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**ANTI – BARBARISM
CREED / MANIFESTO**

Contribution by
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Argentina, 1995

Anti-Barbarism Creed/Manifesto

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Amid turbulent waters of life

A cosmic feeling upsets the heart of man.

Great transformations take place during this century. The world is not the same; our chemical clocks strike a different time. What happened?

We travel toward the stars, but do not wonder about the coming children. At school we are told science and technique hold the last word, but in the wilderness of modern civilization we want to hear the first one.

My childhood was placid in a village of province, playing with children of my age, building my own toys, singing with my parents and sister in my home kitchen, and reading Jules Verne. At the age of 11, I wrote a booklet whom I trusted the secrets of my heart; still I keep the manuscript called (even now) “Soul greatness”. In those days I had plenty of things, but at times I was assailed by a strange sadness; at night, I would gaze reverently at the starry sky asking silently the Unknown God; I wanted to know, but the stars looked at me and kept silent.

It was this first astonishment, this first shiver of cosmic exile that led me to seek resolutely knowledge since my early years. Yes, I wanted to know, but some years later I was not enquiring about stars, but about man. And I traveled through the roads of science, philosophy, literature, and history.

What was the meaning of *being* human?

Books did not answer. So, I did not feel the need to enquire about the “being” of Man, but to go down to the world of the human needs, human life, and human sorrow. I made up my mind to study medicine; I was aware of disease, old age, birth, and death, and also of anguish, discouragement, and madness. But on this metaphysical/existential search through the road of Man, I attained a barrier that was hard to cross: I knew what now might be called the cover of the “human phenomenon”, but I did not follow the meaning of my own Being.

And when I wanted to progress in the direction of the profound meaning of life, I stumbled over my own shadow. So, amid this road and quest, like Dante I heard an inner voice telling: “*A te convien un altro viaggio*”.

It is not easy to tell what happened since such providential encounter. I traveled through invisible roads of the soul and succeeded in re-cognizing that such “human” that I was seeking “outside” concealed by a veil of sorrow, disease, and death, also was “within”, and even knew that, to un-veil the meaning of existence, the light of intelligence was not enough: I must transmute my own matter into light.

Suddenly Renaissance humanism, socialist humanism and spiritualistic humanism, all these humanistic patterns known to me fell down, and I remained alone before my own destiny. I recalled Marx: “Philosophers have speculated about the world; we are coming to transform it”. But now this apothegm had another meaning: now, during my journey back, the key to the “human” was not to transform the world, but to transform **me**: I understood that a humanization and socialization of the world were not dependent on dialectic of the opposites, but on reversibility of values.

During 29 years, I neither gave lectures, nor attended to congresses, nor wrote books. But after this long period of abstinence as for information and silence as for interpretation, I felt conceptually necessary to convey a part of the spiritual experience. In 1966, I wrote “*Germes of Future in Man*”, and subsequently five other books through which I tried to build with different languages the symbolic bridge between the road of knowledge and the road of life.

How do I see the future of Man at this near end of century so loaded with signs of hope and barbarism?

—I feel that we have gone too far. We are going too fast in wrong time. Why do I say wrong? Because the time of politics, economy, society, technique, and history, and even the time ruling today our own life, is not the Time of Man.

Something essential has eluded our grasping.

By the 40’s, Teilhard de Chardin was prophetically announcing the arrival of the “Ultra-Human”. But starting from the second half of century we are frontally colliding with the “Infra-Human”.

Up to 1968, still there was some hope of creating again the Earth. But today we have no time any longer and words are over. The time of philosophers speculating about the world is over, and also the time of those who came to transform it is over. Instead of all of them, the goddess technique has arrived with her salvation message (Thomas Berry). And the sacrificial time has arrived. It was ever so at the transition threshold of great civilizations.

We have crossed a dangerous border. Not only the cybernetic-social time is not the time of Man, but even many human functions are now at the edge of the cosmic life: work became a budget cut variable in economic plans, sex has ignored love, and the home of man became a temporary hostel.

It is not a time for soul illumination, but for matter sacredness. It is neither a time to win the world or save the soul, but a time to build again the Temple.

And at this critical time of the question about Man, what is my creed?

I do not believe in academic congresses, symposiums, and declarations of principles. I believe in the work, sacrifice, and renunciation to superfluous things. I believe in the testimony of the prot-agonists of the New History. Also I believe in the co-inspiration of sages and saints to contrive again a Whole new science of Man for the coming civilization.

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Buenos Aires, July 3rd, 1995