

Joseph Brodsky.

What would we do without Joseph, if i may be permitted to call him that, so much more appropriate than Brodsky. His essays have become the life blood in our defence of the metaphysical against the scientific world view. He would be the first however to acknowledge his debt, after two bypasses, but still he was dead at 55. Everywhere there are tossed off lines which could be the subject of endless debate, but it is deceptive as i suspect the apparent fluency is a mask for prolonged thought. In *altra ego* I was struck by a new idea. The inapplicability of poetry to natural reality. He does not use the word natural but only reality which is confusing as i maintain there are new realities created by poetry. Yet it is true that it is impossible to translate it into the physical world who then reject it as irrelevant. But this as he says may be its best measure and our salvation. A new lyricism like Marina Tsvetaeva may bring us into contact with our individual worlds in a way that science never can. Then we can fulfil my dream of a poetic cosmology complementing a scientific one.