Lovely world, where are you? Come back now,

Nature’s gorgeous youth!

Only in the magical land of songs

Does your fabled trace live on.

The fields are now grey; they grieve,

And no god meets my gaze.

From that image, living and warm,

Only the shadow remains.

Friedrich Schiller, *The Gods of Greece*

When the healthy nature of man functions as a totality, when he feels himself in the world as in a vast, beautiful, worthy, and valued whole, when a harmonious sense of well-being affords him pure and free delight – then the universe, if it were capable of sensation, would exult at having reached its goal, and marvel at the culmination of its own development and being. For what is the use of all the expenditure of suns and planets and moons, of stars and galaxies, of comets and nebulae, of completed and developing worlds, if at the end a happy man does not unconsciously rejoice in existence?

Goethe, from *Winkelmann and his Century*