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The world is not beautiful. This is a label given to it by the artists. Neither the heavenly realms play any music: that famous music of theirs has been invented by mathematicians in order to hypnotise non-mathematicians through it, thus ensuring their obedience.

The stars need no passions. The storm never ordered a symphony for its ball, the tulips would most probably reject sonnets as useless incrustations, and the sea waves would gladly drown all the triplets of Vivaldi as insufficiently clean chords.

This world needs neither Beauty to conceal it, nor Truth to justify it. And if there exists world reason, the idea of the “Good” would be quite a useless luxury for it, and in all probability it would give up Symmetry, considering it an entirely unjustified duplication of the necessary essence.

Artists need beauty in order to maintain their ideological status quo and ontological advantage over the remaining harmed. But in the first place these enemies of reality strive to keep their dominating positions in fantasy, in order to conceal their grave and incurable disease the salience of which would immediately reveal to everyone their inborn infirmity: the hypertrophy in the artists’ eye only masks their inability to enjoy the world; they shrink from its unredeemable ecstasy and are startled by its opaque shine, and they hurry to paste their paints on Light, so that they can tolerate it. Artistic beauty has been invented by landscapist in order to obstruct the outrageous indifference of nature.

The attractiveness of the human face is a myth created by portraitists. It is their shield against the expressionless eyes. Life has never uttered a single line to praise or blame the beauty of the human body, while portraitists try to outdo each other in lauding its proportionality. The truth is that kindling the faith in its proportion rewards them with the good graces of the beauties and the compliments of the statesmen.

I the mystery of the world turned too transparent and its indifference too overt, no one would accept the models of the geometries in good faith and religions would be nipped in the bud. This is the reason why in every age there are always people unfair enough to go on carrying the torch of the succession to the optimism of the fathom of the universe and to continue weaving up the veil of Maya into it with figures and signs.

When this mystery becomes too intolerable, then the cloak of truth is thrown on it, and whenever the indifference of the world becomes too sheer, there appear people born to write “Good” or “Duty” on its expressionless face.

When the millions go deaf with the playing of the stars, then in this deafness the human voice begins to sing the Hymn to Reciprocity. And when death comes to gather in its peoples all in one – then prophets start teaching harmony.

Impassiveness, lack of expression, obscurity, Mute immovability, deaf translucency and cruel infinity, a Flame without light and dash, a Water Drop personifying imperturbability, a Rose Petal arousing fear with its grateful lack of flicker, and a crystal molecule radiating scorn – Nature loves the lovers of Unsharedness and is weary of anyone verbalising about intimacy. To defy this, the spirit is born out of fear and malice versus its equanimity. Therefore everyone called upon by spirit comes to take avenger for something or to forget an insult: The insult of being born without wanting it, the Sacrilege to pull the knowledge of your end in the chariot, the Injury to die perfect, and the Shame of not knowing your enemy and usurper. Human life is the reflection of a flame into a mirror, blown by a child. Better have a monkey eating that candle there than an infant admiring the non-existent falling drops of tallow.

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