

The World in a Crystal Bell

Most unfortunately it is not half a step back to make a grand leap forward that the Western world is undertaking. As the East becomes, in its hazardous financial speculations of the last decades, as the East becomes the new power, it seems that the level of civilization of the West decreases as much as its economy. Strangely enough it appears that the Western folk is becoming increasingly rich in their appearance yet I believe this is only a sign of decadence.

I mean let's remember Seneca's description of the fancy bathrooms in which his Roman contemporaries did their toilette. The Roman on its verge to power kept a very humble and dark bathroom, bathing in cold water and certainly despising the very inevitable Epicurean life of pleasures that cannot be but the sign of an imminent decline. Thus let's not misinterpret all the shiness we see on display; it is not by far richness, it is decadence. And thus also the very East of the world, so much eager to reach as quickly as possible a form of luxurious life is not but a kind of accelerated fulfillment of what I would define as a global decadence which will leave no balance.

The West is decaying and the East is soon joining it. The South of the world, the new colonies of the East will follow. Will the West by that time regain its cycle? I am not sure I would want to think cyclically here. Cycles can occur but not in the sort of technologically boosted interconnection we are experiencing. In this respect I must say that all sort of balances and cyclical changes brought by nature are disrupted and what we ought to get more and more used to is the great moment of disruption we will more and more increasingly experience.

How can we get used to disruption? I think the key to educate ourselves is to abandon the sort of state of comfort we have created around us. I mean that this very state of disruption is only boosted by the crystal bells in which we more and more seal ourselves. It is a paradox but this is the very tendency that it is occurring now. The catastrophes we experience we experience through the crystal of our smartphones, the very Narcissistic pond in which our vanity is reflected. Thus as a rich aristocrat so perfectly polished from outside, our turbulence in reality is right within us; what we think outside is in reality a projection of our inside.

Perhaps here lies the contrast and perhaps by letting our luxurious patina go we might be able to allow a most necessary regeneration to take place. I believe here it comes again the very issue Seneca was experiencing. In their luxuries, his contemporaries were only living without accepting their mortality. But mortality is what we ought to accept a priori and the perfecting of our virtue should otherwise let us be gods on earth, or

rather stars firm above all the catastrophes the world below is experiencing. Let's get back then to our dirty sandals and fairly old yet clean toga, to the Diogenian barrel, to simple contentness and then the sun will but shine.