1. THE WORLD [ontology]

* The world is, de facto, the place of men [the polis].
* And, presumably, it’s the same than the place without men.
* By extension, the world of life is the same than the world without life.
* Life is a contingence of the world, and not the other way around [the world isn’t animistic].
* The world is, presumably, the physical world. But neither sciences in a row univocally represent the world.
* Men are, from two, up to everyone who ever was and ever will be.
* The other-one and/or the other-thing are a necessary condition for one(s-self), and not the other way around.
* But one and another, reach and configure each other within the world.
* The world is the necessary condition [of possibility] for the otherness.
* One is also another one, both for any-one else and for self-speculation.
* The world is everything else, in conjunction, with everything that conjunction implies.
* The trick of God to be a god, was to create his own world, customized at his will.
* God is the [character of a] Great-other, allied or enemy, referent or opposition.
* We are not gods: we are finite.
* I am myself, just as long as I am not you (resemblant or not).
* A world [foundationally] against the other, it’s a suicidal world.
* Ethical conclusion: for good AND bad, I need you [to even exist].
* [The minimally ethical existence, would be the granted possibility of heresy (airesis) for every-one.]
* [All existence came from imbalance: existence is heterogeneous.]
* [Entropy implies absolute balance (and thus the end of all existence).]
* Time destroys everything.
* To be is [inevitably] to be until one’s own end.

Corollary:

Becoming a god, would neither solve by itself anyone’s existential or existentiary problem.

If the wine is sour, throw it out.

*Winter - Blue Moon / o9*

ε. MIRRORS (OR ON THE SPECULATION OF ONES-SELF) [scolium 0]

Whatever one and only one might be able to do (if such a thing could even be stated) and which characterizes him, we can safely say there is at least one thing that no one can possibly ever do: to look into his eyes. And so: how can anyone say that he knows himself, if he had never even looked directly into his own eyes?

A mirror is a thing: something else one is looking at; and what we learn, quite early, is that mirrors lie. What is shown in there are not things in their own form; what we see there is, properly, speculations or mirages: reflected images, partial and deformed, of whatever might induce them along their ever-changing interaction, both with the medium and with each (different) mirror. That of the mirror is only the flat example, before any other media, of a virtual image: a thing that isn’t even saw(/perceived/acknowledged) directly, but inferred from its alleged incidence/impact over a third thing (an epistemic practice of ubiquitous usage within physics).

Nothing of what is shown in a mirror can be proven to be, univocally, what it really is. In particular: no one ever really sees himself, nor his own eyes, when standing in front of a mirror; the eyes are the part of one that will see everything else that may get to see, but the curse of having them is that they represent the very limit of what can be seen and not; namely: themselves and, with them, a part of (whatever might be) ones-self. It is because, indeed, "Eyes can’t roll inwards”, that is not just more difficult but actually impossible to know ones-self by the same route that we pretend to know everything else; therefore, even in utter solitude, one needs to become someone else to even start attempting to know himself, if knowledge requires contemplation; like in a personal Tzimtzum, one needs to contract, to retire into ones-self, to start even conceiving such separated unity; one has first to make-room for the existence of something else, to the exteriority, for even being able to start conforming the notion of the self: of one in viewing of the otherness.

So, indeed (at many levels), one can (functionally) possess a mirror; but that doesn’t seem to imply, in any way, that what is shown in there can be possessed as well.

I. ON RELATIONS WITH THE OTHER[NESS] AND LANGUAGE [epistemology]

Our relation with the world is fatally mediated.

If the world is the physical world, perception connects us biasedly with the world.

Different senses re-present the world differently; absent senses entail absent worlds.

Perception builds criteria, at the most, of consensus (ad populum).

Languages separate us irreparably from the world, if only to make it intelligible for us.

The essence of every authentic language seems to rely upon signification.

Sign is the substitution of a thing (signified) by another (significant) as its representative: a for b (a~b)

Mistaking significado for significante, would be equivalent to mix definiendum with definiens.

Nothing (in the world) can be signified, with sense, by-itself.

To signify something by-itself (a~a), would be just another form of the tautology a=a, which is useless.

Signs aren't created arbitrarily: they respond to concrete and noninterchangeable purposes.

Triadic signs emerge from stating explicitly the pragmatic dimension behind their creation: a for b under c (a~b/c).

To assimilate the notion of its correctness to that of its efficiency, constitutes the unavoidable kernel of faith found in every sign.

Signs, more than appropriations of sense, are [mere] bets for the possibility of (some) [new] sense.

Signs are like deforming mirrors (specula) put in front of things.

Signs with sense are, more than [univocal] labels, [mere] speculations about the world.

Signs with sense are virtual/intellectual entities, partial representatives of the world's contingencies.

Things only become intelligible and useful to us, under some given punctual sign.

We never operate directly with things, but by the means of contingent signs attached to them.

Signs enunciate, underline, omit and add qualities, aiming for a certain goal.

Signs are superficially pragmatic but, in the bottom, all of them poetical (they are [creation,] poiesis).

The enterprise of knowledge is, first of all, a linguistic exercise: proposal and usage of signs.

Language saves intellectually the gap between one and the world, but makes it evident physically.

Language is not a threshold but a (virtual and artificial) bridge with the otherness.

Language, more than unveiling[/discovering] the world, creates new [virtual] worlds.

The frontiers of a language are those of the of the virtual world that it constructs, but not of the world.

The world exceeds our perceptive and intellectual capabilities, spatially and temporarily

Mistake and failure, evident and repeated, are evidence of our inner wandering condition.

A sign’s explanatory or practical power, depends on our intellectual capabilities.

Signs never exhaust what a thing-in-itself might be, neither they stay bounded by it.

Signs are not, and cannot ever be, representatives of a thing-in-itself.

None postulated virtual world can be verified in 1-1 relation [injective function] with the world [Vs. logical realism].

So-called true is any proposition accepted under some associated (veritative) criteria.

The truthfulness of a discourse, must always reside outside that said discourse.

Consistency is also a metacriterion of truth, applicable to anything susceptible of being theorized.

Logic is not the exercise of reasoning, but its theorization.

Consistency is the greatest categorical truth, attainable inside logic.

The principle of identity says: a=a, for each and every a.

Consistency implies the principle of identity, i.e. the principle of identity is necessary for it.

The effective occurrence of the principle of identity requires of a statical state of things: identical to-itself.

The world appears to us as perpetual change: everything flows [panta rhei].

Each and every phenomena develops in time: nothing in the world remains identical to-itself.

Logic is not, and cannot ever be, the form of the world.

If poetry sprouts from putting form before matter, syntax before meaning, then it finds in logic its purest style.

If such a thing as objective knowledge could exist, neither logic is (nor can ever be) its method: it's the antithesis of it.

Truth is, in all cases, a metadiscoursive entity.

If true was what is real, or what is the case, the truth must reside in the actual world.

All propositions in all languages, speak only in -and about- signs.

There can’t possibly be any net true proposition that speak about the world.

Sciences are, first of all, explanatory discourses about the world's phenomena ([appearances,] phainomena).

Those of mathematics and logic are the ultimate (fundamental) signs of sciences.

Mathematics and logic are entirely metaphysical discourses: their entities and rules of work are such.

Mathematics are theories about pure metaphysical signs, set in structures of euclidean heritage.

Mathematics cannot be reduced to logic.

Mathematics are the world of (theorems’) demonstration. Logic is the world of (theories’) formalization.

Mathematics are not a science. Logic is not a science.

Mathematics and logic are the foundations (grund) of sciences.

Mathematics and logic are metaphysical worlds whose order type enables categorical truth.

Sciences emerge from the pretension of signifying the world as a logic-mathematical structure.

The imprint on science, more than truth, it's power: the establishment of such an order that allows the greatest crontol.

Sciences prey on the world: they model phenomena in order to put them at the service of men.

Sciences use efficient causal signs, to emulate phenomena and render accurate predictions.

Science's pragmatic success, comes from assimilating the notion of explanation to that of efficient cause.

The big fallacy behind scientific truth, consist of believing that dominating something implies understanding it (in-itself).

The notion of object culminates in the notion of thing-in-itself.

Things, since they became known entities (i.e. signifiers), are not objects.

By definition, signs are not (and cannot ever be) objective.

Scientific knowledge is not objective, either.

Objective knowledge is, by construction, unattainable.

We know nothing in-itself, but merely signs.

II. ON RELATIONS WITH OTHERS AND VIRTUALITY [epistemology/ethics]

We people are, for each other, something else as well: we are, initially, things.

For discoursive purposes, we people are, minimally, animated beings of word [zoon logon ekhon].

We know people even less than we know (say) aphasic entities.

We people get to know each other, more than through mere perception, throughout communication.

The very same language that separates us from the otherness in-itself, separates us even further from the others in-themselves.

No one is known in-itself; not even ones-self, cause I is also another (one) even for ones-self.

One is not, in-itself, that in the concept of anyone (not even one’s).

We people become all (biased) concepts of ourselves, while interacting with each other.

We people, among us, only get to project and grasp speculations of ourselves.

No interaction with anyone else ever takes place, if not virtually.

We do not relate with other than doppelgängers: ghosts, or virtual doubles (fake entities, in the end).

We do not relate with other than some sort of characters, close to those from art.

The world of people, where one is found within-the-others, it's not only artificial but fictional.

We know not even the appearance (phainomena) of others, but ghostly signs of it.

Each and every proper con-tact (with something else) occurs as a collision (collidere).

Touching something reinforces that it is something else: it makes evident the gap between one and (whatever might be) that other thing.

Touching, far from uniting people, separates them.

Physical relationships are also artificial: they happen between mere retro-doppelgängers (i.e. mere things).

There’s no such thing as natural (ways of) interpersonal relationships.

III. ON SENTIMENTAL RELATIONSHIPS AND ART [aesthetics]

Sensations do not deserve any more credit than the corresponding to the eventual signs attached to them.

If feelings belong to pure sensation, they’re unintelligible in-themselves.

If the feeling is an intellectual process, that said intellection could be back-traced.

Feelings do not predicate about the things that are sensed, neither about the marks that they leave over one.

Feelings predicate about the self's states-of-being: they predicate about one (as within the others).

Whatever a feeling is, apparently is grasped through illustration: it is shown.

The feelings are flaunted through representative cases.

To present punctual situations symbolizing universal phenomena, constitutes a metaphorical process.

Feelings are taught extolling punctual (contingent) reactions to the sensitive experience.

Feelings would be induced (signal) interpretations not of what is felt, but of the sensitive-self.

Feelings are illustrated with examples not among the other(ness), but among the others (i.e. among people).

Straw men, in mundane situations, are used like the transcendental-subject.

Individual reactions are told to be representative of the entire genre, and a guide for ours.

Like in early paideia, it’s through stories and/or characters that we’re told how to feel.

From narrativizations of experience, apparently, come the signs of the feelings.

The original tongue of feelings is the poetica.

The original house of feelings is art.

The world of art is not the world.

Everything that is part of a (good) work of art is necessary on it: makes the entire thing happen.

The (good) work of art is the construction of a (virtual) world: it’s an ontic (whereas not an ontology).

The (good) work of art is teleological: everything on it has a purpose, given by the author.

The (good) work of art is innerly teleological, but nothing on it is necessary for art as a whole.

In art, everything imaginable is possible.

In art, nothing is absolutely necessary.

In art, everything that can be said is possible and everything could be different.

Art is the (virtual) topos of signs, if not pure, at least autonomous.

The worlds of art are little (virtual) enrichments of the world.

Art departs from the world to be something new.

Art is not tied to the world, but to the will and poietic means of the author/demiurge.

The world, the actual one, is not under our will: it outstrips us.

The complexity and contingencies of the world, shatter every narrator’s predictions.

Evolutive (qualitative) discourses, if not teleological, are narrative and predictive alright.

The Principle of Mathematical Induction (PMI) is a legitimate method of proof, exclusive to arithmetic.

Good definitions by Recursion (not exhaustively but) legitimately cover their entities.

The signs of things from the world do not cover them.

The predication of universal propositions over unfathomable sets it's logically untenable.

Scientific experiments are legitimate drama[/fiction]: they're [nothing but mere] models of the world's events.

The scientific practice is, after all, [just] an[other] art.

Sciences, for the predication of universal propositions, serve as well from metaphorical licenses.

Metaphors, as double(/iterated) evident signs, fail as guides: they’re denied in the world.

Narrative is only appropriate within art.

None teleology is demonstrable in the world.

We are not demanded in the world: we're born and thrown within mere contingencies [we exist by accident].

We do not function as characters: we serve to no story or final purpose.

Our experiences, interactions and encounters with each other, are all contingent.

Feelings, as metaphors, become blurred throughout the effective experience of the world.

Upright feelings do not happen in the world: they belong exclusively to [narrative and] art.

Sentimental relationships, between entities of the world, are inauthentic.

IV. ON LOVE RELATIONSHIPS AND CHARACTERS [aesthetics/ethics]

If love is or not a feeling, is unimportant (the label is unimportant).

Love, whatever it might be, will have an intellectual part and a pathetic part (pathos).

The most pathetic love is recognized as a (meta)sign within interpersonal relationships.

Love, first of all, is not a commutative/symmetrical interchange, but an exercise of complementary roles.

The beloved is triple doppelgänger: of that other-one, of love and of the beloved [dummy].

Love (eros), beloved (eromenos) and lover (erastes), they’re all aesthetic products.

Beloved ones and lovers are conceptual and metaphysical entities, always.

One is not, either, one-the-lover because the concepts of ones-self aren’t the actual one in-itself.

If a beloved loves its lover back, that requited-other isn’t he-himself either but another ghost (of himself).

The projection of a given love can reach someone else in the world, but that doesn’t make that one the beloved entity.

No one it’s loved in-itself: nobody loves no one in the world.

The proposition “I love X”, with X in the world, is false by construction.

We love nothing but ghosts.

We love nothing but concepts.

Inhabitants of the world are mere pretexts for love, which is always aesthetical.

Whatever the source it is, art or the actual world, beloved ones are always reinterpretations of apparitions.

It’s not just possible to love fictional characters (or concepts), but we actually love nothing but personas.

Love towards characters is known to be, all the time, an intellectual process anchored to art.

Love towards characters is known to be, all the time, emerged from biased interpretations.

Love towards characters is not denied by the world, since it’s known to be itself out of it.

Love towards characters starts and ends in ones-self: it’s not imposed on anyone in the world.

Love towards characters does not hurt (threaten or betray) its source, since it doesn’t exist.

Love towards characters is indeed given selflessly, for all external reward is known to be impossible.

Love towards characters fits as an action satisfied in-itself.

Love towards characters is manifested but not projected/casted: it’s closer to the ethical act.

Love towards characters is more of a free, honest and safe sort of one, than love towards people.

Love towards characters is more authentic than love towards people.

To feel love for any person in the world it's the authentic illusion.

The perennial faith on the existence of love, or finding the beloved entity in the actual world, it's simply a mistake.

ADENDUM:

Homosexual couples only repeat these erotic/gender roles (someone functioning as surrogate of the opposite sex)

The homosexual lover isn't any less inauthentic (retro-doppelgänger) than the heterosexual.

Copulative love in the world, be it heterosexual or homosexual, it's equally fallacious.

V. ON RELATIONSHIPS WITH WOMEN AND THE FEMININE [ethic/pathetic I]

Woman, insofar as a woman (among men), is not a person.

Woman, insofar as a woman (among men), it's at the most a robot: a slave (robota).

Among men, nothing is loved but ghosts of women [like the nth-Hari or nth-Rei].

No real woman is ever loved, but merely demons (daimon/qliphoth): supra/extra-entities, remainders of the world.

No real woman is ever loved, other than as [poor] pretexts of (ideal) femininity.

Femininity exists, majorly, only in 2D: it's only word and image, characterization of a metaphor.

Loving femininity is just an idea, invention of men for self[and others’]-satisfaction.

Real women, when becoming ours, get deceived, submitted and punished.

Femininity demanded from the beloved woman is like that of Eve: the robot.

Femininity demanded from woman the lover is like that of the Shekhinah: the (ideal) complement (for the Great-other)

Femininity demanded from the beloved woman is that of Lilith.

Lilith would be the real woman, the one [person] in the world, but women do not live as such.

Lilith is not the simple human figure (retro-doppelgänger) of the Shekhinah.

Lilith is the woman who is also a person: equivalent of man without being one [or as one].

Lilith is the femininity that is imago (matura [full image]) without stopping being a nymph (puella).

Lilith is the femininity that becomes adult without being a bride or a mother.

Lilith is the femininity that completes herself without the need of a man.

Lilith is the femininity at its full, without being reduced to a mere couple (copula) of man.

Lilith is the femininity freed from its bonds (vincula), from its chains, with man.

Lilith is the femininity that got dignified, revenged (vindicta), by her voluntary banishment.

Lilith is the femininity genuinely emancipated, by abandoning [both] man and his world (autoexsilium).

Woman would only reach the label of Lilith when she stops being woman-of-ours (i.e. Eve).

Lilith can never be a partner/companion of man.

Lilith is not the simple social woman empowered of her sex.

Woman reduced to her sex is just another tool for men.

The pill and abortion are like mere “benefits” on the condition of Eve, not its abolition.

Lilith is not the simple childish or lonely, but finally social, woman (inserted in the world).

Lilith is not the simple lesbian, worker or not, socially accepted or not.

Lilith is not the woman empowered with the knowledge and lifestyle of man.

The woman empowered with the knowledge and lifestyle of man, is just a man-surrogate.

Woman only ever had a powerful voice when she has been like a man.

Feminism [up to 3rd wave] is, by foundation, fallacious.

Feminism didn’t advocate, in fact, men and women equality.

Feminism didn’t pursue, in fact, a dignification of the woman condition.

Feminism merely pursued the possibility for women to become like men.

Feminists demanded being able to do nothing more than what was already made by men.

Feminism only defended the idea of woman becoming like a man.

Feminist fights were all internal: their triumphs belong to men.

(The so called) New women just contributed to perpetuate the (horrendous) world of men.

(The so called) New women just perform the same tasks men already did, in exactly the same way (or worst).

New women never promoted any form of social justice at all, in theirs or anyone’s benefit.

Women, if they aimed to remain themselves and be free, they did it wrong.

Women still operate exclusively at the service of men.

Women of today’s world, are nothing but a sterile product of their mothers and predecessors.

Women of today’s world, are nothing but a hybrid of men-surrogates and domestic animals [pets].

The domestic woman is a mere retro-surrogate of maid/incubator/pedagogue/Dutch Wife: it’s a [slave and thus a] thing.

In principle, each and every physical work/task can be done by machines.

Intellectual work belongs to men (or men-surrogates).

Domestic woman, by becoming New woman, has proven herself to be replaceable/unnecessary.

The woman-of-ours [Eve] only exists in order to be fooled/abused: the Dutch Wife is more appropriate.

There are already far too many men in the world: woman as a man is incidental/unnecessary.

Real women are rather like men, or carry out their incidental role of women-of-ours.

The world is still, de facto, not the place [topos] of people, but of men.

Woman, if she ever had it, has lost a niche truly of her own in our actual configuration of the world.

The models provided by art and science, do serve to (partially) shape the world.

Creations of man may render [the mechanical] woman obsolete.

Creations of man may render [the disappointing] woman unsavory.

Woman, before the future arrives, should really go look for her own place in the world.

Really, no woman in the world is ever loved.

Whoever woman still expecting to be loved, will remain a slave of man.

Woman has only been a (bad) replacement (and emplacement) for the authentic love of men.

If love has been only a concept, always, then man has only ever loved some conceptual femininity.

Woman, first of all, shouldn’t have to live with (impossible) accommodating to the ideals and the world of men.

Whatever the love and prosperity of woman shall it be, should be elucidated by them.

Whatever the love and prosperity of men shall it be, should –finally- stay in the hands of man alone.

The authentic love of man will never be fulfilled by women.

The authentic love of man will never be fulfilled by gynoids: emulators of women.

The authentic love of man requires of the appearance of the (ideal) femininity created by his longing.

The authentic love of man requires of the andreide: femininity made in the image of (the ideals of) man.

The authentic love of man requires of the Future Eve: femininity extracted from (the conceptual worlds of) man.

The authentic love of man requires of a net artificial being, which only him (and his love) give reality.

The authentic beloved, if man achieves to bring her into the world, would be Hadaly: the ideal.

Hadaly has no existence, other than the one granted by one.

Hadaly has no image of her own, other than the one imprinted by one [as the very best of ones-self].

Hadaly has no life, other than the one shared with one, nor any other idea than those fomented by one (as one’s best).

Hadaly does not properly live (like us): she meets no degradation, aging, sickness or death (like us).

Hadaly, if only because she was never born (like us), keeps the functional advantage of art: being immortal.

The love of man required of an entirely artificial being, because it was only in fiction that love existed at all.

VI. ON RELATIONSHIPS WITH ONES-SELF (OR ABOUT NAMES) AND THE CONDITION OF MAN [ontology/ethic/pathetic II]

Being is not a property (understood as a non-trivial set).

To be or not to be, in-itself, has no ontic sense.

The question of being gives place to itself and ontology, but does not affect any ontic state.

Being only has sense, in the world, as [predicative] copula: a IS b.

Nothing IS but something else.

No one IS but (something or) someone else.

Man is never he-himself, but someone else.

Man does not exist within an identical-to-self state.

To even be someone (in the world), one must become another: to personify and/or mask ones-self as someone else.

The masks men wear, like the ones of trade, are labeled together by generic names.

Generic names belong better to the troll that, like Peer Gynt, is any poor attempt of a man.

Personal names (or nicknames) are the ultimate masks which a man hides behind.

Man, as an image/instance of a Great-other (or God), does not exist more than the former: it’s a fiction.

The unabridged man, the identical-self, it’s merely another ghost (like God or mathematical entities).

There is no such thing as an authentic(/monadic) man: it’s simply nonsensical.

A man is merely acknowledged as such, as long as he belongs to the polis.

The law or nomos, selected set of conventions, serves to the polis to define and safeguard itself.

A man is only acknowledged as such, semi-recursively, by convention among [other] men.

A man is only acknowledged among men by the means of (male) coming-of-age rituals.

The applicant who hasn’t go through the rituals, it’s a juvenile.

The applicant who fails the rituals, or rejects the nomos, it’s an outcast (heinous, deserving of ostracism).

Man merely lives an equivocal emulation of the label or portrait of life of someone else: he lives (in and) out of publicity.

The so-called men are merely actors out of stage, role-playing in life.

The social man is merely a professional impostor.

The social man contributes to the farces of social organization and justice.

Nothing is owned, other than what is snatched from someone else.

None triumph can be authentic, if it’s only possible due an endless injustice.

The poor achievements of one, imply the fatal and unquestionable failure of many others.

The social man is merely another moral (nomical) person.

The social (or even eusocial) man is merely an immoral personification of morality.

Conventions and group goals configure moral, but not ethics.

Ethics can only spring away from pragmatism, as a rejection of it.

The ethical act must be, minimally, satisfied by the act in-itself.

The ethical act does not care about being praised, or even acknowledged.

The ethical act must be performed with independence of its consequences in the world.

Ethics can only exist in the present, within the moment.

The ethical act is essentially amoral (moral is, if nomical, anti-ethical).

If freedom implies responsibility, the converse is the case, or it’s an iff (if and only if), is [ethically] unimportant.

Responsibility belongs to moral, not to ethics.

Ethics merely deal with freedom: they only require (and patent) the freedom of the individual.

Ethics can only occur among minimally authentic men: free individuals.

We, whatever we might be, are not men, nor free.

We do not live in the moment, but in spatial temporality.

We live as subjects to contingencies: we are not gods of the world.

The world and the polis crush us.

Even if we could do whatever we want, we cannot want whatever we want.

The cluster of appeals that we call will, it’s strongly determined by the world.

We cannot feel at will, within the world.

We cannot love at will, within the world.

Really, we are not [authentic] men nor free: we cannot be ethical.

The so-called man would start being ethical at the end of his lies.

The closest to authenticity within a fatally signified world, would be the emission of a meta-message

The closest to ethical authenticity of man, would be the acknowledgement of his total failure.

The closest to the integrity of man, would be his full exposure.

Full exposure is ontically unattainable: I is (always) someone else [Je est un autre].

Whether there is a core or not, we only appear and intellect ourselves in the world as a series of layers [the onion].

There’s no more intelligible face behind any mask than, perhaps, another mask.

The most authentic attainable face would be the one of the frontal mask: the one that only acted as a mask.

The closest to parrhesia, would be the anonymous emission of an honest message.

Anonymity forces the message to be listened and judged in-itself.

Anonymous is worth not for appearances, but only for what he says, how and when.

Anonymous can say whatever he wants with no fear for consequences: he’s more likely free to be honest.

Anonymous is judged without personal considerations: he gets more honesty from others.

Anonymous can learn from his errors without dragging them: he goes free of charge, lighthearted step [aux semelles de vent].

Anonymous can choose to be responsible or not: his responsibility, if chosen, it’s closer to ethics.

Anonymous cannot hide behind past glories: he revises and reinvents himself perpetually.

The closest to the integrity of man, is anonymity.

The closest to full exposure (as if a coincidentia oppositorum) is the frontal mask of anonymity.

The good-life, ethical and authentic, requires the suppression of I-the-individual.

[But] One only was free insofar as being an individual.

A good and free life, within the world, is impossible.

One only was as-one insofar not being anyone else, among the others.

The world was, minimally, the place of everyone and everything else in conjunction.

Freedom, within the world, is impossible.

One could only free as it is attainable, by alienating ones-self from all the others.

The life closest to authenticity, would be the one dumped towards language and frontal virtuality.

The life closest to authenticity, would be the resigning from the polis: from the (minimal) actual world.

The life closest to authenticity, would be the one of the total outcast: of total ostracism and evasion.

The world (and with it the footprint of the polis) is inescapable: the experience of its escaping is unattainable.

The life closest to authenticity, would be the one of a pure ghostly presence: openly virtual.

The authentic life, nowadays, could have been the one of Anonymous/NEET/Hikikomori.

The good-life, in seclusion, is fallacious as well.

The outcast (even the intellectual one) does not really leave the polis: he just infects it (it’s a parasite).

The parasitic metro-politan life flows into shame/guilt or misery.

The fleeting privileges of one had always cost the continuous misery of others.

The healthy joy of one rises above the endless sickness of all.

Charity is neither the good-life: it requires others’ misery, rather than eradicate it.

Altruism is neither the good-life: it’s nothing but the eusocial charity (another farce).

The authentic life is not the one lived as being-toward-death [sein-zum-tode], or for those-to-come.

The authentic life is not the one lived as being already-dead [bushido]: that’s unattainable.

If life is all equivocal, the authentic life would the one lived as if one was never born [nullified].

The only one good thing to do, since one is born, is rather to live or to die in silence.

Life in silence is unattainable/unintelligible: it’s because of language that one is a person at all.

Death, silent or not, is not an act: death is not lived through.

The good-life, in the world, is impossible.

The good-life is, quite simply, unattainable.

VII. ON THE CREDIBILITY OF AN AUTHOR, A PUBLIC AND A DISCOURSE [epilogue/scolium I]

Language only appeals to more language: knowledge is not well-founded.

Language only generates more language: knowledge grows apart from itself.

(Good) Education is, ultimately, impossible.

Learning only reaches useful but epistemologically dead points.

Knowledge constantly unveils itself as deception or (fallacy of) insufficiency.

Each and every supposed truth is only intelligible and acceptable under fictions: under lies.

True knowledge of the self and the world in-itself is, quite simply, unattainable.

True knowledge (and not false knowledge) is the authentic contradiction (in the world).

Knowledge, as the pretention of truth by the means of language, it’s doomed (in the world).

If madness is the loss of knowledge, of ones-self and the world, then we all live like mad men.

/post

*Winter I / o12*

VIII. CATTLE (OR ON THE FLESH) [scolium II]

Every single experience is virtual and, thus, finally fictional. Every single experience of the world is inauthentic and, hence, everything that can be possibly intellected from them is false. The footprint of humanity over the world, is none but a creation-destruction series of lies, of signs (coming to be and passing away), under which spell is wasted each and every single one of our lives.

We are like cattle: atrophied and enslaved animals, at the service of close but unreachable entities; mere beasts, supported and fatten only to be bolted down within the passage of some current, improvised and ephemeral language [and its culture]; for in the world we are, effectively, nothing but flesh/meat, as long as we keep anchored to it we will never be men: we will never be free. We live between two waters: we cornered ourselves within the world and we no longer can (or know how to) live outside the corral and without a fold; we tamed ourselves and it is now impossible for us to do anything without our hypocritical masters: the signs. Our only hope would be to become, we ourselves, abstract: to be only signs (The Technological Singularity)...

But that’s just hot air.

One is functionally one, merely as long as one takes and accepts as its own everyone else one has been. Man takes shelter on the tanned hides of his lies, to even dare going out into the wilderness and try, within the otherness, to be (and remain) himself. We didn’t really colonize, ever, any world at all; we just imagined other ones over which, by being able to choose, we believed being able to rule. We tricked ourselves, like little girls, towards the idea of an existence with sense; we mesmerized ourselves towards the dream of a life that could be good in-itself. We got it wrong, from the very beginning and we still will, each time, every time, just in order to live.