

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.

. . .

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.

If 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 revenge 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.

. . .

Everybody who strives for knowledge is after narcissism. He who keeps improving invents technologies for political hegemony. He who cultivates abilities designs satanic plans of revenge. He who fosters musical endowments is climbing towards the throne of sensory tyranny. And the mathematician knows but one passion – the absolute devastation of the material space. For as long, as the man sees the magnificence of the world, his knowledge will be serving and the Demon master of his mind, and he will be yielding to hid inspirations most easily and his splendid revolutions will inevitably turn into a repulsive cult to destruction and desolation in which alone he can look at himself like in a global mirror designed all but for him. For as long as the world has not become a desert, man will be seeing his superior in the tiniest solid piece left instead of himself. As long as he stretches for the ocean, he will be humiliated by its amplitude. The sunsets will remind him that he fell from their reality into the dream. The peacocks will stride stolid and tranquil, carrying away the being, the Stars will collect his delights in their orbs, the Earth will sweep his flesh, until the entire nature allied to the intellect deprives him of his creations in order to leave him with the jeering kingdom of consciousness where, totally derealised, he will ultimately find his own self in Nothingness beyond which even the smallest atom distorted and alienated him into another self – not his own. And only there he can find rest, can look around and remember himself. Without any bother that his look, drained by the existence of another life, depresses him with the haughtiness of the divine. In order to be born as freedom – he must annihilate the being. In order to believe in his own existence, to

make sure that it's him and not the god in him – he must be watching the fall of the world without end, because the tiniest drop of dew reminds him of his bondage with its austere grace. Its super sensibility deprives him of his meaning. God is looking at him from it, and the deplorable fit of ecstasy he gets ultimately seals his non-freedom. So he is looking for the cataclysms. When galaxies fall out and crumble, he hears his name. The broken skyline shows his face. Destruction opens the way to revolt for him, otherwise impossible in his heart where the monster of all virtues lies. For everyone is robbed, authorship is born in the wounded heart, and the stroke of a genius makes up for the deficit of the instincts. They all serve their tyrannical ideals and it would be naïve to hope that they will ever give up these ideals and their protection.

The poet will never give up writing his verse, for thus he would lose the excuses of the words, and if his words refuse him their alibi, how could he be released from the impeachment for his illegal life? Without them he would not simply prove his own reality that only they can give him. He would have been exposed in committing the gravest crime of creativity: the borrowing of life. His only chance to survive would be if he renounce writing. But this is what he never wants – his rescue is to accept reality at the price of dethroning poetry. This is the price he's never pay, for in reality he will be forced to lose the only thing nourishing his narcissism – frivolity. Since all earnestness is god's and reality his mortal enemy, the only revolt he is capable of is flippancy with narcissism as the only stronghold he must not yield at any cost.

When a poet of no consequence ceases from writing, then people heave a sign of relief. But when it is a great poet – then words rejoice. And the big lies are low-spirited.

But the poet, big or small, is an enemy of revolution. Urging him to give up his verse means making him a revolutionary.

The artist will never ridicule his pictures.

All they fiercely maintain the magic of the Tamer Beauty, before which both Logic and Reality suddenly turn meek and, kindling the myth of their own importance, dazzle the world by the artificial light of the ego.

In this way the talented maintain non-freedom, the capable have invented the convenient concept “Truth”, the clever have launched the handy hypothesis of “Symmetry”, schemers hide behind the shield called “Harmony”, and all have agreed not to allow any person to be left without ideal to bow down before life, without which it would immediately despise him and overthrow the tyranny of harmony. He would be relieved of the idea of the deity, and this is what geniuses fear most - killing god as a creature, they revived him in Symmetry, to be able to mastermind and keep him in subservience. The truncheons of terror are helped by holly gloves, and in order to manipulate a brain, suffice it to train this brain in logic. Conclusions derialized compulsion, formal implication depersonalise the imperative of the genius, the image of the specific employer is melting into the endless chain of proofs, and those venturing to shackle themselves in the manacles of deduction, oust exploitation from their minds for good. To become aware of it again, they need the catharsis of the alogical. But the one who is to help them throw off the strait jackets of the rational, must not be a human being; for otherwise he will also be a genius and this whole shameful procession of returning to logical order this time will be repeated forever. But such a creature cannot be god either, because it was exactly in logical order that he has risen after that great murder,

so dissimulative that has become a model of historical camouflage. /The trick was to make him disappear from the hearts to be able to disguise himself in the mind. Which demanded from believers to start crying, enabling non-believers to rub their hands in contentment: no one was already there to charge their victory over a god that they killed for the stupid as passion, in order to keep him for the clever as power./ But if neither the maniacal features of the genius nor the hysterical showiness of the god suit the face of this liberator, then what existence would lend him its physiognomy? It is neither ability nor cleverness, but the sheer will for unreasoning, that is to say a will for sobriety.

Civilization fears Dissatisfaction since through its revolutionary nature it threatens its very foundations built on Pleasure. The ill-fated cherishes the devaluated treasure of revolutionariness, so in order to attain its goals, the New is looking for the ill-starred among all the living. But only mediocrities are capable of feeling downcast today, since knowledge and logic have spun their poisonous yarn of self-assurance in every intellectual. Since every bosom has burdened knowledge with happiness, the heart can only beat lightly today if it can regain the light-winged hatred of the suffering. But the geniuses and their disciples have locked suffering in the inferno of folly, lack of talent and frenzy. It is clear then that before you revolt, you should learn to hate first but hatred is lost somewhere in the depths of the expelled suffering and therefore the only way to reach hatred and freedom with it is restoring the morbid and vesting Suffering in its former power that Moral and Logic took away from it. Dissatisfaction has always been the nightmare of Culture, but its horror today is the horror of *folly* because, expelled from knowledge and replaced by pleasure, dissatisfaction found its last refuge in ignorance and imbecility. When the hypnosis of happiness has conserved all brains, a brainwave can only be expected from the mind that embraces idiocy voluntarily. When geniuses degrade to a convention, then the vanguard of scholarship passes over to the mediocrities. Because Sobriety is recognition of knowledge, and the mediocre is the only one evading the drowsiness of the Ideals. He is the one who managed to resist the caresses of delight and did not hide under the shelter of values when he was called on by the storm of angry being but, mustering courage to face nature proposal for intimacy, he discerned the name of the long-awaited partner in a global dialogue in the letters of Suffering, clearly cut on the face of flesh.

This repulsion has always served as the tank of revolution, generating in itself all trampled hopes, thus becoming an eternal spring of change. In this way repulsion, transmitting its activity to suffering, alleviates its passiveness in order to transform it from an enduror of protest into the Subject of revolution. But the suffering turned repulsion preserves its essence from hysterical anarchism only when it refines the chaos of the carnal protest to the exacting crystal of logical revolution. Then the individual who wants to reach the conscious protest of the mind, starting from the accidental riot of emotions, has to learn to walk the road from the narcissistic indignation of suffering to the consolidating total rebellion of despair which identifies itself with every single authentic denial of order. Repulsion outrivals suffering in the same way as the despair outrivals repulsion. And just like the narcissism of suffering directly pouring into the solidarity of repulsion, similarly, for ensuring the advance of the rebellion of repulsion, confined into the carnal sphere, towards a riot against the established intellectualism, repulsion needs to grow into despair. Without