

Fort Europe

A Canticle of Fragmentation

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CHAPTER IV

Things I shall miss (2)

— Schopenhauer

Of course! Good gracious! It's obvious!

What?

He's the one I'd miss the most! God almighty!

Hello?

What's the matter?

Schopenhauer! Schopenhauer!

What about him?

(church bells stop ringing)

Schopenhauer. Him I would miss.

That says it all. Schopenhauer?

There's no getting round Schopenhauer. Not even if you wanted to.

Gracious God – Schopenhauer?

The great Schopenhauer. Our Schopenhauer.

Always, always Schopenhauer!

Schopenhauer und kein Ende.

But then: the real Schopenhauer.

Not at all. Schopenhauer: pure and simple. That's already more than enough.

(blissful sigh) Schopenhauer, Schopenhauer, Schopenhauer...

Read Schopenhauer and die.

In that order. Read first and then die.

That says it all. Certainly when it comes to Schopenhauer.

Confucius is no match for Schopenhauer.

Our, our Schopenhauer!

Where would we be without Schopenhauer? Has anyone ever asked themselves that?

Who'd have the guts? Few are set aside for such questions.

Schopenhauer would. He would've asked himself. No hesitation. He was afraid of nothing.

That's why he's Schopenhauer.

Schopenhauer, Schopenhauer, Schopenhauer.

And Nietzsche, of course.

Who?

Nietzsche.

Nietzsche, Nietzsche... I'm not convinced.

What would Nietzsche be without Schopenhauer? Has anyone ever had the guts to ask themselves that?

Me. All the time. Nietzsche? A nonentity. Schopenhauer's intestinal polyp.

Schopenhauer's typhoid bug.

Our Schopenhauer.

Witty chap, Nietzsche. Don't get me wrong. A high degree of usability. And each of his books has a handsome title. But he's no Schopenhauer.

In essence, Nietzsche is more the author of titles than of books. But if its profundity you're after?

Schopenhauer, every time.

And Kierkegaard, naturally.

Who?

Kierkegaard.

Kierkegaard, agreed. Let's not be difficult. Kierkegaard – why not? But he's no Schopenhauer.

That's the least you can say.

Absolutely. He's no Schopenhauer. Nor was Erasmus, for that matter. Thomas Aquinas? Decent chap, but no Schopenhauer.

Otherwise you might just as well say: er... Charles de Gaulle!

(laughs) Indeed! Then you might just as well say: Charles de Gaulle!

(laughs) Charles de Gaulle, Charles de Gaulle, Charles de Gaulle...

(laughs) Always, always Charles de Gaulle!

(laughs) It even works, in its own way.

Everything works in its own way. Certainly Charles de Gaulle

Our Charles de Gaulle!

Tall, tall Charles de Gaulle!

If you're going down that road, you should also have the guts to say: Winston Churchill.

(laughs) Absolutely! Winston Churchill!

(laughs) Winston Churchill und kein Ende!

(laughs) Sure, Winston Churchill – why not?

(deadly serious) Because Winston Churchill, as Secretary of State for the Colonies after the First World War – only just back from the trenches round Ypres, himself having barely survived death in a gas offensive – ordered a gas attack in Iraq.

Winston Churchill?

A gas attack?

In Iraq?

Absolutely. Mustard gas, in 1920. Right about the time of 'No More War', 'All Men are Brothers' and 'What's that League of Nations Waiting For?'

No way – Winston Churchill?

Absolutely – Winston Churchill. They don't say much about that do they, with his cigar and his peace sign, twenty-five years down the line.

A gas attack?

The first outside our continent. The results speak for themselves.

We're just the same away as we are at home. Why shouldn't we be? We are who we are. And that includes a gas attack now and again.

There are few civilisations in which gas has played a greater role than ours. And I'm not talking about the gas deposits under the Netherlands.

That's a symbol for something completely different.

Winston Churchill, you say. A gas attack. In Iraq.

I wouldn't have expected that of him.

Listen here: you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs and if you want you can dig up shit on just about anybody.

Not on Schopenhauer.

I think Winston Churchill is just fine, with or without the gas attack.

A never-ending story! First Charles de Gaulle, then Winston Churchill – who's next?

Konrad Adenauer.

That's what I mean. We were talking about Schopenhauer, now you dawdle along with Adenauer. Money for old rope.

Bollocks.

Before you know it we'll be blathering about Henri Spaak next and Sicco Mansholt.

To say nothing of Kurt Waldheim.

Let's say nothing of Kurt Waldheim.

Not a bit of it. Spit it out. Dig it all up, the last detail, the tiniest bone. De Gaulle and Churchill, Tito, Franco, Waldheim – line them up. Bring out the bouquets. These are men of merit. Agreed, they're no Schopenhauers, but is that a scandal? Or a crime? No! Who among us can say: I am a Schopenhauer?

(silence)

That's true.

Ah...! Schopenhauer, Schopenhauer, Schopenhauer.

The great Schopenhauer.

Our Schopenhauer.

God! That Schopenhauer... (blissful sigh) What profundity, eh?

(long silence)

Hey – Schopenhauer? Hasn't he been dead as a dodo for years?

That's all we needed.

Who isn't dead these days?

Not Schopenhauer, the person. Schopenhauer the author. His work. That's been dead as mutton for quite a while.

Schopenhauer's work has always been dead. That's what makes him so profound. No death, no Schopenhauer.

No sense of solidarity without Schopenhauer.

It's as simple as that. First the profundity then the dynamics.

You call that dynamics?

Yep.

'No death, no Schopenhauer'?

Yep.

Without Schopenhauer, no sense of solidarity'?

Yep.

Thus, without death, no sense of solidarity?

How am I supposed to live with that? What does that give us, in terms of perspectives, in terms of hope?

Hope, hope – it's not a question of hope with Schopenhauer, it's a question of culture.

The culture. Our culture!

Culture is hope. Even our culture. And hope brings life.

Not real culture. Our culture? Our culture's not oriented towards that life of yours. In Africa it is. I'll grant you that. Culture's obsessed with life in Africa.

The results are plain as the nose on your face. The highest number of AIDS patients, and more civil wars than plagues of locusts.

If it's war you're talking about, there are few who need a lesson from us. Not even the Africans.

We can teach the Africans a lesson about everything, except congregational dancing and vocal harmony.

Isn't that culture then?

I have my doubts.

It's not our culture, that's for sure.

Now you're trying to teach me a lesson.

I'm not teaching anyone a lesson. I am observing. Blacks take life as their point of departure. We don't. Ironically enough, that's reflected in our life expectancy. Ours is forty year longer than theirs. Forty years for them is already an entire lifetime. If you think about it, there are twice as many of us as them.

And that's their own fault?

He who gobbles his food shouldn't complain when he's hungry.

Oh please! Listen to yourself! Clichés are to the mind what gluttony and gorging are to the body. They poison our bowel progress and our social progress. All they're good for is to promote our craving for more self-glorification.

(laughs) Talk about clichés!

Facts are clichés.

Facts are facts. They only become clichés if we repeat them long and often enough.

Facts are lies spread by the university with the healthiest financial resources.

Ooh, but if you want to call science into question? The cornerstone – and not even our cornerstone – the cornerstone of everything? Then let's end it here. Let's draw a curtain over this conversation.

You want science? OK. The first human being was black.

Oh? Since when?

That's a proven fact.

By whom?

By us.

That already sounds to me like a fascinating contradiction.

It doesn't change the facts. Everybody is African. We don't mind the discovery of it as long as we're free to forget it immediately if we feel like it. Amnesia to us is like mud to a pig. It rolls in it and shifts in it and rummages in it for food and it keeps getting fatter and fatter. Amnesia is the womb of flabbiness. A perpetuum mobile of pork and puke.

And how should your politically correct prattle leave us then – shocked? We're not easily shocked. We're never shocked. That conference where they presented that study of yours – 'The first human person was a darkie' – the slant-eyed hordes headed for the exits protesting and cursing, all of them, from the Japs to the Indonesians. We didn't. We took note, asked questions, made observations – but we stayed put. You can't get rid of us that easily.

I'm sure they've noticed in Africa and around.

What do I care what the first human person was. As long as I'm not black here and now. Is that racism? Not a bit of it. I simply prefer not to be black – who would? It's a question of common sense. Is it hate? Not a bit of it. It's freedom of expression.

If we reduce everything to freedom of expression, then nothing's important anymore.

(laughs) Ooh, but if you even want to call freedom of expression into question? Go right ahead. Give it a while and you'll have run out of cornerstones altogether.

Excessive freedom only protects the rights of the powerful. Culture is about contesting such freedom.

You just said culture was hope.

They're not mutually exclusive.

So for you they're one and the same? Hope on the one hand and opposing total freedom on the other?

If you take a moment to think about it? Yep

So that's your definition of culture?

If you take a moment to think about it? Yep.

So that's our unique contribution to world heritage?

If you take a moment to think about it? Yep.

Do you know what you are?

After all these years? Nope.

You're a cultural relativist!

I wish I was. Then I could shrug my shoulders at everything you have to say. Then everything you had to say would be just as worthy as the next man's gibberish, including your darkies and your slant-eyed hordes.

My darkies? My slant-eyed hordes?

Count on it!

Ooh, but if I'm being subject to a gagging order, if I'm being discredited as a mere criminal, if I'm being well-nigh intimidated just because I dared to make use of my constitutional right to freedom of expression, then I don't get the point anymore, then we might as well call it a day, then we can no longer live as we think we're living, then you can forget about a fifth column, then the occupation's already begun, then the occupation's already a fact!

You're easily offended, aren't you?

You're at it again. I just have to open my mouth and wham! Shouted down and threatened! The shit I've had to put up with, my god, buckets of it. They should be content there are still a couple of people around like me, people with the guts to open their mouths in the first place, whatever the threat, whatever the climate they find themselves in – but I give up, gracious god, I'm no hero and what do you get in exchange for martyrdom?

You talk as if it's war.

It's war! That's what it's about? I'm not saying another word. I don't dare. It's war! There's no other word for it. It's war. What've we done to deserve this?

I eh...

It is war, I'm telling you. All the indicators point in that direction. We're back at war and nobody's noticed. Nobody, nobody's noticed. We're back at fucking war!

(long silence)

(sigh of despair) War, war, war...!

You're telling me!

War und kein Ende.

If there's a conversation we have a right to join, it's a conversation about war.

War teaches you more about a society than peace.

War teaches you more about everything than peace.

Peace is always the same. War isn't. Not War.

War, war und kein Ende.

Do you know why we're not so bad at war? We can't do anything else. It's Darwinism in action. War is the litmus test of our talent for collective organisation. The capacity to mobilise troops and feed them at the same time is more important than the desire to bash your enemy's brains in. That last part shouldn't be underestimated but it has to be well-coordinated otherwise it's a waste time.

If you ask me, I find trial by ordeal, man against man, much more civilised.

In the heat of the moment, perhaps, but in the long term the product chart is pretty lamentable. And the long term, that's civilisation for you.

Antiquity, now that was civilisation. That's what we teach our children and it's right on the button. And they exalted the duel in Antiquity. They fought duels by the gates of Troy. The bible's brimming over with them.

Homer, the bible, what next? The Kama Sutra? If you have to take all that stuff literally...?

Anyone in favour of taking texts older than fifty years literally is signing his own deportation order. Let him move somewhere else. To Saudi Arabia. They like literality in Saudi, and duels.

Absolutely! The adulteress versus the executioner! Every Sunday in a different football stadium. Guess who wins?

Surely you don't call that war! A decent war, a real war, is fought by a nation, for a nation against another nation – otherwise it's not war. Otherwise it's amateurism. Or worse: household violence. And that's not likely to hold a civilisation together, not household violence.

What the bollocks is civilised about man-to-man combat? The blacks and the head hunters still fight man-to-man. That says enough.

All that says is that they're still not getting enough money for their mineral reserves to be able to buy aircraft carriers and tanks as we do.

Oh? Head hunters have mineral reserves all of a sudden, as opposed to the wrinkled skulls of their enemies and their very own grass skirts?

The blacks then. We don't give them the money they deserve, otherwise they'd also buy weapons of mass destruction.

I've seen blacks on television wandering round legless with fully automatic AK-47s in their mitts. They seem to be getting along just fine with their mineral reserves and the prices we pay them.

The majority of them were running around naked as the day they were born.

Right! No uniform! But an AK-47 over their shoulder all the same and half an erection between their legs. That's the modern black for you. Some of them were fully erect. They didn't even dare

show the pictures on the evening news. There wasn't much of a difference between the erections and the AK-47s in some cases. A slap in the face for the sensitive Western viewer.

(laughs) It's not for nothing that the AK-47 is the most imposing handgun on the market.

(laughs) It's not for nothing that the AK-47 is a leftover from communism.

(laughs) If its distribution is anything to go by, the AK-47 is the only leftover from communism.

(laughs) That, and nuclear waste.

The AK-47 was developed to get the better of weakening bureaucracy. It fires with all sorts of ammunition, even the wrong ammunition.

For a communist invention, the AK-47 is a surprisingly democratic weapon. It fires with everything, simple as that.

As long as those buggers can shoot, with or without erections. Half the time it's in the air. An expression of joy or sorrow. And blacks have joy and sorrow, you know, by the bucket load. Blacks believe in life and that's the way it is. Funerals, births? Their best friend's wedding? Time to shoot in the air, boys. Or when they get up in the morning, a couple of shots in the air. Why do you think many of them don't have a ceiling in their houses? Blacks go to sleep, the next day they've forgotten they got a roof over their heads paid for by us, thanks to our development efforts, and the guilt complexes they palmed off on us. That doesn't worry those guys. They get up and they begin to shoot, just like we thump our alarm clocks. Only the results are different. You're both awake, agreed, but they're surrounded with chunks of plaster and a cloud of dust.

Then they're surprised that their average life expectancy is so low.

They don't care about that. As long as they get to shoot in the air. That's something they have in common with the Arabs. Arabs also like to shoot in the air.

Only difference with the Arabs is that you can't see if they have an erection at the same time. That's the whole point of the djelleba. Saves us the spectacle and them the embarrassment.

Arabs are blacks with a sense of shame.

That's already a big deal. A sense of shame is the beginning of every civilisation.

At least blacks and Arabs still fight for the honour. A sense of honour is the cradle of every civilisation.

A sense of honour? Do you think?

A sense of honour, a sense of honour... I'm not convinced.

A sense of honour is for Turks and homosexuals and by extension for narcissists of every sort. But what do you get in return for it as a policymaker?

The electorate couldn't care less about a sense of honour. Otherwise they'd have voted for a whole different government.

You're jealous of the so-called primitive peoples. A duel offers the opportunity to be courageous, truly courageous. You can look your adversary in the eye and vice versa. Try doing that with the pilot of a B-52. Even running is pointless if you've seen the bombs drop. With a duel you have to stay put. That's a victory over yourself to say the least, even when you die.

The duel is a cross between egoism and self-gratification. Personal tragedies and anecdotes to one side, wars for us are a victory for the community. They help us make progress as a group. Every time! In spite of what the rebels of '68 might think, war is a progressive phenomenon. The mobile phone and the Teflon frying pan are a direct result of our experience of war.

Where would we be today without texting and Teflon frying pans?

In the meantime, your traditional fighting black is facing annihilation as a community because of his obsession with man-to-man combat, at our expense nota bene, via bogus charitable investments and cheap loans from the IMF, both of which disrupt the market, and for the rest nothing.

Why is everyone so obsessed with the blacks?

Our Renaissance, our Enlightenment, our industrialisation in all its facets – first wave, second wave, third wave... Do you think for one minute we would have achieved all that by swigging cassava wine and, albeit with perfect coordination, hobbling collectively round a elephant's skull on a pole? By circumcising the women, our women, and then sowing them shut again in honour of the so-called 'full life'? In honour, more like, of the oldest chief and – forgive my bluntness – his wrinkled old bollocks and his insatiable thirst for virgin flesh? Because he thinks that a virgin will cure him of everything, from the works? From chapped fingers to the modern version of the bubonic plague?

Virgins are overestimated. Certainly in a world of tampons and pop music.

Where the virgin is venerated, civilisation has not yet broken through. Virgins are overestimated the most among Arabs and blacks.

Particularly by the black with an AK-47 and an erection of the same calibre.

(laughs) Now we're talkin'. Now we're talkin'. Genuine jealousy always resides between the legs! If anything resides between the legs, that is!

There are African women who dry their cunts with stinging herbs in order to give their rapists an extra kick. Do you call that culture? Is that civilisation?

At least they use their cunts. For something other than the subject of letters to the editor in women's magazines.

The use of the cunt is irrelevant here. The use of the cunt is only relevant for the dissemination of life or, in periods of epidemic, the dissemination of death.

Is that also in Schopenhauer?

If you read between the lines? Then it's about nothing else.

Do you know what that Schopenhauer of yours can do? Forgive my bluntness but he can bend over that ascetic sofa of his, with his trousers round his ankles and his arse in the air, and offer himself to satisfy the lust of some Zambian tourism tycoon or a businessman from downtown Johannesburg or a mine magnate from Congo Brazzaville, boyos who don't even bother to take off their Armani suits while they hustle orders from Hong Kong and Shanghai on their mobile phones with one hand and unzip their flies and slap their elephant cocks with the other against Schopenhauer's garbage shoot, which he has stuffed bone dry in advance full African herbs and even sprinkled with a handful of kitchen salt and sand to give it that extra abrasive sensation. Then he would have written a lot less about death, Schopenhauer, and a little more about life.

(silence)

H'm! Schopenhauer, Schopenhauer, Schopenhauer...

Always, always Schopenhauer.

Anyone for a Golden Delicious ? (silence) A real Golden Delicious?

CHAPTER V

Stem cell biology in transit

Can a woman like me – scientist, back from the States, in transit in the country of her youth, filled with hope on her way to Dubai – can a woman like me still pray?

All things being equal, can a stem cell biologist pray?

Yes. If she has set aside every form of religion. If she dares to be European wherever she finds herself. Dares to be a human being and nothing more. This continent is not a continent, it is a culture. And the human person is its quintessence. The European, from the Greeks to Vesallius and Galileo, discovered the human person. The first and the only. The human person in the cosmos, the human person under the microscope. The European is an emancipated human person, aware of the fact that knowledge, dignity and loneliness go hand in hand.

What would the world be without our science? What would the world be without us? The best of my colleagues worldwide are the Japanese. When they go home they're Japanese. But when they arrive in their laboratories, they become Europeans.

They admit it themselves, and they don't even blame it on the atom bomb.

The three great religions – those of Yahweh, Jesus and Mohammed – each of them flourished in a desert. They're not rooted in life but in survival. That's why they're patriarchal. Women pass on

life, men protect it to the last gasp. A man struggles and cries aloud on his death bed as if an injustice were being done to him. A woman shrugs her shoulders and closes her eyes.

The real Europe has everything except a desert. The desert distorts the human person. Science sets him free. European science. There is no other. Europe is a matriarchate colonised by three patriarchal religions.

That's why Europe is no longer located in Europe.

Can the European still pray? I do. I pray every day while I work. But I haven't worked for months. The clock is ticking. I'm not getting any younger. I have to go to Dubai.

That's where my Europe is located.

Dubai is a gamble. They have the money, the will to use it, as well as the guarantee of shielding from the desert and everything that goes with it. But for how long? That is the gamble. Fundamental knowledge is acquired by fits and starts. Look at history.

We have to profit from every interval.

From the moment I'm at work, my timetable becomes my rosary. That's the fate of the laboratory worker. In the middle ages they would have called me a nun. But my vows have nothing to do with chastity. My vows have to do with the New Human. We are just a hair's breadth from his discovery. Me and my assistants, we: disciples in the order of fact-based research.

There is no other kind of research.

My snail's trail from lab to canteen to WC to lab back to canteen and then home – that is my little daily pilgrimage of seven sins and thirteen sorrows. Life needs ceremonies, not for their own sake but for the sake of regularity. That's as much as I can remember from my youth in Northern France after thirty years in Minneapolis.

Regularity.

First impressions are the strongest.

The uncompromising North Sea waves at Calais. My youth prepared me for my present role, toughened me. Unintended and arbitrary. As with everything that exists. Only the arbitrary is authentic.

Coincidence is the only thing that gets close to being a god.

I grew up in grey. I loved it. Grey makes every colour redundant and is an excellent teacher. Grey the sea, grey the skies, grey the cobblestones, the bluestone from our river and the hushed birds circling above.

The African languages around the equator have developed thirty different words for thirty shades of green. When I was young, I only knew one single word for thirty shades of grey. Yet one sort of grey seemed harder or more intense than the other. It was that very mystery that led me to science. I started by trying to catalogue the various sorts of grey, and ended with the

abstract beauty of cells and blood. The ballet of our DNA. The expressionism of blood platelets under a microscope.

They may not be grey, but their mystery is the same. It's the same with cataloguing. My work is painful meticulous repetition, in the hope that something doesn't repeat. My prayers are my experiments.

Prayers are not always to be reconciled with one another. That's why I had to get out of present day America. A patriarchy colonised by another patriarchy. It's a miracle I was allowed to work there so long in the first place.

America is an experiment gone wrong. Once ventured as a second, a better Europe. Our first colony that managed to work itself free, thanks to the romantics – French of course, such as Lafayette. Romantics have the courage to establish an entirely new continent if need be. For the New Human they lack courage. They're too attached to the old human for that, namely themselves.

The Statue of Liberty was a gift, not something cast by the Americans themselves. I only realised that after thirty years. The Enlightenment, started in Paris, hasn't managed to put down roots in Manhattan. Manhattan is well known for its solid bedrock. And the flabby underbelly of the United States has been kept pregnant from of old by religious farmers, fleeing from the Enlightenment. It still is.

That's not a disaster. It wastes time but it's not a disaster. It was time to leave. States and continents are just the same as experiments and laboratory rats: it's a question of trial and error. We have to keep trying. A third, a fourth, a fifth time. One day we'll find the New Europe. What I mean to say is the piece of land that belongs to the True Europe and its paramount realisation, the New Human. If not Dubai, then somewhere else.

If I'm still alive to see it.

Does science have obligations? Scientists have the obligation to be rational and optimistic. And you need both to build an empire or to steal sovereignty from someone else. That too has happened enough in Europe. But you need both, reason and optimism, to dare to discover the New Human.

Genuine courage has no need of fighting.

The New Human will be European or won't be at all. He will have eternal life in natural and not metaphysical terms. He will be eternal because our science has quite simply improved his blood. Simplicity requires courage.

Old age for the New Human will sound like the pox or the plague did to us. He will be rational and optimistic because he has no other option. He will be like us, but then infinitely better. Europe will finally have worthy sons and daughters. Even if it's in Dubai.

Our only border is our bloodstream

Or rather: our metabolism.

Our eyes are artists. Paint becomes meaning in the hands of the artist but it still remains paint. That's the way our eyes work also. They make a soap opera of meanings out of reality where there are only cells and nothing more.

Everything that exists, is made up of cells. The lamb and the milk. The rat and the researcher.

Cells can divide and multiply. That's how we mature in the womb, that's how we recover from injuries, and that's how we grow old: after a few multiplications information is lost. Our cells deteriorate? So do we! But cells from bone marrow don't age if you manufacture them in a particular way. We noticed that by accident. A different production serum than the usual, because we were afraid of mad cow disease.

No mistake. Mad cow disease, right there at the cradle of the New Human.

Thanks to the new serum we developed a cell that doesn't age. Once again by accident. A cell that can divide itself a hundred times while remaining the same cell. Commotion in the lab. We try to stimulate the cell to produce blood. But it doesn't become a blood cell. It becomes a brain cell.

A brain cell.

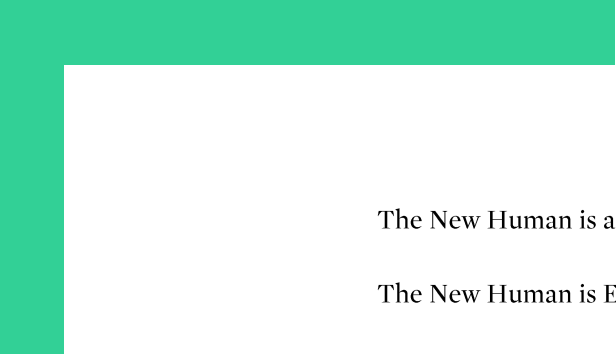
Up to then only one sort of cell was capable of that. Embryonic stem cells – a fertilised egg starting to divide. Virgin cradle cells that can develop in any direction. Muscle cells, bone cells, liver cells... Such flexibility – if we can ever get them under control? Then we can look forward to medications to tackle diabetes, Parkinson's, strokes.

But that calls for thousands of comparative experiments. On bone marrow cells here, on embryonic cells there. That's how we're building towards the New Human. With millions of embryos and with serum bequeathed to us by mad cow disease.

Embryos and mad cow disease... That sounds appalling because our ears are artists too, just like our eyes.

They suggest meaning where there is no meaning.

The New Human is on his way! The New Human is an aristocrat without the maladies of the aristocracy. The New Human lives long enough to acquire real knowledge. The New Human will forget nothing. The New Human knows no sickness he cannot create or correct. The New Human is humble because he knows where he came from. The New Human is not yet ready. The New Human is more understanding because he experiences more. The New Human is mother, daughter, wife, lover, granddaughter and grandmother at the same time. Father, son, husband, lover, grandson and grandfather all at once. The New Human will have the time to explore all his talents. The New Human will have the time to enjoy all the others who are exploring all their talents. The New Human will look at the Old Human with admiration and amazement, and at everything he was able to realise in just a fraction of his life.



The New Human is a complete European.

The New Human is Europe at its best.

The New Human is self liberating.

The New Human is the only human.

The New Human is inevitable.

The New Human is equable.

The New Human is valuable.

The New Human is indispensable.

The New Human is on his way.

If I live long enough to see it.