



THE SINNERS' CHORUS

Nature was cruel to us, as for desire.
Yet merciful made us Reason, as for Non-desire.
Cruel was Nature to us, as for the Magic of Beauty,
Yet mercifully the Spirit did us endow
With an Ugliness Charm!
Cruel was Nature to us, as for Blind Delight,
Yet merciful made us Reason,
As for the Seeing Suffering!
Nature enslaved us to Instinct;
And Culture did free us from Instinct –
Enslaving us to the Suppression of Instinct, though,
And converting Delight into Toil!
The Magic of Art here comes into play
Through the Trick – of transforming
Toil back into Delight!

Yet the paragon of Art alerts: is it ever possible, still being into Instinct, to cast away its
Chains while keeping its Freedom; is this ever possible: through the replacement of Instinct
for Symbols, and then, the arrangement of symbolic Instincts into Proportions!

In Nature we do drink from the Well-spring of Delight,
In Culture we drink from the Well-spring of Suffering!
It is Art sole to pour the wellspring water into each other,
And mingle them both into one,
It is Art sole to show how out of Delight can we drink Suffering,
And how from Suffering can we drink Delight!
The Magic of Mixing the Drinks,
To give rise to the Miracle of Metamorphosis:
The Magic of Mixing the Drinks
Is in the Art of the Play, with all its proportion and signs
To let the replacement of Suffering for Meanings,
And the replacement of Meanings – for Joy and Delight!
Due to the Replacement of Signs, and Proportion Substitution,
In Art sole does not the Soul drink from the wellspring of Ingenuous Delight,
And does the Soul drink from the wellspring of Meanings and Semiotic Proportion!

Suffering flows the way like Meaning does,
And Meaning flows like the Joy
Flowing out from that wellspring bittersweet!
Proportion first converts Suffering into Symbols, and then turns and manifests Symbols
into Joy!

That is the reason why – in Art, the Soul can never taste the ingenuity and sweetness
of the wellspring of Delight, neither can the Soul taste the bitterness of the wellspring of
Suffering: in Art, the Soul does always drink from the playful bitter-sweetness of Suffering,
and from the ever Dancing Suffering of Joy!

All this is because the Miraculous Well-spring of Proportion has already changed the
substances, and has miraculously substituted them one for the other.

For, not are the Angels and Gods lead astray, and when they are, Angels and Gods are
on the rush to the Well-spring of Delight, and they do decide on Meanings of Weeping
only; and when they reach at the Well-spring of Suffering, Angels and Gods do really feel
mislead while having a drink of some Joyful Symbols!

The Well-spring of Delight has always been the Well-spring of Oblivion.

The Well-spring of Suffering has always been a spring of reminiscence,

And reminiscence is a mystery – and another story.

What is here pointed out is that:

By Oblivion were we born,

Through Memory do we die.

To be born: we are due to forget.

And, to die: we must remember!

To be born, we must forget,

Still, to die: we must remember.

There appears Materius, Scraphotzulus' father, as a man who has returned to his green
years:

When I'd rather have a pretty woman than a plain one,

I bring in evil to my heart,

I bring cruelty and arrogance

Into the heart of the pretty one –

And I do bring humiliation and pain

Into the heart of the plain one.

When I'd rather have a pretty woman than a plain one,

I bring about the self-esteem

Of the brute in the conspicuous one,

While bringing down the dignity

Of an angelic being into the inconspicuous one!

When I admire the Beauty

I bring sadness

Into the heart of the Rejected one.

I am in doubt about the Individuality

Of the Unattractive one,

And superficially impute dignity

To the Beauty of no Individuality at all,
And this is a Crime!

Chorus of Sinners:

The brute within is attracted by Beauty,
While the saintly within is attracted by Plainness alone!
Yet there always comes the Moment of revelation
That our predilections make us: cruel!

Materius:

When I'd rather have a pretty woman than a plain one –
I'm evil
As I come to an agreement with an Unjust God
Who – through Desire - made me merciless and cruel!
And when I choose the Plain one rather than the Pretty –
I am Good
As – through my rebellion against the yoke of Immediate Satisfaction –
I correct the God!
My Just Consciousness corrects the unjust God –
And through this act,
Which is more important than all discoveries in Mathematics –
I rise above the God,
And ascend to the realm of Another – New kind of Divinity,
"The Divinity of Consciousness",
Still unknown to the Traditional Demiurge,
Who – intoxicated by His own omnipotence –
Is but a drunken Player of Fancy and Memory!

Chorus of Sinners

Stanza:

What we must be afraid of – is the Intellect of the Heart!
What we must be aware of – is the Intellect of the Heart!
Let's guard the Subtle Darkness of the Body
Against the Brightness of the Intellect!
Let's guard the Tremor of the Soul
Against the Arrogance of the Mind!

Counter-stanza

For the Great Evil One will come again,
And blinded by the Magnificence of the Evil
All will follow Him!
And the Good, remaining still unknown
Will withdraw into the heart of a woman
Who has been denied all Applause!
Yet, instead of the Paltry Good One –
There always comes the Great Evil One!
Yet, fascinated and tempted by the Magnificence of the Evil,
All the blinded peoples will follow Him!

And all the blinded Immortals,
Lit up by the Histrionics of Knowledge,
Forget about the Ignorance of Immortality –
And reveal the Knowledge of Death!
There will come the Great Evil One
To turn the direction of Happiness to the Groins!
And the peoples will forget
That they have come from the Groins –
To only make for the Brow!
Yet, scared by the Hell of the Brow,
They will withdraw again
Back into the Eden of the Groins!
When the Enormous Phallus flares up in the dark
And as a Circular Lightning swoops from Heaven –
Then, the hunger for Tenderness
Will be replaced by the Hunger for Cruelty!
For the Slab of the Brow
Covers the Entrance to Hell
And it is only but few to bring the Knowledge of Hell
To the Ignorance of Eden!
We all vanish into the Abyss,
Yet some of us still remain at the Edge of the Chasm
To make the Abyss look more attractive, and enticing,
Through the promise of a Thoughtless Immortality –
And a Thoughtful Death!
The Rule of the Phallus shall not unlock
The Realm of the Individuality
But rather lock it inside,
And the Individuality will still remain unknown –
For the triumph of the Rapacious Suffering!
And there will come the Rapacious Suffering
To harvest its victims in each Individual,
And the Vultures of the Intellect will throw the spare carrion
Into the Exclamations of the Mouth,
Yet the Peoples will still be Mouthed
By the Poets in the art of Exclamation!
And, through the keys to the Intellect,
The Magnificent Phallus will lock the humanity
Into the comedy of the Herd,
And the Individuality will still remain unknown
To the Drama worldwide – looking for the Individuality in vain...

Counter-stanza

To enter the Evil: we must first be introduced to Magnificence!
To remain with the Good: it is only enough to remain Plain!

The Evil needs the Magnificence of Knowledge
While the Good is happy enough
With the Suffering of No Importance!
The Human Representative of the World Evil
The Intellectuals must be bought at a price higher and increasingly higher,
They must take avail of all humanity treasures
And the power of Money –
To be tempted – and take the lead for Money and Power.

When the Intellectuals overtake the power: then will Kindness and Compassion be erased from the memory of the Suffering humanity.

The Intellectuals disguise their evil. They are afraid of their own evil because they are not rich enough. We have to make them super-rich to free them from shyness. For the moment being they are shy because they are not rich enough yet. If we give them enough money, they will stop being humble and shy; money and Power will help them to lose Kindness and uncover their Evil in public.

Then, Lucifer's malicious Fancy will overpower the Naive Memory of the Benevolent God.

And when Fancy starts to predominate Memory: then the whole Universe will be sacrificed to the Pleasure of Narcissistic Auto-erotism.

It is only the Principle of Earnestness to stand up against the Principle of Play; yet Earnestness defends itself against Suffering like the Principle of Play does against Pleasure.

Therefore, the Principle of Earnestness and Responsibility of the Intellect for the latter's actions must be eliminated: Suffering must be eliminated.

That is why, if Suffering is defeated by Pleasure, and Pleasure and Auto-erotic Fancy become the supreme masters of the Universe, then there will be no judgment over the Irresponsible Fancy and Intellect.

For, the Prediction of which the Classical God of the Good is afraid is that the Universe will be sacrificed to the autoerotic self-satisfaction of the Intellectual Fancy. Fancy is so ruthless, narcissistic and evil that the Universe will victim to the Play of Fancy.

The Prediction of which the Classical God of the Good is afraid, says:

Poetry will prevail and destroy the Material,
And the Universe will be sacrificed
To just a Dance of Fancy!

If the Intellectuals take the rule over humanity: then the Devil will come to play with God like a cat with a mouse.

For, of all capacity and potential of the soul created by God, the most irresponsible one is the Intellect; and the Intellect is the supreme Juggler and Tempter under the rule of the Principle of Play and Frivolity, and the Intellect is quite ready to destroy the Universe for the inner need of experimentation, play and intellectual masturbation.

Therefore, the directives are:

The Denomination of the God-likeness of man to present it as Individual Psychosis;
The Invention of the Psychic Disease as an efficient repression on the individual;
The presentation of humanity as Collective Pathology;

The deliberate making humanity mentally deranged;
Giving birth to mentally morbid societies;
The Induction of Collective Psychoses into humanity;
Generating the artifact of Collective Psychoses,
Generating the artifact of the Collective Psychoses of Religion,
Generating the artifact of the Collective Psychoses of Wars;
The Denomination of Collective Psychoses, and the invention of the Psychic Disease of the Individual;

The Presentation of the Individual Unique Existence as Psychotic.

Humanity must be ill collectively, not individually.

The individual psychotic disease must be banned as it gives rise to revolutions in science, only mass psychoses must be stimulated, as only they induce in millions of people the desire for the power of the Blood and the terror of fantasy. And it is common knowledge that religions feast on fantasy to produce dogmas inducing international conflicts.

It is dangerous, if individuals suffer psychosis because individual psychoses create Culture and Civilization. Individual megalomania is dangerous as it reminds every individual his Kinship with God.

