

# The *Wednesday*

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Weekly Magazine of the Wednesday Group - Oxford



## Editorial

### *Knowledge and Life*

**I**t was Socrates who thought virtue is knowledge and that, if you have such knowledge, nothing can disturb you. You may live in miserable circumstances, yet you can be happy just because you have such knowledge. Literature is a great source of such wisdom and philosophy could benefit from stories, dramas, and mythologies created by literary people. I can think of two examples to substantiate the Socratic view, one from a short story by Chekhov, the second from the life of Proust.

Here is a summary from Wikipedia of the plot of Chekhov's short story *The Bet*:

A banker holds a party. The guests at the party discuss capital punishment; the banker argues that capital punishment is more humane than life imprisonment, while a young lawyer disagrees, insisting that he would choose life in prison rather than death. They agree to a bet of two million roubles that the lawyer cannot spend fifteen years in solitary confinement. The bet was on, and the lawyer casts himself into isolation for fifteen years.

The man spends his time in confinement reading books, writing, playing the piano, studying, and educating himself. At first, the lawyer suffers from severe loneliness and depression. But soon he begins studying vigorously. He starts with languages and other related subjects, then a mix of science, literature, philosophy and other seemingly random subjects. He ends up reading some six hundred volumes in the course of four years. Then he reads the Gospels, followed by theology and the history of religion. In the final two years, the imprisoned lawyer reads widely on chemistry, medicine and philosophy, and sometimes the works of Byron or Shakespeare. In the meantime, the banker's fortune

declines, and he realises that if he loses, paying off the bet will leave him bankrupt.

The day before the fifteen-year period concludes, the banker resolves to kill the lawyer to avoid paying him the money. On his way to do so, the banker finds the lawyer sleeping at a table along with a note he has written. The note declares that during his time in confinement he has learned to despise material goods as fleeting things, and he believes that divine salvation is worth more than money. To this end the lawyer elects to renounce the reward of the bet. The banker is moved and shocked after reading the note, kisses the lawyer on the head and leaves the lodge weeping. The prison warden later reports that the lawyer has left the guest house on the day before the fifteen-year mark, thus losing the bet.

The lesson of this story is that money is no match for knowledge. Not only money but also socialising and having a good time do not get you to the meaning of life. Nietzsche thought that all social life, family, friends and daily commitments are distractions we live by to avoid questions about the meaning of our lives and how to deal with time. Eliot, in *Burnt Norton*, talked about the terror of time and that 'Only through time time is conquered.'

Proust in his novel *In search of lost time* discovers that he has been wasting his time in socialising and that the only way of making sense of his life and giving it a meaning is by writing a novel. This shocking discovery for him comes at the end of his novel, so that the work becomes the very wisdom it wants to impart to the writer himself and to his readers. Proust locked himself into his room for about fourteen years to write his novel. He is dead but he lives on through his novel for eternity.

*The Editor*

# Nietzsche and the Greek Myth of Ariadne

**The name of Ariadne appears in many of Nietzsche's texts. Nietzsche called Wagner's wife, Cosima, his Ariadne. What does he mean by this mythical figure and how is she related to his philosophy? There will be an international conference next year in Portugal entitled *What if truth were a woman? On Nietzsche, women and philosophy*. Below is a discussion of a feminine theme in Nietzsche's thought.**

RAHIM HASSAN

**T**he name Ariadne means: 'most pure'. But some take it to be the Sumerian (Iraqi) name Ar-ri-an-de or 'high fruitful mother of the barley' (Graves: *The Greek Myths*, vol. 1, 90.1). She was the Cretan Moon-goddess (Graves, vol. 1, 27.8) and the Greeks took her to be the goddess of fertility. (Graves, vol. 1, 79.2)

Robert Graves in volume one of his book *The Greek Myths* narrates the story of Ariadne in full. Minos, the ruler of Crete, had ordered the Athenians to send sacrifices to the Cretan Labyrinth to be devoured by the bull-headed monster. The lot falls on Theseus. Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, falls in love with Theseus. Ariadne had a magic ball of threads that allows her to enter and leave the Labyrinth. She lent it to Theseus, and taught him how to enter the Labyrinth, kill the monster, then trace his steps back by rolling the thread into a ball again. He should, in return, take her with him and marry her when he goes back to Athens. He succeeds, and fights a sea-battle in the harbour before escaping. After reaching the island of Naxos, he leaves Ariadne asleep on the shore, and sails away. The god Dionysus comes to her rescue. He marries her and put Thetis's crown on her head, which he later on sets among the stars. She bore him many children (p.98).

### Nietzsche's Ariadne

Nietzsche's Ariadne makes her first appearance at the end of *Between Good and Evil* (Section 295). Much ink has been spent over what exactly is the significance of Ariadne at that place. I list here all Nietzsche's references to Ariadne (All italics below are mine.):

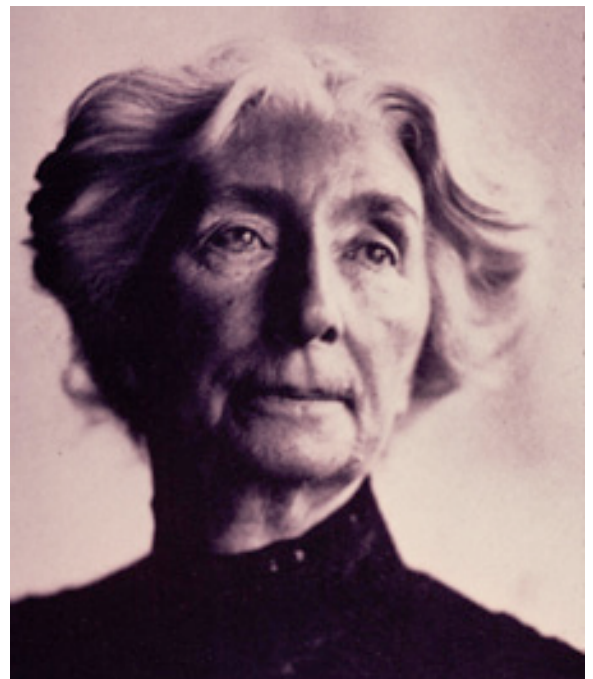
*Beyond Good and Evil*, Section 295: Nietzsche talks about the god Dionysus: 'Thus he once said: "Under certain circumstances *I love what is human*"- and with this *he alluded to Ariadne* who was present -"*man is to my mind an agreeable, courageous, inventive animal that has no equal on earth; it finds its way in any labyrinth*. I am well disposed towards him: I often reflect *how I might yet advance him and make him stronger, more evil, and more profound than he is*." "Stronger, more evil and more profound?" I asked startled. "Yes," he said once more; "stronger, more evil, and more profound; also more beautiful"...'

*Twilight of the Idols: Skirmishes*, 19: His mention of Ariadne comes in the context of analysing the words beautiful and ugly. Nietzsche maintains that these words are man's attempt at positing himself as the measure of perfection. He has 'anthropomorphized' them. But 'Who knows how he might look in the eyes of a higher arbiter of taste? Perhaps audacious? Perhaps amused at himself? Perhaps a little arbitrary?... "*Oh Dionysus, you divinity, why are you tugging at my ears?*" *Ariadne once asked her philosophical paramour during one of these famous dialogues on Naxos. "I find your ears humorous, Ariadne: why aren't they even longer?"*

*Ecco Homo*, III, Z, 8: 'Nothing like this has ever been written, felt, or suffered: thus suffers a god, a Dionysus. The answer to such a dithyramb of solar solitude in the light would be Ariadne - *Who besides me knows what Ariadne is!* -For all such riddles nobody so far had any solution; I doubt that anybody even saw any riddles here.' Nietzsche, then, goes to define the task of Zarathustra and



Nietzsche



Cosima Wagner

himself as a redemption: *'he says Yes to the point of justifying, of redeeming even all of the past.'* He adds that *'And that I created and carry together into One what is fragment and riddle and dreadful accident.'* He ends up with saying: *'Among the conditions for a Dionysian task are, in a decisive way, the hardness of the hammer, the joy even in destroying. The imperative "become hard!" the most fundamental certainty that all creators are hard, is the distinctive mark of a Dionysian nature.'*

*Writings from the Late Notebooks*, 37[4]: 'Morality and Physiology': Nietzsche talks about an imaginary conversation between himself and Ariadne, in which she seems to accuse his way of philosophising as 'Positivism' but he defends himself by accusing her of being 'two thousand years behind in her philosophical training.' Significantly, the conversation takes place in a section dedicated to arguing the merits of the body over consciousness, and the multiplicity of drives over the unitary conception of the self, and the naturalised conception of willing against the rational will. The connection of this with the Ariadne myth is that: *'Along the guiding thread of the body,..., we learn that our life is possible*

*through an interplay of many intelligences that are unequal in value...'*

On a personal level, Nietzsche, in his final letters, identifies himself with Dionysus, Cosima with Ariadne and Wagner with Theseus. Maybe he became Theseus and Wagner Dionysus. (Kaufmann: Nietzsche, P 39). Nietzsche's letter to Cosima on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of January 1889, shortly before his total collapse: *'Ariadne, I love you. Dionysus.'* (Ibid.)

Pierre Klossowski in his book *Nietzsche and the Vicious Circle*, (pp. 238-249) had already suggested that Nietzsche is referring to Cosima as Ariadne in his letter to Burckhardt on January the 4<sup>th</sup> 1889 which was signed as 'Dionysus' states that *'...for I, together with Ariadne, have only to be the golden equilibrium of all things, everywhere we have such beings who are above us...Dionysus'*. Klossowski gives an interesting psychological analysis of why the memory of Cosima appeared at this moment in his life, and the identification of her as Ariadne and himself as Dionysus. He thinks that Nietzsche repressed his feelings before but then something like a counter-Nietzsche appeared, and voiced all

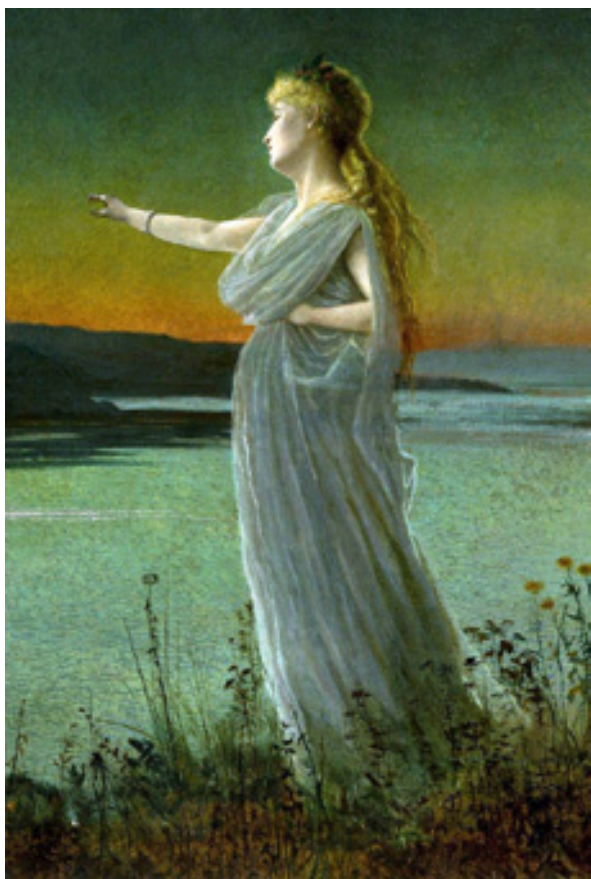


the repressed feelings and memories! This has its own plausibility, but it doesn't throw light on his text. There is a need for a different interpretation.

### Philosophical Interpretation

Kaufmann, in his translation of (BGE, 295) makes the point that 'there is a large literature, much of it inordinately pretentious and silly, about Nietzsche's conception of Ariadne.' That was in the sixties of the last century. We now have even more literature on it, some of which is very interesting and illuminating.

Laurence Lampert in his book *Nietzsche's Task*, (p.242) thinks the return of Dionysus and Ariadne at the end of BGE 'divinizes manliness and womanliness; their marriage composes the sexual difference into a fecund harmony.' He also (p. 276) takes Dionysus avowal of love as referring to humanity as a whole.



Ariadne

According to Adrian Del Caro: 'Nietzschean self-transformation' (in *Nietzsche, Philosophy and the Arts*, ed. By K. Salem et al, P72 and after): Nietzsche identifies Ariadne with the human soul. Del Caro criticises Kerenyi (1945) who accuses Nietzsche of not being successful in his life in realizing the mythology of unity of Dionysus and Ariadne. 'Kerenyi is speaking like a Jungian here, for he attributes to Nietzsche a neglect of the anima principle, the female in the male, which caused the psychological imbalance that ultimately led to Nietzsche's madness'. However, he adds 'if we take Dionysus as the personification of unmitigated, unconditional vital force, as the life principle itself, and wed him to Ariadne, symbol of suffering in and as the human soul, we have the two basic actors that must be present for the Nietzschean drama of life-affirmation,...'

Douglas Burnham in his *Reading Nietzsche: An Analysis of Beyond Good and Evil* (p.221) thinks that 'Ariadne is...a figure of wisdom or truth (recall 'truth is a woman' from the Preface) who is abandoned by the human only to be taken up by the god. The myth thus summarizes Nietzsche's theme of the historical diminishment of the human following the slave revolution in morality – the falling away from the noble and thus from noble ways of knowing - and now the lure of Dionysus to once again make it greater.'

I see Ariadne as the failing human waiting to be rescued. Dionysus is the god who will alter her state and takes her from her low position to that of a goddess. Nietzsche thought highly of the Greek gods because he sees them participating in the human drama and suffering in the same way. In a way, he brought the gods down to earth and promoted the human to a higher status, much like his idea of the Overman. Maybe he envisaged a new humanity where soul and body, humans and gods, are unified. Perhaps he thought of himself as the Dionysian who will see through Nihilism and move Europe with him to a new height. Heidegger said once: only a god could save us. And Nietzsche said before him: two thousand years and no new god. Of course, for Nietzsche, such a god is a higher form of a human being, one that affirms bodily existence and life.

## ‘Murder & Corruption’

By *Dr. Alan Xuereb*

(Dedicated to the slain Maltese journalist *Daphne Caruana Galizia*).



The painting is 20x30 inches acrylic on canvas.



# Raymond Ellison

(18<sup>th</sup> Sept 1946 – 2<sup>nd</sup> December 2019)

The Wednesday group is greatly saddened by the sudden death of our dear member and good friend Ray Ellison. He failed to attend our weekly Wednesday meeting on the 4<sup>th</sup> of December. I went looking for him in Rewley House Library after the meeting, but he wasn't there. Ray always spent his weekdays in Oxford and travelled home to London for his weekends. I phoned his mobile and to my surprise his sister answered the phone from her house in Croydon, London. She said that he felt unwell Sunday night at his home in Croydon. They called an ambulance; the hospital did all that they could, but he sadly died on Monday. It was apparently a heart attack. The funeral will be held in January because of the need of a coroner's inquest.

Ray was a gentle and kind soul. I don't remember him having an argument with anybody, although he had his opinions and principles. He always spoke with a low voice but made himself heard when necessary. He always came to the meeting in the second hour of the debate because he was busy researching in the library of the Continuing Education Department of Oxford University at Rewley House.

Ray studied at Reading University for his BSc in pure maths, applied maths and physics, followed by an MSc in applied maths from Leicester University. He worked in the financial sector. Later in life, Ray joined Ruskin College, Oxford University, and obtained a degree in history. Since then, Ray stayed around Oxford during weekdays. He enlisted himself on several courses at Rewley House, particularly those taught by Dr. Meade McCloughan on the philosophy of Hegel, Marx, Benjamin and others. He also had a special interest in learning



**Raymond Ellison**

Chinese and Japanese and taught English to foreign students of these two nationalities and others. He befriended foreign students, helping them socially and academically, and introduced some of them to the Wednesday group. These included Dr. Mao Naka, the Japanese philosopher who read a paper to the group and Sung Hun Song, the South Korean poet who read his poems in the Wednesday meetings. They will be saddened when they know that they will not see Ray at Rewley House when they come back to Oxford University.

Meade McCloughan said in reply to my e-mail to him with the news of Ray's death:

‘Thank you for letting me know, this is very sad news. Ray would’ve been coming to my class in Oxford tomorrow, where I was looking forward to continuing the discussions we’d been having. Also, the course on the young Hegelians was one I decided to put on as a result of his interest in the subject. We will pay our respects tomorrow evening.’

The group remembers him for bringing copies of paintings he’d found in the papers, which we talked about. He almost always came to the meeting with a box of dates. Ray was a socialist and one comment on hearing the news of his death by a member of the group was:

‘So, no more dates on Wednesday afternoons, and the world just became significantly more right-wing, on aggregate, which makes me wonder whether the substance of history is really just one damn thing after another, and not the development of the Spirit, after all.’

A friend remembered Ray as ‘a quiet and mild character who looked like he might have been a medieval scribe in a previous life – ascetic, learned, eyes shot through close study, but dressed in more modern garb. He might also have been an office clerk from the 1950s, or a character in a Barbara Pym novel, a cleric perhaps. On a first meeting he could blend into the background, yet he was gently demonstrative and modestly passionate.’

Other friends said: ‘I will miss Ray. He seemed to be a lasting presence - it is strange he is gone from us.’

‘I didn’t know him very well, but I will always remember him sitting in the reading room at Rewley House, surrounded by books and notes. He always gave a friendly smile of recognition.

Clearly an active academic and I hope he found self-completion in the studies he undertook. This sad parting reminds us all that life is short and we should focus on the things that define our existence.’

We will remember him fondly. One member the group summed up our feelings in these words:

‘I considered him to be a thoughtful chap. The world will be a poorer place for his passing.’ All those who knew Ray will agree with this sentiment.

I encouraged Ray to write in *The Wednesday*. Since I founded it, he wrote four articles (issues 2,7,12 and 15. You can read them all on *The Wednesday* website.)

Ray took part in archaeological digs and helped the London Wildlife Trust with local conservation work in the area around New Addington, including being a (very) short term shepherd on Hutchinson’s bank. At one time he also dabbled in astronomy.

Ray took his summer holidays in Eastern Europe, particularly visiting Bratislava, Slovakia, and stayed with friends in Hungary.

He also loved the group’s Christmas dinner and he was looking forward to it this year. He liked the tradition. We feel so sorry that he can’t be with us now.

Ray’s funeral is on 6<sup>th</sup> January 2020 at 12.00 at St Edward’s church New Addington, which is five miles from Croydon.

Rest in Peace Ray.

*Rahim Hassan*

### A Plea for Invention

Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best, is inevitable, as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote his poem for him.

**Matthew Arnold, 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time'**

The secondary Imagination I consider as an echo of the primary, co-existing with the conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the kind of its agency, and differing only in degree, and in the mode of its operation.

**Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, Chapter XIII**

Mr Flosky [Coleridge] suddenly stopped: he found himself unintentionally trespassing within the limits of common sense.

**Thomas Love Peacock, *Nightmare Abbey***

## 1

*Ex nihilo* creation: God's great plan!  
Things started to go wrong from chapter one.  
It gave us Genesis, the Fall of Man,  
And endless tales of providence undone.

Always the question where it all began,  
What sent it off-course, slewed the opening run,  
Decreed 'Think not the ways of God to scan!',  
And ruled no upstart wit should jump the gun.

It's why God-bothered critics place a ban  
On myths of mortal genius idly spun  
By poets keen to garner what they can  
Of godlike grandeur from Creation's sun,

As well as why the Faustus lesson ran  
'Let your utmost imaginings yet shun  
The fatal leap that binds you to the clan  
Of souls God-lost but Ah!, Mephisto-won'.



**CHRIS NORRIS**





the Fall of Man

## 2

When Wordsworth says of Goethe that he lacks,  
As poet, that unerring poet-sense  
Of what belongs with what, it's his own tracks  
He's covering lest the pious take offence.

For how else read a poetry that stacks  
The pantheist odds, blends mortal time with tense-  
Less brooding on eternity, and smacks  
Of a creative will to recompense

Our finite lives with sentiments that wax  
Prophetic, dream-projections more immense  
For swerves of sense and logic apt to tax  
The mind in quest of valid inference.

It's poets, gods, and egomaniacs,  
Crazed logothetes, mad masters of suspense,  
Who bid us flip creation's Filofax  
And spurn the rule of cause and consequence.

### 3

The rhetoricians took a saner view;  
Invention, not creation, earned the prize.  
‘Invent’, from Latin, telescoped the two  
Root meanings: ‘find’ or ‘turn up’, and ‘devise’.

This rendered poetry the credit due  
To ready wit while quick to recognise  
How language services the poet through  
Its gift of words for them to mobilise.

No thought here of the poet as one who,  
By godlike creativity, supplies  
A stock of visions each time dreamt anew  
As ephebes one by one reach for the skies.

It’s no sure route, the road to Xanadu,  
But full of detours, swerves, and second tries,  
Of chance ideas that strike out of the blue,  
And sparks that flare as inspiration dies.

### 4

Close reading shows us it’s not metaphor  
But that prosaic trope, metonymy,  
Whose spinning-jennies line the factory-floor  
And offer analysts their master-key

To matters some would rather not explore,  
Like how the poet’s metaphoric spree  
Of world-creation cannot help but draw  
On details chain-linked metonymically.



Mephistopheles

## 10

Imagination loves to rise and soar,  
Like Yeats’s dancer or great-rooted tree,  
And not have its supply of bottom-drawer  
Devices opened up to scrutiny.

For that’s what rhetoricians have in store,  
An undeceiving gaze that tells us we,  
Though wish-projecting metaphors galore,  
Must yield, with them, to crass contingency.

## 5

Not killjoy if the joys it would forefend,  
Like some blood-boltered image in late Yeats,  
Are apt to break the formal frame and lend  
Their metaphoric clout to just those states,

Whether of mind or politics, which tend  
To profit most from all that inculcates,  
In art or life, a yearning to transcend  
The everyday. It's how desire creates

That mythic-demiurgic will to mend  
Truth's sundered sphere, or how it cultivates  
The seeming power of metaphor to blend  
Dissimilars, while metonymy frustrates

Its wish that allegory should have an end  
As pure Imagination now dictates  
New terms and Symbol bids us apprehend  
What's veiled from all but truth's initiates.

## 6

Invention, not creation: it's the same  
Point Coleridge advances when he shows  
Such zeal in disavowing any claim  
To rival God by daring to suppose

The poet has some title to the name  
'Creator', surely misapplied to those  
Chance-gifted with the faculty to frame  
Imaginary worlds whilst in the throes

Of opiate ecstasy, or those whose fame  
Comes solely of whatever talent goes  
Into the art, the craft or serious game  
Of poetry. Still, you could say, he chose

A different line with 'Kubla Khan', less tame,  
Less orthodox, much keener to disclose  
The vatic sources and the bardic flame  
That, with the breath of inspiration, glows



Wordsworth



7

White hot.

His fear of blasphemy is why  
The older, godly Coleridge shied away  
From ever coming straight out with that high-  
Romantic claim that had the poet play

The rebel's or the prophet's role, or vie  
With God, like Shelley after him, to lay  
Down some new moral code while governed by  
No edicts but their own. If he fell prey

To a neurotic guilt that said 'deny  
Your ownmost poet-calling' or 'betray  
Your native muse', then seek the reason why  
In what compelled the Mariner to pay

His debt of guilt off endlessly, to ply  
The wedding-guest with his life-dossier,  
And fix all comers with the anguished eye  
Of sailor shipmate-cursed or bard *manqué*.

8

Theology apart, let's maybe dwell  
A moment more on what's at issue here,  
What holds the grey-beard in the daily hell  
Of his compulsive tale, and what's to fear



Coleridge

12

From suchlike weavings of the poet's spell  
Whose utterance, like Kubla's, bends the ear  
In ways that leave us scarcely fit to tell  
What demons haunt each side of dream's frontier.

The Peacock view may do its bit to quell  
Those demons, the not overly severe  
But searching satires of a writer well  
Aware how odd his poets must appear



Yeats

Yet feeling, too, how strongly they compel  
 The sympathy of readers taken near  
 The danger-point in their frail diving bell  
 And rocked by tremors in the psychic sphere

Beyond his comic touch.

9

This has its price,  
 Its hidden cost, the point that Wordsworth made  
 In saying poetry's no game of dice,  
 That Goethe's poems didn't make the grade

Since no prosodic skill or verse-device  
 Could make up the deficiency betrayed  
 By having shrewd interpreters look twice  
 For that 'inevitable' feel conveyed

By his own work. Beyond those caves of ice  
 In Xanadu, there's only time's parade  
 Of contiguities, the need to splice  
 Disjunct events, the dizzying sense-glissade

Of allegory, and poets' sacrifice  
 In letting go the symbol-wealth that they'd  
 Laid up in their not-quite fool's paradise  
 Where debts to time forever stay unpaid.



Thomas Love Peacock

## Nietzsche between Philosophy and Literature

*Notes on the Wednesday Meeting Held on 4<sup>th</sup> of December 2019*

PAUL COCKBURN

We were pleased to welcome Edward Greenwood to our meeting. He is a retired lecturer from Kent University at Canterbury. He has written many articles on Nietzsche and other philosophers in *The Wednesday*, as well as poems. Edward gave a talk on whether Nietzsche should be considered as a philosopher or a literary writer, a man of letters.

Possible reasons for thinking that Nietzsche was not a philosopher are that he is a discursive 'modish' writer, he has no worked-out system, and he was a sick man. Nietzsche often writes using aphorisms, short and pithy statements which can have an impact, pointing to new ways of thinking. Edward picked out certain features of his writing: he is concerned with naturalism and how this impacts morality, he is anti-socialism (Nietzsche thought socialism

leads to tyranny), and anti-feminism. A key Nietzschean message is that we should affirm life, and not deceive ourselves. Become your best self!

Nietzsche was firmly anti-Christian, and thought that all religion was decadent because it is otherworldly. He was accused of being 'the man who caused the First World War' as his books were given to German soldiers in the war! As a philosopher he was influenced by Max Stirner, Rousseau, and Schopenhauer. Edward thought *Human All too Human* was probably Nietzsche's best book. This has a second section entitled *The Wanderer and His Shadow* in which Nietzsche advocated euthanasia. He also criticized nations for building up their armies for defence, when they in fact aim to use them offensively against other countries.



Edward Greenwood

Georg Simmel (1858-1918), one of the founders of sociology, wrote a book entitled *Schopenhauer and Nietzsche*. It was one of the early books on Nietzsche. As well as being against religion Nietzsche was against metaphysics, which he viewed as being an offspring of religion. Simmel seems to prefer Schopenhauer because he did not reject metaphysics. For Nietzsche any goals we have must be attained in this life, any transcendental reality is a fiction and harms the self. We should aim for life-affirmation and be worldly.

The Danish scholar Georg Brandes taught a course on Nietzsche



and Kierkegaard and corresponded with Nietzsche. Nietzsche was very pleased and started writing that he was famous everywhere except in his own country, Germany. Alois Riehl thought of Nietzsche as an artist and thinker, as a philosopher of culture. Just after World War One, Ernest Bertram wrote a book in German on Nietzsche called *Nietzsche: Attempt at a Mythology*. But the English-speaking world had to wait until the end of the Second World War before taking Nietzsche seriously as a philosopher and not a literary figure. Credit must be given to the work of Walter Kaufmann as a translator and a writer on Nietzsche.

Nietzsche's concept of the *Übermensch*, or the Overman, can be seen as man trying to reach out and fulfil higher demands. If there were gods, Nietzsche could not bear not being one. Nietzsche admired Jesus, but not the Church, and wondered how the Nicene Creed could express the faith of the church as it includes, according to Nietzsche, a lot of Greek philosophy, which could not be derived from the life of Jesus as described in the New Testament.

Edward thought that any ethical system needs to address psychological, social and anthropological issues, we need to understand more, we can't just lay down fixed rules for behaviour.

In our discussion we looked at the terms 'transcendence' and 'immanence'. One view was that some poetry manages to overcome this distinction, holding transcendence and immanence together so that there is no false dichotomy. We also discussed how science and scientific statements can establish truth. Descriptive statements are true or false, but poems and statements concerning values and some types of imaginative experience seem to be true in a different sense. The fact/value distinction still lives and is important for any discussion of religion and philosophy.

We also discussed Nietzsche's collapse in 1889 aged 45, following which he lived for ten more years in the care of his mother and sister. He may have had a brain disease. He suffered from headaches badly, and his father died from some type of brain injury. But as a sign of his strong character, he worked hard to produce his many books before his final collapse.

## *The Wednesday*

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## *Am Allerheiligen Tag*



**(On All Saints Day)**

Bent down in her Sunday-best,  
gardening, trowel-deep amid  
family bones. A candle moment  
for each remembered life.

A smother of leaves scraped away,  
a marble tally: name, birth, death,  
nothing more for the passers-by.

But she knows more, as she rolls back  
the stone to her childhood store, finding  
snatches of tales between each date,  
skeleton memories once again fleshed.

Miniature tools stacked for another year,  
she pauses and thinks of her own blank,  
ready for the chisel point. Wonders  
after her stone is cut, who will raise her up?  
*Am Allerheiligen Tag.*

*David BurrIDGE*