



Perfect World

It's common practise to bemoan the state of the world. I do it myself, despairing at injustice, greed, conflict, cruelty, suffering, lies and countless other negatives that make daily news a depressing experience. Why it is the way it is, I assume is because the political world is a manifestation of our inner world. Whether we like it or not, we seem to be conflicted beings, on one hand loving and good natured, on the other, flawed to the point of collapse. Despite a few thousand years of learning, we are more than ever prey to jealousies, avarice and all the other biblical sins. So, I try to imagine a society where these flaws have been dealt with, ironed out of our system, and the result is alarmingly boring.

Cancellation is one way, we seem to have decided, of removing harmful influences, and it's clearly a dictatorial nightmare. Take it to its logical extreme and what's left is a bland, uncreative society where no one utters a word for fear of condemnation and punishment. I'm not sure where cancellation comes from. It's part of the social media revolution, but who decides these things is a mystery. It appears to be more of an unspoken, almost paranormal agreement between invisible forces.

Remove the devil from the world and life is dull. That's a risky statement to make, but as nobody will ever read this, probably, I've made it. Take the archetypal image on the cover of a Jehovah's Witness magazine, a married couple, one black, one white, walking hand in hand in an immaculate garden, their two beautifully behaved children beside them, untroubled and calm, maybe a dog wagging its tail, all under a cloudless blue sky, their Bayko (look it up) house gleaming in the background. Extend this to everybody else in whichever town they visualize, every city, every country. This is their world view or their view of heaven and it fills me with dread. It's like a Stepford Wives view of heaven, and it's hell.

Obviously, we have to pick and choose which elements of the devil are necessary to make life interesting. We should be able to get along without war and without narcissistic, megalomaniac leaders. War doesn't make life interesting, it ends it. H.G.Wells visualized a more altruistic society in 'In The Days of the Comet', but the vision was brief and unconvincing. It is extremely difficult to picture humanity getting along without dispensing with its creative impulses. What is there to struggle against and imagine if we are all reduced to a common denominator of thought, word and deed?

I wonder if I am justifying evil? I hope not, that isn't the intention. I suppose this depends upon definitions of wickedness, whether it's ancient sexual taboos or the tribal fear of anything different. Am I saying that unfairness, injustice, greed and exploitation, amongst other faults, are endemic and unignorable? I hope not. Future generations will be subject to the same inner forces as us, just as the ancients were. Our turbulent souls, if unchecked, result in turbulent societies, a battleground of ideas and idealism. We have to deal with it but not entirely wipe it out. Down there, in those deep, disturbing depths are wonderful, creative, almost divine possibilities, but a perfect world where every dubious nuance has been cancelled is as frightening, in a different way, as one where the devil rules, unchecked.