*The fallen soul cannot creatively rebel. Its only hope is to repent of the sin of pride.*

*There is a creative rebellion, a rebellion without emotion, judgment or resentment, a rebellion that consists simply of the poised observation of what is.*

establishes the mad, rebellious nature; then the kind mood turns around and reinforces the self it put inside you. The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel (Proverbs, 12-10).

Being cruel one moment and kind the next is characteristic of manipulators—in particular of lost, loveless, impatient parents, who whenever they feel guilty for driving their offspring to desperate acts, finish them off by becoming their "friend." And once you have been corrupted by cruelty and then "helped" by the tormentor-turned-saviour, you are set up to be addicted to a succession of confounding hate/love involvements with lower and lower low-life people.

Schizoid parents often set their children up to become criminals; then friends/fiends egg them on. From this it is easy to see how you can become afraid of "love," and why young people often react to kindness with violence. Such striking out is a child's way of hurting the source of a hurtful love, to stop it from "loving" and possessing and corrupting. But what do most parents do when their children hurt them? They become upset, angry and violent themselves; then feeling guilty for this, they work harder at "loving" the child to overcome his rejection.

The corruption that begins at home continues at school. Considering how cruel teachers can be to children, it is practically a certainty that your child will pick up wrong friends to soothe the effects of bullying in the classroom. And so he becomes the puppet of both bullies and friends.

The spirit of rebellion, once established, needs and will seek both provocations and support to justify its expression. The fallen soul's very existence, co-mingling with pride which has entered, depends upon intrigue and reaction in the extreme. If there is nothing to rebel against, boredom and anxiety set in. Unconsciously perhaps, you will set about to engineer something to resent. You will find someone to spoil until he takes advantage of you. You will needle someone into rebellion against you so that you may struggle against his rebellion. Spoiled by having his own way, a willful son knows how to trick his mother into being a nag. He simply drags his feet over doing some petty chore, timing it to upset her and to make her pressure him so that he can then utilize to her pressuring to justify his continued stubbornness. Later, the irresponsible nature formed in this game will need a wife to nag it. And what kind of a woman marries such a man, may I ask? The kind who needs to be a nag, one whose stubborn sense of worth depends on the thankless task of shaping up an ungrateful scoundrel (rebel).

No one has ever succeeded and no one ever shall succeed in freeing ever, in ***freeing*** himself from this kind of hell through ***sheer force of will.*** Even if, out of utter desperation or in a fit of rage, you should slay your "lover"/tormentor...what then? You will just become what you killed. You will assume the unjust, inverted conscience that tormented you, and with your love/hate you will drive victims of your own into desperate rebellion. Do you have a rebel in your home? If you do, it is because injustice is alive in you through your own inability to rebel correctly (unemotionally).

The kind of goodness that appears as a rebellion against evil is not genuine. Say you have a disgusting brother. He is a dope fiend who intimidates you all day long into tolerating his vile ways. You rebel by being outwardly the good brother. But such goodness is an expression of an egotistic value judgment, the sense of worth it gives existing only in contrast to someone's being worse than you. "Good" guys often take their role from disgust and judgment based on resentment. Often they seek to validate their phony goodness and assuage the guilt it makes them feel through "positive" reinforcements, the traditional "kosherizing" emblems of churchgoing, degrees, success. Their love of worldly authority provides a refuge from the authority of conscience. If you are one of these, you send out confusing signals to your own children.



The most subtle yet strongest signal is violence projecting through a sterile, rigid "love." Establishment parents and teachers have been responsible for incalculable misery since ancient times. In a democracy, the hypocrisy of the Establishment is the main cause of social chaos. Rebellion against the smiling Cheshire cats of society produces a variety of abhorrent and violent behaviors—bad guys rebelling against the cruelty of conforming phonies. No wonder they cried, "Give us Barrabas!" The hypocrites in Christ's day, as in ours, could not bear the contrast of pure goodness.

From the intrigue between the apparently good and the obviously wicked, hell evolves. And each "loyal" citizen responsible for a part of the horror around us is guilty and afraid of facing the truth. When the bureaucratic "squares" are in power, their incredible insult to common sense inspires rebellion and crime, which serve to distract us from seeing guilt at the source. As the rebellious, low-life element of society hardens and multiplies, it strikes at the foundation of democracy to overwhelm it eventually on its course toward anarchy and dictatorship.

In a sense, it can be said that rebels, criminals and the insane are specially bred to provide a horror show that distracts the rest of guilty society from the real horrors of its own condition. There is relief and reassurance in the spectacle of others who are worse and worse off than ourselves. We are fortunate and good by comparison, and as we make them worse still by our cruel and hypocritical "help" and punishment, we use them to reinforce our own rebellious false sense of worth.

There is no human dilemma that does not involve pride and is not complicated by rage. The greater our frustration and resentment, the more far-out, distorted and extreme will our fantasies, aberrations and madnesses become. Rebellion ***is*** pure hell. Headlines are replete with such horror stories as: "Man Goes On Rampage After Mother Asks Son To Make Up His Bed," or "Lawyer Killed By Client Because He Didn't Let Him See His Wife." Often we hear of a quiet person, a good student admired by his peers, suddenly going on a murderous rampage. Why is this? The answer is that when a compulsion to please (initially perhaps a right rebellion, gone sour) becomes too painful to bear, it may revert to what it really was all along. And when the compulsion to rebel breeds intolerable feelings of hate and guilt, it may change into a compulsion to conform. You may fluctuate beween extremes, going the way you are led for some advantage of the moment, see-sawing between rebellion and conformity. When the cost of rebelling is too high, you can crawl back into favor, hat in hand, by conforming again to the system. Hurt again by rejection or use, you rebel again.

In this world, things are rarely what they seem. More often than not, the person you perceive to be a victim is merely someone getting what he deserves. The poor, innocent, battered wife may well be the real villain—and the one gone berserk, the victim. The hypocritical media almost never reports the real story behind the headline. Probably the real story behind "Man Goes On Rampage..." had to do with the ***way*** the mother "asked" her son to make his bed. It was probably the sneering contempt, the tone of voice, the insincerity of our deceased lawyer that drove his client over the edge. This is not to suggest that the violent are always innocent, but to illustrate that Frankenstein monsters tend to recreate one another endlessly. Of course, there are psychopaths who delight in what the world has made of them, and delight in making new victims of their own—who are truly victims.

But we don't have to be victims. We may learn to overcome resentment and judgment. For a season, some of us are destined to experience total madness—to rebel, to hurt loved ones, to be acted through, to become like the parents we hated and to experience their hell, in our turn