

## I. THE CAUCASIAN HUNTER

*Caucasian Gazette*  
Caucasipol, 5 Prairial 5001

There was nearly a terrible accident yesterday on the shores of the Black Sea. One of our friends, a hunter who is fortunately as maladroit as he is intrepid, had launched himself into the rocks of the Caucasus on the track of a hind with such ardor that he had not noticed dusk falling, and had gone astray in the mountains a long way from any habitation. That was not a matter of considerable anxiety for such a hunter. Our friend's decision was soon made; he took shelter beneath an overhanging rock, which far-sighted nature appeared to have suspended there expressly for him, and went to sleep with one eye open.

At dawn he was up and about, perched on the highest point in the vicinity on the scent of the previous day's prey—but the previous day's prey had not waited for him, and no other appeared.

Our friend then descended the mountain slope far enough that he soon had nothing below him but the waves of the sea and the little tongue of land that separates them from the foothills of the Caucasus, which is so small that the smallest village could not be accommodated there—although it was once so large, so it is said, that there were cities there, the cities of the warrior tribes of the old Abasges.

It was early morning, as we have said, and a thick mist covered the mountains and their surroundings—which did not prevent the ardent eye of our hunter glimpsing a black mass some distance away, standing almost immobile on the sea shore. Either his eye was fatigued by the night's poor sleep, however, or the daylight was still too weak, for he could not distinguish the nature of the prey. It was nevertheless voluminous—perhaps a group of hinds, asleep or bathing in the cool waves. Perhaps, however, it was a more redoubtable prey.

Being in doubt, our hunter carefully loaded his rifle, stealthily drew nearer, as close as possible, and then aimed and fired.

When the smoke had dissipated, he saw that the group was still perfectly immobile. Our friend is a hunter devoid of pride; he did not blush on seeing the immobility of his prey. So, reloading his rifle with all the precaution of a man intent on success, he took a few further steps forward, since the prey did not seem timid, and prepared to fire again.

At that moment, the sun's radiance dissipated the morning sun and clarified his vision—but he did not fire. The rifle fell from his hands. His heart was gripped by an indescribable sentiment, and he nearly fell off the rock on which he was perched.

His prey was none other than a woman sitting on a boulder, holding on her knees the discolored head of a young man lying at her feet. She appeared to be a young woman; whether she was beautiful our friend was unable to judge from where he stood. It seemed to him that her hair was ash-blond, plaited and forming two graceful curves around her cheeks. On her head she wore a conical hat ornamented with white feathers, in the fashion of the high society of the savage lands of the west. Her costume was also clearly indicative of a foreign woman. She was not wearing the ample and chaste peplum that serves the modesty of our Caucasian women so well; her upper torso was enclosed in a corsage perfectly fitted over the breast, all of whose contours it outlined, and then extending to the knees, or very nearly, in two skirts with large loose pleats. She also wore loose-fitting trousers, tightened at the bottom of the leg by ribbons whose knot was formed externally as an elegantly-expressed rose.

In one of her hands she held the limp hand of the man whose head was sustained by her knees; her other hand was placed on the breast of the dead or dying man, doubtless in order to study his chances of living. Her eyes were anxious; her face, bleak with anguish, was only awakened at intervals by the stimulus of some hopeful thought. A moment later, however, it was illuminated and stirred by relaxation; a palpitation had doubtless made itself felt in the dying man's breast. Then, laying him gently down on the ground, she ran to draw water from the sea, and returned to inundate the face of the man she was doubtless yearning to bring back to life.

Her hope was not betrayed. His breathing became more abundant; the moribund man opened his eyes, and then raised his head. He looked around, bewildered...

He was alone.

His companion, so anxious and attentive, had just fled, as nimbly as a desert gazelle, gliding over the water with the rapidity of a seagull, with the aid of wings of a sort that had suddenly spread out around her arms. By that means she reached a boat that seemed to be waiting in the distance, and on which she stood up to her full height, contemplating with an indefinable sentiment the place she had just quit and, doubtless, her protégé—who, completely conscious, had got to his feet and was standing straight, motionless on his boulder, trying to make out with his as-yet-feeble gaze the vision of that boat, in which he seemed intensely interested.

Our hunter, profoundly moved by this scene, which he only understood in part, had gradually and instinctively drawn nearer, but discretion and respect for the misfortune kept him at a distance. When he saw the poor injured man alone, he came to offer him sympathetic assistance.

“Thank you, sir,” the latter said to him. “There is only one person I need at the moment.”

The hunter bowed without replying, and turned to go.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” the shipwreck-victim continued, calling him back. “My heart and mind are numbed; excuse an unfortunate who could not yet comprehend the generosity and graciousness of your offer. I was wrong. I shall not refuse your services; I have need of them. Merely grant me the favor of allowing me to remain alone for a few moments more. I will wait for you here.”

Our friend slung his rifle over his shoulder, went hunting for an hour, and came back.

The castaway was sitting on his rock, holding a writing-pad on his knees, in which he was scribbling. When the hunter arrived he raised his head and smiled; then, sealing the letter that he had just finished, he gave it to him.

“Are you going to Caucasopol?” he asked.

“I live there.”

“Could you deliver this letter to the office of the *Caucasian Gazette*?”

“I have a friend there,” the hunter replied. “I’ll give it to him.”

“Thank you, sir,” the castaway said, effusively, seemingly not desirous of a longer conversation.

His interlocutor was enthusiastic to continue but he kept silent, took the letter, put it in his game-bag, and left. Scarcely had he taken a few steps, however, than he came back again.

“Would it be indiscreet, sir,” he said, “to ask your name?”

“What! Have I not told you?” exclaimed the confused castaway. “My name is Daghestan.”

It was Daghestan, our friend, our intimate friend: our illustrious colleague Daghestan, the glory of Caucasia!

“Daghestan!” cried our friend the hunter, in amazement—but he said no more; Daghestan seemed absorbed by a profoundly intimate sentiment, his eyes still motionless and staring out to sea.

The friend of the Caucasian hunter was us. Daghestan’s letter was therefore given to us yesterday.

Too profoundly moved to preface it with any commentary, we are publishing it immediately, enclosing in our heart all the veneration that one always experiences for a great misfortune.

#### The Shore of the Black Sea, 4 Prairial 5001

Have you forgiven me, my dear fellow? On seeing my fatherland again, shall I still find my best friend? If I have sinned, oh, forgive me, in view of the sufferings I have endured! How many times since my departure I have regretted having deceived your friendship, of not having told you about the voyage I wanted to undertake, of not having made my final farewells, since I would not be able to come back!

But what can you expect? I was so full of desire and hope; how could I sadden my friends by showing them the will-o’-the-wisps of my illusions, in taking up before them the staff of the traveler and the writing-pad of the delirious chronicler, yearning to launch forth beyond the sea, to go explore the most distant lands, the least known and perhaps the most inhospitable of all, alone with the dreams of a young man and a passionate lover of science?

Finally, here I am, returned! But how? In truth, I have no idea. Who has thrown me here at the threshold of my fatherland, on the shore of the Black Sea? Was it a loving hand or the fury of an enemy? Was it the waves or human beings?

It seems to me that yesterday...my God, but where was I yesterday?

My friend, I no longer know whether I have been dreaming, or whether I am dreaming still. Yesterday, however...no, I don’t know any more; I no longer remember anything...

All that I know is that I’ve just woken up from a profound and dolorous sleep, that I’m alone and helpless, that my traveler’s staff and my writing-pad were here beside me, stained with blood. A sad scene to strike my first gaze! Well, what can I tell you, my friend? My first thought, my first sigh—alas!—were not for them, and, forgive me, my dear friend, were not for you either, nor for the fatherland.

Sitting on a Caucasian rock, whose foot I see immersed in the water, I turn my back to the fatherland and my friends, while my eyes full of tears search in the distance, in the far distance, beyond our sea, for heartbreaking memories, which I can as yet only glimpse as in an obscure mirage, which nevertheless cause my heart to palpitate violently, like a dream...

Oh, no, no, my friend, it is not a dream that I have had! The hand that is writing to you, and is having so much difficulty holding the pencil between its bloody fingers, the feet that refuse to carry me, agonized by

wounds that are still gaping, and my body, all covered with wounds, which can scarcely stir upon the rock, all tell me that no, I am not dreaming, I have not been dreaming.

I have come from a savage land; I have crossed vast deserts inhabited by ferocious beasts that have not done me any harm, and by humans that rushed upon me as if to devour me...and yet, I confess, I weep sensuously at the memory of those lands. My mind, my heart, my soul—everything is there. If you only knew what emotions I have experienced there, what happiness...

In sum, I wanted to die there, far from the fatherland. Poor fool! The fatherland, that beautiful jewel of civilization, that abode of happiness and glory, no longer speaks to my heart. I would prefer a dead glory, an extinct happiness, barbarity—perhaps the most ignoble barbarity of the countries of the west.

Oh, there too, my friend, there was no longer for me any disorder or chaos...and yet I was in the bosom of New Cosaquia, the France of antiquity, that beautiful France, it is said, where despair, desolation and death now reign. I aspired through all my senses the perfumed memories of the ruins of Paris, the great capital of the earliest ages of the world; I dreamed of happiness on the debris of the palaces of such proud kings, such renowned works of art, which is covered now by the huts of a few savages, the descendants of the uncivilized Cosaques who once inhabited our beautiful land, and whom the hand of God drove so far away, doubtless to hide from the world of today the degradation and ignominy of barbarism, and punish a people who, according to the Sacred Books, deserved to be punished...

And today, here I am, injured, thrown upon our shore, my heart broken by dolor.

Oh, no, that was no dream; the memories are coming back to me...

And then again, out there, that vessel out there, bobbing on the waves...I would rather not believe my eyes, and yet I can see it, I can see it clearly, so long as I remain motionless, lying on the rock where I was doubtless deposited; and the vessel also remains motionless in the midst of the waters. I have seen it stir, as soon as I was able to raise myself up a little, and instantly, its life became more active; it is balancing itself on the waves as if to take flight; human beings have reappeared on its broad back; its machinery is rotating in the air and in the water, alternately, like the wings of a bird. It is about to launch itself into the distance; there is no doubt about it.

One man—just one—is standing, motionless, his arms folded over his chest and his eyes turned in my direction...

Before ending the letter I am writing, my friend, I shall stand up on tiptoe one more time. in order to see as far as possible, finally to determine who that man is...that man who is staring at me so fixedly and waving at me so graciously from his vessel...

Ah! The vessel is leaving...like a flash of lightning...

Alas, my friend, my friend...that vessel...is taking away my last hope, my last affection, my last illusion...

Oh, what frightful separation! That man...but it is not a man, my friend! Have you not guessed...?

Forgive me, my dear friend, all my divagations. I believe I'm still dreaming: let me wake up. Later—yes, later—I shall take my courage in both hands, I shall exert all my strength to remain impassive and bring out the truth of the traveler's tale. My eyes will tell you then what they have seen, and my soul what it has felt, its pleasures and its anguish.

Until then, Adieu!

## II. DAGHESTAN

*Caucasian Gazette*

Caucasipol, 6 Prairial 5001

We shall not recapitulate here the entitlements of Daghestan to the admiration of our fatherland and the entire world. That eulogy, which it would be impossible for us to make with equanimity, would appear suspect to those who know what good friends we were. Everyone is familiar, in any case, with his important and very curious publications on ancient history. The entire Caucasian press was enriched thereby twenty years ago. Our journal, more than any other, tried its utmost to extend their distribution as far as possible, even beyond our Caucasian tribes.

If I do not want to say anything about him at present, however, I cannot resist the temptation to recall his last observation on history, which summarizes so well, in my opinion, the spirit and range of his important works, and which raised such a clamor.

“Ancient history,” Daghestan wrote, “is a fine puzzle handed down from olden times, to exercise the sagacity of scientists and the verve of novelists...”

“So you deny the existence of ancient times and peoples?” he was answered from all sides. People doubtless forgot, in saying that, the neat little fable that we find in the works of the illustrious writer.

Reni, according to this fable, had been cast away by a shipwreck, with his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, on an island lost in the immensity of the ocean. The father kept silent about the shipwreck, in order not to make his children regretful, and arranged a life for them there as best he could. Reni therefore grew up without knowing anything except the soil of his island, the sky and the sea—nothing beyond. Having hunted and fished for a long time, he grew bored. He then wrote down, doubtless for posterity, his impressions of boredom, and then his history, and that of the island. The world, of course, began with his father, whom God had surely created in order to perpetuate a species hitherto unknown...

One day, however, he discovered a means of venturing over the water, and soon perceived other islands, inhabited like his own, and even more than his own. This gave him to reflect; he reread his impressions and his history...and then began to laugh wholeheartedly at the naivety of his tales.

“As we should also laugh,” Daghestan added, “if we were able to cross the sea that conceals the past from us and hides islands perhaps more populous than our own—we who fix the precise moment when the world was born with so much precision!”

It was, therefore, far from Daghestan’s mind to want to deny antiquity. He meant that its books, if it had any, and its monuments, if it built any, had been so utterly ruined or so well hidden from us, that even our imagination is at a loss to say anything about it. Historians who want to be known as serious historians are content to call those times barbaric, and those people, to whom they only accord a near-vegetative life, barbarians. On the other hand, other, bolder historians place in those times and those people their monstrous illusions, their phantasmagoric dreams and their cherished ideals.

It was a time of gods, demigods and genies. It was China before Sione-Fine, Egypt before Mehmet Ali; it was New Cosaquia before Nhoel I. Happy times! Our poetry lives on it, our most graceful literature stems from it. It was the time of legends, of heroic songs, when men were giants, ogres and slayers of armies. It was the time of our Sheikh Mansour the Invincible, who destroyed a whole army with a single sweep of his scimitar.<sup>1</sup>

That is ancient history.

Perhaps, someone will say to me: “But after all, even if Daghestan is right to incriminate the veracity of ancient history, he ought at least to respect modern history, which can be seen, felt and touched, which crushes us with its reality. And yet he has also said that he only approaches that history tremulously. Why?”

Why! Because, unfortunately, a man who wants to write history cannot see everything; because he is obliged to rely on documents drawn from all over, which are entirely foreign to him. If, therefore, these documents are taken from one of those peoples whose society is divided into twenty separate parts, twenty opposed camps, who watch one another with weapons in hand, who tear one another apart with deceitful reportage, which slander one another all the time—and there are many such peoples, peoples in which truth is silent, in which a biased and all-powerful press reigns, whose voice speaks as it wishes, so loudly that it alone can be heard—how can he write its history?

Thus, I tremble with anxiety like Daghestan every time I try to form an accurate idea of that which I have not seen. Were those heroes of which history speaks to me really heroes? Was that brigand really a brigand?

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<sup>1</sup> Mehmet Ali was, of course, the actual founder of Egypt as we know it. It is unclear whether the reference to “Sheikh Mansour” refers to the man our history recognizes as the ancient founder of Bagdad.

I only know what my historian tells me; I see through his eyes, I think via his mind. But has he seen clearly? He is human; he has passions. Might he not have seen too distantly, or at too close range? Did he not have an interest through which he gazed, if only the interest of self-esteem?

Poor history!

Given this, who can tell me that ancient history has been engraved with a different chisel than our own, that the ancients did not also look at facts through the naivety of their beliefs, under the mirage of prejudices suckled by the mores of a time when civilization was far from being advanced? And after all, when they are silent, who has spoken for them?

Everyone knows that horrible catastrophes have disrupted our globe several times; science says so.<sup>2</sup> Tradition speaks to us of universal deluges—is that impossible?—of frightful conflagrations, of irruptions of barbarians that have decimated, or even annihilated, civilized peoples. Who held the chisel then to transmit these important facts to us? And where are the original writings, the monuments, the documents of every sort? Annihilated—swallowed up by the corrupting waters or burned by the flames.

Let us, then, bow down. We know nothing...nothing but what amiable storytellers have wanted to invent for us, perhaps aided by a few historical crumbs that they have plucked from the air, by a few distant and deceptive echoes that have reached them in their solitude.

And we, because we are a trifle incredulous, because we attribute to olden times legends and ingenious poetry edited by a legion of unknown rhapsodists...

Sacrilege!

Oh, what I mean to say, I shall not retract, in spite of all my respect for your Hang-Fo, the most ancient Chinese writers, for your Bulbul, the illustrious Persian, whose imagination is so cheerful and so fecund that it surpasses ours, for your Parawendo, the glorious poet whose genius elevated him, it is said, to the presidency of the glorious Republic of Siam, for your Nasreddin, the pearl of Egypt, for your Chari, of the old kingdom of Sudan, whose work is in everyone's hands.<sup>3</sup>

Those men were men of olden times, it is said; their talents are beyond reproach, their eloquence admirable, their narrations gripping—but as to their veracity, who will certify that for me? Have not a few indiscreet individuals been saying for a long time that the works of these men are of doubtful paternity, attributed to sonorous names to make them heard more clearly and further away? Has not even more been said? Has it not been said that these men, no matter from what country and what time they hail, were graceful writers who, to please their compatriots, wrote historical romances that have had the good fortune to reach us without encumbrance.

Thus, perhaps, it will one day be with the ingenious and brilliant works of our fecund Kazbek, whose lively and colorful imagination is so adept at dressing up history. We smile at them ourselves, and taken pleasure in them—but who can tell us that the history in question might not be the only one that reaches posterity, which will not smile as it reads it? Poor posterity!

I do not know, in truth, why Daghestan is the only historian of our days who has had the courage to speak so frankly about times past. It seems that people are happy to sleep in tranquil belief in the elementary history learned at school, and take pleasure in plugging their ears in order not to hear the reportage of science, which speaks to us every day and which, even in isolation, is sufficient to make us doubt the past.

Does not science, and science alone, without the aid of fallible history, tell us that vast transformations have overtaken our globe? Valleys have been filled in, mountains have collapsed, rivers have vanished, while others have changed their course or been given birth, and all that often under the terrible impact of volcanoes. Under the impact of volcanoes, islands of great extent have emerged from the depths of the sea. On the other hand, the earth has opened up and swallowed entire countries. Perhaps the interior of the Earth is as extensively

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<sup>2</sup> In 1865 scientists had not yet developed any reliable yardstick for dating the phenomena that were being revealed by geology, palaeontology and archaeology, and there was still an ongoing debate between “uniformitarians” and “catastrophists” regarding the time-scale according to which the geological record of past upheavals had to be measured. The most prestigious Frenchman in the former camp, the Comte du Buffon (1707-1788) had favored a long timescale in which the principal forces remolding the world's surface worked very slowly, but his ideas had been partly overtaken in public consciousness by those of the catastrophist Georges Cuvier (1769-1832), whose account of “epochs of nature” suddenly and violently reshaped by floods and volcanic eruptions was inherently more melodramatic, and far more appealing to anyone with any sympathy for Biblical chronology, which placed an all-consuming flood only a few thousand years ago and also included the fiery destruction of the Cities of the Plain.

<sup>3</sup> All the names cited here are presumably intended to be fictitious, although Nasreddin is known to us as a legendary Sufi philosopher, who figures in so many fables, anecdotes and jokes that it would not be entirely surprising if the name were to survive the extinction of our culture. Mettais surely knew that Bulbul is Persian for “songbird,” and probably also knew that it is Hebrew for “penis”—a coincidence that has given rise to many a colorful joke.

populated as its surface. Our daily excavations demonstrate it to us. Oh, if we could only excavate beneath the seas!

All these catastrophes are undoubtedly rare within a human lifespan; they are less so within the lifespan of a people; are they not frequent within the lifespan of a world?

Everyone knows, besides, that the sea has changed and continually changes its location; that it invades one shore to retreat from another—but people do not think about that. You do not think that today's land is not the land of old; you do not think that our ships are sailing placidly over the ruins of old cities, old peoples whose remains you want to find in your fields. With your compasses and measuring devices, you steer where your imagination directs you, and you say: it was here; here are its ruins. That city was on the edge of the sea, on a mountain or in a valley, here it is. And if, in fact, you find an old cornice, an old potsherd or some rusty medallion there, oh, you are triumphant then, you load your vessels, you cross the sea full of the enthusiasm of the scientist who has solved a difficult problem, and you cry: Glory to me, to my wisdom! Reserve a place for me in your Academies! I have found ancient Constantinople, the great city of the earliest ages of the Orient—because you have found on the edge of the sea, where you know the great city was, some petrified slipper or the broken pillars of some wretched caravanserai.

But you do not ask yourself whether the sea might not have retreated, whether the Bosphorus might have been filled in, whether the Sea of Marmora might not have been that beautiful verdant valley we all know, whether the famous strait of the Dardanelles that has exercised the imagination of novelists to such an extent might not have been that deep and delightful ravine at the bottom of which you can walk with dry feet, alongside the canal that we have dug there. No, you still want to find Constantinople on the sea shore.

With the same eyes you will doubtless also search for London, the capital of the England of the earliest ages of the world, which you will try to find in one of those bastard islands that rose from the depths of the nearby seas only a few centuries ago, and close your mental vision to the narrow English Channel that you can no longer see, on those rocks and mountains that a volcanic eruption has evidently heaped up, in order to make the familiar solid road that extends into New Cosaquia, the France of olden times—the road that science has discovered.

These are facts—well-authenticated and very important facts—but no history has seen these changes...

I apologize to the readers of our newspaper for allowing myself to get carried away involuntarily by the charm of the critical novelty that no longer wants to believe in the classical axiom: the master has spoken. What I have just said, moreover, is not mine; I have only reproduced the thoughts and writings of our friend Daghestan, as anyone can see. I therefore claim no honor for myself, but I am honored to belong to his school, to the school whose skepticism, I hope, will enable our history to make great progress.

Far be it from me to ask forgiveness for my boldness, but I will say to those who are less sympathetic to us: do not judge us lightly. Peel off the old man, renew yourself, and then, like Daghestan, depart courageously for the difficult conquest of the truth; follow him, if you dare.

He is one of the first to have had the courage to let himself down to the bottom of the sea, with the aid of the prodigious apparatus created by our immortal Danielo Raviel, and to scrutinize the depths of submarine valleys and mountains, strolling there, staff and notebook in hand, writing as calmly as if he were in the middle of the most beautiful garden in Caucasiopol.

It is because of those submarine excursions that he brought us such clear and precise considerations of ancient history. For, after having climbed the mountains that rise up from the sea-bed to breathe our air at the surface, or extend on to on land in long chains, with which we are all familiar without knowing their origins; after having traveled through the moist valleys in which so many unknown trees grow, and where so many plants lie rotting or petrified that have disappeared from our countries; after having sounded and interrogated the deep rocks that we have never seen, and on which are found imprints of the human hands and human genius, and the unknown but gaping volcanoes that allow the sight, around them and in the depths of their roaring craters, of the debris of cities; what could he think of the enormous efforts we make to find on land the cities and provinces that have lain dormant on the sea-bed for centuries?

So, since that time, he has written: "Let us bow down before the mysteries of the past; let us only admit with extreme reservations the traditions of olden times. Ancient history is a trackless forest, in the bosom of which we see at intervals a few fleeting facts, like will-o'-the-wisps, that lead us astray, because we see them emerge and die without knowing where..."

"The human mind is like an eye; it can only see within a limited horizon; but as its curiosity is boundless, it wants to see beyond, and the efforts it makes to see only provide illusions.

"This counsel is not that of the despair that says to us: do not seek, for you will not find anything; but only: be circumspect. Search the sky, the land and the sea, and do not kneel down before any debris without knowing whence it comes, without turning it over a thousand times in your hands, before judging its origin."

That advice is wise, and it had proved its worth to Daghestan, who had made so many discoveries—but that was not yet enough for that worshiper of science. His mind looked even further; he cast covetous eyes upon the

immensity of the skies, where he divined another life, another nature, other peoples aspiring toward us as we are toward them, but discouraged by the immensity of space and doubt.

To that aspiration we shall soon owe, I feel sure, a discovery presently unknown, which will complete all the improvements that Daghestan has already brought to aerostatics, and will, perhaps deliver us the most curious secrets of the universe. No one is unaware of all the prodigious ascents that have been so often carried out in recent times; but only one of his friends, perhaps, knows the result of his most recent ascent—the one that he made some time before the voyage from which he has just returned. In that aerial experiment, which succeeded so perfectly, our friend made use of a hitherto-unknown gas light enough to transport the balloon to a height that no one, including himself, had yet attained, while surrounding himself with an atmosphere dense enough to breathe easily. He then arrived close enough to the stars, and especially to the moon, to see incredible things there, which he will one day reveal to us, when he has completed his observations by renewing them. He will then give us his last word on the difficult problem of steering at will the vagabond aerostats that have, until now, only followed the various and hectic flow of aerial currents. There is no reason, we can admit without indiscretion, why that problem cannot be solved.

Oh, the power of humankind is great today—who knows where it will end?

What is the point, I have also been saying for a long time, of the mysteries of nature that God had set around us? Why would he have hidden such a large part of his magnificence from our adoration? No, God has made nothing that is inaccessible to us, but he wants us to search for the paths. That is why he has given us intelligence.