

The Feefee blog

Opinions, essays, favorite musics, mood. Feefee is a nickname I used.

Wednesday, September 27, 2006

More German pop music: Mia's Tanz der Moleküle

[Tanz der Moleküle](#)



Ich bin hier, weil ich hier hingehör. Vom Kopf bis Fuß bin ich verliebt. Du bist mutig, weil du mir, Treue schwörst. Zwischen all den schönen Souvenirs. Sprich mich an, in dem Takt, der dieses Lied zu unserem Hit macht. Brich den Beat, mit Gefühl. Du bist so schön, weil du lachst. Uhu...Uhuhuu, Mein Herz tanzt! Uhuhu! und jedes Molekül bewegt sich! Glaubst du wie ich daran, das alles gut sein kann, solange wir zusammen sind? Brich das Eis, mit dem Schritt, der jedes Atmen zum Wagnis macht. Halt mich fest, Mit Gefühl. es ist so schön wenn du lachst!

...blogspot.com/2006_09_01_archive.html

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Name: [therapeuter](#)

Location: United States

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Uhu...Uhuhuu, Mein Herz tanzt! Uhuhu! und jedes Molekül bewegt sich!
 (2mal) Und jedes Molekül entlädt sich. Uhu...Uhuhuu, Mein Herz tanzt!
 Uhuhu! Und jedes Molekül bewegt sich! Und Jeder biegt und dreht sich.
 Mein Herz tanzt (2mal) Mein Herz!

MIA at Yahoo! Musik

posted by *therapeuter* @ **5:44 PM** **0 comments**



Monday, September 25, 2006

Lyrics of some of Rosenstolz' songs

Ich geh in Flammen auf

Manchmal sind die Dinge gar nicht so
 Wie man sich`s vorgestellt hat- Sondern besser
 Manchmal ist das einzige, was zählt
 Dass ich nicht nachdenke
 Sondern vergesse
 Mach die Lichter an

Ich geh` in Flammen auf
 Kann auf Wasser geh`n
 Ich schrei`s hinaus
 Ich geh` in Flammen auf
 Kann jetzt fliegen über`s Meer hinaus

Halt Dich fest an mir
 Weil der Wind sich jetzt dreht
 Es wird n stürmischer Tag Auf
 Unser Leben wird wahr
 Ist der Frühling vorbei
 Fängt der Sommer erst an
 Unser Leben lang
 Unser Leben lang

Die Wahrheit ist doch nur was für Idioten
 Lass uns lügen
 Nur einen Tag lang
 Wenn ich mich fangen lass
 Dann nur vom Leben
 Wär ich Pilot
 Würden wir niemals landen
 Schalt die Motoren an

Ich geh` in Flammen auf
 Kann auf Wasser geh`n
 Ich schrei`s hinaus
 Ich geh` in Flammen auf
 Kann jetzt fliegen über`s Meer hinaus

Halt Dich fest an mir
 Weil der Wind sich jetzt dreht
 Es wird n stürmischer Tag
 Unser Leben wird wahr

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Ist der Frühling vorbei
 Fängt der Sommer erst an
 Unser Leben lang
 Unser Leben lang

Ich geh` in Flammen auf
 Ich geh` in Flammen auf

Halt Dich fest an mir
 Weil der Wind sich jetzt dreht
 Es wird n stürmischer Tag
 Unser Leben wird wahr
 Ist der Frühling vorbei
 Fängt der Sommer erst an
 Unser Leben lang
 Unser Leben lang

Ich geh` in Flammen auf
 Ich geh` in Flammen auf
 Ich geh` in Flammen auf

Ich geh` in Flammen auf
 Ich geh` in Flammen auf
 Ich geh` in Flammen auf

Nichts von alledem (tut mir leid)

Warum kann ich nach Hause gehen
 Warum musste das passieren
 Was ist das
 Es tut mir leid

Warum hab ich mich so gut gefühlt
 So schön in deinem Arm
 Was ist das
 Es tut mir leid

Jetzt seh ich nur noch deinen blick
 Wie langsam so´n Verstand doch ist
 Du tust mir nicht gut
 tust mir nur weh
 Trittst in mein Herz bis es schreit
 Du tust mir nicht gut
 Machst mich kaputt
 Doch nichts von alledem tut mir leid
 Nichts von alledem tut mir leid

Komm lüg mich bitte nochmal an
 Küss mich bis ich´s besser kann
 Was ist das
 Es tut mir leid

Komm sag schon was ich hören will

Daß deine Welt in meine will
Was ist das
Es tut mir leid

Jetzt seh ich nur noch deinen blick
Wie langsam so ´n Verstand doch ist

Du tust mir nicht gut
Tust mir nur weh
Trittst in mein Herz bis ich schrei
Du tust mir nicht gut
Machst mich kaputt
Doch nichts von alledem tut mir leid
Nichts von alledem tut mir leid

Du tust mir nicht gut
Machst mich kaputt
Doch nichts von alledem tut mir leid
Doch nichts von alledem
Nichts von alledem tut mir leid
Es tut mir leid

The two songs are available at [Yahoo! Musik](#)

posted by therapist @ 4:33 PM 0 comments



Wednesday, September 20, 2006

Nietzsche's Zarathustra is a secularized savior: a commentary on the Prologue of Thus Spake Zarathustra: part three

The Superman is not only opposed, in his atheism, to the traditional religious person who lives his life only for the sake of the next life; he is also opposed, in his constant self-overcoming, to the decisively modern "last man" (der letzte Mensch). In Julian Roberts' description (German Philosophy, p. 215), the last man, during the earlier, production phase of capitalism, "is the kind of complacent small trader pilloried in Napoleon's dictum about the English being a 'nation of shopkeepers.' He is the person who systematically pursues his own small-minded economic interests, taking petty advantage of his rivals wherever he can, while cautiously remaining within the overall limits set for him by social authority." Today, during the consumption phase of capitalism, we know the "last man" as the "consumer." Of note is the fact that the last man is precisely the product of secularization, of the dismantling of traditional religion: "Once human beings ceased to recognize any suprahuman goals or standards by which their efforts could be judged, they stopped striving for anything beyond comfortable self-preservation." (Catherine Zuckert, Postmodern Plato, p. 107) As Nietzsche lived during the time of "transition" from the traditional Christian to the modern last man, he naturally targeted both.

"Wehe! Es kommt die Zeit, wo der Mensch keinen Stern mehr gebären wird. Wehe! Es kommt die Zeit des verächtlichsten Menschen, der sich selber nicht mehr verachten kann."

"Alas! There cometh the time when man will no longer give birth to any star. Alas! There cometh the time of the most despicable man, who can no longer despise himself."

"Seht! Ich zeige euch den letzten Menschen. 'Was ist Liebe? Was ist Schöpfung? Was ist Sehnsucht? Was ist Stern' -- so fragt der letzte Mensch und blinzelt. Die Erde ist dann klein geworden, und auf ihr hüpfet der letzte Mensch, der Alles klein macht. Sein Geschlecht ist unaustilgbar, wie der Erdfloh; der letzte Mensch lebt am längsten. 'Wir haben das Glück erfunden' -- sagen die letzten Menschen und blinzeln. Sie haben den Gegenden verlassen, wo es hart war zu leben: denn man braucht Wärme. Man liebt noch den Nachbar und reibt sich an ihm: denn man braucht Wärme. Krankwerden und Mißtrauen-haben gilt ihnen sündhaft: man geht achtsam einher. Ein Thor, der noch über Steine oder Menschen stolpert! Ein wenig Gift ab und zu: das macht angenehme Träume. Und viel Gift zuletzt, zu einem angenehmen Sterben. Man arbeitet noch, denn Arbeit ist eine Unterhaltung. Aber man sorgt daß die Unterhaltung nicht angreife. Man wird nicht mehr arm und reich: Beides ist zu beschwerlich. Wer will noch regieren? Wer noch gehorchen? Beides ist zu beschwerlich. Kein Hirt und Eine Heerde! Jeder will das Gleiche, Jeder ist gleich: wer anders fühlt, geht freiwillig in's Irrenhaus. 'Ehemals war alle Welt irre' -- sagen die Feinsten und blinzeln. Man ist klug und weiss Alles, was geschehn ist: so hat man kein Ende zu spotten. Man zankt sich noch, aber man versöhnt sich bald -- sonst verdirbt es den Magen. Man hat sein Lüstchen für den Tag und sein Lüstchen für die Nacht: aber man ehrt die Gesundheit. 'Wir haben das Glück erfunden' -- sagen die letzten Menschen und blinzeln --"

"Lo! I show you the last man. 'What is love? What is creation? What is longing? What is a star?' -- so asketh the last man and blinketh. The earth hath then become small, and on it there hoppeth the last man who maketh everything small. His species is ineradicable like that of the ground-flea; the last man liveth longest. 'We have discovered happiness' -- say the last men, and blink thereby. They have left the regions where it is hard to live; for they need warmth. One still loveth one's neighbour and rubbeth against him; for one needeth warmth. Turning ill and being distrustful, they consider sinful: they walk warily. He is a fool who still stumbleth over stones or men! A little poison now and then: that maketh pleasant dreams. And much poison at last for a pleasant death. One still worketh, for work is a pastime. But one is careful lest the pastime should hurt one. One no longer becometh poor or rich; both are too burdensome. Who still wanteth to rule? Who still wanteth to obey? Both are too burdensome. No shepherd, and one herd! Everyone wanteth the same; everyone is equal: he who hath other sentiments goeth voluntarily into the madhouse. 'Formerly all the world was insane,' -- say the subtlest of them, and blink thereby. They are clever and know all that hath happened: so there is no end to their railery. People still fall out, but are soon reconciled -- otherwise it spoileth their stomachs. They have their little pleasures for the day, and their little pleasures for the night, but they have a regard for health. 'We have discovered happiness,' -- say the last men, and blink thereby --"

The most immediate characteristic of the "last man," this comfort-seeking, spineless, health-caring mass-product (the other side of "equality"), is -- yes! -- it is certainly easy to be him. It is on this ground that Nietzsche finds him so contemptible (despicable: verächtlich). This is telling: after rejecting all values in the past as "not objective" or "merely

human creation", Nietzsche subscribes in the end to the same meta-value that has determined all human values for all ages: what is "hard" is good, what seems to go against the natural course of nature, against the arrow of time, is good, admired, and valuable. (See "**The Thermodynamic Origin of Good and Evil.**") Sure, when paradigm shifts, in the new, modern structural worldview, Nietzsche no longer sees the objective basis for a lot of the old, Christian morality (asceticism, love for one's neighbor, empathy for the weak, forgiving one's enemy), but that only means that the thermodynamic-based meta-value -- what is constant throughout the successive paradigms, the successive orders -- is now determining the new value of overcoming for him: the Superman despises himself because he does not want to be content with his current state. He is "hard" on himself, he makes it "hard" for himself, he always reaches after the next difficult state of being, he constantly makes himself "better," i.e. "harder to be": the same aesthetic evaluation of "character" -- even if pity, sympathy, etc. have been rejected as "too easy", as the state of "weakness."

Zarathustra the secularized savior wants to save his fellow human beings from salvation on the one hand (sort of like Buddha), and from the state of easy economic being on the other. But he suffers the same fate as all the original saviors that came before: people laugh at him -- "Und alles Volk lachte über Zarathustra" (p. 10) -- then hate him and want him dead (8, p. 18). Compare John 3, 19 - 21 where people reject the light of Jesus; Daodejing 41, "When the lowest type of people hear of Dao, they laugh; if they don't, then the Dao is not enough of Dao"; or Plato's allegory of the cave, where the rest of the prisoners in chain want to kill the enlightened prisoner who has gone up the cave and seen reality, and who now comes back down to try to enlighten his fellow prisoners. "Gefährlicher fand ich's unter Menschen als unter Tieren" (10, p. 22); "More dangerous have I found it among men than among animals", Zarathustra concludes. In consequence, the saved -- the members of the salvational cult -- necessarily contract to a small minority of the elite: the "elect" in Christianity, and so Zarathustra realizes he can only preach to "companions" (Gefährten), not to everybody (9, p. 20). Companions, those that follow him because they want to follow themselves! ("... die mir folgen, weil sie sich selber folgen wollen"; ibid.) As for the rest of humankind, the hell with them: they are the damned.

"Viele wegzulocken von der Heerde -- dazu kam ich. Zürnen soll mir Volk und Heerde: Räuber will Zarathustra den Hirten heißen. Hirten sage ich, aber sie nennen sich die Guten und Gerechten. Hirten sage ich: aber sie nennen sich die Gläubigen des rechten Glaubens. Siehe die Guten und Gerechten! Wen hassen sie am meisten? Den, der zerbricht ihre Tafeln der Werthe, den Brecher, den Verbrecher: -- das aber ist der Schaffende."

"To allure many from the herd- for that purpose have I come. The people and the herd must be angry with me: a robber shall Zarathustra be called by the herdsmen. Herdsmen, I say, but they call themselves the good and just. Herdsmen, I say, but they call themselves the believers in the orthodox belief. Behold the good and just! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaketh up their tables of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker: -- he, however, is the creator."

The parallel between Zarathustra and Jesus cannot be clearer. The Herdsmen in one case are the Pharisees, in the other, the free-trade

economists, perhaps. These are the leaders among the prisoners in chain who refuse to be challenged that the shadows on the cave wall are not the real things.

posted by therapist @ 2:45 AM 0 comments



Sunday, September 17, 2006

Feefee ran into FBI agents at a massage parlor in Montreal

This was around the Thanksgiving time of 2005. That Sunday night, as usual, Feefee went to the massage parlor to meet with the superhuman sex-worker Valerie. After about 30 minutes of after-session chat Valerie had to go serve another customer, leaving Feefee upset over her withdraw and watching TV alone in the back lounge sofa. Then five American white guys came into the parlor; three, in their late 20s, were wild and drunk, and the other two, in late 30s, were more stable, one tall and the other short and stocky and with a shaved head. The three threw a mean look at Feefee, what are you doing here. An especially wild one among the young kept saying, "This is the place, this is the place!" Feefee had a bad feeling about these guys, and so he inquired the tall, stable one of the older two whether they were from around here. The man just said, yeah, we are from Sherwood, etc. This made Feefee even more suspicious, because Feefee's address in Montreal was on the Sherbrook street, and the man was clearly trying to say Sherbrook, but couldn't remember it well, coming up with another familiar name Sherwood instead. That meant that he was playing with Feefee. After hearing the price from Danny (the bouncer), however, the three young guys left to drink in the bars, yelling about having no money. "If I had a job..." that especially wild one said with laughter. At the time only two girls – one a petite girl with black hair from Van Culver and the other, a tall, supermodel looking girl of Lebanese descent – were available. The two older ones that were left seemed like best buddies; they were very considerate of each other and kept asking each other, "Which one do you want?" "I don't know, which one do you want?", for about several minutes. After they settled their matter, the tall one chose the girl from Van Culver and the shaved head, the Lebanese girl. After they finished, as the girls were walking the two men out, the tall one left his business card to the Van Culver girl, and she ran back to the girls' dressing room, all excited and showing the card to everyone. When she walked out, Feefee on the sofa there couldn't help but ask who that man was. "Shuh! He is a FBI agent!" "What?" "Don't worry, I think he's just trying to impress me!" "Are they from New York?" "Yes." The two stable, older ones were probably both FBI agents, partner with each other, which explained why they were so polite to each other. As he was still waiting for Valerie to come out, Feefee couldn't wait to call his best friend on his cell to tell him his suspicion that these FBI agents were here to check him out. The coincidence was that, although his phone conversations were always full of references to Valerie, he never talked about the actual name of the parlor nor its location, and yet precisely about a week and a half ago he revealed on the phone with someone the name and location of this club. Or maybe it was all just a big mistake....

posted by therapist @ 2:03 AM 0 comments



Friday, September 08, 2006

Nietzsche's Zarathustra is a secularized savior: a commentary on the Prologue of Thus Spake Zarathustra: part two

In the structural perspective, the old functional entities -- foremost, the soul -- have either disintegrated or been objectified into a present-at-hand substance on the model of intraworldly manufactured objects -- most importantly, God -- that can no longer be maintained as "existing" like any of these intraworldly bodies or processes. They have become illusions from which humankind needs to be saved. With the disintegration of the functional perspective, with, that is, the decontextualization of nature down to presence-at-hand and its de-animation, all to reveal its structures, the experience of nature-ensured justice, either karmic thinking or the judgment of sins in afterlife by God, etc., which depends on the application of equilibrium (thermodynamics) to functional (psychological) entities, has also dissipated. Values have also separated from facts, and, within values, morals from aesthetics, following the shift of the meaning of morality from order-aesthetics to well-being and fairness. These facts of the differentiation of consciousness occurring in the West -- the basis of the scientific revolution -- result in a de-sacralized, secular, purely mechanical and physical universe which has no goals, in which everything happens because it can, not because it should, and wherein rights and wrongs are mere conventions, without natural or supranatural laws and processes or God ensuring justice (you can commit as many injustices as you want if you can get away from punishment by other human beings), etc.: nihilism, the utilitarian type such as Hobbes' and Locke's social contract theory, Gyges' ring coming true. This terrible effect -- a world without support by objective values -- of the differentiation of consciousness is experienced as an "abyss" (Abgrund): Man is a rope over the abyss ("Der Mensch ist... ein Seil über einem Abgrunde." 4, p. 11). This is the new truth, and Nietzsche, the philosopher of the new age, wants to bring us face-to-face with it.

As Paul Brians explains, "God is dead" does not imply "that God was ever alive. A clearer statement (though less dramatic) would be: 'That period in history during which the idea of the Christian God expressed the highest ideals of Western Civilization has passed, and it is now clear that belief in him is a dead burden on a society which has outgrown him.'" [https://www.wsu.edu/~brians/hum_303/zarathustra.html]

So, in such empty universe, the original erotic drive of the philosopher toward the eternal divine, is now toward -- nothing: betterment has no goal, it seems. Man is a bridge without goal ("Was groß ist am Menschen, das ist, daß er eine Brücke und kein Zweck ist." Ibid.).

Zarathustra explains this "abyss" as the meaning of the universe to the dying tight rope walker:

"... es gibt keine Teufel und keine Hölle. Deine Seele wird noch schneller tot sein als dein Leib." (6, p. 16)

"... there is no devil and no hell. Your soul will be dead even sooner

... THERE IS NO DEVIL AND NO HEIL. YOUR SOUL WILL BE DEAD EVEN SOONER than your body."

"Unheimlich ist das menschliche Dasein und immer noch ohne Sinn." (7, p. 17)

"Human existence is mysterious and always without meaning."

Perhaps, with this structural understanding of the universe, human beings are at last brought face to face with the true ("natural") meaning of their existence -- as open dissipative structures -- and the true meaning of their life -- to eat, shit, and, perchance, reproduce, as Ch'an Buddhists had been long ago.

Disillusionment has been described by Plato (in connection with the allegory of the cave) as "turning". So Zarathustra wants us to turn away from the illusions of God and morals (which in his European context are Christian morals) and life after death, but toward... what? What values are left? There is one value that is still left after such nihilistic disintegration: self-overcoming; and he who embodies this value is called the Superman (Übermensch).

posted by *therapeuter* @ **2:34 AM** **0** comments



Tuesday, September 05, 2006

Nietzsche's Zarathustra is secularized savior: a commentary on the Prologue of Thus Spake Zarathustra: part one

Nietzsche's Zarathustra is the secularized philosopher-savior. His message is for a secularized "salvation." His going up into the mountain at age 30 and then going down (untergehen) 10 years after to preach to humankind is modelled on the allegory of the cave in Plato's Republic: the prisoner liberates himself from chain to ascend out of the cave and see the true reality and then descends back down to the cave to try to enlighten other prisoners still in chain about the illusions (shadows) that they take to be reality. First, the philosopher saves himself, and then he saves others.

Why preach to humankind? Why save the others (from the untrue: salvation)? Because he "loves man". I.e. the philosopher, the most erotic person amongst all as demonstrated in Plato's Symposium, but in search for "immortality" as the goal of life just like ordinary persons, is pregnant with illusion-destroying wisdom, and needs to impregnate others with his wisdom in order to cause birth to be given to a beautiful offspring (as a way to immortality): just as ordinary men want to impregnate women in order to have children that will carry on themselves in some way. As Alan Bloom has analyzed it with regard to Diotima's speech about the lower forms of eros:

"[Diotima] points to a side of man's neediness that is often forgotten or misinterpreted. The picture of natural man given us by Hobbes or Locke, one confirmed by the practice of the market system, is that man barely holds onto life, needing food, shelter, clothing.... he takes, and does not give. It is possible to interpret sex in man in this way.... But if one shifts the focus and looks at eroticism itself. it cannot be taken to be like

hunger; it gives rather than takes. Its oppressive character comes from fullness and the need to release the tension constituted by that overflowing presence. Hence poverty is compensated by the productive search for eternity for which man seems made." ("The Ladder of Love", in S. Benardete's transl. of Symposium, p. 139.)

Education ("preaching," "saving souls") is a higher form of eroticism; it causes beautiful souls (or minds) to be reproduced in the teacher's (philosopher's, savior's) image:

"[The] teacher, as opposed to the lawgiver, can actually propagate himself... The picture Diotima gives us is of a wise and prudent man erotically attracted to a boy and carrying on conversations with him as a kind of intellectual seduction bringing forth from the boy responses and responsiveness that please the man.... a beginning student is not an equal, but it is the very potential, the imperfection, that the teacher can actualize or perfect that constitutes the peculiar charm of this kind of relationship. This helps us to understand the post-Aristophanean Socrates, who spends so much time with young people from whom he could not expect to learn much new about the problems of philosophy. The spectacle of fresh and beautiful souls cannot help but please him." (Ibid., p. 145)

This is why the philosopher needs to preach, needs to descend to save fellow prisoners from illusions. This is why the prophet and the evangelist need to preach, need to go among the faithless to save them from damnation. Jesus too, he loves humankind. Zarathustra is the same.

"Ich liebe den, dessen Seele sich verschwendet, der nicht Dank haben will und nicht zurückgibt: denn er schenkt immer und will sich nicht bewahren" (4, p. 12).

"I love him whose soul spends itself, who does not want thanks and does not give back: for he gives always and does not keep for himself."

"Ich liebe den, dessen Seele übervoll ist, so daß er sich selber vergißt, und alle Dinge in ihm sind: so werden alle Dinge sein Untergang" (ibid.).

"I love him whose soul is so overfull that he forgets himself, and all things are in him: thus all things become his down-going."

But whereas the philosopher wants to cultivate in his fellow prisoners, or ideally in the young, the understanding of the other reality as more real than this one, this one being all illusion, the shadow of the other one, the realm of forms (Plato); whereas the prophet or evangelist or savior Jesus wants to show his fellow human beings the other world, the heavenly kingdom of God, as more real (in the sense of being more permanent, eternal) than this world, the Earth; Zarathustra wants to cultivate in his fellow human beings, wants to show them, just the opposite: after 2,000 years, it is now that other world which is the illusion that binds us.

"Meine Brüder, bleibt der Erde treu und glaubt denen nicht, welche euch von überirdischen Hoffnungen reden!" (3 p. 9)

"My brother, remain royal to Earth and do not believe them who speak to you about supernatural hopes!"

Because God is dead. Speaking of the asceticism that was supposed to ensure one the entry to Heaven or the eternal existence of the soul in the realm of bliss, never to be reincarnated again:

"Einst blickte die Seele verächtlich auf den Leib... sie wollte ihn mager, gräßlich, verhungert.... O diese Seele war selber noch mager, gräßlich, und verhungert" (ibid.).

"Once the soul looks contemptibly upon the flesh... it wants it to be meagre, ghastly, and famished.... O this soul was itself meagre, ghastly, and famished."

He wants them to return to Earth, to the care of the body!

posted by therapist @ 3:14 AM 0 comments

