

INTRODUCTION

This book is a Music of Conceptual Chords and Conceptual Metaphors, in which the note symbols have been intentionally replaced by Letters and Words.

Another way to understand it is to regard it as Quantum-Energetic Semiotic-Counterpoint Texts in Entanglement, pieced together into a Verbal Polyphony.

A third way leading to the same suggestion is to imagine it as Liber in Versio, an Inversed Book, designed as music, but at the last moment rendered verbally, where the Notes were replaced with Words, or Letters/Symbols.

Such substitution of the notes with words and letters/symbols is not accidental, nor is it an expression of some semiotic game. It has a strict ontological mission: to demonstrate one of the Cardinal Ideas of modern knowledge – Inter-Convertibility and Inter-Deduction of all abstract and formal sciences and arts teaching that all types of symbols in the different sciences and arts are mutually replaceable, or Inter-Convertible.

For music, in particular, this idea means that any “Pure Structure”, i.e. mathematical, biochemical, genetic, classical poetry, or conceptual scheme, code or algorithm, rule or equation, or formula, could be literally written down in notes by “mutually synonymous correspondence” called “Biection”, where every note corresponds respectively to a Word or a Letter. The idea is to demonstrate that each Pure Structure sounds like music provided it is written in notes and played out. And conversely, musicalization of a specified structure and its harmony could serve as a feedback to us that the Structure is Pure, because if the structure is not pure, then it would not sound like music

And here we come to the criterion: What Structure is Pure?

Musical demonstration gives the Universal Answer: Pure is the structure that can sound like music, i.e. the one built of Proportions, whose correlation has a Musical Equivalent.

From here it follows that the mathematics, geometry, biochemistry, genetics, mathematical physics, abstract philosophical systems, etc. could be all written down in notes and are bound to sound like Music, if they wish to defend their contention of being universal Pure Structures.

Thus, Music is a universal equivalent of any Purist Knowledge in the sense of Logica Pura and Semantica Pura.

This Music of Conceptual Chords is only a pale description of a call on the epochs of the Declining Humanity of Geocentrism and the Rising Epi-humanity of Astrocentrism.

That is why these texts should be read aloud rhetorically, especially against the background of Pre-Classicism, Italian Baroque, German Gothics, Cantatas and Passions of Bach, Vivaldi, Hendel, Bach's Sons, Mozart's operas, some of the Romantics but not all, such as Mendelssohn, Schubert, some Wagner, more Mahler and the New Vienna School of Schoenberg, Alban Berg, Webern, Bartok, Ligetti, Xenakis.

They will be understood only if listened to as another Polyphonic Voice joining into the Eternal Cantus Firmus of Bach and his above-mentioned pupils.

The general idea, as the reader may have already guessed, is that the thing we are calling by force of habit “Meaning” is but an equivalent of the Lost Melody of the Logos.

Whatever we used to have as Music and lost as Intonation (after the Oral Epoch) has come back to us as Thought and Meaning.

Any other Semantic Quest backed by a thought stands as delusion or absurdity.

If we insist that this is a Book of Thanks, where Subjective Meaninglessness happily describes Objective Meaning and extends thanks for its own lack of meaning, a book demonstrating the Impossibility to discover Meaninglessness in the total and general Meaning of the Cosmos built of Proportions, Harmonies, Symmetries, and Information, nowhere but in Subjectivity would we be understood. That is why we have chosen a more convenient and easier way of perception.

As the entire Music and the entire Cosmos ring of Harmony, Solemnity, Meaning, and Information and in the entire universe, with its unimaginable diversity of structure, billions of individuals inside sing

the physical Bliss,
the chemical Hosanna,
the biological Gloria,
and the psychical Grace,

in all this Apotheosis of Unthinkable Sadness and Galactic Solemnity, only the Prosaic Human Soul has managed to perceive the Meaninglessness of Life, Injustice pursuing the individual since birth, and Disappointment with the Indifference of an Aesthetic God concentrated on his own perfection, fearing an open fight with the Ugly and Fearsome Enemy of the Individualizing Demon, whose Hideous and Predatory Shadow flings Time at the foolishly beaming countenance of the Contented and Agony-Unknowning Eternity, while, on the contrary, the Hideous and Monstrous Shadow of the Perception of Meaninglessness, Uncertainty and Disharmony in the Divine Order fails to penetrate the Poetic Logos.

That is why we decided to leave the Prosaic Perception of Meaninglessness to the Prosaic Speech that has attacked all Fruitlessly Awake and Ever Sleepless Minds, to leave this Meaninglessness to the Prosaic Speech that has begot it and to the mordant humans insulted by their own mediocrity,

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And along with music, mathematics and poetry, and with all gifted cowards, to turn, rather shamefully, to the talented, hoping ever stronger with each fleeting moment that, although drunk intellectually and semantically drugged, we would forget our shame and learn Futile Pride, but full of the magic of Vain Symmetry, Ambitious Proportion and Conceited Harmony, and would turn with a beating heart, once and for all set on signing the Faustian Contract with the Devil, who sells Knowledge against one's Soul,

who gives out Creativity only in exchange for Perversity,
who makes Knowledge possible only through Crime,
and who beautifies the uncomely flesh only with the Splendor of Vice.
Where the Glory of the Intellect is bought only with Crimes against the Heart,
thus, we decided to abandon all Awakened by their Misfortune,
all Aware of their Mediocrity, all Shaken by the Cruelty of Harmony,
all unhappy, ugly, ordinary and rejected by Symmetry and Harmony Hearts,
Hearts, for which in the past we were prepared to give the Ridiculous and Meaningless

Harmony of the Cosmos in exchange of a single more sensible Cry of Pain of the Stripling, who has discovered his uselessness in an indifferent universe, not now, running shamefully after the talented in hope to snatch some crumbs of giftedness thrown by the blind dancing Deity of Proportion, and in order to rest from that endless Torment of Consciousness, used earlier by us for thinking and discoveries, but now only to tease the men of Genius, who have decided all without exception to drink the Wine of Symmetry in the cup of Quantity and fall into the Millennium-Long Sleep of Harmony, demanding of them only a humble Hosanna to Proportion, and the unbreakable Triumvirate of reckless Quantity, dancing Proportion, flighty Symmetry, and frivolous Harmony, because of their only wish: Oblivion, Oblivion, Oblivion! And eternal Sleep in the embrace of intoxicating Pleasure, under the wing of the "Principle of the Game." Suffering – with all hideous Gods of Denial threatening the Aesthetic Cosmos – should be discarded once and for all. But as it cannot be either overcome or discarded, because it lives at the Bottom of the Soul – Blessed be those who find that Bottom as an "Asemantic Abyss"! – Suffering could be only Forgotten and Doomed to Amnesia! That is why we have turned to the millions of intoxicated and unable to shed off this intoxication Harmonious Minds and Poetic Intellectuals, who would never succeed in breaking through the Semantic Magic and reject the Conceptual Veil, "woven again and again on the Defenseless Brow of each generation by Harmony," in order to put to sleep and cradle the minds in a Pleasant Dream of the Proportional Magic, Symmetric Dreaminess and Dancing Quantity!

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