

The Inverted Oedipus of our Time

The stage seems to be set once again; history seems to be repeating itself over and over as it has been doing for centuries with just different variable but the same old consonants. Strangely the official culture would not admit such a repetition. Governance of the west is but an oligarchy with a higher degree of reshuffling and yet it stands up for its democratic principles and cannot admit that right its looseness has generated the exact opposite polarity, a solid and intolerant east ready to take the world over.

We might therefore consider the much divided west as some sort of a Greek league that will at some point stand up against the Persian unified invasion. One question arises however: where is the Sparta of this Greek league, where are the raw and crude Spartans? Perhaps it is more so that the west is making itself more of an extended Athene, intelligent, tolerant but too soft and self-victimizing, unwilling to host within itself any sort of Spartan formation.

The Athenification that have characterized Europe since its union cannot be generalized. It is but an official trend directed by the epicenter in a more or less involuntary way. It seems however quite urgent that out of this west there ought to be an acceptance for somewhat of a discipline of the body and of the soul. It cannot exclusively relegate its cultural development to what it thinks are the victims of its colonial past. There need to grow within itself a sense of fortitude or else the forecast is but being completely taken over by a far more authoritarian and intolerant force.

With fortitude I do not mean the strength much publicized by weak dictators. With fortitude I mean a discipline that ought to rise not from far fetched ideals but from the recognition of our human nature. Only recognizing and consequently seconding this nature we will be able to grow in full. It is not the branches and its leaves, flowers and fruits that should be our main preoccupation but the roots. In this respect it is the duty of each individual to bypass the governance guidelines and attempt to grow the natural talent within his or herself.

Our focus on roots in fact will grow a most proportionate trunk which will with time give a most substantial nourishment not directly to us but especially to the surrounding. The surrounding will not most likely want such sturdy fruits but we shall keep on proliferating from the very tip of our extended roots to the tips of our branches and only when the time will come at last what we will have generated, a most durable and substantial fruit will be highly valued in the scarcity which is the direct consequence of our western softening.

In other words I am proposing the figure of the partisan hero which will have to take up

the reins of whatever he or she can gather. I am proposing the unknown everyday hero against the high up public tyrant which is likely to generate much of the future misery on earth. There is in fact no most fierce enemy to imperialism than who has discovered and cultivated his or her nature, as he or she can endure anything to only be able to perform it freely and reveal this intimately to those whom he or she believes are in such a path.

Imperialism will come our way, it is inevitable. All the concessions and disinhibitions of our western society are but a symptom of an overly ripe fruit with a nauseating over sweetness, an hallucinating one which lost any ground with a much more thorough nature. I believe that all one could within such a tendency is to try to sprout in the surrounding of this giant old decaying tree new trees.

No matter how hard the mother tree will attempt to cut any competitor to what she believes to be an immortal power, no matter how hard any new attempt to grow into a new sprout will be, we ought to keep on trying and only by finding such energy within us eventually all the cement sealing and preventing such a spontaneous growth will break loose.

For the time being we just ought to like seeds to gain all possible energy inward to, when the time will come, when an actual new spring will rise, shoot all this energy outward and with such a determination that the mother tree, still recovering from its winter sleep of a creature that needs much artificial sustainment to survive it, the mother tree will be completely bewildered of the force blooming around it.

Unable to understand the destiny, unwilling to let the testimony to new generations, the mother tree cannot but perish attempting to kill her very offspring growing right at her rot feet. Much it is the poison that she already spills in her effort to keep on and extend her already dead life. Beside the poison that is spilled on any potential sprout, the actual sprouts, those who have pursued their nature and are ready to grow independently new and fresher and more genuine trees, will have to withstand her fury once they do so.

This is perhaps the most modern tragedy, the very talent which could be used to generate new creature, that it is forced to reside within an old and decaying one and if not it has to lay low, hide and wait for the right moment to try to manifest itself in all its fragility, with all the potential to grow into a more genuine creature but with its mother creature most wanting to live on for eternity, no matter how poisonous this unnatural process yet most importantly with a mother creature willing to kill any of her very offspring attempting to grow along side with her.