

In the Celtic Cross Tarot spread, the last card suggests the possible future development of the situation at hand, if nothing changes. Our card number 10, right now, is fascism. If nothing changes, it's unavoidable. So, we need to change something.

We must imagine a better world. Describe it. Language creates reality.

What? How?

Inequality has always been under everyone's eyes. The coronavirus pandemic exacerbated them: the last and most exploited rings in the economic chain are the most essential for maintaining the status quo.

After the first week under lockdown, many were eager to go back to normal. But it is normal that locked us into our homes. Normal is inequity, normal is exploitation.

Future is fascist. Not because I say so, or you who are reading these words think so. But because it's the unavoidable endgame of the path we are following: capitalism and exploitation. And defense of the status quo by those on the top. And even by those just above the waterline, angry and scared by the thought that they could be drawn under water by someone else that aspires to live a dignified life and enjoy a few rights that right now are denied.

A Green New Deal? It's a way to save the old ways of doing and consuming, a capitalism with a human face. That is like saying the Devil, whom sometimes helps old ladies to cross the street – so they could be run over by an electric scooter. Sustainable degrowth? There would always be someone ready to sell you a pack of AI designed super optimized quick sprout seeds, 100% organic. These are not solutions. These are ways to play around broken rules, without changing the core assumption. We need to change assumptions; we need new rules.

This is where magicians and witches come into play. The artists, the dreamers, the illusionists and the weavers of reality.

Revolution is not the fires. Is what we are going to build after we have swept away the ash. First thing, we need to know what comes after.

What? How?

The first thing to do is to imagine a new future. A better one, more equal. For everyone. Nothing wrong in being rich. A lot wrong in getting richer and richer on the sweat and blood of other people. In using money that could eradicate hunger in a week to ship rich people to take selfies in low orbit.

We need magicians against fascism. Folk that can imagine a new world and then conjure it. With magick, art, sweat, examples, actions, fire.

With words: language describes the world, creates it. We need a language.

This is what I'm thinking about. Help me imagine. Call your friends, let's dream together. Call your friends' friends, let's build together.

Art, magick, language, the three pillars we will build the future on. Otherwise, they have already won, they won years ago. We could do nothing else than settle for the crumbs they grant us, while they destroy everything.