

Prometheus og Epimetheus: Tom Gillesbergs bidrag til et festskrift for Helga Zepp-LaRouche

Contribution to the Festschrift for Helga Zepp-LaRouche from Tom Gillesberg, president of the Schiller Institute in Denmark, August 5, 2018

Dear Helga,

Reaching the age of seventy is not a bad thing, but a good thing! We, who have the pleasure of knowing you, have seen how you have taken more, and more, responsibility for future humanity, for every year passing. You are setting your distinct, very positive, and inspiring mark on the destiny of mankind. How much poorer mankind would be without you! You are walking in the footsteps of not only Lyndon LaRouche, but also, his great mentor, Prometheus. For that, I want to pass on to you the following story, which is much truer than all the fake news in the newspapers of today.

Epimetheus visits Prometheus

It is rumored that deep down in the archives of British Museum, among many others treasures of mankind that the British Empire has chosen to keep secret from most of humanity, are the recordings of the legendary visit of the god Epimetheus to his brother Prometheus, while Prometheus was enduring his torment.

Scene: On the orders of Zeus, Prometheus has been chained to a rock, and stands in the burning sun, while his liver is being eaten by an eagle.

Prometheus: Who is there? Who dares to come here to visit me, when he knows that many watchful eyes will report back to Zeus that someone visited he, who should be isolated and scorned for his revolt against injustice? But, is it not you my brother Epimetheus? That I would never have guessed. I would never have expected you to visit me, in my miserable circumstances, to cheer me up. Dear brother, how are you?

Epimetheus: Thank you brother, I am quite well. I do not have your powers of foresight. I am not able to foresee the future, yet I would have been able to tell you, that going up against Zeus was a bad idea, which could only get you into trouble. Why would someone as smart and bright as you, do anything that

stupid? You knew that the Gods of Olympus didn't want mankind to multiply and prosper. Why then, did you give fire, and the power of insight and truth-seeking to man? Why give such powers to mere mortals? Why risk your personal, physical well-being for that?

Prometheus: My dear brother, I am not sure if you came on your own accord, or just to scorn me, and earn the favor of some of the so-called immortals. But still, I will let you know. It might make you reflect, and might be a much needed, different tune, for those other ears that are, for sure, listening as we speak. Yes, you are right. I knew very well what wrath would hit me, if I crossed Zeus, and all the despicable traditions he represents. I saw with my mind's eye the torment he would bring to bear on me, if I went against the will of the old gods, and brought these outlawed powers to man. I knew that I would call upon myself all the misfortunes that Zeus was capable of creating.

But I was also haunted by the vision of what mankind would be like, if it did not have access to the gift of fire, and all the other gifts of the mind, which I so generously bestowed upon it. I saw endless rows of gray, chained and enslaved humans, with no spark of creativity in their eyes. I saw men, woman, and children that were so without hope, that it broke my heart. I resolved in my heart, that no matter what torment I would have to endure, I would never allow that to pass. I saw a much different future for mankind, something much more akin to my own spirit.

Epimetheus: Prometheus, now you frighten me. How can you speak such words? Don't you know what anger such speech will provoke in the powers that be? You belong to the gods! You could have their favor! Why throw it all away for these mere mortal men?

Prometheus: My dear brother, your eyes are so eagerly tied to the courtship of Olympus, that you do not see the truly magnificent heaven that lies ahead of us. I have also seen what can come of mankind, when bestowed with my gift of fire and wisdom. My mind's eye has seen how man can not only expand across the face of the Earth, spreading nations and civilizations everywhere, but, also, how the nations in the future will work peacefully together, to make it possible to go from one end of the world, to the other. How nations will then work together to leave planet Earth, and cause both living processes, and cognition to spread from Earth out into nearby space, making mankind a true space civilization. My mind's eye has seen how, what you see as despicable, primitive man, can become the prized jewel of all creation.

The old, so-called eternal gods are but a passing phase in the greater creation

to come. They know that, and that's why they hate me so much! But all their ill-intended fury cannot stop what will come to pass! Their days are numbered, but the days and numbers of man will continue to grow beyond their wildest imagination. Let them bestow their fury on me. Let them torment me. They only exhibit their own impotence in face of the higher power of universal creativity!

Epimetheus: My dear brother, you truly scare me! I think the time has come for me to leave the burning sun, and your burning passion as well. If you are right (which you, until now, have always been), it both scares, and intrigues me. I will think of what you have spoken, and see if it comes to pass. If you then are proven right, I will learn from you, and record your story. Until then, I will be in a much cooler, and more pleasant location, while awaiting those great changes you say are to come. I hope you don't mind that I keep different company until your friends will have gained more favorable circumstances?

Prometheus: Dear Epimetheus, you are my brother, and I love you as such. But you can only look back, and learn from the past. I look forward, and let the future determine what I should do in the present. Thus we walk much different paths. But we will meet again, and despite you not having deserved it, I think the future will bring even much more pleasant circumstances for you.

You are not a Sun that can be a light of its own. You are but a Moon, which can reflect the light of others. I prefer being a Sun, to being a Moon, and that is why I am so feared. But I will also be rewarded with a great many thanks from future generations. Farewell, my dear brother. I do not envy your present, pleasant, meaningless life. I prefer the thorned and scorned path I have chosen for myself, because I know what wonders will come of it.