

Society

To fit in society you first have to be killed.

This is your (seeming) dilemma. You, by nature, by Divine Nature even, want to be part of the Whole, which you understandably confuse with society. But you don't want to be killed. You don't want to sacrifice your wildness, your authenticity, your Heart. In far most people the first Force is (by far) (experienced as) the strongest, so much stronger that many people hardly or even not at all experience their terrible dilemma as human being, which however is a fact.

Choosing for (being part of) the whole is, paradoxically, choosing for separation. Only, it goes underground. The feeling of separation (from others, from the Whole in Fact) is most of the time just below the surface present, not (wholly, Truly) felt if other people are being met (again and again, or even all the time).

Society is not waiting for you. Not at all. This is a misunderstanding. It doesn't need you. Not at all. It doesn't care a shit about you. You can relax in this relieving fact. Society is nothing, there is not any Humanness to be found 'there'. It not only doesn't care about you at all, it has to kill you before it can use you for its inhumanity. To function it cannot use humans, only dehumanized people who are willing to be castrated, to have their Wildness, Authenticity be taken away, put as far away as possible. It can only use you as a number, performing society's task, demand. You, True You, are the enemy of society. So the most effective way of the bulldozer called society to dehumanize you, to castrate you, kill you, is to make you believe in it and stop believing in the Truth that You Are. Politics, media, organizations like trade-unions, companies, non-profit organizations, governments, all do this, all play their role in this, talking about how important people are, in the meantime killing them. Of course you let yourself being killed. There are always two needed for the party.

Your contribution to society is being appreciated, true, if it has been deadened (enough to be used). Your Life, Your Wildness, cannot be put in the organized tracks, in the rules, in the norms. If it is killed, if the Formless That You Are is squeezed out enough, almost entirely, (only) the form that remains will be used, is at all usable.

Society is not a bubbling sparkling whole of Life so attractive to dive in. It is an agglomeration of dead forms. Many many dead forms don't make Life together, did you know that? Even when everybody bows for deadness sold as life, that doesn't make it True, Alive.

Society claims to (only) serve people, the whole. In Fact it serves only itself – people, the Whole, are being sacrificed. The strange thing is that you can have a good feeling in serving the dead whole. Because you are Gone. If you would still be Alive, you would constantly Feel the Inherent Pain of the Fight between You – Wanting to Live – and society, Wanting you dead.

Every True Growth (into and as Consciousness) starts with not denying the Fight (inside). And the Fight is there, Inherently, Undeniably. You, by nature, cannot say 'no' to society, and you cannot say 'yes' either. You are doomed. In 'no' you'd Live without being

able to live here on earth in and as this Body. You'd die. In 'yes' you can live here, but merely as form, in fact You Died (and are in the waiting room forever).

So, fight the Fight.

See that to live, to be allowed in the dead, in society, you have to pass the exam, to prove that you have learned enough of ego, surrendered enough to ego, stopped fighting it, that you respect it, respect the Lie, that you're not vomiting all the time while doing 'your' work in society, in the office, wherever – for the smell of your vomit might contaminate others. You first have to prove yourself, prove that you can kill yourself, erase yourself. If you cannot kill you're not allowed. What do you think, you cannot just start to scream during your work when you cannot bear the Lie any more. Others might hear you. If everybody starts to scream how can the work be done. The bookkeeping must square. How could your scream be fit in the account book? It's impossible. First learn to suppress. Pass the exam. Do your best. It's not too difficult. Everybody can learn. Once you're taken in the community, society, you don't feel any more, so you don't have to be aware of your deadness any more. No problem therefore. What has to be killed is in fact just your Consciousness. That's all there is to it. It's just a little operation. And the operation doesn't have to hurt so much. You just have some anaesthesia, like social meetings, sports, love, television, work itself of course, computers, wars, drugs, medicines, alcohol, cigarettes, coffee, chocolate, kids, cars, holidays, all tastes are catered for, don't worry. Even philosophies we have in special offer. Just see you pass your exam. And you don't even have to get the highest grade. Society is very mild. It absorbs all who (or that) show at least some sincere interest in deadness. You may even totally fake you love the Lie – for ultimately you cannot, everybody knows that. You just gotta learn to play the game, to kill at least the Beast, the Wild. Your Truth has to be tamed, made invisible, it shouldn't be possible to Recognize it any more. It's enough you live in total confusion without knowing, at least putting a social face on as if you would have somewhere some sense of what is going on, what this is all about, this show. You may even secretly laugh about the mummery, with your friends or alone. If and as long as you go in and yield to the prison, you're free to do whatever you want. Use this freedom. Be an example of freedom for others. We adore you, love you like this – for we cannot Love any more. As long as you support us, society, we'll support you, in protecting you against the Danger that is Life. In our deadness it is cosy, safe, comfortable. If something goes wrong we'll help you, be sure. The Storm rages only in Consciousness. Be aware, not to Be Aware. There are enough anaesthesia for a million life-times. Just learn them by heart, so you'll never be short of any. Just don't stop. Just make sure you'll never Stop. This is the one big rule to know, to be faithful to. Never Stop. Always go on. In your search for anaesthesia. Just don't Stop. The show must go on. Don't Stop. And why Stop. There's no reason to Stop. Every reason in fact makes you go on and on and on and on. We even have life-insurances for you now, so you cannot Stop now. This would be crazy. Pass your exam. Join the club. And you'll never be Lonely. The forms are endless. Every form is yours – if you only go for it. Go. Go. Go. Go. Go. And enjoy. Enjoy all the forms we offer. We do it for you. Enjoy the forms, all the anaesthesia. Don't Stop. Go on enjoying. If you Stop, you'll vomit. That's dangerous, all the crap will come out.

It has to be digested first, to pacify it. As shit it has to come out, not as vomit, that's unnatural.

Pass the exam. Learn to think like us, like everybody. Just learn to think, that's enough already. If you don't feel too much – or at all – don't worry, then you'll pass the exam. And for god's sake be spontaneous. Be spontaneous in serving us, the whole society. There are so many ways this can be done, that there's room enough for your spontaneity. We can use your unique contribution to our common temple, your great ideas how we can make this world an even better place to live in. When we put all our excrements together we can create from it a gigantic gorgeous temple that our children in eternal gratitude can only admire and adore. We'll create the newest fantastic fashion in clothes-pegs to put on our noses, while working on our Temple, adoring it, praying in it. And soon, you'll see, we'll get used to the smell and we don't need the clothes-pegs any more. We're adjusted. You'll see, we'll even love the smell. Everything you get used to you'll start to love. And then we can adjust the clothes-peg so that they'll fit in our ears and can be used by oversensitive people who cannot stand all the sounds of traffic and machines and music any more somehow (as they're not deadened and deafened enough yet, they still feel too much – very unhandy – but that's their own silly choice of course). You see, for every new problem there is a solution, for every form another form to solve it for the moment – if everyone just works hard on it, and even harder and harder. Even in case half of the population would get sick, for whatever strange reason (but apparently out of some unexplainable or evil resistance to our Beauty), the other, strong half, can produce better and better pills to cure them, so they can join us again in prosperity, health and joy and happiness.

So, first we must kill the people, else they cannot be served. In their unwillingness, stubbornness, resistance, we cannot serve them, we cannot be the great Human Servers that we are, we cannot do our Divine Duty: to Serve. And we Serve in granting every single individual form to be a happy hard working member of our Temple, our Society, fulfilling all their needs for whatever form they can imagine. And it makes sense, doesn't it, to first kill the resistance against being Served, how else for God's sake could we serve them? If you cooperate and let yourself be killed, all becomes very simple, no problem, every problem will be solved then.