

The “world-transcending” philosopher is a “parasite” on the beast that kills and fucks to make more beasts with the same code. The so-called Darwinian nightmare. The shit in which the black flower of transcendence must grow. Christ on the cross, the cross as matrix and mother. Time, too, pronounced a devouring mother.

As Hegel put it, God went all the way down to die among us. Threw himself into the heart of contingency. But what he meant, for those who could stomach it, was that we were God. Down here, shitting our pants, we make our infinity explicit to ourselves. Humanism, with the remains of the day of the great projection.

Schopenhauer was profound but only funny when tearing into phony philosophers. He was probably right about many of his targets, but he was foolish about Heidegger. And Schopenhauer is basically polluted by Kant. So Nietzsche comes along, very funny, aware of what is absurd