

THE DEATH CULT

“Why do you claim that a death cult operates here? What does that mean?”

She told me that she wanted to be in the throes of passion as she died. This was the foundation of her belief. She sought redemption in the moment. This was the foundation of the death cult. Participation meant going along with this intense experience. All behaviors became part of an overall ritual that advanced this perspective. I wanted to join in. I wanted to play along. How could things reach this point? It was total supremacy passion. There was nothing left over. All culture affirmed this intense excitement. I took account of the sensation. I immersed myself in the moment. And caught up in the excitement. Nothing else mattered. Nothing else could matter. This was the brilliance. Until this final moment, you could continue to participate in all the excitement.

“The cult members awaited the rapture. It was nothing but this feeling. At times, they seemed too casual. But I loved the invitation. It was saying something unique to me. I woke up to this intensity. I was trying to get the feeling without getting caught up in the madness. This was a tricky sensation. I may not have been the best example. I was entirely cynical about what was going on why was I doing

I’m coming so immersed in the enthusiasm. It propagated everywhere. I’ve got deep within me. I could sense the fear. They were all feeding off of sphere. It wouldn’t take much to take that feeling further. They would all join in. They would welcome that feeling. I wanted to see what it was about. I wanted to learn the method. I want to immerse myself in the give-and-take. It is everywhere. It was a marvelous sensation without any precedent. I was trying to capture this interplay without immersing myself.

I realized what the ritual told me. I wanted to learn about the insights of these called members. They pretended that there was no court. They love the craziness at the moment. They were caught up in the give-and-take. I love that invitation. It was offered to me eventually. I could sense this appeals in the moment. There is something entirely bizarre about at all. They were truly the living dead. There was a part of their life that had been totally erased. At times, they seemed totally normal. And other moments, there was no limits to this passion.

“I observe this give-and-take. I recognize the dangers.”

That did not stop my interest. It was all so fascinating. They welcomed the dangers. They took chances. Sometimes, they did totally silly things. I tried to make sense of it all. Life wasn’t supposed to be like this. Their lives worth like this either. But they became involved. They were excited by it all. Everything exploded in their midst. I’d love that invitation. It seemed to be the only thing that mattered. I went along with all the twists and turns. It was like riding a snake. This was the resolution of all the social interactions at Reunion. It truly was a secret society. Only a few people realized it was going on. Everyone felt that aura. They were attracted by all the wild appeals. I watched it all. I marveled at this radiance. I immersee myself in the magic. My body seemed to vibrate excitement. How was just even possible?

I wasn’t drugging myself. I wasn’t slain by the passion. But I still could feel something unusual. What was that all about?

“What does that have to do with me? Where is any of this body? Where had it been all this time? Who is going to open me up all the device of this ritual. I felt the wonder. My shaking

became more intense. It was almost as if I had a disorder. But I loved that appeal. I couldn't think of it any other way. This was where I was headed. This was the blessing. More than ever, this was the excitement. It was all about learning to do it in the moment."

What did they have to do to make that happen? Who else went along with me? The excitement became more potent. I reflected upon what was happening to me. Everyone else was involved in the experience. I felt part of this collective. It seem to be the only thing that I cared about. It was the only thing that I can really understand. How would I give in to the sensation. How had they become immersed in all these currents. I had heard about this kind of experience before, but I was now so close to it all. I was enjoying my experience right in the middle of everything. The dangers were more evident. I saw how easy it was to lose myself. I could pass out. Who would bother? It might just throw me in the street. I hated to think that was my fate. I had already lost my direction.

I had lost my desire. But I gave into the experience nothing else mattered. Nothing else could ever matter. This was a moment that excited. This was a moment that entirely made sense. No one could take it from me I was approaching us all from another direction I understood where was all headed there was a brilliance to this plan, but it also frightened me. Where was it taking me? Who else wanted to join in. I knew where this was all headed. I understood the rewards. I was looking at two different worlds. I was lost in this division. How else could I see this? Where was my participation? What was I supposed to do? Was I supposed to join in? When was I going to get me satisfaction?

What did I needed to do so I could to protect myself. I wanted people to tell me what was really going. Even when they talked about it, they continued to shroud their descriptions in these confusing words. I wanted to make sense of it all. I wanted to strip away the layers until everything was clear. What was absent from this picture? How was I getting pulled along? This was supposed to do to give greater clarity to the picture? If people weren't going to tell me what was happening, I couldn't just make things up. I wanted knowledge. It was all. I had truly been cast into darkness. But the death cult remained manifest.

I saw the light. Its members shared an unusual enlightenment. I listened to the descriptions. I was curious how was I involved? What was I supposed to do? There was still something missing. It was something that was left unsaid. I had trouble completing the picture. I needed better clues in a sense, I had gone in the wrong direction. I looked for something that was in there. I need to take a chance. I need to recognize the opportunities. I might immerse myself in the experience in? How was I a participant in what was going on? I didn't want to end that process.

I wanted to be part of it in an individual way. At moments, I was treated as an intruder. I was asking questions that didn't need to be answered. People needed to create their own vantage point. I was trying to put together a system. Certainly, that was an imposition. This was some thing that I shouldn't be doing. I loved my role. I wanted it to mean something. So I went along with it for whatever reason. I couldn't take the world for what it seem to be. Even though these people seem to be resistant, that's didn't diminish my need to know. I realized how this could be a struggle. But I was going to make it successful.

What was the fascination with death? These people felt that they had already been cast out into darkness. They have been deprived of insight, and insight about their experience made a

no wonder. I could no longer understand the drive to live in a sense, and they were attractive to the potency of their own appeals. They were all prisoners to the mirror. They wanted that image to be long lasting. I was fascinated by these images but the longer that you stayed in his death cult, the more difficult it became to maintain an image of a living self.

This was the source of the death cult. In their world, nothing changed. I was not watching transcendence. But there is a fascination in this experience. But I saw the dangers.

“How long before I am in salon four? I want to know the secret I want to become part of the death cult!”

“I don’t have it in a different world since I didn’t feel the extreme lows.”

I was observing it was going on. I could feel how I was getting pulled in. Since they experienced such highs, they also experienced severe lows. I would never feel things that way.

“Sorry still looking from the outside.”

How could I rearrange the picture? Or what did I need to add? What could help me to develop a stronger awareness.? I was becoming stuck. I was wasting my time. I need to separate myself. It’s really wasn’t part of me. I was needing a different life I didn’t want to embrace my death. It wasn’t so much that I needed to know. I wanted to participate. Everyone here was eager to to open up their emotional side. Even if they didn’t want to talk, affectionate. Of course, they were going through the motions. I didn’t even know this. But I got caught up in these demonstrations. This added to my confusion. Where did I lose my direction? They had a fascination.

I didn’t want to think that I was left out. I had my own goals. And I need to be clear.

“Do you to want be sad. These are strange times. It wasn’t as if I was watching a garden party. It’s something unusual was going on. I need to take stock. I knew this could go on forever. A few would fall along the way. I fear this end. But I couldn’t give any more of myself to what was always happening. Even in separating myself from what was happening, I felt excited. I wanted to get back in the game. I couldn’t forget these appeals. This was all that seem to matter. So I immersed myself in the experience I was getting back in the Ford. I wouldn’t let them try to initiate me. I needed to see it from the outside. But I loved it for what it was. I was going to see some kind of enactment. It’s not a theater group. But they did have their their own way sharing your experience.

The death cult promised release from the burdens of life. It enabled the self to cross over into a realm without pain. The individual no longer felt the suffering associated with knowledge. This promise manifested itself in another plane of existence.

No matter how vague these principles seemed, they held special appeal for the believers. Constant devotion would result in a lasting blessing. The participation offered access to the sacred. The inclinations of the individual attained this empowerment. It wasn’t enough simply to have feelings, these feelings could guide the self towards a more lasting experience. There would be no comedown. There was a permanence to this encounter.

The movement offered a sense of belonging, and this attachment could make up for feelings of alienation. These moments of longing would be replaced by a sense of belonging. Such a perspective was critical for a sense of healing. This lasting feeling would last. The self would never have to face heartache, There would be a lasting connection to something substantial. This blessing would have no end.

Participation would enable the self to subdue any feelings of melancholy. This understanding was redemptive in nature. Moments of darkness would be replaced with sparkling existence. There would be no surrender of the self. Instead, the individual would submerge into ongoing delight.

The cult described a happy death. It provided the illusion that death would mean the end of all troubles. It ignored the fundamental character of the human struggle. It erased all past misgivings.

The cult did not allow for another way of thinking. This was the only thing that would ever matter. It was a matter of giving the self completely to this experience. There was no retreat. There were no misgivings. Everything was redemptive.

The belief might seem morbid. Everything vital was denied. All that ever mattered was total resignation. How could personal motivation ever manifest itself? There was no basis for the assertion of the will. The members were taught to go along. That was all part of the rich fabric. It was an ongoing sensation.

Some people tried to mimic this kind of commitment. But there was no basis for any other kind of experience. This meant totally abandoning any expression of the self. Thus, there would be no opportunity to rethink this belief. It was a total accession to the present. Death subsisted in the now, not in some murky future.

Death was associated with sickness. The dying lost their ability to control the body. This could also be a model for having greater control over experience. Moods might make an individual seem helpless. If this was all part of a lasting disintegration of the individual because of a darker force, this was more appalling.

The cult made everyone feel as if there was a purpose. This could accelerate the whole process of development. There were no longer unknowns. This was all a matter of giving the self to the belief.

A person might feel rejected by her friends. She might have failed in a relationship. This feeling would be temporary. The movement would bless the individual. The lingering doubts would dissipate. A person would no longer feel isolated. A sense of failing would be replaced by complete triumph.

This sense of triumph was subject to no limits. Formerly, death had symbolized all the restrictions placed on the self. Death was total liberation from all these attachments. There was no longer any guilt. Feelings of dejection would vanish.

Was the cult a good explanation for these behaviors? There seemed to be an evident cause, but it was almost impossible to illuminate its source. The squalor of existence could be resolved by an endless awareness,

This wasn't like the discipline of mysticism. The fascination with mortality only meant a rash abandonment to transcendence.

“It is a fucking cult.”

“That really means nothing.”

“The world is a cult. Existence is a cult.”

The belief in the physical realm could leave the self victim to ongoing self-destructiveness. This was a way to overcome the negative habits that made people feel hopeless. It was simply a matter of breaking from any ties with the world.

The organization acted in a secret way. Those who participated could recognize their shared belief. Others would be oblivious to what was happening. They might even feel threatened. A death cult could pick out new victims. This could be threatening. This was a forever without respite.

Potential members could be picked off when they were their friends. Members would try to dominate them. They would get sucked into the movement. It was all a matter of breaking down the self. There seemed to be no liberation from this group. It was omniscient. It was omnipresent

“I felt as if I had a perfect excuse to start my exploration.”

“What kind of power does this give you over the world?”

“The cult is out of this world.”

“In order to get out of this world, you need to deal with the shit that is in this world.”

“Did you receive an invitation?”

“I feel too immersed in my life.”

“This is not going to be good for us.”

“We are getting beyond our sense of togetherness.”

“Do not block my view of the other side?”

“Do you need to be perfect in the present world before you can pass over into the other realm.”

“Maybe, you are only reinforcing your shit in the now.”

“You have to figure it out from where you are.”

“This cult is all about acceptance. It does not offer actual surpassing.”

“We can only surpass what we have already exhausted.”

“That sounds like more hideous nonsense.”

“Do you like that the world has given you?”

“That is why I am ready to leave this place.”

“I am looking at the universe reflect itself through me.”

“How does that really work?”

“I am having trouble holding on.”

“You need to hold your breath longer.”

“We all do!”

“What would you do if you were not doing this?”

“Make it happen.”

“That is so much silliness.”

“Do not interrupt.”

“Who is the actual leader?”

Any attempt to distinguish the participants would make the cult useless. Secrecy is important.

“People love being a part of a secret organization. But they reveal all the secrets. That becomes part of the fun.”

“Do you even know?”

“I can give you oxygen.”

“What did you take?”

“Nothing that would help you to forget.”
 “You want me to don a forgetting costume.”
 “You brought this on yourself.”
 “Can you imagine?”
 “Are you watching all this?”
 “I see something that I want. Beyond that is something that I have seen before.”
 “This place is weird.”
 “They are all part of a secret organization.”
 “All touching is allowed.”
 “I was told that this is spiritual.”
 “How do we prevent people from probing out minds?”
 “We empty our minds of everything. If we have no important thoughts, nothing can be taken from us.”
 “We exist in the same place forever.”
 “There is only one form of being, and we all participate in it.”
 “We have to give ourselves to this once and for all.”
 “You will take care of this for me.”
 “I need to get back.”
 “They appoint someone to watch you.”
 “You are working for your adviser.”
 “What is this about?”
 “You believe what you want to believe.”
 “You are much further ahead.”
 “I want to identify myself.”
 “There are no names. Only forms of being.”
 “Eventually, these become forms of destruction.”
 “There can I visit.”
 “You can go to the ends of existence.”
 “What are the wonders?”
 “This is not about stimulation. This is the total end of any form of stimulation. You are eliminating perception.”
 “Now, do you want to die?”
 “What are you asking me?”
 “Why are you here?”
 “I want to taste the meal.”
 “It is better to want without satisfaction. That is the first step towards death. You are subtracting yourself from personal attachment.”
 “I do not want to let go of all those sensations. I want to live in the world.”
 “The world is already destroying. You are already dead.”
 “How is that?”
 “You are numb to the emotions of others.”
 “There is a suitable explanation.”
 “I am mapping what is going on.”

“Nothing is going on. This is about termination.”
“Why do you have the dour explanation?”
“I am preparing myself.”
“I have a straight shot to liberation.”
“It will result in some kind of liberation.”
“I do not want feelings.”
“This could be more inspiring. I want constant flavor.”
“The mind can tell you that.”
“I want no mind.”
“That is the organization.”
“You are on to something.”
“You need to be tried.”
“Every second is about to take me in the same direction.”
“Let go of that description of time.”
“There is the inevitable reward.”
“We work on this together.”
“There is entirely too much togetherness.”
“That is why we are all dying together.”
“This is a political thing.”
“This is death.”
“It all seems like some kind of sick thing.”
“I have no will to live.”
“It does not work that way.”
“What are you telling me?”
“We have sleeping rooms for all of you.”
“What is the end result?”
“Where is the pain?”
“There is not pain. We have made sure of that.”
“I gave in to this marvelous sense of sharing.”
“This is different than that.”
“I added something that I should not have. It is going to distract me.”
“You have tested things out.”
“I do not want to even care.”
“This is everything that I want.”
“LET IT GO!”
“You cannot be on every second of the day.”
“I can offer you a version.”
“You need to give me more.”
“I am drowning in your gifts.”
“I thought that I would be quicker at this,”
“None of this can function for over this.”
“You are giving yourself to something that will take over your power.”
“On the earth, you need to give so much of something if you hope to get anything back.”

“I was more.”

“That is not enough of a revelation.”

“There are people who are working on an understanding.”

“You understand what you do.”

“What does death take away?”

“It does not work that way.”

“You are bunch of freaks.”

“What are you saying?”

“You probably suck blood and eat babies.”

“They became part of this group, and they share these bizarre habits with others.”

“You do these bizarre things just to give you an edge for something that you always wanted.”

“You become a standard version of the bizarre.”

“You can leave whenever you want.”

“But this is not a matter of going in and out of the door. Once you commit, this is a kind of forever.”

“You are seeing flexibility. I am seeing changelessness.”

“What is that about?”

“Who are you with?”

“Are you looking for something.”

“It is already in you.”

“He is as he has always been.”

“That really makes a difference.”

“How does it work?”

“I don’t want what you want.”

“Join in!”

“You live completely in the now.”

“Fill in for what is not there.”

“You are almost at a conclusion.”

“Life wil not let me go any further.”

“You need to surpass life.”

“Then you are not coming back.”

“We can let it go.”

“At home, it wil not make any difference.”

“Is he here?”

“What are you going through?”

“I see how this all works together.”

“I need to other soul to ask.”

“We have already asked.”

“I have asked before.”

“I need a lot of noise.”

“You are hiding what I need to see.”

“It is all joy.”

“No one knows.”
 “Make me seem real.”
 “It was a different season.”
 “You were guiding all the souls around.”
 “This is a not a story of souls.”
 “Do not seem to be so bitter.”
 “I want to stop.”
 “You are bleeding.”
 “That is your imagination.”
 “I am looking the door.”
 “I need more to eat.”
 “There are millions of appealing varieties.”
 “You need to quit tasting anything”
 “I got to the other side.”
 “Everything comes down to one thing.”
 “You will feel better once you get home.”
 “I have my home.”
 “It is a coffin.”
 “We do not work that way here.”
 “How can these people be part of a death cult. They all have too much of a purpose for
 everything.”
 “Did you see that?”
 “What?”
 “Someone sat next to me.”
 “There is no one next to you.”
 “The cult is hard at work.”
 “The cult does not work. It just is.”
 “This understanding of being is not getting me anymore.”
 “There is a way out.”
 “Death gets you nowhere.”
 “It will find you.”
 “Take your chances.”
 “You need to ask.”
 “Who do you ask?”
 “I see it how it happens.”
 “It does not happen. You are dead.”
 “I see everything. I am part of something.”
 “You are so convinced.”
 “I cannot stop.”
 “You are not meant to stop.”
 “The alarm is ringing”
 “Do not look as if you are in control.”
 “YOU CAN ASK!”

“You are beyond asking.”
“Is he the accompanist?”
“You have one goal, and you have even less of accomplish it.”
“I am dying.”
“This is a mode of enactment. It does not describe an actual state of being.”
“You told me that already.”
“You do not need this.”
“Someone does.”
“You are going to get very angry when you realize what is going on here.”
“He is on death watch.”
“I can smell it.”
“I went somewhere else.”
“You have given too much to living.”
“How do I get out?”
“You are so close to out.”
“How does that work?”
“I am following my dream”
“It got sent to garbage.”
“This is the place for clearing everything out of here.”
“I was a bad person.”
“The story tells me to do those things.”
“I am getting ready to leave the world.”
“Take whatever is available.”
“That took a lot of courage.”
“She is foolhardy.”
“Do you know who that is?”
“The world cut her in two.”
“What am I looking at?”
“This is great stuff.”
“You need to get away from those people.”
“I will never get away.”
“Do you have to put up with this shit?”
“This is another place.”
“We have said enough.”
“You are a very controlling person.”
“The universe is that way.”
“I was going to hear a story.”
“This is drama.”
“This is more of the same.”
“I cannot even look.”
“I am only writing about you.”
“I am writing from beyond the grave.”
“You want a simple explanation.”

“You cannot trust anyone.”
“You cannot trust the living. They have too much fear.”
“What is this about?”
“I need to progress a little further.”
“Did you ever catch her?”
“What do you do everyday?”
“Can you work a miracle?”
“You will never know.”
“The world will cut you in two.”
“Death puts it all back together.”
“This once meant something to me.”
“Who are you running from?”
“Is there the body for that?”
“This is higher state of living.”
“She can do it all.”
“She is a member.”
“We are going to come back to this.”
“Life brings us back.”
“You seem useless.”
“I DO NOT HAVE HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS!”
“How is that even possible?”
“We are all like this.”
“I want to understand the biology.”
“We are all in the state of transition.”
“This is your life.”
“Death beckons me.”
“You need to be further along.”
“Read our manual. You may want to join.”