



A CONVERSATION BETWEEN MAN AND HIS MIRROR

If to think means to sober up, how could a philosophy of Intoxication be possible, when intoxication leads to a hypnotic state?

If a philosopher is the one waking up from the sleep of existence, how could he possibly exist when awake?

If a sufficiently high dose of sleepiness is always needed for existence, and for sleepiness – the entire exquisite joy, how could the philosopher, born out of wakefulness, exist without any contradiction?

If every ecstasy results in a state of narcosis, how could that one, who has started thinking, having come out of ecstasy, remain a philosopher? If he has been born by his revolt against the narcotic of truths, how can he build his truth, when it may also be under the suspicion of being narcotic-driven? And how then can he have his own philosophy, when he has become a philosopher out of the renunciation of all the philosophies, including also this philosophy, which has renounced all of them, and, therefore, renounces also his own philosophy?

How can he uphold a stand of his own, when this stand, by the same whim of chance, could also happen to be the stand of someone else? How can he have his own logic, when that same logic has an equal possibility of happening to be the logic of someone else?

If to advance within the spirit means to expand the perimeter of what is painful in it, how can you continue to think, unexpectedly going as far as enthusiasm?

If tradition has handed down to us the Spirit as the one born out of the revolt against Enjoyment, how could the rebel against enjoyment uphold a philosophy of enthusiasm?

And, generally, if you sum up: How the philosophical freedom could safeguard the Spirit of Renunciation as its substance, if it finds its objective in Intoxication? To say it in another way, is there any room for Joy within the Spirit of Renunciation, so that the Joy would not abolish, but would, conversely, enhance and extend this Renunciation? Moreover, as the inertia of thinking has brought us a ready-made formula of the incompatibility of Renunciation and Joy, which seems inviolable to this day?

Let us ask a straightforward question: Is renouncing joy possible? Joy, which destroys; joy which endures nothing on its way as a preliminary condition; joy which does not want to accept anything as being created and accepts just what it itself creates to be existence?

And we give an answer: There is such a Joy and it is precisely a philosophical mood as a specific ontological attitude of attaining Existence by way of Nothingness, after the access to any existence has been barred by the Something of the human mind. We are bound to add straightaway that the notorious metaphysical unrest is enjoyable to itself.

Then let us explain. A revision is mandatory of the relationship between feeling and thinking.

This is some horrible and stupefying vice of depriving the Act of Thinking from the one sensitive half of the world and of condemning it to be kindred to just the other. Wherefrom does this noxious and cruel habit derive of treating thinking as sufficiently poor and incapable of assuming in itself the entire sensitivity of existence? Who has suggested to us this cowardly verdict, whereby we condemn Thinking only to its negative existence and ban it from flying on its wings the positive aspect of the world? Are its wings, flying onto which is matter, frail to be unable also to carry the élan of that flying? Are they brittle,

bearing in mind that weighing on them are all the cells and all the star stones?

And now we shall reveal wherefrom this vice derives and who has tried to give it the compromising label onto all the thinking foreheads: these who have tried to discredit it in front of the human hearts and to compromise it, confronting the credulity of the human mind, are precisely the thinkers, who have bequeathed to us thinking with its sorrowful homeland. They have invented sorrow as a bearing of Wisdom in order to cover up something in their own selves. What is it? This, which they have wanted to cover up at all costs even from their own selves, was their horror confronted by the universal conception of thinking: it has accepted equally enjoyably both the elated and the vicious, the inspiring and the crushing, and has carried equally proudly both the reassurances of the preservation and the and reassurances of the perishment of the human. What is more: thinking has proved that it most easily flourished in the evil heart, and even better in an absolutely immortal mind. Cynicism has always been the homeland of truth, in the same way as the dedication to the lofty ideals has been its guillotine. It now becomes clear why the moralists have been the first grave-diggers of truth: because they could not withstand the destruction which it required. Nothingness baffled them.

We can only say: what commanded them to imagine thinking only as suffering, but not as enjoyable, as well, was their detestation of their own nature of thinking. Why did they detest it? Because Thinking confused them by its inhumanity, because it required too much of them: to give up the psychological split of psychology as human and inhuman, and by rejecting the taboo of psychology to reverse to the universal animation of matter and the worldliness of the soul. But they were in a hurry to turn the psychological proofs into ontological ones and to create, out of their psychological discomfort, the essence of being as threatening, frightening and disgusting. Matter became a mirror of the mind and in order to earn man's friendship, it had to give up everything brutal, imperturbable and grand, which it carried in itself. The Cosmos found itself forced to state that it was invalid in order to predispose reasoning to itself. The Universe had to look deformed to encourage the efforts of the scholar who had enter it.

Thinking wanted from the thinkers to forget that they were finite, moral and restricted, and to remember the former grandeur of the sacred man. And they, while taking pride in their sobering up from the dreams of the God-Man, in order to keep that pride of theirs declared thinking to be suffering. Because they suffered their achievements, they decided that thinking, too, was depressed. Because they feared to expand and grow up to its all-encompassing substance and limited themselves to the unilateral goodness of their naïve hearts, from which they concealed its inborn evil, and decided that by itself thinking was profoundly humane. As they were afraid to identify with its act, they became satisfied with defining themselves depending on the effect it had produced on their minds. They gave up thinking itself, in order to embrace as a value what it had inflicted on them. Unworthy of the act, they preferred the ill-designed humility of the one reacting and suffering. Refusing to be the claws of the beast of thinking, they preferred to remain the wounds inflicted by these claws and to bequeath to us our essence as the tradition of this feature. And adopting from the very beginning this essentially defensive stand, they doomed us and fatally predetermined that we, too, be the passive element in the act of thinking. Then enforced on us not only a defensive metaphysical policy, but moreover, with all their insolence or delusion, they ordered us to take pride in it. How far they have gone in their aggressive inferiority is evident

from the fact how they have transferred their psychological discomfort onto Nature. And she, the omnivictorious, has been forced to "self-proclaim herself" a captive.

The picturesque tableaux have the mission to conceal the Nature from the human eyes by their figures. The artists draw and paint to wipe from the face of the world its own name and to write down instead the name of man. The poets write in order to hush up the rhythm of the Cosmos by the rhythm of the inter-human lowly desire of possession. Their verses distort the melody of the Language by the false emphases of the pitiful human call for happiness. You have to have damaged conception to perceive suffering amidst the universe jubilant with perfection. You need an inborn spiritual blindness to feel unhappy amidst such a gift-like boon. An invented tragedy of the human heart casts a veil onto the singing body. An artificially nurtured inferiority of the human mind slings mud onto worldwide reason. A systematically inspired non-reciprocation of human thinking has cheated reason to enclose itself into the undignified sorrow and to give itself the shameful definition of "surge". The medieval universities jealously taught the lie about the humiliation of the reasoning mind and the humanities' chairs assiduously brought about the lie about man's confinement within a Law. What was perfection became problematic. What was unattainable they transformed into untruthworthy. What was incomprehensible became fake. In the useless they saw the unreal. In the unexplainable they concealed fear and engendered the bravery of the understandable. They drew suspicion from the faultless. The perfect became an expression of scepticism. The wonderful made them reserved. The wonderful sobered them up. The superior gave birth to its critics. The elevated saddened them. The superb harmony inspired pessimism in them. The superb reason turned them into agnostics. They generated their desperation out of the frightening joy of the world. They hammered out their senselessness out of the overwhelming meaning of the world. Oppressed by the incomparable they reacted by doubting its existence. Crushed by the beauty of the world, they invented the unsightliness of their own soul. The unnecessary was chased away into the incorrect. What scandalized the reason was subjected to sanctions. Wherever they could pursue their own objectives, they renounced the purposefulness of Nature, as well. Wherever they were incapable of pursuing their aspirations, they concluded to be irrational. The inimitable in matter became a shortcoming of the brain. The originality of existence – a fault of the mind. The exclusivity of flesh gave birth to the conception of the imperfect reason. The transparency of the matter as far as sciences went took them to the conclusion about the paradoxical nature of knowledge. Proceeding from the accessibility of the world to knowledge, they drew conclusions about the absurdity of thinking. And the other way round, the dark spots of the mind were declared to be the imperfection of existence. The vagueness of subjectivity was transferred onto the objects. The objects themselves became uglier because of the nightmares of the mind. Wherever scholars could find no mistakes, they saw the illogical. A fear of the illogical illumined the mind by shedding all the remaining darkness onto insanity. Because it is the life of ignoring madness, the mind is not capable of seeing it. Having arranged their detestation of the insane, the scholars built the hierarchy of reason. As they were incapable of harmony, they saw a setback in it. Not capable of being on a par with the reality of the world, they concluded it was sham. The Cosmos had to be uncrowned so that man could be elevated. The matter had to be downgraded to a gigantic puppet so that man's heart could be spiritualized. It had to be denigrated to a senseless giant corpse so that human passion could acquire self-confidence. Life had to be underestimated so

that the spirit could become overjoyed by its self-confidence. The comedy of this ontological blindness has been the sad evolution of human thinking.

The philosophers thought out the setbacks of human thinking. The poets invented the perversity of human passion. The psychologists synthesized in their laboratories the slyness of his heart. The historians popularized, and the scholars verified it. And all of them together pledged to make insight impossible, blinding the soul with the Ideal of its ignorance.

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