



**THE HUMANISM AND EPISTEMOLOGICAL BLUFF,  
OR, THE RETURNING OF INTELLECTUAL DAWN**

Why for us, illuminated man, nobody cares, from our childhood,  
To delude us and thrust us into the centrifuge producing culture!?

Why do they leave us to the mercy of fate of Truth?  
Defended by culture the Attacked, Fierce, Naked Life could yet push back!  
Defended by science you could yet allow yourself to like your pleasure!

Revulsion! Revulsion! Revulsion!  
But what am I speaking!?  
This is the compliment,  
This is the literature!  
This is the trick of culture, to lie to us that we possess feelings!  
To deceive us that we possess rage!  
Can you rage when one hundred million books  
Have recited to you, by different ways, these feelings!?  
Yes, there is Rage, but it is the writer's discovery!  
Point out to me these feelings without feelings without Achilles!  
Point out to me this concocted passion without King Lear!  
Show me revelation without Oedipus!  
Show me murder without Jesus!  
With this unceremonious Jesus, you cannot allow yourself  
One less man to kill without imitation!  
One single, pure murder is a discovery bigger than immortality!  
Even murder is false! Even murder!

If I could invent ballet, or music, or imprison the rain upon the canvas –  
I would have been sustainable!  
I would have had one shield!  
I could spit against Reality when it sends against me its army of longing!  
If I could imprison myself inside the notes,  
If I could hide myself inside the words,  
To have had my secret hiding place inside any letters –  
Then I could have had the forces to be impenetrable to the meaning of Words!  
If I could hide myself in ciphers!  
If I could hide myself in equations!  
If I could wall myself between 1,000,000,000,000 books!  
To entomb myself alive by investigation of stars!,  
Into fragmentation of molecules,  
Into deformation of cells! –  
Oh, how I could have been anaesthetized!  
Oh, how I could've been hypnotized!  
And how I could have striden, with no resistance, to Nothingness!  
With what pleasure I could daily drink the narcotic of culture!,  
And never, never, never! Undertake the fatal mistake  
To respond to the Call of Life!

Oh, how I could be deluded if I was a scientist!

Oh, how I could be narcotized if I was a painter!  
Oh, how I could be intoxicated if I was a Something!  
And, without revulsion, have brought the name, "Man"!

Try to suffer without Sophicles!  
Try to love without Dante!  
Try to think without Plato!  
Try to negate without Buddha!  
Try to doubt without Descartes!  
Try to despair without Kierkegaard!  
Try to terrify without Pascal!  
Try, only try!  
And you will see Nothingness is not abstract  
But lick the world with your tongue!  
The animal is further than God  
And Man – literature interjection!  
Against intellectuals who don't believe in God,  
Using knowledge for cognitive masturbation!

. . .

Where is the world? Where is there the world!?  
Why can I not suffer purely?  
What can I not suffer!?  
But ever in me suffer the millions  
Thrust in Psyche heroes!

Why am I not longing without music!?  
Why am I not grieving without Jesus!?  
Why am I not weeping without Bach?  
Why am I not wondering without Aristotle!?  
Ah! Don't tell me that I am "I",  
Don't delude me that I exist!  
I am Nothing! – let us understand!  
I am Nothingness! – And I forgive nobody  
Who has been standing between me and me!

Take away the literary brain!  
Take away the Cosmetic Logic!  
Erase semiologic make-up!  
Take off the spasm of Sebastian Bach!  
Take away the books from my heart!  
Rip out my lung! Deeply!  
Listen to a half hour of Webern! –  
Seeing the record broken into pieces!  
Break the records! Carry them up on the shoulder,

Come into the desert to perform the concert!  
Here, in the desert, I play on the blood without organ  
And sometimes I play on the organ erect!  
I am something empty; something hollow;  
When I haven't sperm in me – there is speech –  
Enter in me food, enter music,  
And exit, smelly dream!

Ah! Negation, how I love you!  
But you are suggested by the arrogant hero!  
The revolt was possible; it was Truth!  
When the revolutionary was blind and mute!  
But today we can only recite!  
We can remember the future in a stanza!  
It is impossible not to love the Hour –  
But if it is loved – it is a course renewed!

No future! No change! No emergence!  
Each of us deprived of death and treachery  
Will remain puppets whirling beneath the beat!  
In vain, we wait for the Shame! Where is the Sorrow?  
We wait for the Pains! We will call to "Distance",  
return such as you were, when there were no physics!  
We will perish from Happiness! Having swam in love,  
Mortified by collective exclamation!  
Drowned in our own satisfaction  
Under concluding Logical Dithyramb!  
I am robbed! Listen to me: Robbed!  
Don't lie to me – you will not succeed!  
I am robbed by the treasures in my head,  
by mocking passion in my skull,  
by naively born in my intellect Hell!

Or, will you tell me to continue to know?  
To increase the Unenlightened Revelation?  
To reach the top, from which I have to fall?  
And to gather all abysses back into me!?  
Or, will you convince me that I am somebody?  
That I could walk with shoes inside a car?  
That I can lie in bed without woman  
and can stroke my beauty alone?

Let us understand!: I am Nobody!  
Open the bills! Its time to pay!

I grant to you the discovery that I am borrowed  
And give back the Intellectual Dawn!

[Redacted text block]

[Large redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Small redacted text block]

[Large redacted text block]