

condensed matter sharp shooting: the existentialism of an idler

Hassan Hassan

The Devil

11:15 P.M.

Ohnsoc's quiet nap

Ohnsoc ruminated. It occurred to him that he had recently read Schopenhaur's essay 'On suicide', and he began recreating passages from the essay in his mind. "Who has not had acquaintances, friends, relatives who have departed this world voluntarily? And is one supposed to think of them with repugnance, as if they were criminals?"

'Indeed, I am a criminal' he thought, 'But only in my self annihilation will I finally resolve my own criminality'. Ohnsoc did not move, he entered into the physiology of a dead man. One could even describe what Ohnsoc was feeling within himself as rapture, enlightenment, divine inspiration. It was only in meditations like these did Ohnsoc feel the entire disappearance of his indecisiveness, indeed his resolve was thundering. But divine revelation it was not. Certainly the multitude of devils, those especially trained in the art of inciting philosophers to suicide, were whispering to him on all sides, from within, from without, to his ears, to his eyes, to his soul. Ohnsoc listened with great patience and attention to these despicable devils. The hours passed, movement still ceasing, and Ohnsoc fell into a quiet sleep, his body still motionless and exactly where it was. He had a dream, no, not a dream, a vision. Still not a vision, his soul was seeing the purity and fullness of forms, no longer distracted by the veil of the material world. A figure appeared in front of him.

This figure who appeared in front of him was a man, in fact not a man, but something which pretended the form of a man. He was terrifyingly repulsive, not ugly in fact, but too charming in his beauty. His face was all out of proportion, everything too much, too good, too attractive. There was perhaps one feature on this wretched man's face which made the totality of his whole face agonizingly disproportionate. One could not help but feel unbearable hatred for this wretched beast, in fact the aura of his being was the immaterial realization of divine abandonment and accursedness. His dress was impeccable, disgustingly expensive. His hair two inches too long, falling below his shoulders, not sitting on them as one would expect. His gait was too conscious, he walked in a very calculated way, which gave one the impression that this was a man entirely committed to appearances and not at all observant of any ideals or principles. He spoke in a very drawled out and excessively enunciated manner, in such a way as to put on display the depths of

his conceit and arrogance rather than shamefully hide it away. The pitch of his voice was two degrees too high, and it had a raspiness which was apparently intentional. To hear him speak was decidedly a nuisance. Moreover, the mannerisms of his mouth when he spoke revealed a lifetime of sensuality and ill-temperance. Oh, how one could not bear to hear him speak! And his eyes! My God! The atheism! The terror! The pitch of isolation and despair! Please, oh reader, spare me! I wish not to enter into the details of his eyes, spare me! For that is a task that will need volumes on its own, and it is a task too painful for me to agree to fulfilling.

The wretch came close to our sleeper, sat beside him, inhaled conceitedly, and began whispering to him a most disagreeable monologue.

The devil visits the philosopher

“Ah! Ohnsoc! What a surprise! It is a bit underwhelming that I am allowed only a tiny fraction of an influence upon your conscious life. It is of no trouble, however, for I shall prove it to be plenty since I am intimately aware of your psychic character, and since I am profound in the most real sense. I will only say those words and utter only those utterances that you ought to hear, and you listen and pay great attention because you haven’t another choice. But why death? Do you desire it, really? You ought not to die, for you are not bad yet, you still have great waves of pious profundity I find utterly unbearable and disgraceful to my personal reputation. You must live, and reason, and think logically, excessively so. You must criticize, speculate, dismember and decompose. You must breathe death into all that approaches your field of apprehension. You must breathe the word ‘mechanical’ into the whole of reality. Blasted metaphysics! You must, above all, philosophize, and be a philosopher; *be me*. Then you will see with one eye. Half-blindness is the greatest truth. All that arouses a wretched intuition must be condemned and deemed ‘blinding light’, ‘abhorrent light’, that which guides and subsequently that which must not be followed. Because it guides in *earnest*. Reduce the whole of reality. Dissect. All is stuff, all is matter, all is and forever will be essentially lifeless. Shut your one eye! Blessed monocle! It is the culmination of a most beautiful anti-christic technology. Wear it! There is no glamor in a superior mind robbed of its show and parade by a wretched conscience. Worthless intuition, confounded hope. I tell you, there is nothing greater and more suited for the company of each other than the union of despair and logic. You will renounce intuition, you will pray to reason, you will question incessantly, and above all, you will be my beloved pupil. What need have I in hell for those idiots who plunge head-first into a fire fueled by their own confusion and poor judgment? It is a disgrace that these common herds be my companions. Those who know neither mind nor logic but simply exist with the existential capacity of farm animals. No, you. You will save hell. You will make its flames sweet, you will breathe a most animated lifelessness into its abyss. You! You will make its flames bright! I will return, many more times, until I have at last claimed you.”

“Ah, what is this? This disturbs me. Destroy it, burn it up. Never do I want to see writings of this kind. This belongs in the bible, somewhere sacred, somewhere holy, somewhere foolish, somewhere not fit for the philosopher. Ohnsoc, do you hear me? It is as if you’re scared of me. No, not scared, I do not frighten you, I am certain of that. I have too well an understanding of what you are, your psychology, your ineptitude. I am precisely that which cannot frighten you. You are only afraid of what I don’t say, because you know I ought to say it and do not say it.”

On the table were Ohnsoc’s recently compiled series of ‘pious maxims’, as Ohnsoc would like to put

it. The 'healthy maxims and missiles', for it is likely Ohnsoc had read Nietzsche's maxims and felt it needed his saintly touch.

Ohnsoc's discarded work, 'The Meditations and The Maxims'

A book of guidance from a man of many misdeeds

~The absurd wisdom of a 22 year old

- Patience brings you what you want quicker than you would have gotten it had you hastened for it.
- The arrogant man is one who places his entire being in the opinion of other people
- The liar is the thief of meaning.
- The ego will always try to protect/defend itself but rarely does it succeed; in fact, it is always to blame for the destruction of character.
- The philosophers think they have mastered the world by realizing its senselessness, but in fact, they have destroyed themselves by trying to overpower it.
- Trying to guess the intentions of others is a completely aimless goal; for there is no benefit nor certainty involved in it.
- Extreme spirituality is the quickest way to fall into vanity and self indulgence.
- Suffering is the Earth from which the human experience is brought to life.
- The physical laws are metaphors for the laws that govern the human experience.
- Every sensation; that is, every experience can fundamentally be described as a limitation in respect to something. Our being is founded on the reality of finitude.
- The philosopher does not become a philosopher until new insight begins to come at the cost of sanity.
- The philosopher must live between extreme fear and extreme bliss. Mediocrity in experience is for the common person.
- Sin is when you try to hasten something that has already been determined.
- Bad character alone is sufficient punishment for the actions that created such a character.
- The evil man, in his excessive oppression, plays his role just as perfectly as the saint. In fact, the evil man gives rise to the possibility of the saint.
- Action done contrary to wisdom destroys wisdom. Sin destroys wisdom like the fire destroys wood.
- Beware of excessive joy, for it is often the seed of great misery.
- The pain you voluntarily allow upon yourself, for the sake of good, saves you from much involuntary pain.
- Gratitude and good character preserves intelligence and wisdom while ingratitude and poor character does away with it.
- Freedom of will is not in obeying your desires but in being free from them
- The happy man experiences pain voluntarily and pleasure involuntarily; the miserable man the opposite.*
- Freedom is an act that must be trained and mastered; for the fool who seeks freedom without training is better off being controlled by others than controlling himself.*
- The fool trusts the inclinations of his self while the wise one fears them and is wholly skeptical of

them.

- Beauty is in moderation.
- Being hasty gives yourself a greater awareness of the duration of time, and therefore you suffer that which you hope to avoid.
- The will is poisoned by the realization of freedom
- Having a bad opinion of others does no harm to them and creates no benefits for us. It is an utterly pointless and futile endeavor
- Following sound wisdom in turn creates new wisdom. It is a cycle of abundant good
- \The man of knowledge who does not put his knowledge into practice can be likened to an insane man.
- Hypocrisy is the vilest of all immoralities.
- Desiring to be in a position of power immediately makes you unfit for it.
- I fear of assuming a position of wisdom because it is inevitable that my character should be tested.
- Beware that whatever it is you found your arrogance on is entirely accidental, and can be stripped away from you at any moment.
- Desire creates the concept of freedom and renders it meaningless at the same time.
- Illnesses cannot be cured if one cares not to recognize them as illnesses.
- Your character draws you into situations that make the most use out of your character.
- It is not the action that creates character but the intention.
- Your fears are almost always never actualized.
- Man can be the one to blame behind most of his suffering.
- Excessive insistence on logic is just as dangerous as neglecting reason entirely.
- Fear of poverty makes wealth a torment rather than a blessing.
- Resisting the initial desire is less painful than succumbing to its effects, but it involves voluntary action.
- The quality of one's will creates the world one lives in.
- To engage in meaningful discourse is one of the few treasures the world has to offer.
- Acknowledging ignorance opens the possibility of doing away with it.
- We are punishments for some people and rewards for others.
- Vain desires will only grow more powerful the more they are obeyed.
- Discipline is the foundational quality of good character.
- Every event is a major event.
- In some cases, to do a kind thing by accident is actually purer and better than having done it intentionally.
- Feigning purity is uglier than boasting wickedness.
- An obsession in the business of others stems from a desire to distract oneself from one's own bad character by finding it in others.
- Moderation gives us what we want in a far more plentiful fashion than indulgence does.
- We hasten to justify our own faults but refuse to for others.
- You may only be called a possessor of a particular virtue when you are compelled into action whenever that virtue demands it.

- Following the shallow, transient, Earthly passions essentially strips man of his divine gift of free will. He has ultimately resigned himself to the status of 'Beast' and limited the scope of his will to never reach beyond Earth. It is through the limitations of morality, and subsequently religion, that man is able to tap into the limitless potential of free will.
- Modern man has flipped reality on its head and inverted reality entirely.
- Events can be connected in the most bizarre and unexpected of ways, in fact, they almost always are.
- There is a special type of knowledge that is only attained after being at the mercy of a passion and overcoming it through the strength of your will.
- Conversation differs between people, in that, a different aspect of the ego gets involved depending on your relationship with that person.
- We satiate our most selfish and powerful desire, and the consequence of that is a child. Something completely dependent and whose existence is sustained only through the selfless toils we put ourselves through to ensure its survival. A just consequence.*
- Some of the older amongst us conflate incapacity with temperance. In reality, had they been able, they would waste no time in destroying themselves.
- It is wise to seek diversion to a modest degree. They go mad who seek to do away with it entirely, and they destroy themselves who make it a point of indulgence.
- Most people concern themselves with the appearance of happiness rather than happiness itself.
- Every great or virtuous deed carries with it a hint of insanity.
- The pains of boredom only become real when we fail to relieve it.
- One must master the art of suffering quietly before he can even consider greatness.
- The two cardinal virtues are intelligence and beauty.
- Your private space is either what develops you or destroys you. This can be used as a metric for determining the quality of a person.*
- At a certain depth of concentration the intellect becomes wholly useless, and the wonders of intuitive understanding thus shine brightest.
- Seeing faults in others is a fault in itself.
- One must reach a level of optimism to where it becomes indistinguishable from delusion.
- Purity is not necessarily the avoidance of that which corrupts, although that is surely the case. It is also coming in contact with the vilest aspects of the soul and being immune from their effects.
- Only God can teach the sincere student beauty as it is.
- One must be so invested in conscious thought that he is on the brink of being entertained.
- Experience is vital to the development of intelligence, more so the apprehension of experience than experience itself.
- Originality and uniqueness of thought are synonymous with strength of character.
- There is such a thing as spiritual arrogance, and it is a paradox of the highest degree.
- Beware of living an extraordinary but meaningless life.
- An honest observation of nature will remedy even the most obscure of conflicts within the soul.
- An honest observation of the soul is perhaps the best use of one's time.
- I look at the natural world with envy, since I know that nature cannot cease its perfect submission to God.

- The scholars reveal understanding of the world while the entertainers make it bearable.
- The heart will manifest itself outwardly. Hypocrisy has no place in reality. Whatever you acquire and maintain in the repository of the heart cannot help but make itself obvious.
- Purity of intention is the axiom of excellence in any affair.
- Absolute freedom can only be tasted in private.
- The inauthenticity of human congregation is enough to create rifts in reality.
- A man must not be the blunder of his own jealousy.
- The greatest failure of friendship is passive competition.
- A pure soul sees things as they are and is furthest removed from selfish interpretation.
- The poet isn't praised for his imagination but for his ability to describe reality with utter precision.
- You are, for the most part, unaware of all that you effect in the world.
- One only makes the fullest use of his blessings once he realizes the full nature of its being an endowment, and not something attained by means of his own effort.
- One loses wisdom and reclaims it just as he would lose and reacquire his material possessions.
- To act in accordance with what you know breeds knowledge that you didn't know.
- The lie is often not conceived by means of an evil mind but by a weakness of the soul that fails to carry the burden of reality as it is.
- A key element to sound character is to recover elegantly from the most shameful of blunders.
- The most foolish of all delusions is to kid yourself that you've successfully concealed your evil intentions from the minds of people.
- The brilliance of the common man is beyond belief.
- We desire infinity in a world that stubbornly refuses it, and this is the ultimate blunder of the human experience.
- People can only exist in society because God keeps the bulk of their sins private.
- The only way to hide your intentions from others is to hide them from yourself.

Part two: 'The devil visits the Philosopher'

'Perhaps I ought to tell you a story. Isn't it the case that stories are all but universally loved? It is only an aspect of human nature, you must love it, because it is an aspect of human nature. Have I said that already? I am beginning to repeat myself. A bad sign, indeed. It means I have little time left with you, so with haste I must speak! You have read the story of Joseph, yes? Joseph and his brothers? The prophet, darn you! Of course you know the story, you despicable holy man. Although, what holy man obsesses over the idea of suicide? That was not rhetorical. Actually, it was. I know many. Much more than the average man would be willing to believe if I confessed it to him. Oh, the average man! How much I hate him! He is too foolish and naturally disposed to sensuality and vileness. I take no pleasure in the average man, only pity. Oh, the boredom! Only with minds like yours am I saved! Souls like yours! Souls who know no height in their divinity and no depth in their despair and hostility to God's decree. Paradox! That's what the lot of you are! Pretend to be religious but busy yourselves with the most abstract books in philosophy, the most abstruse in those bewildering philosophical sciences which are made intentionally unintelligible just for the petty vanity of indulging a most miniscule and fleeting genius. You hate him too. The average man,

you hate him. Don't wince, you fool! You hate him for his simplicity, like all high minded men are wont to feel. You disbelieve me, still? Do you forget that I am your necessary companion, your lover? Your real one, that is. Oh! Over a woman you have never spoken to! The degrees of absurdity and irrationality your acute intelligence and philosophical training have taken you to!

Ohnsoc was watching our visitor closely. He was quite neutral in his disposition. He was not particularly inclined to anything our visitor had to say, and was, in fact, starting to feel the beginnings of boredom. Like a man hearing the written document of his own speech being read aloud to him, expecting everything uttered with perfect certainty and premonition. He did not even wince when our visitor accused him of wincing. Our visitor was only incensed by his own disagreeable presence and the offensive sense of neutrality and indifference he evoked within his listener.

'Darn you! Do not pretend a boredom you do not feel! Won't you destroy that wretched document? Oh, how it bothers me! If only because you are a suffering, miserable creation of your own ideological system of despair that I refuse to allow you to author works like these, works contrary to what *you are*. Are you so blind to your own condition? Ah, damn you! I hate your look! That is the way you look at those men who have made a series of reproachable blunders in their intellectual exposition, a look which means; *'I have the patience to allow you to complete your foolishness and inaccuracies to their end, but in the end I will further display my magnanimous patience by correcting all of your points one by one, and sending you home with a full stomach (at my expense, of course) and the certain knowledge of my intellectual superiority.'* Your look combines the highest virtues and the lowest depths of satanic arrogance, all in your look! Damn you! Even your gaze is not safe from the paradox of your peculiar nature! Tell me, that is what you meant with your look, yes? Tell me!

Ohnsoc was silent. He only increased the intensity of his indifferent gaze, incensing our visitor without measure. Inciting in him a rage only those made of fire could experience. Everything our visitor told Ohnsoc was indeed correct, mathematically precise, even. But it was all old knowledge, like chewed gum. There was no flavor, only texture.

"Do you know, Ohnsoc," our visitor continued, at his wits end with anger, struggling but somehow managing to contain himself, "that love is a claim to knowledge. You claim to love this woman, but are more ignorant of what she is than is possible for one to be ignorant. Are you lying to yourself?"

"I know her" he finally broke in. He made his sudden response not with the slightest bit of impatience. In fact, he was almost melancholy. He said it in a way which revealed necessity rather than desire. It was necessary to respond, so he followed the dictates of necessity.

"You know her? How? You know, the failure of any ideology is its failure to understand women. You wince again. You knew I meant religion when I said ideology. Does that offend you? Your sincerity is remarkable! I do not care for offending you. Whether I offend you or not is completely incidental, irrelevant. I gift you a most beautiful axiom! More than an axiom, an instrument of measurement! You will measure the worth of any ideology (you notice I said ideology again? I do not care! Satan I am! Oh, to not care is the beginning of all satanic personalities!) by this instrument. I have an idea for you. A paper, actually. Well, not actually. I wrote it but memorized it as soon as I wrote it. I take great pains in preserving and developing my capacity to *remember*. Perhaps my only virtue. Although it is a vice for many. Anyways, I have an idea for you. Another gift, if you will. I don't do it from any pious feelings of generosity, that I can assure you. I benefit in my own ways from my open-handedness, ways in which I am not particularly interested in revealing to you just yet. Perhaps never. My paper is on the face! The human face! Confused? Wow! You look interested! It is

the first time I am seeing that look on you! Anyways, I call it 'On the Metaphysics of the Human Face'. Your interest is growing! Well, I did not expect this."

Ohnsoc certainly lost his look of pained indifference, but it was not at the exaggerated pitch our visitor began clamoring about.

"Indeed, I suspect the face to be a symposium similar to the symposium of musical notes. I have been reading the works of Leonardo recently. The painter, obviously. He said quite a wonderful thing. Something which aroused an idea already flowering within me. That, "the effect of the beautiful proportion of an angelic face in painting is much greater, for those proportions produce a harmonious concord which reach the eye simultaneously." It made me really do some diligent observations into the mathematical composition of the human figure. For man certainly is a congregation of numbers and proportions. You're writing a novel, yes? The face ought to be a serious study of metaphysical manifestations. That is my sincere conviction (look at my talking about sincerity!) Any serious novelist must have a spiritual intimacy with the face.

"What a face you have, Oh Ohnsoc! Yes! There it is! You've finally revealed the full brunt of your intent curiosity! No, my job is to torment you. I make no secret of it, as other, lower, philosophically inept and intellectually incompetent devils would like to do. Yes, their job is precisely treacherous. My intent is not treacherous, only evil. Oh! So much of evil is so vile, so corrupt, so dirty, so unaesthetic. It is evil only for its ugliness. No! I hate ugliness, more than anything. If evil were to take on its purest form, its most intelligent, most beautiful, most rewarding, most systematic in its structure, most philosophical; Oh! That would be me! How lucky you are, Ohnsoc. You are a most praiseworthy man to have me as your devil companion. Indeed, the majority of those simple minded wretches, the common man I mean, excuse me, have the most brainless, cheap, ugly, physically and metaphysically disproportionate devils as their companions. Should I show you what one looks like? Nevermind, you wouldn't bear it. A mind inclined to such lofty peaks of the most abstract and rarefied beauty, the most particular in their essential, the most universal in their volume. No, you certainly couldn't bear to behold their despicable countenance. You should be proud, really! I don't mean it rhetorically, I am totally serious. Anyways, your face. Yes, that's what I was driving on about. You ought to have a thorough knowledge of what you are, what you look like. But that is a forbidden knowledge, even to me. I could show you now the full depths of your sweet appearance. Oh, the beauty! The radiance! The saintliness! Only, your tortured obsessions and elongated melancholic broodings are preventing you quite viciously from reaching the height of your potential. But, you know, there is a charm that appears in the face only after one has long been the victim of his own powerful psychic gaze and melancholy. But, perhaps, that is only a charm that only I am capable of enjoying.

"Furthermore, as I've told you earlier, my job is to torment you. Your face scared away the woman that you are so fond of. Yes, your suspicions are true. Oh, for once your suspicions are actually true! And another secret: Do you know a vice, worse than any you can imagine? Yes, worse than gluttony, arrogance, anger, ill-temperance, the whole long list. It is *gloomy suspicion*. Yes! To be entangled in the *possibilities*. The *remote and probable*. To construct entire conceptual simulations, disagreeably inclined, based on the most worthless and scanty bits of evidence. Yes! I've driven scores into hell on that singular vice alone! Men who were perfect, but who failed in their observance of this singular principle. A posthumous axiom of the most diabolical magnitude. This is the sin I hope to harvest you in. Enough! Enough revelations, enough secrets being spoiled, that is another's duty, not mine. I have reached the finale of my generosity! I will now recite to

you the first phase of my psychological study.

The devil's psychological study
'On the metaphysics of the human face'

[Effects of psychological attitudes in the construction of a particular face]

phase one

Having certain metaphysical opinions and assumptions, I will not deny that these influence my thinking and, subsequently, my ideas. But, I will try as best I can to write in a most non-metaphysical and readily accessible manner.

It has been my observation that the human being possesses a face, and a uniquely individual face that is both wholly his own but, also, is a part of an expansive variety of 'types'. These 'types' constitute certain habits, inclinations, lifestyles, religious orientations, likes, dislikes, temperament and, finally, intelligence. The last one is of particular personal interest. A face, that is, a human face, can thus be described as an aggregate of one's immaterial collective disposition, which then reveals itself and protrudes forth in the form of physical qualities and dimensions. Of course, I must not deny the obvious reality of genetic inheritance in the construction of one's face, but this merely biological reality is of marginal significance and plays a quite meaningless role in the continual individuation of one's face. It is analogous to the relationship between accidental physical qualities and the essential quality that is ascertained by the mind as a concept. Since this is a paper concerned with immaterial realities generally, I must ask the reader to appeal to his own individual experiences in order that he might reinforce my idea. Is it not the case that you have come across certain individuals and made the instinctive and, therefore, immediate judgment that 'this person appears to be quite intelligent'? Or, 'this person looks very nice', or even, 'this person looks quite irritable'. There are plenty more particular examples, but I sense these do justice in making the general idea obvious. Why is it that we intuit dispositions from momentary glances at one's face? I would like to further make the bold assumption that these intuitions are never ceasing and compulsory. You cannot force yourself to not make a judgment. It happens, as it were, automatically, in spite of any conscious effort. I must make a logically necessary and equally bold assumption that, due to the nature of its instinctiveness and, therefore, its immediacy, it must be a judgment that is based on a *reality that is not at all arbitrary*.

It is a face that makes itself visible in the wholeness of its sincerity, no matter how hard the user may try to contradict his face by artificial mannerisms and gestures. Although, on the surface, he may find success in deceiving others. But it is a fact that the initial and, real, judgment does not escape the unconscious of the observer. Although, he may not be discerning enough to ascertain the full breadth of his real judgment. I must also add that, in particular, *moral* attitudes are especially subject to unconscious scrutiny by those outside observers. It is a judgment that passes in a flash but, if the observer and the observed are in a type of interaction, will skew the velocity of the interaction on account of this judgment. In my phase two analysis, I will describe the manifold process and multiplicity of factors that are responsible for the 'becoming' process of this real face.

Tuesday
2 A.M.

Ohnsoc was staring at his phantom. A strange feeling began to emerge in his heart. A feeling one feels only after having hated something, so that it is not a feeling at all but, rather, the transformation of a feeling. He felt something in his heart like the beginnings of understanding, the beginnings of love. Oh, Ohnsoc certainly did not love his despicable phantom, rather, he felt the impossibility of hating him. Such sudden revelations on the part of our visitor presented Ohnsoc with meanings of the nature of their relationship, so that Ohnsoc, at once, saw our visitor as being necessarily vital to his existence. So that, all at once, Ohnsoc stood, one malnourished tear falling from his right eye, and declared with magnanimous perplexity and good naturedness, "It's too short! My God, it's too short! The terrifying importance of such an idea! Why is it so short!"

"Short?" Our visitor, greatly surprised, but dull intentioned and vain, so that, at once, he concealed his surprise. "Well, yes, of course it's short. I told you, at the beginning, it is only a 'phase one' study. They are only the beginnings of my most unfinished notions. You expect too much, again, as usual, haha! Perhaps I will never finish it. I grow tired too quickly of these human affairs. How inclined to boredom I am!

"You're so hard to please, which is why you're so unhappy. The world appears only as the unfolding of some pre-eternal premonition you always had in your mind, so that everything you ever experience is always 'just as it ought to happen.' Might I suggest you go dumb? It is the only path to knowledge. What am I driveling about? I'm beginning to talk in paradoxes, another bad sign. Seems I have less than an hour left with you. Did you know, I am the essential companion of all self-professed wise men? I am the originator of the art of talking in paradoxes! Surprised? Good."

At this Ohnsoc began once more to be ignorant of the nature of their relationship, and immeasurable hatred stabbed the innards of his heart.

"No, no. You are despicable. You intentionally trap yourself in a sea of skepticism and uncertainty. Oh, what a torment you are! You are a syllogism without the middle term, you are an exercise in heartless mindfulness, you are the lowest kind of infinity, you are a manifestation of the most vain and indeterminate aspects of the science of mathematics! Oh, you are study without purpose, senseless knowledge, blind cognition. You are the physical reincarnation of the words of Leibniz, when he said, 'a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy brings man's mind about to religion.' Curse me if I should ever be like you! Nightmare! Vanish away!"

At this Ohnsoc held his head with marked strength and deliberation. He was shaking quite violently, although still quite timidly. He turned this way in his seat, now that way. He closed his eyes, he opened it. He would not disappear. Oh, our visitor was a most wretched guest!

"My, you are a spiritual alchemist are you? You are trying to transform the filth and depravity of your soul into gold and diamonds by words alone? You think by abusing me, as you just have (admit it, you did abuse me, and I am not at all unreasonable in expecting a warm apology from you at the end of this) that I will just grow wings, turn white all over, grow a divine smile and turn into an angel? Ha! The absurdity!

"It has long been my wish to see you suffer the pleasures of your own imaginings. My soul and

yours, they are not different. We are of a similar disposition, but I can see that your arrogance will not allow you be compared with anyone, because everyone is below you. Your only concern is cold intelligence. You pretend a virtuous demeanor but really, those virtuous deeds are a mere product of logic and cold mathematics on your part. I suggest you stop glaring at me like that, it is quite horrifying. I insist that you stop, else this dialogue will be quite impossible.

“Anyways, I had a story to tell you. Yes, about Joseph and his brothers. Did you know I was there with the brothers the whole time? Yes, right through the entirety of the night, when they stayed up all night planning and calculating their disposal of their own brother, all out of envy. I even tried to convince them not to do it, but they insisted. I have not seen resolve so strong for a very long time. I do not have time, though, I must leave, now. I wasted too much time on that confounded psychological study. I will be back. In the meantime, do visit that female obsession of yours, your ‘creation’ as you call her. Yes, I know you refer to her as that, you’ve said it under your breath when you talk to yourself. You had no idea you talk to yourself? Strange. I think it is your defining quality. Anyways, I must go.”

And at this our hero woke up, shaking all over. He was not scared, only angry. What a pure rage! Appropriate for such a pure heart!