

Ostalgie ...

[->Fr](#)

Automatic Reading

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„Alles wussten sie, die Brahmanen und ihre heiligen Bücher, alles wussten sie, um alles hatten sie sich gekümmert und um mehr als alles die Erschaffung der Welt, das Entstehen der Rede, der Speise, des Einatmens, des Ausatmens, die Ordnungen der Sinne, die Taten der Götter; unendlich vieles wussten sie – aber war es wertvoll, dies alles zu wissen, wenn man das Eine und Einzige nicht wusste, das Wichtigste, das allein Wichtige?“

„Weisheit ist nicht mitteilbar. Weisheit, welche ein Weiser mitzuteilen versucht, klingt immer wie Narrheit. (...) Wissen kann man mitteilen, Weisheit aber nicht. Man kann sie finden, man kann sie leben, man kann von ihr getragen werden, man kann mit ihr Wunder tun, aber sagen und lehren kann man sie nicht.“

Automatic Reading (at a very slow pace)

It is said that this world is nothing but one breath among the numerous breaths of Brahma's slow life.

But beyond the happy torpor of Brahma who dreams and has been dreaming for eons, comes back to me the remembrance of **Ka** (i.e. "Who?"). The sire who, the first being ever, and hence alone in the world, did not know and *obviously could not know* what he was, or *who he was*.

Who among us, comrades, may ever imagine such a loneliness?

The gods - whom he had however begotten - had no respect for him, despised him and made fun of him because he had no name. No other name than this senseless and insoluble question: Who?

Ka was obviously not omniscient, since before him, besides him, there had been absolutely nothing to know. The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil had not yet grown and its fruits did not exist, even in dreams. There was, moreover, no one who could have taught him any knowledge.

Ka, in all innocence, and among lots of other things, had invented Death, without even thinking either of evil or good. Death which the gods feared and of which they had protected themselves by the use of the Meters. That is to say by the rhyming poetry, which is quickly learned and long remembered.

All this I know from a reliable source, because it is all written in a book by [Roberto Calasso](#), the somnambulist publisher who dreams and wanders in his underwater apartment in the heart of Milan. And who wrote another book that I haven't read and which is called K. A book of which it is said to be like a caress along Kafka's mind edge.

What I say here is not written in the sacred books of India which contain only long epics written in the language of birds - excluding those of parrots, magpies and ravens, perverted since ages by the frequentation of human languages - a language that only the women of birds understand.

I remember these holy books, written on bamboo blades, that the brahmin of a [Bali Aga](#) village in Indonesia wanted to sell us. And when we asked what was written on it, he could not do anything else than to sing it to us. Did he really know what he was singing? I doubt it. He didn't look like a bird woman.

All that was once written, yes, in a Sanskrit made of feathers and flapping wings. But perhaps had it previously been written in [Old Avestan](#), a heavier language, which was only understood by cows. So heavy a language that it ended up sinking in oblivion. Either in the long forgotten *Sea of Serenpidity*, it is said, that one which no longer appears on the maps of the Moon. Not even in the ashes of ancient ones. Or evaporated maybe, or blown off far away, pushed by the winds that howl with wolves in the steppe, fading away in long past memories with the salt flowers of the Aral Sea.