



Sol Occidens

M. Capruta

*Sol occidens finem lucis diei et initium noctis
significat*

*Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat
Sing, Heavenly Muse
(Milton, Paradise Lost, Book I)*

The night of the world is the night of our souls. Its fall, our castaway. It is not the world that changes swiftly, it is not time that passes. It is us. It is not this space or the other. All that really matters, for us as humans, is our souls. Everything else is just reflection and shadows. If we are true to our souls, no image of God is needed, no religion, no rites, no laws. All the outside is the projection of our *psyche*. The *outside* in itself is just a projection, for there is only one reality, and that is – for us as humans – the reality of the Presence, the only Presence, which is ourselves as pure *psyche*. The Present God inside the world is Me. This I lack in modernity. This I fail to be in the West.

All the sacred texts, all the teachers or gurus are projections. They are real only when they possess the real prototype in our soul. If this is lacking, they have no use. There is no *this* and no *that*, no *me* and *you*, no *us* and *them*. What really possesses reality is what is true inside our souls. The love for the beloved has no outside projection, for there is no more *me* in love, as it is no more *you*, as it is no other but One. The love has no *outside*, as it has no *inside*, for *side* is not. When God becomes an outside icon, when we contemplate God as God, that is no God. When we approach God through love, that is no God towards whom we head to, and that is no love, for true love is God already found. It is the same with knowledge. When the way is not the destination, simultaneously, that is no way. When we begin the road to Infinity, we are begun by Infinity, for we are Infinite in essence in every point of the way and in every moment of our journey. I am all that is. I am God. Playing roles, wearing masks, on and off.

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Thus let's not fool ourselves. For far too many times we get trapped in a line of critics and impersonal accusations, as if the critique of the modern West wouldn't be directed towards us, towards each of us, but addressed to a neutral and impersonal instance that in most of the times remains in a vague and blurry anonymity. For us, through ourselves, are the *occidens* and the twilight of the light. Our deplorable, wretched state in which we find ourselves, our present psychic state is the real West. For no other human race, in no other historical period possessed such a lame and low human quality as we do - and our quality is our soul. When the soul lies in its own ruins, that is the West, and when the ruins mime the Presence of the One, that is modernity¹.

¹ *Modern* comes from the Latin *modus* which means the state of being conditioned. Having a *modality* implies restriction or, specifically, it suggests *form*. Although *form* is not the only *modus*, as *modus* extends indefinitely beyond *form*. All that exceeds *modus* is infinite. *Modus* comes from the root *med* which in Germanic languages gave the words that imply the notion of *measure*, and in Latin, *mederi* and *meditari* from which comes *medicine*, *remedy*, *modest*, *moderate*, *meditate*. All of this suggests the idea of *the conditioned*.