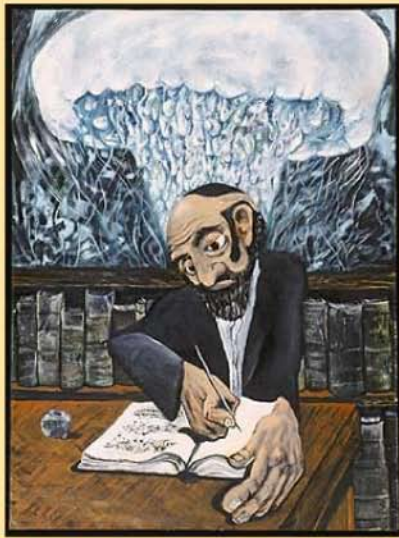


Ask Bartleby



Dear Bartleby,

I wondered what you would have to say if I asked you nothing in particular?
Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

“But what is the argument, my friend? What?

You have no argument? Are you crazy? There must be an argument. We cannot practice law without an argument. Worse, indeed--we cannot practice life!”

The gracious advocate only smiled; his intense stare making his opponent nervous.

The opponent continued. “Please, argue with me--Help me to know I’m right--or wrong! Insult my statement. Challenge me! Good God, call me a liar!”

Still the advocate smiled, unable to conceal the depth of his eyes. He would not engage, but nodded to the opponent and quietly left the room--leaving he who knew only combat to find solace among his dead books.

The opponent sank slowly into his chair, and buried his face in his hands. He had not been prepared for nothing.

Yours truly,

Bartleby, The Scrivener

La Cerca - continued from p.5

Then he became his own Michelangelo of life, in every moment left to him. Then he became for himself the “Overman,” and for the world, “The Good European.”

Not another god. Not even a demigod. A modest enough title. “The Good European.” But since his predictions (that crude and unmitigated “Will to Power” would lead to the devastation of wars of annihilation) have come to pass in this century, this very reference may

be the boldest, (as well as the most humble) promise of renewed life yet to come.

This is how Schmidt wrote of the manuscript, interpreted its words, day in, day out. He had written much more, of course. He had, after all, been at the museum for five years, when he penned these particular words, on November 9, 1989.

But this day, among others, was particularly exciting. The Berlin Wall was coming down. East Berliners and West

Berliners were embracing in the streets, across the barricade of time, in this very Moment; and he thought his Germany may yet again be re-united.

All of Europe, he thought, was on the verge of a great thaw, of living together, again.

And his excitement was such tht he could almost feel the blood surging through his body. Surging through his mind. And as he placed his pen back in the inkwell, eyeing as he did his eagle and his

snake, a sharp pain seized his right temple, and as his hand went instinctively to his head, he slumped back, unconscious, in his chair.

Fredericka was first to react: “Herr Doctor! Are you o.k.?” “Tatiana, find the guard!” “Call the hospital!” “Herr Doctor Schmidt has collapsed!”

*Prior issues of the Newsletter, including prior chapters of La Cerca can be accessed on the WALs website:
www.firststatecapitol.com*