

Detonating Catharsis

What is recognition and success but a stimulus for our vanity? A what is vanity but a self-assurance of our importance which hinders us any further self-development? My question perhaps is how much one ought to play the recluse while undertaking a spiritual journey. In the course of this journey in fact one might find his or herself completely destituted.

Our spiritual journey must be in fact a unique journey, not a pilgrimage route made official by whatever religious or academic institution. In this solitary journey going a bit on one road and a bit on another and a bit astray in deserted fields and at times on forgotten paths and other times simply following our intuition, in this journey there is really no dogma nor any algorithm to guide us.

Practically speaking as we set out for a journey there is not even a research question placed beforehand. We do not know what sort of truth or revelations we are going to disclose, we just wander and learn to stay a drift from all the regiments marching straight across the many highways of truths that the establishment has set out.

While it takes far more effort to somehow cross over these highways and to not be forced into such mainstream directions, we anyway sooner or later once again set out for serendipity. In our improvisation we are most scorned and yet our findings are most marvelous and unpredictable unlike all the very predictable knowledge produced and reproduced by the official intelligentsia.

At times of course if this intelligentsia can give us a beating they will do so especially if we dare to talk about our own intellectually nomadic existence becoming most cynical about their ant like undertaking. In this respect if we are lucky enough to survive as worms, keeping low-key and avoiding to be surrounded and eaten by the social ants we do set out into a marvelous metamorphosis.

We do at some point get wings and for some time our lives as worms is rewarded with a flight that at last can give us a true picture of our human nature, a nature that by now ants seem to have all under control from the top of their hills. These hills are like dunes; the inevitable keep on moving and are never able to provide a clear perspective also in the face of all other anthills competing with one another for power.

I wrote all this long digression perhaps to encourage the long and solitary and much scorned individual to keep on and keep up his or her journey. Recognition is not what he or she wants. What is the pleasure of being surrounded by ants, to be even eaten alive in the mist of our journey? How many have thus interrupted their solitary adventures?

A climber does not see the top of the mountain he sets out to reach. He probably had a vision of it early on in his trip but as he tries to climb the biggest of mountains he loses sight of it. For years he is unable to even remember the top and even doubts it existed yet the more he insists in his ascension the more surprising elements re-emerge but this time up-close and in all their grandness. What from the distance looked so flat takes a shape and all the rocks can be distinguished and observed.

Now there is already a ski-lift operating on the side of this mountain and on the opposite side a road comfortably takes tourists to the top yet it is not the fact that we reached the top of a mountain that thousands of others claim to have reached. It is the very fact that we did so with effort, a human and humble effort spoiled of all the accessories of the most equipped mountaineers.

In our journey also we have meticulously gathered mineral and vegetable and animal samples. We did not do so to create a new encyclopedia but so we did for a most healing and revealing shamanic act, a divining ritual awaiting for us to be executed on the highest peak. By the time we have reached this peak the ski-lift has been abandoned and so the tourist road.

From the top an outcast oppresses the whole of nature and the landscape below it and beyond it, humanity has gone into an introvert depression yet right with our shamanic act we will be able to open once more a breach through the thick mantle of clouds oppressing each and every one, the very clouds produced via the overheating of a most arrogant humanity riding their technological horses of ideologies.

Only for a short time the breach will be opened and only in this time only who can still believe in it can make it across and transmutate forward into a new dimension. Such breach is so tiny and so much indifference can come from the side of the masses and yet how many times are these small breaches reoccurring in the outskirts of human establishments, in the slums that inevitably grow in their surroundings?

For every institution there is a slum. In this slum the worst of humanity is concentrated. The excluded are here rejected along with the very feces that the institution itself keeps on producing. Right here however in these more or less visible slums is where the heart of human nature lays. In what it is excluded, in the pseudo slums accompanying like shadows even the most philanthropic and anthroposophic institutions the heart of our human nature dwells as a seed that slowly comes to nourish from all the dirt, the excessive dirt of the establishment.

The more the establishment thrives the more the slum grows in all its ugliness and the bigger of a repertoire the human nature contained within it will generate. The more the

establishment thrives with the consciousness about the slum however, the more the rise of the slum will be monitored and the weaker will be the possibility for a new spiritual dimension to rise. The seeds of change will be kept under the asphalt of civilization yet as soon as a crack is not mended they will find their way out.

It is perhaps for these cracks that by now we should seek under a good deal spent scavenging the under ground as a blind mole that in its search as in fact developed a third eye enabling not only to see what lays before it but also above it. We ought not to despair about the increasingly tight human condition. Whether we contribute to it and we stumble upon it, a breach or a crack is going to come.

Plain and simply our adherence to an existential ritual will eventually dig trough the thickest of walls as much as the finger of a prisoner can with time caress out all the plaster separating him or her from the surrounding. Along with our ritualism we ought to trust that no form of power can withstand time. Our own self-crafted ritualism can.

The establishment enforces its beliefs and all the dogmas as a way to prolong its unnatural existence. There is nothing more unnatural in fact than a social entity seizing power for itself. Nature will constantly act against it and the more this occur the more an establishment ought to set up formalities that in the long run comes to enslave people.

So much we fuss about a colonial past unable to see that in fact any establishment operates a form of colonization. If the colonization does no longer occur outward how man are the people turned slaves within it? How many are delighted by the titles and honors they get but in fact they are simply complying with the enslaving formalities of an establishment?

Coming back to what was discussed at the beginning of this erratic essay, right in this social vanity not only we cannot self-develop but we contribute to the spread of slavery under an establishment whose only porpoise is that of maintaining its power status. Now I do not believe that more harm can be made than the individual not complying with this establishment.

Self-exclusion per se however is not sufficient; what ought to happens is the creation of another establishment, the establishment that can rise form the slum, an establishment that it is not dealing with gold but with dirt, an establishment that is not a corporation with machinery but an establishment that is run by a human body and soul. Only the confrontation that can emerge from these two establishments can cause a formidable black circuit in which all the going against nature is or can be reverted.