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Paintings have the mission to hide through their figures nature from human eyes. Artists paint in order to wipe from the face of the world its name and write the name of man instead. Poets write in order to drown the rhythm of outer space in the rhythm of the interhuman base desire for possession. Their verses distort the melody of Language with the false accent of the pitiful human call for happiness. One must have a crippled perception in order to see suffering amidst a universe jubilating in perfection. One should be spiritually blind by birth in order to feel unhappy amidst so much blessing. A fictitious tragedy of human heart throws a veil on the singing body. An artificially nourished inferiority of human mind throws mud on the world's reasonableness. A systematically suggested unreciprocity of human thought tricked reason into isolating itself in an unworthy sorrow and give itself the disgraceful definition of an "urge". Mediaeval universities zealously taught the lie about the humiliation of the thinking brain, and the chairs of humanism promoted the lie about human narrow-mindedness into a Law. Perfection became problematic. The unattainable was tuned into inauthentic. The incomprehensible became false. In the useless they say the unreal. In the inexplicable they hid the fear and bore courage out of the understandable. They took suspicion out of the infallible. Perfection became the source of skepticism. The amazing made them reserved. The beautiful sobered them. The superb brought into being its critics. The sublime saddened them. The superharmony made them pessimistic. The superreason made them agnostics. They drew their despair out of the fearful joy of the world. They forged their senselessness out of the giant sense of the world. Depressed by the unique they responded by doubting its existence. Crushed by the beauty of the world, they fabricated the unattractiveness of their own soul. What outraged the mind was sanctioned. The useless was driven away to the incorrect. Wherever they could not pursue their own goals they denied the purposefulness of nature. They declared irrational everything in which they could not find their aspirations. The inimitable in the matter became a shortcoming of the brain. The originality of life – a defect of the mind. The exclusiveness of the flesh generated the concept about the imperfect reason. The transparency of the matter for sciences

brought them to the conclusion about the paradoxical nature of cognition. They deduced the absurdity of reasoning from the world's accessibility to cognition. And vice versa, the obscurities of mind were declared imperfection of existence. The vagueness of subjectiveness were transferred onto objects. Objects themselves grew ugly from the nightmares of the mind. Wherever scientists failed to find errors, they saw illogicality. A fear of the illogical lit the mind and threw the remaining darkness on the madness. The mind is incapable of seeing madness because it is the life of its ignoring. When arranging their hatred for the insane they built the hierarchy of reason. Being incapable of harmony they saw detriment in it. Unable to become on a par with world realities they concluded that the world is false. The outer space had to be dethroned so that man be elevated. The matter should be degraded down to a giant doll so that his heart be animated. It had to be belittled to an unfeeling giant corpse so that human passion can gain self-confidence. Life had to be underrated so that the spirit can rejoice at its self-assurance. The comic side of this ontological blindness is the sad evolution of human thought.

Philosophers invented the weakness of human thought. Poets invented perverted human passions. Psychologists synthesised in their laboratories the slyness of his heart. Historians popularised them and scientists verified them. An all of them swore to make insight impossible by blinding the soul by the Ideal of its ignorant.

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