

the revolution blogger

blogger than blog

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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 apocalyps 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 circumvene. 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 unmovable, 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