I AND YOU

A PROLOGUE

by

Walter Kaufmann

I

Man's world is manifold, and his attitudes are manifold. What is manifold is often frightening because it is not neat and simple. Men prefer to forget how many possibilities are open to them.

They like to be told that there are two worlds and two ways. This is comforting because it is so tidy. Almost always one way turns out to be common and the other one is celebrated as superior.

Those who tell of two ways and praise one are recognized as prophets or great teachers. They save men from confusion and hard choices. They offer a single choice that is easy to make because those who do not take the path that is commended to them live a wretched life.

To walk far on this path may be difficult, but the choice is easy, and to hear the celebration of this path is pleasant. Wisdom offers simple schemes, but truth is not so simple.

Not all simplicity is wise. But a wealth of possibilities breeds dread. Hence those who speak of many possibilities speak to the few and are of help to even fewer. The wise offer only two ways, of which one is good, and thus help many.

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Mundus vult decipi: the world wants to be deceived. The truth is too complex and frightening; the taste for the truth is an acquired taste that few acquire.

Not all deceptions are palatable. Untruths are too easy to come by, too quickly exploded, too cheap and ephemeral to give lasting comfort. *Mundus vult decipi;* but there is a hierarchy of deceptions.

Near the bottom of the ladder is journalism: a steady

stream of irresponsible distortions that most people find refreshing although on the morning after, or at least within a week, it will be stale and flat.

On a higher level we find fictions that men eagerly believe, regardless of the evidence, because they gratify some wish.

Near the top of the ladder we encounter curious mixtures of untruth and truth that exert a lasting fascination on the intellectual community.

What cannot, on the face of it, be wholly true, although it is plain that there is some truth in it, evokes more discussion and dispute, divergent exegeses and attempts at emendations than what has been stated very carefully, without exaggeration or onesidedness. The Book of Proverbs is boring compared to the Sermon on the Mount.

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The good way must be clearly good but not wholly clear. If it is quite clear, it is too easy to reject.

What is wanted is an oversimplification, a reduction of a multitude of possibilities to only two. But if the recommended path were utterly devoid of mystery, it would cease to fascinate men. Since it clearly should be chosen, nothing would remain but to proceed on it. There would be nothing left to discuss and interpret, to lecture and write about, to admire and merely think about.

The world exacts a price for calling teachers wise: it keeps discussing the paths they recommend, but few men follow them. The wise give men endless opportunities to discuss what is good.

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Men's attitudes are manifold. Some live in a strange world bounded by a path from which countless ways lead inside. If there were road signs, all of them might bear the same inscription: I-I.

Those who dwell inside have no consuming interest. They are not devoted to possessions, even if they prize some; not to people, even if they like some; not to any project, even if they have some.

Things are something that they speak of; persons have the great advantage that one cannot only talk *of* them but also *to*, or rather *at* them; but the lord of every sentence is no man but I. Projects can be entertained without complete devotion, spoken of, and put on like a suit or dress before a mirror. When you speak to men of this type, they quite often do not hear you, and they never hear you as another I.

You are not an object for men like this, not a thing to be used or experienced, nor an object of interest or fascination. The point is not at all that you are found interesting or fascinating instead of being seen as a fellow I. The shock is rather that you are not found interesting or fascinating at all: you are not recognized as an object any more than as a subject. You are accepted, if at all, as one to be spoken at and spoken of; but when you are spoken of, the lord of every story will be I.

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Men's attitudes are manifold. Some men take a keen interest in certain objects and in other men and actually think more about them than they think of themselves. They do not so much say I or think I as they do I.

They "take" an interest, they do not give of themselves.

They may manipulate or merely study, and unlike men of the I–I type they may be good scholars; but they lack devotion.

This I-It tendency is so familiar that little need be said about it, except that it is a tendency that rarely consumes a man's whole life. Those who see a large part of humanity —their enemies, of course—as men of this type, have succumbed to demonology.

This is merely one of the varieties of man's experience and much more widespread in all ages as a tendency and much rarer as a pure type in our own time than the Manichaeans fancy.

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There are men who hardly have an I at all. Nor are all of them of one kind.

Some inhabit worlds in which objects loom large. They are not merely interested in some thing or subject, but the object of their interest dominates their lives. They are apt to be great scholars of extraordinary erudition, with no time for themselves, with no time to have a self.

They study without experiencing: they have no time for experience, which would smack of subjectivity if not frivolity. They are objective and immensely serious. They have no time for humor.

They study without any thought of use. What they study is an end in itself for them. They are devoted to their subject, and the notion of using it is a blasphemy and sacrilege that is not likely to occur to them.

For all that, their "subject" is no subject in its own right, like a person. It has no subjectivity. It does not speak to them. It is a subject one has chosen to study—one of the subjects that one may legitimately choose, and there may

be others working on the same subject, possibly on a slightly different aspect of it, and one respects them insofar as they, too, have no selves and are objective.

Here we have a community of solid scholars—so solid that there is no room at the center for any core. Theirs is the world of It-It.

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There are other ways of having no I. There are men who never speak a sentence of which I is lord, but nobody could call them objective. At the center of their world is We.

The contents of this We can vary greatly. But this is an orientation in which I does not exist, and You and It and He and She are only shadows.

One type of this sort could be called We-We. Theirs is a sheltered, childish world in which no individuality has yet emerged.

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Another perennial attitude is summed up in the words Us-Them. Here the world is divided in two: the children of light and the children of darkness, the sheep and the goats, the elect and the damned.

Every social problem can be analyzed without much study: all one has to look for are the sheep and goats.

There is room for anger and contempt and boundless hope; for the sheep are bound to triumph.

Should a goat have the presumption to address a sheep, the sheep often do not hear it, and they never hear it as another I. For the goat is one of Them, not one of Us.

Righteousness, intelligence, integrity, humanity, and victory are the prerogatives of Us, while wickedness, stu-

pidity, hypocrisy, brutality, and ultimate defeat belong to Them.

Those who have managed to cut through the terrible complexities of life and offer such a scheme as this have been hailed as prophets in all ages.

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In these five attitudes there is no You: I-I, I-It, It-It, We-We, and Us-Them. There are many ways of living in a world without You.

There are also many worlds with the two poles I-You.

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I-You sounds unfamiliar. What we are accustomed to is I-Thou. But man's attitudes are manifold, and Thou and You are not the same. Nor is Thou very similar to the German *Du*.

German lovers say *Du* to one another, and so do friends. *Du* is spontaneous and unpretentious, remote from formality, pomp, and dignity.

What lovers or friends say Thou to one another? Thou is scarcely ever said spontaneously.

Thou immediately brings to mind God; *Du* does not. And the God of whom it makes us think is not the God to whom one might cry out in gratitude, despair, or agony, not the God to whom one complains or prays spontaneously: it is the God of the pulpits, the God of the holy tone.

When men pray spontaneously or speak directly to God, without any mediator, without any intervention of formulas, when they speak as their heart tells them to speak instead of repeating what is printed, do they say Thou? How many know the verb forms Thou commands?

The world of Thou has many mansions. Thou is a preachers' word but also dear to anticlerical romantic poets. Thou is found in Shakespeare and at home in the English Bible, although recent versions of the Scriptures have tended to dispense with it. Thou can mean many things, but it has no place whatever in the language of direct, nonliterary, spontaneous human relationships.

If one could liberate I-Thou from affectation, the price for that would still involve reducing it to a mere formula, to jargon. But suppose a man wrote a book about direct relationships and tried to get away from the formulas of theologians and philosophers: a theologian would translate it and turn *Ich und Du* into *I and Thou.*

II

Men love jargon. It is so palpable, tangible, visible, audible; it makes so obvious what one has learned; it satisfies the craving for results. It is impressive for the uninitiated. It makes one feel that one belongs. Jargon divides men into Us and Them.

Two books appeared during the same year. One was called *Ich und Du*, the other *Das Ich und das Es.* Rarely have two books of such importance had such simple names.

Both books proposed three central concepts: the former also *Es*, the latter also *Über-ich.* But neither book was trinitarian in any profound sense. Both were dualistic. The wise emphasize two principles.

Freud's *Ich* was the conscious part of the soul, his *Es* the unconscious part, and his *Über-ich* a third part which he also called the *Ich-Ideal* or the conscience. But it was part of his central concern at that time to go "Beyond the Pleasure Principle" and introduce a second basic drive.

Buber could also have called his book *Das Ich und das Es.* He could also have spoken of an *Über-ich,* or perhaps an *Über-du.* But he was not speaking of parts of the soul. He singled out two relationships: that in which I recognize It as an object, especially of experience and use, and that in which I respond with my whole being to You. And the last part of his book dealt with the divine You.

Men love jargon. In English one book became *I and Thou* and the other *The Ego and the Id.* Thus even people who had not read these books could speak of ego, id, and superego, of the I-Thou and the I-It.

Actually, Freud had written his most epoch-making books before *Das Ich und das Es,* without using these terms, and his system did not depend on these words. That never deterred those who loved to speak and write about the ego and the id.

Buber wrote many later works in which he did not harp on *Ich* and *Du.* He was not a man of formulas but one who tried to meet each person, each situation, and each subject in its own way. That never deterred those who loved to speak and write about "the I-It" and "the I-Thou."

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There are many modes of I-You.

Kant told men always to treat humanity, in our person as well as that of others, as an end also and never only as a means. This is one way of setting off I-You from I-It. And when he is correctly quoted and the "also" and the "only" are not omitted, as they all too often are, one may well marvel at his moral wisdom.

Innumerable are the ways in which I treat You as a means. I ask your help, I ask for information, I may buy

from you or buy what you have made, and you sometimes dispel my loneliness.

Nor do I count the ways in which You treat me as a means. You ask my help, you ask me questions, you may buy what I have written, and at times I ease your loneliness.

Even when you treat me *only* as a means I do not always mind. A genuine encounter can be quite exhausting, even when it is exhilarating, and I do not always want to give myself.

Even when you treat me *only* as a means because you want some information, I may feel delighted that I have the answer and can help.

But man's attitudes are manifold, and there are many ways of treating others as ends *also.* There are many modes of I-You.

You may be polite when asking; you may show respect, affection, admiration, or one of the countless attitudes that men call love.

Or you may not ask but seek without the benefit of words. Or you may speak but not ask, possibly responding to my wordless question. We may do something together. You may write to me. You may think of writing to me. And there are other ways. There are many modes of I-You.

The total encounter in which You is spoken with one's whole being is but one mode of I-You. And it is misleading if we assimilate all the other modes of I-You to I-It.

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Philosophers tend to reduce the manifold to the twofold. Some of the greatest taught that there were two worlds. Why has hardly anyone proclaimed many worlds?

We have heard of the two ways of opinion and knowl-

edge, the two realms of appearance and reality, this world and the other, matter and mind, phenomena and noumena, representation and will, nature and spirit, means and end, It and You.

Side by side with technical philosophy similar games are played. Naïve and sentimental poets have been contrasted in a lengthy and immensely influential essay that has left its mark on subsequent discussions of the classical and the romantic. Later on the Apollinian and the Dionysian emerged as a variant. And the It and You.

The straight philosophers tend to celebrate one of the two worlds and depreciate the other. The literary tradition is less Manichaean. Friedrich Schiller tried to comprehend both kinds of poetry without disparaging either naïve or sentimental tendencies, and Nietzsche followed his example in his early contrast of the two Greek gods.

Ich und Du stands somewhere between the literary and philosophical traditions. Buber's "It" owes much to matter and appearance, to phenomena and representation, nature and means. Buber's "You" is the heir of mind, reality, spirit, and will, and his I-You sometimes has an air of Dionysian ecstasy. Even if I-It is not disparaged, noboby can fail to notice that I-You is celebrated.

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The year before *Ich und Du* appeared, Leo Baeck published a major essay on *Romantische Religion* that was meant to be the first part of a larger work on "Classical and Romantic Religion." Eventually, it became the capstone of his *Judaism and Christianity.*

The theme: "We encounter two forms above all, classical and romantic religiousness, classical and romantic religion . . . Judaism and Christianity."

Baeck's apologetics is inspiring, his polemic is inspired.

But after a hundred pages one is bound to ask oneself if his procedure is not unsound.

Even where the two notions played off against each other in endless variations are not black and white, one is led to wonder eventually if the play impulse has not got out of hand, if repetition has not replaced argument, and virtuosity demonstration.

Certainly, Buber's delight in language gets between him and his readers. There might as well be a screen between them on which one watches the antics of his words instead of listening to him. The words do tricks, the performance is brilliant, but much of it is very difficult to follow.

Obscurity is fascinating. One tries to puzzle out details, is stumped, and becomes increasingly concerned with meaning—unless one feels put off and gives up altogether.

Those who persevere and take the author seriously are led to ask about what he could possibly have meant, but rarely seem to wonder or discuss whether what he says is true.

Instead of asking how things are in fact, and how one could possibly find out, one wonders mostly whether one has got the author's point; and if one thinks one has, one may even feel superior to those who have not.

Speaking in Kierkegaard's terms, one might say that Buber makes it all too easy for his readers to avoid his ethical challenge by adopting an aesthetic orientation. Precisely the same might be said of Kierkegaard himself.

III

Success is no proof of virtue. In the case of a book, quick acclaim is presumptive evidence of a lack of substance and originality.

Most books are stillborn. As the birthrate rises steeply,

infant mortality soars. Most books die unnoticed; fewer live for a year or two.

Those that make much noise when they see the light of day generally die in childhood. Few books live as long as fifty years. For those that do, the prognosis is good: they are likely to live much longer than their authors.

In the case of a book, longevity is presumptive evidence of virtue, although survival usually also owes a good deal to a book's vices. A lack of clarity is almost indispensable.

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Books that survive their authors do not weather time like rocks. They are reborn without having quite died and have several overlapping lives. Some fall asleep in one country, come to life in another, and then wake up again.

Ich und Du was fourteen years old when it began a new life in the English-speaking world as *I and Thou*, in 1937. The next year the author left Germany for Jerusalem, and the German book seemed to be headed for death at fifteen.

In his new home Buber did not meet with the acclaim that he had won from German Jewry in the years of persecution. No longer could he write in German. He had to try his hand at Hebrew. And people joked that he did not yet know Hebrew well enough to write as obscurely as he had written in German.

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I and Thou survived, mainly among Protestant theologians. That a book by a man who felt so strongly about being a Jew should have been acclaimed primarily by Protestants has struck many people as ironical. What is much more remarkable is that a sharp attack on all talk about God

and all pretensions to knowledge about God—a sustained attempt to rescue the religious dimension of life from the theologians—should have been received so well by theologians. They generously acclaimed Buber as a Jewish theologian, and went right on doing what they had done. Only now their discourse was enriched with frequent references to the I-Thou and the I-It.

After World War II the book gained a far wider hearing, especially in Germany, where it was rediscovered, and in the United States. After the holocaust a widespread need was felt to love and admire a representative Jew. The competition was not keen. There was no dearth of great writers and scientists who were Jews, but what was wanted was a representative and teacher of the Jewish tradition—a contemporary heir, if that were possible, of the Hebrew prophets.

In the twentieth century neither Eastern European Jewry nor American Jewry had produced such figures, while the German Jews, whom both of these far larger communities tended to regard with some resentment, could point to several. Franz Rosenzweig, with whom Buber had undertaken a new German translation of the Hebrew Bible, had died in 1929. But even after World War II there were still Baeck and Buber.

Baeck, too, gained another hearing now. But when the war ended he was in his seventies and, having spent the last part of the war in Theresienstadt, somewhat frail. Moreover, his manner had always been exceedingly refined, and he was a rabbi. He was an immensely impressive person, and the rabbinical students who sat at his feet at Hebrew Union College where he came to teach one semester a year will never forget him any more than those who heard him lecture in Frankfurt a few months before his death—tall, stooped, and undaunted; over eighty; speaking with-

out notes, as brilliantly as in his prime. Here was greatness, but it belonged to a past period of history, almost to a vanished civilization. He spoke of rebirth on that occasion and, back from Theresienstadt, youthful in old age, symbolized it. But those who learned from him did not feel that he was one of them.

Martin Buber's personal appearances in Germany and the United States were different. He was very small, not at all likely to be noticed from far away; and his bearing did not create a sense of distance. Nor was he a brilliant lecturer—at least not in this last phase. Unlike Baeck, whose eyesight was so poor that he had trained himself to get along without notes, Buber often read long papers that most of the audience could not follow. But as soon as the lecture was over and the questions started, he stood revealed as the exceptional man he was. If there was any ostentation now, it was in his insistence on establishing genuine dialogue. What was unforgettable was the attempt to triumph over distance; to bridge differences in age, cultural background, and language; to listen and communicate. And those who knew him tried to keep him from lecturing in the first place and have discussion from the start. But these discussions were not ordinary. On such occasions *I and You* became incarnate.

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Never was the popularity of Buber's little masterpiece as great as it became after his death. This posthumous triumph probably owed little to his personality. It was part of a larger wave.

It took Kant and Hegel a few decades to arrive in the United States. It took the German 1920's forty years.

Kafka arrived sooner. But he was almost unknown in

Germany when he died in 1924; he did not belong to the German twenties as much as did Hesse and Buber, Heidegger and Brecht.

Buber's immense posthumous popularity is not confined to him. Those who read *I and Thou* also read Hesse's *Steppenwolf* and talk of Heidegger, usually without having read him, just as students did in Germany in the twenties. This goes with a sexual revolution and an interest in drugs, a vast enthusiasm for Dostoevsky, Indian philosophy, and Buddhism. The whole syndrome has come to life again along with interest in Bertolt Brecht whose antisentimental and antiromantic protests have to be seen against the background of a time that acclaimed Hesse and Buber. His toughness has some of the swagger of adolescent rebellion. But their neo-romanticism also had, and still has, a particular appeal for adolescents. A book's survival usually owes not a little to its vices.

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Our first loves leave their mark upon us. In the crucial years of adolescence I loved Hesse's novels and experienced Buddhism and Indian wisdom as a great temptation to detachment. Buber taught me that mysticism need not lead outside the world. Or if mysticism does, by definition, so much the worse for it.

It was from Buber's other writings that I learned what could also be found in *I and Thou:* the central commandment to make the secular sacred.

Ich und Du I did not read in my teens, and later the style of this little book put me off as much as its dualism. Even more than Nietzsche's *Zarathustra,* it is overwritten. We are far from the clear, crisp air of a sunny autumn morning in the mountains and the bracing wit of Nietzsche's later

prose. We seem even further from the simplicity of Kafka's style, schooled on the Book of Genesis.

Yet few books of our century equal the economy of Buber's *Tales of the Hasidim.* There he reached perfection. Among his own writings, *The Way of Man According to the Teachings of Hasidism* is a work of comparable beauty that distils Buber's own teaching in less than twenty pages.* It is also Buber's best translated work, but he neither recalled nor was able to find out who had translated it.

The style of *Ich und Du* is anything but sparse and unpretentious, lean or economical. It represents a late flowering of romanticism and tends to blur all contours in the twilight of suggestive but extremely unclear language. Most of Buber's German readers would be quite incapable of saying what any number of passages probably mean.

The obscurity of the book does not seem objectionable to them: it seems palpable proof of profundity. Sloth meets with awe in the refusal to unravel mysteries.

And the Hasidic tradition meets with the conventions of German philosophy in endowing teachers with an aura of authority. In this ambience it is not for the student to challenge or to examine critically. One tries to absorb what one can and hopes to understand more in the future.

This world may be gone, but modern art and poetry, plays and films have predisposed Buber's readers once again not to ask what every detail means. One has come to suspect reasons and analysis and feels ready for Zen, for Indian wisdom, and for Buber's book.

It is not even impossible that in places Buber himself was not sure of the exact meaning of his text. One of the last things he wrote was a long reply to twenty-nine mostly friendly critics who had collaborated on a volume on his work that appeared first in German (*Martin Buber,* 1963)

*It is reprinted, uncut, in my *Religion from Tolstoy to Camus.*

and then also in English (*The Philosophy of Martin Buber,* 1967). His response, printed at the end of the volume, also contains some discussion of *Ich und Du;* and here Buber says: "At that time I wrote what I wrote under the spell of an irresistible enthusiasm. And the inspirations of such enthusiasm one may not change any more, not even for the sake of exactness. For one can only estimate what one would gain, but not what would be lost."

Thus Buber endowed his own text with authority and implied that he himself could not tell its full meaning. Any attempt to clarify dark passages might eliminate pertinent associations. It should be clear where that leaves the translator!

IV

It may be doubted whether the style of the book really communicates the force of inspiration. In places the aesthetic surface of the book looks like mere *Schöngeisterei;* the style seems mannered, the plays on words at best clever, and those who hate affectation may even wonder whether this virtuosity hides a lack of content. In fact, it hides a profoundly antiromantic message.

The content may *appear* to be as romantic as the form. Of the many possible relationships in which I encounter You as another I, Buber singles out a state that is almost ecstatic. As long as we focus on this choice, we are almost bound to see him as a romantic and to miss his import.

Buber's most significant ideas are not tied to his extraordinary language. Nor do they depend on any jargon. On the contrary, they cry out to be liberated from all jargon.

The sacred is here and now. The only God worth keeping is a God that cannot be kept. The only God worth

talking about is a God that cannot be talked about. God is no object of discourse, knowledge, or even experience. He cannot be spoken of, but he can be spoken to; he cannot be seen, but he can be listened to. The only possible relationship with God is to address him and to be addressed by him, here and now—or, as Buber puts it, in the present. For him the Hebrew name of God, the tetragrammaton (YHVH), means HE IS PRESENT. *Er ist da* might be translated: He is there; but in this context it would be more nearly right to say: He is here.

Where? After Auschwitz and Nagasaki, where? We look around and do not see him. But he is not to be seen. Never. Those who have claimed to see him did not see him.

Does he really address us? Even if we wanted to, desperately, could we listen to him? Does he speak to us?

On the first page of the original edition of the book one was confronted by only two lines:

So hab ich endlich von dir erharrt:
In allen Elementen Gottes Gegenwart.

"Thus I have finally obtained from you by waiting / God's presence in all elements." No source was indicated, but this epigraph came from Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan.* It brings to mind Goethe's contemporary, William Blake:

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an Hour.

But in Buber's book the emphasis actually does not fall on all elements; and that is surely one reason why he omitted the epigraph in 1957. Asked why he had deleted it, he said: Because it could be misunderstood. And in the later editions of some early works he also changed some phrases

that had a pantheistic ring. But in 1923, when *Ich und Du* appeared with the epigraph from Goethe, Buber also published a collected edition of some earlier "Lectures on Judaism" (*Reden über das Judentum*), adding a Foreword that makes clear his desire even at that time to distinguish his own position from any pantheism.

We must ask to whom the "you" (*dir*) in the epigraph had been meant to refer. In Goethe's *Divan* the lines occur in the short dialogue that concludes "The Innkeeper's Book" (*Das Schenkenbuch*), and the innkeeper is addressing the poet. This dialogue, incidentally, was added only after the original edition. But of whom could Buber have been thinking? *Ich und Du* bore no dedication; but the sequel, *Zwiesprache* (1932: Dialogue) was dedicated to Buber's wife, Paula, with a four-line verse:

An P.
Der Abgrund und das Weltenlicht,
Zeitnot und Ewigkeitsbegier,
Vision, Ereignis und Gedicht:
Zwiesprache wars und ists mit dir.

"For P. The abyss and the light of the world, / Time's need and the craving for eternity, / Vision, event, and poetry: / Was and is dialogue with you."

Thus the epigraph in *Ich und Du* may be understood as a "concealed dedication" to Paula Buber, who in 1921 had published a book in which the elements, which had been pagan in her previous work, were full of God.* The motto

*I owe the phrase in quotes, this interpretation, and most of the information about the epigraph to Grete Schaeder, who will argue her case in her introduction to the first volume of Buber's correspondence. I don't know whether she has noticed that the two lines in the *Divan* that follow upon Buber's epigraph support her reading: *Wie du mir das so lieblich gibst! / Am lieblichsten aber dass du liebst:* "How you give this to me in such a lovely way! But what is loveliest is that you love."

could scarcely be understood as it was meant. But rightly understood, it serves notice that the book was grounded in an actual relationship between a human I and a human You.

The centrality of human relationships in this book is so plain that critics have actually noted with surprise and protested with complete incomprehension that there should be any mention at all of a tree and of a cat. The central stress falls on You—not Thou. God is present when I confront You. But if I look away from You, I ignore him. As long as I merely experience or use you, I deny God. But when I encounter You I encounter him.

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For those who no longer have any use for the word "God" this may be too much; and for those who do, too little. But is it too little?

When you come to appear before me,
  who requires of you
  this trampling of my courts?
Bring no more vain offerings;
  incense is an abomination to me.
New moon and sabbath and the calling of assemblies—
  I cannot endure iniquity and solemn assembly.
Your new moon and your appointed feasts
  my soul hates;
they have become a burden to me,
  I am weary of bearing them.
When you spread forth your hands,
  I hide my eyes from you;
even though you make many prayers,
  I no longer listen;
  your hands are full of blood.

Wash yourselves; make yourselves clean;
  remove the evil of your doings
  from before my eyes;
cease to do evil,
  learn to do good;
seek justice,
  correct oppression;
defend the fatherless,
  plead for the widow.

Is that too little?

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Nor is it too much. In places it seems a bit much. Buber seems so dramatic, so insistent on what seems obvious. But there are self-refuting prophecies, and Hebrew prophecy was not meant to come true.

The Hebrew prophets foretold disasters that would come to pass unless those who heard them returned from their evil ways. Jeremiah did not gloat when Jerusalem was destroyed; he was grieved by his failure.

Jonah, of course, felt aggrieved when his prophecy forestalled its own fulfillment; but this only provides the occasion for the moral of the story. He is told, and we are told, that this sort of failure is a triumph.

If Buber places so much stress on what seems obvious to me, one has to ask in fairness whether it would seem so obvious if he had not been so insistent on it.

When a religion professor makes a great point of treating students as persons, that seems almost comical. How else? But when every student who comes to my office to speak to me, and everyone who asks a question of me during or after a lecture comes to life for me as an I addressing me and I try to speak not *about him* but *to You*

—would it be that way but for the influence of Martin Buber?

I am not sure and I will never know. The loves of childhood and of adolescence cannot be subtracted from us; they have become part of us. Not a discrete part that could be severed. It is as if they had entered our blood stream.

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Nevertheless, if one has no use for the word "God" it may seem merely obscurantist to make this point in this fashion. Why not say instead that we ought to be mindful that the human beings we confront are persons?

It still seems hard not to reply: what else could they be? isn't this obvious? In any case, Buber says more than this, without saying too much.

He finds in my encounter with You what Blake finds in a grain of sand and in a wild flower: infinity and eternity —here and now.

Far better than John Dewey who tried something similar in *A Common Faith*, Buber succeeds in endowing the social sphere with a religious dimension. Where other critics of religion tend to take away the sabbath and leave us with a life of weekdays, Buber attacks the dichotomy that condemns men to lives that are at least six-sevenths drab.

While man cannot live in a continual sabbath, he should not resign himself to a flat two-dimensional life from which he escapes on rare occasions. The place of the sacred is not a house of God, no church, synagogue, or seminary, nor one day in seven, and the span of the sacred is much shorter than twenty-four hours. The sabbath is every day, several times a day.

•

Still why use religious terms? Indeed, it might be better not to use them because they are always misunderstood. But what other terms are there?

We need a new language, and new poets to create it, and new ears to listen to it.

Meanwhile, if we shut our ears to the old prophets who still speak more or less in the old tongues, using ancient words, occasionally in new ways, we shall have very little music.

We are not so rich that we can do without tradition. Let him that has new ears listen to it in a new way.

•

In Buber's little book God actually does not appear much before the Third Part. But a heretic need not consider that last part embarrassing or *de trop*. On the contrary.

Those without ties to organized religion who feel that, although much of institutional religion is repulsive, not all scriptures are bare nonsense, have to ask themselves: what about God?

Those who prefer the God of Abraham, Jacob, and Job to the God of the philosophers and theologians have to ask: what about God?

Those who read the Bible and the Sacred Books of the East not merely as so much literature but as a record of experiences that are relevant to their own lives must ask: what about God?

They do not ask: what is he really like? what are his attributes? is he omniscient? can he do this or that? Nor: can his existence be proved? They do not assume that they

know him and only need one additional piece of information. They do not even believe in him. What they ask about is not some supernatural He. And the theologians are of little help, if any.

If only one knew the meaning of one's own question! If only one could ask it properly or formulate it more precisely! Is it really a question? Or is it a deep concern that finds no words that do it justice?

This book responds to this concern. God as the eternal You whom men address and by whom they in turn feel—Buber would say, *are*—addressed makes sense of much literature and life. The book does not save, or seek to prop up, a tradition. Even less does it aim to save any institution. It speaks to those who no longer believe but who wonder whether life without religion is bound to lack some dimension.

V

The book is steeped in Judaism. This is often overlooked and perhaps as often denied explicitly. Jesus is mentioned, as is the Gospel according to John; but so are the Buddha and the Upanishads. The author is widely read, conversant with many traditions—a modern intellectual with deep roots in the German language. The volume abounds in coinages, but it is difficult to be quite sure in any case whether a particular word is really a coinage: so thorough was Buber's knowledge of German literature, all the way back to Luther and even Eckhart and beyond. He was far from any orthodoxy, far even from being conservative in almost any sense of that word. Of labels of that sort, even radical would fit him better.

He was possessed by the desire to get back to the roots.

His handling of the language makes that plain at every turn. And when he resolved to translate the Hebrew Bible with Franz Rosenzweig, he found a fertile field for this great passion. For in Hebrew it could be argued that one did not really understand a word until one had grasped its root and considered its relations to other words with the same root.

The whole endeavor of translating the Hebrew Bible represented an attempt to get back to the roots of Judaism—back beyond the roots of Christianity. Buber sought a way back beyond the Shtetl and the Shulhan Arukh, back beyond the Talmud and the Mishnah, even beyond Ezra and Nehemiah. He went to the roots in the prophets and in Moses, and in some ways his own Judaism was pre-Mosaic.

The Greeks were an eminently visual people. They gloried in the visual arts; Homer's epics abound in visual detail; and they created tragedy and comedy, adding new dimensions to visual art.

The Hebrews were not so visual and actually entertained a prohibition against the visual arts. Neither did they have tragedies or comedies. The one book of the Bible that has sometimes been called a tragedy, Job, was clearly not intended for, and actually precluded, any visual representation.

The Greeks visualized their gods and represented them in marble and in beautiful vase paintings. They also brought them on the stage.

The Hebrews did not visualize their God and expressly forbade attempts to make of him an object—a visual object, a concrete object, any object. Their God was not to be seen. He was to be heard and listened to. He was not an It but an I—or a You.

•

Modern Christian attempts to get back to a pre-Hellenistic primal Christianity are legion. They are also doomed.

There never was any pre-Hellenistic Christianity. The soil on which Christianity was born had soaked up Hellenism for more than three centuries. Paul wrote his epistles in Greek, and he was a Hellenistic Jew—a Jew, to be sure, and deeply beholden to Judaism, but a Hellenistic Jew and not by any stretch of the imagination a pre-Hellenistic Jew. And the four Gospels were written in Greek somewhat later than were Paul's epistles.

Christianity was born of the denial that God could not possibly be seen. Not all who considered Jesus a great teacher became Christians. Christians were those for whom he was the Lord. Christians were those who believed that God could become visible, an object of sight and experience, of knowledge and belief.

Of course, Christianity did not deny its roots in Judaism. Jesus as the Son of God who had ascended to the heavens to dwell there with God, as God, did not simply become another Heracles, the son of Zeus who had ascended to the heavens to dwell there with the gods, as a god. He did not simply become another of the legion of Greek gods and demigods and sons of Zeus. He had preached and was to be heard and listened to. His moral teachings were recorded lovingly for the instruction of the faithful.

But were they really to be listened to? Or did they, too, become objects—of admiration and perhaps discussion? Was the individual to feel addressed by them, commanded by them—was he to relate his life to them?

The new dispensation was hardly that. The New Testament keeps saying, nowhere more emphatically than in the Gospel according to John, that those who only live by

Jesus' moral teaching shall not enter the kingdom of heaven; only those can be saved who are baptized, who believe, and who take the sacraments—eating, as that Gospel puts it, "of this bread."

Of course, Christian belief is not totally unlike Jewish belief. It is not devoid of trust and confidence, and in Paul's and Luther's experience of faith these Jewish elements were especially prominent. Rarely have they been wholly lacking in Christianity. Still, this Jewish faith was never considered sufficient. Christian faith was always centered in articles of faith that had to be believed, and disputes abounded about what precisely had to be believed by those who wanted to be saved.

When the Reformation did away with visual images, it was only to insist more firmly on the purity of doctrines that must be believed. And for Luther the bread and wine were no mere symbols of Christ's flesh and blood—otherwise he might have made common cause with Ulrich Zwingli and prevented the splintering of Protestantism—but the flesh and blood itself: God as an object.

Buber does not say these things, and I have no wish to saddle him with my ideas. His views are developed in his *Two Types of Faith*, mine in my *Critique of Religion and Philosophy* and *The Faith of a Heretic*. Why introduce these problems here? Because the notion of so many Christians and some Jews that Buber was really closer to Christianity than he was to Judaism should not go unchallenged. In fact, *Ich und Du* is one of the great documents of Jewish faith.

•

One of the central concepts of the book is that of *Umkehr*. This is Buber's German rendering of the Hebrew

t'shuvah and means return. The noun is found in the Bible, but not in the distinctive sense which is common in Jewish literature and liturgy. The verb is frequently used in the Bible with the connotations that are relevant here: Deuteronomy 4:30 and 30:2, Isaiah 10:21 and 19:22, and Jeremiah 4:1 are among the many examples. What is meant is the return to God.

The modern reader is apt to feel that this is a churchly notion, presumably dear to preachers but without significance for those who do not greatly care for organized religion. In fact, the idea is quite unecclesiastical and it constitutes a threat to organized religion. Christianity in particular is founded on its implicit denial.

The Jewish doctrine holds that a man can at any time return and be accepted by God. That is all. The simplicity of this idea is deceptive. Let us translate it into a language closer to Christianity, while noting that Buber refrains from doing this: God can at any time forgive those who repent.

What the Hebrew tradition stresses is not the mere state of mind, the repentance, but the act of return. And on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, the Book of Jonah is read in synagogues the world over. When Jonah had cried out, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown," the king called on his people "to return, every man, from his evil way and from the violence on his hands. Who knows, God may return . . ." Nineveh was the capital of the Assyrians who had conquered the kingdom of Israel, laid waste Samaria, and led the ten tribes away into destruction. Could God possibly forgive them without at least demanding their conversion and some ritual observances? "When God saw what they did, how they returned from their evil way, God repented of the evil that he had said he would do to them and did it not."

This conception of return has been and is at the very heart of Judaism, and it is for the sake of this idea that Jonah is always read on the highest holiday of the year. But the theology of Paul in the New Testament is founded on the implicit denial of this doctrine, and so are the Roman Catholic and the Greek Orthodox churches, Lutheranism and Calvinism. Paul's elaborate argument concerning the impossibility of salvation under the Torah ("the Law") and for the necessity of Christ's redemptive death presuppose that God cannot simply forgive anyone who returns.

If the doctrine of the return is true, Paul's theology collapses and "Christ died in vain." Nor does any need remain for baptism and the sacrament of confession, or for the bread and the wine. Man stands in a direct relationship to God and requires no mediator.

Buber's whole book deals with such immediate relationships, and in this as well as in his central emphasis on return he speaks out of the Jewish religious tradition.

It was both a symptom and then also a cause of profound incomprehension that in the first English translation *Umkehr* became reversal. Twenty years later, in the second edition, this was changed to "turning." Meanwhile the choice of "Thou" did its share to make God remote and to lessen, if not destroy, the sense of intimacy that pervades Buber's book.

•

Buber's lifelong Zionism was prompted in large measure by his concern for the creation of a new way of life and a new type of community. His Zionism has been called cultural rather than political, but it was not altogether unfitting that when he finally went to Jerusalem in 1938 it was to accept an appointment to a new chair in Social

Philosophy in the Hebrew University's Department of Sociology. (He was first offered the chair of Pedagogy and declined it.)

The recurrent "Thou" in the first translation mesmerized people to the point where it was widely assumed that Buber was a theologian. In fact, the book deals centrally with man's relationships to other men, and the theme of alienation (*Verfremdung*) is prominent in the Second Part.

The aim of the book is not to disseminate knowledge about God but, at least in large measure, to diagnose certain tendencies in modern society—Buber speaks of "sick ages" more than forty years before it became fashionable in the West to refer to our "sick" society—and to indicate how the quality of life might be changed radically by the development of a new sense of community.

The book will survive the death of theology, for it appeals to that religiousness which finds no home in organized religion, and it speaks to those whose primary concern is not at all with religion but rather with social change.

But there is much more to the book than this.

•

Among the most important things that one can learn from Buber is how to read. Was it from him that I learned it? I am not sure, and I will never know. Does it matter? *You* could learn it from this book.

Modern man is a voracious reader who has never learned to read well. Part of the trouble is that he is taught to read drivel that is hardly worth reading well. (There was a time when Jewish children learned to read by reading the Bible.)

One ends up by reading mainly newspapers and magazines—ephemeral, anonymous trash that one scans on its way to the garbage can. One has no wish to remember it for any length of time; it is written as if to make sure that one won't; and one reads it in a manner that makes doubly sure. There is no person behind what one reads; not even a committee. Somebody wrote it in the first place—if one can call that writing—and then various other people took turns changing it. For the final result no one is responsible; and it rarely merits a serious response. It cries out to be forgotten soon, like the books on which one learned to read, in school. They were usually anonymous, too; or they should have been.

In adolescence students are suddenly turned loose on books worth reading, but generally don't know how to read them. And if, untaught, some instinct prompts them to read well, chances are that they are asked completely tone-deaf questions as soon as they have finished their assignment—either making them feel that they read badly after all or spoiling something worthwhile for the rest of their lives.

We must learn to feel addressed by a book, by the human being behind it, as if a person spoke directly to us. A good book or essay or poem is not primarily an object to be put to use, or an object of experience: it is the voice of You speaking to me, requiring a response.

How many people read Buber or Kierkegaard that way? Nietzsche or Hegel? Tolstoy or Euripides? Or the Bible? Rather, how few do? But Buber himself wants to be read that way.

VI

One can also learn from Buber how to translate. Nowhere is his teaching more radical. Nowhere is he more

deeply at odds with the common sense of the English-speaking world.

Nor did anything he ever published seem as absurd to his readers in Germany as did his translation of the Bible. What was familiar seemed to have become incomprehensible.

In the beginning all this was due at least as much to Rosenzweig's uncompromising nature as to Buber, but Buber persisted even after Rosenzweig's death, and neither ridicule nor criticism ever moved him to relent. When he left Germany in 1938, the vast undertaking that had required so much effort looked like an almost total loss.

After the war, Buber was delighted when two German publishers asked him to resume his enterprise. He did, and brought it to completion shortly before his death. Gershom Scholem, a great scholar whose view of Hasidism differs from Buber's, toasted the accomplishment, adding: But who will read it?

What had seemed outrageous in the twenties and thirties was merely ahead of its time. A new generation that no longer expects all prose and poetry to be so easily accessible finds no extraordinary difficulty with the Buber Bible. It is widely read in Germany.

What can be learned from Buber as a translator before one explores devices and techniques is the basic commitment to the writer one translates. As a translator I have no right to use the text confronting me as an object with which I may take liberties. It is not there for me to play with or manipulate. I am not to use it as a point of departure, or as anything else. It is the voice of a person that needs me. I am there to help him speak.

If I would rather speak in my own voice, I am free to do that—on other occasions. To foist my thoughts, my images, my style on those whom I profess to translate is dishonest.

Mundus vult decipi. The world winks at dishonesty. The world does not call it dishonesty.

In the case of poetry it says: what is most important is that the translator should write a poem that is good in its own right. The acceptance of this absurdity by so many intellectuals helps us to understand the acceptance of so many absurd religious and political beliefs by intellectuals in other times and climes. Once a few respected men have fortified a brazen claim with their prestige, it becomes a cliché that gets repeated endlessly as if it were self-evident. Any protest is regarded as a heresy that shows how those who utter it do not belong: arguments are not met on their merits; instead one rehearses a few illustrious names and possibly deigns to contrast them with some horrible examples.

Anyone able to write a poem that is good in its own right should clearly do so, but he should not pass it off as a translation of another man's poem if the meaning or the tone of his poem are in fact quite different. Least of all should he claim that the tone or meaning is the same when it is not.

Tone is crucial and often colors meaning. If we don't know what is said seriously and what in jest, we do not know the meaning. We have to know what is said lightly and what solemnly, where a remark is prompted by a play on words, if something is ironical or a quotation, an allusion, a pastiche, a parody, a diatribe, a daring coinage, a cliché, an epigram, or possibly ambiguous.

A German translator who rendered William Faulkner into the equivalent of the King's English would serve his public ill. But if he tried hard to be faithful to his author, then his publisher might say to him—if things were as they

are in the United States: "My dear fellow, that simply isn't German"; and an editor, utterly unable to write a single publishable page over his—or more often her—own name, would be asked to rewrite the translation to make it "idiomatic."

Ah, we are told, every generation needs its own translation because a book has to be done into the idiom of the day. If it is poetry, it had better sound like Eliot. Alas, no more; we need a new translation. But why should Goethe, Hölderlin, or Rilke sound like Eliot in the first place? Should Eliot, conversely, have been made to sound like Rilke—and then perhaps like Brecht—and now like someone whom a publisher or critic fancies as a modern voice?

The point of reading a poet is surely in large measure to hear *his* voice—his own, distinctive, novel voice. Poetry read in the original stands a better chance of being read well than prose. But when we deal with translations, the roles are reversed.

Again I do not want to saddle Buber with my own views. What he translated was Scripture. Perhaps I am *extending* the lessons one could learn from him—and from Rosenzweig, who also translated ninety-two hymns and poems by Yehuda Halevi, with a brilliant postscript, and dedicated the book to Martin Buber. The point is not to invoke Buber as an authority but rather to spell out some of the implications of this book.

•

Buber ought to be translated as he translated. The voice should be his, the thoughts and images and tone his. And if the reader should cry out, exasperated, "But that simply isn't English," one has to reply: "True, but the original

text simply isn't German." It abounds in solecisms, coinages, and other oddities; and Buber was a legend in his lifetime for the way he wrote.

He makes very difficult reading. He evidently did not wish to be read quickly, once only, for information. He tried to slow the reader down, to force him to read many sentences and paragraphs again, even to read the whole book more than once.

The style is not the best part of this book, but it is a part and even an important part of it. Nobody has to chew passage upon passage more slowly than a translator who takes his work seriously and keeps revising his draft. Nobody has occasion to ask himself more often whether a play on words really adds something worthwhile. But once he starts making an effort to improve upon his text, keeping only the most brilliant plays on words while leaving out and not calling attention to inferior ones, possibly substituting his own most felicitous plays for the ones he could not capture, where is he to stop on the road to falsehood?

When adjectives are piled up in profusion and some strike him as decidedly unnecessary, should he substitute a single forceful word for a two-line enumeration? Make long and obscure sentences short and clear? Resolve all ambiguities in favor of the meaning he likes best? Gloss over or leave out what seem weaknesses to him? Perhaps insert a few good images that the author might have liked if only he had thought of them, and that perhaps would have occurred to him if he had written his book in English, and if he had shared more of the translator's background —and sensibility? Perhaps add a thought or two as well?

The book has many faults. Let him that can write a better one do so with all haste. But to meddle with a text

one translates and to father one's inventions on another man is a sin against the spirit.

•

What one should try to do is clear. What can be done is something else again. This book is untranslatable.

It abounds in plays on words—don't call them plays if that should strike you as irreverent—that simply cannot be done into English. How can one translate the untranslatable?

By adding notes. By occasionally supplying the German words. By offering explanations.

But now the text seems much less smooth. One is stopped in one's tracks to read a note. One is led to go back to reread a paragraph. And having read the book with so many interruptions, one really has to read it a second time without interruptions.

To quote Rilke's "Song of the Idiot": How good!

•

Some of the key terms in this book are hard to render. Examples abound in the notes. Here it must suffice to comment on a few points.

Buber loves the prefix *Ur*, which has no exact English equivalent. An *Urgrossvater* is a great-grandfather; an *Ururgrossvater*, a great-great-grandfather. *Urwald* is forest primeval; *Ursprung*, origin. These are common words, but the prefix opens up endless possibilities for coinages. In the following pages it has been rendered by "primal."

Buber also loves the suffix *haft* (for adjectives)—and *haftigkeit* (for nouns). This can have two altogether different connotations. It can mean "having": thus *lebhaft* means vivacious (literally: having life); *launenhaft*, moody (having moods); and *tugendhaft*, virtuous (having virtue). But it can also mean "somewhat like": *märchenhaft* means fabulous (somewhat like a fairytale). This suffix opens up endless possibilities for coinages, and occasionally it is not altogether clear which of the two meanings is intended. Usually, Buber definitely intends the second: he adds the suffix to introduce a lack of precision or, to put the matter more kindly, to stress the inadequacy of language.

One of his favorite words is *Gegenwart*, which can mean either the present, as opposed to the past and the future, or presence, as it does when he speaks of God's presence in the epigraph to the first edition. The German language does not distinguish between these two senses of the word; nor does Buber. To add to this difficulty, "present" is ambiguous in English: it can also mean "gift." In the following pages "present" is never used in that sense. Like "presence" it is used exclusively to render *Gegenwart*.

Gegen means against but also figures as a prefix in a great many words; and Buber uses a number of these. *Gegenstand* is the ordinary German word for object (literally that which stands against). *Gegenüber* means vis-à-vis (literally that which is over against), and this in turn can become a prefix and figures in many different constructions. In this book "confront" has been used in all such cases. *Begegnung* (noun) and *begegnen* (verb) have been translated consistently as encounter. The list could be continued, but there is no need here to anticipate the notes.

Buber's persistent association of *Wirklichkeit* with *wirken* can be carried over into English to some extent by using "actuality" for the former (saving "reality" for the rare instances when he uses *Realität*) and "act," in a variety

of ways, for the verb. And when he says that in prayer we can, incredible as it may seem, *wirken* on God, although of course we cannot *erwirken* anything from him, the translator can say that we can act on God but not exact anything from him.

•

One of Buber's most central terms is *Wesen.*

The word is not uncommon, and those who know a little about German philosophic terms know that it means essence. They also know that Buber has sometimes been called an existentialist, and that some other philosophers have been called, more rarely, essentialists. But in this book *Wesen* recurs constantly. Sometimes "essence" is clearly what is meant; sometimes "nature" would be slightly more idiomatic; but quite often neither of these terms makes any sense at all.

Wesen can also mean "a being" or, when the context indicates that it is used in the plural, "beings." To complicate matters further, we sometimes encounter *Wesenheiten*, a much more unusual word that it would be easy to do without; but Buber shows a preference for rare words and coinages.

Any contrast of essence and existence is out of the picture. Deliberately so. Every being I encounter is seen to be essential. Nothing is essential but a being. Doing something with my whole being or my whole essence is the same.

The realm of essences and what is essential is not outside this world in some beyond. Essential is whatever is—here and now.

•

If romanticism is flight from the present, yearning for deliverance from the cross of the here and now, an escape into the past, preferably medieval, or the future, into drugs or other worlds, either night or twilight—if romanticism can face anything except the facts—then nothing could be less romantic than the central appeal of this book.

Hic Rhodos, hic salta!

"Here is Rhodes; jump here!" That is what Aesop's braggart was told when he boasted of his great jump in Rhodes.

Hegel cited this epigram in the preface to his *Philosophy of Right* by way of contrasting his approach and Plato's. He was not trying to instruct the state how it ought to be: "To comprehend *what is*, is the task of philosophy, for *what is* is reason. . . . Slightly changed, the epigram would read [seeing that *rhodon* is the Greek word for rose]:

Here is the rose, dance *here*. . . .

To recognize reason as the rose in the cross of the present and thus to delight in the present—this rational insight brings us that *reconciliation* with actuality which philosophy grants those who have once been confronted by the inner demand to *comprehend* . . ."

To link Buber with Hegel may seem strange. But in 1920 Franz Rosenzweig had published a major work, in two volumes, on "Hegel and the State," dealing at length with this preface. The differences between Buber and Hegel far outnumber their similarities. But they are at one in their opposition to any otherworldliness, in their insistence on finding in the present whatever beauty and redemption there may be, and in their refusal to pin their hopes on any beyond.

Ich und Du speaks to men and women who have become wary of promises and hopes: it takes its stand resolutely in the here and now. It is a sermon on the words of Hillel:

"If I am only for myself, what am I?
And if not now, when?"

A PLAN MARTIN BUBER ABANDONED

In an essay "On the History of the Dialogical Principle" Buber relates that "the first, still awkward draft of *Ich und Du* dates from the fall of 1919. Originally it was meant to be the first part of a five-volume work, whose contents I had outlined briefly in 1916; but its systematical character estranged me from it before long."*

In the final manuscript of the book, in the Buber Archive in Jerusalem, I found an outline apparently written in 1922, just after the book was finished.** It is reproduced here in translation and in facsimile, with the permission of Ernst Simon and the Archive. Although the rest of the plan was abondoned, it is noteworthy that the three subheadings of "I and You" fit the three parts of our book. I take it that "Word" refers to the two basic words. And in place of "History" the second part could also be entitled "Alienation."

*"Zur Geschichte des dialogischen Prinzips" (1954), in *Werke*, vol. I (1962), p. 298. The whole essay is only thirteen pages long.

**The date was established by Rivka Horwitz in *Buber's Way to I and Thou*, Heidelberg, Lambert Schneider, 1978, pp. 156 and 209.

The significance of the fact that Buber was unable to complete the work is discussed in Walter Kaufmann, *Discovering the Mind*, Volume II: *Nietzsche, Heidegger, and Buber*, New York, McGraw-Hill, 1980, section 46ff.

I. Ich und Du
1. Wort. 2. Geschichte. 3. Gott.
II. Urformen des religiösen Lebens
1. Magie. 2. Das Opfer. 3. Das Mysterium. 4. Das Gebet
III. Gotteskunde und Gottesgesetz
1. Mythus. 2. Dogma. 3. Gesetz. 4. Lehre.
IV. Die Person und die Gemeinde
1. Der Stifter. 2. Der Priester. 3. Der Prophet.
4. Der Reformator. 5. Der Einsame
V. Die Kraft und das Reich

Martin Buber's

I AND THOU