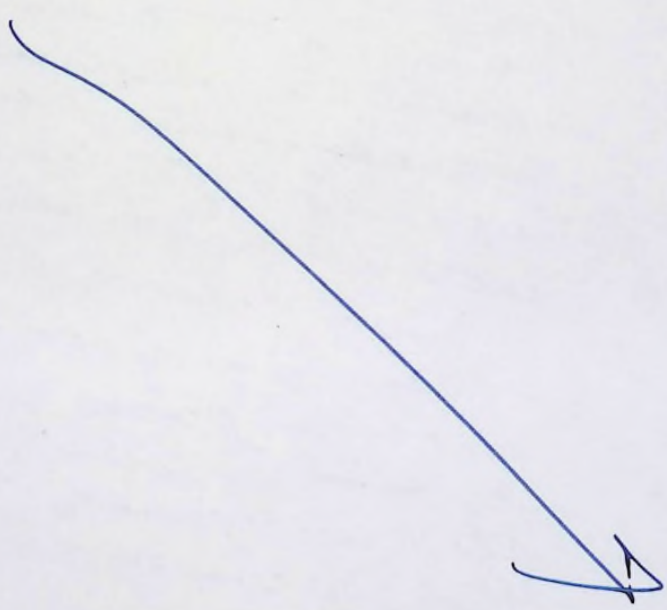


Start

In my opinion, which will rest ①
on this occasion, he humbly &
never say that Sartre derided
existentialism, ran it right off
the center. He talks about his
working ~~the~~ life caught in the
crack of philosophy, ~~between~~
~~for~~ between being and becoming.
I would go so far as to
suggest he was searching for a
usable connection between the
human and the divine without
inflaming too irreparably the reigning
~~the~~ German vandalism
(especially after Hitler) of
nationalism über alles

Sartre, however, proud of his
atheism was ready to take up
a foreboding stance even if he had
no ~~place~~ ^{place} on which to ~~plant~~
plant his argument. To tell us that
that he would recover in mid-air

①
We are French, he was ready to
say, we have money, we can live
with the closed and ask for
no reward. That is because we
are noble enough to live without
employment, ~~and~~ ~~timely~~ we are
strong enough to choose a cause
we are even ready to die
for ~~in~~ in whole ~~defiance~~
of the fact that we have no
booting.



14
24

It was an attitude, it was a
proud stance, ~~it was equal to~~
~~anything~~ ~~even if one was~~
~~standing on one's head~~
~~and~~ in mid-air, but

it stuffed all sense of
inquiry from exultation.
For ^{crochless} ~~crochless~~ dual
^(think only of logical positivism!)
for philosophy, ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~the~~
~~neuron~~ ^{always} ~~One comes down from~~
~~the rational heavens to realize~~
~~that one is in a cul-de-sac.~~
For it is ~~meant~~ ^{to} ~~impossible~~ ^{to} ~~for~~
a philosopher to explain how
we are here without ~~searching~~ ^{some attempt}
~~for his own conception of what~~
~~to suppose what~~
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~profoundly mixed~~ ^{have been}
Thought it is ~~applied~~ ^{to} ~~the~~
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~logical~~ ^{logical} ~~inhabitation~~ ^{as}
as ~~systems~~ ^{come into being}
~~equilibria~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{partial cases - compare}
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~being~~ ^{without} ~~a~~ ^a ~~clue~~ ^{to}

26
B
suggest whether we are here for good
purpose, or there is no mortal
limitation.

48B

~~He was virtuous~~ ^{function}
Sartre's philosophical talents were of no small order. He could work as

a ~~virtuoso~~ in the upper echelons of reason. But he had one grievous fault. He

was an existentialist who did not believe in God. That is like designing an

automobile which requires no driver and accepts no passengers. ~~To the~~

~~But the philosophical marrow of~~
contrary, existentialism needs the philosophical marrow of a God who is also
of existentialism, ^{however} ~~if it is to~~
~~flourish a God who is also existential,~~
existential, a God who is no more confident of the end than we are, a God

who is an artist, not a law-giver, a God who suffers the uncertainties of

existence, the need to hope without the pre-arranged perfection ^{that} which sits

~~like~~ like an incubus upon formal theology ^{with self-serving} its flacid assumption of a Being

who is All-Good and All-Powerful. That gargantuan oxymoron—All-Good

and All-Powerful ^{unwilling} leaves theologians ^{when} ~~stammering~~ ^{as they look to explain} before a tsunami. A more

The notion of an ^{but} existential God, a Creator who was doing His artistic best, could have been

remiss in designing the tectonic plates, ^{is not within their}
^{mental sphere}
^{Sartre was usually aware of the possibility that}
Existentialism thrives by assuming that there is a divinity who, no
^{existentialism could therefore place it would}
^{assume that there is a divinity who, no}
matter His or Her cosmic dimensions, embodies some of our faults, our

^{ambitions}, our talents, and our gloom. For the end is not written. If it is,

there is no place for existentialism. Base our beliefs, however, on the fact of

our existence, and it takes no ^{greatest step for us} ~~dislocation of the mind~~ to assume that we are

not only individual, but part of the phenomenon within existence that searches

for a finer existence, ^{that will be ready} a state that might be able to grow out of our present

collective existence. That, one can argue, is closer to the condition of our

^{and} lives than ^{after} the oxymoronic theologians can place us, and is more reasonable

(B)
(6)

that Sartre's assumption (despite all his powers of reason) that we are here

willy-nilly and must manage to do the best we can with this ^{nothingness} ~~nothing~~ upon

which we stand. Sartre—yes—a great writer of major dimension ^{best} and a

philosophical assassin. He decapitated existentialism just when we needed

most to hear its howl, its barbaric yawp that there is something in common

between God and ourselves. We are all poor artists doing the best we can

and we may succeed or fail—God as well as us. That is the air of

existentialism we need to ^{we would do well to live} again take in, to revive the sense of possible tragedy ~~again~~
^{again as with the Greek's sense that}
~~for us all even as the end remains open.~~ ^{human tragedy can be that end.} Great hope has no real footing unless

one is willing to live with a sense of the doom that may also be approaching,

^{those come}
the poles of our existence—as they have been from the first day.

⑦ ⑧

~~better society~~

existence. That, one can argue, is closer to the condition of our lives than ~~any~~

anything ~~with~~

of the oxymoronic theologians can offer us, and is more reasonable than

It is certainly

our own — despite his passionate desire for a ~~better society~~

than Sartre's assumption ~~(despite all his powers of reason)~~ that we are here willy-

install of

nilly and must manage to do the best we can with ~~this~~ nothingness upon

upon floorlessness. Sartre is,

which we stand Sartre yes — a great writer of major dimension, but ~~he was~~

also a

(philosophical assassin. He decapitated existentialism just when we needed

most to hear its howl, its barbaric yawp that there is something in common

~~all of us, like God, (also imperfect)~~

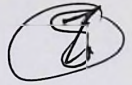
between God and ourselves. We are all poor artists doing the best we can,

~~and we~~ may succeed or fail — God as well as us. That is the ~~implicit~~ fair of

existentialism ~~we need to take in~~. We would do well to live again with the

Greek's sense that even as the end remains open, human tragedy ~~can be~~ that ~~may well~~

end. Great hope has no real footing unless one is willing to live with a sense



on its way,
of the doom that may also be approaching. Those are the poles of our

existence—as they have been from the first day, ^{as is it} ~~of Creation~~

~~and perhaps the first instant of the~~
Big Bang? Something immense is
now underway, ~~but we~~ and we
~~430 words~~ ~~407~~ are here to live
without answers but with all
the privilege of improving our
questions.

triple space.

In my opinion, which ^{cannot} will not on this occasion, be humble, I would say ^{that Sartre despite his incontestable strengths of mind and talent and character, is nonetheless} still the ^{man who} that Sartre derailed existentialism, sent it right off the track. Heidegger spent

his working life ^{labouring mightily} caught in the crack of philosophy's buttocks, ^{right there} between Being

and Becoming. I would go so far as to suggest he was searching for a viable

connection between the human and the divine without inflaming too

irreparably the reigning ^{post-Hitler} German mandarins ^(especially after Hitler) of

rationalism uber alles.

Sartre, however, proud of his atheism, was ready to take up a forceful

stance even if he had no ^{fundament} ~~earth~~ on which to plant his ^{philosophical feet} argument. To hell with

that. He would survive in mid-air. We are French, he was ready to say. We

have minds, we can live with the absurd and ask for no reward. That is

because we are noble enough to live with emptiness. ^{and} ~~Thus, we are~~ strong

enough to choose a course ^{that} ~~we~~ are even ready to die for ^{and we will do this} in whole defiance of

the fact that ^{indeed} ~~we~~ have no footing. ^{If} It was an attitude; it was a proud stance; it

was equal to living with one's mind in mid-air, ^{a formless, empty space} ~~but it stripped all sense of~~ ^{deprived existentialism}
^{or made interesting explanations} ~~of~~ ^(comes to)
~~from them~~ ^{usually} ~~inquiry from existentialism~~ ^{undertaking when it} For atheism is a crop-less desert for philosophy.

^{only} ~~(we need think)~~ ^{with atheism one already}
~~(Think only of logical positivism!)~~ ^{It maroons the neurons. One always}

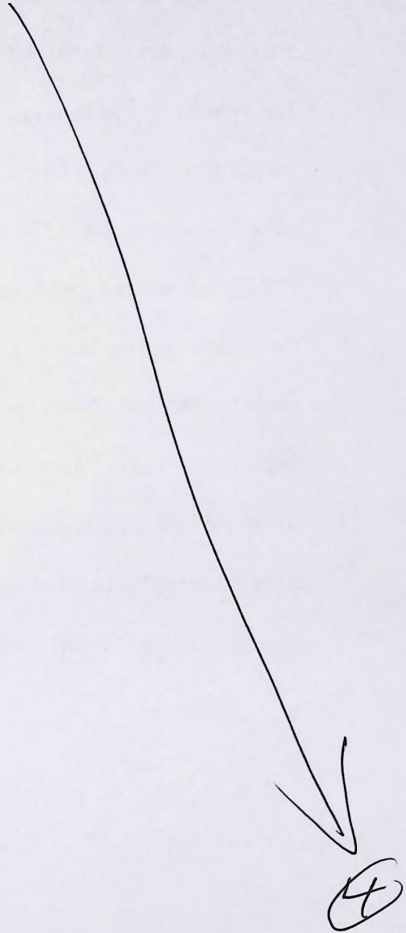
^{descends into} ^{It is, after all,}
~~comes down to a cul-de-sac~~ For it is near to impossible for a philosopher to
^{delve} ^{get into why and how} ^(making some suppositions)
~~explain how we are here without some attempt to suppose~~ ^{enter} ^{for} what the prior

^{Metaphysics}
 force might have been. Thought is asphyxiated by such logical impossibilities

^{if}
~~as~~ existence came into being ex nihilo. In Sartre's case—worse. Existence

came into being without a clue to suggest whether we are here for good
purpose, or there is no motive behind it.

291 words



he didn't need it. He was ready to
 To hell with that. ~~He would~~ survive in mid-air. We are French, he was ready

to say. We have minds, we can live with the absurd and ask for no reward.

That is because we are noble enough to live with emptiness, and strong

which
 enough to choose a course ~~that~~ we are even ready to die for. And we will do

this in whole defiance of the fact that, indeed, we have no footing. *We do not look to a hereafter.*

It was an attitude; it was a proud stance; it was equal to living with

one's mind in formless space, but it deprived existentialism of more

interesting explorations. For atheism is ~~usually~~ a crop-less undertaking when

it comes to philosophy. (We need only think of Logical Positivism!) *Atheism*

can contend with metaphysics (as Sartre did, on occasion and most brilliantly) but when it comes to metaphysics, atheism ends, in a locked cell,
 atheism one always descends into a cul-de-sac. (It is, after all, near to

explode
 impossible for a philosopher to delve into ~~why~~ and how we are here without

notion
 entertaining some ~~supposition~~ of what the prior force might have been.

Cosmic speculation

~~Metaphysics~~ asphyxiated if existence came into being ex nihilo. In Sartre's

case—worse. Existence came into being without a clue to suggest whether

we are here for good purpose, or there is no ~~reason~~ ^{whatsoever for us,} ~~motivation~~ ^{behind it.}

All the same, Sartre's philosophical talents were damnably virtuoso.

He was ~~always~~ ⁷ able to function with precision in the upper echelons of every

logical structure he set up. If only he had not been an existentialist! For an

existentialist who does not believe in some kind of god is equal to an engineer

who designs an automobile which requires no driver and accepts no

passengers. If existentialism is to flourish (that is, develop through a series

of new philosophers building on earlier premises) it needs ^{a God} ~~so states this~~ ⁷

immodest premise ~~is~~ ⁷ ~~a God~~ who is no more confident of the end than we are;

a God who is an artist, not a law-giver; a God who suffers the uncertainties of

existence, ^{a Being who lives like us} ~~the need to hope~~ without any of the pre-arranged guarantees that sit

like an incubus upon formal theology with its ^{flatulent} ~~fixed~~ self-serving assumption ^{of a Being} ~~of a Being~~ who is All-Good and All-Powerful. What a gargantuan

oxymoron—All-Good and All-Powerful! It is certain to maroon any and all

formal theologians who ^{would like} look to explain a tsunami. ^{Before the} The notion of an ^{unrath of a tsunami} ~~unrath of a tsunami~~ 'They can only break which' ^{The notion of an} ~~(existential God, a Creator who was doing His or Her artistic best, but could~~ ^{may have been} ~~fill~~

have been remiss in designing the tectonic plates, is not within their ^{scope,} ~~mental~~

~~sphere,~~

Sartre was alien to the possibility that existentialism might thrive if it

would just assume that ^{indeed we do have} there is a divinity who, no matter His or Her cosmic ^(whether larger or smaller than we assume) ~~dimensions,~~ embodies nonetheless some of our faults, our ambitions, our

talents, and our gloom. For the end is not written. If it is, there is no place

for existentialism. Base our beliefs, however, on the fact of our existence,

and it takes no great step for us to assume that we are not only individual, but

may well be a vital part of the phenomenon within existence ^{which} ^{some} ~~that~~ searches for ~~some~~

^{vision of life} ^{which that} ~~that~~ ^{could conceivably} ^{human} ^{condition}
~~that~~ finer existence which could grow out of our present ~~collecting~~ existence.
~~There is no reason, one can argue, why this assumption~~
~~This assumption~~ ^{is not nearer}
~~That, one can argue, is closer to the condition of our lives than anything the~~ ^(real being)

^{would} oxymoronic theologians ~~can~~ offer us. It is certainly more reasonable than

Sartre's ongoing assumption—despite his passionate desire for a ^{better} ~~bitter~~

society—that we are here willy-nilly and must manage to do the best we can

^{our endemic} ^{eternal} ^{was indeed a}
~~with~~ nothingness installed upon ~~(~~ floorlessness. Sartre is ~~a~~ ^{great} writer of

^{executioner} ^{guilt-tried}
 major dimension, but he was also a philosophical assassin. He decapitated

existentialism just when we needed most to hear its howl, its barbaric yawp

that there is something in common between God and all of us. We, like God,

Existentialism — Does it Have a Future?

I would say that Sartre, despite his incontestable strengths of mind, talent, and character, is still the man who derailed existentialism, sent it right off the track. In part, this may have been because he ~~He~~ also gave too wide a berth to Heidegger's thought.

Heidegger spent his working life laboring mightily in the crack of philosophy's buttocks, right there in the cleft between Being and Becoming. I would go so far as to suggest Heidegger was searching for a viable connection between the human and the divine that would not inflame too irreparably the reigning post-Hitler German mandarins who were in no rush to forgive his past and would hardly encourage his tropism toward the non-rational.

Sartre, however, was comfortable as an atheist even if he had no fundament on which to plant his philosophical feet. To hell with that, he didn't need it. He was ready to survive in mid-air. We are French, he was ready to say. We have minds, we can live with the absurd and ask for no

reward. That is because we are noble enough to live with emptiness, and strong enough to choose a course which we are even ready to die for. And we will do this in whole defiance of the fact that, indeed, we have no footing. We do not look to a Hereafter.

It was an attitude; it was a proud stance; it was equal to living with one's mind in formless space, but it deprived existentialism of more interesting explorations. For atheism is a crop-less undertaking when it comes to philosophy. (We need only think of Logical Positivism!) Atheism can contend with ethics (as Sartre did on occasion most brilliantly) but when it comes to metaphysics, atheism ends in a locked cell. It is, after all, near to impossible for a philosopher to explore into how we are here without entertaining some notion of what the prior force might have been. Cosmic speculation is asphyxiated if existence came into being ex nihilo. In Sartre's case—worse. Existence came into being without a clue to suggest whether we are here for good purpose, or there is no reason whatsoever for us.

All the same, Sartre's philosophical talents were damnably virtuoso. He was able to function with precision in the upper echelons of every logical structure he set up. If only he had not been an existentialist! For an

existentialist who does not believe in some kind of ^{Other}god is equal to an engineer
 who designs an automobile which requires no driver and accepts no
 passengers. If existentialism is to flourish (that is, develop through a series
 of new philosophers building on earlier premises) it needs a God who is no
 more confident of the end than we are; a God who is an artist, not a law-
 giver; a God who suffers the uncertainties of existence; a God who lives
 without any of the pre-arranged guarantees that sit like an incubus upon
 formal theology with its flatulent, self-serving assumption of a Being who is
 All-Good and All-Powerful. What a gargantuan oxymoron—All-Good and
 All-Powerful. It is certain to maroon any and all formal theologians who
 would like to explain ^{an earthquake,} a tsunami. Before the wrath of a tsunami, they can only
 break wind. The notion of an existential God, a Creator who may have been
 doing His or Her artistic best, but could still have been remiss in designing the
 tectonic plates, is not within their scope.

Sartre was alien to the possibility that existentialism might thrive if it
 would just assume that indeed we do have a ^{God}divinity who, no matter His or
 Her cosmic dimensions, (whether larger or smaller than we assume),
 embodies nonetheless some of our faults, our ambitions, our talents, and our

gloom. For the end is not written. If it is, there is no place for existentialism.

Base our beliefs, however, on the fact of our existence, and it takes no great step for us to assume that we are not only individual, but may well be a vital part of ^{a larger} the phenomenon ~~within existence~~ which searches for some finer vision of life that could conceivably ^{emerge from} ~~grow out of~~ our present human condition.

There is no reason, one can argue, why this assumption is not nearer to the real being of our lives than anything the oxymoronic theologians would offer us. It is certainly more reasonable than Sartre's ongoing assumption—despite his passionate desire for a better society—that we are here willy-nilly and must manage to do the best we can with ~~but~~ endemic nothingness installed upon eternal floorlessness. Sartre was indeed a ~~great~~ writer of major dimension, but he was also a philosophical executioner. He guillotined existentialism just when we needed most to hear its howl, its barbaric yawp that there is something in common between God and all of us. We, like God, are imperfect artists doing the best we can. We may succeed or fail—God as well as us. That is the implicit if undeveloped air of existentialism. We would do well to live again with the Greeks, live again with the expectation that the end remains open but human tragedy may well be our end. Great

hope has no real footing unless one is willing to face into the doom that may also be on the way. Those are the poles of our existence—as they have been from the first ~~four~~ ^{5 for}, or is it the first ~~instant~~ ⁷ of the Big Bang? ~~Something~~ ⁸ immense may now be stirring, but to meet it we will do better to expect that life will not provide the answers we need ^{so} ~~as~~ much as it will offer the privilege of improving our questions.

941 words

are imperfect artists doing the best we can. We may succeed or fail—God as

(if undeveloped)
well as us. That is the implicit ^{air} of existentialism. We would do well to
the Greeks live again with the expectation
~~that sense so close to the Greeks~~
live again with the Greek sense that even as the end remains open, human

~~It is~~ that the end remains open but human
tragedy may well be ^{our} that end. Great hope has no real footing unless one is
willing ~~to face~~ *to face into the doom that*
~~to face~~ *to face*

willing to live ~~with a sense of the doom that~~ *on the* may also be its way. Those are

the poles of our existence—as they have been from the first hour, or is it the

may now be stirring,
first instant of the Big Bang? Something immense is ~~now~~ *underway*, and we
~~but to meet it we will do better to expect~~
~~with the expectation that life will not provide~~
~~are here to live without answers but with the privilege of improving our~~
only
the answers we need so much as it will
questions. offer the privilege of improving
our questions.

852
430 words ?