

## THE DISTORTION OF HUMAN INCLINATION

To think in dialectics is to construct being. To exist in dialectics is to destroy thinking. Dialectics is preservation of the Eidos (ideas) and destruction of Onthos (matter). Formal logic is a destruction of Eidos (ideas) and preservation of Onthos (matter). Because formal logic follows Time and its utilization of Eidos and Onthos and of essence in being. And dialectics follows the Eternal in its reverse utilization of Onthos (matter) in Eidos (ideas) as a transformation of being into essences. Thus, the temporary formal logic and the formally logical non-conflicting Time are born from the transformation of Ideas into Matter and of Essences into Being, presented as an enlargement of the Universe. And the dialectic eternity and the simultaneous eternal dialectics arise from the transformation of Matter into Ideas and of Being into Essence, presented as contraction of the Universe into Punctum Singularis. Formal logic expands the Universe. Dialectics contracts the Universe. Essences in dialectics construct being. Being in dialectics destructs essences.

Reflection in dialectics is a positive reality. To live in dialectics is to live in negative realities. Thought neutralizes dialectical reversion. Life (Onthos) cannot neutralize dialectical reversion and becomes Anti-Life – (Anti-Onthos). Nothing in man's reality can be taken alone and everything has gone to and has frozen in its opposite: one asymmetrical monopolistic lateralization of dialectics frozen in the one pole, dialectics of the lack of equilibrium which has lost its bipolarity.

Being and the Ideal arise from their hostility. The eternity of their hostility requires equilibrium in the fight. The triumph of any of them should not be longer than its defeat. They should be equally victorious and defeated. This characterizes their conflict as equilibrium. Equilibrium is only possible if each of the enemies is in equilibrium taken alone. The inherent instability of each of them guarantees their stability only in their reciprocity. Thus, Being exists only because the Ideal exists, and vice versa. Being is being because the Ideal wants it to be such. The Ideal, on its part, is ideal because Being wants this ideality of its. Being wants the ideal to be ideal so that it can remain being. And the ideal wants being to remain being so that it can remain ideal. Each finds its assertion only through the other. Each finds its definition in its other. Each has its determination in its opposite. They are absolutely dependent on each other and this absolute dependency of theirs makes them be at war with each other but hostility itself, binding them together for eternity, makes them eternal companions and involuntary allies in the name of their detesting interdependency. Therefore, their interdependency is hostility which has to turn into a union in order to remain hostility.

Each of them finds in itself the characteristics of the other. And each of them finds its characteristics in the other. Each of them sees its essence in its other. None of them is on its own and each of them has come out of its own boundaries and has entered the boundaries of the other. But this movement of coming to its own other is supplemented by the reverse movement of coming back – but this coming back of each of them is coming back to itself as something else. Each is burdened with the other as early as its beginning and returns fertilized by in its own self. Thus, absolute hostility turns into an absolute union without stopping to be hostility in itself and the absolute union is always turned into hostility without which it would never have been a union. Union is hostile because their hostility is allied. This turns hostility and union

into harmony which existence needs in order to keep the world in equilibrium through its battle with Nothingness. Equilibrium arises from the eternity of the conflict between the Existing and the Non-existing.

The Ideal comes out of its conflict with Existence pregnant from it like an existing ideality. And existence on its turn comes out of its conflict with the Ideal as ideal existence. Each bearing in itself the peculiarities of the other comes back to itself dual and enriched by this duality as self-contradicting. Becoming ideal existence, the Ideal wins the instability, fragility and self-insufficiency of the Existing. And becoming Existing Ideality, existence wins its eternity, substancelessness and self-sufficiency. Thus, Existence acquires eternity and the Ideal becomes temporary. Knowledge falls under the chance of life and life itself gets the honors of necessity. While the Ideal is made to bear the whole humiliation of the empirical, Existence officially accepts the gown and rank of the abstract. The ideal becomes bodily and Existence becomes spiritual. Knowledge enters the immanent and Existence enters the transcendental. Ideas fall under the burden of the specific and Life rises to the height of the universal. Disengaged from its own impulse, Life can now afford this type of love for the form which only the Ideal was able to manage. But Love for the Form is a masked love for Death and therefore the road of self-knowledge about Life passes the test of its suicide. Thus climbing to its self-contemplation, life cognizes self-hate. The condition to its self-address is the risk of self-denial. On the top of its self-treatment comes self-decomposition. Life becomes Anti-Life but since in the same time Knowledge has passed its opposite movement to its opposite, the moment reaches Anti-Life as a spirit, Knowledge reaches Anti-Knowledge in the existence as passion – opposite to themselves, each frozen in the effect from its opposite: the Anti-Knowledge as Passion loves this life which Anti-Life as Spirit hates. Now anti-knowledge protects what it has attacked as knowledge. And Anti-Life protects destruction which life was fighting. Unknown to themselves in their reverse being, each of them fights with what it used to be, each of them finds joy in what used to be grief of it, erasing their own features from themselves and crossing their own nature, it leads them to what used to kill them and they die in the impulse from the juices of which they rose. But blinding themselves, they regain the vision of the Common because only when denied in one life is strengthened in the other, deceiving themselves they preserve the common appearance of Truth. Each turning into its deceit, they confirm through it the opposite of their truth leaving each in the truth about their deceit, they confirm through it the deceitfulness of every truth and each remaining with the deceit about their deceit they confirm the exchangeability of truth and giving rise to its anti-truth in their union, they restore the equilibrium of its self-denial through which only it remains truth. Knowledge, becoming Anti-Knowledge as Passion gives birth to Life which has committed suicide with the impulse of its turning into Anti-Life and Anti-Life as spirit resurrects from itself Death which has destroyed itself with the impulse of its turning into Anti-Death when it became Anti-Knowledge. Nothing has changed in the Whole because everything has changed in its parts. The common appearance of the world has remained the same even though each of its elements has destroyed the other in itself and has resurrected the other in itself. From then on Being finds its essence in the existence of the Ideal. The Ideal finds its essence in the existence of Being. The existence of being has become ideal essence and the essence of the ideal has empirically accepted existence.

But as usual, the result has two sides. Both God and man are interested in it. Indeed, the Whole has remained unchanged, only its constituents have changed but the Whole is interesting only for the out-of-this-world viewer. For the creature living inside the world, pressed down by the part, crushed by the extreme, the preserved harmony of the universe seems to it like a malicious ridicule and the heroism of self-denial with which Life left it to move to Anti-life is the humiliating view of its curse. The triumph of Unity the vision of which makes the philosopher in its eyes enthusiastic is an awful compensation of the life sold for the Anti-Knowledge. This untempted creature whose heart has been harmed by eternity wants the unturned, unenriched, undialectic, uncritical, poor, naïve, dogmatic life which has not been made mediocre or poisoned with an opposite. It is scared by anti-Knowledge as much as by Knowledge. And it is right because it has noticed how cold and arrogant Love is with Life which used to be Love for Death. It still believes in the Unturned Passion and looks for the Unopposite Truth not knowing that the human heart is excited only by the actor and the mind would not know the truth if it were not prepared for it by its perversity: those who have dropped off of being can return to it only with a mask. Chased away from matter, roaming around its closed doors, man can enter his own house only by breaking into it. It is stupid to comfort each other that nature will voluntarily let him back in its freedom from care – because it knows that he was educated by the thought: bringing knowledge with himself he is dangerous. He scares it because he comes from the land of freedom. Bringing denial with himself, he comes to destroy naivety and it has every reason to be afraid and hide from his seriousness the secrets of its frivolity. Nothing scares it as much as the destructive force of guilt and the monstrosity of profoundness and he brings it the autoaggression of morals and the aggression of knowledge. That is why it will in no way let him in as long as he is exhilarated by his morals and depends on his knowledge. Only seeing him giving up the self-assurance of morality and the pride of logic will it open its doors to him. But he who has already lost passion will return to the garden of charms only if he starts pretending. His body is still in heaven while his soul is wandering in Care, so its inclination to innocence is always suspicious: it can be exhilarated only by twisted love. Man is in pursuit of reprobate Passion but it will be found not by his desolate heart but by the opposite of the mind he has turned himself into: the mind that has killed passion affected by its remorse returns to itself as Anti-Mind and its own retribution. Since passion has disappeared, the Anti-Mind has come into the heart to replace the innocence it has annihilated with its distorted laughing image. Thus, the gardens of charms open to him who has lost passion only if he manages to prove the fakeness of his excitement - which acting is about, too. Nature will legitimate his sensitivity if it is convinced of its hypocrisy. So the excitement of the tempted man's soul is only possible as a Doll's grimace because his soul does not know any other passion but the excitement of the Anti-Mind.

It is obvious then why we are confused by human inclination with its outrage because desire brings undignified memories about distorted purposes which must be suppressed; because its longing is twisted in its very source and the memory is so busy covering up; because its excitement is deformed in the very structure of its run, its whole soul is reverse from its very birth, and its essence is warped and its existence is designed derailing – because the irritation in it is not its own passion but the borrowed, reverse, cold and macabre excitement of the Signs.

Human inclination is reversed not because it has become anti-inclination but because the Thought provoked by its self-displacement has arrived at its ontological place alone as its own negation: the Anti-Thought has crawled into its glands and they have

started to produce their hormones transcribed by its structure. Nature's chromaphine push has become spontaneous, its intimate organization has been preserved but its telos has changed: the place of the uniform object of passion has been taken by the multiform image of the world. The thirst for the instinctive satisfactor which remained satiable in its finality is now insatiable and infinite. Being local in its instinctive enslavement it was blind but modest as well, now that it is interfered, its generalization has made it seeing with the outburst of consciousness, but the latter's world projector has not spared it either, lighting it in its cunning as a world predator. Man has not lost his inclination, he has only replaced it letting the Signs tune his excitements and choosing their targets where feelings used to tune them and delight used to choose them before. As such, it is the negative of his passion as it is only the negative image of Thought. His inclination to life is only another form of his hatred for thought.

Human inclination is purely human only when it is replaced. Man may choose pure passion but then he must let the animal wake up in him. He may object to the original fakeness of his emotions and suffer from their innate insincerity and obligatory strangeness, but if he wants to remain a feeling person and not a feeling animal, he has to accept the falsity of his nature and the distortion of his aspiration. He must part with the illusion that it is possible to love the world with its own innocence having accepted the cunning favor of the signs to demodel his mentality. If he wants to break free from the humiliating rooting to instinct, he must give up its generous naiveté as well. If he has decided to reject the cannibal feast he must get ready for a bloody battle with his own heart: he cannot beat aggression, he can only choose a more decent victim for it, more dignified and so more masked, such as knowledge is, too. If he dares to curse his short wandering life and comes to long for infinity for its orderliness, it will give itself to him together with the insight of death which will make him finally inconsolable - as he had one hope and one answer with flesh and now he has multiple questions and no hope with mind. If he wants to have a broad view, he must look without embarrassment at his cruelty which is invading the world. If he wants to rise to the tenderness of the sky, he must learn to silence his innate compassion in his chest. If he wants to get close to the mercy of snow, he must become blind to the look of his fellow man. Nature gives him its secrets in return for his indifference to his own fate, it allows to its throne only that mind which is insensitive, and wants passion so that it can give power in return for it in order to surround itself for revenge by unreciprocity where it was once intimate. And responding to the temptation he follows in the steps of That which leads him in its cunning dance only to illustrate his own suicide to him. So he becomes more skillful and in order to rise to skillfulness he has to transgress his innate artlessness. He agrees to let tools enter his muscles, allows instruments to creep into his voice, machines to crawl into his nerves, figures to configurate his senses until letters remodel his sense and numbers - his bloodthirstiness - so that he can get back his muscles as machinery though strange, his voice as music sounding arrogantly and his nerves - differentiated factories though out-of-the world - so that he can see that his senses call geometry their mother while his heart considers its home the Letters which no one can rule because they are anonymous until he realizes that the Powerful Numbers had to fulfill their unattainable goal so they chose the mind as both their material and low-paid mason. They had to erect a world building of thrill and nerves so that it can contain the world's cadaver. So he sets off to conquer space but he has to learn to lie in order to conquer space. In order to reach the abysses of mind he must recognize plenty of dead people in the trees he used to embrace and in the rocks he used to breathe with.

In order to race inspiration he must learn to betray and in order to reach knowledge before life he must befriend death. All this makes him go against his own heart and pursue the treachery he used to hate. He develops cunning, baseness and hardness in himself. He learns to copy god in ambition not having god's perfection. The contradiction between his grand intentions and miserable abilities only kindles his pride, obsesses his mind and strengthens the craving to burn the limit within him until fear makes him face his own shadow laughing bitterly, a jester full of vicious laughter. Comic even in his death, he has no one to blame as he has long ceased believing in each seriousness, least of all his own. He knows it is pointless to suffer for missing his chance of remaining tragic when he could be sad. He can neither hope nor curse but this does not make him less vulnerable. He has forgotten pain but he has also forgotten sensitivity. He laughed at eternity but he did not placate time in this way nor did he make death his ally. Such mind scaring the essence but also itself has only one way: the total destruction of the living so that no one can triumph over its desperation. In the race with God - to beat Him in His perfection. In a bet with Nature - to outplay it in its dishonest game. Since it is mean - he will be extra-mean. Since it deceived him by giving him thought - for revenge he will reach the peak of deceit. In this bet of dishonesty he will lie first to himself and will betray above all his own happiness but he has no other chance: the world hypocrite will agree to enter a duel with him only if he gives up the defense of any truth. He already knows the terms and he devotes himself to preparation. He has realized that if he wants to become clever he must first become talented. And since he is not talented but others are, he will acquire his own talent by killing them. If he wants to become clever, he must become evil. If he wants to break free from his limitation, he must cross his own limits. If he wants to develop his abilities, he must become deaf to his immediate desires. Freedom of will is granted to him together with its disgusting cruelty. Enthusiasm of knowledge - together with the repulsive arrogance. He has obtained the enlightenment of thought because he agreed to its impassiveness. The end of his dependence on feelings is the beginning of his dependence on spirit: a guilty slavery having replaced an innocent one. Coming into the world is going out of his own nature. Coming into knowledge is going out of the only rule of flesh and coming into the multiple rightnesses of Misrule under the face of which the Spirit has shown itself to him.

Esse Homo! The deliverance from the bodily blindness has given him the world's sight of consciousness at the price of falsifying his craving. The world allows him to be watched in his nakedness only by a creature that has lost its sincerity.

If he wants to begin to see into all truths he must let go of his own one. If he wants to look into all secrets he must give up his cognition and bravely accept the blindness about himself. Because only becoming strange to himself can he feel every phenomenon close. Only losing his own heart can he enter to beat in every chest in the universe. Only crossing out his own nature can he sign under every excitement. The gift for stepping into somebody else's shoes and see through the eyes of every being thing has been given to him only in return for extracting his own eyes and depriving him of his own body. He has the essence of every thing only because he does not have his own essence. Every life is his because he does not have his own life. He plays all parts because he is forbidden to play one only - that of his own.

Here is man himself, now totally reverse, and the more reverse he is, the more human he becomes. Everything in him is contrary to what he pursued. Nothing in him is as he wished it to be. He also has to love what he used to hate. He forces himself to admire what used to repulse him. He worships what he used to despise. He feels where he should think and knows where he should crave. Instead of feeling excitement, his

hatred for thought gives vent to its shameful passion. And he cannot give it up only because it is unworthy since if he gives it up he will become completely passionless. Instead of craving, he gives in to satanic dreams anticipating how he will destroy reason. And when he should reason he craves for the triumph of reasoning. When the essence invites to delight, he pursues suffering, and when the time comes for suffering, he is the first to join the battle against delight. When he is expected to defend his instincts, he is busy with intellectual games and when he is needed for the superiority of intellect, he discusses with the gods the right to lynch instincts. He is never where he lives, he always lives where he is absent. His thought is not where his flesh is, and his flesh is everywhere but in reasoning. His passion and his mind chase each other like two creatures and neither of them can celebrate its victory because each of them rules over the kingdom turned by the other one into a desert. Always divided and never united, he thinks of everything but his purpose, and having lost that he goes back to look for it in his thoughts. He reasons about everything but his own life, and wastes his life on any goal except to revive his insights. He rushes into the universe while he cannot govern his own mind. He comes to love gods and extra-terrestrials but stands aloof before his own shadow calling out for him. He rules atomic explosion but cannot regulate his own excitements. He searches for order in space but his own soul is in chaos. He knows the rocks on the Moon but cannot approach his liver. Nothing is as alien to him as his own organs are, nothing is as hidden from him as his internal life is, no kingdom is more inaccessible to him than his own flesh, and no god is more arrogant than the one inhabiting it and paying no attention to him. Being infinitely far from himself and close to the others he inhabits a consciousness which belongs to no one, he pursues other people's bodies to find in them his desires and returns to his own one to find in it other people's consciousness. Thus, he has no feelings but has anti-thoughts. It is not flesh that is excited in him but anti-spirit brought to fury. He has no wishes but has anti-reflexes. His desire is amorphous not because desire itself is perverted but because anti-reasoning in him is the one that is in pursuit, and it is in pursuit and has desires only so that it can fight reason. His craving is distorted because it is not tissues that crave through it but anti-consciousness. Without instincts but having anti-intellect, without pleasure but having anti-suffering, without vitality but having anti-spirituality, he is aware of nothing and does not know if it is worth being excited or if he should choose apathy when his excitement is not his own but is irritation of the anti-memory, and he cannot make up his mind about his fate because he has realized that the others take the decisions in him, and he hesitates before his voice which says "Yes!" to life because one and for all he has exposed the Words in it but he has no doubt and starts determinedly provided that everybody keeps quiet because he recognizes his smile in Death which is standing at the doors – the grimace that no Sign has managed to replace yet.

The archeology of passion makes us face the following hypotheses: *The natural object* of inclination was s t o l e n , c o v e r e d u p , l o s t – (an alternative interpretation to that of Freud's), or it was f o r b i d d e n - (Freud). However, no matter which hypothesis we will accept, it was in both cases hidden and abducted. In both restorations of history, its lack was the cause for this insufficiency and incompleteness of the biological creature which Thought arrived to fill and finish the arrangement of.

But, together with the disappearance of the object of inclination, its source dried up as well. Inclination threatened to dry up and in order for man to survive thought itself, being sympathetic to his death, had to revive him from its magma. However, that is the reason it forced itself to transgress into its own negation. Since it itself contributed

to weakening vital power and there is no one else to punish it as it is the only one that remained as substance for the soul, it punishes itself by rebelling against its anti-vitality and by negating itself. Drinking the juices of life, in the self-oblivion and expansion of its birth, it has to take their function onto itself: and since the juices of life work for its victory over death coming as the Abstract, taking their place, Thought takes a stand against its own strive. But it is anti-inclination in its nature as thought so it can only replace inclination if it becomes autoaggressive to itself: that is it tears and splits itself. In order to maintain the ontological duel it detaches a part of its substance as anti-thought. The consequences of all this are that where Life used to be once Anti-Spirit resides now, and where Spirit used to stand Anti-Life is situated now. So, it is only the rebellion against spirit as Anti-spirit and the rebellion against Thought as Anti-Thought that can wrench inclination out of the soul in which it has faded away. Thus instead of surrounded by life with anti-thought and by thought with anti-life man surrounded solely by negativities becomes himself focus of oppositeness and gets further apart from the Positive where nature is still supposed to live.

Therefore, both life and spirit have the existence of only abstract realities in human reality. Being represented by their opposites only and never by themselves in their spontaneity, they lose their concreteness together with their positivity. In order to become an Ideal nature deprives itself of its colourfulness and thought deprives itself of its timbre to become real, and they jointly leave the gardens of the concrete to enter the desert of the abstract as their oppositeness and to enclose man in it. What human phenomenon finds next to itself, what it runs into and what it lives with is anti-existence instead of knowledge and anti-knowledge instead of existence. That is, man is meant to exist and communicates only with negative realities. He is immersed in them, they have penetrated him, he is pierced by them and he finds nothing more unattainable than the Positive. There is only one positivity which should have been granted to him personally and irrefutably but it is transcendental to him: this is his own body.

Driven out of his own flesh he lives far from it dissolved in the sign reality of consciousness which cannot constitute itself in any other way but as rebuttal of his body. Meanwhile his body stands for itself laying itself as a rebuttal of consciousness. He would like to return to his body but finds only alien desires there. He would like to admire it but his lungs pour repulsion from spirit instead of homage to life. He does not know how to find again the love for life because his cells can only reach animosity to death. But neither can he love his consciousness because his anti-body is stalking him there as his own hatred. Being deprived of the high vocation to be their arbitrator in this blind and unreasonable drama played blindly, man does not keep the advantage of a viewer but, accepting inferiorly their conflict as his own, plunges into the degrading role of robbed and pleading before those that he was supposed to dominate. Roaming between two perfections his heart finds both of them equally alien but his mind wouldn't admit it and makes him prefer the borrowed existence to his own non-being. Thus, those who cannot bring themselves to see man in the discord between body and consciousness scared by his own identification with Nothingness offer him the dual negative life of a shadow tortured under the foreign body and of a reflection in the mirror shouting to the person standing there about its replacedness. Having turned nature itself backwards and having made it face its reverse features man is resident of the anti-world and an example of negative existence. He is negation embodied. Here we, as can be seen, completely agree with Sartre.

What can we recommend to such a creature that has bought the image of its self-awareness at the expense of its reverseness? In any case, not to run shamefully back to

nature but to accept stoically the Positive Sacrifice as a pledge for the test Evolution subjected it to making it king of negative worlds.

It is essential for the creature inside the world to know that life has transgressed into its oppositeness, that it is There frozen, that it has become Anti-Life itself and that the historical fate which would bring it back to its positivity is nowhere to be seen in the near future. However, even if life is able to return to itself it could not do it because it would find Knowledge in its place – as Anti-Knowledge indeed and having all external marks of life, but Knowledge remains Knowledge even being Anti-Knowledge: it keeps in itself all features hateful to the heart – impassiveness, coolness, arrogance, anonymity, universality and the annihilation inherent to pure forms and relations.

This total displacement of being and ideas into their oppositeness, making each one a negative mirror image of the other without any hope of their return to themselves characterizes our age. We can define it as castrated ontologization of dialectics. Its fossilized dead semi- duplicate. A monument half the cadaver of which has been carved by an avant-garde sculptor. Dialectics missing the whole, dialectics of the part, motion contained solely in the one moment the corresponding symmetrical one of which is absent. In order to make this paradoxical freezing of the dialectical self-motion perfectly clear we will make a heroic effort so that we can describe unwillingly the sad and repulsive picture of this world castrateness that spirit enclosed us in.