come upon him. On an archaic field of honour, a gigantic battleground of bloody labour, he rages before a deserted sepulchre. The honours at his death will be immeasurable, and the last that are bestowed.

Fire Alarm

The notion of the class war can be misleading. It does not refer to a trial of strength to decide the question “Who shall win, who be defeated?”, or to a struggle the outcome of which is good for the victor and bad for the vanquished. To think in this way is to romanticize and obscure the facts. For whether the bourgeois wins or loses the fight, it remains doomed by the inner contradictions that in the course of development will become deadly. The only question is whether its downfall will come through itself or through the proletariat. The continuance or the end of three thousand years of cultural development will be decided by the answer. History knows nothing of the evil infinity contained in the image of the two wrestlers locked in eternal combat. The true politician reckons only in dates. And if the abolition of the bourgeoisie is not completed by an almost calculable moment in economic and technical development (a moment signalled by inflation and poison-gas warfare), all is lost. Before the spark reaches the dynamite, the lighted fuse must be cut. The interventions, dangers, and tempi of politicians are technical—not chivalrous.

Travel Souvenirs

_Atrani._—The gently rising, curved baroque staircase leading to the church. The railing behind the church. The litanies of the old women at the “Ave Maria”: preparing to die first-class. If you turn around, the church verges like God Himself on the sea. Each morning the Christian Era crumbles the rock, but between the walls below, the night falls always into the four old Roman quarters. Alleyways like air shafts. A well in the market-place. In the late afternoon women about it. Then, in solitude: archaic plashing.

_Navv._—The beauty of the tall sailing ships is unique. Not only has their outline remained unchanged for centuries, but also they appear in the most immutable landscape: at sea, silhouetted against the horizon.

_Versailles Façade._—It is as if this _château_ had been forgotten where hundreds of years ago it was placed _Par Ordre du Roi_ for only two hours as the movable scenery for a _fée_. Of its splendour it keeps none for itself, giving it undivided to that royal condition which it concludes. Before this backdrop it becomes a stage on which the tragedy of absolute monarchy was performed as an allegorical ballet. Yet today it is only the wall in the shade of which one seeks to enjoy the prospect into blue distance created by Le Nôtre.

_Heidelberg Castle._—Ruins jutting into the sky can appear doubly beautiful on clear days when, in their windows or above their contours, the gaze meets passing clouds. Through the transient spectacle it opens in the sky, destruction reaffirms the eternity of these fallen stones.

_Seville, Alcazar._—An architecture that follows fantasy’s first impulse. It is undeflected by practical considerations. These rooms provide only for dreams and festivity, their consummation. Here dance and silence become the _leitmotifs_, since all human movement is absorbed by the soundless tumult of the ornament.

_Marseilles, Cathedral._—On the least frequented, sunniest square stands the cathedral. This place is deserted, despite the proximity at its feet of La Joliette, the harbour, to the south, and a