The Smith of the Gods

5 - «The correspondences of the world, which are the correspondences of forms, are also those of the Soul, which lead to contemplation.»

50- Emanuel Swedenborg's “treatise on representations and correspondences” first reveals to us that the light of the physical sun possesses a correspondence with the heaven of the spiritual spirit. Some men are capable of recognising neither the light of the sun nor the light of heaven. Others see only the light of the sun, and others are dazzled by the light of the spiritual heaven; but there exist those who understand the correspondence between sun and heaven. Thus are founded the principles of theosophy, upon the spiritual bases of Swedenborg's illuminism. He also reveals to us that from the Divine proceed the celestials, which belong to the good; from the celestials proceed the spirituals, which belong to the true; and from the celestials and the spirituals proceed the naturals; thus by this one can see how coarse, how earthly even, and also how overturned, is the human intelligence which attributes all things to Nature considered as separated from, or deprived of, an influx prior to itself, or of an efficient cause.

From this is born the idea of modern Theosophy, popularised by the polygraph philologist Rudolf Steiner (polygraphs are often polymaths, a good example being Goethe). We find the origin of the term among the philosophers of Alexandria, the philalethes, that is to say “Those who love truth”; and this truth, which for them is a truth of the Soul, is also a truth of Form (the poet Ovid saw in the landscape a face, and in a face the landscape).

51- Swedenborg, in 1744, was unknowingly relating only principles of formal logic, illustrating, in a logical order, what the physicist David Bohm develops through his generative order of the world, which can be understood by an analogy with spoken language and which would extend “from trivial language to prose”; this would correspond, for Swedenborg, to the natural earthly heaven with its light of the sun. An implicit order to the generative order, going from “structured language such as a logos can be (logos equals reason, logical coherence) or as a Nietzschean aphorism, up to poetry”, corresponding to the inner spiritual heaven and to the language used by the angels, representing the domain of the true. A super-implicit order included in the implicit order, going “from poetry to the language of the birds” (the “language of the birds” is an expression for speaking of a language of a tacit nature, implicitly coded and understood without the pre-established agreement of the recipient), corresponding to the celestial heaven inhabited by the celestials who, in the depths of our souls, act for the domain of the Good; and finally the super-implicit order of the second level, which is the domain of the Divines (a divine spirit being the equivalent of the concept of the Great Chreode in biology and anthropology, or an archangel for a mystic, that is to say a super-archetype), a domain of language which is, for every natural, spiritual or celestial spirit, difficult of access because of its greater “logical depth” (logical depth equals the value of a new, strongly consistent piece of information, of a “rheme”, amounting to a revelation), and beyond, the first cause. It is the axiom which links! A meta-language

representing the language of all languages. Thus it is said: “Logic is God and God is logic”, but above all do not forget that we are only discovering what logic means, and we have no idea what God means.

52- Charles Fourier is far from contenting himself with this single key of understanding. Besides his exceptional qualities as a spitter of literary daubs upon all the petty belittlements and failings of civilisation, doing the work of an anthropologist, he traces the advantages and disadvantages of the various civilisations through the ages, placing his own era at the summit of the sophistication of hypocrisy in the face of the reality of each person's lot. He thought he would need another key! He found it in the principle of proportions linked to analogies, partly in Aristotle's theory of the spheres and partly in the principles of ancient theosophy.

For Mr Fourier had a particularly subtle and sophisticated mind, unable to bear crude expression. He demanded of his peers an aesthetics of language and a certain rigour regarding facts, which are the pledge of a quality social relation. From his prolific work, still not entirely unearthed, we shall yet draw a broad discourse emerging from the astonishing intuitions of a social psychology widely tested and justified by the trial of time. A social psychology built upon the foundations of the nature of a man in quest of truth, disconnected from his Grace, but on the way to resurrection. From reading Swedenborg's mystical writings, did Charles Fourier retain any faith? I suppose not. The Gods envy us; we are the spoilt children of the gods, we the Naturals. They envy us the beauty and the strength of the tragic character of our mortal condition, the relevance of the actual fact in the instant and in the spontaneous, and finally they envy our way of assuming our responsibilities as humans on this earth. The spirits and the angels preceded us, if one follows the reading of the “Akashic Records”. They have all tasted the natural state, and that state has been lacking to them ever since, like a golden age. Spirituality has meaning only during our lifetime, independently of the meaning one might give it; what follows risks being nothing but regrets for an immortal soul. Charles Fourier had understood this, and considered that the kingdom of the gods is here and now, by putting into practice the laws and rules of human sensibility. Such is the meaning of Utopian Socialism.

53- In 1945, André Breton gives us an assessment of our civilisation in the light of Charles Fourier's considerations; he details:

State of the springs of sensuality

1- Touch: a) on the plane of tangible facts, a winter of a harshness hitherto unknown in Europe: destruction of homes, shortage of clothing, calorific lowering due to undernourishment; b) in the domain of ideas, “to explain is to identify”, but to explain = to seek out true reality. Yet, the more closely one hunts down this reality, the more it evades us. The school: “The realist quest for authentic physical nature ends up, in the final account, in an immaterialism.”

2- Sight: a) turned outwards, it is torn from all sides; the concentration camps and the massive bombardments have held it at the extreme limit of the bearable; b) turned inwards, it had just discovered a whole new continent, the exploration of which will continue, great

landmarks having already been taken in psychopathology and in art.

3- Hearing: systematically obstructed by the most shameless and most noxious cackling of all time, “radiophonically”. A poetic note in the very midst of the “post discord” of Mount Everest.

4- Taste: a) tongue and palate, retrogradation of cabalistic gastronomy beyond the childhood of the earth, through the outright withdrawal of all comestibles that were not reserved for livestock. First pang of covetousness at the appearance of the American tin can, which at least preserves the fine appearance of the garden pea; b) in the sense of the discernment of the beautiful... let us move on.

5- Smell: The perfumes of Paris have not been surpassed.

State of the affective springs

6- Friendship: In growing, and almost complete, alienation from itself. One of today's curses: that to the most rarefied refinements, to the broadest initial agreements on which friendship between two beings is founded, there succeeds, at the slightest friction, as if by a reversal of sign, an irrevocable antagonism which leads to the most contradictory movements and, in the cases of the most bitter rancour, goes as far as falsifying the testimony of their lives. An illness to be studied: it affects the collectivity all the more in that it strikes by preference individuals placed in the limelight.

7- Love: I cannot explain what made you conceal here the Great Brilliant and hand us a baroque pearl, but “passionate attraction”, or permanent social revelation, is nonetheless the enthusiastic projection of that brilliant into all the other spheres. Embryonic truth in modern philosophy: “He who loves only humanity does not love; rather does he love, who loves some determinate human being”; it is at the highest point, in the period of elective love for that being, that the floodgates of love for humanity open wide, not of course such as it is, but such as one comes to want actively to make it become. Grant, without further quibble, to the same author that “it is in being oneself in the most decisive way that our purest love for nature takes root”.

8- Ambition: Trifling; the infernal lottery of war has had the derisory effect of filling the adults with the satisfactions that you proposed to grant a three-year-old child: high imp, he would already have at the very least some twenty dignities and decorations, such as: “Graduate of the match group, Bachelor of the shelling group, Neophyte of the mignonette group, etc., etc.”, with the distinctive ornaments of all these functions. Certain pretensions, no less puerile but more disturbing, do not today imply the outward wearing of ribbons.

9- The Family: The current place of culmination of the double-standard system: daddy's boys and lost children. In the wavering eye of the serf, the assurance of the feudal castle. The family is a spring of aside, of trampling, of egoism, of vanity, of division, of hypocrisy and of lying, as sanctioned by the persistent and unequalled scandal of inheritance.

State of the mechanising, “gear-like” passions of society

10- The Cabalist: Has just been subjected en masse to frameworks most contrary to its raison d'être, as ill-adapted as possible to the need for consumption, preparation and production

which can motivate it. The spirit of tomorrow hazards no more than three hairs of a moustache out of the burrow. Meagre firework. High acanthus leaf of the rut.

11- The Composite: Scarcely less restive at recognising itself. Still under the blow of the hardly declinable invitation to think on command, at the very least to move in arbitrary ranks, in the impalpable hollows. Everything to be found again, to be brought back to the network of human solidarity.

12- The Butterfly: Cries of the sphinx Atropos. Works on the assembly line.

54- "O Charles Fourier!
Fourier, what have they done with your "keyboard".
Which answered to everything with a chord
Regulating, along the course of the stars, up to the grand split of the proudest
three-master, since the entrechats of the smallest boat on the sea
You embraced unity, you showed it not as lost but as entirely realisable
And if you named "God" it was to infer that this god went without saying (His body is fire)
But what forever blocks up my socialist thought
Is that you should have felt the need to differ the comma at least in quadruple form.
And to move the treble clef from the second line up to the first in musical notation.
Because it is the whole world that must be not only turned upside down but spurred on every side in its conventions.
That it may all the more handsomely cover up scientific blindness. "No one has ever seen a molecule, nor an atom, nor an atomic bond, and doubtless never will".
Prompt disproof: waddling in comes the rubber molecule
A scientist, though equipped with dark glasses, loses his sight for having attended, several miles away, the first tests of the atomic bomb.
Fourier, I salute you from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado
I see the eagle escaping from your head It holds in its talons the sheep of Panurge
And the wind of memory and of the future
In the feathers of its wings makes pass the faces of my friends
Among whom many who no longer have, or do not yet have, a face
Because there persist, as vainly as can be, in opposing one another the conscious reactionaries and so many apostles of social progress, in fact fiercely immobilist, whom you put into the same bag
I salute you from the Petrified Forest of human culture
Where nothing stands any more But where great swirling lights prowl
Which call for the deliverance of the foliage and of the bird
From your fingers flows the sap of the trees in blossom
Because, possessing the philosopher's stone
You listened only to your first movement, which was to hold it out to men
But between them and you no intercessor
Not a day when, in confidence, you did not wait for him for an hour in the gardens of the Palais-Royal.
Attractions are proportional to destinies
In witness whereof I come today towards you
I salute you from the Nevada of the gold-seekers
From the promised and held land
To the land in the vein of a promise higher than it, which it must still keep

From the bottom of the azurite mine which mirrors the loveliest sky
For ever beyond that bar sign which continues to beat the street of a dead city, Virginia City: "At the Old Bucket of Blood"
Because the sense of festivity is lost more and more
That the most dizzying motorways none the less make us regret your zebra crossing
That Europe, ready to blow to powder, found nothing more expedient than to take defence measures against confetti
And that among the choreographic exercises you suggested multiplying, it would perhaps be time to omit those of the rifle and the censer
I salute you from the moment when the Indian dances have just come to an end In the heart of the storm
And the participants gather in an almond around the braziers, with the gripping smell of pine-nut, against the well-beloved rain
An almond which is an opal Exalting as much as possible its red fires in the night
Because you understood that the composite or supra-worldly state of the soul, which it is no longer a matter of postponing to the other world but of promoting in this one, had to maintain closer relations with the simple infra-worldly state, sleep, than with the composite or worldly state, waking, which is intermediary between them
I salute you from the crossroads, in token of proof and of the trajectory, still in potency, of that arrow preciously gathered at my feet: "There is no separation, no heterogeneity between the supernatural and the natural, the real and the surreal.
No hiatus.
It is a 'continuum', one seems to hear
André Breton It is an ethnographer speaking to us in the name of the Saulteaux Indians.
Because if the rattlesnake was one of your pet hates, at least you never doubted that the passions, not excepting those which morality passes off as the most unworthy aberrations of the mind and the senses, constitute an indivisible cryptogram which man is called upon to decipher
And that, holding it as out of the question that nature and the human soul answer to the same model, post-haste you set out in quest of landmarks in the kitchen garden
I salute you from the bottom of the ladder which plunges in great mystery into the hopi kiva, the underground and sacred chamber of that 22 August 1945 at Mishongovi, at the hour when the snakes of an ultimate knot mark that they are ready to operate their conjunction with the human mouth
From the bottom of the millennial pact which, in anguish, has as its object to maintain the integrity of the word
From the farthest waves of the echo awakened by the foot imperiously striking the ground, to seal the alliance with the powers that make the seed rise
Fourier, cutting through the greyness of today's ideas and aspirations, your light
Filtering the thirst for a better being and keeping it sheltered from all that could render it less pure, even though, and such is the case, I would hold it as proven that the improvement of the human lot operates only very slowly, by fits and starts, at the cost of down-to-earth claims and cold calculations, the true lever nonetheless remains the unreasoning belief in a progression towards an Edenic future; and after all, it too is the only leaven of the generations, your youth
If the series of the cherry-pickers is gathered in large numbers in its great orchard, at a quarter of a league from the phalanstery, it is fitting that, in the session from four to six o'clock in the evening, it see gathering with it and in its neighbourhood:
A cohort of the neighbouring phalanx and of both sexes, come to help the cherry-pickers,

A group of lady flower-growers of the canton, come to cultivate a line of one hundred toises of Mallow and Dahlia, which form a perspective for the neighbouring road, and a squared border for a field of vegetables contiguous to the orchard,
A group of the series of the vegetable-growers, come to cultivate the vegetables of that field,
A group of the series of the thousand flowers, come for the cultivation of a sect altar, placed between the vegetable field and the cherry orchard,
A group of young strawberry-girls, arriving at the end of the session, and coming from cultivating a clearing stocked with strawberry plants in the neighbouring forest.
At a quarter to six, smiths on foot who left the phalanstery bring the afternoon snack for all these groups: it is served in the castle of the cherry-pickers, from a quarter to six to a quarter past six; then the groups disperse, having formed friendly bonds and negotiated industrial or other meetings for the following days.
Pointing at the field of stars, the hand boldly carried towards the hive where the queen Herschel gathers her satellites, known and not yet discovered, in irreducible hatred of frustration of every kind, which reveals, to the shame of the most arrogant societies, the blackened face of a child near a factory oven, and loses itself in the gentleness of the strokes struck by the clock of Pol de Limbourg, your supreme tact in excess.
To the great scandal of some, under the eye of the others scarcely less severe, lifting the weight of its wings, your Liberty."