

The entire story of Camus' life always seemed somewhat strange to me. Hidden in the sands of Algeria, he, of course, could have come across more *essential* things than the inhabitants of the large metropolitan centers can. In a center of culture and learning, in the hum of people, *they* feel safe, *they* blend into the crowd, into the profusion of words and opinions. *They* always dictate intellectual fashions, by this method concealing things that are troublesome to *them*. Inhabitants of obscure places have far more time to delve into the essence of the world, but also far fewer chances for their ideas to reach humanity. Camus successfully reconciled the qualities of a hermit and Europe's darling.

His spiritual activity was twofold. Some of his writings, let's say, *The Myth of Sisyphus*, seem to indicate that Camus was practically an apologist for their activities. This is partly confirmed by his Nobel Prize (*almost* always it's their emissaries who determine the awarding of official prizes: I emphasize—neither Joyce, nor Kafka, nor Genet received any prizes).

On the other hand, *The Plague* or *The Stranger* brazenly intrude into *their* inviolable domain. The portrayal of the plague is strongly suggestive of an allegory of *their* system, while Mersault is one of the most influential portraits of a kanuked being. There's no sense in delving into Camus' real activities—the most significant things won't be found in the tangle of his biography. But his death is worth pondering. Perhaps at first Camus was an obedient (let's say an inadvertent) servant of *theirs*, and later he saw through things. Maybe he was cleverly feigning all the time, secretly damaging *them*. We can only speculate. One way or another, he slowly began behaving in an unacceptable manner; maybe he even did things to them

that are forbidden to talk about (even *to think* about them is dangerous). Retribution was quick. The fatalistic death, the lost manuscripts—all of that's in an all too familiar style. Gediminas's letters also disappeared without a trace.

Camus' precedent was the first I wrote into the great list of their victims.

*The fact that you won't find straightforward information about them in books ultimately proves that they exist.* It would be easy to fight with a concrete societal or political organization that everyone knows or has at least come across. An identified enemy is *almost* a conquered enemy. Everyone would have risen up against them a long time ago, *they* would have been destroyed at some point. Unfortunately, *their* race exists and works harmoniously. This proves that they're hidden, undiscovered, uninvestigated. But whether *they* want to or not, they leave traces behind. All of *their* victims are indelible footprints. [. . .]

Sometimes it's almost suspicious how far individual researchers manage to get. I'm not even talking about Kafka. There's another one who particularly astounded me. He's from Buenos Aires, by the name of Ernesto Sabato. Reading his book, I was simply horrified. I couldn't believe my eyes: Sabato openly described some of *their* methods, although true, he didn't mention anything at all about *their* goals. In addition, he persistently associated them with the powers of hell. That raised my suspicions. Strangest of all, he wrote about *the blind*, and they, after all, don't have a gaze. At first I just couldn't understand this *inversion*. It sufficed to scrutinize two words—AKLAS and AKYLAS: AK(Y)LAS, the words for blind and sharp-sighted. Perhaps the particularly archaic Lithuanian language has preserved even more secret connec-

tions, which *they* had time to eliminate from other languages?

However, this discovery didn't decide the problem of Ernesto Sabato, it didn't dispel my suspicions. It wasn't plausible that an Argentinean would know Lithuanian. Unfortunately, I'll never travel to Argentina, I'll never speak to him nor observe him. However, his picture fell into my hands in the nick of time.

Out of the photograph a *round little face* with small eyes gazed at me, a man who looked sufficiently satisfied with himself. Not at all like a man condemned to death, a man who knows the secrets of the Road. Besides, he's too recognized, at least in Argentina. Argentina—where a good number of Hitler's toadies hid! All of these facts opened my eyes. Sabato's book is merely a clever attempt to turn the search in an erroneous direction. *They* set quite a few traps like that. I was saved by my native language and my caution. They didn't succeed in fooling me. [. . .]

How much invaluable information from the past is still hidden in manuscripts! ■