



WE WILL NEVER MORE RETURN

We will never more return to goodness, because goodness today is given to us only through evil and as evil.

No matter how strong is our yearning for pure evil – we will never again experience evil because evil today is given to us only as good.

We will never more return to innocence because innocence today is given to us only as guilt.

No matter how strong is our craving for our Guiltiness, which will let us take pride of ourselves, we will not be able to enjoy this lofty narcissism hidden into the desire for self-destruction through voluntary action! Because even Guilt itself, is allowed to us today only as the innocence of the others.

We will never more return to truth because truth today is given to us only as a lie.

We will never more return to mercy as long as mercy today is granted to us only as cruelty.

We will never more return to the condition of unawareness of our happiness as long as happiness today is granted to us only as unhappiness.

We will never more feel pain as long as pain today is given to us only as pleasure derived from the painful.

We are denied rightness as long as every thing is granted to us as its antithesis and its opposed perception.

Mankind today has shifted to the ecliptic of the perverted dialectic.

The Soul today has shifted to the ecliptic of the pervert dialectic which has frozen at one of its poles.

We will never more be able to return to normality as long as normality today is granted to us solely as pathology.

The answer of the question, which remains unanswered and is hidden in this vicious circle, is given into the devil dialectic of the mirror image of negation whereby not even a single thing exists within itself and as itself, but each thing exists only through its Otherness and its Reversibility as an opposition to its self-negation.

The soul today has frozen in the state its reversibility. This is why today the feeling of bliss can come over us only through suffering.

Why do we love what we kill and we kill what we love?

We have to kill ourselves in order to reach the Other. For today we are able to consider pleasant only that which we destroy. So to destroy that which we consider pleasant

How many centuries will this dialectic continue to exist – this reversed, frozen at one of its poles dialectic, to which pole the whole spirit has shifted – nobody knows – except the constantly self-negating and surprising itself non-self-identity of the Negativity.

I, therefore, have to come to hate myself in order to love the others. On that account I have to hate myself so that I can find their love in my self-hatred.

I have to blame myself – so that I can feel their innocence in their guilt. We have to assault ourselves in order to feel in our self-assault their mild nature; to be cruel to ourselves so that in our cruelty to ourselves we can feel the compassion of the others.

Considering the alternative whether we have to kill or let ourselves be killed – we have to let ourselves be killed, so that through our death the others can be revived and granted immortality.

Thus we have to let ourselves be tortured so that through the sweetness of the inflicted suffering on us, which inspires our torturer, we can rise to the weird joys of our torturer and to that strange Mysterious Knowledge which we are denied because of the triviality of our soul.

The executioner and the torturer are aware of this Mysterious Knowledge of the Soul of the Other when they hear the groaning and crying and witness the unbearable pain of the soul, the crying and pain which we – seeking only pleasure – are not usually aware of.

Today we can be no others but either executioners or victims and yet, becoming victims through the joy of the executioner, we can give birth of the joy that the victim finds in self-torturing, by stealing the rapturous guilt of the executor- the guilt in which he knows only the feeling of remorse!

Through the joy of the victim we can give birth to the guilt of the executioner and turn this guilt into our own innocence.

We have to torture those who we love if we want them to be touched by our individuality. This is so because the trivial pleasures we give them usually make them dying of boredom, standing against and alone with their unbearable image – the point where they were led to by their boredom of themselves – and seeking unfaithfulness as an escape from the boredom.

Unfaithfulness is the Fantasy that seeks to find fascination in disappointment.

We have to torment those who we adore in order to make them look in at their own souls.

Because while the great relish lets us live on the surface of our own souls, only the torment compels us to gain the depth of Self-Knowledge, which we are denied by the joys. Therefore, those who love us only through pleasures - confine us alone with the ugly image of our triviality; and those who love us through torturing us – help us look in at our own abysses and reach Self-Knowledge.

We have to be cruel to ourselves in order to feel the mercy in the others; to be auto-aggressive – to make others feel free.

Today we have to run away from our loved ones to make them feel our love.

Today we have to run away from everything we like in order to free the world and our loved ones, held into captivity, from our Merciless Destruction and our destructive love.

Because the subjective love today destroys that which took the objective love of music and poetry thousands of years to build.

Only if we become to love the suffering – through our love for the suffering our loved ones will learn to detest the pleasure that makes them evil minded and selfish.

We must fall in love with Unhappiness in order to free the happiness of the world from the selfish souls, who have kept the happiness for themselves. Today we have to be perverted in order our beloved to feel our normal love. Today we have to be uncontrolled and unreasonable and behave in a pathological manner in order through our pathology our loved ones to become aware of our normality.

Because in the perverted dialectic, frozen at the point of its reversibility, mankind today having shifted to the ecliptic of its self-negativity can feel our love only through our inquisition.

Because today the bodies have moved close to each other in order the souls to stay away from each other, and because through the mutual consumption of the bodies the souls can survive only as being souls from the world above – the spirit world.

Today we have to torture each other in order to love each other, and we have to love each other in order to torture each other. Namely, this incomprehensible alternation – the transformation of hatred into pleasure and the transformation of love into suffering – is called the Music of the soul.

Not a single thing has been given to us through its normality – and everything has been given to us only through its perversion. We have our normality today in pathology.

Mankind today has reached the Climax of its psychic health solely through the rise of Disease. From the darkness of disease today the angels of virtues are coming down to the low lands.

Being slaves to a dialectic that we do not know and servants of a dialectical movement

to which we are unable to show resistance, today We know God only through demonic passions, and today we can get to the highest through the lowest.

How long the soul will stay frozen today, after having shifted to the ecliptic of its dialectical reversibility – nobody can say – As far as the Uncertainty, the self-surprise of the non-self-identical is unpredictable by definition.

“Individuality is hatred. Only the General is love” – this was what was held in Formal Logic and Mono-semantics over the centuries of delusion. However, if Individuality is non-self-Identical – then Individuality is Love, because if Hatred is non-self-identical then Hatred turns into Affection.

If Individuality is non-self-identical – then Individuality finds within its nature of hatred yet another nature, as the nature of its Otherness, which is a nature of Love.

On the other hand, if the General is self-identical, then the General is only Love and the self-identity of the General prohibits its turning into Hatred. Because the Self-Identity of the General does not allow the General to find in its nature of Love another nature, which to manifest itself as the nature of Detestation.

Since Hatred itself is capable of turning into Love, therefore, Individuality is capable of accepting into its own nature of Individuality the nature of the General.

Furthermore, since Love itself is not capable of turning into Hatred – therefore, the General is incapable of accepting into its own nature the nature of the Individual.

All of the above means that as long as hatred is capable of feeling love, Love is incapable of feeling hatred.

Even so, precisely this incapability of Love of feeling hatred makes Love inept to accept into its own nature other natures, and thus dooms and condemns it to Poverty – a poverty of logic, for which one mankind is paying a high price, a mankind enslaved by the Semantic bondage of the Mono-semantics.

Unlike Love (and the General), whose ineptitude to hate dooms it to poverty of logic, Hatred – talented enough to accept into its substance other substance, thanks to its self-non-identity, which is just another form of its multi-semantics – crosses the narrow bounds of the mono-semantic one-sidedness and enjoys its Wealth of logic which allows Hatred, by accepting into the meaning of Detestation the meaning of Love, to love what it hates and to hate what it loves.

Evidently Love, devoid of the talent for feeling hatred, remains solely Love which manifests itself as a monotonous routine and becomes tired and exhausted, and thus uses up its semantics and turns the soul into a tired soul – this linguistic shadow, doomed to live on the reflection of its movements.

Doubt and hatred are as close to one another as are hatred and Analysis, so close to one another are faith and love, love and Synthesis... Doubt hates and hatred doubts; hatred analyzes and Analysis hates; as well as, faith loves and affection believes; and love synthesizes and synthesis loves.

However, while the General only believes, loves and unites, incapable of feeling hatred and doubt, and incapable of analyzing, the Individuality – capable of feeling doubt and trust, and capable of feeling hatred and love at the same time – is talented enough to feel hatred while synthesizing, and to love while analyzing and thus is capable of analyzing

through love and synthesizing through hatred.

The wealth of logic that Analysis possesses reveals itself through the non-self-identity of the Analysis which makes the Analysis infinite. And, the poverty of logic of Synthesis reveals itself through the self-identity of the Synthesis which makes it finite.

Hence, if the Analysis is infinite – will it be possible to go through the whole Analysis?

Is it possible to reach the end of Analysis - Analysis which is endless? Is it possible to go through all the Hatred – the Hatred that can analyze? Is it possible to go through all the Individuality – Individuality, born from the analysis?

It is possible to go through Individuality and reach its end as long as Individuality spontaneously turns into the General.

If Individuality is non-self-identical – it is infinite.

If Individuality is infinite – it is non-self- reversible. Hence, if it is non-self- reversibility– it will never return back into itself. Thus if Individuality never returns back into itself, it will never be able, along with its otherness – Love, to return back in itself and at the same time to be love that can feel hatred and hatred that can feel love.

If Individuality is non-self-identical – ever self-other, always differing from itself- it will remain forever alienated and strange to its own self, and then forever and ever it will meet only with its self-unawareness. It will remain into its ignorance of itself and there in the ranks of its infinite self-otherness and self-negativity Individuality, unaware of her acting as opposition to its self-negation, will wander in vain as positivity - from one state of opposition to another state of opposition to its self-negation. If Individuality was solely non-self-identical – it would always remain unknown to itself.

If Individuality is self-identical it is only Hatred, and being only Hatred – infinite in its self-identity, will never be able to transform itself into its Otherness, and thus it will never be able to become Love.

Consequently, being only self-identical as well as only non-self-identical, Individuality will either remain only Hatred, or will remain unaware of its own ability to love.

However, only when Individuality is both non-self-Identical and self-identical at the same time - it will be able to hate and love at the same time, and only then it will be able to fulfill the true calling of its wealth of logic – to hate, filled with love and to love, filled with detest; to be hatred that feels nothing but love and to be love that feels nothing but hatred.

Obviously, only defined as a Contradiction or in other words – as we say: as a “Logical Counterpoint” – the Individuality can combine within itself, in a similar manner to that of the Absolute, the two mutually exclusive natures.

What seems scary in the Formal logic - manifests itself as Ambivalence and Antinomy, which in the Omnilectics and Multi-semantics is heard and apprehended as Music. Musicality is the movement of the Soul and this movement requires obligatory contrapuntal texture of blending two voices as well as polyphony in which two voices are combined at once.

Therefore, only there – at the end of the guilt – is innocence awaiting us. Only there – at the end of the crime – is sacredness awaiting us. Only there – at the end of the painful – is joy awaiting us.

Noo-taxis condition of the spirit today is implying that: we have to go today through all the guilt and reach its end in order to feel that we are innocent.

We have to go through all the viciousness and reach its end in order to feel that we

are virtuous.

We have to go through all the Doubt and reach its end in order to become those who believe. And, we have to go through all the unhappiness in order to feel joy; to go through all the Despair in order to bring our Hope back.

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Therefore, it means that we have to believe without having hope, to love without expecting anything in return, to strive without thinking of a response,

to be in love without expecting unconditional love and reciprocity, to be Gentle to Cruelty, to love Suffering – to keep our thoughts away from the Purpose and our reasoning away from the comprehension – because hope might prove poorer than Despair;

Reciprocal feelings might prove more blundering than Feelings that never provoke reciprocal response;

and Affection might prove more treacherous than Hatred;

and Tenderness can betray us when Cruelty will protect and guard us; Because Hope and Reciprocity and Purpose – can turn to be only Blind Shadows of the narcissistic self-love of the Pleasure that does not know anything else but its own self and is blind to suffering and therefore is blind to Compassion.

And because Despair and Unreciprocity and Unshareness and Self-Cruelty and Auto-Aggression and Futility can recognize each other as cousins of the Suffering – the Suffering which only when feeling that is being loved can respond in return, showing its generosity of Compassion and its maniacal Sympathy, as a result of which Pleasure, focused on its self-repetition, exhausts itself and becomes so weary that it reaches the point of Melancholy!

Therefore we should love the Mania of the Suffering and the pseudo-Suffering of the Mania- because the Mania is incapable of sincerity when manifesting itself through Suffering! Mania is hypocritical within Suffering! Let us run away from the Depression of Pleasure and from the pleasure of depression!

We should love the suffering of Mania because within its own suffering Mania is happy, and within its own pleasure – Depression is unhappy!

To strive for Mania which- incapable of suffering and happy with the unhappiness, teaches us of Love for Suffering!

To escape from melancholy which- miserable with the unhappiness and morbid in the painful, incapable of transforming the pains into joy – teaches us of Hatred for Suffering and of love for Pleasure!

The unhappiness of Depression is founded on the fact that Depression is not dialectical and that Depression cannot elicit hope from despair and joy from suffering, and not being aesthetic it does not know the amazing ability of the Poetry and Music to transform wounds into a source of Joy!

Because, this was not melancholy – infertile, but Mania – fertile, from what God created the world!

And only if God was able to feel joy in the pleasure – he would burst with

melancholy!

Even so, clever and well aware of the study of the reciprocal transformation, the Creator in order to keep his sensitivity, did not let Suffering leave him when Pleasure – self-conceited and besotted ran away from the Creator, overflowing and beyond the bounds of god, and then created this world – a sign and proof of the Inability of god to retain the Chaotic Uncontrolled Pleasure within himself!

Pleasure, overflowing the bounds of God and running away from God, created the world as a Known Image - an image, being always the same image that hates its sameness and that is dying in its monotony.

Miserable is the world that knows its Image,

Yet most unhappy is the world that cannot run away from its Self-knowledge!

Because its self-knowledge keeps it within the pleasure, and the pleasure retains it within its self-knowledge!

An Image – a Known Image – dying in its self-inflicted pleasure;

And the Suffering – strict in its proportionality and ruthless in its hideousness – did not run away and stayed in order to build its Incomprehensible Essence- kindred to the self-forgetting Fantasy, far from the Conceited Harmony and Vain Symmetry that are doomed to repeating themselves and bear the black melancholy of the Memory, which was born from the self-hatred of the self-repetition!

Because apparently:

Suffering had not been enough; Anguish had not been enough;

The blood shed had still not been enough;

Those millions of shed tears had been seemingly aesthetically vivid!

Crying, obviously, had still been a beautiful crying at the times,

And all our Moaning had sounded as a beautiful music addressed to heaven!

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