

افغانستان آزاد – آزاد افغانستان

AA-AA

چو کشور نباشد تن من مباد بدین بوم و بر زنده یک تن مباد
همه سر به سر تن به کشتن دهیم از آن به که کشور به دشمن دهیم

www.afgazad.com

afgazad@gmail.com

European Languages

زیاتهای اروپایی

By Luis Britto García

16.08.2023

Prometheus



Sources: Rebellion

Let us summarize the case to be studied every August and preferably every day of life, as long as it lasts

In Greek mythology, the titan Prometheus delivers fire to humans, so Zeus chains him and condemns him to have his viscera eternally devoured by a bird.

The brilliant and progressive physicist Robert Openheimer commissioned by the US military-industrial complex creates a bomb capable of incinerating cities. With the first two burned, he speaks out against the construction of more destructive weapons, advocates

an agreement to prevent their proliferation, and the government strips him of his security credential, forever preventing him from all access to research in his specialty.

Prometheus is an allegory for what anthropologists call cultural heroes: the inventors of civilizations. The bird, according to some an eagle, according to others a vulture, is an emblem of those incapable of creating culture, who live devouring those who generate it and starving the rest.

Myths repeat themselves eternally; We have eternity to learn from them.

There is no God but the one who kindles the flame of knowledge. The only Divine thing about man is the spark that illuminates the unknown.

Ideas are the most powerful force, because they illuminate the way power is constituted and operated.

Civilizations are materialized thoughts.

Intellectual is one who uses the prominence obtained in the generation of ideas to intervene in public debate.

Idea is living intellection; The bird of prey devours the thinker and takes advantage of it because it is unable to create it.

To each one his drunkenness: that of the intellectual, to see how his thought moves wills.

Two egregious traits have the effects of knowledge: that they are unpredictable, and that they are predictable.

To work with ideas is to be aware of this duality, which turns life into a crossroads.

Maria Sklodowska of Curie could not predict that her discovery of radioactive elements would cause her cancer. Robert Oppenheimer knew that the heinous weapon he made would destroy cities and that his accomplices would perfect it to make it capable of destroying the earth.

Prometheus sins by action by giving fire to those who will use it for evil and by omission by keeping silent before its perverted use: everyone who plays Prometheus puts his viscera at risk.

Let us place ourselves for a moment next to the chained Titan, the bird that daily devours his entrails.

Let's dispense the demonic side of Prometheus: it is he who turns us into humans by giving us fire.

His flame could return us to the caverns, but without it we would still be in them.

From Leonardo's hands arise Heaven and Hell.

Ideas are perpetually brewing, and no one knows which one will shut down the world.

Einstein wrote a letter to the President of the United States stating that the Germans were preparing a weapon capable of disintegrating cities, and urging him to build another sooner, for which he urged him to control the available deposits of uranium.

The only excuse of the giver of fire or mass extinction is that if he does not do it, another will.

But the excuse of the other is the same, and so we all become demons.

For always in the Promethean spirit there is something demonic, we will always doubt and he will doubt his repentance.

Prometheus Claudicante will always find a way to sell himself to those who exploit his fire. Werner von Braun, who hit English cities with their V1 and V2 bombs, ended up directing the U.S. space program. Albert Speer, the architect of the Third Reich who with his camps of millions of slave laborers prolonged the Second World War for more than two years, by dint of chest beating was the only Nazi hierarch who served a comparatively light sentence and survived to lead a happy life in good company.

Santos Dumont, the true inventor of the airplane, committed suicide when he learned that his invention was used to bomb Rio Grande do Sul.

Oppenheimer's exemplary ordeal when he receives every night the visit of two hundred thousand souls of non-combatants incinerated by the fire of his intellect.

Relations are always difficult between Prometheus and the Power that his fire unleashes, which only feels safe chaining everything.

Deep in the soul of Prometheus is pride: that which leads Adam to taste the fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, prevents Giordano Bruno from abjuring before the stake of his doctrine of the infinite inhabited worlds, moves Galileo to murmur to himself "Eppur si muove" before the bowl of molten lead. Annoying virtue, without which we would not be men, but sheep.

Quiet Prometheans like Charles Darwin set the world on fire from a country retreat. Angry people, like Marx and Engels, inflame it from a London garret. What we call Universal History, as a constant revolution of existence, is nothing more than a Promethean chronicle.

It should not feel calm who instead of playing with atoms does it with words or ideas. A single adjective makes America Ours, a single figure of speech enhances the weapons of criticism as Critique of Weapons.

The crime for which the Titan is condemned is not so much the invention of fire, but trying to make it available to all humans to decide its management.

All was well with Oppenheimer until he decided that more powerful bombs should not be built, until he proposed an international organization so that mankind would avoid being destroyed by them.

All Prometheus attracts vultures disguised as heirs.

Torment of Prometheus receive in exchange for the fire devourers of viscera. Torment of vultures that would not know how to survive but devouring other people's entrails.

Now Prometheus not only gives humans the power to destroy themselves, but also to create conscious artificial beings destined to supplant us.

Heavy insomnia that of Prometheus. Deep sleep that of the powers that be who believe they dominate men by devouring them.

"I have blood on my hands," Oppenheimer tells Harry S. Truman. "He didn't drop the bomb, it was me," says the President.

Prometheus' prison is ours and his liberation everyone's.

Let's constantly look at each other's hands. Rebelión has published this article with the permission of the author through a [Creative Commons license](#), respecting his freedom to publish it in other sources.

Rebellion 15.08.2023