functionary? No doubt because they have a sensible notion of happiness. They know the rules and their taboos. Time flows by nonchalantly. You are already half-way to Tibet. Plus the security. No state can do without minor officials, no matter how high the waves may surge. Of course, you have to keep a low profile.” Pgs. 154-155

Basis of equality and of freedom

(human equality; religion; killing; human behavior; freedom; monarchy; suicide; society)

“Equality is based, as we have seen, on the possibility that anyone can kill anyone else. This awareness alone is enough to help us see through the swaggering of the superpowers – or, as here in Eumeswil, to help the historian study human behavior.

....

So much for equality. Freedom is based in the expansion of that maxim: on the **anarch's** awareness that he can kill himself. He carries this awareness around; it accompanies him like a shadow that he can conjure up. ‘A leap from this bridge will set me free.’

That is more or less how I regard the care I am taking in the acacia forest [Manuel's secret refuge in case he needs to flee]. The **anarch**, as I have expounded elsewhere, is the pendant to the monarch; he is as sovereign as the monarch, and also freer since he does not have to rule.

The hilltop bulwark is the chapel of my freedom, whether or not I enter it. It will serve as my stronghold when I change into a warring power and obtain my freedom against the demands of society – my exact courage against their exactions.” Pg. 155

Respect for rules: contrast with anarchist

(rules, anarch vs anarchist; anarchist; happiness)

“I began with the respect that the **anarch** shows towards the rules. *Respectare* as an intensive of *respicere* means: ‘to look back, to think over, to take into account.’ These are traffic rules. The anarchist resembles a pedestrian who refuses to acknowledge them and is promptly run down. Even a passport check is disastrous for him.

‘I never saw a cheerful end,’ as far back as I can look into history. In contrast, I would assume that men who were blessed with happiness – Sulla, for example – were **anarchs** in disguise.” Pg. 156

Solitude of ruler and anarch

(aloneness; suicide; loyalty; Caesar)

“The Caesar is the person who can least conceal himself in this world. Strange how now, alone in the universe, he becomes similar to the [anarch](#). Even though his mortal fear is breathing down his neck, he manages to get out a few significant asides. Even as the hoof beat announces the arrival of pursuers, he quotes the appropriate Homeric verse: ‘Thundering into my ear...’ And then the brilliant ‘Qualis artifex pereo’ – ‘What a great artist perishes with me!’

He is too weak, too clumsy to stab himself; his secretary, Epaphroditus, guides his hand. Incidentally, that was why Domitian had this benefactor executed.

I would like to avoid getting mixed up in such quarrels by hearing, say, the Condor tell me, ‘That is loyalty’ as Nero told the centurion whose behavior was dubious.” Pgs. 156-157

Freedom of press and of thought: liberalism and anarchism

(liberalism; journalism; capital punishment; freedom; anarchism; anarchy; anarch vs anarchist; ideas)

“If my dear brother had any inkling of what I toss away *en passant*, he would be through with me for good. I would have laid hold on his most hallowed treasure. ‘Freedom of the press’ and ‘capital punishment’ – I usually give these phrases a wide berth at the family table, for were I to voice even the slightest criticism, the game could be up for me altogether.

He would never get it into his head that freedom begins where freedom of the press ends. ‘Freedom of thought’ – this means he would never test his ideas in a state of primeval freedom. I am willing to grant that he is rooted in liberal traditions, although they are more diluted and mitigated than in my genitor. Even good ideas have their time. Liberalism is to freedom as anarchism is to [anarchy](#).” Pg. 159

Decay and temporality: contrasted with anarchist

(anarchist; anarch vs anarchist; skepticism; loyalty; sacrifice; pain; decay; finitude)

“Cadmo, to enlighten me, often takes me along to his ‘Storm Companions’. I am not really welcome there – perhaps they even regard me as an agent of the Domo, who, by the by, knows about their meetings but considers them irrelevant, indeed almost useful. ‘A barking dog never bites.’

The main reason I have a hard time getting along with these men is their indecisiveness. They feel when they ought to think, and vice versa. All they have inherited from Socrates is skepticism; but unlike Xenophon, they would not hoist him on their shoulders and carry him out of the fighting. Convinced as they are of the temporal and finite nature of things, they shy away from pain, sacrifice, devotion.

My dear brother, even after much soul-searching, has not become an anarchist like, say, Zerrwick, who edits *The Wren* [an anarchist, anti-tyrant newspaper in the state of Eumeswil]. Zerrwick’s ideas flow glibly from his lips and his pen; he converts them into the ‘ferment of decay.’ I am using this image, a favorite of the conservatives, because I like it – for the [anarch](#), however, decay is a process like any other; and for the historian, this Zerrwick is more informative than my genitor and my dear brother.” Pgs. 159-160

Value judgements and impartiality

(value judgements; impartiality)

“Naturally, our Zerrwick cannot be placed on the same level as Harmodius. Nor is that an issue for me. Aside from the fact that as an **anarch** I strive to remain free of value judgements. Eumeswil suffices for my studies precisely because I am impartial.” Pg. 161

Grounds of human character

(goodness; character)

“The Domo's great musicality may be consistent with a decidedly rational character. We have surgeons, architects, even fairly disreputable policeman with aesthetic interests. Perhaps their houses have only this one spiral staircase leading down to the foundations. ‘Whenever my husband picked up his violin, he became a better person.’ This was a woman testifying in a sordid trial, and I liked what she said, although as an **anarch** I would have expressed myself differently. Be that as it may: one cannot fully fathom the ground of a character. And precisely this failure has its grounds.” Pg. 164

Ideals and political hopes

(nihilism; idealism; hope; gullibility; self-reliance; autonomy)

“If Zerrwick can pick at the Condor, he will stop at nothing. As a nihilistic conjuror, he pulls what he likes from his top hat: liberty caps or crowns and scepters. I mention this because it fits in with a New Year's mood that is spreading through the tyranny. Each man nurtures his own ideal, which barely makes it past the surging of jubilation. I once thought of a hundred-year calendar with the *journée des dupes* as one of the recurring red-letter days.

The **anarch** nurtures no expectations. He stakes on no one but himself. Basically, people remain pied pipers, whatever melodies they play to introduce themselves. And as for the rats – that is a chapter unto itself.” Pg. 168

Moralisms and prejudices: contrasted with anarchist

(political change; history; journalism; morality; anarchist; anarch vs anarchist)

“Zerrwick has grasped the mechanics of *coup d'état* for the succession of dictatorships, which have long been the only kind of regime to maintain relative order around here. Even the tribunes need their general.

Zerrwick sees this as a journalist, not a historian. It therefore escapes him that he is describing the methods of not only the Condor but also his predecessors and successors. Furthermore, Zerrwick is painting a self-portrait, for he is one of the carrion crows.

If, rather than an anarchist, he were an **anarch** without moralisms or prejudices, he could make a name for himself as a historian. But, like all men of his ilk, he prefers to take the cash and let the credit go.” Pg. 169

Political hope and its futility

(political change; history; decay; imperfection; hope)

“The historian's sorrows and his transformation into an **anarch** derive from his insight that the cadaver cannot be cleared away and that more and more swarms of flies and vultures regale themselves on its flesh. Thus, all in all, they are based on the world's imperfection and on the suspicion that something is inherently wrong.

Seen politically, systems follow one another, each consuming the previous one. They live on ever-bequeathed and ever-disappointed hope, which never entirely fades. Its spark is all that survives, as it eats its way along the blasting fuse. For this spark, history is merely an occasion, never a goal.” Pg. 170

Materialist and anarch

(materialism; radicalism)

“Incidentally, the **anarch** can usually converse with the unrelenting materialist. Many years ago, Hippel's Wine Garden in Berlin was fertile soil for such conversations, a crucible in which, to be sure, only amalgams succeeded. It was a gathering place for the ‘Free Men,’ who styled themselves ‘an isolated volunteer corps of radicalism’.” Pg. 172

History, myth, gods and the anarch

(myth; history; time; theology; theognosis; gods)

“Myth-making strength, by contrast, is ahistorical, not subject to any derivation or development; it affects history incalculably and unpredictably. It does not belong to time, it creates time.

That is why in periods of decline, when the substance of history is exhausted, unable to guarantee even the zoological place of the species, a dull, tacit expectation has adhered to myth-making strength. Theology peters out – it yields to theognosis; people no longer want to know about gods; they want to see them.

Needless to say, a historian who despairs of his function becomes sensitive to myth and all the more alert, because he rejects whatever can be offered by the people around him – he conducts himself, that is, as an **anarch**.” Pg. 179

Self-discipline of the anarch and suicide

(Caesar; self-discipline; killing; rules; suicide)

“Another [Caesar], Commodus, who claimed to be a descendent of Hercules, personally killed wild beasts in the Colosseum and guzzled from a cudgel-shaped glass. Incidentally, I find this Commodus strange: the embodiment of the **anarch** manqué. I am not alluding to details reported by Lampridius – say that he gathered noble-women in the palace, ordered them to strip naked and then examined them like a buyer at a brothel. What was unusual was that he had this and other of his obscene exploits recorded in the government protocols.

The **anarch's** study of the history of the Caesars has more of a theoretical significance for him – it offers a sampling of how far rulers can go. In practice, self-discipline is the only kind of rule that suits the **anarch**. He, too, can kill anyone (this is deeply immured in the crypt of his consciousness) and, above all, extinguish himself if he finds himself inadequate.” Pg. 186

“And indeed, she was quick at making good discoveries; thus in the Archives of Correspondence, she found a new version of Lord Clive's suicide. It also helped me in my definition of the **anarch**.” Pg. 354

Demagogy: Hitler

(Hitler; demagogy)

“A large-scale demagogue, who turned up when the planet Pluto was discovered, dabbled in painting just as Nero did in singing. He persecuted painters whose works he did not like. He dabbled in other areas, too – for instance, as a strategist who doomed many people, but was technically perfect; as a chauffeur in all directions, who eventually had himself cremated with the help of gasoline. His outlines melt into insignificance; the torrent of numbers wipes them out. The pickings are slim for both the historian and the **anarch**. Red monotony, even in the atrocities.” Pg. 187

Equalization vs oppression

(equalization; demagogy; egalitarianism; oppression; Jews)

“The egalitarian mania of demagogues is even more dangerous than the brutality of men in gallooned coats. For the **anarch**, this remains theoretical, because he avoids both sides. Anyone who has been oppressed can get back on his feet if the oppression has not cost him his life. A man who has been equalized is physically and morally ruined. Anyone who is different is not equal; that is one of the reasons why the Jews are so often targeted.” Pg. 188

Anarchic neutrality and realism

(history; anarchist; anarch vs anarchist; inner neutrality; time; political change; pragmatism; sovereignty)

“The **anarch**, recognizing no government, but not indulging in paradisaal dreams as the anarchist does, is, for that very reason, a neutral observer. The historian in him, like an arbiter, sees men and powers marching into the arena. Time gnaws on every regime, and even faster on the good ones.” Pg. 188

Economy

(economy; tyranny)

“I must now devote a few words to the finances. Their stability is the main reason why the tyranny has endured for a relatively long time. A precondition is the Domo's lack of imagination. There are obviously two things he has thought about very carefully: police and tyranny.

As an **anarch**, I may find this subject thoroughly uninteresting but as a historian I had to help him with his studies.” Pg. 190

Self-knowledge and happiness

(atheism; politics; happiness; afterlife; self-knowledge; time; gods)

“It is no coincidence that precisely when things started going downhill with the gods, politics gained its bliss-making character. There would be no reason for objecting to this, since the gods, too were not exactly fair. But at least people saw temples instead of termite architecture. Bliss is drawing closer; it is no longer in the afterlife, it will come, though not momentarily, sooner or later in the here and now – in time.

The **anarch** thinks more primitively; he refuses to give up any of his happiness. ‘Make thyself happy’ is his basic law. It his response to the ‘Know thyself’ at the temple of Apollo in Delphi. These two maxims complement each other; we must know our happiness and our measure.” Pg. 192

Social levelling, automation and anarchic autonomy

(autonomy; equalization; society; labor)

“The levelling of society through automation – the way in which cardinal issues of wages and labor are revolutionized – that is a story unto itself. Here in Eumeswil, it seems as if the system occasionally falls asleep and the city begins to dream. The ship founders on a sandbank and then gets back afloat. Electric power stops; after a while, the machines start up again. During such recesses, the **anarch** measures his own strength and autonomy.” Pg. 195

Gold and the anarch vs society

(economy; gold; society; law; power)

“The **anarch**, however, is (I am simplifying) on the side of gold: it fascinates him, like everything that eludes society. Gold has its own immeasurable might. It need only show itself, and society with its law and order is in jeopardy.

The **anarch** is on the side of gold: this is not to be construed as a lust for gold. He recognizes gold as the central and immobile power. He loves it, not like Cortez, but like Montezuma, not like Pizarro but like Atahualpa; these are differences between plutonian fire and the solar brilliance worshiped in the temples of the sun. The supreme quality of gold is that of light; it bestows through its sheer existence.” Pg. 196

Genius and the anarch are outside time and society

(economy; genius; art; creation; gods; time; society)

“I can only sketch his ideas [Scavo] and roughly at that. In essence, he went on, only time and piecework were remunerated, quality was replaced by standardization. ‘What you call genius, Excellency, is outside time; it therefore cannot be rewarded appropriately, much less according to set criteria. Whenever it goes far beyond talent, it is recognized either inadequately or not at all. An artwork fetches great prices long after the death of its creator, who may have died in poverty. Yet the very highest price can signify only that genius is priceless. Hence, even when patrons or rulers spoil a genius, he labors for free. In this respect, he resembles the gods, who bestow freely. The world as Creation is not beyond but outside of things. That is where its immutable Being is to be found.

....

In this connection, the Condor had been struck by Scavo's maxim that genius exists outside of time and can do nothing but affect it. This implies that genius is also outside of society and independent of it – with which the **anarch** can only concur.” Pg. 197-198

Rejection of compulsory education, conscription, vaccination and insurance

(education; freedom; conscription; insurance; vaccination)

“Furthermore, the Domo has tried to enrich his palette by making education less compulsory – indeed, even abolishing it altogether for certain professions. For this, the shepherds and fishermen are grateful to him, as are their children. The other day, when I was sitting in one of Rosner's bird-watching stations on the Sus, two shepherd boys were driving their sheep past me. They seemed to be talking about a friend; I heard one of them say, ‘He has to go to school.’ He did not exactly sound envious. I was glad that I, as an **anarch**, renouncing any bond, any limitation of freedom, also reject compulsory education as nonsense. It was one of the greatest well-springs of misfortune in the world.” Pg. 200

“A gloss on compulsory education: the **anarch** learns to read and write if and when it pleases him. Many children are drawn to a book by innate curiosity. Charlemagne was still illiterate after many years of ruling his

tremendous empire. Even when associating with scholars like Alcuin and Peter of Pisa, he had not gotten very far with writing; after all, he had more and better things to do.

It is unlikely that Homer knew how to write; the letter inhibits free singing. At any rate, caution is indicated when a boat leaves the sea and glides into the canals – the most dangerous thing of all is numbers. As a historian, I depend on the written word; as an **anarch**, I can do without it.

Compulsory schooling is essentially a means of curtailing natural strength and exploiting people. The same is true of military conscription, which developed within the same context. The **anarch** rejects both of them – just like obligatory vaccination and insurance of all kinds. He has reservations when swearing an oath. He is not a deserter, but a conscientious objector.” Pg. 202

Power to kill as the basis of freedom; causes

(killing; mercenaries; freedom; gun ownership; self-confidence; state; causes)

“The **anarch** can kill anyone, and this is the basis of his self-confidence, yet he kills only where and when he likes – in any case, far more seldom than the criminal, the chauffeur, or the state. The archaic figure of the mercenary is more consistent with the **anarch** than is the conscript, who reports for his physical examination and is told to cough when the doctor grabs his scrotum.

‘Give me gold and I’ll defend your cause, but I can give notice at any time.’ This may happen out of necessity, out of boredom, or because one likes a man and his cause. In any event, the **anarch** will reserve his decision when a demand is placed on him – even by his own family.

If a weapon is forced on him, he becomes not more reliable but even more dangerous. The collective can shoot only in one direction, the **anarch** all around.” Pg. 202

Freedom and prayer; ethos and morals; lawfulness

(prayer; religion; gods; freedom; morality; ethos; law; human nature; rules; anarchist; anarch vs anarchist; causes; guilt; innocence; absolution; lawfulness; goodness)

“After I have stood behind the bar all night [Manuel’s night job as bartender in the Condor’s private bar in the Casbah], it may already be light out, often close to noon, by the time I awaken – but I am still lying in the dark, for I sleep behind a thick curtain in the alcove. I then spend another quarter hour in bed before getting up.

If I say, ‘in order to pray’, it may sound strange. Of course, this word is quite worn, and it has been corrupted by the padres. *Religio*, as we know, harks back to a word (re-ligio) meaning ‘bond’ and that is precisely what the **anarch** rejects. He does not go in for Moses with the Ten Commandments or, indeed, for any prophets. Nor does he wish to hear anything concerning gods or rumors about them, except as a historian – or unless they appear to him. That is when the conflicts begin.

So, if I state, ‘in order to pray’, I am following an innate instinct that is no weaker than the sexual drive – in fact, even stronger. The two are alike insofar as foul things can happen when they are suppressed.

Regarding this need, the **anarch** is again no different from anyone else. But he does not like to attach himself. He does not squander his best energies. He accepts no substitute for his gold. He knows his freedom, and also what it is worth its weight in. The equation balances when he is offered something credible. The result is ONE.

There can be no doubt that gods have appeared, not only in ancient times but even late in history; they feasted with us and fought at our sides. But what good is the splendor of bygone banquets to a starving man? What good is the clinking of gold that a poor man hears through the wall of time. The gods must be called.

The **anarch** lets all this be; he can bide his time. He has his ethos, but not morals. He recognizes lawfulness, but not the law; he despises rules. Whenever ethos goes into shalts and shalt-nots, it is already corrupted. Still, it can harmonize with them, depending on location and circumstances, briefly or at length, just as I harmonize here with the tyrant for as long as I like.

One error of the anarchists is their belief that human nature is intrinsically good. They thereby castrate society, just as the theologians ("God is goodness") castrate the Good Lord. This is a Saturnian trait."

Pgs. 208-209

"Needless to say, when praying, the **anarch** neither requests nor thanks. Nor does he seek a magical force in prayer. How many ardent prayers have not been heard? As a historian, I linger in the cells of the condemned; as an **anarch**, I would like to offer them posthumous solace; and I know that the guilty need this even more than the innocent.

I was in the dungeon with Boethius and in the temple with Marie Antoinette when her hair turned white. I was there when the mob was howling outside and the father put on his prayer thongs. The child groped for his hand. But neither the father nor the child was heard."

Pg. 210

"The padres set great store by addressing prayer to personal gods: 'Genuine prayer exists only in religions in which there is a God as a person and a shape and endowed with a will.'

That was stated by a famous Protestant. The **anarch** does not want to have anything to do with that conception. As for the One God: while he may be able to shape persons, he is not a person himself, and the *he* is already a patriarchal prejudice.

A neuter One is beyond our grasp, while man converses ten with the Many Gods on equal terms, whether as their inventor or as their discoverer. In any case, it is man who named the gods. This is not to be confused with a high level soliloquy. Divinity must, without a doubt, be inside us and recognized as being inside us; otherwise we would have no concept of gods." Pgs. 211-21

Thrift

(thrift; health)

"...I break my fast with a hearty swig of seawater and I gargle. Nothing, in fact, is better for the teeth; I once heard that from the fisherman and simple people who dwell by the shore. Their life-style is the old thrifty one that is pleasing to the **anarch**." Pg. 214

Art and anarchy

(art, social change; gullibility; anarchy)

"If a society is encrusted and a new consciousness is trying to break out, it recognizes itself in artworks; this explains their violent impact, which frightens not only the rulers, but often the artists themselves. A 'new man' –

basically, of course, always the same old one – is presented in his active and passive form. A vast gamut: the individual recognizes himself, from *The Sorrows of Young Werther* to Schiller's *The Brigands*, from *The Marriage of Figaro* to *The 120 Days of Sodom*.

The topic emerged from my studies of **anarchy** – or, in more banal terms, from the question of why the individual is always taken in.” Pg. 222

Anarchic nihilist vs anarch

(anarch vs anarchist; society; nihilism; anarchist; autonomy; imperfection; art; service; state; history)

“But how did he [Dalin] come to be so openhearted in my presence? He must have whiffed the **anarch** in me, a man with no ties to state or society. Still, he was unable to sense an autonomy that puts up with these forces as objective facts but without recognizing them. What he lacked was a grounding in history.

Opposition is collaboration; this was something from which Dalin, without realizing it, could not stay free. Basically, he damaged order less than he confirmed it. The emergence of the anarchic nihilist is like a goad that convinces society of its unity.

The **anarch**, in contrast, not only recognizes society a priori as imperfect, he actually acknowledges it with that limitation. He is more or less repulsed by state and society, yet there are times and places in which the invisible harmony shimmers through the visible harmony. This is obviously chiefly in the work of art. In that case, one serves joyfully.

But the anarchic nihilist thinks the exact opposite. The Temple of Artemis, to cite an example, would inspire him to commit arson. The **anarch**, however, would have no qualms about entering the temple in order to meditate and to participate with an offering. This is possible in any temple worthy of the name.” Pg. 227

Self-responsibility

(self-responsibility; authority)

“At the point, either the Chinese or the Lebanese [Manuel's two stewards in the Casbah] was slated to be the third man – whoever happened to be on duty when the alarm was sounded. The Lebanese was aggressive; at my faintest nod, Dalin would be ‘taken care of’. On the other hand, I could not bank on the phlegmatic Chinese; I would have to take care of it myself. This would be safer and also consistent with my own responsibility. The latter is the **anarch's** ultimate authority.” Pg. 228

Hunting and freedom; poetry and anarchy

(hunting; poetry; killing; freedom)

“Returning from the far north, Attila had brought along a primordial delight in superfluosness. The latter, he said, represented the capital whose interest nourishes the world, harvest by harvest. That was how the hunter lived

amidst tremendous herds, which kept multiplying without his interference, long before the earth was notched by the ploughshare.

“The hunter has companions, but tillage brought slavery, killing became murder. Freedom ended; the game was driven away. In Cain a descendant of the primal hunter was resurrected, his avenger, perhaps. Genesis supplies only a rumor about all this. It hints at Yahweh’s bad conscience regarding the slayer.”

I enjoyed hearing these things when I poured the refills long past midnight. Those were spoors that the **anarch** repeatedly tracks down – and the poet, too; no poet is without a touch of anarchy. Where else could poetry come from?” Pg. 239

Resistance through exploitation of society’s rules

(self-reliance; state; society; survival; rules)

“Incidentally, prior to setting up my bunker on the Sus, I studied construction plans that Captain Ross had found among the Eskimos of New North Wales. A basic theme for the **anarch** is how man, left to his own devices, can defy superior forces – whether state, society, or the elements – by making use of their rules without submitting to them.

‘It is strange,’ Sir William Parry wrote when describing the igloos on Winter Island, ‘it is strange to think that all these measure are taken against the cold – and in houses of ice.’” Pg. 241

Non-acknowledgment of law and custom; seeing reality; relationship to father and mother

(image and mirror image; law; custom; reality; imperfection; father; mother; self-responsibility; killing)

“His [Attila’s] guiding thought in that discussion (which, as we recall, concerned abortion) was, more or less: It is reprehensible to delegate a misdeed. The hunter takes his son to the mother’s grave and kills him. He does not assign the task to anyone else – not his brother, not the shaman; he carries it out himself.

If a man here in Eumeswil has ‘made a child’, he usually hands his wife or girlfriend a check and feels he is off the hook, certain that she will take care of it. Attila obviously means that if the man personally killed his son like the Inuit, then he would know what he was doing.

As an **anarch**, who acknowledges neither law nor custom, I owe it to myself to get at the very heart of things. I then probe them in terms of their contradictions, like image and mirror image. Either is imperfect – by seeking to unite them, which I practice every morning, I manage to catch a corner of reality.

*

My mother wanted me. She knew me when she was carrying me under her heart. She knew me better than I will ever get to know myself, even if I live to be a hundred. She wanted me, no matter how I would develop physically, mentally, ethically; she wanted me as I am. Had I been born an idiot, a cripple, a murderer, she would have loved me even more fervently. Her tears are worth more than the father’s pride when he sees his son crossing the threshold in a wreath of laurels.

My father hounded me when my life was frailest. This may be our most exquisite time. My mother concealed me from him in her womb, like Rhea hiding Zeus in the grotto of Ida to shield him from the clutches of a

voracious Chronos. Those are monstrous images; they make me shudder – conversations between matter and time. They lie as erratic boulders, uninterpreted, beneath the surveyed land.

Uninterpreted, no doubt, but the field is active. I picture myself appearing to my father when he is approachable – in a dream, that is – and demanding an explanation. I would then get to hear what they all say: about the situation of the poor, ill-paid teacher, and a married man, to boot.

Such are the standards in Eumeswil, a fellah society that periodically suffers moral harassment from demagogues until generals come and insert an artificial spine. Some ration, others squander gold, salt, and blood. *Et ça veut raisonner et n'a pas cinq sous dans sa poche.* One does best to pay back with small change. For instance: 'Hey, Dad – couldn't you have been a little more careful in the map room?'

*

Perhaps he, for his part, might talk some sense into me, albeit in a discussion such as is conducted only in dreams – in realms, that is, where individuality, though not yet eliminated, is strongly diffused. (*Diffundere*: 'to pour out, to tap wine from the cask.' Pliny. But also "to cheer up, relax.' Thus, Ovid, for instance: '*Jupiter nectare diffusus.*')

Prudence is indicated here: a basic issue, the **anarch's** relationship to his father is broached. The discussion can, as I have said, be conducted only in a dream; for had my father taken my advice back then in the map room, I would never have materialized in the first place. So our conversation would be impossible in the geographic Eumeswil, but not in the dream city of the same name, for dreams can include not only the dead but also the unborn." Pgs. 242-243

Anarch's need for authority and indifference to platitudes; moralisms and public opinion

(authority; facts; morality; platitudes; public opinion; journalism)

"It is not that I as an **anarch** reject authority *à tout prix*. On the other contrary, I seek it, and that is precisely why I reserve the right to examine it.

....

I can count my dear old dad among the eunuchs, the speechifiers. It is impossible for us to have a conversation about facts without his puffing it up with social and economic platitudes and spicing it up with moralisms he derives from them. Saying what everyone else says is a delight for him. He comes out with things like, 'I am simply expressing the public opinion.' And he actually plumes himself on such things. A journalist, even though he disagrees with the current editorials. 'He is controversial' – for him, as for all eunuchs, that is a put-down. The exact opposite of an **anarch**; God bless him – but why is he a historian?" Pg. 246

Anarch vs tradition and political present

(space; time; history; political change; tradition; constitutions)

"I am an **anarch** in space, a meta-historian in time. Hence I am committed to neither the political present nor tradition; I am blank and also open and potent in any direction. Dear old Dad, in contrast, still pours his wine into the same decaying old wineskins, he still believes in a constitution when nothing and no one constitutes anything." Pg. 246

Authority and society: contrasted with anarchist

(anarchist; anarch vs anarchist; autonomy; authority; inner neutrality; state; society; emotions; sovereignty)

“I mention my indifference [to the nihilist tirades and destructive schemes of Dalin] because it illuminates the gap between positions. The anarchist, as the born foe of authority, will be destroyed by it after damaging it more or less. The **anarch**, on the other hand, has appropriated authority; he is sovereign. He therefore behaves as a neutral power vis-à-vis state and society. He may like, dislike, or be indifferent to whatever occurs in them. That is what determines his conduct; he invests no emotional values.” Pg. 249

Knowing and making use of the rules

(rules; anarchist; anonymity; history; morality; killing; anarch vs anarchist)

“Dalin will not get far. Such types try to hoist a boulder that is much too heavy for them. They are crushed when it slides back. Moreover, they draw attention; often they fall victim to the first cleansings. They do not know the rules, they even scorn them. They are like people who deliberately drive on the wrong side of the road and want to be applauded for doing so.

The **anarch**, in contrast, knows the rules. He has studied them as a historian and goes along with them as a contemporary. Wherever possible, he plays his own game within their framework; this makes the fewest waves. Thus, Dalin’s liquidation would presumably be consistent with the system that he defied. But that is not the basis for my legitimation.

One might erroneously assume that I take bloodshed lightly. Not by a long shot! I simply stay free of moral judgements. Blood has its own laws; it is as untamable as the sea.” Pgs. 249-250

Punishment and atonement; morality and tragedy; guilt and justice; killing and banishment

(crime; punishment; capital punishment; law; state; justice; morality; statistics; death; atonement; guilt; tragedy; killing; banishment; freedom; fear; imperfection)

“There are jurists and even theologians who advocate capital punishment as the last resort of justice. Other reject it as immoral. Both sides have good reasons. Both call upon statistics, which, as usual, can be exploited every which way. Numbers should be kept aloof.

This controversy passes the **anarch** by. For him, the linking of death and punishment is absurd. In this respect, he is closer to the wrongdoer than to the judge, for the high-ranking culprit who is condemned to death is

not prepared to acknowledge his sentence as atonement; rather, he sees his guilt in his own inadequacy. Thus, he recognizes himself not as a moral but as a tragic person.

....

For the **anarch**, the death penalty makes no sense, but it does have meaning, for he reckons with it. This is among the realities that heighten his tension and alertness. A maxim I heard at the night bar points in this direction: ‘One should not spoil the game for the man who is gambling his life; one should take him seriously.’ ” Pgs. 250-251

“The **anarch** knows the fundamental law. He also knows its falsifications. He realizes that atonement is his due for misdeeds against it. The state has tricked him out of the right to pass this judgment; it is obligated to carry it out on his behalf.

Instead, one sees eunuchs convening in order to disempower the populace in whose name they presume to speak. This is logical, since the eunuch's most heartfelt goal is to castrate the free man. The results are laws demanding that ‘you should run to the district attorney while your mother is being raped.’

They cheat a man out of the blood that expiates murder, just as they rob him of the gold attesting to his share of the sun, and spoil the salt that, as the spirit of the earth, unites all free men.” Pg. 252

“Let me repeat that the discussion about the death penalty does not concern the **anarch**. Since he dictates his own law, the word ‘punishment is one of the prejudices on which society lives. Here, everyone is set to punish everyone else.

Killing, by contrast, is one of the fundamental facts. It reaches deep into the organic, nay, inorganic world. Every moment is deadly for every other; it becomes its heir – Chronos survives by devouring his children.

Like gold and salt, the state has also usurped killing. At times, the state deals with it extravagantly, then again avariciously. Hecatombs bleed to death in the struggle over a ditch or a patch of forest; a butcher of children is coddled as a patient.

The **anarch** cannot go along with this game. He knows he can kill; on the other hand, it matters little whether he actually ever does. Perhaps he will never go through with it. And it must be stressed that he grants this possibility to everyone else. Each person is the center of the world, and his unconditional freedom creates the gap in which respect and self-respect balance out.” Pgs. 258–259

“... great trials verge on becoming artworks. Guilt is not thereby extinguished, but it gains something within the composition. Defense, attorney and prosecutor are then no longer adversaries, they work together on the image that emerges from light and shadow.

No Last Supper can forgo a Judas. This hints at one of the perspectives of the **anarch**, who does not acknowledge guilt: namely, the arrival of an era in which death and terror are not reduced, but newly conceived. For this, the world must be dreamed once again, and in a godly way.” Pgs. 263–264

“This may be the right time for a few remarks about ‘treatment of prisoners’ as it has developed in Eumeswil. I have repeatedly emphasized that for the **anarch** there are no punishments, only measures taken among equals.” Pg. 266

“As a historian, I deal with the necessity of this institution [banishment]. Banishment is one of the ancient methods by which communities try to cleanse themselves. It can take the form of expulsion – say, of the leper after a meticulous examination by the priests, as prescribed by Moses: the unclean ‘shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be’.

Banishment as an attribute of society is a symptom of its imperfection; the **anarch** accommodates himself to it while the anarchist tries to eliminate it. These are theological residues. Only in a perfect condition ‘shall there be no more anathema’ (Revelation 22:3). ‘But the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him.’ Those are dismal prospects. Even anarchism ultimately leads to someone whose feet must be kissed.” Pgs. 270–271

Freedom as personal property independent of regimes, family and law

(freedom; law; political change)

“Potentates like making such comparisons [between their solutions and those of other leaders]. The **anarch** cannot worry about that; he retains his freedom for himself, however good or bad the regime. He assigns it neither to the legitimacy of the kind father nor to the legal claims, which change in every land and every period. They may all want what’s best for him, but the very best, his freedom, is something he keeps for himself. It remains his impartible property.” Pg. 275

Self-reliance and personal fault, prisons and islands

(existence; chance; social change; security; autonomy; fault; island; punishment; self-reliance)

“To return to Eumeswil: our islands are populated with malcontents whose communities soon turn out to be the same old societies with all their sense and nonsense. They regard the island as an interregnum, a stopover on the journey to a better world. So they prowl through the institutions, eternally dissatisfied, always disappointed. Connected with this is their love of cellars and roof tops, exile and prisons, and also banishment, on which they actually pride themselves. When the structure finally caves in, they are the first to be killed in the collapse. Why do they not know that the world remains unalterable in change? Because they never find their way down to its real depth, their own. That is the sole place of essence, safety. And so they do themselves in.

The **anarch** may likewise not be spared prison – as one fluke of existence among others. He will then find the fault in himself. Did he sail too close to Scylla, too near Charybdis? Did he trust the song of the sirens? Odysseus did not stop up his ears, he let the crew stop up their own; but he had himself tied to the mast so he could enjoy the enchantment. He locked himself up. In this way, the prison becomes an island, a refuge of free will, a property.” Pg. 279

Adaptation to milieu; relation to authority and law.

(authority; law; heredity; fate; milieu; anarchist; work; self-discipline; servitude; anarch vs anarchist)

“At this point, we ought to touch on origin – that is, heredity and milieu, both of which are overrated. They are the first accidents we have to confront upon seeing the light of day, whether as bastards in a saloon or legitimate heirs in a palace. A beggar's staff or a scepter: the handsel of fate; frequently, one has been traded for the other. King Lear roams the heath, a female serf becomes empress. And over and over, Odysseus, the divine endurer, who triumphs now as beggar, now as king.

Origin – a thousand meanings and only one sense. The German word *Erbe* (heir, legacy) is cognate with labor; the **anarch** accepts the labor, while any compulsion is contrary to his nature. He is familiar with only one kind of serfdom: the discipline of subordinating his body.

The root of milieu, in contrast, is *medius*, and ‘*médius est celui qui est au milieu*.’ The **anarch** recognizes himself as the middle; that is his natural right, which he also grants to everyone else. He recognizes no law – but that does not mean that he despises law or fails to study it meticulously. If his milieu is water, he will move his fins; if it is air, he will spread his wings; he subdues the surf as a flying fish. He knows when to submerge; nor does he shrink from fire.

We are touching upon a further distinction between **anarch** and anarchist: the relation to authority, to legislative power. The anarchist is their mortal enemy while the **anarch** refuses to acknowledge them. He seeks neither to gain hold of them, nor to topple or to alter them – their impact bypasses him. He must resign himself only to the whirlwinds they generate.” Pgs. 279–280

Individualism, freedom, martyrdom, social reform, birth rights, social role, self-realization

(anarch vs anarchist; individualism; freedom; ideas; martyrdom; social change; progress; social role; self-realization; fate; solipsism; anarchist; autonomy; Caesar; vice)

“The **anarch** is no individualist either. He wishes to present himself neither as a Great Man nor as a Free Spirit. His own measure is enough for him; freedom is not his goal; it is his property. He does not come on as a foe or reformer: one can get along with him nicely in shackles or in palaces. Life is too short and too beautiful to sacrifice it for ideas, although contamination is not always avoidable. But hats off to the martyrs.

It is harder to distinguish the **anarch** from the solipsist, who views the world as the product of his own devising. This attitude, though stepmothered by the philosophers, is widely tenable, as borne out by dreams. The world as a house with its scaffolds is our conception; the world as a garden full of flowers is our dream.

Of course, the solipsist, like all anarchists and as the most extreme one, is hoist by his own petard, since he arrogates to himself an autonomy whose responsibilities are too much for him. If he as an individual has invented society, then he bears the sole guilt for its imperfection; and if it spells his doom, then he bears the sole guilt mythically for his impotence as a poet and logically for an error in thinking.

*

Birth and birthright can destine the **anarch** to rule; this is one role among others that he has to master. Ruling is a *corvée*, especially for the ruler; a Louis XIV lives in a golden cage with less freedom than the least of his stable boys. Tolstoy, in his history of the Russian campaign, rightfully says that of all the actors Napoleon had the least freedom.

One can judge the Caesars by the extent to which they achieved self-realization despite the constraints of fate. In the life of Tiberius, there must have been a turning point, when the glory and misery of ruling became burdensome and he forsook the Capitol for the island –his Capri, which, as Suetonius says, he chose ‘because it was ringed by steep, sky-high cliffs and deep sea’.

This turning point must have predated Tiberius's journey to Campania, from which he never returned to Rome. It was foreshadowed by contradictory actions. Thus, a few days after reprimanding Sestius Gallus in the senate for his debaucheries and revelries, Tiberius invited himself to the man's home, ordering him to modify nothing in his table habits and to have the meal served by naked girls.

The historians have noticed this ambivalence; they have pulled him to pieces, at least regarding the second half of his life. They say he chose Capri as a place where nothing was forbidden and where he could satisfy his cravings on a fantastic scale without being noticed by the public.

They may be right; but for the **anarch**, this is secondary. The island is a model for the realization of any sort of character; someone else could have picked it in order to live a holy life there when he was repelled by the baseness of the world. There are examples of that, too.” Pgs. 281-282

Anarch's two commandants: Know thyself and know the rules

(self-knowledge; rules)

“*Est modus in rebus* - one must know the rules, whether one is moving in a tyranny, a demos, or a bordello. This holds, above all, for the **anarch** – it is his second commandment, next to the first: Know thyself.

Nebek [Manuel's Lebanese steward], no **anarch** but a man of violent action, had flouted the rules. He was too intelligent not to realize this promptly, and so he adjusted accordingly.”

Pg. 292

Ethos and morality; guilt, punishment and atonement; law and custom; man as good

(anarch vs anarchist; ethos; morality; guilt; punishment; atonement; law; custom; state; society; anarchist; freedom; goodness; aloneness; pragmatism)

"The **anarch's** relationship to ethos has already been touched on. We must distinguish between ethos and morality. The warrior follows his ethos; this can be morally challenged. Being and custom with each other.

While I may disapprove, I do understand the carryings-on of the commanders and the subalterns in the Casbah, especially the stewards who bring breakfast and are slated to fight at my side in the duck shack. My disapproval should not color my historical viewpoint. The latter should, above all, avoid guilt and punishment. Guilt and atonement are a different matter. Every man pays for his uniform, every man atones for his guilt.

On the other hand, the **anarch** has to maintain his aura; this is a need, like the need for pure air. In the street, you likewise avoid stepping on turds. The further behind you leave law and custom, state and society, the more concerned you are with your own cleanliness. The distinction is as great as between the naked and the clad. The uniform sustains only holes; the body, injuries.

I have noted that when they gather in my dear father's home in order to improve the world, the air soon turns bad. No incense helps, no air freshener – you have to go outdoors. Once again, as a historian I am obliged to be there occasionally; this is as indispensable for everyday life as for scholarship. The air smells worst among the anarchists – and they can be found in Eumeswil, too, as they are everywhere and always. I gain access to them through my students, although they regard me as suspect.

The bad odor is related to their intrinsically correct maxim that everyone should live according to his taste – but their taste stinks. One finds types among them who deliberately step on turds and flaunt it as an intellectual achievement. Vigo, although affected by their machinations, is not unbenevolent toward them. 'In ten years, they will all be lawyers with stylish haircuts.'

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Fine – just what do they suffer from? An underdeveloped notion of freedom? It is corrected by facts. If they were to dig in one story farther down and recognize themselves as **anarchs**, they would be spared a great deal. They would seek freedom in themselves and not in the collective.

At first blush, the **anarch** seems identical with the anarchist in that both assume that man is good. The difference is that the anarchist believes it while the **anarch** concedes it. Thus, for the **anarch** it is a hypothesis, for the anarchist an axiom. A hypothesis must be confirmed in each individual case; an axiom is unshakable. It is followed by personal disappointments. Hence, the history of anarchism is a series of schisms. Ultimately, the individual remains alone, a despairing outcast.

The goodness that guides the **anarch's** conduct is not an axiom in Rousseau's sense but a maxim of practical reason. Rousseau had too many hormones and Kant too few; the former moved the world through confession, the latter through cognition. The historian must do justice to both.” Pgs. 302-303

Realism and idealism; freedom and individual salvation

(anarch vs anarchist; anarchy; isms; anarchist; realism; idealism; freedom; egoism; salvation)

“Words that are to be intensified by the suffix *-ism* reveal a special demand, a volitional tendency, often hostility a priori. The motion becomes tumultuous at the expense of the substance. These are words for sectarians, for people who have read only one book, for those who 'pledge allegiance to their flag and are unconditionally committed to their cause' – in short, for traveling salesmen and peddlers of commonplaces. A conversation with someone who introduces himself as a realist usually comes to a vexatious end. He has a limited notion of the thing, just as the idealist does of the Idea or the egoist of the self. Freedom is labeled. This also holds for the anarchist's relationship to **anarchy**.

In a town where thirty anarchists get together, they herald the smell of fires and corpses. These are preceded by obscene words. If thirty anarchists live there without knowing one another, then little or nothing happens; the atmosphere improves.

What is the basis of the mistake that claimed countless victims and that will operate endlessly? If I kill my father, I fall into my brother's hands. We can expect as little from society as from the state. Salvation lies in the individual.”

Pgs. 309-310

Anarch vs anarchist; individual vs state; progress

(anarch vs anarchist; state; society; security; progress; social change;)

“These encounters at the luminal could fill a book. There would also be repetitions. The guiding thought – the **anarch's** relationship to the anarchist – is simple, despite all the variants. Besides, the distinction is merely one of degree, not one of principle. As in everyone, as in all of us, the **anarch** is also concealed in the anarchist – the latter resembling an archer whose arrow has missed the bull's-eye.

Whatever we may ponder, we have to start with the Greeks. The polis in its multiplicity: a test-tube system that risked any and all experiments. It contains everything – from the topplers of the Hermae and the killers of tyrants to the utter withdrawal from the quarrels of the world. In this respect, Epicurus can be considered a paragon with his ideal of painlessness founded on virtue. There is no intervention from the gods, who enjoy human efforts as a spectacle; the most we can hope for from the state is security – the individual should stay as free of the state as possible.” Pg. 310

“Fourier's basic idea is excellent: namely, that Creation failed in its very casting. His error is that he considers Creation reparable. Above all, the **anarch** must not think progressively. That is the anarchist's mistake; he thereby lets go of the reins.

....

Two reefs tower in front of the anarchist. The first, the state, must be overcome, especially in a hurricane, when the waves soar. He ineluctably runs aground on the second one, society, the very image that flickered before him. There is a brief intermezzo between the fall of the legitimate powers and the new legality. Two weeks after Kropotkin's funeral cortege, in which his corpse had followed the Black Banners, the sailors of Kronstadt were liquidated. This is not to say that nothing had happened in between – Merlino, one of the disillusioned, hit the nail on the head: ‘Anarchism is an experiment.’” Pgs. 311-312

Anarchy and war

(history; war; anarchy; father; mother)

“We can also warm our hands at the fires of history, albeit from a prudent distance. Timeless things, seeping uncannily into time, can be felt. Just as war is the father of all things, so, too, is **anarchy** their mother; a new age is ushered in.” Pg. 314

Anarch vs anarchist vs monarch; external forms; ‘ownness’

(anarch vs anarchist; monarchy; history; ownness)

“Here again we have the difference between anarchist and **anarch**: the anarchist pursues the ruler as his mortal enemy, while the **anarch's** relationship to him is objective and neutral. The anarchist wants to kill the monarch, while the **anarch** knows he could kill him – but his reasons would have to be personal, not general. If the **anarch** is also a historian, then the monarch offers him a highest-ranking source – not only for political decisions, but also for the typical structure of the epoch. No two pharaohs are alike. But each mirrors his time.

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The **anarch** can face the monarch unabashedly; he feels like an equal even among kings. This basic mood affects the ruler; he senses the candid look. This produces a mutual benevolence favorable to conversation.

I want to touch on the external forms – say, the manner of address. Was it necessary for the poet Georg Herwegh to employ an insolent tone in his letter to Friedrich-Wilhelm IV of Prussia? There were teutomaniahs who deliberately soiled their boots before entering the Congress of Vienna – those are resentments.

People like hearing themselves addressed personally – whether by surname, first name, nickname, or by title or distinction. Sire, Excellency, Doctor, Monsignor, Comrade Jones, my sweet bunny. ‘It takes a title to arouse their confidence’ - this provides a good start for the meeting. Metternich was a master of such niceties.

‘To each his own’ – not the worst of the Prussian maxims. In this context, the **anarch**, sure of what is his own, indulges in a smidgen of irony.” Pg. 316

Anarchist vs state; capitalism

(anarchist; state; capitalism; power; politics)

“A regular customer at Hippel's was Buhl, if he happened not to be incarcerated. A critical mind: I glanced through the few issues of his journal, *The Patriot*, in the luminar. He may have been the first man to formulate the maxim that one should reject not the current form of a state, but its essence. This is an insight that the anarchist lacks; it can be applied to capital as well. State capitalism is even more dangerous than private capitalism because it is directly tied to political power. Only the individual can succeed in escaping it, but not the group. This is another reason why the anarchist fails.” Pgs. 320-321

The anarch vs Stirner's 'Only One' vs egoist; absolute freedom

(Max Stirner; egoism; anarchist; history; freedom; mysticism; education; vice; anarch vs anarchist)

“The discoverer has his delights. When I began dealing with the Only One [this reference follows a long preceding discussion in the text comparing the anarch with Max Stirner's similar figure of the ‘Only One’ in his *Der Einziger und sein Eigentum*, translated in English as *The Ego and its Own*], I could not help discussing it with Vigo. He showed interest; sitting under the cypresses in his garden, we delved into this topic while the moon hung over the Casbah.

What had touched me so deeply? Stirner's arrow grazed the point at which I suspected the presence of the [anarch](#). The dissimilarity presupposes a very subtle distinction, and, I believe, Vigo is the only person in Eumeswil who could make it. After all, he instantly caught the difference between owner and egoist. It is the same as the difference between [anarch](#) and anarchist. These concepts appear to be identical, but are radically different.

Vigo felt that the subject should be treated in a series of dissertations.

....

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How should it be tackled? Usually, such projects begin with a historical overview. The self-evident is timeless; it keeps pushing its way up through the tough historical mass without ever reaching the surface. This also obtains for the consciousness of absolute freedom and for the realization of that consciousness. In this sense, history resembles a fragment of magma in which bubbles have petrified. Nonconformity has left its trace. Approaching it differently, one could picture the crust of a dead planet struck by meteors. Indeed, astronomers have wondered if the craters are to be interpreted as scars left by such impacts or as extinct volcanoes. But whichever, horn above or horn below, cosmic fire was at work.

One would have to determine where anarchy's self-understanding in acting, thinking, or poetic creation occurred – where it coincided with man's attainment of self-comprehension and was pinpointed as the basis of freedom. To this end, we authorize the use of the Great Luminar: pre-Socratics, Gnosis, Silesian mysticism, and so forth. Among the bizarre fish, large ones also remain in the net.” Pgs. 327-329

The anarch hidden in the anarchist

(anarchist; education; vice; anarch vs anarchist; Max Stirner; morality; crime; science)

“It is especially difficult to tell the essential from that which is similar to and indeed seems identical with it. This also applies to the **anarch's** relation to the anarchist. The latter resembles the man who has heard the alarm but charges off in the wrong direction.

However, the **anarch** lurks in the anarchist, as in anyone else, and so, in the wasteland of their writings, they often score a hit that confirms that statement. At the luminar, I plucked out utterances that could have been signed by Stirner.

Take Benjamin Tucker, a true don Quixote, who, in his liberty, one of the small anarchist journals, tilts at the windmills of the ‘riffraff of future governments’:

Whatever the state socialists may claim or deny, if their system is accepted, it is doomed to lead to a state religion whose expenses must be borne by everyone and at whose altar everyone must kneel; a state medical school by whose practitioners everyone must be treated; a state system of hygiene that prescribes what everyone must eat and drink, what everyone must wear, and what everyone may or may not do; a state code of ethics that, not satisfied with punishing crime, will suppress everything that the majority may describe as vice; a state system of education that will outlaw all private schools, academies, and universities; a state elementary school, where all children are educated collectively at public expense; and finally: a state family, with an attempt to introduce scientific eugenics. Thus, authority will reach its peak, and monopoly the supreme display of its power.

That was penned in the Christian year 1888, way before a like-minded Irishman sketched the horrific image of such a future. Poor Tucker – he died very long in the tooth, during the first year of World War II; he had lived to see the triumph of the authoritarian state in Russia, Germany, Italy, Portugal, and Spain.

Throughout his writings, I stumbled upon statements that were unusual for an anarchist, such as ‘Anarchy is order’ or ‘Attend to your own affairs; this is the only moral law.’ That is why he regards all efforts at ‘suppressing vice as intrinsically criminal’. Here, an **anarch** smashes through the anarchist system. By comparison, individualist anarchists like Most, who rejoices whenever a ruler is blown up, are mindless firecrackers.” Pgs. 330-331

Anarch vs monarch vs Nietzsche’s ‘superman’

(Max Stirner; anarch vs anarchist; monarchy; Nietzsche; superman; power; Only One)

“To draw an important demarcation, we had envisaged a comparison between the Only One and the Superman. It would make little difference whether, as Mackay assumes, Nietzsche, Old Gunpowderhead, was acquainted with Stirner's work – ideas float in the air. Originality lies in rendering them – in the strength of the tackling and shaping.

First of all: The Superman recognizes the world as the will to power. ‘There is nothing else.’ Even art is a will to power. The Superman joins in the rivalries of the world while the Only One is content to watch the spectacle. He does not strive for power; he dashes neither after nor ahead of it, because he possesses it and enjoys it in his self-awareness. This recalls Far Eastern empires of images.

Naturally, because of external circumstances, power can fall into the hands of the Only One as well as the **anarch**. But power is burdensome for the Only One. Periander, tyrant of Corinth, ‘inherited it like a disease’ from his father. Incidentally, it strikes me that certain features of Periander and also Tiberius, especially in their good

times, are to be found in our Condor, though in the effete and ahistorical framework of Eumeswil. I have already said that the **anarch** and the monarch have a polar resemblance; basically, each contains both.” Pg. 334

The anarch's life as a game of chess

(life as game; human equality; social role)

“When describing my free evening at the Casbah, I neglected to mention the chess game. The board is near the wine and the fruit; it must not be touched.

The game has only an opponent, but not an enemy. It is played as an agon between equals. Hence it is created no less for the **anarch** than for kings – the bold attack, the cunning snare laid for the player, arouses Olympic contentment in him. He can, as I do here in the Casbah, play against himself.

The match goes on throughout a service period. To save moves, I first build up one of the opening gambits that have stood the test since Philidor. Then the game begins. It is limited to one move per day; the interval is enough to make me forget the motives that spurred me the previous day. The man who plays against himself must not look over his shoulder.

The pleasure is archaic; I move the pawns and noble pieces, the agile bishop, the cunning knight, the powerful rook, the king, the queen. The Casbah is hushed; destiny is concentrated. I achieve a state in which the figures are no longer important, but meaningful. They become autonomous; the simple soldier turns into the commander; the marshal's staff he was carrying in his kit bag becomes visible.

Whether ivory or wood, day or marble, the material is concentrated. It reduces itself to its final denominator, no matter if the stakes are hazelnuts, kingdoms, or ‘merely honor’. Ultimately, we always play a game of life and death.” Pgs. 363-364