

In the Hope for Pirate Black Magicians

Every nation puts up a human character. Each of these characters is part of a community. No matter how we shrink or extend communities the characterization will never disappear. This is why any philanthropic thoughts which have so much characterized the democratic thinking is not only naive but dangerous.

The issue here is that, as Nietzsche points out in his once popular dichotomy between the Apollonian and the Dionysian, and thousands of ancient sages have noticed millenniums before him, good cannot replace evil and viceversa. My point here is quite clear; the more we indulge in our ideals of good the worse the catastrophe ahead of us will be.

Technology amplifies not only the way we amplify our rage of war but also the way we maintain peace by suffocating our humanness. It is somewhere order and disorder that perhaps the ideal human state can be preserved. This state cannot be fully constructed by, let's say, a civilization as any civilization, or to this degree any institution it comprises of, starts out with good intention but ultimately, as it gets established its power necessarily brings it to commit evil. The greater are its premises of peace and equality, the more terrible and catastrophic the outcome ahead will be.

Is it by any chance possible to suspend this chain of events that has been characterizing human history since its very beginning? Is it so that any Abel will be stabbed by a Cain or is it possible to somehow incorporate a shepherd nomadic spirit and a farmer-like sedentary feeling? Reasoning about it this might be only possible with one and only one figure, that of the pirate (romantic left wing thinkers can think of the partisan instead).

The pirate retains both the nomadic spirit and the sedentary. He travels throughout the oceans to seek his bounty but he also has an island, an unofficial hideout where his bounties are collected. I think that today anarchists of power who want to suspend themselves from its devastating forces need not to refrain to follow the figure of the pirate, undermining the institutional floats and raiding the civilized harbours leaving the tranquil farmer folk inland at peace.

The bounty this hunter should aim for however is completely of a different nature than something precious and worldly. The pirate I am referring to is in fact out to size traces of human life, the residues and leftovers of civilizations. He is a nomadic scavenger and yet he has also the responsibility to look after his treasure, to give it a place not so much for him to enjoy it but for future adventurers to discover it and bring testimonials of it back into the world, inspiring others to be pirates and do not collaborate to the inevitable civilized madness.

The main objective is to keep scavenging, to keep composing the very seed, the potential site from which life can be regenerated. What I have call so far a pirate, camouflaging in the world like a normal human being and yet cruising through it like a tycoon, he is nothing other than a conceived shaman transcending the human catastrophe. If at the beginning of this text I said that no matter what, there will be always character in our communities, even when enlarged to macro nations, my character is always the unofficial one whose disregarded life, his mission is at the key to suspend the ugly chain of events to come. His presence is as much inevitable as the inevitable chain of good and evil which the worldly human keep bringing forth.

The issue is that as much as these shaman like figures are naturally present in each human community, as much as that, it is the official institutional apparatus to repress them. The church, academia and all the more intellectual extensions of society, have become dogmatized establishment unable to counter react the inevitable death of human life. An alternative to the billions of liters of blood the inevitable conflict ahead will bring, it is in the figure of the repressed shamans that a drop of blood in his secretly crafted altar that all the abominable can be avoid it. His is only authentic tribute to a life, that only through this tribute can be regenerated.

As a tree will inevitably grow stepping over other trees. As the crows on the top of the tree keep shouting against one another to collect premature its seeds and plant their institution below it, under its dominance and supervisions, let's confuse in the ground among the multitude and detach from it with our bounty. Let's in another ground, our pirate base set up our laboratory of black magic and alchemy to set forth for the upcoming. Let's fake our collaborations with institutions only to set forth with our repressed duty. Let's demonstrate at time our magical techniques only to bring a shade of doubts, a dot of abyss in the electric glamour and electrified vegetation of the establishment.