

**“The Night of Substance” – Or the Time-Trap of Music  
(A 19<sup>th</sup> Century Commented Text)**

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**Abstract**

What we have here is a “text-trap”, a philosophical bounce that unfolds itself from line to line and tricks the curious reader. We have an essay from an unknown author, Sándor Tsúszó – Tsúszó meaning *Slider*, and this is where the Time-Trap begins. And it ends with music. It’s interesting. Read it and see for yourself!

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*“... it is but a joke, as any other philosophy”*  
Hermann Hesse

(NOTES TO THE ESSAY OF “M. B.”)

*When I first read the following essay, signed with the monogram “M. B.”, which according to the publisher was written in the 40’s or 50’s of the nineteenth century, I confess that I suspected it to be a philological mischief of András Mészáros. This seemed to be suggested by Mészáros’s nickname, “Bandi”, used by friends, which, together with the first letter of the last name could have been a possible reading of the monogram.*

*My surprise was even greater when later, studying a recent Tsúszó-relic from the attic of the art house at Kispisznice, a black carbon-paper, I found the textual fragments with many corrections of M. B.’s essay under (and partly also above) the*

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\* “Sándor Tsúszó” (1907-1941) is a fictive character of the Hungarian literature of Slovakia, “invented” and “endowed” with a rich life-work by Zoltán Hizsnyai and several other Hungarian writers as well. [asterisk always marks translator’s notes]

*fragments of poems and other essays. This doubtlessly proves that we have been enriched with a new evidence of Tsúszó's work.*

*The long examination led me to the conclusion that the following work belongs to those works of Tsúszó which the illustrious Central-European literary artist and spiritual adventurer wrote in the name of a fictive poetess of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, a certain Borbála Martossy. As I have claimed in one of the July issues of the review *Élet és Irodalom* (Life and Literature), Tsúszó created his literary mist-riding heroine almost half a century before Sándor Weöres.\*\* On the basis of this following document we can also state that not only was the figure of Borbála Martossy born decades before Weöres's *Psyché*, but her personality also became somewhat more colorful-complex than *Psyché*'s: her essay stands as evidence for her deep philosophical knowledge, for an extraordinary philosophical creativity, while her poetry, if possible, is even more voluble, intense, and erotic than *Psyché*'s.*

*Unfortunately the reconstruction of the fragment of the manuscript from the carbon-paper is a tedious work. It could take years before the highly esteemed audience can get acquainted with the first excerpts of Sándor Tsúszó's huge work. Unless – as it happened this time – studying the journals of the period, one finds a formerly unknown work of Borbála Martossy, successfully shunning thus the troubles of micro-philological small work and reconstruction.*

Zoltán Hizsnyai

The following text needs some explanation. Not long ago, as I was gathering material for the biographies and works of 19<sup>th</sup> century writers, I came across some previously unknown letters, manuscripts, and handwritten fragments. There were some which had no connection with my subject of research, but they grabbed my attention nonetheless. Everybody who has once searched dusty archives knows the feeling of coming across a particular kind of handwriting, or when slowly unfolding a file finds the golden grains of blotter-powder fall onto their lap. One

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\*\* Sándor Weöres is one of the influential characters of Hungarian literature in the second half of 20<sup>th</sup> century. He created his fictive heroine, *Psyché*, and her poetical work from the beginning of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, in 1972.

reads these files with a special interest. Well, I found the writing now being published under similar circumstances.

The text was written on several sheets of paper of a traditional size, which were lacking page numbers. Their order was no problem though, as according to the custom of those times I always found the first word of the following page written under the last line of the preceding page. Then I discovered that the beginning of the text was missing (thus also the possible title), and that the last page contained only a monogram of the writer – “M. B.” Neither this piece of writing, nor any other document from the folder in which it was contained had any date on it. Therefore I could only deduce the time of its creation by the authors quoted, the style of the writing, and by the spelling. On the basis of these it can be assumed that the author might have written this short essay approximately in the forties or fifties of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. However, I often had the feeling that I was reading the lines of a modern author. This feeling could have derived of course from the fact that the topic of this essay goes beyond time.

The publication of the essay required some interference with the text. First, I had to modernize the style, only rarely keeping the expressions characteristic for the age, when they did not hinder the understanding. In order that the reader may have an image about the style of this unknown writer, I copy here a paragraph of her diary, which is not published here: “Philosophiai systemáink előljáró ítéletei (premisszái) közé tartozik, hogy minden, mi léttel bír, a causa immanens (belső ok) természete szerint megy végbe. Ennélfogva mi létezik és történik, feltételezi a magában álló valóságot (szubsztanciát). Midőn lelkünk az érzéki észrevezés, vagyis a külvilágnak hatása által a kultárgyakat szemléli, csak hiányos ismeretre tesz szert. Midőn pedig a létezőben azt, mi általános és szükséges, fogja föl, akkor a való tárgyaknak megfelelő és azokkal összeillő, tehát való és igaz fogalmakat szerez. Én ellenben úgy vélem, hogy ugyanazon tárgy különféle egyénekre különféleképpen hat, mi való léténél fogva lehetetlen. Ha a térbeni világ nem is pusztá látszat, mint azt Berkeley püspök állítá, hogy tehát egyedül képzeink bírnak valósággal, én úgy bölcselkedem, hogy képzeing valósága úgy hat elménkre, mint a külvilág. Eszmei társításaim személyleges viszonyban vannak a valósággal. A szeretett lény képe a szemlélődésben per se (önmaga által) alakítja térbeni és időbeni létezését. Vágyamat erősebben gerjeszti, habárha testisége nincs is jelen...”\*\*\*

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\*\*\* “It belongs to the premises of our philosophical systems that everything which possesses existence happens according to the nature of the immanent cause (causa

Secondly, I created a title starting from the text. Third, I added notes to those parts of the text to which there are contemporary parallels. But, since the unknown writer also employed quotations, noting them with Arabic numbers, the difference between these two types of notes will be that her notes will appear at the bottom of the page, and mine at the end of the text (for sake of differentiation noted as J<sub>1</sub>, J<sub>2</sub>, etc.). So, let the unknown writer's text follow:

“... and the next day we made an excursion to the Polish-saddle. Although it was September, but because of the sudden heat we had taken a bath in the Five-lakes with Tivadar Munyai at 6000 feet just one day before, and now, as customary in the Tátra, and even more in Felka valley, a rainstorm started with ice and wind and shower. We rode out the storm in a small cave, from where the lightning was seemingly flashing up-, and not downwards. I had a strange feeling all this while: as if I was outside everything, and uniting with something which I could not name yet. Time remained outside our sheltering cave, and the fury of nature's forces as well as that mystical feeling completely possessed me. The roar of the storm and the flash of lightning – the huge clashes were greatly amplified by the bare rocks – approached in my senses the heroic music of nature (this “elegantissima compage”). Then all this was embodied for me in malleable sensations. Now, when I return to this event in my memory, I wish to perceive my personal feelings by my thinking reason. I want to clarify why the force of the untameable nature was connected in my feelings with the mystical sensation of the infinite moment and music. Knowing very well that my meditation could lead to a dead end. Why? Because I do not understand music. I perceive it and feel it, but that is all. Therefore I am afraid that irrational elements will secretly crawl inside my thoughts. My only possibility is to attempt a metaphysical deduction.

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immanens). Therefore whatever exists and happens presupposes a reality standing in itself (substantia). While our soul contemplates the objects outside us by sensorial perception, that is, by the effect of the outside world, it only acquires incomplete knowledge. And while it perceives whatever is general and necessary in existence, then it acquires real and true notions, corresponding to, and congruous with, real objects. I consider however that the same object has a different effect on different people, which is impossible by its mere existence. Even if spatial life is not a mere appearance as Bishop Berkeley argued, that only our ideas are real, I argue that the reality of our ideas has an effect over our mind similar to the outside world. My mental associations are in a personal relationship with reality. The image of the beloved being forms its spatial and temporal existence per se (by itself) in contemplation. It excites my desire more, although it is not bodily present...”

Where should I begin? First perhaps with the delimitation of what causes me difficulties. I must find the way from the senses (sensualitas) to reason. In other words: from the ability to perceive impressions through consciousness to reason. I could recline here on the ancient dilemma of philosophy about spiritual abilities and the relationship between direct and indirect cognition. The other difficulty lies in that I have not been able to clarify ever since: how did the moment of anxiety (and also of the sublime) expand to such and extent that it swallowed its own limits? This is always my experience when some work of art or music fascinates me, or when I feel pleasure. I therefore have to seize the moment. There is no further way for me. Beyond, there are only guesses.

In direct cognition, it is not those impressions and that so-called internal experience what interest me about which we have been speaking since Locke. This latter expression may now cause misunderstandings. After Kant, one has to be more cautious. I can only assume internal experience if I consider myself both the subject and object of my experience. But I am no object of myself. I am indeed able to feel, see, notice, or get to know all kinds of traits, states, changes on or within me, but I do not see myself, I cannot feel myself, I cannot know myself directly. I am the object of myself only through notions. Therefore I will only speak about direct cognition as an intuitive cognition. Of course, I cannot completely ignore the level of the senses, as we must also take into account gestures, body movements, melodies, etc. for understanding our states of mind.

What is intuition thus? Before I might turn to contemporary authors for advice, let me ask good old Plato. He does not properly say what intuition is, but he discloses that it comes into being. The observation, cognition, understanding, and explanation of things has a temporal process of its own, in which each moment is connected to another. There is an expectation for that what we consciously prepare. We connect the cause with the effect, and therefore are able to distinguish between the past and the future. With intuition, this is different. The spiritual content appears suddenly. Plato says it in very nice words: "... it suddenly flashes up in the soul – as light springing from a flashing spark – and then it develops further by itself". It says something of the kind that draws our attention now to take the moment seriously. The sudden, the momentary, by which intuition appears, means not only the unexpected, the fact that the man has not yet prepared himself for previously unknown impressions – because the consequence of this can be either fascination or

metaphysical horror. But it also means the temporal form of the products of intuitive cognition – the moment as an independent condition of being and as a mode of being.

I will come back to the specificities of moment. We have to return to intuition. It was characteristic for the impressions that I had between the rocks of the Tatra mountains that the storm was appalling but not alienating. I had a constant feeling that I was in the center of the fury of natural elements, but I cannot express this being-there (or being-together). And indeed: intuition can also be perceived as a certain spiritual affinity by which we can place ourselves inside the object of our interest. Intuition is the identification with that what is unique and at the same time inexpressible. (J<sub>1</sub>)

Here I must introduce a note. Although the boundaries of intuitivism and mysticism are almost impossible to recognize and they are easy to transgress, I should not like to find myself among mesmerists, who consider most perfect the knowledge gained in the state of magnetic sleep. And I also share not the view of the author of *Die Welt aus Seelen*, who thinks that the most definitive characteristic of the living is acquiring and transmitting knowledge. According to him during a magnetic sleep the connection between these two abilities and their carrier (the brain and the involuntary nervous system) is interrupted, thus cognition will cease to be direct, and it will become indirect. The soul returns thus to its own original existence, of which it informs us in magnetic sleep. (J<sub>2</sub>) This form of mysticism is alien to me. I base my concept of intuition on a more realistic metaphysics.

Intuition as a mode of direct cognition does not require such a mystical kind of being. Then, under the rock of the Tatra, I was not in a magnetic sleep. All my senses were working. It was exactly the perception of real things which woke something in me beyond this reality. This is why it was Fries who had an inspiring effect on me, who adds to the principle of knowledge and faith also the principle of suspicion which says that the world of the senses is the appearance of existence as such. As he writes it: “lebendige unmittelbare Gefühl der Ahndung des Ewigen in der Natur, sie ist die Stimmung für die aesthetische Weltansicht überhaupt”. I understood the mark of his esthetic world view in a way that suspicion is the direct feeling of infinity by which those elements of the world order are revealed which are beyond the causal relations of our everyday lives, and which include esthetic criteria of a transcendent nature into our mentality. Rational cognition makes possible the discovery of the logical relations of things and events,

and defends us both from dreaming about the world, and irrational actions. But it remains locked within the space of causality, practicality, and temporal and spatial delimitation. On the other hand faith convinces us about the existence of independent being, dependency of values, and extra-temporality. This means that – being fulfilled – it ends our lack of spirit, but at the same time makes us other-worldly and very vulnerable. But what is most important: neither rationality nor faith makes us able to feel, live, or maybe create that what is **in-between** the concrete existence bound by space and time, and transcendence. Rationality includes the directness of feelings, builds upon it, but at the same time also shapes it to itself by its notions. It states that the sensorial is inexpressible without the rational, as any statement, any judgment is something of a generality. The mere rational is however a simple shadow, a mirage. Directness loses its characteristics here, and it is subjected to the whole in which both senses and abstractions become the instruments of the subject. Directness here is not a mere contemplative relation to the world. In faith we can meet indeed contemplativity, but directness is lacking. Because faith is unimaginable without the notion of the divine. But where this divine is associated with sensorial ideas, the field is open for fetishism and spiritual narrow-mindedness. The true divine reveals itself for the mature reason as eternal truth, beauty, and goodness, as eternal wisdom and pure love. Without the mediation of the intellect these features remain hidden, this is why I claim that pure faith lacks directness. It would be more appropriate thus to think of metaphysical faith.

Fries' principle of suspicion seems acceptable also for the solution of my dilemma because both rationalism and faith is unimaginable without complying with duty – on the one side the logical norms, on the other the divine commandments. Duty is here, *in ultima instantia*, valid for everybody and at all times with no exceptions. In the duty–individual relationship duty is substantial, the individual is accidental. Even if it depends on the individual to observe the principles. However, suspicion starts from a different place. As I have said, in my approach intuition is a spiritual affinity, that is, it presupposes an affectionate devotion towards the given thing. Something of the kind which exists inside us before the concrete relationship with the thing. I could even say perhaps that in the lack of this a priori existing openness the relationship would not even come into being. This devotion (or openness), however, is never general, but outstandingly **individual**. That is, it is distinguished from duty by the degree of its generality and its temporal nature. Duty (even if it is substantial) is connected to the

individual *post festum*, as it comes from the outside. Openness “belongs” to the individual previously to any concrete action. Suspicion is unimaginable without this individuality which characterizes not only the person, but also that what we usually call **a state of inspiration**. Duties does not allow such a hierarchy in which we could build up our world according to our own preferences. But by inspiration we create a self-sufficient world from one segment of the world, and lend ourselves to it. Humbleness deriving from inspiration is not a subordination to duty but the active side of contemplation, that is, a submersion into this self-sufficient world. This is not humiliation, but identification with that what inspires us.

It may not be by chance that affection and love consists of very similar (if not identical) elements. Love also cannot be imagined without the individual and its openness, as well as without humbleness. Humbleness here, as also in the case of suspicion, is based on the permeability (or rather the dissolution) of the boundary between me and the other man (the specific reality). I should not be too far from the truth when saying that this “mediality” – which neither faith nor the mind can explore – reveals itself in this humbleness. Which would also mean that by humbleness the sensory–concrete and abstract–general boundary would be dissolved, and that certain features of the general are embodied in the sensory, and that the sensory becomes an accessible form of the abstract.

The intuition understood like this is characterized by a **pious relation** to the world. Piety is the esthetic relationship “an sich”. Neither sharp **speculation**, nor ardent peroration are of any help here. What rules here is **contemplation**.(J<sub>3</sub>) This is the intuition which Fries calls suspicion, and in which the individually determined piety (as contemplation) is organically connected with the esthetic approach to life. At the same time contemplation differs from rationality and partly also from faith in that it does not differentiate between the concrete man, the phenomenon of the world, and transcendence, but overlaps them. The esthetic approach to life is characterized by the fact that the place of the strictly defined categories are taken by metaphors, symbols, parabolas, etc. These are the means of expression which most faithfully mirror the individual’s paradoxical relationship to transcendence because they are extra-temporal in their individuality.

I know that after such thoughts a thinker like Hegel would call me a mystic, and the virtual space of my suspicion the “night of substance” (J<sub>4</sub>). I know, of course, that Hegel would reject this on the



basis of his rational, even panlogistic standpoint, since from this perspective everything revealed before and by suspicion is not spirit as such, only direct spirit, that is, the spirit of nature. But to my mind the piety at the basis of this suspicion is not only a simple ability of cognition, but also a substantial mark of esthetic life. That is, a personal characteristic which makes the life of the individual similar to an artifact. Such an individual can therefore perceive nature from its esthetic side as well. The living work of art for me – as opposed to Hegel – is not an inferior form of life, but the most acceptable one.

I can return now to Plato's "suddenly". I believe I have clarified already how rationality and faith relates to the object of their interest. I have said nothing however on how they handle the result of their activity. Turning our attention in this direction, we can realize that on a formal level there is no difference between them. Rationality and faith alike are system-builders. It is true that one is guided by the principles of logic, and the other by a transcendental idea, but both of them form a simultaneous unit. This simultaneity characterizes not the relation of the system and its reader, but only the inner organization of the system. Which means that the reader relates to these as works of art accomplished before his existence. Simultaneity means therefore a temporal organization of the system which has an extensive character. Within the limits of extensiveness no chronological slides can happen. Time seems to have stopped there. We perceive its extension and its immovable rigidity. Nothing changes inside the extensiveness. Plato was right thus when saying that such knowledge can be passed on to others by explanations. It is so because there is a possibility to return to the identical points. Here I must correct myself: one can speak still about the simultaneity of the man and the system in the sense in which one speaks about the possibility of repetition. One must only take into account that the possibility of repetition is connected to the immobility of the system. I must refer here to that anonymous author who most wittily argues that it is only possible to return to an identical situation if that given situation is transcended, that is, it is ripped off of its own time and rendered eternal. The principles of logic also keep within themselves certain temporal relations, but in a specific, web-like spatial connection. At the same time, in the transcendent ideas of theology time is only reflected as an opposition, or at best as the moving image of eternity. In the first case simultaneity means a logical connection, in the second, a timeless ground.

Suspicion knows not such simultaneity. If for no other reason, then because it is not extensive. As Plato said, it appears suddenly, unexpectedly. There is nothing to border it; on the contrary, it locks up its virtual boundaries in itself. Simultaneity presupposes a temporal form of causality (even if it is turned into the spatial relation of “before and after”), the course of a given action, and the objectified past. In science, it turns into successive logical steps, while in theology, into a hierarchy, which means that in both cases we are speaking about the simultaneity of the system’s separable elements. On the other hand, suspicion with its suddenness and unexpectedness seems to rip in two the sheath of time and – this is very important! – it reveals its object in its entirety, as an indivisible One. However, the meaning of the apparent timelessness of suspicion, as well as that of the “One” which refers to the partlessness of the object and the unity of the observer and his object, still awaits some explanation. Let us then discuss these questions in detail.

Several authors resembled intuition (and thus also suspicion) to ecstasy. Plotinos said for instance that it is the intuitive contemplation of the absolute One which happens during ecstasy. This was the opinion of Jakob Böhme as well. But what is ecstasy? The ancient Greeks differentiated it from *enthusiasmus*. Ecstasy was considered a condition in which the soul leaves its own bodily sheath and thus reaches places (the realm of the dead, the lodging of gods) where the body cannot enter. This is the state of **ecstasy**, in which we are almost outside ourselves: we are delirious. *Enthusiasmus* is a contrary state: then it is the divine which enters us and we express and accomplish his will **possessed** by him. In such cases we are **enthusiastic** about something which is external to us, but is now within us. From Plotinos to Baader every mystical writer emphasizes these features, which eventually mean that in ecstasy we lose our individuality. Or more precisely: ecstasy ends the *principium individuationis*, which, also for Schopenhauer, covers the true face of existence. However, I understand differently the notions of “ecstasy” or “Entzückung”, since I do not identify ecstasy with the complete loss of individuality. This is so because the connection of ecstasy with volitional and affective instances – with devotion and pleasure – is also important. These point towards the already mentioned state of inspiration and openness. In my interpretation this means not the loss of individuality, but its transgression, as otherwise it would be meaningless. Ecstasy is thus nothing else than the individual’s deprivation of its own temporality. Its timelessness apparent in the moment of suspicion is again nothing else than a “hole” on the temporality of the *principio individuationis*, into

which we shall then fall as into a trap. Which happens again not by chance, as devotion means a kind of (even if unconscious) blindness. But since we feel pleasure all this while, the trap appears to us as good, and not as bad. This is exactly the pleasure of love, as that is also my pleasure, even if I lose myself in the while, and dissolve in the unity which has formed between me and the beloved person. Let me illustrate it differently, with the English words “rapture” (delight, pleasure) and the similarly rooted “rupture” (tearing, breaking). In the state of devotion the course of time, in which I have previously been, breaks. But this does not mean that I find myself outside time, or that the moment of devotion is timeless. On the contrary: this only means that this moment is not the permanently sliding boundary between the past and the future, that is, not a “now” passing away in experience, but a form of time which has its own content. That is, it is not that ontologically defined point in which existence declines into non-existence, or non-existence flounders itself to existence, and which is thus outside any time – as Plato said it. In my view this moment (or this “suddenly”) has to be filled up with anthropological content. Or, actually, it needs not to be filled, as it fills up itself. This is **intimacy**. It is only the intimate relationship which reveals the hidden essence of things and people. The confusion which grabs us in such moments derives from the recognition that this essence is not foreign to me, and it could even be my own. Intimacy is not some kind of external sign by which it is not subjected to the determinations in which we live day by day. This is why it seems to be outside time, and that it is timeless. But this is not so. Intimacy has its own time: the **moment**. It was in such a moment when I felt among the rocks of the Tátra that the storm embraces me, and this embracing is not fearsome but fascinating. Such a moment cannot be extensive (as the simultaneity of the system-view), but only **intensive**.

I have said that, as opposed to rationality and faith, suspicion reveals its object in its entirety, and that the subject of the suspicion identifies with this object. At a first sight it is as if the view of the *unio mystica* appears here as well. Undeniably there are many mystical elements in suspicion. Like for instance here. Franz von Baader states that the “Silberblick” is an internal and external sight by which we recognize the characteristics and traits of things not one by one, but at the same time, as a flash. The “Silberblick” is identical with Plato’s sudden revelation and the lovers’ surprise when they find each other. If I have mentioned pleasure above, now I cannot shun love. It seems that suspicion, the esthetic view of life, and love have a common root:

intimacy. This is the force which locks us up in a special “cage of time”. Looking out from there, the world changes: instead of fragmentariness, we see it as a whole. We are not surprised thus that we are not outside this wholeness; on the contrary: it attracts us to itself. I cannot claim of course that this would be only the work of the intensive moment. Because the individual’s devotion and openness which dissolves the boundaries of the inside and the outside world also cancels the world’s division into subject and object. And when the borders can already be transgressed, everything can be the symbol of everything. The phenomena of the world do not appear any more under the mask of the *principio individuationis*, which would include them into one particular role forever, but they can be matched with many kinds of meanings. In the world of intimacy everything is possible and allowed. There are no rational rules, nor moral sanctions. I could even say that this is the only world which can potentially be absolutely consistent. Of course, if it appeared in the everyday life, it would be self-destructive. Like beauty. This is perhaps why it remains closed between the boundaries of suspicion and esthetic view. But this is also why it fatally attracts us.

How is music connected to all this? In my view, by the fact that probably music is the only art which is capable of creating such a closed and consistent world. Then also by the fact that its temporality is the permanent renewal of momentariness; and first of all by the fact that music directly comprises intimacy and passion, without which the esthetic view of the world would be impossible. Music forewarns about that temporal pulse which anticipates all objectivities of the world, and which opens the door to our always presumed pre-history which has already fallen out of our memory.

“M. B.”

#### NOTES

J<sub>1</sub>. The unknown author notably anticipates Bergson, who perceived intuition as “voluntariness of experience”. But, as it appears from the following passages of the text, we are dealing with an interpretation of Fries’ idea of “suspicion”.

J<sub>2</sub>. The author of the work entitled *Die Welt aus Seelen* (Pest, 1833) is Mihály Petőcz, medical doctor and philosopher (around 1780 – around 1850), chief doctor of Nyitra county, an expert of his time in balneal therapy. Follower of Leibniz in his philosophical views. He considers that the basic elements of the world are the souls which seem related to Leibniz’s “monads”, and which at a certain degree of their development

reach the level of the spiritual sphere. The spirit is capable of indirect cognition, therefore the magnetic sleep brings it back to the level of the soul with a character of substance. Such direct cognition is therefore deeper, and touches the essence of existence.

J<sub>3</sub>. The last two sentences correspond almost word by word to the thoughts of András Vandrák (1807-1884), philosopher from Eperjes (Prešov, Slovakia), as he developed it in his article “Vallásos eszmék és élet, az evangyéliom szellemében és az egyszerű bölcelet szempontjából” (Religious ideas and life, in the spirit of the Gospel and from the perspective of simple wisdom), in *Protestáns Egyházi és Iskolai Lap* 1847, column 1428. We could maybe also presume that the text published here might be one of his works written under a pseudonym, since he was the best known follower of Fries in Hungary. But his philosophical views do not allow such an interpretation of faith as appears here. I personally believe that this text could have been written by one of Vandrák’s students; or perhaps by somebody who was deeply acquainted with Vandrák’s philosophy. This person could also be Sámuel Steiner (1809-1887), professor at Késmárk (Kežmarok, Slovakia).

J<sub>4</sub>. This expression is used by Hegel in the *Phenomenology of Spirit*, in connection with the living artifact.

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