



In the cult man speaks and acts, but also God. This can only happen when divine and human action assumes form, when it becomes visible, audible, tactile. And this is possible only by means of a *tertium quid* which is of this world, but sanctified and removed from this world. We name this *tertium quid*: symbol. Not in the attenuated, modern sense of the word, but in the genuine, ancient sense: two realities coincide in the symbol, God and Man encounter each other.⁸

In a sense signification is to perception what the symbol is to the object symbolized. The symbol marks the inadequateness of what is given in consciousness with regard to the being it symbolizes.

. . . On the whole I have, thank God, no complaints, except for that business, that dreary business! Its cares weigh me down and devour the energies of my best years. With this heavy burden on my back, I am dragging myself through life like a pack ass. And to make matters still worse, my vanity often whispers into my ear that nature probably intended me to be a show horse. What can we do, my dear friend? Nothing but assure each other of our sympathy and let it go at that. There is, however, still hope for us, if only we do not let our love for the arts and sciences grow cold. But do hurry into my arms soon, my friend. Your company alone can restore to me the fire I lost, and elevate me to a plane of thinking that is worthy of my destination. You can't imagine how stale all social contact has become for me ever since I have had to miss your companionship. . . .



. . . Actually, the minor storm caused by my poor book ¹ does not disturb me in the least. No zealot will succeed that easily in making my cold blood boil. I look upon the play of human passions as a neutral phenomenon worth observing. But if every electric spark makes one flinch and tremble, one is ill suited to be an observer.

I am, all in all, not overly sensitive—neither easily angered and upset nor moved to regret and similar disagreeable emotions. By now I am moved only by love and friendship. Yet I react even to these with such moderation that my friends frequently accuse me of being lukewarm. Still, I cannot bring myself to feel emotions I simply do not have; nor can I pretend to have them, though this seems to be required by the affectations currently in vogue. . . .

Under no circumstances shall I permit myself to react to [my attackers'] zealotry in any unseemly manner. I lost early in life, and hardly to my dismay, that youthful fire which frequently makes us overshoot our goal (with the best intentions in the world but without any sense of moderation). And now, when I am so close to the other shore, it would be folly to expose my sails to every gust of wind. . . .

It has become almost impossible for me to let a post day go by without writing to you, or to be in good spirits on such a day if it does not bring me any letters from you. And what is a man without his good spirits?

As long as we have to live apart, we must really seize every opportunity to think of and write to each other. It is no small pleasure for me to be able to imagine at any given moment that Fromet just now might be reading my letters, or writing to me; or that she is vexed because she was interrupted, or else glad because she hit upon some particularly well-turned phrase. Are you laughing, dear doctor? Or do you perhaps once again accuse me of being in love? Well then, I herewith confess my guilt. Have I not always tried to emulate you? . . .

With my fervent love,