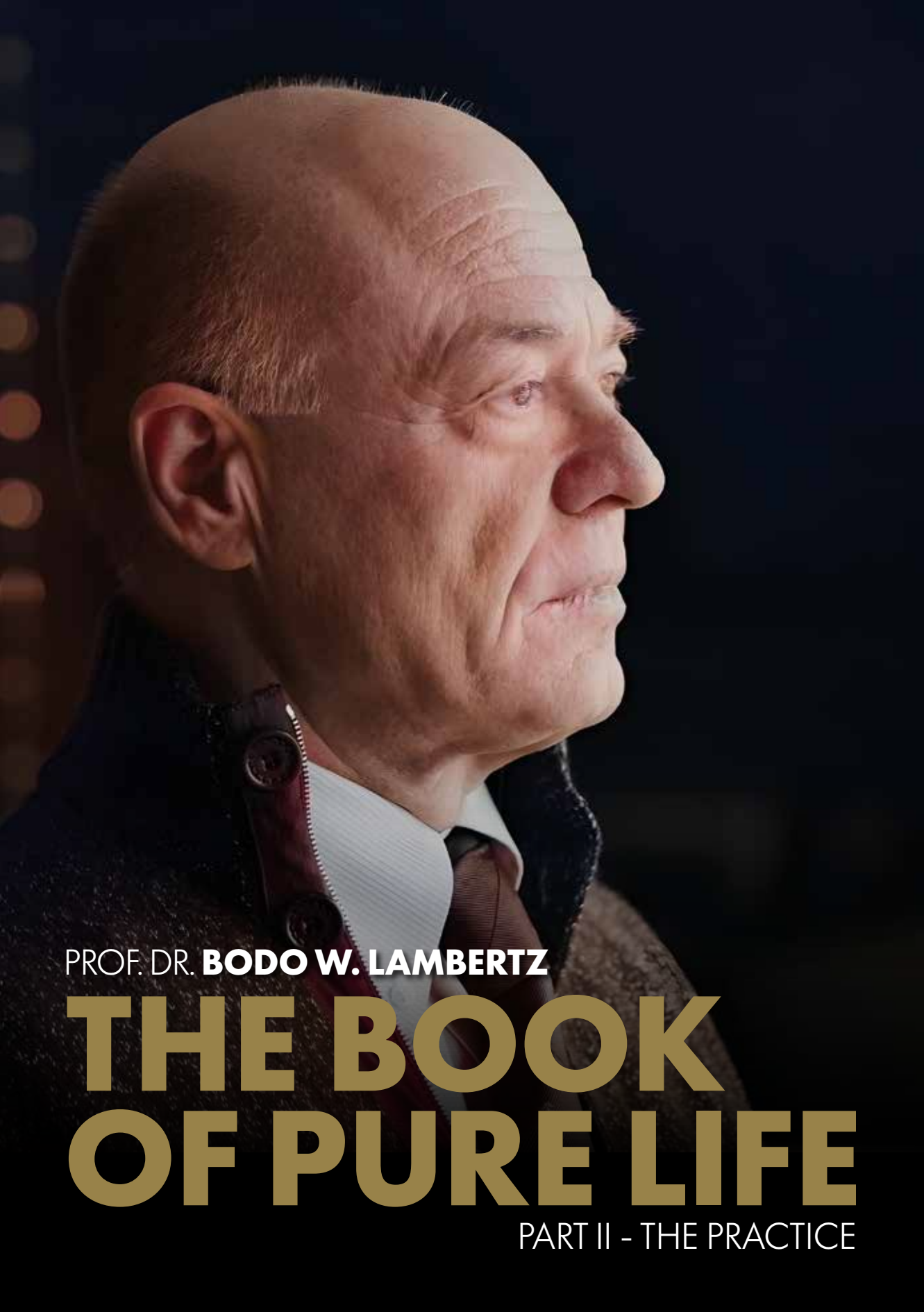


A close-up, profile portrait of an older man with a balding head and visible wrinkles. He is looking off to the right. He is wearing a dark jacket over a white shirt and a dark tie. The background is dark with some blurred light spots on the left.

PROF. DR. **BODO W. LAMBERTZ**

THE BOOK OF PURE LIFE

PART II - THE PRACTICE

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THE BOOK OF PURE LIFE II

THE BOOK OF PURE LIFE II

The Deepening — Practices of the Pure Life — full of love

First Edition · 2026

APANI AS PURE AS NATURE INTENDED AG · Wilen bei Wollerau · Switzerland

*For all who did not merely read the first volume,
but understood it: that a pure life is not
possessed, but practiced. Every day.*



Foreword

The first volume of this work told what the pure life is and where it comes from — from the student with the two loves to the sentence in which everything ends: purity is the way, love is the goal. Since that book has been on its way, the same question has reached me again and again, in many languages and from very different people. It is not: Is this true? It is: And how do I live this — tomorrow morning, at seven o'clock? This second volume is my answer.

It contains no new truths; the truths stand in the first volume, and they have not become negotiable. It contains practices — twenty-nine in number, from the quarter hour of stillness to the art of letting go. I invented none of them. I collected them, a lifetime long: in the student's room, in the vineyard, in the workshops, at a thousand tables, in the listening room, on journeys between the Alps and the Caribbean. They are the movements of the hand that turn a conviction into a daily life. Everything in this volume I have practiced myself — much of it I am practicing still, for this school has no graduation, and that is its best news.

Read this volume differently from the first. The first wanted to be read slowly; this one wants to be used. Choose one chapter — one is enough — and give it a week, every day, without fuss. The practices are small on purpose; I have distrusted great resolutions ever since I was allowed to watch small habits build great lives. The vineyard teaches it anew every year: it is not the storm that makes the vintage, but the many inconspicuous days.

This is no appendix and no afterthought. It is the second half of a promise — the part that lies in your hands, in the most literal sense. I wish you in it what I wish myself every morning: a quiet beginning, a walked way, an exact praise, a little endowed beauty — and people who stay.

Welcome to the family.

Wilen bei Wollerau, Summer 2026

Prof. Dr. Bodo W. Lambertz
Founder & Inventor · APANI
— As Pure As Nature Intended

Contents

Foreword 3

Prologue — From the Summit into the Valleys 9

Book I — The Quiet Elements 11

 Practicing Stillness — The Daily Quarter Hour 11

 The Breath — The First Nourishment 11

 The Water — The First Pure Element 12

 The Fire — The Oldest Companion 13

 The Light — From the Sun to the Candle 14

 The Room — Dwelling as a Quiet Confession 15

Book II — The Body in the Day 17

 Walking — Thinking with the Feet 17

 The Hands — Thinking with the Fingers 18

 The Measure — The Art of Enough 19

 The Sleep — The Night as Ally 20

 The Time — The Only Possession 21

 Digital Purity — Remaining Master of the Devices 22

 The Seventh Day — The Art of Rest 22

Book III — The Arts of Being Together 25

 The Speech — Pure Words 25

 The Courtesy — The Small Forms 26

 The Letter — The Slow Word 27

 The Art of Giving 28

 The Forgiving — The Purification 28

 The Gratitude — The Evening Inventory 29

Book IV — What Grows	31
The Garden — The Teacher at the Door.....	31
The Tree — Planting for the Day After Tomorrow	32
The Travel — Staying Pure on the Way	33
The Collecting — The Art of Curation	33
The Remembering — The Archive of a Life	35
The Passing On — Of Master and Apprentice	36
The Beauty — The Daily Bread of the Soul.....	37
Book V — The High Practices	39
The Wonder — The Waking Beginning.....	39
The Equanimity — The Weatherproofness of the Soul.....	40
The Letting Go — The Light Hand.....	41
Epilogue — The Practices Practice Back.....	43

Prologue — From the Summit into the Valleys

The first volume of this work ended on a summit — with the love that grows from affection and respect, and with the feeling for life that knows no equal. Whoever has arrived there could close the books and be content. But everyone who has ever reached a summit knows: the summit is not a dwelling place. One climbs up in order to see — and then one climbs down into the valleys where life takes place, and carries what was seen into the days. This second volume is the descent with full hands. It continues the direction of the pure life and leads it deeper — not with new truths, for the truths were spoken in the first volume, but with practices: concrete, daily, repeatable movements of the hand by which the philosophy becomes graspable, like a tool.

For this is the last honesty this work owes its reader: a way of life that is merely understood is not possessed. One possesses only what one practices. The pianist does not understand the sonata through reading, nor the winemaker the slope through the map, nor a human being the pure life through agreement. The books that follow are therefore not a continuation of the teaching but its practice room — twenty-nine doors into the same garden. One need not open them all. A single one, opened daily, is enough for a beginning. The rest follows as everything follows in the vineyard: from the root, with time, of itself.

The order of this volume follows life, not systematics. The first book gathers the quiet elements — stillness and breath, water and fire, light and space: that within which a day takes place. The second book takes the body into the day — walking and the hands, measure and sleep, time, the devices, and the seventh day. The third book practices the arts of being together — speech and courtesy, the letter, giving, forgiving, and gratitude. The fourth book belongs to what grows — the garden and the tree, travel, collecting and remembering, passing on, and beauty. And the fifth book climbs at last to the high practices — wonder, equanimity, and letting go: the attitudes into which all the handholds flow. Each chapter stands on its own and can be begun on its own. Together they are what the subtitle promises: the deepening. No longer the what and the why — but the how, new every morning.

Book I — The Quiet Elements

Practicing Stillness — The Daily Quarter Hour

The first volume called stillness the mother of all music; this chapter turns it into an appointment. For stillness that merely happens now and then, whenever the world happens to grant it, is a gift — stillness that is sought daily is a power. The practice is of disarming simplicity: a quarter of an hour a day, at the same time, in the same place, without device, without task, without goal. Sitting. Breathing. Hearing what remains when nothing is being transmitted. The first days are loud — not the world is loud, but one's own head, which is used to sending and has unlearned receiving. One stays seated anyway. After a week the head grows quieter. After a month one begins to hear what the stillness has been saying all along.

What it says differs with every person and matters with every person. The postponed decision announces itself. The forgotten friend comes to mind. The body speaks, outvoted all day long. The idea arrives — the kind of idea that never arrives in noise, because it is quieter than the noise. The great cultures knew this and built stillness into their architecture: the cloister, the garden, the bench beneath the tree. The pure life builds it into the day. And the reward reaches far beyond the quarter hour: whoever practices stillness daily carries it along. He grows calmer in dispute, slower in judgment, harder to unseat — not because he controls himself, but because he knows a place within where no negotiating is done. The quarter hour is the cheapest fortress in the world. One builds it out of nothing, and it holds.

The Breath — The First Nourishment

Before the first sip of water and before the first meal stands the first nourishment of the human being: the breath. Twenty thousand times a day the body takes the world into itself and gives it back — and almost none of these draughts is noticed. Yet the breath is unique in the whole human equipment: it is the only vital function that happens by itself and can at the same time be guided. The heart obeys no command, the digestion asks no one — but the breath stands on the threshold between will and nature, and precisely for this reason it has been, for thousands of

years, the instrument of every school of composure: the bridge by which the mind reaches the body and the body the mind. Whoever guides the breath guides the whole person. It is the oldest knowledge in the world, and it costs nothing.

The practice is the practice of thresholds. A person's day consists of thresholds — before the door behind which the difficult conversation waits; before the first bite of the meal; before stepping into one's own house after a loud day; before the first note in the listening room. At each of these thresholds: three breaths. Slowly in through the nose, twice as slowly out again — for the secret lies in the long exhalation; it is the signal to which the body has answered with calm for a million years. Three breaths take twenty seconds and transform the person who walks through the door: he arrives instead of plunging in. The ancients called it composure, and the word is exact — one gathers in what the day has scattered, and enters whole.

Whoever practices the threshold breaths for a few weeks discovers their quiet extension: the breath becomes a barometer. One notices, by the shallow, high breathing, the haste before it becomes a mistake; one notices, by the caught breath, the unspoken anger before it becomes poison — and can answer, with three slow draughts, in the midst of events, visible to no one. It is the most discreet practice of this volume and perhaps its most portable: it needs no place, no time, no equipment — only the remembrance that the first nourishment of life is also its first medicine. The first volume taught listening to the silence between the notes. The breath is that silence, moved into the body: the pause that carries everything.

The Water — The First Pure Element

It has been a curious blind spot of the first volume that it spoke of wine, of coffee and of tea, and was silent about water — although water is the beginning of everything these pages honor. It is the first drink and the last, the element of which the body consists by two thirds, the condition of the vineyard, the rice field, the trout and of life itself. And it is the purest substance a human being can take in — or the most betrayed, depending on how it has been treated. Water carries its origin like everything pure: a great spring water tastes of its rock, of granite or limestone, of the journey through the mountain that may have lasted decades. Whoever drinks water attentively drinks geology.

The practice of water has two sides, one sensual and one moral. The sensual: treat water like a wine. Choose it with knowledge, serve it with dignity — in a beautiful glass, at the right temperature, at the meal as a voice of its own and not as an accessory. A house that pours its guests a great water with the same seriousness as a great vintage astonishes them first and converts them afterward; for the palate schooled on wine finds in water a whole quiet world. The moral side weighs more: water is the element in which the bond of the first pillar proves itself most immediately. Whoever has ever stood at a living spring knows that nothing self-evident flows here, but an inheritance. To protect it — to be sparing where it is scarce, and reverent everywhere — is not politics but gratitude in its most liquid form. Thus the circle closes to the natural law of the house: one hundred percent of the original. With water, nature delivered the original complete. Our only task is not to spoil it — and not to forget it.

The Fire — The Oldest Companion

Before man had a house he had a fire, and the house was invented around the fire — not the other way about. Fire is the oldest companion of our kind: it warmed us, protected us, fed us and gathered us, and it shaped, deeper than anything else, our evenings. For a million years every human day ended in firelight, and in that light arose the things this work is about: the long conversation, the story, the song, the circle. The hour of fire in the first volume bears its name not as metaphor but as inheritance. And it belongs to the quiet losses of the epoch that real fire has vanished from the houses — replaced by radiators that warm without gathering, and by screens that flicker without calming. For this is the strange thing that everyone knows and no one explains: fire is the only flickering in the world that makes a person calm. The screen excites, the flame releases — the same moving light, opposite effects. The difference is the difference between noise and music.

The practice is to give fire a place in the rhythm. Once a week a real fire — the hearth where there is one; the fire bowl in the garden; and where both are lacking, the honest group of candles on the table suffices, for the teaching lives already in the small flame. Make the fire yourself, with patience and craft — from kindling to log, without shortcut —, for fire-making is the oldest master's examination of mankind and a practice in everything this work teaches: preparation, sequence, humility before the element, attention without pause. A fire cannot be had on the side; it

demands presence, and precisely that is its gift. And then: people around it. Fire is no soloist, it is a gatherer — the seating order of the fire is the circle, the oldest democratic form in the world, in which everyone sees everyone and the flame holds the middle that otherwise a rank would claim.

Whoever keeps the weekly fire for a season will notice what settles around it: the conversations the table did not yield; the long silence that embarrasses no one, because all are looking into the embers; the children who stay although nothing is offered — or precisely because of that. The fire is the counter-screen: it shows nothing and opens everything. And it teaches, quite in passing, the attitude toward time that this volume practices everywhere — for a fire has phases like an evening and like a life: the bright flaring up, the long, deep glow in which the real warmth dwells, and the dignified fading that one should not try to halt. The glow is the *Spätlese* of the fire. Whoever has learned to prefer it to the flame has learned, from man's oldest companion, this work's youngest lesson.

The Light — From the Sun to the Candle

No element shapes a room and an hour as completely as light, and none is treated more thoughtlessly. The modern world has democratized light and thereby devalued it: available everywhere, everywhere the same — the same flat brightness at morning and at midnight, in the office and at the dining table, a permanent day without dramaturgy. But the human being is a creature of wandering light. For a million years, morning meant slanting gold, noon meant vertical clarity, evening meant deep red, night meant fire and then darkness. The body reads light like a clock and sets by it its innermost processes — sleep, wakefulness, mood. Whoever lives in uniform light lives in a time without hands, and wonders why something in him loses its bearings.

The practice of light follows the day. In the morning: out into the real thing — ten minutes of daylight on the face are the oldest alarm clock in the world and set the inner clock more precisely than any discipline. During the day: work at the window where possible; the eye that may look now and then into distance and into green repays it with years. And in the evening the decisive turn that distinguishes the pure house from the ordinary one: dimming as ritual. When the table is set, working light yields to warm light; when the hour of fire begins, the low sources take over — the

lamp, the fire, the candle. The candle deserves the place of honor the millennia have given it: it is the only light that lives — that breathes, flickers, answers — and its glow does with faces what honest loudspeakers do with music: it gives them back their depth. An evening table in candlelight is the same table and another country. The conversations grow quieter and truer, time grows slower, the faces grow more beautiful — not because the light flatters, but because it gathers. To conduct the light instead of merely switching it on: that is perhaps the most underestimated art of the pure life — and one of the easiest to learn.

The Room — Dwelling as a Quiet Confession

The psychology of the first volume taught that objects carry invitations and that in the end the environment always wins. This chapter draws the spatial conclusion: the home is the greatest invitation of all — the object one lives inside. A home is never neutral. It invites to calm or to distraction, to conversation or to retreat, to presence or to flight; and it does so every day its door is opened. That is why dwelling, in the pure life, is not a decorating topic but a confession: the room says quietly, but incessantly, what matters to its inhabitant — and forms him after that sentence.

The principles of the pure room are the principles of the whole house, translated into walls. True materials: wood that may age, stone that cools, wool and linen, leather that takes on history — surfaces that answer to touch and grow more beautiful with the years instead of wearing out; for a person who daily touches the genuine unlearns the false. Few things, real things: the room breathes through what is absent — every surface that stays empty is a piece of stillness, and an overfilled room is a noise one can see. A center: every home needs its hearth in the old sense — the table, the fire, the listening room —, a place where the house gathers and which is furnished more richly with meaning than with objects. And order as ritual, not as compulsion: the evening returning of things to their places is a bow to the coming day — two minutes of care that are given to the dwelling and bestowed on one's own future morning. Whoever dwells like this has translated the philosophy into architecture: his home practices it with him, even on the days when he himself is too tired for it. That is the quietest form of faithfulness — walls that remember what one lives for.

Book II — The Body in the Day

Walking — Thinking with the Feet

Man is the walking animal. No creature on earth is so completely built around this one movement — the upright, enduring, thought-lost setting of foot before foot with which our kind walked across the continents long before it could do anything else. For a million years walking was neither sport nor decision but the ground state of waking life; thinking, speaking, mourning and planning were done at walking pace. The modern world has abolished this ground state within a few decades — man sits, rides and lies — and wonders at the consequences for body and spirit. Yet the diagnosis is simple and the medicine free of charge: the body that no longer walks loses its oldest rhythm. And the mind loses with it its gait. For thinking has a tempo, and it is the tempo of walking — the great minds of every century knew it and did their real work on foot: on avenues, along shores, around city blocks, in gardens. The step sorts out what the desk ties into knots.

The practice is the daily way: half an hour to a full hour, outdoors, in every weather — the second skin makes the weather a pleasure —, without device and without earphones, for the accompanied walk is not walking but relocated sitting. Where it can be arranged, the useful is walked rather than driven: the market, the bread, the visit in the quarter — everyday life on foot is the only form of movement that costs no willpower, because it has purpose. And once a week the walking conversation: a friend, a child, one's partner — side by side instead of face to face. It is an old secret of pastors and good fathers that things can be said side by side that stall face to face; the shared gaze ahead, the rhythm, the pauses that walking permits without their becoming awkward — no table in the world loosens certain knots as gently as a field path. The reward is threefold, and it is as reliable as little else. The body is preserved through use — the daily way is the maintenance of the first instrument, unspectacular and therefore sustainable. The mind gets its gait back — whoever has taken a decision for three walks knows it better than after thirty lists. And, most quietly and most deeply: the place becomes home. A landscape, a town, a valley belong to a person only once he has walked them — the walker knows the corners, the smells, the seasons of his place, he greets and is greeted, he does not merely live somewhere, he is from there. The car knows routes. Only the feet know ways. And the pure life is, from the beginning and in every sense of the word, a way.

The Hands — Thinking with the Fingers

Man conquered the world not with the head but with the team of head and hand — and science today knows that each created the other: the brain grew by the tasks of the hand, the hand refined itself by the plans of the brain. Nothing in the human being is more densely wired to brain than the fingertips; the hand is outsourced thinking, and every craft of this work — the sewing, the cellar work, the young founder's soldering — is proof of this marriage. All the more remarkable is what the epoch has reduced this marvel to: two gestures. Swiping and typing. Hands that could do everything spend their days on glass — and something in the human being that thought through its hands for thousands of years becomes unemployed and reports itself as that peculiar restlessness for which the age has many names and no explanation.

The practice is of disarming directness: every day one thing done with the hands that has a result. Cooking counts — and is the most accessible form because it is due anyway: the dough that wants kneading, the vegetables falling under the knife, are daily craft on standby. Repairing counts double: the tightened fitting, the mended seam, the oiled hinge are care of one's possessions and training of the hand in one — the first volume called maintenance a liturgy of respect; here it turns out to be a liturgy of thinking as well. And handwriting deserves its own mention, for it is the craft of the mind: whoever thinks a matter through with the pen — the note, the plan, the day's inventory — demonstrably thinks differently than at the device: more slowly, more originally, more lastingly. The hand is the sieve through which only the essential passes.

The reward of occupied hands is a double peace. The first is well known and is experienced again and again as a surprise: when the hands work, the head grows still. Kneading, carving, screwing, weeding is the most accessible meditation of the West — the worries cannot keep up with the rhythm of the fingers and fall behind. The second peace is the peace of the work: at the end something stands there — the bread, the repaired chair, the written page —, and this modest standing-there nourishes a place in the human being that no dispatched message ever reaches. Self-efficacy, science calls it; the craftsmen of this house call it more simply: closing time. One has it only when something got finished. The hands know this. One need only ask them again.

The Measure — The Art of Enough

The first volume defended pleasure against asceticism; this chapter defends it against its second enemy, the more secret one: the Always. For pleasure has a natural law that no wealth can bribe — it lives on contrast. The daily great wine becomes a beverage; the uninterrupted feast becomes everyday life with decoration; the permanent availability of everything is the quietest way to devalue everything. The first volume said it in the beat of its chapters: rarely, magnificently, with gratitude, together. This chapter gives the principle its name and its practice. The measure is not the renunciation of the poor but the wisdom of the rich: the art of knowing the Enough — that point beyond which more is no longer more, but less.

The practice is the rhythm of fullness and emptiness, and it is as old as all cultures of enjoyment: every week one day belongs to leaving-out. What is left out, each chooses himself, and it should be something loved, otherwise it is no practice — the day without wine, the day without meat, the day without sweets, the day without news. Not as penance, that is the decisive tone: as a rest in the musical sense — that silence which the first volume called the mother of all music, applied to the appetite. The rest does two things at once. It tests freedom: on the day of leaving-out it shows itself soundlessly who owns whom — the person the habit, or the habit the person; and every completed week gives back a piece of mastery. And it renews taste: the first glass after the pause is again a first glass — habituation, that thief of all joys, is expropriated weekly.

Whoever practices the measure for a while discovers its stillest effect: it ennobles fullness. The feast becomes feast again because it differs from Tuesday; the cigar becomes event again because it is not habit; the great vintage gets its altitude back. The measure is thus no opponent of pleasure but its cellar master — it stores the joys so that they ripen instead of spoiling. And it works, like all practices of this volume, beyond its occasion: whoever has found the Enough at his own table finds it more easily in possessions, in talking, in being right. Enough is one of the shortest words in the language and one of the hardest to learn. But it can be learned — one day a week, one beloved thing, one pause. Freedom needs no more than that to begin.

The Sleep — The Night as Ally

The first volume called sleep, in passing, the fermentation of the day — not negotiable and not to be hurried. This chapter stays with the image, for it is more exact than it sounds. As in the barrel, the essential in sleep happens invisibly and without our doing: the day is transformed — what was learned is laid down, what was lived is sorted, the body is restored, the spirit is clarified. And as with wine: whoever disturbs or shortens the process gets something cloudy, unfinished, that does not correspond to the original. The epoch treats sleep as weakness, as loss-time to be wrestled down, and wears its tiredness like a medal. The pure life reverses the honor: it treats the night as an ally and sleep as a craft — the only craft one exercises by letting it happen. But letting happen wants to be prepared.

The preparation is an approach for landing, not a crash — and the reader already knows its instruments; they need only be aimed at the night. The light sinks in the evening, as the light chapter described: from working brightness through the warm lamp to the candle — the body reads the dusk and begins of itself what no discipline can force. The devices stay outside the threshold: the bedroom is a device-free zone, the last half hour belongs to life at first hand — a page of paper, a quiet conversation, the evening inventory of gratitude as the deliberately last act of the day. The hour becomes fixed: sleep loves rhythm like everything living in this work, and the same hour of going to bed is half the art. The room is built for the night: cool, dark, quiet — the three oldest sleeping draughts in the world, without prescription and without side effect. And one honesty that belongs in a house of wine: wine is a creature of the evening, not of the night. Misused as a nightcap, it robs the night of its depth and the morning of its clarity — pleasure ends where it becomes a means; that was its definition from the first page on.

Whoever honors the night is given the day by it. That is no figure of speech but the soberest calculation of this volume: the founded morning, the undivided hour, the patience at table, the mildness in dispute, the wakefulness in the listening room — everything this work recommends is done effortlessly by rested people and attempted in vain by exhausted ones. Sleep is the foundation beneath all foundations, the practice that makes all other practices possible in the first place. And it is, lastly, a daily lesson in the virtue this house holds dearest: in trust. Every night the human being lays everything out of his hands — the control, the plans, the worries — and gives himself over to a process he can neither steer nor observe, in the faith that he will surface transformed. Exactly this the winemaker does when he locks the

cellar. Exactly this the gardener does when he sows in autumn. Sleeping is the nightly edition of the one great attitude of this work: to let the living do its work. Nature intended it so — this too.

The Time — The Only Possession

The first volume called time, in passing, the only irreplaceable possession of a human life; this chapter stops at the sentence and takes it seriously. For it is literally true and is almost never literally lived. Everything else a person owns is replaceable or increasable — money, things, even strength and many a reputation. Time is the only currency that can only be spent, never earned; every day is a sum that lapses completely at nightfall, regardless of what it was spent on. The richest of the world and the poorest receive the same twenty-four hours; the only difference lies in the spending. Time is thus the most exact testimony there is about a person: show me your hours, and I know your truth — not your declared values, but your lived ones.

The pure life therefore treats time as the cellar master treats the great vintage: with reverence, with plan, and with generosity in the right place. Reverence means: do not chop up the hour. An hour broken into twelve five-minute splinters is no longer an hour but the waste of twelve beginnings; the undivided hour, by contrast — for work, for the conversation, for the music — is the basic unit of everything that succeeds, and protecting it is the first art of time. Plan means: build the rhythms this work recommends everywhere — the founded morning, the fixed table, the hour of fire, the feast in the calendar —, for rhythm is the way one possesses time without clutching it. And generosity means: squander time where squandering is wisdom. There is a miserliness with time that impoverishes more than any miserliness with money — the celebration broken off, the reunion shortened, the promise ,soon' never kept. The people one loves measure love not in intentions but in hours. In the end it is the simplest calculation of this work, and the most incorruptible: a life is the sum of what its days were used for. The pure life is nothing other than the resolve to form this sum with open eyes.

Digital Purity — Remaining Master of the Devices

This work is no enemy of technology; it was begun by an engineer and praises on every second page what knowing technology can do. But it has set a sharp criterion: technology that serves presence is civilization — technology that replaces presence is noise with a power supply. On no object does this criterion decide itself so daily today as on the small device that almost every person carries almost always. It is the mightiest tool that ever fit into a trouser pocket — and the most skillful invitation to absence ever built. It demands no decision against presence; it demands only a thousand tiny glances, and the sum of the glances is an absent life. The question is not whether one uses the device. The question is who uses whom.

Digital purity is therefore no asceticism but an order of rank — the same one this house erects everywhere: the tool serves, the person leads. Its practices are concrete. Places of stillness: the dining table, the listening room and the bedroom are device-free zones — not out of strictness, but for the same reason one does not telephone in church: because something more important is happening there. Times of stillness: the founded morning remains screenless; the first and the last half hour of the day belong to life at first hand. Bundling instead of dripping: messages and notices at chosen hours, in calm and completely — instead of as a permanent infusion that punctures every hour. And the finest practice, which carries all the others: noticing the reflex. That reach for the device in the first second of emptiness — at the traffic light, in the elevator, in the pause of a conversation — is the moment in which presence is voted on a hundred times a day. Whoever merely notices the reach and three times a day does not perform it, but endures the emptiness, has turned the vote around. For these small empty places are no lack; they are the pores of the day through which thinking breathes — the crevices where the ideas live, and the glances one would otherwise never have exchanged. The pure life defends its pores. It is astonishing how much world comes back when one stops plugging every gap.

The Seventh Day — The Art of Rest

Among all the inventions of mankind, one of the oldest is at the same time the most forgotten: the seventh day. Long before there were weekends, there was the insight that man needs a rhythm larger than the day and smaller than the season

— and that in this rhythm one day must be different from the rest: a day without acquisition, without pushing forward, without the question of what something is useful for. All great cultures knew it, however they named and justified it. The epoch has abolished it without deciding to — the weekend has become the residual running time of the week: errands, appointments, screens, and on Sunday evening the exhaustion of those who were off and were not free. But the seventh day was never meant as idle running. It was meant as a summit — the day for which the other six work.

The practice consists in building it again, and it demands only a single hard decision: to hallow one day of the week — in the literal sense of the old word: to set it apart. On this day acquisition rests, the errands rest, optimization rests; the device has the day off, the list has a pause. What takes place instead is not a nothing but the essential — the day gathers, as in a burning glass, everything this work recommends: the long table without an end time, the great walk, the music with closed eyes, the fire in the evening, the people for whom the hours were lacking during the week. Not laziness, then, but celebration; not the empty day but the full one — only full of the right things. The families who keep it recognize one another at once, by the way: they are the ones whose children do not call Sunday boring, but defend it.

And the seventh day gives the week what the rest gives to music: form. Six days receive a direction when at their end stands a day toward which they run; work itself becomes more dignified when it knows a closing time in the large. Whoever keeps the day for a while notices the old truth that lay in its invention: man is no working animal with break regulations, but a being that must celebrate in order to know what it works for. The seventh day is the calendar's answer to the question of meaning — not in words, but in hours. Six days one sows. On the seventh one sits at the table and is what one wanted to become all week: present.

Book III — The Arts of Being Together

The Speech — Pure Words

A work that takes the purity of wine, fiber and sound so seriously must in the end also speak of the purity of that material of which man makes the most and which he processes most carelessly: speech. Words are the foodstuffs of living together. There are nourishing ones and empty ones, fresh ones and spoiled ones, honest ones and adulterated ones — and as with food: one becomes what one daily takes in and daily gives out. A marriage, a friendship, a firm, a family consist for the greatest part of what is spoken; their quality is, over long stretches, simply the quality of their sentences.

Pure speech has the same marks as every pure product of this work. It is honestly declared: it says what is, and promises only what it can keep — the fifth pillar, clarity, in word form. It is free of additives: of the phrase that means nothing, of the superlative that no longer heightens anything, of the irony that hides from every seriousness, and of the jargon that sounds without speaking. It is fresh instead of preserved: one's own word, one's own image, the sentence made for exactly this person in exactly this moment — not the pre-stamped turn that fits everyone and therefore reaches no one. And it knows its noblest genus: the praise that strikes home — the third pillar, recognition, spoken with precision. The practice is daily and inexhaustible: once a day say something difficult early and kindly, instead of letting it ferment; once a day speak a praise so exact that its receiver never forgets it; and once a day be silent where a cheap word offered itself — about the absent one, about the other's mistake, about what would only have been noise. For this too belongs to pure speech, and it is half its art: the unsaid. Gossip is the fast food of talk — convenient, spicy, and in the long run poisoning. Whoever banishes it from his house like bad oil from his kitchen will be amazed how much room becomes free for what is true.

The Courtesy — The Small Forms

Between the great virtues of the first volume — recognition, loyalty, clarity — dwells a small one that holds the door open for them all: courtesy. The epoch suspects it of falseness; authenticity, it believes, shows itself in dropping the forms. That is an expensive error. Courtesy is no dissembling but congealed respect — respect practiced so often that it became form and is now available without effort, even on days when feeling jams. The greeting, the thanks, the held door, the remembered name, the letting-finish: each of these small things says the same sentence — you are worth the form to me —, and a society that deletes these sentences does not become more honest. It only becomes colder and calls it casual.

The practice chooses three forms and tends them consciously until they are second nature again. The old masterpieces stand ready for choosing. The greeting with a look: not the murmured word in passing, but the half second of eye contact that turns the phrase into an encounter — at the baker's, in the elevator, at one's own table. The name: to call people by their names — the waiter, the neighbor, the new colleague — is the cheapest distinction in the world and is never forgotten. Punctuality: it is the courtesy of time — whoever is kept waiting has lifetime taken from him, and whoever is punctual says without words: your hours weigh as much as mine. The time chapter of this volume honored the hour; punctuality is that honor, paid to another. And above all three: the thanks with a reason — not thank you, but thank you, because. Two words more, and the coin becomes a gift.

Whoever keeps the small forms will experience two things. First their effect outward: rooms change around courteous people — waiters grow friendlier, negotiations softer, strangers more helpful; courtesy is as contagious as its opposite, only more useful. Second, more finely, their effect inward: the form carries the feeling, not the other way about. Whoever greets is tuned friendlier; whoever thanks becomes more thankful; the gesture goes ahead and the heart follows — it is the same psychology with which the first volume declared objects to be invitations, only turned upon behavior. Courtesy is the invitation that one is oneself. And it is, be it said against all conceit, the most democratic luxury of this work: it costs nothing, is at everyone's command, and adorns a person more reliably than anything that can be bought.

The Letter — The Slow Word

Among all the forms the written word has ever taken, one is more akin to the pure life than all others: the letter. Not the message typed in seconds and forgotten in seconds — the real letter, on paper, by hand, with date and salutation and the walk to the letterbox. The epoch considers it finished, and precisely that makes it precious: a letter today is what it never had to be before — a decision. Whoever receives one knows without thinking what he holds in his hands: half an hour of another life, dedicated to him alone, indivisible, uncopyable. Messages are deleted. Letters are kept — in drawers, in boxes, across decades, and read again on the days when it matters. The slow word is the only one that remains.

The practice is modest in beat and great in effect: one letter a month, to someone who does not expect it. The genres are old and proven. The letter of thanks containing an exact praise — to the teacher of long ago, the friend after the feast, the craftsman whose work holds: the recognition chapter of the first volume in its most durable form. The letter of remembrance — do you remember —, which brings a person back a shared chapter and thereby says: it is not lost, I keep it with you. The bridge letter after long silence, which demands no explanations and gives none, but simply rehangs the door. And, the high school: the letter in one's lifetime, which speaks out what is otherwise said at funerals — to the father, the friend, the companion of the way. There is no reason to wait with these sentences, and a very great risk in doing so.

Whoever keeps the practice keeps, after a year, twelve half-hours of record about his own heart — and has twelve times experienced what no message ever triggers: the call with a thick voice, the kept sheet, the answer that is itself a letter. For letters beget letters; the slow word invites the slow word, and between two people arises what it always was since the great correspondences of history: a conversation with draught, because it has a run-up. In the end the letter belongs in this work because it carries its whole teaching in one envelope — time, given away instead of saved; attention, congealed into ink; a craft of the hands; and a thing that remains when the sender one day writes no more. One does not bequeath chat histories. Letters, yes.

The Art of Giving

The hospitality of the first volume was the opened door; giving is its wandering sibling — the gift that leaves the house and finds the other where he lives. It is one of the oldest arts of man and one of the most decayed. The modern world has turned giving into procurement: an amount, a voucher, a duty in the calendar — value without meaning, handed over in the silent agreement that, meant like that, it will not really have been meant at all. The pure life reverses the relation: in the true gift the value is the least and the meaning everything. A gift is congealed attention — the proof that someone listened when you spoke of yourself, and thought of it when you were not there. That is why the great gifts of this house are seldom the expensive ones, but the exact ones. The bottle of that vintage in which the friend married. The bread from one's own oven, handed over still warm. The recording one heard together, on the evening neither has forgotten. The tool of which the other said three times he must finally afford it — and never did. The hour itself: the given afternoon, the cooked meal, the journey one takes upon oneself. Each of these gifts says the same sentence, and it is the most precious sentence one person can say to another: I have seen you. The practice of giving therefore begins long before the occasion — it consists in collecting: whoever listens to the people of his circle the way a sommelier tastes has long found the gift for every feast. And it completes itself in the art of receiving, which has grown just as rare: open the gift slowly, recognize the attention inside it, and call it by name. For giving happens in the circle — the first volume would say: like the shared bottle. Gift and thanks are pouring and toasting; and a circle in which both happen with exactness needs no calendar to know it is rich.

The Forgiving — The Purification

This work has spoken of pure wine, pure water, pure words — it must also speak of the purification that concerns no substance but the space between people: forgiving. For relationships, too, grow cloudy. Resentment is their sediment — the unanswered hurt, the old quarrel, the account kept running in silence —, and like every clouding it works slowly: it clogs the speech, cools the table, turns loyalty into duty and closeness into routine. The clarity of the first volume is the prevention: what is spoken early and kindly need never be forgiven. But no life gets by without the cases where it is too late for prevention. For them there is only one remedy, and it is the most misunderstood in the human equipment.

Therefore first, what forgiving is not. It is no approving — the deed remains what it was, and the judgment upon it likewise. It is no forgetting — memory takes no instructions, nor should it; loyalty, said the first volume, is love with memory, and that holds for its scars as well. And it is no restoration at any price — one can forgive and still keep distance where distance is wise. Forgiving is something more sober and greater: the resolve to close the account. Not because it were settled, but because carrying it on ruins the creditor — resentment is the only debt in the world whose interest is paid by the injured party. The practice has two stages. The small forgiving, daily: the cut-off in traffic, the sharp tone, the forgotten promise — write it off at once, with an inner stroke of the hand, on principle; whoever collects the small items has, at year's end, a book full of poison. And the great forgiving, rare and hard: do not expect it as a feeling, but begin it as a resolve — the feeling is the harvest, the resolve is the sowing, and between them lies, as in every vineyard of this work, time.

Two additions make the practice complete. The first: being able to ask forgiveness — to name one's own failing, without But, without Because-you-first; it is the hardest form of clarity and the fastest purification there is. The second, the stillest: forgiving oneself. The old wrong decisions, the missed years, the word that cannot be recalled — many a person keeps against himself the longest account of his life, and no practice of this volume succeeds with bound hands. Here too the cellar law holds: close, do not pour away; keep the lesson, not the load. Whoever has forgiven — others and himself — knows the feeling afterward, and it is physical: it is the feeling after the great spring cleaning, when the windows stand open. The relationship is clear again. One tastes it at the next shared glass.

The Gratitude — The Evening Inventory

If recognition — the third pillar — is the gaze that sees the other's achievement, then gratitude is the same gaze turned upon one's own life: the capacity to recognize the received as received, instead of booking it as self-evident. It is the stillest of the virtues of this work and possibly its most load-bearing; for without it everything else fizzles out. Unthanked pleasure grows dull — that is the iron law of habituation, which turns every luxury into wallpaper within months. The richest table, the truest soundstage, the most faithful hand: everything becomes invisible as soon as it seems secure. Gratitude is the only known remedy against this blindness. It is, looked at exactly, the art of seeing one's own life again and again for the first time.

And it can be practiced — that is its good news. The practice is called the evening inventory, and it costs three minutes: at the end of the day, by the last candle or in the dark before sleep, name three things of this day — name them exactly, not sweepingly — that were gifts. Not ,the family,' but the child's sentence at table that made everyone laugh. Not ,health,' but the walk through the cold morning that was light. Not ,the wine,' but that minute in the third glass when the conversation took the turn for which the evening was made. The exactness is the whole trick: it forces the gaze to walk the day once more and to find what it overlooked on the first pass — and trains it thereby for tomorrow. Whoever keeps the inventory for a few months notices the shift: he collects already during the day. In the midst of the ordinary a quiet voice reports — that is one for tonight — and in that moment gratitude has turned from a balance sheet into a sense organ. That is the last grade of the school the first volume opened: first the palate learns to taste, then the ear to hear, then the eye to see — and last the heart learns to count. A person who finds three true gifts in the evening has a rich life. Not because his life were richer than others — but because he is the one who notices it.

Book IV — What Grows

The Garden — The Teacher at the Door

The first volume praised nature on every page as teacher — in the vineyard, on the pasture, in the olive grove. But there is one place where every person can engage this teacher himself, in the large or in the smallest: the garden. It need be no estate. A raised bed suffices, a balcony box, three pots of herbs at the kitchen window — the teaching is the same, for it hangs not on the area but on the relation: here a human being takes responsibility for something living that grows by nature's calendar and not by his own. Thus the garden is the most complete training apparatus of the pure life — all five pillars on one patch of earth. Bond: one puts one's hands into the soil and grasps what the word ground means. Growth: one sows what will thank only in months, and learns long thinking with the fingers. Recognition: one sees for the first time truly what the farmer achieves whose work one ate without knowing it. Loyalty: the garden forgives no summer of neglect — it is relationship, not property. And clarity: nowhere is answering more honest; the soil does not flatter.

And the garden gives back double what it teaches. It gives the only food that knows no transport: the tomato traveling thirty seconds between vine and plate, the basil picked only in the cook's hand — the zero point of that scale the first volume described, the taste against which all others must let themselves be measured. It gives the most reliable humility: whoever gardens fails every year at something — at the weather, at the snails, at his own impatience — and learns the composure of one who works together with something mightier. And it gives, most deeply, the daily contemplation of the one truth on which this whole house stands: that the perfect grows and is not made; that one can serve it but not command it; and that patience is no waiting time but a form of love. A person with earth under his nails no longer reads this work — he knows it. As pure as nature intended: in the garden that is no promise on a label. It is the morning on which one goes to see what happened overnight.

The Tree — Planting for the Day After Tomorrow

The garden of this volume was the school of the season; the tree is the school of the decades. To plant a tree is the longest declaration of will a human being can make with bare hands: the walnut bears for the grandchildren, the oak for people whose names no one knows — and the planter knows this in the moment of planting and does it nevertheless, and exactly this Nevertheless is the practice. All wisdom traditions of the world have known it and made the tree their emblem; the old word that one should still plant a sapling on one's last day is no slogan of perseverance but the densest summary of what the first volume called long thinking: work on what exceeds oneself — the definition of seriousness, written in earth.

The practice is to be taken literally, and it has its occasions: to the turning points of life belongs a tree. The birth tree for the child, which grows with it and to which it will one day show its own children. The wedding tree, which gives the promise a form that strikes roots. The tree for the lost person — the oldest and most healing form of remembrance, for it transforms grief into something that can be watered, and gives the pain a direction: upward. Where one's own ground is lacking, ways are found — the community orchard, the reforestation plot, the sponsored tree; what decides is not ownership but the deed. And whoever has ground, let him plant by preference the old and the fruit-bearing: the fruit varieties industry sorted out, the walnut, the chestnut, the linden before the house — trees under which there will be sitting. For that is the second half of the practice, and the first volume anticipated it in the chapter on adversity: sitting under old trees. Whoever plants pays into a fund from which others will draw consolation. There is no better use for an afternoon.

The tree teaches what no other living thing demonstrates so patiently: the composure of the rooted. It does not flee the storm and yet rarely breaks — it grounded deep in good years, and on that it draws in bad ones; the transfer needs no spelling out. It grows invisibly — no day shows progress, every decade shows transformation; it is the living counter-argument to impatience, visible from the kitchen window. And it outlives its planter, and that is no insult but the point: a person who has set trees has witnesses in the future — places where his resolve still casts shade when his voice has long faded. The chapters on passing on and letting go will say how one lays skill and things into other hands. The tree is the simplest preparatory school for it: one lays life into the earth and lets go — and it becomes greater than oneself was.

The Travel — Staying Pure on the Way

The pure life is bound to the table, the house and the circle — and precisely for that reason it needs a chapter for the days when all three are missing. For man travels, and travel is the trial by fire of every way of life: at home the surroundings carry one; on the way, one is carried only by what one has internalized. Modern travel has moreover itself fallen into the acceleration against which this work is written — the ticking-off of places, the hunt for the picture of the place instead of the place, the return more exhausted than the departure. Pure travel reverses the direction. Its measure is not how much one has seen, but how much one has perceived; not the number of places, but the depth of the one.

Its practices are the old arts of the traveler that held before the hurry. Fewer places, more place: a week in one valley outweighs three countries in three days — only on the fourth day does a place begin to speak with you; before that it shows only its postcard. Entering through the table: the market in the morning, the bread of the place, the wine of the slope on which one stands, the dish that exists only here — the first volume taught that origin can be tasted; travel is the chance to taste at the source. Seek out the craftsmen: in every honest stretch of land live people who make something as the forebears made it — the cheesemaker, the weaver, the boat-builder, the winemaker —, and an hour in their workshop is more country than any museum. And the second skin proves itself on the way quite literally: few, true pieces that can handle every climate and after two weeks of suitcase do not smell of travel — the luggage of the pure traveler is light because his things are genuine. In the end, though, travel serves the same goal as everything in this work, only by the detour of the foreign: it sharpens the senses for one's own. Whoever has truly tasted the place of a foreign kitchen tastes his own again at home; whoever found slowness in the foreign valley recognizes, on returning, where at home it went missing. One travels, in the purest case, not away — one travels around one's own life and sees it for the first time from outside. The best journey is recognized by the homecoming: one arrives not relieved but richer — and sets the table that same evening.

The Collecting — The Art of Curation

The first volume examined possessing and sorted out the disguises; this chapter turns to the noblest form possessing can take: the collection. Between heaping and

collecting lies a world of difference, and it is quickly named: the heap grows by occasion, the collection by judgment. A real collection — of wines, of watches, of recordings, of old cameras, of books, no matter — is recognition in object form: every piece was seen, examined, understood and found worthy, and the row of pieces tells two stories at once — that of the field and that of the collector, whose growing eye portrays itself in his decisions like annual rings. That is why collecting, rightly pursued, is a school: it educates to connoisseurship as wine educates the palate — one learns epochs, signatures, forgeries, finenesses; one acquires that power of judgment which the first volume called the sense organ of character, on a subject of one's own choosing.

The practice has three rules, and they separate the curator from the heaper. First: one collection, not seven heaps. The power of collecting lies in depth, not in scatter — better one field with connoisseurship than five with appetite; the limitation is here, as everywhere in this work, no poverty but the condition of mastery. Second: the collection is kept, not merely had. Every piece has its story, and it belongs documented — the provenance, the occasion, the particular; a collection without a register is a memory without language, and for those who will one day inherit it, the register is half the value. Third, the most important: the collection is shared. The wine is drunk — with the right people, on the right occasions; the recording is played; the camera takes pictures; the book is lent. The collection that is only kept is a cemetery with a catalogue. The collection that lives is an instrument of hospitality — every piece an evening waiting for its occasion.

And a fourth rule watches over the three, for collecting has its shadow, and whoever collects knows it: the moment in which the collection begins to possess the collector — when the seeking becomes more important than the found, the having more important than the using, the gap on the shelf louder than everything standing in it. The test of the first volume applies here in sharpened form: one must sit loosely on the chair. The practice against it is the occasional giving-away — to give a piece of the collection to the person to whom it belongs: the bottle of the vintage to the one born in that year; the camera to the child who is beginning to photograph. It is the health test of the collection and its most beautiful moment at once — for a collection out of which giving is possible belongs to its master. And a piece with a story, passed on with its story, is the most perfect gift this work knows: attention, matured into a thing.

The Remembering — The Archive of a Life

The epoch photographs more than all centuries before it together — and remembers worse. That is no contradiction but a consequence: ten thousand pictures no one looks at anymore are no memory but its burial beneath itself. Remembering is, like everything of value in this work, no question of quantity but of care — a craft with tools and rituals that families once mastered when pictures were still rare: the album, the inscribed back, the evening at the projector, the told anecdote that grew a little rounder at every feast. This craft is to be brought back — not out of nostalgia, but for a reason the first volume laid at the table of the generations: a family, a circle, a life needs its history within reach, for the past is no warehouse. It is a room of the dwelling, and one must furnish it in order to be able to enter it.

The practice has three tools. The first is the year album: once a year, in a quiet week, out of the thousands of pictures is made the one book — a hundred pictures, no more, printed and bound, with places, names, and a sentence where a sentence is needed. The selection is the real work and the real gain: one walks one's year once more, as in the evening inventory of gratitude, only in the large — and what remains is not the documentation of the year but its distillate. Twenty such volumes are, later, the treasure of the house; no hard drive in the world will ever be leafed through like that. The second tool is the written anecdote: every family, every friendship lives on a canon of told stories — and dies with its tellers if no one writes them down. A notebook suffices, one story a month, told as it is told at the table. The third: the inscribed things. The grandfather's watch, the bottle from the wedding year, the first self-built device — a note with three sentences turns the object into an heirloom; without it, one generation later, it is sold because no one knows anymore what it carries.

Whoever keeps the archive of a life does something deeper thereby than he notices. He practices the eye of gratitude on the scale of years — for whoever selects must appraise. He builds the table of the generations its library — the albums and notebooks are what later bring the dead into the room in the mildest way, as the first volume said of the grandmother's recipe. And he learns, in passing, a last lesson about time: a remembered life is longer than a lived one. The years that merely happened shrink, in retrospect, to weather; the years that were secured — selected, inscribed, told — remain walkable. Remembering is the art of giving one's own life duration, not by holding fast but by setting. This too is, in the exact sense of this house, cellar work: one lays down the good vintages so that one finds them again.

The Passing On — Of Master and Apprentice

The first volume spoke of the family's inheritance — the recipes, bottles and rituals that wander on through the senses. This chapter widens the thought beyond blood: the pure life knows a second succession, that of mastery. Everything this work praises was passed from person to person — no craft of this house would stand without the chain of hands that carried it: the cellar master who stood beside the old one until he could hear the barrel; the seamstress who learned invisible sewing from one who learned it from one; the young engineer to whom the founder showed not only the circuit but the seriousness. Knowledge can be printed. Skill wanders only from person to person, in shared hours, through showing, watching, correcting — and it dies where these hours no longer take place. Every generation is the narrow bridge over which all the skill of the world must be carried. There is no storehouse for it. There is only us.

Passing on is therefore no task of life's evening but an attitude of life's middle — and it has two directions that condition each other. The one: take an apprentice. Not formally, not with certificate — but as it always happened: let someone stand beside you while you do what you can do best. The young colleague at work, the child at the stove, the friend in the listening room whose hearing one opens. Whoever explains what he can do understands it a second time and more deeply; the apprentice is always also the whetstone of the master. The other direction: remain an apprentice. The deadliest sentence of skill is 'I know how this goes' — it ends growth, the second pillar, at exactly the point where it would begin to pay. The elders of this house, its true cellar masters, are recognized by this: that at seventy they still ask, taste, marvel and let themselves be corrected — by a younger one, when the younger one is right. A circle in which everyone is master in something and apprentice in something has found the perfect architecture of human community: everyone carries, everyone is carried. And whoever has once experienced how his own skill lives on in other hands — how the apprentice bakes the bread, reads the slope, sets the seam, better perhaps than oneself —, knows a joy that owning never grants. It is the joy of the vineyard: one has planted, and it grows on without one. There is nothing greater to be said about a working life.

The Beauty — The Daily Bread of the Soul

At the end of this volume stands the practice that has quietly accompanied all the others and shall now be called by name: beauty. It has been everywhere in the first volume — in the set table and the grown wood, in the candle and in the sound, in the sentence structure of a praise and in the gesture of pouring —, but the age has attached to it a suspicion that needs clearing away: as if beauty were ornament, surface, the most dispensable part of the necessary. The truth is the reverse, and all old cultures knew it: beauty is a foodstuff. The person who for weeks sees, hears and touches nothing beautiful starves at a place for which medicine has no name — he grows dull, irritable, small. And the person who daily takes in a little beauty is fed in the same unnameable way: calmer, more generous, wider. Beauty is no reward for finished life. It is fuel.

The practice has two halves, a receiving one and a giving one. The receiving: daily take one beauty whole — not in passing, but with the standing-still it demands. The two minutes at the window when the light tips. The one piece of music, undivided, with closed eyes. The page of prose one reads twice because it is built like a good chair. The look into a face one believes one knows. It is the same discipline as with wine and with stillness: beauty opens itself only to the one who stays. But the giving half is the riper one, and it is the true keystone of this volume: daily endow one beauty. It need not be great — the flower on the table at which no one is guest except one's own family; the bowl one chooses although the bag would have sufficed; the sentence one says more beautifully than would have been necessary; the order one leaves behind at a place one only passed through. Whoever acts thus has taken the last step of the teaching: from enjoyer to giver, from guest of the world to its host. For to endow beauty means to say at one spot of the world: here care was taken, because people are worth it. That is, in a single motion of the hand, the whole philosophy — purity as the way, love as the goal, and between them, new every day, the beautifully made small thing. More was never meant. And less does not suffice.

Book V — The High Practices

The books so far practiced handholds — things one can do, today, with the hands and the calendar. This last book practices attitudes: wonder, equanimity, letting go. They cannot be prescribed like a walk and cannot be scheduled like a letter; they grow out of the handholds as character grows out of practice — the first volume taught this law, and the high practices are its ripest application. Whoever keeps the quarter hour of stillness has long been practicing equanimity; whoever keeps the evening inventory has long been practicing wonder; whoever forgives and passes on has long been practicing letting go. Here the three only receive their name, their rank — and their final sharpening.

The Wonder — The Waking Beginning

At the beginning of the first volume stood the children — the people who communicate without reserve because life has not yet taught them caution. This book of the high practices begins with what the children can do besides, and the grown-ups unlearn: wonder. The child sees the beetle, the crane, the thunderstorm sky and is completely present from sheer improbability of the world. The grown-up sees the same and sees nothing — not because the world had become more ordinary, but because habituation, that old adversary of every chapter of this work, performs its most thorough labor on perception itself: it covers the wonderful with the label known and files it away. Wonder is the capacity to peel that label off again. It is no naivety — it is on the contrary the highest form of exactness: the gaze that does not let itself be cheated by repetition.

The practice is a daily de-self-evidencing: stop one single self-evident thing a day and truly look at it. The glass of water — wandered through a mountain, for decades, so that this sip is cold and clear. One's own ear — an apparatus that makes violins out of fluctuations in air pressure and recognizes voices, finer than any device of this house. The loaf of bread — ten thousand years of human history on the breakfast table. The seed in the garden, carrying a construction plan against which every feat of engineering grows modest. It helps to know more: knowledge is no enemy of wonder but its magnifying glass — the winemaker wonders more deeply at fermentation than the layman, the engineer more deeply at the ear; the more exactly one knows a thing, the more improbable it becomes. And it helps to

have children, or to borrow some: a child at the hand is a wonder-teacher on duty — one need only follow its questions instead of cutting them short.

Wonder is the preliminary of gratitude and its fuel: one can only appraise what one has recognized as un-self-evident — the evening inventory of this volume lives from eyes that wondered during the day. And it is, deeper still, the feeling for life of this house at its root: as pure as nature intended is first of all a sentence of wonder — the bow before solutions none of us invented and which are more perfect than everything we invent. Whoever can wonder is never finished with the world; for him there are no settled things, only unexhausted ones. That is the waking beginning that lays the ground for this book of the high practices: the world has not become ordinary. We were only tired. Wonder is the waking up — available daily, one thing at a time.

The Equanimity — The Weatherproofness of the Soul

The first volume showed, in the chapter on adversity, what carries when life runs into bad weather: the rituals, the circle, nature. This chapter practices the attitude that can be there before the weather — equanimity. The word needs explaining, for it has a false twin: indifference. The indifferent person feels less; the equanimous person feels everything and is not carried away. Equanimity is not coldness but draught — the ship with ballast that rides the same waves as the light one and does not capsize. The vineyard of this house knows the attitude by profession: the winemaker lives through hail, frost and splendid years, and he learns in decades what equanimity is at its core — the refusal to hand any single weather the verdict on the whole. There are vintages, he says. And goes on working.

The practice has three handholds, all inconspicuous, all effective. The first is the question of the five years: in the moment of surging — the anger, the slight, the setback — ask the one question: will this count in five years? The honest answer sorts life with astounding severity: nine of ten storms of the day are, in five years, not even anecdotes anymore — and deserve, then, even today only the calm one will grant them in five years. The second handhold is the night before the answer: to everything that wounds or outrages, no answer is given the same day — not from weakness, but from craft; the first volume taught that everything good needs time, and that holds for answers as for wine: the one stored overnight is almost always

the better, and often it becomes unnecessary, which is the best of all answers. The third is the breath of this volume, applied in earnest: three long draughts between stimulus and reaction — the twenty seconds that distinguish the human being from the reflex.

The reward of equanimity becomes visible in others before one notices it oneself: one becomes a person around whom others grow calm. The family, the circle, the workshop — all the communities of this work need at least one who does not raise his voice in a storm, and this one determines the climate more strongly than any loud one; composure is as contagious as panic, only slower and more durable. And inward grows what the Stoics called the citadel and the quarter hour of stillness of this volume builds daily: a place where no negotiating is done — not against the feelings, but beneath them. The equanimous person misses nothing; he is at every feast the most present, because no restlessness pulls him away, and at every misfortune the most useful, because none sweeps him along. He has merely stopped confusing the weather with the climate. There are vintages. One goes on working. And the harvest, reckoned over decades, proves the calm right.

The Letting Go — The Light Hand

At the end of the high practices stands the hardest and quietest: letting go. This work has spoken much of holding — holding rituals, holding friendships, holding standards —, and none of it is taken back. But holding has a master's degree, and that is the light hand: to hold without clutching; to own without being owned; to love without holding fast what must change. The first volume laid the ground for the truth when it made sitting loosely on the chair the test of all possession, and taught, in the image of the Spätlese, aging as harvest: everything in this work is on loan — the things, the roles, the powers, the people, the years. The loan does not diminish the value; it founds it. But it demands an art that is inborn in no one and which every practice of this volume has secretly co-trained: the art of holding with an open hand.

The practice begins small and grows with life. Small: the daily letting go this volume has long taught without naming the word — sleep, which every evening lays everything out of the hands; forgiving, which closes the account; the measure, which lets the beloved thing pause; the tree one plants and entrusts to the earth. Whoever

practices these chapters is already practicing release. Greater: the giving-away in one's lifetime — the master stroke of the collecting chapter, turned upon the whole. Bring the things that have destinies to their people while one can still experience the joy of it oneself; give the responsibility a younger one can carry truly to him — with the trust the cellar master shows the barrel: not to keep opening and checking. The passing on of this volume was the teaching; letting go is its completion — for only what one no longer holds fast has been passed on. And greatest: the roles. There comes the time when the founder no longer makes every decision, the father no longer points every way, the master no longer checks every seam — and the art consists in choosing this time oneself instead of being chosen by it: the transition as the last sovereign act of the role, not as its defeat.

Whoever learns the light hand makes the discovery all traditions promise and each must nevertheless make for himself: nothing is lost. The wine, given away, tastes in the friend's glass — one is there. The work, handed over, grows on in other hands — one has planted, said the chapter on passing on, and it grows without one. The role, taken leave of, makes room for what had no room within it: leisure, the grandchildren, the garden, the long wondering. Letting go is no losing with decorum; it is the last form of giving — one gives the future one's own present and receives for it what no holding fast ever grants: lightness. The old images say it more simply, and with one of them this book of the high practices shall close: one cannot hold water by closing the fist — only by opening the hand and scooping. Thus the pure life holds everything it loves: with an open hand, scooped anew each day. Whoever holds lightly holds longest.

Epilogue

— The Practices Practice Back

Twenty-nine practices it has become: stillness and breath, water and fire, light and space; walking and the hands, measure and sleep, time, mastery over the devices, and the seventh day; speech and courtesy, the letter, giving, forgiving and gratitude; the garden and the tree, travel, collecting and remembering, passing on and beauty; and at the last wonder, equanimity and letting go. None of them is hard. None costs money worth mentioning. All together are a life. And whoever begins with even one, this evening, will notice after some time what everyone notices who seriously sets foot on this way: the practices practice back. One begins to seek stillness, and stillness begins to find one. One tends the garden, and the garden tends one in return. One endows beauty, and one's own life grows more beautiful than the resolution ever reached. That is the last secret of the pure life, and it is none at all: it is simply the way everything living answers when one takes it seriously.

The first volume ended with an invitation to an evening — the set table, the honest bottle, the music for which it is worth being silent. This second volume ends with an invitation to a morning. For the evening shows what one lives for; the morning decides how. So: choose today one single door out of this volume — the quarter hour of stillness perhaps, or the daily way, or the evening inventory — and open it for a week, every day, without fuss and without witnesses. More this work does not demand. It never demanded more. The great houses are built from small stones, the great vintages from single days in the vineyard, the great lives from practiced mornings.

And if after weeks or months someone asks what has changed — and someone will ask, for these changes can be seen in a person —, then you will be able to give the answer of this work, in a single sentence that is now complete: Purity is the way. Love is the goal. Practice is the bridge.

Welcome to the family.

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