

Histerical History

The Power

A great obsession for Power exists; the desire to manage and control other lives; the desire to be admired, revered, feared, wanted and adored; in a total and absolute way.

According to Emmanuel Todd¹², every totalitarian temptation is a form of madness, some kind of schizophrenia, leading to paranoia to believe there is no other reality than the one which is projected in his/her mind.

According to my poor point of view, any obsession with power and domination of others is caused by a complex of inferiority, because of an insecurity that is attempted to be hidden behind actions plus aggressive, eloquent and muddling words with the maximum possible scenic domain to hypnotize others.

It doesn't lack some merit since it is not easy; but it is the good seller's merit who wants to sell refrigerators to penguins and always manages to get many penguins buying his refrigerator; equally he even gets many seals applauding any stupidity he says, even when he says: "You (seals) are stupid animals incapable of doing something properly, I'm here to guide you" and all seals applaud, for some reason... maybe it is because if they don't applaud they don't receive their corresponding sardine and would be limited, as the rest of the tribe, to just enjoy the sucking of the sardine's scraper.

But, for a true leader who wants to achieve the wellbeing of his tribe, this is not justified; there are many other means more intelligent, more professional and serious to be backed by the people without the need to cultivate hatred to the dissident part of the tribe or even to other tribes.

The other chieftain, the absurdities seller, uses the easy recourse of that animal which wants to move many animals, the alpha animal for which the only important thing is the size of the flock and its submission.

Gandhi knew how to motivate the masses, too; he was venerated and followed; but he never said that it were necessary to attack the British tribe; he never suggested to hate them, it was just necessary to insist them (patiently and peacefully) in leaving India. So simple. And he got it.

Not only that, but rather as a truly great soul person, with an huge and honest love for his country and his whole tribe, while respecting the members of other tribes, including the Britons, he suffered greatly when his own tribe was divided in two, just for reasons of ethnic and religious differences, to form the Muslim Pakistan and India with the Hindu. Maybe he did not understand why Muslims were feeling like second-class citizens within the project of a new independent nation.

¹² In his book "Le fou et le prolétaire" ("The Fool and The Proletariat").

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His attitude, insistence and fasts to get those differences to be ignored and to avoid those attacks between the two tribes, led to that January 30th when a member of a extremist mini tribe (precisely Muslim) shot him to death. For some reason.

Extremists are people who see life only in black and white (or red and blue; or green and yellow, whatever); for them, there are only two colors, a good one (theirs) and a bad one (any other one that is not theirs, no matter which); if you are not in area of their colour you are an enemy, a traitor or a bribed one. Anyone pretending to be in both colours or even insinuating that there are other colours (which should be accepted and respected) is a person who must be eliminated; as for the extremists there is only a valid colour: theirs. For some discoloured reason, this is how they think.

There are people (like Gandhi) who insist on following only the path of pacifism, of non-violent struggle, of the patience; and those people teach by their own example; they endure vexations, they tolerate humiliations, they even fast, convinced that their truth will win because it is the truth of love, understanding and dialogue. They apply intelligence, as well as Gandhi knew how to do with the issue about the imported clothes from the United Kingdom and the topic about the salt; and by this way, sooner or later, they get to achieve their goal. But watch out that point: love plus intelligence; it should be clear that only love or only intelligence is not enough.

Che Guevara was a fighter, a dreamer, an idealistic man who wanted Latin America no longer be the market, brothel and dustbin of United States, but he was one of those who think there is no way to dialogue with the powerful ones and, therefore, there is only one possible way, which is to break through by spear thrusting; that only force can impose justice.

He helped Cuba to liberate from North American influence, along with Fidel Castro, to put it under the Soviet influence; which meant an advantage since the USSR was much farther from Cuba than United States and, just for that reason, presumably it would be more annoying for the Soviets to go to abuse of Cuba as much as North Americans (who were so doorstep) had abused; but not because Soviets didn't feel like doing the same thing. In fact, they already were doing so with tribes in the Caucasus, who were quite more at hand.

With Americans in Cuba we had Cuban oligarches who made the most of that relationship and we had poor people who were prostituted or who worked hard to win a crust; there were also artisans, traders and other professionals who worked to get a fairly acceptable life.

After Castro revolution, many oligarchs and quite a group of artisans, merchants and professionals left to Miami. In Cuba things did change giving a new group of oligarchs (the new rich of the Revolution), we still had poor people working hard, we got new generations indoctrinated in the idea that Cuba was the Paradise after Heaven because, after God, Fidel was and how are they going to think that's not true if that is the only thing they know?

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Meanwhile, former oligarchs, merchants, artisans and professionals who left to Miami, were living quite amply or even better than when they lived in their native Cuba and, above all, within a régime of freedom; probably not perfect, but free. Then...

Whom was the Revolution for? What has changed in that tribe?

Nothing. On the island of Cuba everything continued exactly the same; that is, the same just as it was in the 60s, while the rest of other tribes are already in the 21st century.

Well, something had really changed: the abuse and deceit was already a tribal product, which means an improvement, because it is not logical to be in the need to import rascals having similar or even bigger in the domestic production within the tribe. It is always better to fatten scoundrels from the own tribe than those coming from another tribe. I guess.

And what about the Che? He, tired of the bureaucratic role assigned to him, or not having any body else to apply his *justice* or beginning to have his first internecine frictions with his partner Castro or simply in the need of new adventures, feeling to be the redeemer of poor latinos, he left to Bolivia, a country of great poverty, and there he was murdered (or executed, depends on the point).

This martyr's face became a universal icon, adored by many of those who want things to change, to punish the abuser, to get Yankee capitalism down, US imperialism¹³ be overthrown and strangled, etc. His image is associated, in many minds from all around the world, with the ideals of justice for the poor and elimination of oppressors.

But it seems that nobody wants to realize that he only thought about United States (with an obsessive fixation) on how to eliminate its presence from Latin America and just through an armed revolution, by guerrillas, by underground attacks; that is to say, primary and animal means to overcome the oppressive animal that doesn't want to listen. That is the icon represented by the face of Che in flags, shirts, T-shirts and flannels.

Nothing to do with the intelligent, peaceful, patient means and full of conviction from a soul like Gandhi's; however, I haven't yet seen a single flannel with Gandhi's face. I have seen posters with the face of Che, of Jesus Christ, but none with Gandhi.

No doubt it is attractive to wear on the chest that cute expression of a Che looking slightly upwards, addressing to a better future to reach, his beret with the red five-pointed star and his curly mane.

It is very attractive to wear on the chest the image of an idealized Jesus Christ (even though nobody knows how it was really his face); but nobody wants to wear on the chest the figure of a man like Gandhi: old, just skin and bones.

Che's restless face with a "Freedom" slogan vitamins those with struggle ideals; though, when it comes to the truth, maybe they are the first running away. Just maybe.

¹³ But without considering other imperialisms, mainly if they are left wing type.

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Jesus' beautiful face with the motto "Love" could make some to be better people, though perhaps they give a kick to the first one who gets through. Just perhaps.

But what motto do we put to a T-shirt with Gandhi's face? "Non violence"? "Patient perseverance"? "Intelligence"? Who can feel inspired with such cadaverous face and mottos? Nobody can strengthen his spirit with such a garment and, however, he was able to get a proud Empire, as the British one, to loosen one of its best colonial pearls. Curious thing!

Could it be that a peaceful man (non-violent) is not much of inspiration to anyone who wants to show a revolutionary and controversial spirit or who wants to feel stronger and more secure carrying the image of a leader? You guess. They are many who still believe in appearances, flashy banners and striking symbols, a lot of shouting, much quackery, lots of speaking (vanity of vanities), a lot of hate, a lot of slaughter, but nothing to do with intelligent and peaceful actions. For some reason.

Being intelligent is not to simply be more smartass than the other; it is something different, much more than that simplicity. Who feels secure, stable enough and adequately solid about himself, doesn't need either to be more powerful or boast about how great he is or to brag about how above the others he is, and far less to pretend proving that by means of a T-shirt. How sad! What poverty of mind!

If we were less outstanding appearances, pretending what we are not because we only value what others may think about us; if we weren't obsessed with power, with wanting to be a super man or a super woman; of proving that we are better than the others, of wanting to have more than others or wanting to have what others have; seeking happiness outside of ourselves, often at the expense the others and a longer endless attitudes which only show our inferiority, selfishness, laziness, inability and/or cowardice; then, if so, many normal roles within tribes would no longer be necessary. Despite of how impossible it may seem.