



Promotional Trips to Hell

I am holding in my hand a document which transcends and seals all the shame of this age and would in itself suffice to assign the currency stew that calls itself mankind a place of honor in a cosmic carrion pit. Even though any clipping from a newspaper has signified a clipping of Creation, in this instance one faces the dead certainty that a generation deemed capable of this sort of thing no longer has any nobler possessions to damage. After the monstrous collapse of the fiction of culture and after the nations, by their actions, gave striking proof that their relationship to anything that ever was of the spirit is a most shameless trickery, perhaps good enough for the promotion of tourism but never adequate to raise the moral level of this mankind — after all this it has nothing left but the naked truth of its condition, so that it has almost reached the point where it is no longer capable of lying. There is no portrait in which it could recognize itself so clearly as this one:

