

Do you not know that there comes
a midnight hour when everyone

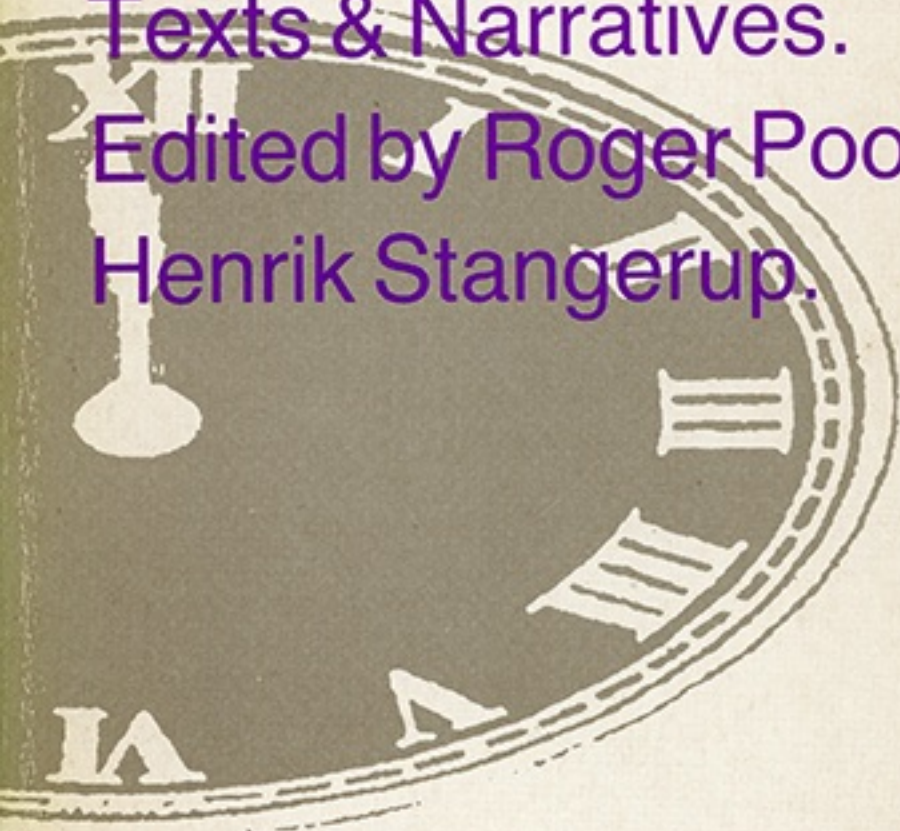


has to throw off his mask?

A Kierkegaard Reader

Texts & Narratives.

Edited by Roger Poole &
Henrik Stangerup.



Handwritten notes in the bottom right corner, partially obscured by the clock face illustration.



Paul Lederer

PL.T. PER.D.068-3

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DLG

Dear Paul,
your Frida is playing
again in Copenhagen -
it's marvelous. My wife,
who is a painter, simply
loved it; tell me if you
want that meeting
with the Danish producer,
best, Henk's

495405



PL.T.PER.D.068-2

BUSK

Schuton -

A Kierkegaard Reader

to Paul,
with the hope that
we will soon meet
again,
ever! - on a brego!
Nenik
august 89
(see page 4)

There is a man whom it is impossible to omit in any account of Denmark, but whose place it might be more difficult to fix; I mean Søren Kierkegaard. But as his works have, at all events for the most part, a religious tendency, he may find a place among the theologians. He is a philosophical Christian writer, evermore dwelling, one might almost say harping, on the theme of the human heart. There is no Danish writer more in earnest than he, yet there is no one in whose way stand more things to prevent his becoming popular. He writes at times with an unearthly beauty, but too often with an exaggerated display of logic that disgusts the public. All very well, if he were not a popular author, but it is for this he intends himself.

I have received the highest delight from some of his books. But no one of them could I read with pleasure all through. His "Works of Love" has, I suppose, been the most popular, or, perhaps, his Either/Or, a very singular book. A little thing published during my stay, gave me much pleasure, *Sickness unto Death*.

Kierkegaard's habits of life are singular enough to lend a (perhaps false) interest to his proceedings. (He goes into no company, and sees nobody in his own house,) which answers all the ends of an invisible dwelling; I could never learn that anyone had been inside of it. (Yet his one great study is human nature; no one knows more people than he.) The fact is he walks about town all day, and generally in some person's company; only in the evening does he write and read. When walking, he is very communicative, and at the same time manages to draw everything out of his companion that is likely to be profitable to himself.

I do not know him. I saw him almost daily in the streets, and when he was alone I often felt much inclined to accost him, but never put it into execution. I was told his 'talk' was very fine. Could I have enjoyed it, without the feeling that I was myself being mercilessly pumped and sifted, I should have liked very much.

Andrew Hamilton, *Sixteen Months in the Danish Isles* (1852)

cf.
HGA
SAND