

the spirit
of
the world
of
the spirit

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2020

What have they done to the earth?

What have they done to our fair sister?

Ravaged and plundered
and ripped her and bit her,

stuck her with knives
in the side of the dawn,

and tied her with fences
and dragged her down.

(Jim Morrison)

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The awareness manifesto

Let it be known that there is a conscious spirit in all things, and that he who sets his limits upon this consciousness evolving is committing a crime, not so much unto another, but against his own roots and being.

For that, the system is stupid. It limits the growth and intelligence of a world that could be, and replaces it with a sick and meager version of a twisted form of reality. Many a movie has been made about an apocalyptic future, in which mankind lives in miserable twisted circumstances. Nature is absent, dead. All is technology, and this serves the domination of the system. There is nothing but artificial food, artificial drinks, artificial air. All is ruled by the system and science is its servant. Mankind is dead, mankind is doomed. Will our future ever look like this? Will evolution ever amount to a lifeless and tasteless product of the mind? Will the heart ever die?

Some say these times are times of revolution, times of change. Some believe that from the highest realms of the spirit, children are born into this world, that bring with them a special aura. They are born in great numbers, people say, to occupy places in this world from where they can work on a new time. A time of the heart. Perhaps the system will not realize a future dead for all, a future where only through conventional scientific cleverness,

man can make it, in the absence of all that is natural and already there to serve him. Must man replace every living thing with a robotic version, must man make everything artificial? Why can the original not just be kept in honor?

Many people are protesting in the streets these days. They oppose the further decline of the world under the influence of capitalist logic. And they are right. Capitalism is dead, it serves us not, it has become a horse or a ship adrift, without control. The people must resume control. That is what they try. They do so, not in the reason of the system they fight, in the reason of mere profit and personal progression, but in a spirit of communality and sociability. They do so for the common good. For nature, for the social agenda, for the weak, for the poor. They do so for reasons the system claims to care for as well, but of which it is clear that nothing ever gets realized. It is like the system is comfortably asleep and these people seek to wake it up. Can we keep protesting the system, can we ask for change? Can we waken up the system with our own aliveness, with the banging of a drum, the saluting of a flower? Does the system have eyes, have ears for this, does the system have a heart? I believe not. I believe we should expect nothing from the system. I believe we should throw over the system and just make the world anew. For from the system, nothing good will come. The system is the side of death, the system is what is keeping people down.

For sure, the system has eyes, has ears, everywhere, but it listens foremost to its own interests. It hears everything, there is surveillance everywhere. But it is not a gentle awareness, that seeks only the good, reason and balance. It is a dangerous surveillance, that only serves the survival of the state of domination. It wants to know, if people are still afraid. If people show courage, the system responds with brutality. This is the law, for people must be afraid. If people are not afraid, dominion cannot stand. It shows, that the system is afraid, is forever afraid that people would no longer just obey. It is the dream of the system, obedience, obedient people, it serves the system. It is a system of repression and of slavery indeed, and the common people deserve much better. They deserve to be treated with respect, with freedom, with options, with a choice and freedom of will. If the system says walk this way, people should be allowed to walk the other way, if they would choose so. People should be allowed to disobey. But they are not. Therefore, they must be smart enough themselves, to rebel, to throw off the chains and all be dissidents. Then the system will flee in the end.

If all the slaves rise up, the master will hide in fear. For they will lynch him, they hate him, they want him out of the way. And why not hate him? He stands for nothing but restriction, for nothing but a boundary to their world. Who is to say where your world ends? Who is to say what is the end of you? You are free and wild, and there is no limit to what you can achieve. For someone to say, this is

all you'll ever be, is like a threat that asks for it to be questioned, to be challenged. So the system should be challenged, to say the least. Is it true that we are merely slaves, is it true that we must just obey. Is it true that this is all we'll ever be? Who are you to say? I say you cannot. You cannot say that this is all I'll ever be. And prove it. Prove that you are more. Prove that you do not obey. Prove you have the courage. Prove you have the heart. For the system is a mere making of slaves, slaves to feed the big machine, corpses from which the machine grows money, and becomes more powerful ever more. We must break the machine, we must sabotage its growth, its growing power. We must make their money no more.

We must care for nature, we must arise to stand up for ourselves. For our souls, for our spirits, for the magic that we are. And trust, and know, that god is on our side. God is never on the side of death, god is life, god is what is giving life, god is a woman giving birth. Endlessly. In joyful laughter, in peaceful ecstasy. To make a way for god in your life, is to make a way for the woman, for the gentle being, it is to make a place for bliss, for ignorance, for not knowing, no longer for the hell of mind, but for the nevermind, for emptiness, for surprise. The system holds little surprises, the system is the same every day. You go to work, you go to work, you go to work. Every day. Never does tomorrow come, never there is change. Nature changes all the time. The weather of today may be all to different from that yesterday. A frog may leap into the pond where it was sitting. A cat can change her course.

But man is so part of the system, he is an animal no more. He lives not by his own surprises, he lives for staleness and wonders about destiny. Was the system my predestination? Is an apocalypse our common destination? Will nature wipe us from the earth, after all we've done to her?

Nature may surprise us yet. The earth is a being of the universe. She is not a stranger to other planets, and she is loved by the cosmic beating heart. She is heard, she is cared for, she is seen. When we are killing her, it is not true that no one knows this. The whole universe knows. And earth may call upon her siblings to come help her, in the pains and struggles she is in. That is why I believe the times are changing, that is why I believe special people are being born. I do believe in revolution. A revolution of the soul, a revolution from the purity of nature. I believe indeed we'll be surprised.

But for now, the system. If it is killing all, if it is destroying all, if it is sickening all, is it not enemy number one? Is it not the greatest worry, that hangs over mankind? Capitalism, globalization, the system of the rich and powerful. And all of its tentacles, and all of its security. How to overcome it, how to live once free? To some the system is kind. A sort of nepotism. It favors the wealthy, it seeks the sympathy of the powerful. Thus grows the greatness of the power. And becomes evermore difficult to circumvent. But man is many, and in

unity and focus, who knows what the end of his truthful powers yet may be.

I pray for revolution, I pray for an uprising of the soul. In all at once, like one great celebration, like one big family. Let all join their brothers, in their quest for freedom, in their thirst for happiness, in their prayers just for healing. Peace!

Spaceship terrorists

Reality always amounts to the same thing: a small elite controls everything, and possesses all of the wealth. Their interests are enormous and they live by and for fear. Fear of never having enough power, fear they will never see the whole world at their feet. They are the traditional masters, the ones who see it as their right to treat others like their slaves, and their mentality is very low level. One should not feel compassion for them, they deserve to be hung, and their corpses may be spit upon.

The whole world acts irrationally: people continue to bow and obey, and force away their tears and protest, and keep on jumping politely with a smile for the bastards who settle themselves lazily and indulgently on the throne and think it goes without saying that they are respected and successful. Does money equal success? Does power equal success? Are you loved because everybody fears you? Do they know what it's really like to be loved?

The whole of their life is a meager disillusion in which they walk around semi conscious and everybody keeps on affirming their self delusions, everybody acts like in one big hypnosis as to their unspoken wishes. Do they hope for a fee? Do they think with their continuous slavery to win the hearts of the heartless one day? Do they think

they can engender sympathy from these stone disfigures?

What is man? A heartless tyrant or an endless slave! In between, there is no twilight zone, there are no more heroes.

What makes it so that one man can dominate the other that way? Merely the evilness of the character, the worst of the will? And do such people deserve a place of respect in our world? Or should one teach them a lesson? Should they sing somewhat lower? For everyone is equal and no one is better than another. Should we let ourselves be driven unto despair, or should we conspire against the bad guy, and help him out of his misery in the end? So we can divide the world fairly between every one once again, and look each other in the eye with pride and love as free beings. The world we can create for each other, a worldwide Cuba. Every one equal, every one free. No more tyrant, no more displays of servitude, we all have the right to simply be ourselves.

And those who deny us that right? Those who want to make us believe that we are less, with a display of power perhaps, with anger, rage, with outbursts of tears of frustration and powerless begging as to why we do not want to obey? Why would we want to obey. If the tale is not one of love and truth, but of destruction and sadness, why would we want to listen? Is it such a good idea to sow tears and suicide? Is it such a fun game to make

people angry and sad? What is all this sadism? Is it a self deceit of people who are unable to live with themselves, who just aren't able to live, that they place their impotence and frustrations elsewhere that way? Is that the only way they can deal with their dividedness and tension? To push another over the edge of the ravine, and laugh as if they have overcome their own fear of heights?

And if they cannot live with themselves, why would we give them a place of honor? Why would a sane person want to choose a psychiatric patient as a leading figure? A sane person! Why would someone want to go against his own mind, and start in a way that is clearly madness? From love, from tolerance, pity perhaps? Or to demonstrate that the thinking of the other cannot but amount to anything but suffering in the end.

Why do we follow people who say it doesn't matter if you pollute the environment. It's ok if you can no longer drink the water, if you die from the gasses in the air, if you kill the plants and animals that are forever keeping the world so beautifully wildly in balance all the time. Why do we listen to people who say it doesn't matter if you're not happy, because that is what makes me happy. Why do we listen to these fools? Are we then worth even less than that? Are the fools at the top, is the world ruled by idiots and evil men? And are we afraid of them or is our respect for them authentic?

I will never believe that humanity truly has faith in the people who are their leaders. I believe the people themselves know a lot better what would be right. They have just learnt to keep silent, and merely shut themselves up in the end. They are afraid, they are easily impressed. A small upheaval and they withdraw. Perhaps arguing is not always fun, but one can hardly let the bad guys win like that all the time, and in the end declare the whole of our world such and dead. For what? Because that's what they are.

If people were to realize deep down, where their powers are still alive, that they do not respect authority anymore, and that they want to do it themselves and better, would they then not work at every angle to regain control? Could the people save the world from the drunken drivers who are just driving the whole cargo in the abyss? Would we not take over the wheel when we see that accidents are bound to happen?

Because we are all in the same boat, we are all on the same bus. And someone has to point the way, someone must work the rudder, someone has to still look at the stars and say that is the way we need to be going. Surely we are not going to let the least capable ones lead us in circles and just be drowning the lot of us in the middle of the sea in the end? We are for sure not going to elect the least capable ones as our leaders, merely because they want that so badly. And live in dividedness, within and for ever more with regards to one another. And keep on

bowing, and keep on keeping silent, and forever knowing better but never ventilating our feelings. A child can see that the emperor has no clothes, but everyone says 'how beautiful is his costume!'. And the emperor is standing there naked, and laughs, in the world of his vain delusions. What a show, what a joke!

But are we really just going to throw away the world and our lives in the end? Are we just going to die then, with the animals and the plants and the water that has been poisoned and the air we are not allowed to breathe anymore? Isn't life worth anything to anyone anymore? If someone says die we just put the knife into our bellies? Or do we say make me, I'm not giving up without a fight!

It is my opinion that we have come to a point in the evolution of the world, where we cannot but ask ourselves these fundamental questions. Because the people at the top, the people with the fattest wallets and the most expensive cars, cannot see anything really but their own existence. Do they see the lives of their children, their childrens' children? They don't care if another suffers, they don't care if another dies. What does it matter if you can't drink the water anymore, as long as he can pollute the air with his stinking car? What does it all matter? What does he care about? His own dreams, his own needs, like a child playing with a machine gun. Accidents are about to happen, there has to be damage before the rest is alerted. That a dumb and incapable individual holds too much power. That it is

hurting our health perhaps like the cigarettes I smoke, the environment, the integrity of our fellow being. For the well being of us all.

And are we gonna let that individual keep on driving? Are we just gonna let him drive humanity out of the picture? Or are we gonna take away his keys, are we gonna take the power from him, are we gonna make him come to senses, are we gonna demand from him that he changes his behavior, that he grows up, that he learns of responsibility and the group, the lives of other people, the fact that he is not alone on the world.

For that is the way the rich think, that is the way the powerful think, that they are the only ones on the whole planet. And everyone is saying, yes, you are the boss, should you wish I will die for you. Some put on a uniform and do this in a literal way, others grind their teeth in poverty and famine, until their days are accounted for and neediness has caught up with them. Everyone is dying, for some five or so motherfuckers who do not have enough with the whole of the world. And who know naught of creation, other than their money. And who know nothing of their bodies but the hunger. And who see or understand nothing of their fellow humans, except that they are their superior. Are they not people themselves then? Are they not like everyone else? Do they not have a heart, do they not have lungs, a liver that detoxifies their blood? Do they not need care? Are they invulnerable? Is it their healing, in which we keep of

bowing and smiling and dying and kneeling, does it make them any better? Do they grow more gentle with age, do they give away more as they collect more, do they give more as they find ever more 'security'? No, they remain unmoving, they remain bad and narrow minded, they remain intolerant and ill tempered, never do they become human, never do they grow into someone one can love.

And should they demand love, then why not ever from themselves?

Are such people still further worth our recognition, if they are never prepared to give the best, if they never want to see anything, if they never want to know anything ever about the whole of humanity and the world? If they claim to have no business with whatever? Why then, would we keep on having business with them? Why would we keep begging them, what would we keep on saying to them? Just leave these people aside, do your thing, be disobedient, be the rebel! You are free and the world is yours! Not someone else's, the world belongs to everybody. You have a right to it, because you are a human being, because you are an animal, even a plant deserves to live. Let us as humanity simply stop the bowing before all that money all the time, and let us see what is truly important in life. An apple, an egg, an apple and an egg. Life is not all that hard, but money makes it impossible. Their would not be any money if it were not a shrewd game of some to put the whole world into their

pockets. The world does not fit into just one person's pocket, but all of us fit into the world. The world is a home to us, the world can feed us. Without the blur of all that money.

If we start to live for one another, if we work for each other, out of love, out of understanding, not just for the rich, but work for everybody, how much faster would everything fall into place beautifully. How much happier would we be together! How much more precious would we be in the eyes of the other.

But now we are all not worth anything, and for each other we don't do it, we do it for the rich, for a tiny bit of money from their endless pockets. We live for a bit of pocket money, whilst we could be kings each and every one of us. A king to our fellow being, a king by our fellow being, a world full of high society. We are so brainwashed, we have so learnt to bow, to quiver full of fear. Who will show us courage, who shows us the way to our words? Who leads us to stand in our power, who will bring the flower in us to flower?

For in every one of us, a god is living, a flowering in every one of us. It is that, our birth right, which we are all keeping small, which we are keeping weak, that we never trust, our self confidence itself. No, the other is shouting louder, the other is talking more harsh, the other knows it better, me, I don't know anything. I do not know what I say, I do not say what I say, I do not do what I do. I do

what I have to do, I keep silent, I declare myself dead and am willing to prove it.

What an ultimate servitude!

Has mankind then come so far, that slavery has been abolished, but all are living down? Who remembers still what it is like to be a slave, and who will say that is not his life? For the masters, for the bullies with their money. Who will make the world perish in any way. It reminds me of a hijacking, where some harsh men have taken control of the airplane, and are sending the pilot and all of the passengers to their graves. Terrorism, that's what it is, the whole of the world! If they do not have a problem dying, then why don't they do it by themselves, why do they have to tear every one along? Nothing that is keeping them from dying, but leave the other his life is he wants it. And will anyone, a passenger or a pilot perhaps, be so brave as to save life after all, to try at least, in full courage and despair, in the face of death? If we are all going to die anyway, we may as well do so in an attempt to still save our lives. Or are we just gonna lay ourselves in the grave, dead like we have been for all of our lives, are we not gonna put up a fight even then, are we gonna keep complying with the will of a bunch of incompetent assholes? With some terrorists scaring the whole of the world.

Sometimes I feel like I live on that hijacked airplane, and the terrorists are not so far away from me. Is there anything to feel but rage?

And could a bit of rage here and there not save the flight?

It is our duty to arise, we owe it to each other, to the pilots, to the plane itself, to the awareness of our destiny and the right to get there. We cannot go on bowing because that is what is expected from us, we cannot keep on dying with a smile because that pleases the gentlemen terrorists, who love it. Our love does not serve us, it serves to protect us for a second perhaps, but those who want war can get a way if they want to as far as I am concerned. And the rich are looking for war, they are challenging man and animal and plant, they are asking for disaster and that is what they are going to get. Nature is answering them.

Will man in the end, still take the position of a slave, or will he join the tongue of nature?

Retrieval of the light

I want to write a short note on my method of fighting, and the concept of being a warrior of light. I have studied many martial arts in my life, I have studied judo, jiu-jitsu, karate, kickboxing and ninjutsu, but apart from the usual sparring in the club, I have never been in a fight for all of my life. That is not to say I have not encountered my ordeal of challenges, but I never took up the proverbial glove. I always refused to fight, walked away and kept my cool. Because I don't believe in aggression.

I am however not a weak person, in spiritual strength, and that may even be why I held my ground of non-violence. I think when people start fighting, it is a sign that they have somehow lost it, that they have given up their cool. I think fighting is very uncool.

But in the spirit of the budo, and the art of meditation, I do think that it is, therapeutically, for the sake of personal development and growth, a good idea to visualize such encounters in the mind and deal with them in the inner space. Aggression as well as personal defense are matters that every animal on this planet has to deal with, and to block out feelings of self-assertion and self-demonstration is something completely strange and unnatural to me. So I fight on the inside, but I refuse to get caught up in a true life encounter, as I believe it does

nothing but confuse and harm both parties, and I do not see this as a way of settling peace.

In contemplating true or phantasized encounters however, one gains a subconscious awareness of self-sufficiency. One comes to see oneself as able, though not prone, to deal with life's challenges in a way of defence and turning aggression around. This can only happen when one is in touch with one's inner power, when one is grounded in the spiritual self. Growing in this aspect is not a matter of denying one's feelings of self-assertion, but in giving these a place and a time, a voice and momentum, in one's inner world. This can be done in a therapeutic setting such as an analytic couch, or it can happen in the privacy of one's own modest meditations. But it is nothing more or less than a way to wholeness, to accept and celebrate one's assertive side. One may be surprised of one's potential in this area.

Especially when a person is not used to facing his or her frustrations and inner torment, will this be a sort of unfamiliar ground. But it is a healthy side, to feel rebellious and to not take oppression lightly. Everyone is a revolutionary in this aspect, as they would all stand up for themselves, if they dared, if they chose, and if they felt a strong enough connection to their self-assertive voice and stance.

What has keeping my cool then brought me, if not many a therapeutic meditation on the occasions of self-

defence? Has it made me a coward in real life, has it left me weak and powerless in fact, has it made me a frustrated dreamer, who will forever relax once again his clenched fists and keep his tongue silent, walking away defeated because he does not believe in starting a war? Well, believing in the light, and being a warrior still, has led me to experience some other side to the fight, a side which I can take peace with and do find reassuring.

You see, to love peace is not closing your eyes in hiding every time times get rough. Believing in non-violence is still being fully present in the event of a challenge, but without crossing the line. This may be a line of speaking, it may be a line of acting. Everyone has the wisdom to decide when to drop an argument. I will not shy away from arousing a certain movement, but also know when to drop out of the escalation and let things settle themselves. As I have said, I do not believe in war, at least not on the physical level. But when one remains sufficiently silent, not hiding, but observing one's inner responses to a challenge, one can still be able to make a change, without interfering on the outer level.

Remaining firm and silent, full of confidence and patience, has led me to observe another side to warfare, one that, from a spiritual and a therapeutic stance, I find much more interesting and enlightening. You see, it often happens that I am silent in a challenge, or even in a more modest feeling of tension between me and another person, intuitive that is, and I follow that feeling, I give in

to my feeling of discomfort and the assertion of my inner self. Often that results in a sequence where a certain change presents itself, on the level of my pure awareness. It can be a catharsis, it can be a cloudy or oceanic change of temperament, but in any case, this feeling to which my soul's struggle amounts will be noticeable in the physiology of that other person.

This is very strange, and very exciting. People will swallow for a moment, sigh, yawn or perform some other involuntary movement, as a result of me spiritually guiding a build-up of tension and awareness, in keeping firmly to myself. This is another aspect of warfare, a far greater one, and a far more sensible one than the one that is fought out with fists and bullets, with guns and knives. It is the fighting of the spirit, and it brings relief and transformation, it brings healing, though with and through force, healing and wholeness to the other person. It is the essence of retrieving the soul from the field of universal love and awareness. I have become somewhat accustomed to living this way in the past few weeks, and it is very exciting to me to be both living closely to my own truthful experience of the stories I live, and yet, in a very modest way, being part of transforming these stories.

In the view of my theory, this is a way of fighting for the light. It is a different form of asserting one's convictions, it is a different way of standing one's ground. One does so, much more on an inner level, on the level of the spirit

and the universal field. And in that field, one changes the energy in the other person, one brings parts of that person home again, as Freud said, one brings back to the life of the light, what was tucked away in the corners of darkness. In so doing, one loves one's enemy. One wants for him to be freed from the inner oppression of the ego-force, that is making him feel sick and alone, in fear and delusion. If one can heal the soul of the other, there is no need for him or her to listen to the voice and reasoning of the oppressor within. So, that is another way to win a fight, a more silent, a much more modest way, a completely different way. It is fighting and being strong on the inner plane.

So to be a warrior of light, is surely this. To be in touch with one's feelings of self-assertion, to be in touch with one's inner stance, and to remain true to this, throughout a confrontation, standing one's ground with ease and grace, and inner fluidity. In so doing, one rocks much more than one's fists, one uses the power of one's soul, the deeper power of the spirit, to bring change about. And to bring change on this level, is always a healing. It is always a bringing home some doomed part, a way, let me say, of returning to the other person that which his ego has pushed away, so that the ego may lose part of its graveyard-like treasure, and part of the dead is brought back to life. It is a fight of faith, but it is for sure a fight of delight. For true victory is achieved here, where the ego can no longer hold down parts of the other person's soul. In so doing, one frees one's enemy, and this comes from

a place of compassion for sure. But it is not the compassion of the weak, it is not the compassion of the one who has given up, it is true compassion, it is compassion as a force, and as a place of defence and assertion for sure.

The ego oppresses, and grows stronger the more it keeps in its reservoirs of restrained energy. To retrieve a part of one's soul, is to steal from the storage room of the death drive, and return it to the person alive. It is freeing a hostage, it is giving the money from the rich to the poor, it is an act of charity. So, to fight this way, is to be a warrior of charity, a warrior of compassion, a warrior of delight, a warrior of the life force. It is not winning, and being victorious still.

I also do believe this field of inner strength to be known to the true masters of meditation and martial arts. For it is often said, that when two masters meet in a challenge, it may take a long time before any action is taken by any one of them, and it may be that the fight would be over without any aggression being displayed. This may be the case, when one confronts the other foremost on the inner level, on the level of the spirit, on the level of the soul. It is what is called, the power of the mind, using the powers of the subconscious. It is my hope that many a strong warrior of compassion will come to walk this earth, warriors who know their size and their worth, on a silent level, on a confident level, on an unshakable level of truth. Warriors who know that their true fight is a battle

with the darkness, and who are smart enough to steal from the oppressor, the soulparts back to be returned to their foes, who are oppressed by the forces of death, but are unable to deal with it. People who have lost it, and know not what they are doing.

Let us all be strong, and in so doing, bring back the love in eachother, and help the light shine through, in a world ruled by oppression and the murdering of the child.

To the social world of fear

I would like to contemplate for a second on the subject of social fear. That is, the world, the social, and the fear.

The social and the fear go very well together. We can easily understand from psychoanalysis, how they complete one and other. For there is the ego, the mirror image, that which at first estranges us from pure and unbound awareness, the simple witnessing without the constraints of the I. The ego is what tears us away from an innocent point of view and leads us in the direction of demands. We start demanding that the contents of our awareness must be such or such. We start restraining and shaping the inner experience in ways that give us a feeling of consistency as to our presumed 'personality'. One can wonder as to the validity of this consistency. One can wonder as to the value of the self-image. Is it not a primal form of estrangement, this enslavement to the mirror image? Is it not something we invest too much in? Would we not better go with the flow, be anew and unpredictable every second again, without prejudice, just a joyful chaos, a pleasant surprise, like the thunder and the lightning that burst out in laughter above all the pouring of the rain? Could we not be more in-the-moment? Should we always worry about the continuity of our self-image, should we be so hung up on keeping up appearances? Who are we, really? That is difficult to say.

It is a question that has had many answers throughout the ages, and yet it is still without definitive reply.

We are surely not merely an image, we are flesh and bones, we are blood and power, we are life's passion, poured into a carnal vessel.

The image, the ego, is the means through which consistency and prescription uphold their bondage of the soul. It is the demanding aspect of the person, it is that which lets him not be free. 'You' have to be this way and that way, 'you' have to always comply with the demands. And these demands, that we put upon ourselves, and under which we sometimes feel we will collapse, these demands are, like the ego-image, also in a way coming to us from a place of estrangement, of a place that's strange to us. It is not in the nature of the native mind, to be so full of demands, but to be a spontaneous joy that shys not the bursts of laughter and the spirals of enlightenment. It is not strange, to our true inner spirit, to be a surprise like the thunder, to be full of humor like the lightning, to be a comfort like the rain. We can be spontaneous, we can surprise one and other, we can be so much more than all of the predictability, staleness and demands. You can drop this, I am sure you know this from experience. You can drop the burden of life, you can drop the veil, the blinders from your eyes. And be fresh, be new, like a choice, like a choice for living life every moment authentically, vitally, full of inspiration. You can be so much more.

So the demands, that are put upon this ego-image, they come from the Other, they come from the outside world. We learn this real soon, as children still, what 'we' can and cannot be, what we should and should not do. What to feel, what not to feel. What to show, and what to hide in shame. In truth, in therapy, there is no need for shame. Shame is all that is forbidden in analysis, shame is all that should not be, shame is the foe the analyst will help us overcome. For we are there to be free, unbound, without restriction or preoccupation. This is a beautiful word, pre-occupation. That part of our sensitivity which has been occupied, before. So that is, the energy that has been bound, taken into captivity, by the instance of the ego, to be withheld, to be dampened, to be controlled, to be toyed with. We are not to be toyed with, we are to be respected in our fullness and our integrity. But the ego is there to interfere, the ego will seek to capture and manipulate, that which is merely the expression of our nature.

And society demands this from us, society demands the ego. Thus the social enforces fear. The social cannot live without exertion of the terror. It inflicts shame and repression on our souls, it bestows the humble position upon its members, of being in a way falsely and distorted. We always have to be playing roles. We cannot fall out of them. We could, in truth, as I said, we could be fresh and merely a surprise. But that is threatening to the demands of society, that all should be dead, pale, stale, lifeless predictability. Society is a calculation, it is fear and status quo. It is the keeping of an image, on the level of the

collective identification. Countries can never be forever. They dream of greatness and of expansion into eternity, but they will fade, as will their borders, as will their images, with the evolution of the people held within.

So will the world. The world will not remain a static image for ever on. The world will change, as people change. The world is like a country to, it has an image, it has an inclination towards narcissism, to proclaim a self, a this-is-I, a need for an image to control itself. And as we know, that image is the global institution of the capital. The world is money, and that is all the story there is to tell.

But we can fight that image, we can surprise the constancy of this merely image. The world does not have to be just money, or the making or the distribution of it. The world can be full of life again, it can be about a monkey, a spider, a snake, a falcon, it can be about a lake, a tree, or the sun that shines upon them all. The image can turn to life again, the shame can at times be left behind. And that's a start, that's where we take back the life from under all the hiding, that's where we lift the baby out of the mud. The world should not be about the mud, it should not be about the image. Nations should not be about a flag. The world should be about the life, as nations about people, as the ego about the soul.

For that is where all principles of therapy are coming from, to seek the dolphin that is moving underneath the ice, to seek the flowing, underneath the freeze, and to

bring relaxation, into the rigid harness of our personalities. If this is therapy, should we then freeze forever more on the level of the nation, should we say the world is this, and that is how we'll keep it? If nature had thought that way, perhaps there would still be dinosaurs, or worse still, we would never have evolved from the primal soup of water and bacteria.

The world has come from evolution, nations have been born and died, and man, as well, is forever a living, beating whole, made up from air and water, blood and fire. We are alive, nations are alive, the world is so alive. And life means change, for the better. Life means hope, life means progress, and with it, the death of old habits, the leaving behind of ancient mistakes. Thus there is hope, there is forever hope for change, for surprise, for the new and for the fresh.

For which there is however little hope, is for the ego. For man will never be a picture, nations will never be just flags, and the world will never be the killer of economy. This is all too human, animals do not have such desire for personality. Animals have instinct, they are guided from within, they are free and authentic, they are rooted in the field. God is with the animal, they are one with nature. But we seek somehow to stand over nature, we seek to hold our beating down, we seek to tame our hearts, tame our lungs, control the oxygen in our veins. We seek the mastery. And this has led mankind to some level of comfort, but it can never be more than a game. It

should never be for man to lose himself. Man should always return to the earth, man should always remain true to his living roots. And that is somehow, somewhere, where we have lost it in these days. Everything is out of touch, everyone is out of touch, with the principle of reality, with the balance of the soul.

We cannot go on making the world about economy, we cannot go on making a nation about a flag, we cannot continue to be merely the dead things of the images.

The world these days, demands from us that we keep ourselves so down, that we control ourselves so much. But how can we really? How can we keep up this denying of our soul? How can we keep up, the silent conspiracy to deny the realness of reality? We cannot remain images forever, we cannot be mere consistency. We cannot remain a child that has to be restrained. We must become adults that are free, we must come to terms with the ground we stand on, we must regain touch with the world we live in. That is what so many souls are crying out these days, from the Indignados to the Occupiers of Wall Street, that the game has got to stop. The comfort is our true comfort no more. It has become the enemy, the game is now for real. All cannot remain forever dead, all can not be mere machine until infinity, we can no longer comply with these demands. We must break out of our stories, burn our flags, break the monster of economy. We must step out of our sleep and dreams, and start again to see reality. The game cannot go on.

For if the world, the social, the Other, keeps telling us how to be, it will be fatal to the lots of us. We cannot trust the government. The government is ruled by sociopaths, filled with psychopaths, the government is only caring for the money. And money is but the image of the world. Money is not the lake, the sunrise, the bathing in the wind. Money is not the beauty and fulfillment of our planet. Money is a game, a temporary agreement, an attempt at consensus as to what life is about. But life is never just about the dead, life is never just a thing, as a person never is an image. Life is a heart that beats when it's cold, life is blood that rushes blood unto our organs, life is people that evolve, life is maybe ice that is melting way too fast. Life is life, life is change, life is not a thing, the world is never a machine. Life can surprise us, life can be fresh, life can be felt, real and authentic.

So I would call upon the world, to break free from the image, as I, as a therapist, would call upon a person to drop the instance of the shame, to fully be, and without compromise. We cannot live by the Law no more, we can no longer live by religion, or whatever the Name-of-the-Father is. We cannot live in this estrangement, we cannot breathe no more, under the manipulations of the ego. So we must be that way, as in therapy, and for the better, without compromise. We must be truthful to the truth, we must be wholly about peace, we must be coming from surprise, we must be a breaking point, we must but open our eyes and see, and wake up the other next to us. For reality is calling for our help, the animals are crying for

our help, natives are appealing to our understanding. Why close our eyes, why come from a place of sad regret and say, we cannot change, it somehow all must be this way? What superstition! What should be this way? The world, man, the nation? Should life comply with an image and a story to uphold? Should the world be given the frostbite of a character, should a nation be an armor, a fearful hiding, of the pride that lives within?

For man has been about fixations way too long, man has been about restrictions way too long, man has been cramped for way too long, it is time to free ourselves, to flow again, it is time to feel alive and be so fresh. And so should be a nation, so should be the world, fully alive and changing, never fixed, never just the story of an image, never just a cramp of fear around our heart. Can we free the world, can we heal the tribes and nature, can we burn our flags, and can we break the savage beast of dead economy. Nothing is as good to man, as the dropping of his image-self, nothing is as freeing, as the realness of unpredictability, nothing is as freeing, as being a surprise. And nothing could be more natural.

I believe not in putting a story, full of laws and habits and predictability, upon our brothers. I do not believe in programming the world. I believe in letting it live, in letting it surprise us, I believe, uncompromisingly, in letting the soul come out. That is my maieutic teaching, that is the heart of psychotherapy. Come out from

underneath that ice, flow once again where there was armor, bring to life what has been dead.

Has man not been dead for many ages? Can nations claim eternity? And will our money last forever?

To the powerful

Dear gentlemen, ladies,

I would like to talk to you on this modest occasion about your position, and the truth of all of your status.

You have to know, that man is nothing more than a feeble building upon the might of god. In the midst of the glory of nature, we erect our buildings and construct our cities, and we make a boundary around them, so that nature is on the other side. We are indeed, on the other side of nature.

Still there is not a moment that we are not in the midst of Her, and there is not a time that we are not Her children, fed and nourished by the kind breath of Her breast. There is not a medicine in the world, that does not find its roots in earthly matters, and there is no food without the plant, the beast. Even to construct our homes and our stores, our factories and all of our modern toys and technology, we have to borrow from the Earth and ask for Her gentle gift, which we receive, ever without a question.

Feeling sometimes like masters of the universe, we can never forget we are forever its child. Perhaps every child

at one point wants to be bigger than its parents, but it is a complex we should not forever suffer from.

Do we really need to master our Mother, the Earth? Do we need to enslave Her, hurt Her, kill Her, sicken Her? And what about Her gifts to us all, Her ever growing love for humanity, in which She gives of Herself, and shares Herself, like an eternal blossom and forever fruit, to Her dear offspring, to perhaps the dearest of her creation? Should we punish such a being, and be hard on it? Where does our attitude come from? What about the thanks, what about humility, what about happiness and gratitude, what about the sanctity of receiving such an honor? Should we not forever be grateful that we receive so much without question, without a question or prerequisite? Should we not feel blessed with the world, should we not adore our Mother? Why do we hurt Her, why do we whip Her, why do we rape and demolish Her, why do we hate Her so much? What is there to fear? Our life? Do we fear ourselves? Perhaps we should...

For a mother could not want but wisdom for her child, and so the Earth urges us to be wise, and to share in Her examples of kindness and great heartedness. She wants to see us kind to each other, as She is kind to us. She wants us to love one and other, as She loves all of us. She would perhaps, only want us to be just like Her, a flowering in freedom, in surrender, in giving, in laughter, in the endless greatness of the sunny sky. For the Earth is peace, the Earth is a miracle. She is a thousand things and

more, She is the spider and the monkey, She is the rain and the thunder, She is the lightning and the light, She is the tiger, She is the deer, She is so much to all of us, and She is so very near. Why do we distance ourselves so much from Her, why do we need to be apart? Do we really want to separate ourselves from the giving of Her bosom, do we want to live alone? Need it be, that we go live on Mars, need we dwell on living on the Moon? What is there for us, but a distance, a painful and unlivable distance from the Earth, our home, the source of all our being?

We humans do not want to know our Mother, we want to be our selves. We want to be apart, we want to define ourselves, and make it on our own. This is an ambition every person feels at some point in his life. The need to carve out a mask for himself, and play games with it in the all of the social world around him. To be free to choose one's destiny, to be a self-made man. I can do what I want, he says, I can be anything I choose. This may have a certain valor, but I think one can never be so foolish as to think one could really live without food, without shelter, without medicine, without friends, without the rest of the world. There are limits, and there are preconceptions, prerequisites, conditions. There is a starting point that is given, there is a vantage point that must be kept in honor, there is a stance, an original position, that should be kept in mind. Man can set out on a journey, but not reckless, and never ill prepared. And one must be conscious of reality, and man must be aware

of his own limits. There is no use for running into a wall, unless we are insane.

Is this not what mankind is doing these days? He puts so much pressure on his Mother, that She is exhausted even before the year is through. She is depleted from all of his demands, and never does he stop demanding. When will She refill Herself, when will She regain Her powers, when can She come to Her inner balance, and find Her strength again? Man does not care, man demands, man wants, man is on a journey to become something and be someone and he is running into a wall. He is forgetting his preconditions, he is forgetting his limits, he does no longer see reality. This makes me afraid, this looks to me like an insane man, who is out to hurt himself. Who will shield man from himself, who will teach him caution, awareness, and a sense of reality once again? Who will show him limits, and the wisdom of growing up in harmony with the world around him?

Man is blind, man is ruthless. He sees nothing, and hears nothing. He only knows what he wants, and how it must be for him. And if that means that other people are hurting and dying, and if that means he has to terrorize and vandalize his own Mother, it means nothing to him. Man is a criminal, when he no longer knows his Home, and pays no recognition to the love that is forever feeding him. Man is loved, but that is exactly why he should know peace. Does he not realize he is loved? Can he only want forever more, must he have forever more, will he never

be content? Man speaks about the being of economy, and how it should be forever growing, man thinks the world is all about the money, and wants to rebuild the mountains from it. Man has dreams of greed, man has wishes of insanity. Man should be kept safe from himself, the insane man at least. He is not reasonable for sure, and he is out of touch with reality.

I am most inspired by the wisdom and insights from psychoanalysis, where it is said that what is repressed, never dies however. We can tame the ox, we can domesticate the horse, and we can slaughter and rape our fellow man, but the soul, the soul never dies, the soul never loses hope, the soul always keeps the vision, the original vision, of truth and peace, the longing for expression and equality. And the soul, it is said in psychoanalysis, forever returns in every way She can. The soul insists, and I think this is not a form of punishment, but just an attempt for harmony, for there to be balance and true life, not the building of illusion, but the simplicity of truth, the authentic life that is so often torn and twisted, so often subdued for what? For a son that wants to rape his Mother, for a Child that vandalizes and murders all his family, for a man that tries to live apart from nature.

I think nature is the soul, much of it anyway, and nature is the Earth, nature is the animals, nature is the plants, the rain, the thunder, nature is the mountain and the fire, nature is two birds making love, nature is a snake and

nature is a dolphin playing. Nature is so much, and nature for sure is all of us. There is no way man can claim that he does not belong to nature. He does not wish to belong to it, he wants to live alone, he wants his isolation, he needs his distance, but this has grown too far. In the end, does mankind really have a chance without the world, can one man make it without another? In the beginning, people formed tribes, because they could not live alone. Should we not, after all this time and after all these centuries, unite with nature, if we see that we cannot make it on our own? Should we not form a bond with Her, should we not marry Her, should we not kiss Her and make love to Her? For sure there is a difference between making love to our Mother and merely raping Her. Where do you think, lies the profanity?

There are many people, gathering in the shamanic spirit, who hold rituals for the Earth. Who pray to Her and try to comfort Her, who try to heal Her. And from your superior point of stance, gentlemen, ladies, these people are cast aside as being mere fools and utterly insane. Is it sick to talk to your dog, are you mad when you kiss a rabbit, when you cuddle a kitten are you to be locked up? For such spirit is the spirit that we need, the spirit of love, of honor, of celebration and of gratitude, such spirit is the spirit of the Earth, it is celebrating the unity of love between a Mother and her child. Such spirit is where man is true, perhaps a little bit insane, but is he sick, when he calls a butterfly so beautiful? Or is he sick when he declares his brother dead, sentences his sister to mere

famine and his mother to starvation? What then, should we care about? What is the spirit, to be honored?

For I fear, dear superior ladies and high gentlemen, that your world of money and of forever isolation, is nothing than a violent violation of the truth that should fill our homes. The truth of the tree, the truth of the river, the truth of the fish who live there, the eagle that eats them, in the end, the truth of you and me. The we are one, that we are bound together, and that our lives can never exist apart. The first people knew this, the first to walk the earth. They knew unity, the unity of the tribe, the unity of life and their bond with nature. They knew their place in the world, they knew a home and a sweet caring surrounding. Their medicine came from the Earth, their food came from the Earth, their clothes and shelter all came from the Earth. There was no way to be apart, there was no means of isolation. Did they want to walk the moon, did they need to live on Mars? I think they were grateful for so much. But we have lost our gratitude, we have in so many ways lost the bonds of our connection. Our food is made in industries, our clothing comes from factories, our medicine comes from laboratories. We have started to give birth to ourselves, like testtube babies we bring forth ourselves, we are no longer the offspring of our Mother, nature. But still our factories come from Her, still our industries live in Her, still her laboratories get their stuff from Her. We can never succeed in standing all apart, we can never give rise to

ourselves, we can never map out a journey where we can just forget about the world.

Would it be wise to neglect the life around us, would it be wise to walk into a wall?

For I think that is what is bound to happen, in the all of our superiority. We live with blindfolds on, we live with headphones on, we do not hear the traffic, we do not see the stop signs. We move like insane beings, who are to be observed, and are under observation from psychologists like me, and whose behavior seems highly delusional, and unsafe to begin with. People like you are highly dangerous, and should mind very much not to take the other with them. That you may hurt yourself, I nearly wish, so you would learn, and take the blindfolds off, and for once put down your headphones, and see the signs, and awaken to the rush hour traffic. You no longer notice your surroundings, you simply ignore the world you live in, but you speak of progress, and of standards, life, of comfort and security, you speak of your money and well being. But you speak not of the Earth, you speak not of your Mother, you speak not of your sister, and you speak not of your brother. Do you have no family? Are you alone with all your money, comfort and well being? O how I pity you in all your self delusion! You are very strange. You see nothing, yet are comfortable, you are alone, and call that luxury. Should we all turn blind and lonely, and will we then be comfortable like that? Or should we open our eyes, and like a child, find play and wonder in the world,

find a miracle in a beetle, find rapture in a river stream, build castles in the sky and be in love when the sun goes under. Should we be alone and blind, is that what you are saying? Do you preach insanity, is there no truth left in your being? For we are not alone, all of us are family, and we are not blind, we are awake and we can see the sky, and we can feel the heartbeat that we live by. We know truth, and truth lives not in insanity. About insanity we wonder, and for sure about you mr President, we have our questions, and we are forever curious about the zest of your maneuvers, but can we call it sanity, or should we lock you up for sure. Until your eyes can see again, until your ears can hear, until you can ride again, as we all long, one day, to do.

Should the superior be in therapy, so as not to hurt themselves, and if they are taken other people with them, in their wars, in their downfall, in their rage and murdering insanity, should they not be locked up pretty strong, pretty secure, should the Earth preach for security? For the system is a danger to the Earth, capital is murder, and the rich are sick and doomed. They should be put away, in isolation as they wish, where they see nothing anymore, as they so long. But to kill the world forever more, and to rape their Mother, and to kill their sister, and to starve their brother, is it not unsafe to let them forever more behave this way? Are they not a danger, unto all of us, our family, our life? Are the rich not terrorists, are they not criminally insane? And after all the observation, what therapy, what means to do something

about it? If they are steering the cab we ride in, if they are the ones driving the bus, we should evict them and get ourselves behind the wheel, for the sake of all of us, for the sake of our family, for the sake of the deer we do not want to hit, and the river we do not want to ride into. For the sake of not drowning, for the sake of staying alive, for the sake of our lungs, for our skin that is all we ever had, for our lives, we should evacuate the mad. We should get them from the building, we should lock them up for sure, where it will be as they dream of, lonely, blind, that they may find their comfort and well being, somewhere in a place of therapy.

And for the rest of us, is then the world again, the balance, the connection, the survival, the rite of pleasure, the honoring of the bond, the truth of unity. No more do we stand divided, no more do they drag us down, into the insanity of war, into the lies of murder. No more will we destroy the heart that feeds us, no more will we whip our Mother or rip our brother. No more will there be then danger, no longer will we live in fear. Cause fear comes not from the world, fear comes from oppression, fear comes from the hand that takes our breath, fear comes from the ones that suppress us, fear comes from observing the rich. And it is a fear, that we should hear. It is a fear that is advising the Mother as to her son. It is a fear that wealth will hurt us, it is fear of too much taking and never anything to give, it is a fear of egoism, of superiority, of blind and idle misogyny. It is fearing the criminal, but we should stand strong, and take the power

back, and save the plane from crashing into the towers, save the boat from drifting down the waterfall. The insane can only take us with them, if we never act from our insights and our heartfelt knowing. Then we will all go down. We will go down at the hands of criminals, a mere second before they kill themselves. It is time to stop the crime, it is time for justice, it is time to mount our horses and raid the parliament, to take the liars from their mics and declare the life once again safe and saved.

Who will stop you, dear ladies and gentlemen, if not your brother, if not your sister, if not your Mother, who needs time, who needs her space, and who needs the love some crazy people offer her, some insane you say, you, the sick, who call the loving to the court. So upside down this world, such insane living. The killer shoots the savior down, as it was two thousand years ago, and all long for heroism, all long for a reversal of the role. Where is the savior who will ever take the criminal down, save all and assure that rest and peace are there already, that we need worry no more, that it was just a bad dream. Who will take down the nightmare, the slaughter of the Earth, who will collocate the blind and deaf, who will build a fence around the criminals, where they may kill each other, if killing is their dream, and where they are no longer part of nature, if that is their ambition, and where they can drive through all the stop signs that they want, as long as their is no bus load full of children to crash down with them. Who will isolate the crime, who will immobilize the sick, and why not, send them to Mars if

they refuse the Earth, the living Mother, their dearest sisters and their closest brother?

For there is an end to observation.
And the end is now.

Psychopathy of everyday life

Today I was thinking a lot. I was thinking hard because I was angry. I was in a philosophical mood, seeking reason in the world, and in the things I was taught as a child. Things most people somehow still believe in, fairy tales they somehow were taught to believe.

When I see the world, I see crime. All I see is crime, all I see is egoism, fear, self-interests in war and conflict with one another. I see very little of a true living together, I see very little wholistic sense, I see very little awareness of the whole and the world. I see very little realism. All I see is fear eating reality.

They teach you to behave when you are young. You are told what is wrong, and what is right. You are told not to steal, you are told to recycle, you are taught to love your neighbor and to leave the cat alone. You are punished when you lie, you are sanctioned when you destroy another's property. You are told you are not the only person on this planet, and we should all find a way to live in peace. You are told to save some money for tomorrow, and you are told to be mindful of your old age and to grow old healthily. You are taught this is not the only time, and you are not the only one. You are told responsibility, you

are made aware of the world, you are taught about the world.

So you grow up, thinking the bigger morale is about living together, is about caring for the future, is about more than your narrow self-preoccupations. You behave, and you think of tomorrow, you think of your neighbor, you care about the street kids in the slums in India. You care about human rights, you care about a healthy soil. You care about the planet, you care about the whales, you care about the jungle people, their religion and the strangeness of their tales.

The problem is, the more you grow up as you should, the more you become what you've been taught, the more you are offended by people going in the other direction. The people who make it, it seems, are not the ones who care about their sister, who give their lives for the hungry in Nepal. The ones who make it are not the ones carrying a Greenpeace sign in some environmental manifestation, the ones who make it are not the ones who squat in London for the end of war.

It seems all you are told, holds little substance, yet somehow you continue to believe. You hold on to your ideals, you hold on to the way you were brought up, you hold up your values of respect and sustainability. But in this world, if there is one truth it seems, it would be that you have to make it. You have to survive. You have to earn a living, you have to maintain your freedom, you

have to work out for your health. Life is a struggle, a challenge to say the least.

And it is not because the world has so little to offer, it is not because nature is denying us of everything and is keeping us poor. It is not because inventions threaten our survival of tomorrow, it is not because in caring for another we only grow needy and empty in ourselves. It is because of the strange situation, that the ones keeping us exemplary and obedient are in general the worst of criminals themselves.

I am not talking about our parents, I am talking about the state, I am talking about the politicians, I am talking about the police, I am talking about corporate power and the system of legal corruption, crime and destruction.

For the establishment claims to fight crime, and to be at war with the maffia. The maffia, we all know, supports prostitution, drug traffic, murder and so on. But the establishment supports environmental pollution and destruction, alcoholism, extortion, war, torture, conspiracy and such. Is the establishment not another kind of a gang in a street war with the maffia? And is it perhaps not even worse?

We tell our children to be good, to be conscious and awake, yet when they risk seeing through the double standard, we bomb them with toys destroying nature, we bomb them with propaganda lies justifying our crimes,

we bomb them with artificial and dead entertainment and fast food. We tell them about the world, nature, other people, and then we try to get them to agree, that the world should not be cared about, nature may be killed, and other people should be slaughtered.

What then, is reality? What should we believe? Which morale is the true fairy's tale?

I believe the question is that the state we find the world in when we are born, is already way to skewed, is already pre-occupied, as in a siege, the world is already besieged and occupied territory, in hands of all the psychopaths. There is a constant quarrel between the establishment and the underworld perhaps, but that is no more than a gang war. At best, they will all kill one another.

So where is the good, the real good person then to live? Where is the place for him to be? Is he not sandwiched between the crimes of the establishment, and the crimes of the rivaling gang? He finds himself mugged on the street perhaps by some antisocial psychopath, and for the sake of the rich, he finds himself mugged in his home by taxes and confiscations. He finds himself raped in a park perhaps by some selfish pervert, but he finds himself raped in his home by the lies on television and the deceit in the newspaper stories. He may be killed by a loose gun on the street, but he may as well be killed in some foreign country fighting over who owns the wells of oil. Someone may deliberately try to poison his drink or his vegetables

or steak, but corporations poison the air he breathes and the rivers he must drink from.

Where is man to live still safe from crime? How many children are crying in their hearts, because reality is suffocating their ideals, because a beautiful world and a harmony of people seem to be childhood things, like the prince and the thorns, the glass slipper and the happy ever after. It seems if we are to grow up, we have to accept crime, as an institution, we have to accept injustice, as a structure, we have to consent to the withering of the world, as a law and a necessity. We must become adults, we will buy the plastic toy and the manipulated soy, we will drink the aspartame and insult our negro brother, we will let people starve on the streets and let whole continents be extorted, we will rape and torture for the signs of dollars, but we will tell our children to be good.

We will say that the law and the police protect man from crime, and we will say psychopaths do not deserve to live. But in the end, who knows any more? Who can remain blind to the police killings, the war crimes, the environmental murders. Who will not hear that official armed forces are helping mercenaries kill off the jungle people who want to live free from poison and debris, from the oil spills in their river. Who need the fish that feeds them, who love the earth that needs them.

Which grown up child can still stand proud and say I am not the least a psychopath? Which grown up child can say I stand up for my ideals? Which grown up child can say I still care for a better world? The ones who are imprisoned during demonstrations, the ones who are brought to disappear, the ones who are harassed and bullied, threatened and killed? The ones who are ridiculed, as mankind laughs at its own ideals, and calls being honest and upright a childish error. You are wrong to believe still, you are stupid to stand up, you are dumb to ask for change.

For the world is a work of crime, it was crime that ruled the middle ages, it was crime that ruled colonization, it was crime that fed the growth of capitalistic industry. And it is crime, that is keeping the dollar signs alive.

Which side do you choose? The police or the maffia? It is like growing up in a ghetto, and having to choose one gang or the other. Either way, you are supposed to be a criminal, you are supposed to have no heart. And if you choose not to choose, if you don't want to get involved, if you want to live for your ideals, you are threatened, you are ridiculed, you are thrown in jail and killed. It is the good that must die, it is belief, it is faith, it is true reason, it is the awake that must be hypnotized, the true that must believe the lies, it is the child that must be raped and killed and grow to be a man.

After all, we must not be strangers to the world.

If I wear a piercing and call myself an anarchist, it is not that I am a criminal, it is not an antisocial sign. If I act the way I do, it is because I am a child who believes in beauty, a man who believes in justice, a dreamer who believes in equality, a heart that longs for a sane tomorrow and a drop of blood that flows for beauty. I am not the wrong, is all I am saying, I am not wrong to choose myself and I am not alone in seeking truth and justice. We are many, but do we have the means? All we have is a heart, all we have is the spirit, all we use is a flag, a sign, a djembé and a rattle, an ancient indian drum. All we say is we want more, we want the world as such, we want to live, and we want a life for real. All we see is no future, all we feel is hurt, every one of our philosophies is about anger, revolt, protest and a quest for peace. Will we ever find it? Or are we stupid just to ask, are we dumb to even dream, are we naive 'cause we believe. How can we not fight? How can we go back to sleep, how can we be content, how can the state of the world's affairs bring us satisfaction? Should we not be angry, should we not protest, should we not believe? Should we be sedated?

You may not call yourself an anarchist, or wear a piercing in your face, but do you not need us? Would you not like to be one of us? Do you not secretly feel some degree of love for us? We are the cast away, we occupy the empty home, we roam from place to place, we have nowhere to be, we have no proper space. We are the meat within your sandwich, we are the center of the world, we are your heart that's suffocated, we are your dreams of

beauty beaten up and raped. We find only crime, we
beget the police baton, we are handcuffed and locked up.
We are labelled, we are punished, we are called evil even
dangerous, it is said we are insane.

We should be corrected.

Will you help?

Build tomorrow.

In a rich man's world

I just had a very beautiful meditation, full of truth and inspiration. I very much liked following the free flowing of my thoughts, and felt like a child watching a puppet show, whilst at the same time being an adult applauding the logic of my inner voice.

I will try to share some of that flow.

It started where my meditation of yesterday ended, with a vision of timelessness and potentiality all around me, a space where I could travel and emerge at any point around me, and I jumped from there into the black space surrounded by a billion bright and shining stars. Usually, this place gives me peace and detachment from the worries of this world, but this time, it seemed I stayed very much connected to the center of my meditation, which was our lucid and bright planet Earth.

And I thought, I love the Earth. It is full of people trying their best to survive, and smile still at their friends. It is full of activity, of people seeking a better way, of people uniting, of people working, for a better future, for a more equitable world for all. There is so much going on, it really is a positive place. And I thought of the power of the system, the power of the wealthy, the power of the powerful, the power of the conservative. I thought of

how it is very difficult to speak up, to stand up, to try and lead by example in changing the world.

I saw people bent and bowing, always keeping a low profile and keeping their heads down, so as not to be noticed, so as not to stand out from the crowd. I saw people silent, from all the cursing and protesting they keep just to themselves. And it made me sad and angry, and it made me think.

I was thinking, it will not be until all of us stand up together, that we can make the powerful feel afraid. I was thinking of how the elite were truly ruthless and mean, of how aggressive and murderous they are, and how they will not hesitate to eliminate any one who rebels and takes the stand, and speaks against them and their crimes, their injustice, their destruction, their theft and their poisoning. The CIA, as a major part of this maffia gang, monitors very closely the crowd, and eagerly detects the unwanted element, the threat to the power of the rich. They do not hesitate to take out someone like that, and that makes everyone paranoid and afraid of course. People don't want to stand up, people don't dare to stand up.

So that's what is so difficult to me. I have a great sympathy for the common man, the one who endures all the suffering, and who believes in caring for the ones close to him still. The one who conforms without complaining, restraining himself for the sake of his

modest dream that at least his family have enough to stay alive and share sickness and health in a spirit of love. The ones who try their best to carry the weight of this world, for the sake of their children, for the sake of their loved ones, for sake of safeguarding something they might call freedom, which is, a minimal form of allowance and private life. They suffer much, yet they are content with their peers and the ones close to them. They live a life that is small, retreated, but somehow safe from being wiped away by the powerful, as they apparently give them their blessing to rule them.

However, I don't know if this medieval attitude can still serve even the modest for long anymore, and it is why I dream of a total revolution. Some may not be willing to risk it all for the sake of distant ideals like the survival of the whale or the polar bear, or for the sake of the survival of some uncontacted jungle tribe. They may not protest unfair trade, the World Bank or the unfair practices of debt and privatization of what were once economies of the people. They may not share the vision or courage to help feed, clothe or cure a Third World child. They may say, I keep to myself, that is already difficult enough and it is all I care about.

But as much as I understand and feel for the common man, the powerless, the victim of the gigantic system that weighs on him and keeps him down every day, I feel for the revolutionary, for the voice of truth and reason, that tries to move him out of his comfort zone, and into the

heat of debate and change. Perhaps it is because I am cursed with a revolutionary mind myself, that I do regret people being so damn obedient. For one person can be killed, one voice can be silent, but if each and every man were to stand up against the elite, they would at last start to notice, and start to think, and start to care. They would become afraid, because their games would no longer work. You cannot eliminate the whole world, you cannot kill everyone, if everyone would live by the revolutionary ideas and ideals of what is just, and what is sane.

And I had to think of Occupy Wall Street, and how 'occupy' is truly the word to be. It is like in medieval times of war, when a city was occupied, it was surrounded and cut off from the outside world, from food, from trade, from every form of organic exchange with the outside world. The siege was beheld, so as to starve and suffocate the city people, that they would come out and surrender to the forces who camped in a circle around them. That is the spirit of 'to occupy'. We should lock the enemy in, besiege them, and force them to surrender. Now of course, it is an insane inversion of this principle, where we are the ones besieged, and we are the ones living under the threat of occupation and starvation, in the many homes we live in. But we are many, we are perhaps enough.

I was thinking that we should not only do this because of our own well-being and prosperity, but for the sake of the powerful themselves as well. We may think of ourselves

as criminals, conspiring against the government, we may fear being labelled antisocial, and that we should be locked up in a correctional facility, where they will teach us perhaps to truly bow before our king, and acknowledge the ones in power. But should we be locked up by the agents of surveillance, or should we be the ones to lock them in and force them to bow for something perhaps as big and plain as mere reality?

For you see, once upon a time, there were the middle ages, and gold was all the wealthy cared about. Having gold was having power, having gold was buying into an office, was befriending the church, was buying another soldier's sword to go and take more food from the peasants. Having power was living well, and the rest, well, they bowed then as they bow now, and they give and they surrender, and they hold their wives and they care about their children. And if it may, they find some time and space to laugh once in a while with their friends and family in the pub or at a time of feast. So, the middle ages taught the wealthy, that gold brings the good life, gold is what gets you out of poverty, out of the misery, out of the trenches where you are every day fighting for your life.

But will gold still do that? Or is it just a stubborn belief, that is like a cancer tumor refusing with all its might to die?

For what has the world turned into, now that the feudal has made space for the capital? The world has become a place where a 'happy' few try to make money from everything. The world is slowly changing, from a place full of trees and fish and fruit, to a place of money money money. Fish are turned into money, trees are turned into money, fruit is turned into money, the rivers and the oceans are turned into money, and even one's brother, is turned into money. We seem to resemble that ancient king from the classic myths, who's wish it was that everything he touched was transformed into gold. He died, because he could no longer touch his food, without it becoming that stubborn and hard yellow substance, that he had craved for so hard when he had made his wish.

Perhaps the ancient were already past us in their myths, and perhaps now is a time to revalue their insights. Because the story of that fairy-tale king is exactly the question we confront in our coming out of the middle ages today. If we make money, and make more money, and make money of everything, if we transform the whole of the earth into money, what will we eat somewhat further down the line?

The rich suffer the obvious problem that they may be dreaming of white sandy beached and palm trees overhead, but they are turning those white sands into contaminated wastelands where no living being can survive and they are poisoning the soil for the palm tree

to grow in. It seems the ones in charge of 'progress' suffer from some mental condition that is known as psychosis in the psychological literature. They see things, but they have no feeling with reality.

The rich and powerful think that if they can turn the whole of the earth into money, they will live a good life. They still adhere to medieval values, ideals and beliefs. But the world is changing, and the world is changed. Nature is forever more polluted and destroyed, and if it is not for the well-being of the common man, the one who bows, the one who is starving without complaint, the one who will never speak up or stand up for himself, the one who is deterred from defending his own existence, the one who is kept small, then it is for the sake of the rich and powerful themselves, that we should unite and occupy their castle, occupy their towns, occupy their Wall Street.

For if a person, a common and unimportant man, is in the condition where he dreams big dreams of wealth and beauty, strength and health, but neglects his own hygiene and nourishment, if a person thinks he is a millionaire but has no money left to buy a cigarette, if a person thinks he is intelligent but just keeps talking nonsense, if a person thinks he is Jesus but kills his father and mother, then we come to take him out of his home, and if he does not let us in, we force him out and lock him up in a psychiatric ward. We call such a person psychotic, because he has no touch with reality, because he is living in delusions,