

How to Stay Sane at a Time of Increasing Insanity

By [Julian Rose](#)

Theme: [History](#)

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I'm sitting outside a small café/bakery alongside Vienna's Hauptbahnhof, the city's main railway station. I'm between trains, on my way to Brussels from Krakow, and observing the scene. Concrete and glass rising-up everywhere in absolute neutered conformity. A 'Novotel' trying to make itself visible amongst the high-rises, but remaining hardly distinguishable from anything else. A square featureless concrete carbuncle.

It's 8 in the morning and it's late August. A man in a dark business suit walks past on the wide pavement, a Coca Cola in one hand and two trim brown sandwich bags in the other. Chemtrails cover the otherwise blue sky. Someone in green shorts and dark glasses is sitting at a nearby table staring at nothing in particular and smoking nervously.

Meanwhile trains glide in and out of the elevated station platforms, their wining turbo-electric motors rising and falling as they come and go. This is the 2017 gateway into classical old Vienna.

In my mind I trace the steps of the 'good European business-man' with his US Coke and standardised EU sandwiches. I see him entering a large office block and taking a lift up to the 5th floor and proceeding to a white plastic cubicle with desk and computer. One of hundreds of identical cubicles. He sits down and turns on the modem, twisting off the cap of his Coca Cola bottle as he does so. The rest, as they say, is history. It's the history of a dying capitalist dream. Of boredom, conformity and stagnation. A mediocrity so complete that it can be confirmed as insanity. Corporate, big brother contrived slavery.

So, I reflected, as I sat at this café table just outside Vienna's Hauptbahnhof main station, I am observing a pastiche, a cameo of what is called 'normality', but I prefer to call 'insanity'. The seemingly innocuous 9 to 5 office job is where millions devote a great proportion of their (precious) lives.

In reality - and tragically - they are no longer human beings, but automatons. They take the same train to work each day of the working week; or the same bus, the same car; the same car route. They do the same things each weekend. Meet the same people; watch the same films as their friends; eat at the same restaurants. They are called the 'suburban middle class' - but it means little or nothing. Little or nothing is pretty much the sum total of their lives.

George Orwell saw it all coming more than fifty years ago, describing it perfectly in this novel '1984'. Aldus Huxley likewise in 'Brave New World'. But do we recognise this? Do we see to just what degree this dystopian cycle of daily death has captivated the great majority of the population of US and European 'Westernised' society?

Do we understand just how far removed from Life this stultifying daily ritual has actually

taken people? I wonder.

You see, the hidden hand of oppression, whose ambition is total global dominance, is depending upon the fact that we all accept this slave trade as somehow inevitable. That we won't ever see that it represents an advanced stage of mass insanity. And because of this, we are still vulnerable to its pull; especially those of us who think we are 'free'. But such thinking is delusional; none of us are fully freed from the grip exerted by the dominant pattern of the status quo.

It is, after all, what informs almost everything we see and do every day of our lives. It screams at us (if we are 'alive') in the supermarket; in the 'gallery'; on the city street; on the billboards; in the fashion market; on the screens of our computers; the newspapers, TV, radio; the motorway; the airport; the hotel.

It works on us in an unseen way via Wi Fi; the mobile phone; the mobile phone towers; the 'smart meters'; the satellite navigation systems; the surveillance cameras; the electro smog; the atmospheric geoengineering; the microwave oven; the genetically modified and pesticide laced food; the chlorinated and/or fluoridated water; the plastic mineral water bottle; the nanotech fabrics – the list goes on and on – but I think I've made my point.

Do you still think you're free from mind control?

Listen carefully. There are just a few environments left in this post-industrial nation state and trading block divided 'Westernised' world – where you might still find some sanity. But you'll need to be clear about what sanity is in order to locate them. If you're still 'alive' and wish to stay that way, what you're going to need is the support of some place where big brother has not yet got a total grip on the way of life. Not yet replaced simple reality with virtual reality. A 'virtual reality free zone'.

Chances are that you're not going to find such a place in an urban setting. Towns and cities are being entrained as slave centres under Agenda 21 ambitions to shift whole populations into fully anaesthetised environments, 100% dependent upon corporate controlled resources. It is delusional to imagine that one can remain 'sane' in these cosmetically dressed prisons.

The way to retain your sanity, your joie de vivre, your sensitive soul and your resistance to that which wishes to ensnare you, is to re find your connection with nature: the natural environment. Preferably a largely uncontaminated nature; a nature that still breathes, that still lives out its predilection for diversity, beauty and rugged self-expression.

An environment where those who work the land still do so in the old native tradition, without the imposition of toxic pesticides and soil neutering monocultures. Places where you still might find a bit of true wisdom. Places where you yourself might imbibe some of that wisdom and start on your own route to taking control of your destiny and ultimate self-sufficiency. Freeing yourself from the strangling tentacles of a subversive status quo with its 'cult of convenience'.

A setting in which you elect to cultivate life rather than death. For staying with the latter means contributing to a system which leads, inevitably, to collapse. But that is, I'm afraid, what many of us are still doing – until we find a way to break free.

Make your stand in defence of life*, but make it in a place that offers the chance for 'arks of

true independence' to become established. Places where one can be one's own master and where a new resistance can rise up from fertile and secure foundations. Somewhere where one can help bring to birth the seeds of a new society.

I council you to make this shift soon. Very soon.

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