

ÜBERMENSCH VS BODHISATTVA : POWER IDEAL VS ASCETIC IDEAL

RESSENTIMENT REVISITED

“What meaning does our being have, if it were not that that will to truth has become conscious of itself as a problem in us?”—Nietzsche, *Genealogy of Morality*, 119

“Above all, gentlemen, we must mistrust our first impulses—they are nearly always good.”—Charles Maurice de Talleyrand (quoted in the above)

The hair shirt of compassion can never be removed because one will always believe in seeking the truth. The cheerful cruelty of the strong; the proactive; the spontaneous, egoistic, aggressive influencer; the minotaur in the linear labyrinth who realizes that the idea of punishment was imposed upon a natural, pleasurable activity. The will to truth is a 2-fold problem: it can't see itself as the problem and it wants to be at peace.

Under the Power Ideal, nothing is true, so truth is forbidden. The problem is 2-fold. Who will enforce the forbidding of law and, secondly, it's impossible for “nothing” to exist. Anything that exists—like energy or consciousness or power—can't be turned into nothing. This is an absolute refutation of—reversal of—power in its will to disappear its enemies, like contrary truths. This is why the Power Ideal first wrote what is in between the lines of the *Decalogue*, then the *Decalogue* itself.

The eunuch armed to the teeth guarding its own bed is the Ascetic Ideal's consort—*morality*. Bad conscience is born of this scene—primordially-free cruelty bent back on itself under social pressure and personal compunction carves a cavity out of nonexistence, creating inner life to be filled with afflictions viscerally indistinguishable from indigestion. There you have it: the soul was *gutted in*. There you have it, peace, when all is said and done, is the problem. Wanting happiness when you can't have it is the cause of unhappiness. Having happiness when you have it also the cause of unhappiness (always about-to-be). It's a setup set up so that you can't win. The will to win is for losers. Like the Great Display of Phenomena, the game must go on. You can't be one with God if you add something extraneous, like *virtue*. It's the law. Legality is lawfully illegalizable.

Under the Power Ideal, health is itself sick. Enlightenment is the last thing in the world anyone would want. It's not “suffering” until you're aware that it's suffering. Which is to say, suffering is fine until you suffer it, until you make it redundant, double it. It's brilliant. Had hell never been freely invented, we would have had to force ourselves to invent it. The stronger the belief the weaker the character. The more scathing the critique the more weaselly the character. *Because* faith proves nothing, it can bring salvation. Honest tartuffery is the highest ideal. I am ashamed and I will return in full (through my art) all of life's gifts I've been given and have routinely squandered. I've seen that power is specifically *siddhi-less*; that's the cost, the Faustian tradeoff for brute force: powerlessness. To beat the zero-sum game itself (and not my opponent per se) I won't take either side. I will fall victim to the game and lose even losing.

Who is more spontaneous, *Übermensch* or *Bodhisattva*? A confused communist-conservative or a deluded democratic demagogue? An atheistic materialist or a fanatically romantic nationalist? Who generates the least-bad bad-conscience, the CEO/Monarchist or Town Hall Guerrilla? Who makes a mistake first and then acts? Who knows the cosmos was born out of an unimaginable state of elemental asceticism? Whose speech is less effortless? Who knows war is not for warriors? Toddlers will now heed the call, roar into the horror, rush headlong into the clash. Who has seen the Marines make toddlers of men? Who, knowing it's critical to meet one's antipode, would wipe it from the face of the earth? Who would call lack of virtue *virtue*? Who would merely think that everyone counts and then count them? Now that I've solved the problem of complex capitalist society I can take the F Train to Rockefeller Center, peacefully lie down in the middle of iconic FAO Schwarz Toy Store and sweetly pass away among the plushies. Who would say salvation-not-attainable-by-virtue is still attainable? Who would not be innocent of morality-as-mendacity and yet leave its filigreed edifice intact as sentimental backup? Who would, on the other hand, mercilessly wipe the warlike from the face of the earth? Who mistook elemental gratitude for indebtedness? Who would think aggression spontaneously exerted is health and not its coming home to roost as bad-conscience (as opposed to its non-exertion as the sickness called soul)? For whom would it not dawn that space and time are not "out there." Who would not have been able to discern that *liberal*, in order to dominate, would dissolve itself? Who would not see anti-aggression as fundamentally inimical to life, equality the exterminating of human? If *life* works like this, and law must *not* work against life, which of the two will kill us quicker, life or law, if liberal can't ask the question, if critical ethics is only ethical in order to be heroically life-affirming? Who would have missed the truer meaning of eternal recurrence as the continuation of responsible change over lifetimes? Who would not see there is no rest outside of insight, and no end in sight? Trivializing intrinsic awareness, who could ever fathom that continuity of consciousness is as fundamental as mass-energy conversion—that no matter what you believe you can't become nothing, that wisdom protects kindness-science as two thumb-tips touch, that cruelty is completely contrived (compassion not in the least), that bodhicitta-obliviousness will not stop a bullet, and that book-buddhism is like shooting fish in barrel without any fish. Who cannot see egalitarian/elitist enmity is one creature. Who corralled the stunted herd into equal opportunity, in order to stampede or be stampeded? Who would refute the fact that the wars we've fought have all started in the mind? Who would not fathom that contemplative inquiry and acts of cruelty—taken together—are not only incompatible, but psychotic, that space and time are not "out there" except as entheogens? Whose first love was a peach tree? Who would not ask what poetry serves?

Help love save by knowing what love saves. One's gratitude is another's indebtedness. Another's indebtedness is the same one's gratitude. To be aggressively of benefit to others. New God No God Same Garden. Were God Creditor over Creator the unpayable debt would be God's own. And, in all fairness, were the debt payable there'd be no devotion. Devotion is deepest impossibility. Read "irresistible." Velleity is the definition of citizenry and the death of ascetic depth. Half-hearted plods on.

Simply blame yourself and you won't feel the real pain. The prehistoric is responsible for our constitution. Still instilled. There are no updates. Peace was life-threatening, love ludicrous, deceit discernment. Not that virtues were despicable—there simply was no reaction time. Emotional hygiene: flush away any ideal telling you that being a perfect jerk is not for the better. Better battle-readiness. Better ability to be benevolent.

Two open minds trapped in a zero-sum game called Unpopular Democracy. After you. No, after you. I insist. Please, I implement you. I must implore you. I *imperfect* and importune you. I imperil, impugn and

improve you (worst of all). On the subway, her t-shirt reads: “control what you can cause it ain’t me.” That’s the tradeoff. Conscience is the plaything of consciousness. The spectacle of it all! The more Animalman is obstructed by bliss, the larger and more lumbering the soul, with consciousness no more than symptom of bad-conscience. Meanwhile, there is always a meanwhile.

Engineers will design anything under the sun, and someday the sun itself. After 20 billion dollars of research into the phenomenon of depression, you guessed it, we’ve found that we’ve made ourselves even more depressed and have no clue as to why. A durable edition of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* (along with the bible it meant to decimate) were distributed to German soldiers in WWI trenches. Washington distributed Thomas Paine’s pamphlet to his troops. Either way, at all costs, in that opposites are the same bomb, egoistic must crush altruistic to win-win. Not true or false but valued as an extemporaneous waltz of power upon the earth. It’s the lengths we would go to in order to ward off war that trigger it. There’s no arriving at equity because we have to pass through equity to get there. The way is the inwardness carved out by the close collaboration of compassion and cruelty.

“...how the shout of love has rung out during this night of torture and absurdity.”

Life is the meaning of life.

DEBT FREE

“My lover feels I love everyone, just not him.”

“In this culture...you’re only safe if you’re miserable. There’s nothing wrong with feeling miserable, so cheer up.”—
Bob Thurman

Anger is solace. Meat Puppet misread the apophatic aspect of *anatman* to merely mean that “all of what it is not *is what it is*” and moreover that “what it is *is that it is not*.” What it is, is a precious processing through which we speak. We speak *this*.

Gestation lasts until the parent is free of all confusions. In full moonlight, Rāhula (the boy the Buddha abandoned at birth) will write the instructional scripture of our narrow escape from self-annihilation—or it will go unwritten. We’re dominated by a decadent, almost entirely unrestrained, asceticism. Total renunciation of discipline. Nihilism creates and is created by those who fight against it. It’s strange to witness this exuberant mix cutting loose on the staggeringly under-engineered dance floor of mortality.

A thousand times over and until the end of time, power is right about itself, and wrong about reality. Power is janitorial and no more. Bosheit! It’s conquest that’s inglorious, causally acclimated to the least habitable conditions on earth. An innocent underling called Übermensch himself, to his face: “kind.” In response Übermensch wryly smirked and noted that “kind” was an old-fashioned word, an immaculate experience.

Raw Meat, riding in, in shining armor, as anti-nihilist redeemer, to crack the world in two, to not allow the will-to-injure to turn inward, thrashing in all directions. A timely, embodied obliviousness according with the impeccable cosmic clock: to redeem from oneself with oneself, for the sake of others. Fuuuuct up.

In Incarnation-Incarceration, the arrogant claim their aggression is that of a great artist; claim that another's violence can only be unleashed against oneself, rather like a State; claim that "activist" is terrorist, virtue hostile to life; claim that otherworldly refers to somewhere *else*. One scientist can change the world, one martyr can make that change munificent (although the latter must precede the former). The filthy rich may sacrifice themselves to save the Gods from stepping in—out of pity—and exposing themselves as Creditors. The pleasure of self-sacrifice is cruelty to oneself, typically practiced by precisely the wrong people.

Violence, like lightening, isn't bad. It's the judging of it as bad that is bad. People imprisoned in peace, confined to "consciousness, that most impoverished and error-prone organ" is the cause of war.

Not the facts, the noble facts. Not the noble facts, the four notable facts. Not the four notable facts, the four not-bad facts. Not the four not-bad facts, the four nonaddictive facts. Not the four nonaddictive facts, the four notorious facts. And not the four notorious facts, the infinitely notorious facts. And above all, not at all noble, but *ennobling*.