

The Poet Saviour

What is the danger laying within the human mind? How can it conceive such terrible schemes that are so catastrophic for the lives of others and to some degree for the life of our actual planet? Where is human brain loosing its ground and how can it go so astray as to conceive a total self-destruction?

These are just a few of my questions. The more I look at the ancient past and the more recent events, the more I am terrified by the devastation humans has been able to set forth, a devastation often targeting the beauty and poetry other humans have been able to conceive. How are we then to avoid ugliness and if not how can we make sure we can adhere to the cultivation of a superlative beauty that so much characterizes the higher strands of our nature?

I think there is a misconception here to think that the artist who dedicates his or her life to generate beauty is the numb one, the one that does not partake in the social debates. With this essay I want to switch this misconception. In my view the artist, the non-official one, who had the luck of forming him or herself outside the tighter social establishment, he or she has the unique opportunity of keeping his or her head outside of a state of numbness, a numbness characterizing the much polarized social debates and political trends.

In this respect I am not thinking here that it is the psychological state of the human mind that ought to be analyzed so as to understand where it goes wrong. Certainly we can look at the twentieth century as a show-case on how psychological syndromes have been of great harm to humanity. We have had dictators in charge of the lives of millions but also terrorists in charge of the life of thousands.

On top of them we have had theorists in charge of the life of billions. I believe that this is a more interesting aspect to examine. When a theory is launched it can really go viral. Those infected adopt such theory to explain how to read the world around them and how to react accordingly. I can call theory whatever apparatus, not only Marxism but also veganism as well as whatever strand of fortune telling.

Now these theories are interesting ways to read the world. They are instruments bringing more or less clarity to certain elements. They work perfectly. I read Marx and realize that gosh he is perfectly write and what he says is so very true. Likely I read a book of numerology and realize that wow people born on whatever day are exactly that character. Similarly I can build my prejudices adopting racial theories but also I can get accustom to the contemporary theories of denial of any racial distinction.

My point here is that it is not in the understanding of the human psychology that human tendency to self destruction can be contained. My point is that in the very entrancement of ready-made theories the human psyche is somewhat halted. Perhaps the going for one theoretical strand to another is a form of non-psychology. In order to develop our psyche we ought not to play out the algorithms of other theories. My point is that if one is inclined to do so he or she enters a state of numbness.

The believer of whatever theoretical apparatus becomes just a puppet ready to act accordingly to how the theory he or she adheres to evolves in a given society. This evolution most often ends in a most rotten manner and the believer begins to stagnate with it. Most importantly he or she is ready to go against common sense, so numbed he or she has been in the adherence of a theory.

In this respect my only belief is that of suspending any such believes. Rather than embracing a mainstream theory which suspends our human faculties we ought to challenge ourselves to be naked in the world. We ought to experience the world as it is and only in such manner we can begin to adopt our own rationale so as to be able to develop our own divine intelligence.

Theories are only for those who have not been able to go any far in this process of self formation. It is like the daily consumption of alcohol just so as to keep us drunk enough to in fact use our inner nature to develop a broader understanding that does not come out as the barking of the representative of whatever theoretical apparatus. In this respect whatever can emerge from our nature it is just a reflection of its luminance and it can in no way compete with the strong mixture of substances one gets out of a theoretically numbed mind. Very few would prefer crystal water from anything that has a hallucinating effect.

If you are inclined to embrace a religion, a life-style, a philosophy or whatever else, that is already a sign that you have not been able to establish a communication with your nature. You will find a certain relief, you will be convinced that you did find the right way, the way but in fact from within your soul will begin to stagnate. Thankfully every theoretical apparatus provides its psychologists and or the remedies to deal temporary with these sort of stagnations. A system that can make our own nature spinning cannot be borrowed.

Out of most simple rituals and procedures we ourselves can develop our own apparatus to deal in accordance with our nature with the unique advantage of always being able to keep a foot in it. It is the necessary rooting each individual ought to implement in order not to be carried away by the danger we have experienced of fashionable ideologies

sweeping through entire continents creating disastrous effects and even more disastrous counter-effects. Collectively it is impossible to avoid such fevers turning the social body to rage and clash against other social bodies thinking the opposite way. Now in the adherence to an ideology we do not really use our intelligence but rather our gut feelings. Instinctively we side for this or that as instinctively we would have sided for one or another tribe fighting against another.

My point here is that in this kind of beastly fighting even when transposed at an intellectual level there is no intention of a resolution. The leftist intellectual, even if non-violent will adopt him or herself to damage the right wingers as much as the latter adopt themselves to do it in a more literal manner. Whether with a pen or a stick we are always fighting and these fights can escalate due to the actual medium of distribution.

How is it then that we can recover our senses as well as a more universal kind of common sense? At the beginning of this essay I suggested the figure of the artist but this is perhaps misleading. I often also thought of the figure of the ancient kind of philosopher, the cynic one. Either of these figures have so much lost their autonomy having somewhat been engulfed within the social establishment that today perhaps we should reconsider the figure of the romantic poet as the actual figure who can maintain out of the social numbness and can indicate to his or her fellow humans the way to common sense.

Now it is true that especially the official intellectuals consider the poet as to caught up with his or her own passions but I believe that in fact the poet is the antithesis of what is common in his or her time. In this time it is common to be uncommon, to be caught up in semi-aristocratic passions, playing the social media dandies. Poets, thus people attempting to pursue their poetical aspirations are the outcast. They keep intimate with a reality all the rest so much create a fiction of.

Using whatever he or she has at hand the poet is in fact who can maintain coolness over the heated and boosted temperaments boosted forward by the new old ideologies. he or she makes up the solid body of otherwise diluted humanity ready to steam and evaporate itself. His or her work has the effect of letting this steam rain on earth again thus enabling the flourishing of an otherwise to dry and forgotten soil. The flowers he can cultivate are temporary manifestations that yes the existential miracle can still take place.