



**CRIME AS AESTHETIC EXECUTION
THE PARTING OF COGITO FROM ACTION**

The birth of human civilization and its subsequent conduct is marked by what is a fatal dissociation between Action and Thought, or Cogito and Actus. It is precisely this severance between action and thought that gave rise to human civilization.

The ancient Greek world was aesthetic, joyful and carefree because the inhabitants of that world thought and acted together with the Gods. The fact that its heroes both feasted together with the gods and took part in their intrigues is a clear indication that thought had not yet been severed from action, and so the divine and the human worlds were still indistinguishable, they were not yet divided by fateful transcendence.

The Christian world is ethical, insofar as in it thought was severed from action; but this severance, or Parting, did not remain within the confines of the Unified World: reaching a cosmic scale, it split in two the very ontology of God, bifurcating the very world of God into One World of Thought, which is identical to God, and another, material, active, sensory world, which has fallen away and has become separate from God.

The said Parting of Cogito from Actus is fatal because it is in fact the reason that lies behind the Parting of the Divine Knowledge and the Divine Existence: it is precisely in this Parting that Human Subjectivity found its Ontological Kingdom, having been expelled and having fallen away from both divine attributes simultaneously – which finds expression in the Falling away of the World of Action from the World of God’s Thought.

While the existence of God was deduced from divine thought – i.e., God does not think because He exists, and He exists because He thinks – the same could not be said of man whose existence it was not possible to deduce from his thought due to his material incarnation. The above-mentioned dissociation between God’s existence as something inseparable from his knowledge, and man’s existence as something separate from his knowledge – which dissociation results in man’s severance from his divine life – gave man subjective life for the first time, and he had to pay for its autonomy with ontological solitude.

While the ancient Greeks thought and acted together with the gods, Christian man thinks with God but acts without God. That parting of the two, that fundamental dissociation between thought and action, marked the fate of the Christian worlds.

For God acts while He thinks, whereas man does not think while he acts.

Thinking is Action, but Action is not Thinking.

It is not he who acts that thinks, it is he who thinks that acts.

The parting of Thought from Action is indicative of the parting of the Transcendental World of God from the immanent world of man, and from human action.

It was precisely the Duality of the Christian world, with its kingdoms in Heaven and on Earth, that allowed Man to create his Subjectivity as something Unique which belongs neither to Heaven nor to Earth.

Those Christians who believe that man fell from Heaven in order to build his kingdom on Earth are wrong. Those who preach this are lying.

This would be precisely the wrong strategy and evolution of human Subjectivity.

Conversely, Human Subjectivity was only born of the Divine Split but it has to seek its Autonomy and Authenticity far from both the Divine Knowledge in Heaven and the divine existence on Earth.

Man is heading to the Unknown and he is the Subject of an as yet unknown and unredeemable Kingdom which he himself, without the help of any gods or demons, has to create. He may make use of the Divine existence on Earth, but should not identify with it.

Human Subjectivity, born from the duality of God, does not accept for its authenticity either the Celestial Sternness, or the Terrestrial Banality, seeking instead its Authenticity and Autonomy outside both known native places somewhere in the Unknown and in Total Ontological Solitude: because only such an Ontological Solitude could guarantee independence and freedom both from the Divine Knowledge, and from the Divine existence.

It is precisely the Duality of the Christian world of the two kingdoms of Heaven and Earth that preset the parting of Thinking from Action.

This is why the Greek Aesthetic Individual was happy, because he lacked the parting between the Transcendental and the Immanent, because the parting between Thinking and Action was missing.

The Poet, the Composer and the Aesthete continue to live in the aesthetic worlds of *Sans Souci* prior to the Primordial Sin.

The Christian individual is marked with the stamp of the division of the worlds into celestial and terrestrial, a world of the spirit and a world of the flesh.

The first lesson of poetic and musical Practice is to teach the poet and the composer to invent the Flesh of the Spirit and the Spirit of the Flesh.

If Prosaic Christianity split the divine united mentality of a Sensory Universe, which had fallen from the Intellectually Ideal Universe, the Poet and the Musician have been rebelling from the very beginning against that split and are constantly restoring the Unity prior to the parting through their practice of the "Sensory Intellect" and of "Intellectualizing sensoriness." Metaphor and Conceptual Accord – these eternal weapons of the poet – serve him only in restoring the Divine State prior to the Parting and prior to the birth of the Prosaic Subjectivity of that parting. The actual Praxis of the poet and of the musician constantly require of him to achieve the Ontological Cross, to communicate the worlds through the Ontological- Conceptual Accord and Ontological-Conceptual Metaphor.

That Ontological-conceptual metaphor realizes his Synfunctional Mind as a Rational-Sensual Metaphor requiring of him to think through the "reasoning passion" and to feel through the "passionate reason."

Nothing in the praxis of the poet and of the composer is solitary and pure any more, every world and every individuality have already accepted within itself the other world and the other individualities as its own personal specificities and its own personal properties. What the Prosaic Man of the new centuries perceives as being divided by Traditions, epochs, cultures and millennia, the poet perceives as essentially kindred and blended in fraternal love – its global blending obliterating generally the ontological Otherness. The Other one first disappears in the poetic soul, and then appears only as a diversity of his universal, multiple and infinitely multiplied and trans-personalized personality.

The Poet and the Composer actually do not know in whom and in what personality they exist, because the Will of their gift for omni-transpersonalization has transformed their innumerable and multi-personality existence into a Need of their omni-existentiality. The truth about these Shadows of the Muses is that they cannot point to the Personalities that they inhabit and indicate with precision in how many places and in how many kingdoms they exist simultaneously – hence the Poet and the Composer can justifiably say about themselves:

"I rejoice with those who rejoice, I suffer with those who suffer, I kill with the killer and I die with the dying."

The Poet and the Composer are everywhere and in everything, and it will be a logical mistake to seek them in the individual personalities, as well as an ontological mistake to situate them in a definite existence and epoch. They are disseminated and a multi-embodiment in the Universe.

However, precisely this makes them both Saints and Criminals at the same time. Because there does not exist a crime that they had not committed in their soul and in their Speech and Intonation, and there does not exist a repentance that they had not invented, or sung and enshrined in a canon.

The Poet and the Composer have canonized in advance all Crimes, all Vices and all virtues. Nothing has evaded their ubiquitous talent to be incarnated and an embodiment in everyone and in everything, and nothing can be forgiven to those who had suggested secretly and unconsciously to the person with vices his treachery and lust, just as they are those who suggested in a mysterious, magic and alchemical way the thirst for another person's Pride, or the thirst for another person's blood, which the trivial little man experiences minutes before his crime.

Because there exists one Secret, Dangerous and Fateful Criminal Fact that all epochs deliberately or blindly evaded to this day, or were indeed blind and deaf to it, and this is the criminal Fact that the actual Criminal, Lecher, Inquisitor, Dishonest Person, Violator of all bans and the violator of all laws, from the Tempter to the Murderer in us is the Poet and the Musician, the Alchemist and the Mystic, but above all the Aesthete and the Aesthetic individual; because all listed people outside the law and the norms possess, as a rule, aesthetic talent in the first place, or at least aesthetic features, because they commit all their crimes and vices with an exquisite line in which the specialist would detect unerringly the inborn aesthetic aptitude. All great criminals and adventure-seekers are marked with aesthetic aptitude for music, poetry or mysticism, and their evil deeds usually bear the signature of the author of elegant works of Harmony, Proportion and Symmetry.

Why is the line of the Murderer marked by harmony? Why is the step of the Sadist proportionally dancing? And why, by rejecting the naïve youth, girls spend their life seeking

that loved man who would torture them most beautifully?

And why do we discern in the silhouette of the charming Romantic the silhouette of the charming demon rebelling against the cruelty of Heaven?

And why do experienced detectives find the great criminals most often by their inclination to leave on their victims the imprint of Harmony or the exquisiteness of some particularly fundamental Proportion that controls the organization of the perfect specimens of Nature?

All great adventure-seekers, charlatans and criminals are negative masterpieces of Nature and of Anti-Heaven, if there is such an anti-kingdom of the familiar Sanctity, referred to as negative sublime Harmony.

It is a fact that they are the real Criminals in the trivial little man who transgresses a certain taboo and law, and that they are the actual Murderer in the banal and bored personality, or crushed by life, which kills.

This hidden fact, incriminated and secretly skirted by the secret services of every government, is that an archetypal poet, a composer and a mystic live in every person secretly from his consciousness, and these Crypto-persons in him are those who (precisely driven by the Poetic License of Fantasy that knows no prohibitions) attack, steal, trample upon the laws, violate the norms, rape, kill, suck blood, talent or pride, and write with their own blood a new criminal anti-Bible based on the ten Commandments.

However, these secret Vicious and Criminal Totemic and Taboo Personalities in each of us live protected by the barrier of our Unconscious, and they always have an Alibi and an Excuse, because nothing in the world could induce us to admit the existence of these criminal, degenerate, perverted and perfidious types within our own personality.

Nevertheless, it is a fact and only some honest psychiatrists, intelligent policemen and prosecutors know that merciless public secret, degrading the human existence, which at the same time praises his Pride in an equally unauthorized but also Sublime and Honest manner, a pride banned by the repressive society, or tears the mask of his inborn Likeness to God, adamantly and passionately concealed by the state and society.

The actual Criminals in us, the ordinary and trivial little men, are the archetypal poets and opera composers secretly living in us, and the unknown, perfidious, sinister, ill-intentioned transcendental People-Shadows from the World Beyond, secretly living in us, but creating with an enviable talent.

Usually these sinister doubles of ours rush into us through the flow of the global unconscious, which they use as a channel for climbing from the kingdom of the Dead, or for jumping from their Kingdom of Shadows, crossing over from other temporal dimensions.

However, what is remarkable, touching and at the same time horrifying and disturbing is that most of these Shadow Crypto-Persons that conquer and possess us, and govern our imagination, as a rule and without exception, possess Aesthetic features and master the classical aesthetic talents of the poet, composer, artist, sculptor or mystic, and the transcendental thinker.

They are all, without exception, people possessing enviable beauty, or a strange and mysterious appeal. We are usually unable to withstand their look, which rivets us, fixed and absent at the same time. Everything oneiroid that we would like to have on us, we already find in them. Everything regal that we wish for ourselves, the isolated merciless magnificence of our pitiable fate, we find it enviously from the scent of their unforgettable presence.

Every great crime is based on the Enchantment of Creativity, for which we have not made a decision on account of uncertainty about our own talent, or the Solemnity of the Ceremony that would elevate us closer to the immortals, if we had found a little more audacity in us or a little more cynicism in our attitude to Nature, or some Pseudo-Great Tradition, but we had not made the decision for that audacity, or we have missed it immersed in rather vain self-contemplation and self-admiration, because we had forgotten in our vanity to invite also mankind together with us.

Secretly from ourselves, we try to be like them and we perceive as a special honor if one of these mysterious personalities, obviously ready for everything, talks to us. The mere closeness to them encourages us, inspiring in us a treacherous conviction that one day we, too, shall shine with such a look – burning and tender at the same time.

And that one day we shall acquire that great conviction that we have been chosen by Fate, ready to transgress every canon, or to ridicule every talent with a new fantasy, which is undoubtedly done by those whose names we shall read tomorrow as famous artists or remarkable criminals.

It is particularly disturbing in such personalities that it is impossible to differentiate in them the transgressor of the Cosmic secrets that gave birth to the scientific genius and the great composer from the transgressor of God's and Man's laws and moral norms. During my long journey in the different worlds of bodies and shadows, I have not yet encountered a creative individual who does not carry with him the liberating atmosphere of Master of his Fate, the solemnity of the person exempted from all prohibitions, the enchantment of the stern tenderness and selflessness in the face of every suffering that betrays the Ascetic, and the dreams of the Black Romantic who is destroying our bequests.

They are those who assault with virtuoso sensitivity our poor and still undeveloped young emotion, and clamor with a portentous voice the Triumph of Change in the twilight of the monotony-wearied soul.

Arriving as a storm, they rush into our trivial life as lightning and kindle in it the thirst for the Unusual, bringing hope and promising glory.

They play according to our instincts, learn our weaknesses immediately and promise us temptingly the abilities, the strength and the self-confidence that we lack. They strike us in public with their brilliant erudition, diverse talents, enchanting eloquence and capricious moods. Refined on the outside, they are usually hard as steel inside.

Incredibly stern, they mislead us, as a rule, because our weakness discovers misguided immortal passions in their ambitions, instead of the incredible vainglory: they conquer us within minutes with their scorn for Death and Wealth. However, what we are unable to detect in their grandiose ideas is the veneration before some particularly dangerous passion, which is ready to sacrifice humanity for a caprice of the mind or an eccentricity of the dream.

Because the common characteristic of all these romantic criminals, captivating with their talents and energy, is their innate sense of Sovereignty and Likeness of God, which is mandatory for them. They all perceive themselves as made in the Likeness of God, blaming for their current insignificance exclusively the meanness of mankind, the jealousy of the people around them or the Malevolent God. And they make us feel ashamed of our daily concerns and fears before their Historic Mission.

We blush before their fiery gaze, our egotism makes us feel insignificant before their

boundless ambition, forgetting that it does not serve the elevation of mankind, but are usually aimed at discrediting it.

Finally enchanted, we start confusing our adoration of the Future with their mysterious and slightly terrifying fate. And at the end we forget that what had moved and conquered us in them is not the nobleness of their sacrifice for the humane, but – conversely – most frequently their dedication to the inhuman has touched our soul and has made us lose our sleep for weeks, or blush before the mirror when we observe in fear whether we had not been changed, too, in a horrifying direction by the intrusion of that Blinding Vital, but Criminal Power, which has transformed us imperceptibly into worshippers of the Forbidden and Disturbing!

Faced with their merciless sincerity, our daily cunning with fate appears as a shameful trade with death.

Proudly refined or negligently regal, with pale faces and burning eyes, their heavenly burden makes them tread lightly on earth: instead of making them old, their long quest for the Cosmic secrets grants them eternal youth, hence they approach with a dancing step the problems that cripple and age us.

Bearers of the Eternal Vitality, with inexhaustible energy and brimming with ambitions, symbols of Change and of the “Inclination to the Forbidden” – we are ready to forgive them in the moment of our enchantment their possible audacity to Heaven, or their sometimes mysterious cynicism, or their intimate attitude to the Criminal and their slight coquetry with it, which we tend to attribute to their abundance of talent rather to their deficiency of virtues.

Disturbingly young for their age, with endless knowledge and diverse talents, having blended in their face the tenderness of the morning and the expressiveness of the night, they come as if sent by Providence to wring us from our lethargic sleep, so as to disturb with the militant cry of Metaphysical Anxiety the meaninglessness of our existence.

They are always the envoys of that Supreme, Sublime and Dangerous that we ourselves lack the courage to venture, and suggest to us how little audacity is needed to destroy the Universe by mocking some particularly respected physical theory, or to kill the morality of thousands of generations with the eloquence of some unique and criminal passion! Before them we are always defeated – and they are the Gods of Twilight to whom we pray in our dreams to change our fate by sending us more Talent, or more Cosmic cynicism!

They usually play several instruments, toy with sciences, invent new languages, invoke the worlds beyond the grave, ridicule logic, but present the most difficult problems and resolve them with lightning speed before we have sensed to the end the enchantment of their depth, despise religions, but preach new gods, and finally they try in every way possible to deflect us from their fascinating personality, with a dedication to Objective Mysteries and Laws, which makes their personally even more regally brilliant behind the deep and unpretentious modesty. They charm us to the extent that girls forget the men they love and are ready to fall into their arms the same night when a regal look full of scorn for the Known Skies has conquered them.

Their face is usually illuminated by a resolve rivaling heaven, their features spread light more disturbing than the moonlight. They spread the solemnity we lack, they carry the pride that fate had denied us, they shine with an aristocratism stemming from mysterious and vague coats of arms, that could be ours as well, if we had been more zealous in our

quests, or are more cruel in pursuing their inclinations. They are in fact those who disturb our dreams and move our artistic imagination when we are trying to write or create.

They are those with whom we share our most sublime and innermost dreams and aspirations, secretly from ourselves, usually sanctioned by our immediate surrounding, by our relatives and teachers. These are our secret idols. Without exception, too, they are telepaths, clairvoyants, oracles, prophets and brilliant speakers, and the discoverers in our rare and happy minutes, when we are briefly the embodiment of some talent or genius.

The dreamers-murderers, the seducers-saints, the bashful executioners, the refined sadists grieving for the worlds beyond or for the vanished God, the monks-seducers, the ascetics-priests, the severe and cruel handsome men who mesmerize the girls and scare their mothers distinguishing the fathers from the future criminals, they are the unrecognized legislators over our destinies, and they – and not our consciously chosen idols – control our Imagination.

And in another Bible, which has not yet appeared on earth, but in which it has long been written on celestial paper that “Imagination is the Mother of All Crimes, and Fantasy is what the old Virtuous Gods feared so much for their cosmic kingdom – because the Death of the old worlds will com from the Land of Fantasy and from the Army of Its Mysterious Dreamers.”