

DEFEATING EVIL

Everyone has in them a certain amount of badness. You too.

The question is whether it's where it should be. If it's part of the small, clear mirror of self-irony that gives an accurate picture of you together with all your faults then it's alright. But if it isn't in the right place – when it becomes a weapon employed deviously against others – you become deformed.

A monster.

The blade of your mind is turned outwards, directed constantly at the other person. Consider yourself lucky if, sharpening your tongue on other people's frailty, you merely flash the diamond-cold light of your wickedness in words, without actually aiming to ruin their lives. Better still if you don't pretend you're stupid, ethical or law-abiding in order to defeat those who stand in your way with a series of unlawful yet unassailable devices: first and foremost by attending to their weaknesses and thus gaining power over them. Not even with the intention of achieving anything but just for the sake of taking something away that could be theirs. That is their due. „Mar their happiness,” whispers the evil inside you.

After all, he is unhappy himself.

The wicked are stern

This is what distinguishes them from a person filled with hatred.

He can be bursting with life, like the SS soldiers who kicked old men to death laughing, or the mobs setting fire with glee to the homeless sleeping on benches. Wickedness on the other hand has no unrestrained passion.

Not all wicked people are psychopaths though.

Those who are, i.e. people incapable of giving and receiving love, are born without conscience and, though wicked and at the same time lacking character, tend to be too transparent to succeed. This type isn't even fully aware of the damage he's causing.

Wicked people were not born wicked.

It is the result of a conscious decision: they know what they're doing. They imagine they have the right. They're both clever and unhappy.

Wickedness is hatred hardened into logic that considers itself, in its more modest moments, a radically rational strategy of self-realisation. But in its more elated hours: the height of a sense of reality. However much they try they're unable to enjoy their success.

The only thing they can't figure out is why.

The wicked are forever insatiable

This is partly what provides them with energy: they thirst for achievement. They're determined, sharp and composed. They lie to everyone around them but themselves. They keep their aims secret. If they were able to contradict themselves they'd do so without hesitation in order to devise a fresh and efficient strategy, even more cruel than the one before. They reckon that everything in the world justifies them. They believe it's only they who know – what's more – endure the unbearable truth. In spite of this, they suffer no agony because they have conquered it. This is why they're almost capable of achieving absolute victory. They're only at an arm's length away. The great fulfilment, however, keeps them forever waiting.

The creed of the wicked

They believe in nothing. Not even in not believing in anything. The naïve average person – that is, practically everyone else – is born a loser for not daring to face the truth. They on the other hand do. They know how things stand: there isn't anything.

In other words, their starting point is someone's evilness rather than their goodness.

Man has brains but he's an animal nevertheless.

If not the leader of the pack or part of their escort he's already a loser, a dupe: a born victim. I'm bad too, you're scum as well, we're both false and treacherous. Society is the dictatorship of the cleverest and depraved over the weak and contemptible. While culture is the traditional system of hypocritical and sanctimonious rituals and formulae that serve to conceal this fact. The rosary of the deaf and blind. All you need to know is how to use it, then you can tell whatever lies you want.

The Ten Commandments are invalid

This is not something we proclaim. We just apply it in practice. We find a so-called leeway. There are no other ways left.

The wicked keep up appearances – though in fact they don't give a damn about them. When required they go to church, but when the tables are turned, they'll attend a Communist Party meeting. They find it all hilarious but even so they're not idle: they assess the people who are bad at lying.

They'll be their next victims.

In their opinion everything depends on how you use your brains. Concerned about nothing but the sharpness of their teeth and mind, they'll remain exempt from sympathy for others or even the faintest rays of hope. Nothing will prevent them from resorting to all available means – including the vilest – to get to the top of the rubbish tip first.

Once up there they can take their pick at ease.

You've no chance

Because there's nothing. No hope, no future.

What's happened is that homo sapiens has become shrewd.

He can now implement autocracy all over the world.

Among this third type of chimpanzee the point of selection – beyond the sharpness of their brains and teeth and their innate mental and physical abilities – is the extent to which they're cowardly, or inhibited, that is, civilised, i.e. ill, and the degree to which they can act while aware of their own mortality.

You'll cop it. The timing depends on the amount of money you have. You can call this power. The greater your power the safer your box from which you can enjoy the sight of the miserable throng plodding around under the merry-go-round, gaping at you in envy. It was you who stayed up there the longest. There's nothing above you.

Nothing is the name of the faith of the wicked.

It's their own name too.

And their future.

The wicked are the definite losers

They know everything – save the most important. Something that even the sparrows twittering on trees know. They say: I'm here despite everything. Our earthly existence is unpredictable.

Existence itself is irregular.

The various processes taking place in the universe are not only irreversible but the majority of them are unpredictable as well.

The world dances to the whistling of a little bird.

Not just all humans but every living being is an absolute exception. Their non-existence would've been much more likely.

But they exist.

Why does Earth exist?

Why do millions of people have the love and strength to make sacrifices to give other people life or happiness – even risking their own lives at times?

How can it be that though evil is verified by everything in the world the very fact of life refutes it?

Evilness is not stupid, yet it's dim.

There's something it doesn't know, something you can't know. A secret by nature. And the name of this secret is: hope. Having faith in the unexpected - unattainable for the wicked. You can't know it - you can only live it. Those incapable of realizing that there's hope – and all that it entails – have no hope.

This is common sense.