You guess correctly: I saw your son two days before his death. When I returned from the short trip I'd had to take because of my nervous state after my sister's suicide, I found this note from him: "Do not expect me to look you up. I am doing fine. I am working. I do not need people. It was nice of you to let me know of your arrival. You are good, as always: it seems that in your eyes I am still human. But you are wrong there." — I was upset and went to see him that same day.

I found him in his study, sitting at the desk. He didn't look bad: the carelessness in his bearing and in his speech, which had alarmed me so much in the first few days after the catastrophe, had almost disappeared. He spoke clearly, quietly, and simply, and appeared to be completely composed. I was with him for quite a while, and I'll try to give you all of the important details of our conversation; I think it will bring you closer to many things. For me there is in my memory an almost eerie clarity about his deed, and today it is puzzling to me that I did not anticipate it, did not fear it, that conversely I went away from him almost completely quieted and in a good mood.

He greeted me very warmly and talked a lot about my trip, about Pisa, about Campo Santo, and about the composition of the Last Judgment, with
the same absolute eagerness and forcefulness with which he always spoke of such things. Many times, I had the feeling that now seems very clear to me: he didn’t want to talk about himself; he knew: with me he would have to be frank—he couldn’t help it—and for that reason, he didn’t want to speak. But perhaps this is merely a later suspicion—the attempt to explain everything with reference to the central fact, the understanding of which is most important to us. I still recall quite clearly, however, that it was just as he was talking about the possibility of an allegorical painting, that I interrupted him with the question, how well had he gotten over the recent events? He answered: Very well, thank you.

—I said nothing, and looked at him quietly and questioningly. He repeated: Very well, thank you. And after a short pause: Clarity has come to me.

—Clarity?

He looked at me sharply and said, quite calmly and simply: Yes, clarity. I know that was the cause of her death.

I jumped up: You? You know, of course, that—

—Let’s leave that part alone, Martha. Of course I know it. I know it now, after everything has happened, and after we have learned everything there is to know. That I didn’t know it then, however . . .

—You couldn’t have known it.

—No. That’s just it; I couldn’t have.

I looked at him questioningly. He answered quietly: Be a bit patient, Martha, and don’t conclude that I’ve gone crazy. I’ll try to explain everything to you. —But please sit down. —You have a rough idea of how things were between her and me . . .

—I know. You were her best friend. Perhaps the only one she had. She often talked about it. It has sometimes seemed remarkable to me that this relationship was possible. You must have suffered greatly.

He laughed softly, and somewhat scornfully: You overrate me, as usual; and what if I didn’t? It would certainly have been unproductive, blind, and pointless.

I was somewhat bewildered: Now . . . pointless. Who could have helped? Who could have known anything? . . . And because you didn’t suspect something that no one could have known, you accuse yourself of—no. I don’t want to repeat this nonsense any more.

I wanted to go on speaking, but his quiet, simple gaze fell on me; I couldn’t stand it, and had to stop talking and look down to the ground.

—Why do you have such a great fear of words, Martha? Yes! I bear the guilt for her death; in the eyes of God, it is obvious. According to all precepts of human morality, I am guilty of nothing—I have, on the contrary, sincerely fulfilled all of my duties (he uttered the word with great contempt). I did everything that I could. We spoke with her once about being able to help and wanting to help, and she knew: there was no request that she could make of me that would have been in vain. She requested nothing, however, and I saw and heard nothing. To the loud, crying-for-help voice of her silence I turned a deaf ear. I clung to the joy-of-life tone of her letters. Please do not say: I could not have known it. Perhaps it is true. But I should have had to know it. Her silence would have resounded far across the lands which lay between us, if I had been graced with Goodness . . . And if I had been here? Do you believe in psychological perceptiveness, Martha? Perhaps I would have seen pain in her face, and heard a new trembling in her voice . . . What would I have known thereby? Human knowledge is an interpretation of statements and signs, and who knows whether they are true or deceitful? And it is certain: we interpret, according to our own laws, those things which occur in the eternally unknown of the other. Goodness, however, is grace. Do you remember how the private thoughts of others became manifest to Francis of Assisi? He never figures them out. No. They become manifest to him. His knowledge lies beyond signs and interpretation. He is good. In such moments, he is the other. But surely you, too, still share our old conviction: what has once been reality becomes possible forevermore; whatever has been accomplished by any man, I must demand it of myself—eternally—as a practicable duty, as long as I don’t want to cut myself off from other men.

—but you say yourself: Goodness is grace. How can one demand grace? Isn’t it presumptuous of you to reproach yourself because God performed no miracles in you?

—You misunderstand me, Martha. The miracle has happened, and I have no right to demand another or to complain about this one. And I’m doing neither. What I have said about myself is a judgment, not a complaint. I say only: this is the existence with which I am provided, and I don’t add what I could add: but I refuse it. We are talking here about life: one can live without life; if one must live this way frequently, however, then it must occur consciously and with clarity. To be sure, most people live without life, but don’t notice the difference. Their lives are merely social, merely interpersonal; you see: they could be satisfied with duties and their fulfillment. As a matter of fact, the fulfillment of duties is, for them, the only possible
exaltation of their lives. Since every ethic is formal, duty is a postulate, a form, and to whatever extent a form is filled out, to that extent it has its own life—to that extent it exists farther apart from any direct relationship. It is a bridge that separates; a bridge upon which we go back and forth, always coming upon ourselves, but never meeting anyone else. Such people, moreover, can't step out of themselves, because their contact with one another is, at best, a psychological matter of sign-interpretation, and the strictness of the duty gives to their lives, if not a deep inner form, then at least a safe and firm one. The living life lies beyond the forms, whereas the everyday life lies on this side of them, and Goodness amounts to being given the grace to break through the forms.

—But isn't your Goodness, I asked him with some alarm, since I feared the consequences that he would draw from this theory, but isn't your Goodness nothing more than a postulate? Does such a Goodness really exist? I don't believe it, I added, after a short pause.

—You don't believe it, Martha, he answered with a soft smile, and you see: you have just now broken through the forms. You have pretty well seen through my baseness. You saw: I want to be convinced by another—by you—of the untenability of what I know, although I am trying, by my own decision, not to give it up.

—but that were true . . . I swear to you that only your nervousness and hypochondria could lead you to think such a thing! But even if it were true, this truth would be the strongest argument against your claim. If I wanted to bring you comfort—haven't I merely strengthened your mistrust, instead, and made your self-accusations more severe?

—Why should Goodness concern itself with consequences? "Our duty is to do the Work, not to try to win its fruits," say the Indians. Goodness is useless, just as it has no foundation. Because consequences lie in the outer world of mechanistic forces—forces that are unconcerned with us—and the motives of our acts come from the bare sign-world of the psyche, from the periphery of the soul. Goodness, however, is divine; it is metapsychological. When Goodness appears in us, Paradise becomes a reality, and divinity is awakened in us. Do you believe, then, that if Goodness could still work we would still be human? That this world of the impure, unliving life could still persist? Here, indeed, is our boundary, the principle of our humanity. You remember that I always said: we are mere humans, because we can build spiritual islands in the middle of unspiritual chaos, in the grubby flux of life. If we could create life artificially, were we to realize Goodness in fact, we would be gods. "Why do you call me good? No one is good except the one God," said Christ. Do you remember Sonya, Prince Myshkin, Alexei Karamazov in Dostoevsky? You have asked me whether there are any good humans: here they are. And you see, even their Goodness is fruitless, confusing, and without result. It juts out of life—like a gigantic work of art—incapable and misunderstood. Whom did Prince Myshkin help? Didn't he actually bring tragedy wherever he went? And that was surely not his intention? The sphere in which he lived lay, indeed, beyond the tragic; it was the sphere of the purely ethical or, if you like, of the purely cosmic. Prince Myshkin, however, came out of that sphere; just as Kierkegaard's Abraham, with his sacrifice, left the world of tragic conflicts and heroes—the world of Agamemnon and his sacrifice. Prince Myshkin and Alyosha are good; what does that mean? I can't say it in any other way: their knowledge became realized in deed, their thinking left the purely conceptual realm of knowledge, their view of mankind became an intellectual intuition: they are Gnostics of deed. I don't know how I can make it comprehensible to you in any other way without characterizing everything that is theoretically impossible as having been actually realized in their deeds; it is a knowledge of men that illuminates everything, a knowledge wherein subject and object collapse into one another: the good man no longer interprets the soul of the other, he reads it just as he reads his own; he has become the other. It is for that reason that Goodness is the miracle, the grace, and the salvation. The descent of the heavenly realm to the earth. If you like: the true life, the living life (no matter whether it is an ascent from below or a descent from above). It is an abandonment of ethic: Goodness is not an ethical category; you'll find it in no consistent ethical system. And with good reason. Ethics is general, binding, and far removed from men; it is the first—the most primitive—exaltation of mankind out of the chaos of everyday life; it is man's moving away from himself, and from his empirical condition. Goodness, however, is the return to real life, man's true discovery of his home. What do I care which life you call life? The important thing is rigorously to distinguish the two lives from one another.

—I think I understand you—perhaps better than you understand yourself. You have let your sophistry loose so as to be able to take everything you lack and create from it something positive: a miracle. You admit it yourself: even your Goodness would have been of no help here . . .

He interrupted me forcibly: No! I didn't say that; I said merely: Goodness is no guarantee of being able to help; it is, however, the safeguard of the
absolute and perceptive desire to help, in contrast to the dutiful offering of a help that is never realized. There is no guarantee! But it is clear to me: if I had Goodness, if I were human, I would have been able to save her. You know, of course, how many times everything depended on a single word.

—We know that now.

—But a human being would have known it even then!

I pushed my protestations no further, since I saw how each contradiction provoked him. We remained silent for a short while, then I began again to speak: Let’s forget about the concrete. The general question is more important to me just now anyway, and its freedom from contradiction might be a vital matter to you.

—You are right, Martha; but where is the contradiction?

—I’m somewhat apprehensive about bluntly pointing it out; you are upset—

—No! Just speak out!

—It might be difficult to characterize it with complete clarity. Actually, I have more of a moral aversion to your notions. I know, however—you always say it’s womanly of me—that my feelings never make this distinction, my moral sense is aroused even against errors of reason. My feelings tell me, however: your Goodness is nothing more than a very elegant and refined frivolity, a gift of ecstasy, obtained without a struggle or—for you!—a cheap renunciation of life. You are familiar with my aversion to mysticism as a lifestyle—but Eckhart had it too. Surely you know he reinterpreted the case of “Martha and Maria” as practical-ethical and worldly-active. I detect a unity of two things in your Goodness, something that “has its place above the world, yet under God, in the region, first and foremost, of the eternal.” It might be a grace, this Goodness of yours; but one must, then, want duty, and one must receive Goodness as a gift of God; one must love, with humble submission, everything that appears to you now to be so contemptible; because only then can one truly come out of that realm. It appears to me that you want to leap over the most important stages, to reach the goal (if there is a goal and if it is a reachable one) without the path. The expectation of grace is an absolution for everything; it is the embodiment of frivolity. Your frivolity, however, is still more elegant, more self-tormenting; you are an ascetic of frivolity. You give to others the delights that you can give them, you invent a race of men to which they belong; you are unhappy, however, shut out of life, inferior. You suffer eternal temptation in order that they may partake of eternal sunlight. Whatever the closing words of that book might be; whether they are a glorification or a judgment of damnation: to skip over the pages so as to reach the end more quickly will always remain a frivolity.

—You really are womanly and headstrong today; you want to save me partout, but you completely fail to ask yourself if I’m really in a situation from which you have to save me. And your accusation of frivolity is distorted and unjust. You cling to the way I express myself, as if you didn’t know that one has to abstract everything in an explanation—one has, therefore, to make everything conscious—and that I always do this in a way that is, perhaps, unnecessarily exaggerated. Yes, Goodness is a grace, a miracle, not because we wait for it in a lazy, self-satisfied, and frivolous manner but rather because it is a wondrous, unexpected, and unpredictable—and, nevertheless, a necessary—resolution of a maximally intense paradox. God’s claim on us is absolute and unsatisfiable: we are to leap the bounds of interpersonal forms of understanding. Our knowledge of this impossibility is just as absolute and unshakable; but he to whom the grace of Goodness has been granted, and who is in Goodness—his faith in the “Nevertheless” is just as absolute and unshakable. Goodness is madness, it is not mild, not refined, and not quietistic; it is wild, terrible, blind, and adventurous. The soul of the good man has become empty of all psychological content, of grounds and consequences; it has become a pure white slate upon which fate writes its absurd command, and this command will be followed blindly, rashly, and fiercely to the end. That this impossibility becomes fact, this blindness becomes clear-sightedness, this fierceness becomes Goodness—that is the miracle, the grace.

—And you? And your—sin?

—You see, Martha, if you want to talk about frivolity (and your intuition was really very accurate in this respect), you will have to accuse me of frivolity in the way I was before, when she was still alive. You see: it was then that I leaped over stages and mingled categories. I wanted to be good to her. But one is not permitted (you are right here) to want to be good—and, above all, one is never permitted to want to be good in relation to someone else. One must want to save someone; then one is good. One wants to save another and behaves badly, fiercely, tyrannically, and every act might be a sin. But in such a case even sin itself is no antithesis to Goodness; it is neither more nor less than a necessary dissonance in the harmony. The consideration, the thinking about oneself and about the other, the foregrounds, the subtext, the caution, the deliberation—here you have me and here you have everything
now we’re speaking about Goodness; we could just as well have continued our discussion of allegory. You are surely alive—you must know: isn’t it extraordinary, brutally, this conversation of ours? You’ll deny it, because you are good... it is, after all, only my conversation: you’re being gracious and humoring me.

—You have cried a great deal, and you are still crying. This is your crying.

—You know yourself that you and I are saying the same thing: this is my crying. I’ve confused the forms and gotten them all tangled up in one another: my “life-forms” are not forms of life—that has only now become evident to me. For that reason her death is, for me, a divine judgment. She had to die so that my work could be completed—so that nothing remains in the world for me except my work.

—No! No!

—Once again you want to make this business all too simple. Think about the three causalties that I mentioned earlier: everything has its causes and motives, but it also has a meaning, and divine judgment can only reside in the meaning. Let’s just forget about the external causes and the psychological motives; my question has nothing to do with these things. You are familiar with the ancient legend about the building of the temple, where, every night, the devil destroyed what had been built during the day, until it was finally decided that one of the men working on the temple would have to sacrifice his wife: it would be the first one among the wives to come to them on a certain day. It turned out to be the wife of the foreman. Who could trace all the causes that brought this woman to them first? There is an uncountable number of external causes and psychological motives and, as long as one views the matter from a point of view in the physical or psychic world, it is surely a brutal, senseless coincidence that it has to be just her. Think also of the daughter of Jephthah! Both of these examples share a single significance, although not for the foreman and not for Jephthah: for their Work. Work grows out of life, but it outgrows life; it has its origin among things human, but is itself nonhuman—indeed, it is counterhuman. The cement that binds the Work to the life that brings it forth, separates the two, at the same time, for all eternity: it is fashioned out of human blood. Christ said: “He who comes to me and hates not his father, mother, wife, child, brother, sister, and not even his own life, he cannot be my disciple.” I am not thinking at all, now, of the psychological side of the dramatic tragedies; for me, this situation is merely a fact: an inhuman fact, if you like, but we are not talking
about humanity anymore. I can no longer bear the unclarity and dishonesty of the everyday life, the life that wants everything all at once and can get it all at once because it doesn’t desire anything real and doesn’t really desire anything. All that is clear is nonhuman, because so-called humanity consists of a constant mixing and confusing of borders and regions. The living life is formless, because it lies beyond the forms; this is so because in the living life no form can become clear and pure. As a matter of fact, that which is clear can arise only insofar as it is wrenched forcibly out of this chaos and insofar as everything that had tied it to the earth is cut away. Even genuine ethics (think only of Kant!) is counterhuman: it hopes to realize the ethical Work in men . . . Because she was, for me, everything that life could ever be—for that reason, her death—and my inability to help, which caused her death—was the judgment of God. Don’t believe for a second that I have contempt for life. The living life is also a Work, however, and I have another one to devote my attention to.

—That’s another evasion—an oversimplification! You want to become a monk, but the Reformation can no longer be undone. Isn’t it contrary to your ideal of purity to allow yourself to speak in this way? You wanted to take your nervous hyperemia against all gruesomeness, unclarity, and filth, and unite it with a life among men, but because you now feel that this attempt was a failure, you want to throw life away altogether. But is that not an all too comfortable solution? Doesn’t your asceticism just make things easier for you? Won’t your Work, which you want to save, in that you give it human blood as its foundation, become truly bloodless and unprincipled?

—You are lucky, Martha, that you are ungraced. If you had grace, I would constantly have to worry about you. Never will a woman understand with all her senses that life is only a word and that only through the vagueness of thought does it contain a unified reality; that there are so many lives, so many a priori determined possibilities of our activity. For you life is just life as such, and (pardon me!) you cannot believe that something really great—perhaps not until the end, perhaps only after great suffering—is not, indeed, a crowning point of life, nor is it idle pleasure and ecstasy. No woman has ever entered the world beyond pleasure and pain unless she was deformed or unless she was stopped at the door of life before entering. It is wonderful and strong and beautiful, the embodied unity of life, sense, and goals. But only as long as life itself is the goal and the sense of life. Where do you find a place here for the Work, however? Isn’t it remarkable that all women blessed with grace must find their end in tragedy or in foolishness? They can’t unite work and life and must therefore allow the one to sink into foolishness or else let their lives go to ruin. Serious women, who—excluding everything else—are not women, are doomed to death. Even Catherine of Siena was no clear and conscious ascetic, but rather the betrothed of Christ. It is not so obviously senseless that in the Orient women are banned from heaven; it is unjust, and even completely false, but this is true indeed: they will never achieve poverty of spirit.

—Poverty of spirit?

—Don’t be prejudiced against words; I’m talking about something very simple, and that’s the simplest expression for it. A normal and unclear person is never poor in spirit: his life always has countless possibilities ahead of it and in it; if one category has broken down, or if he breaks down in it, then he happily and comfortably moves over to another one. Poverty of spirit is nothing more than a prerequisite, just a beginning stage in the proper way of living; the Sermon on the Mount promises bliss, but for Fichte life itself meant blissful life. Poverty of spirit is liberating myself from my psychological limitations in order to deliver myself up to my own deeper metaphysical and metaphysical necessity; delivering myself up in order, thereby, to realize the Work, which from my point of view belongs to me only accidentally, but through which I become necessary to myself. We are only a vague bundle of wish and fear, of desire and suffering; something that at every moment perishes in its own unreality. What if we wanted this destruction? Couldn’t we then finally raise up our unreality and never again allow it to be dissociated from a significance that is just as much condemned to decay? The meaning of our life is always camouflaged by its motives, its teleology by its causality, our fate by our separate fates. We are searching for the meaning—the redemption . . . “The good man wants decision, nothing more,” said Lao-Tse. The everyday empirical life can’t even bring us a real temptation, however. We are being overrated when we are spoken about in terms of dissonances. Dissonance is possible only in a system of tones—in an already unified world, therefore; disorder and suppression and chaos are not at all dissonant. Dissonance is clear and unambiguous: it is the antithesis and the complement of reality: it is temptation. And we are all looking for this, our genuine temptation; one that convulses our true reality, however—not one that merely stirs up a little disorder on the periphery. The solution (I could also call it the “process of becoming a form”) is the great paradox: the unification of temptation with tempted, fate with soul, the devil with the
divine part of man. From the philosophy of art you know that every form arises when the fertile, life-awakening paradox of its possibilities is discovered, when the terrible boundary bears fruit and the very separation becomes a treasure. Poverty of spirit makes the soul homogeneous: anything that is unable to become its destiny will never even happen, as far as it is concerned, and only the wildest temptation will be appealing.

—And the Work? Your Work? I am apprehensive: do you want to talk about Goodness again and spend more time praising such remote perfections?

—No, I was speaking purely formally—and only about the prerequisites of moral conduct; I was thus talking about Goodness as well, but not only about Goodness. I have been talking about an utterly general ethic, an ethic that encompasses everything and does not limit itself to everyday interpersonal conduct. Because insofar as every one of our activities is an act, every one has the same purely formal prerequisites, the same ethic. This ethic is thus always negative, prohibitive, and devoid of content, however; if there is a very clearly expressible command in it, it must be: allow what you must not do. It is negative and is, therefore, always a preparation, an intermediate stage; it is a prerequisite and a path to Work, to virtue, to the positive. Furthermore: virtue is madness. We do not have virtue and we are not virtue—virtue has us, and to be poor in spirit means to keep ourselves ready for our virtue. We must live in this way: our life is worthless, without significance, and we would be ready at any moment to hand it over to death; indeed, at every moment we await only the permission to throw it away. But, to be sure, we must live intensely; we must live with all our powers and senses. We are no more than a vessel, but we are the only vessel that contains the appearance of spirit. Only in us can the wine of its manifestation be poured out; only in us—through us—can the process of its becoming manifest, of its transubstantiation, come to pass. Thus we have no right to remove ourselves. Also the vessel must be pure; this purity, however, is not the purity about which I spoke earlier: it is the unification—the homogeneity—of the soul. During the period when Edmond de Goncourt was gradually going blind he wrote: Il me serait peut-être donné de composer un volume, ou plutôt une série de notes, toutes spiritualistes, toutes philosophiques, et écrites dans l'ombre de la pensée.¹ He was poor in spirit as he thought these thoughts, and his aesthetic nature had, here, the virtue of madness. We must become a priori; all our powers of apperception and our capacities to react must faithfully and automatically focus themselves upon the categories in which the Work lies. Only then will the privation of the soul through poverty of activity become the profitable—but frightening—raving madness of the Work that hungers for realization. Poverty of spirit was the prerequisite—the negative principle—the way out of the terrible never-endingness of life, out of the unreal world of the many. Here a new treasure blossoms forth: a treasure of unity. "Each and every part comes out of the whole," said Plotinus, "and yet part and whole always collapse into one another. There is neither variety nor dissimilarity; everything is indefatigable and inexhaustible. Seeing enlarges itself in perceiving." So long as we are stuck in the everyday life we are no more than idle caricatures of God: we repeat, in a badly fragmented fashion, the magnificent fragmentary Work of His universal creation. In a Work that has its source in poverty and madness the fragmentary is rounded to a circle, the manifold is refined to a tone in the scale, and from the jumbled movement of atoms arise the planets and their orbital paths. What is common to all this is the path to the Work, the ethic of virtue; every Work, however, is sharply distinguished from all others. I don't know whether this path is, in its essence, one that is good in the eyes of God or whether it leads to God; I only know that it is our only path and without it we lose ourselves in the mire. Goodness is only one path among many, but it is certain to lead to God. Because everything, for it, is part of the path—in it our entire life loses everything that was merely lively; in it the counterhumanity of the Work becomes the highest level of humanity and the disdain of the Work for immediacy becomes true contact with reality.

—if I understand you correctly, you want to establish new foundations for the castes. In your eyes there is only one sin: the mixing of castes.

—You have understood me marvelously well. I wasn’t sure whether or not I had expressed myself clearly enough and I feared that you would confuse what I said with a stupid modern individualism of duties in conflict with themselves. I am not qualified to determine the number of castes, their various kinds, and the duties of each one: I see, however, that you know and believe, just as much as I do, that there are only a specific number of these castes. Do you understand, now, the significance that personal duty has for virtue? Through virtue the false wealth and the fictitious substance of this life are overcome, and they are redeemed, in us, in form. The hunger for substance of the spirit compels it to sort people into castes in order to take this confusingly unified world and create from it the many clear worlds of the forms. The forms arise from a craving for substance, and it seems as if substance would raise itself up by means of this, its only possible realization. Actually, only the path by which forms come to be, the laws of the forms,
and the duties of those who do the forming are different: an example of any of them is merely a comparison, a mirror image of the activity of the spirit. Just as their formal prerequisites were the same, the facts of their existence have the same meaning: the release of substance from falsehood to truth—and this release can have no plural. The forms are not similar to one another, and their very essence is the strictest separation from one another. But they are the same, their existence is unity—it is the unity. Those who are virtuous—who have fulfilled their duties (and you know: there are only personal duties; it is according to these that we humans are sorted into the several castes)—they go to meet God; for these people the particularization is over. All doubt must grow silent here: there can be only one redemption.

We remained silent for a while. Then I asked him, very quietly, only in order to allow the conversation to die out: And your duty?

—You know what it is: if I wanted to live, it would be overstepping the bounds of my caste. That I loved her and wanted to help her was already a violation of those bounds. Goodness is the duty and virtue of a caste higher than mine.

Not long after we took leave of one another and he promised he would visit me in a few days. Two days later he had shot himself. As you know, he left everything he owned to my sister’s child. The Bible lay open on his desk, and in the Apocalypse he had marked the words “I know your Works, that you are neither cold nor warm; oh, if only you were cold or warm. Because you are lukewarm, however, and are neither cold nor warm, I will spit you out of my mouth.”

Translated by John T. Sanders