

**Everything has already been said.
But not yet by everyone.**

/denti FIKTION

**Do you have thoughts, or
do your thoughts have you?**

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>> **The magic of life. And how we too often fail to recognize it.**

Life is full of magic. It is magical because it is inexplicable. What is magic differently but the miracles we had not thought were possible before they appeared in our lives? I would even say we are all magicians. Unfortunately, we like to forget this, while we use our own magic each and every moment - mostly unconsciously - or fall prey to the magic of others. With my words I can, for example, conjure up a question mark, a smile, astonishment or anger into your mind. And that goes faster than you might think ...

If I claim $1+1=1$ today, which first reaction appears in your mind?

It could be that you dismiss this as wrong. It could be that you get more and more excited the more I claim it is like that, because it is like that for me. It could be that you laugh or try to contradict me by trying to convince me of the correctness of another result. It can be that you attack (some sad creatures do this even physically, if they do not get further on the cognitive level), condemn me, or in the best case simply leave me on the left, label me as stupid and already respond to it by not responding to it. Does that really help you, when you don't even know in which context I consider my statement? Is it of any use to you to get upset about it, when the supposed error lies with me and not with you? Do you already have all the information to be able to evaluate correctly? How does this process of evaluation actually work? You could actually also face all possible theses openly, no matter how absurd they may sound in the first moment. Every thesis has its reason and is already justified by its existence. If one would have asserted 500 years ago, the earth is a ball one would have been laughed at. We laugh gladly at those who belong to another belief system, but hasn't exactly that brought us here?

But back to the question at hand. I could say I played a little with my magic and drew your consciousness to something that wasn't in your consciousness before. Even if you think you have no opinion about it, I still influenced you with my statement. More precisely, I manipulated you into thinking about something that you

hadn't thought about just a moment ago. Actually, we all do that all the time. Some manipulate more, some less, we don't even have to look in the direction of the media corporations or the politicians.

From ... oh look, a squirrel, to ... bad weather today, ... or the question how are you - every statement aims to involve other people in one's own story, to communicate, to get attention, to express feelings. I prefer to play with open cards on the table: I like to grab your attention, to appeal to your subconscious, to show you patterns that become visible in the world through all of us. This text aims to question our reality and offer a way out of the eternal struggle. Are you up for it, or would you rather stick with what you already know?

Why do we react the way we do? And ... does it have to be that way? Does it help me to live my life the way I want it to be, or am I caught in an eternal struggle for my beliefs, annoying others with my view of things? Is it okay to have no convictions either? Can I actually not belong to any camp? Or do I belong then already again to the people who want to refrain from everything? Do I split or unite with my views? Do I really solve conflicts by looking at them over and over again, or do I thereby tie myself to a form of reality that does not help me practically at all, that harms me?

Wars used to be fought for beliefs that are now considered ridiculous. Wars of faith. Our great-grandchildren will only shake their heads in regret at what we take for granted today: Whether it's combustion processes that change our weather, or the question of why we constantly exchange irrelevant information about energy-guzzling, hard-to-compost devices? In other words, taking a huge detour - while all the time we are connected to everyone and everything via the transmitters and receivers between our ears, and the data that is important to me can be accessed everywhere in the collective consciousness anyway? When we ourselves are - translated - the Internet and communication, when the quantum computer that scientists are trying to develop may already be there? Don't we already act like the individual brain cells of a supercomputer called creation, which only have to be coupled? Or better: which may simply accept your existing connection to the collective? Maybe these cells, which

today consider themselves separate, will simply recognize the connection at some point, take it for true and use it?

Ridiculous, or simply realistic, if we allow ourselves to be connected and no longer separate from each other? Why not just imagine the obvious? I've often found myself in moments where thought floated in space, one person spoke it, and everyone knew they were also just engaged in the same thing mentally. As if similar energies would connect, or always be connected.

Where does the desire come from to always want to prove everything? Or better: to have to prove, so that we can finally accept what we observe and use anyway?

Convictions separate families. End friendships. Because we want it that way, or because we believe we have no choice. Convictions determine our entire lives - and most of them we didn't even think up ourselves, but simply adopted.

If I would be convinced today that no doctor, no opinion, no vaccination, no medicine, but only my immune system protects me from diseases, I would be laughed at, although my own immune system is the only thing I can really get to know and influence myself, because it has something to do directly with me and my circumstances. A vaccination can protect. But how do I really know if it does, or if it is not my own defenses after all? I have to believe it. Why don't I first believe in what I myself really have inside me, can feel and influence?

We still continue to fight the battles of our ancestors and often don't even know why, or that we are doing it at all. We are fighting over and for technologies that are destroying our livelihood. You have to be able to justify that to ourselves first. That takes a great deal of creativity, which I'm sure we'll use at some point to preserve our species. I remain optimistic about this.

To return to the initial question:

What if $1+1=2$. On the level of logic and mathematics. But could $1+1=1$ also have its correctness; since two INDIVIDUAL parts in the sum again make a new whole, if we change the point of view?

To use still another picture:

Can you explain the light without the darkness in which it can shine first?

Can shadows become visible on the wall without the light? Can I be a good person without the other worse people, without whom my statement would have no comparative value? Is one side of the coin really better than the other?

Or is everything I think, feel, experience part of my past and with a different imprint I would perhaps be on the "other side"?

Is there another side at all?

>> Preliminary conversation with the publisher. So me - or that which considers itself to be. My name does not matter at this point.

When I write, something writes inside of and through me. I don't think much, it flows - and that's where you can start reading between the lines, because the inexplicable can't easily be explained with words. How can humans describe something flowing out of their beings without knowing where it goes and what it is supposed to do? When the process in itself is already completely satisfying and meaningful, and I am able to observe myself doing it rather than having to make an effort? Just baking one's buns like that can't be normal, right? And yet every being here could do it in its own way.

It's hidden behind, under and between the letters, forming images in the mind, finding access to the unconscious and revealing doors. At the same time, playing - or reading - the words is also a technique to arrive completely in the moment, without wanting to go anywhere else. I find myself. I find access to my inner peace, which is always there, no matter where I am. I step aside, dissolve, yet I am fully present. What a paradoxical awareness. I am in the Now and nowhere else and there it's just exactly as it is right now.

Just sitting and meditating has never worked properly for me, different parts of me are too restless and rather want to be lived out instead of being forced into silence, as

I also experienced it for many years in my school days. Every being may - and must - develop its own possibilities of pure being in order to find satisfaction with itself. No concept, no technique, no school of thought, no philosophy, no discipline will ever be sufficient for us if we don't independently find our play in and with them. Words are only signposts; not the solution itself. What we are looking for we do find it in the way how they echo within us. We try to describe feelings with words, but these words can never replace what we truly sense within us.

Perhaps narratives - that is, the artful shaping of chains of words that throw the viewer back on himself - are a technique of self-reflection, or I write my world as I like it; or would like it to be. To quote Astrid Lindgren in her German version of *Pippi Longstocking*: "Widiwidiwie sie mir gefällt." (How I like it to be) We find ourselves in fairy tales, stories and metaphors, passing on our insights to others. Maybe I write what I would like to read myself, what I find exciting, interesting, innovative, stimulating? Why should I hide behind a pseudonym or an alter ego - a made-up character? After all, I myself am the invented character in this game of life.

I also type so that my mind does something more useful than getting caught up in worry or anxiety as it used to quite a lot without me being present. It wasn't me who controlled my thinking, it was controlling me and bringing way too much trouble in my house.

Sometimes I find this freedom of not thinking - of just being there - in hilarious dancing, sex, deep conversations, or playing the guitar, just to name a few possibilities. No more judging or questioning. Making music has - for example - a similar liberating and self-sufficient effect on my consciousness, as it is for others to sink into their craft. In those moments and states, I am exactly right where and how I am. Doubting less and simply expressing myself became a living idea of my existence - and to do that I had to forget myself. Not only to follow the paths I already know, but to let speak what wants to be said is the real adventure, because not everyone wants to hear that. If I find my channels of true self-expression, I become a channel myself, I contribute my part to the overall situation in this world. To put it even stronger, if I step aside, if I manage to become empty, something greater can work through me.

I could already watch my hands playing the guitar not knowing what was happening. Time and space were dissolving. I sank into a music that wanted to express itself through me. I did not invent it. I became the instrument for vibrations that were already there before I played them, which needed a player and a listener at the same time to come into existence. I plucked more intensely, experimental, even more beautiful sequences of notes that I had never imagined to hear. My fingers were beyond this world and were being played. Life was using me. My own little will and images of how it was supposed to be finally stepped aside. Completely crazy, actually not explainable and yet so real and true as I had never felt it before. There is always more in us - behind us - under us - around us. There is also safety and joy in life, if we allow IT, surrender ourselves to the moment. I can't express it any other way with letters.

For me, that was where the true beauty of music really began. My life eased out as well in other areas: When I emptied myself and detached myself from expectations. Aren't we ourselves a kind of music? Doesn't life swing back and forth between different poles? Aren't we as well instruments that send out sounds into the world? Whoever believes that one must practice for years with musical instruments in order to find such a state is mistaken. The exact opposite was the case for me. I had to put down the guitar for ten years after many years of lessons, first freeing myself from my complexes of never being able to be as good as I wanted to be. I was allowed to free myself from the thoughts of having to perform or practice something. Because you only have to do that if you think you know where you want to come out. "I want to play this song" could be translated as: I don't yet dare to discover my own songs, which are already in my head. Songs that are already slumbering inside me. But you can't practice them, you can only discover them by playing. You are allowed to become crazy enough to let something new unfold, to go outside the box. Just play and enjoy sounds. Play with your body. Be the instrument of creation, don't devalue yourself for your ability or inability. Playing has no goal, just as life has no goal. It wants to express itself through us and be able to be experienced.

One tone is not better than the other. And wrong tone sequences do not exist. There is only a conditioned listening, which has learned "wrong" in the first place.

It is the beauty of the moment, the relaxation of the ego, not the - and yet the - expressed itself, which our innermost strives for. Our voice, whistling, strumming, drumming with the fingers; playing, listening, embodying a sound, sinking into it until we are the sound itself ...

Among other things, that is where love is to be found.

Why else did primitive people jump around the campfire dancing, laughing, crying, screaming, raging, loosened, singing?

Do you think they did it for fun?

Yes!

For pure pleasure, for self-dissolution, into surrender, into connection with the elements and the greater One who created all the elements in the first place, which is ourselves. They danced themselves free from their thoughts so that they could experience the depth underneath. Difficult to grasp, but tangible when the chattering mind - the voices in the head - finally fall quiet, or when we finally sing with them. Or write. Or talk. Or...isn't it?

Is your heart laughing now, or does it all seem strange to you?

What are you feeling right now? Not what do you think you feel right now, but what do you really sense in your body?

Can you perceive it without naming, without judging?

Where are solutions better to be found than when we are truly connected to our intuition, our very source and heart? And how could we support this world more than by changing the general stream of consciousness? Away from suffering states of lack, towards an abundance that lets us share more as there is enough anyway. Towards the beings that we truly are.

I use the word lack for every state that does not include the 100% acceptance of the current moment: The illusion, so to speak, of not being able to be happy because something is missing. Very often my mind tries to find happiness in the future and finds fault with my now. And if it's just little things.

If I am at peace, my creativity awakens - and if I am creative, I am usually also calm inside, and joyfully excited at the same time. I feel the pulsating life, the uniqueness of expression of my hypnoses, into which you as a reader sink in, even if you are not aware that you let yourself be hypnotized by an external consciousness with every line. So whenever you read something, listen to something, or watch a Youtube video. Our consciousness is constantly looking for input. But for what, I wonder?

But don't worry, I have no bad intentions. I don't have to demand anything, force anything on you, sell anything to you, want anything, pull anything, or produce anything. It plays. It writes. With joy and ease this new play of words grows out of itself. I describe my and maybe parts of our future, also to remind myself where I am not yet, to never lose the focus, in which open, awakened society we could live, if we opened each other's eyes, instead of continuing to act in sad loops.

It is even part of my work. Work from there is pure joy of life and by definition then no more work, right? Awareness work and education is just as important and beneficial for our society as the satisfaction of our basic needs. Perhaps even more important, so that the satisfaction of our basic needs no longer deprives us of our livelihood - in other words, kills us in the long run instead of sustaining us.

It does not have to follow any form, it has no goal except to be an expression of the inner being. So everything we do and are. The writing, the reading, the living. When I live from my peace, I can do everything in serenity, acceptance and love. What exactly I do is not important, but the quality with which I embody it - with what joy I walk my path, and whether I then pass on that joy with it. Am I carrying negative energy, or positive energy into this world? Am I help, or part of the problem, or both?

Things, which nobody really needs, or which carry a thought of lack, fear - thus profit - need advertisement. They need to be explained to us, to be sold to us, to be talked into us. "The truth"* does not need advertising. Neither does bread. We simply eat it, can bake it, or know where to find it in the village and go where it tastes better to us. Just as a true, an honest story spreads by itself. It spreads automatically

by its value, is enough for itself, and brings the narrator the deserved reward. We all find it in ourselves when we are reminded of it. For we ourselves are part of it.

* Nothing here is really fixed or permanent.

Everything is change. Why then sticking to points of view and often suffer for it? Isn't that what most good stories are about? Hero experiences a pain/loss and grows as a result?

Recently I was asked for which target group this booklet was written. I had never asked myself this question and therefore could not answer it. Isn't the target audience always someone who is interested in discovering it, who is led by life to this kind of story? Did fairy tales have a target audience? Does it have to be everyone or many, or is it enough to touch just one person with one's own words, with one's own being, in order to live a meaningful life?

Does art have to be made for a viewer, or does it stand on its own? Can it be evaluated? Does it have to be evaluated, or is it simply a piece of contemporary history in which the viewer or reader may discover herself? Can message and messenger be considered separately?

So I was never concerned with completeness, never with correctness, or a higher claim, let alone a moral superiority. We all participate in world events - with our way of thinking. If my words should attack or hurt you in any form, then this was not my intention. Likewise, I am not a friend of dogmatics and hardening, except when they are necessary in the act of love (little joke on the side). Therefore, I sometimes use gender-neutral language, sometimes the female, sometimes the male address, as it just flows. That God is not really male and equality is important should be slowly clear to everyone in the 21st century, shouldn't it?

I can also get inwardly upset about a missing comma, or terse way of speaking, but it's quite possible that this simply distracts from the deeper meaning of what is being said. The question is whether I really want to get involved with the messages that the universe keeps throwing at me; no matter where the information comes from or if on letter is missing.

Since social patterns have been stored in all of us and we have to bump into each other on the way - to discover ourselves - in order to grow, you can also consider every bumping into my words as a hint that your mind is just evaluating and knows how it should be different.

In principle, there is nothing wrong with this, but the question arises whether it is useful if you want to discover something new in yourself, or whether it represents a protective mechanism that wants to protect us from news. The ego knows several protective mechanisms: getting upset, outrage or horror, defense, nausea, headache, sudden tiredness - just to name a few examples. Psyche and body are inseparable, and words will always cause physical reactions.

Sometimes very subtle, sometimes aggressive.

Feel free to observe yourself while reading. How do you feel? Which words trigger which reactions, and are those reactions really you? If I'm really wrong - which can always happen - then that's my problem and not yours, right?

My favorite realization of the last few years: whenever I get upset about something, it's something I don't want to recognize in myself. So what I'm upset about has to be present in myself, otherwise what's being said couldn't resonate with me. If I had nothing to do with it, I could just smile mildly.

So I consider agitation, outrage, resistance, tension, etc. as my protective mechanism that points me to myself. It has already provided me with important insights, even if it was often unpleasant to expose my own grievances.

Something in me has almost always been upset about something. Countless times every day. What a waste of energy and on top of that, not very beneficial for one's own resources, one's own health. Is getting upset a nice form of your own energy? Does it really feel good?

It was hard to realize how negatively I thought about myself, world events - in fact, everything here - and how little it really benefited myself, liberated me, and contributed to improvement and conflict resolution. The more I saw the difficulties, the more I received, became part of them myself. My worries and fears made me sick and only attracted more negativity into my life.

We attract what we radiate; what we carry inside, what we think and feel. This is difficult to prove, but it can be observed well in one's own example if one wants to look closely. If you dare to take responsibility for your own thoughts. Brain scans have shown that people think an average of 50-60,000 thoughts a day. Of course, I can't verify this easily, since I'm not really aware of very many thoughts, let alone count them. But I can become more attentive if I know what powers these thoughts have. How many of these little minds are really about the pure joy of life, about love, togetherness and solutions? How often do you really think about your best, most beautiful, most free version of yourself? Not what you have, or could have, but who you really want to be? Don't most of our thoughts tend to come from the point of not being where I'd like to be right now? That sounds more like lack to me, rather than self-love and acceptance.

Feel free to look at the results in your life: Can you really say with ultimate certainty that you had nothing to do with it? I think the opposite is more realistic, and it would be worth testing yourself. What do you have to lose?

I believe our thoughts and dreams become reality. We dream all the time through the thoughts that flow through us - most of it, unfortunately, unconsciously. And haven't things often happened in your life that you somehow anticipated?

Whether positive or negative?

We all don't know how this reality ultimately works, even if we try to lull ourselves into a deceptive sense of security.

The question is what we dream and from what source that dream springs - this I can observe and learn to change. Does my dream come from joy, and attract with its positive charge what we really want? Or is there a little hurt child dreaming, who always feels unloved and unfairly treated, and accordingly creates and gets mirrored exactly that again in his everyday life?

We are incredibly creative beings, and even if we don't have the power to change everything in one fell swoop - we can have a significant influence on our view of things. It is - seen in this way - the only thing that remains for us. Let's get the power back to us: Our view will bring new results into our lives. Whether I believe in it or

not. It is observable. Even if everything seems really really bad, it would be helpful to still see the light instead of sinking into darkness, wouldn't it?

The world is a reflection of myself. Most of the time, I ride the same patterns as everyone else. So why condemn someone for something I do the same way at another point in time, but would rather not recognize?

What if condemning was socially accepted, but would harm us the most ourselves, because with this energy we find exactly what we don't want to have in our lives again: That we are condemned because we condemn ourselves or others, then feel condemn, then feel attacked, have a reason to strike back, only to be attacked again, and so on? And it starts with the question, what do I actually think is worthy of condemnation and why at all?

The vicious circle can only be broken by those who discover their own negative power of condemnation within themselves and how often we think in terms of condemnation.

And that is exactly where the joy of personal development begins. Where my ego - that is, my imagined self-image - feels attacked, it draws an arbitrary line, whereas I would like to be boundless, accepting, compassionate. Because that somehow sounds better and more productive than being reactive and angry, having to defend myself out of pure self-protection, doesn't it? From which point of view could the wiser choices be made, if we're honest?

If we really have a free choice:

What would love do?

>> **Recognizing miracles for beginners**

In order to recognize miracles, I simply have to look around the room, the thoughts, the dialogue in my head, and above all the old "know-it-all" for a moment and: be astonished. Maybe it takes a little while, but if you don't get amazed here, you're missing the best part - because it's actually pretty miraculous:

I'm alive.

And I don't know how long I will remain in this state.

And I don't even have to think about it. Only perceive. Especially when I'm NOT thinking about it, I can feel what's happening just below the surface.

The inexplicable is carefully revealing itself.

Space for observation is created.

Past and future are no longer important.

Timelessness.

It becomes quieter, more relaxed and attentive. Finally, peace I've been searching for all my life.

It is.

But where does it come from and where does it go? Asks an anxious voice in my head; just when silence is slowly arriving.

Immediately my mind turns on again and tries to keep control of the facts it can grasp, because that's what it's there for, as we all know. A protective function. Chair. Laptop. Table. I know it. I know how to deal with it. Everything that has a name fits into the drawer. If sorted, then good. The familiar order is restored. The rest is too

big. Too dangerous. My mind wants to see only what suits it. What seems to be suitable in my learned world view. But is the table really a table, if it was a tree at another time? If it is actually only carbon? If it represents then at the same time on quantum level only a vibratory energy which I perceive as solid? How do I know actually what carbon and quantum are and is this really of use to me? Have I really found that out by myself? Or are these only information which take themselves quite important, but would be also replaceable?

And who gave the table its name and why is it so perfectly clear to everyone that a table is named table and not otherwise? Why is hardly anyone here surprised? Did people sit down together at some point and debate about the fact that this thing is now called that and write that in a law book called Duden? Or did it possibly give itself its name? Can someone explain this to me, or is this then again only an assumption, thus a nice history, which wants to satisfy the mind?

Behind the things the HOW is hidden. The WHY, from which we shut the eyes so gladly. Because that is where the hot topics of our time are hidden. More important than a virus, or a sack of rice that fell over in China yesterday. Because all this happened only by the how and why, which we could not decode yet.

And this how and why I can learn to explore, to feel it, when the surface calms itself down.

Others called it meditation: the art of not judging, of feeling pure life. Just being there and accepting what is. You can sit down to do this. But you don't have to, if walking, standing, working, making coffee and sitting are all miracles to be discovered. So actually every moment. Whenever we think we know how it is - or should be - we miss the best.

Does this perhaps take us from superficial symptom-fighting to the causes? To our origin? To our passing away? To the spiritual power of our collective field, with which we transform our thoughts into reality? To our existence; which - at least in our culture - is so secured that we could take the time to ask questions for which oth-

er generations have been too tense so far (maybe because they never asked the questions?).

Are you ready for Pandora's box? Then there are no answers here, only more questions to entangle your mind with itself until it humbly stands on the sidelines, watches, and gratefully recognizes something relaxing instead of constantly reordering old thought patterns to maintain the worldview that has been cobbled together makeshiftly - with considerable effort.

>> **The Thought Primordial Soup**

How I manage to let my thoughts flow via my fingers into a keyboard; how it is possible that these letters end up on my and later on your terminal; how you perceive these little funny strokes and curves as light reflections, ascribe a meaning to them and a story or maybe even a movie is created in your head - where I just don't even know where my story comes from, which I am typing here - remains inexplicable to me. Wonderful. Strange. Mysterious. Grandiose. Exciting. Adventurous. And I am just sitting on a chair and writing.

How does my own system actually work, which "generates" thoughts about life here?

Do I really create them myself? Or do I receive them? What is thinking actually? Does it only work when I use words, which I have learned in my childhood? And if every word has a different meaning for every person - are we actually talking about the same thing when we express the word love or the word freedom? Wouldn't we first have to clarify the terminology in every conversation so that we don't talk past each other?

What is a thought anyhow, if scientists still do not know where these things sit, how they look like and function? I once heard something about electromagnetic oscillation.

But is that really an explanation?

Apparently, thoughts are responsible for everything that has ever been created. Every car, every art, every house, every war: In the beginning there was something in the mind that wanted to come to earth through the body. But how did the idea come into the mind? Can I really claim that this is my thought, my idea, if I do not know its origin at all? It requires already a very small, human-limited world view to be able to say: I have created this alone, if I do not even know where the life actually comes from, which unfolds through me. Where did we learn that?

Far too often I take for granted what in itself should be considered pure witchcraft: That thoughts arise in me at all and I cannot grasp any source. No source from which something originates after all. Interesting.

Here is a little thought experiment.

If you want to get involved in the game, I ask you - for your own sake - to read only up to the distance points on the next page. If you already know my explanation before the game starts, you will suggest a result to yourself and will then subconsciously blame me for having talked you into something. You could then probably experience what I describe, however a bad aftertaste would remain, not to have found it out yourself. If the result of an experiment is already determined, because we know where we want to go, is it then an experiment at all, or do we then always find what we want to find? Or even more precisely: do we first create what we are looking for (even serious scientists face these questions)?

I invite you to close your eyes, take a few breaths, and just notice what happens - for 15-20 seconds. You don't even have to relax, feel free to perceive this game as funny. Maybe everything is quiet in your head, maybe you think a few words - everything is fine the way it is. You may just observe, and for once you don't have to change or improve anything.

After you have observed for a few seconds, ask yourself internally when you feel ready:

Where will the next thought come from?

Listen or look inside yourself, just observe what happens next.

From which direction did the next thought come? Where in you is the mouse hole located, in front of which you waited like an attentive cat? Do you think in words, or in pictures?

If I can observe thoughts, who is this observer and what does it mean for my life not to be these thoughts myself, rising from somewhere?

How did you feel in the gap that was created in the moment of attentive waking? Within this gap between the thoughts are hidden the greatest secrets of life, says the Eastern philosophy. It is the life itself, which lives in you. It is the unfiltered perception of the now. Scientists would perhaps describe it as a quantum field - the nothingness from which everything appears. Inexplicable, indescribable and yet perceivable. How can something emerge from nothing?

One could say you have just encountered your own consciousness - the part of you that perceives, is always present, but which does not think, or need to think, in order to exist. Perhaps you have just had your first conscious meditation experience, in which you have separated yourself from your mind. That's all it is. And this gap can be widely extended, allowing deeper and deeper peace to arise.

You could observe the thinker in you. Without effort, without monastery. You were attentive and still, without forcing yourself into silence; without you having to or wanting to think your way to any other place. You were just there. This being there is our greatest gift, the greatest of all liberations; since completely independent of the outside world. A space of peace that always dwells within us, no matter how stormy it gets out there. There is a part of you that is untouchable, that has always watched, that has never been hurt, or can be hurt.

A timeless space that is not dependent on the future and the past (which we have to think about in order for them to exist).

The now is always only now.

The past is over and the future will never reach you, because then it is called again only Now.

Welcome to the eye of the storm - exactly there is the silence we always longed for, while we were still thinking about where to go on vacation next, in order to finally find the peace we have earned, without noticing that thinking itself has created the noise that drives us before it. If the ego stands on the most beautiful, quietest beach in the world and still finds something to complain about - how terrible would that be? And how normal does exactly that seem to be in our conception of life?

But there is a solution. And we don't even have to fly anywhere for it. It is always in you and in me: the gap between the thought, because it is eternal, always the same, peaceful, ageless. It has always accompanied you. Maybe it is you?

Who are we really when we don't think about who we are? Are we then gone? Or is exactly the opposite the case? We are fully awake, present and simply there - there is no place for identity questions, gender characteristics, worries about the future or suffering. That's exactly the place our ego, our self-image doesn't like - because that's where it ceases to exist. We lose our identity, which we have built up so laboriously, with all its stories, the little problems, injuries and games. It is fed by thinking and by all kinds of questions, which are mostly not so important here and now - which keep us from really diving into the moment and dissolving through it and in it. To be instead of thinking about it.

For most people, huge events have to shake the self so that the mind stops the uninterrupted flow of thoughts for a short time.

They experience the uncommented, pure now for short moments: Extreme sports at the limit, accidents, getting scared, hearty laughter, orgasms, extreme pain and a few others, you will surely think of yourself.

Often we are there by chance and do not notice it. Only there, and nowhere else.

Where is home more than right there?

A few moments no thought.

A few moments no more wishes and no more worries.

The end of the ego, the beginning of inner freedom, which you can expand piece by piece. Wouldn't it be nice to feel free, no matter how the circumstances outside ap-

pear at the moment? And from this freedom to be able to act more freshly, more agilely, more spontaneously, more intuitively?

The emerging gap between thoughts is your pure, unattached attention. You yourself are also this pure attention - and it can be controlled. Depending on where you place your attention, your focus in life will be. Many people always see what is not working. But to change that, all I have to do is change my focus and realize what is already working. Little reminder ... we are alive. Can't we already be grateful for just that? To be allowed to experience all this? Huwomen suddenly find themselves in a completely new reality, which is perhaps not so dark as it so often seemed, they experience their inner world of non-judgement. The pure redemption. Sometimes tearful - with happiness, amazement and relief. A dam wall that finally broke. Pure feeling and its acceptance, rather than thinking about it.

If your attention is primarily on your thought world, it will always find a way to make you suffer, to separate you from the now, because it is connected with past problems or future worries. If you are there and preoccupied with judgement, you are not really here and even less so with an open mind. You can literally see some people carrying their heavy thoughts in front of them and into every conversation - thinking they have to evaluate every situation. It is exhausting, makes you restless and sick to always divide everything into right and wrong. In seemingly every moment of life. We don't have to that. I can be happy not to have to starve, or I can think about the dryness of the bread roll and/or on top of that draw the attention of everyone else to my negativity.

Which do you think is more deeply satisfying?

Which view do you think would be healthier?

Even extreme situations can be reinterpreted.

If you like, imagine that you have to wander through the desert for a few days. You have enough water, but no food. You could now think about food every second, despair, be in a bad mood and hungry, or you decide: To fast. You enable your consciousness to re-evaluate the overall situation by making a new decision. You have

the power. Not all circumstances we are able to control, but how we deal with them. And whether we suffer from it or not.

In the moments when your attention is on your attention itself - that is, in the present moment - the mind has no way to make comparisons. Without comparisons, there is no suffering. I can only suffer when my mind thinks: it shouldn't be like this - it would be better now in a different way. If I didn't know how it should be, I could accept every moment as it is and thus practice damage limitation, in which I don't suffer and react - as if remote controlled - because I reject the moment and actually want to leave again. I could rather consciously decide how I would really react, if I were free and connected with every new situation in acceptance, instead of automatically building up resistance.

Because every moment is simply as it is. So simple and so difficult for the ego to accept. But resistance is always voluntary. And exhausting. Often it doesn't even do me any good, if I'm honest.

Even the most intense pain loses its terror this way. It transforms from a feeling, which I reject, which should end, to a pure anchor point in the now. It lets me arrive when I really feel it, instead of wanting to get away from it. Every pain has a reason, which wants to reveal itself to us.

This view does not instantly change every situation, but it does change you. Your view determines whether you are and remain at peace, contribute to relaxation and resolution, or go into battle - and the latter could well be the main cause of any unhappiness in this world, couldn't it?

The evaluating mind - the thoughts - are tools. They come and go. We can control them with difficulty, but learn to distance ourselves from them, to use them only when we really need them. They are linked to social patterns and morals - no more, but also no less, but almost all inhabitants of this world are identified with their thoughts. We believe we are the thoughts. We assume to be able to solve everything with thoughts, whereas thoughts created all problems in the first place, because they always find something that does not yet fit in that moment. If there is no more

wrong, there is no more problem and I do not have to defend myself. Of course, one can then still do that, but it is no longer a mandatory reaction, which apparently leaves no choice. I then no longer have to defend myself to the hilt in every conversation. Have I really chosen my own points of view? Have I had a choice at all up to now?

Perhaps the solutions lie in the core however on another level, if we ask the thinking for a moment to the sidelines? Didn't the ancients say that there is strength in calm? Maybe that's where the saying comes from, to take a deep breath before we comment and add our two cents to the situation. And where is the peace to be found, if not exactly there, where the thought noise finally comes to a standstill and I recognize a much greater truth than the one I have learned? There lies the I Am, which, as is well known, comes before the "I am ... this and that".

I don't even need to use the little word God to understand that there are greater mysteries in this universe than I can even imagine, if I even dare to imagine anything greater than my little world of thought. Opening that space can change lives. End suffering. It takes the greatest courage to question one's identity, to let the little imagined self die. Because nothing else happens in those moments of not thinking. The painful, history-laden, imagined ego dies the hero's death and that's exactly what it wants to protect me from all the time by capturing my attention, forcing me to react every second and trying to convince me that it is me. Quite clever, but unnecessarily exhausting.

This brings me to the next, purely practical question: how can I ever copyright an idea, a thought - and a thing that arises from a thought? And above all ... if this thought is good and would help everybody - how can I withhold it from the others, beings living here; possibly even sell it? Instead of saying, "Hey dear ones, I just received something real good, you should know that too," we put even the thoughts to save humanity behind a paywall. How imaginative and sad. Egos that believe they have to hedge their bets with fear of getting too little. But where the thoughts, the ideas come from - if they are of any use to me - exist always and infinitely more. Some people hold on to their half-rotten apple, which fell into their hand at the time,

without noticing that they are standing under an apple tree, which provides them with the best fruit - but only if they have their hands free to catch more. Really new thoughts just pop up. But only if I learn to forget what I have always thought.

The peak of human arrogance: My thought. My world view. My opinion. My life. Mine.

Can a civilization survive in which all beings feel separate from each other, from their environment, from nature, from creation, from the rest of the universe? Oneself thinking to pieces?

Does this way of thinking really get us anywhere? Is it really about the surface; what is thought - or rather how is thought at all and from which patterns we then act?

My father used to say back then:

Close your eyes and you will see what is yours.

Maybe he was right?

>> **The Pandora's box: The not-knowing.**

Have you ever seen an electron whiz through a wire in the flesh? I'm serious. Yes, or no? The picture of a scanning electron microscope from the Internet does not apply.

The atomic model is a model. An abstraction. An approximation. An attempt at explanation when one strives to break the world down into its component parts. I mostly trust science, which I hope has observed and described it correctly. But to say with ultimate certainty that it is like that and argue about it? Feel free to think I'm stupid, but I really don't know - I personally have never seen an atom.

When did you check the last time by your own eyes whether the earth flies an elliptical, or rather a circular course around the sun; looked by yourself from above whether the ball is really round? So how do you know if it's like that? Did someone show you a picture and tell you it was like that?

From the Garden of Eden, to the Big Bang, to the expansion of the universe. Unfortunately, I was not there to confirm, or disprove. But I heard stories. First from my parents. Then from my teachers. On television. And on the Internet. And I believe some things more than others. Simply because one story feels somehow more coherent than the other, or because many of my fellow men have decided to accept a story as true. It remains true until the majority believes something new.

Wow...what a scientific explanation, I laugh to myself.

But is it really ever otherwise, when it's not even within my power to verify everything I hear?

Do these questions activate your rebellious spirit? Are you amused or upset that facts are only facts if you believe them? What do you feel in your body, in the moment of not knowing, that is, of uncertainty?

Maybe it hurts to feel your own ignorance so elementary. Maybe you become feisty. It seems blasphemous at first to question information that we are only absorbing rather than finding out for ourselves. Our ego indiscriminately defends something because we are not sure [we never are anyway, but we'll get to that]. If we were sure of our truth, we probably wouldn't allow ourselves to be attacked, but would treat everything we hear as an interesting story. We could breathe easy, be happy, and make coffee for everyone while they're still arguing about whether or not there's more life in space. I mean... how likely is it that this planet here just happens to be at the right distance from its energy source - the sun - and that we alone are racking our brains about our existence in an infinitely large universe, just rotating through space at thousands of kilometers per hour; if I can believe the stories? Can any of us really imagine what infinity means, or is it also just a nice concept for everything we can't explain? Maybe it's the matrix and it's all just illusion. Who can say it with final certainty?

Maybe I'm hanging upside down in space right now and don't realize it. How can I then claim that I know how things are? And since when is there an above and below in the universe? That exists only in my limited mental world, just like the popular idea that we have to work.

What ...?

But yes....

I must work ... because ...

Unfortunately, work and Have To are both words with negative connotations that immediately trigger pain and defensiveness in the observer when the book reading system feels caught; spending well over a third of its life time on activities it does not find enjoyable; thus permanently hurting itself because it thinks it has to be that way. Of course, a part of us knows that this pattern is abstruse and part of a mental imagination. Hence, probably, the constant inner struggle, as we try to deny exactly that. We know exactly where we are cheating ourselves, where our real truth lies: almost everything here could be pure joy.

We spend another third sleeping - that is, recovering from the remaining two-thirds that stress us out so much here - because even the third of free time is usually filled with activities that are anything but truly relaxing and bonding. Funny, actually, that it is then the favorite sport of huwomem to defend their way of life - their having to; their self-chosen suffering - come hell or high water.

If work and life are a joy, then having to do something is no longer a problem and no one feels attacked by these sentences. So how do we get into joy, would be the best question, wouldn't it?

Interesting as well how language shapes our consciousness and words make us feel good or bad, isn't it?

Maybe I shouldn't upset people too much? a voice in my head asks myself. Maybe they'll think I'm crazy?

Okay. So let's tighten the frame a little.

We can't avoid the truth, if it even exists: Almost everything here is based on an assumption. Everything except the things I really found out myself and even there I'm never 100% sure. And if I think I have found out the reason for something, it is at best a partial truth that I see it that way as my history makes me see it that way.

I admit: Actually I don't know anything, but I like to argue with myself - just for fun, sometimes also to wake up others from their: I-know-exactly-how-it-is.

If at all, I BELIEVE to know and therefore I ask myself: How can so many people around me defend so surely their assumptions, which - like everything here - are built on sand, or represent at most a temporally limited, observable phenomenon? We recognize and evaluate something that happens, think we know the reason, check it off as relevant, or irrelevant (depending on where we draw a line internally) and condemn people who come to different conclusions, while our conclusions contain only minimal snippets of the factual situation and the discussion only serves to confirm our self-image and more drastically put: to justify our little existence. After all,

who are we when we have no opinion for a moment, because we really can't see the bigger picture, or because we realize that we ourselves have contributed to the creation of the problems, when we zoom out of the direct events for a moment and look a little further through time?

It is quite possible that we have conjured up our problems ourselves, but of course do not want to recognize them, so that we ourselves remain in the right, and can count ourselves to the good ones, which exist only if also the bad ones exist.

It is so simple, shocking and liberating: I co-created Corona, slavery, "the system" and all other terrible things. The consequences of our actions are not always immediately noticeable. In order to drive, I have to push thoughts about my energy balance way to the edge. Whether I can be held guilty for that is another matter entirely. People with a clean slate are hard to find in the rich "Western" part of the world - my consumerism torments this world, makes other people suffer who work for my needs. Who knows in which mine and under what conditions the precious metals hidden under this keyboard were mined? How many hard-working people are probably involved in a single breakfast that we treat ourselves to on Sunday mornings? Fair trade? Or do we prefer cheap and unfair?

If you search long enough, you will always find your own participation. In every phenomenon of this world. Isn't that the greatest of all conspiracies?

But be careful: The understanding of this correlation could lead to humility and to the realization that everyone acts just with best knowledge and conscience and nobody can be held accountable anymore. If this would make the rounds, this conflict-ridden world - as we know it - would cease to exist.

Would that be the end, or finally a new beginning?

A practical example.

Let's say your partner is doing things you don't like. You seem to know why she is acting this way and think you need to be really angry right now. You feel pain. Maybe she has cheated on you. Or better: maybe you feel cheated now, because the golden cage did not keep what it promised. Of course, this can only lead to suffering

if you choose a restrictive relationship model as a basis, which - for whatever reason - tries to avoid sexual attraction and excludes the freedom and the desire for discovery of ecstatic beings. In order to become angry at another person, you must first of all forget quite classically that you have conjured up the situation yourself, since you have chosen this form of relationship with her - against all natural urges. Otherwise, you would have to be angry at yourself, or you would simply leave the room laughing at so much nonsense that you think she is spouting. Or you would wish her much joy in her new experiences, from which you could even profit. But you are still angry.

Why?

Did she force you to live together, or did you voluntarily agree to be part of this life experiment? Likewise, you decide to watch the news every day, or read newspapers, which you become outraged about. Getting upset is always voluntary and at the same time an addiction (like all things you can't easily let go of). Unfortunately, this is one of the facts that are rarely spread: People only believe they have to get upset. But you only have to if you don't know yourself.

Maybe she is looking for touches from others, because you just don't have a clue in love matters yet, but were too proud to ask her what she really needs? Maybe she seeks touch from others because that is the normal behavior of social beings who have been cuddling together around campfires, living in tents, or caves for thousands of years? Haven't we heard somewhere that happiness becomes more when shared, but in this very subject of contemplation, it shouldn't?

Maybe your girlfriend annoys you out of pure spite, or out of an unconscious reaction. Do you really know - with ultimate, truthful certainty - why she acts that way? It doesn't matter, as we'll see in a moment.

Because even if you wanted to ask her about the reasons, it may be that you would not believe her in your displeasure anyway. Your vision is clouded by the pain you feel.

Maybe she is just like that. She doesn't do what you want anyway. Then it would be better to leave, wouldn't it?

Maybe her upbringing makes her act this way. Maybe she experienced traumatic experiences in her childhood, which lead her to this reaction today, because she herself can't help but run away whenever someone gets too close? Maybe she is afraid of a deep attachment, like so many? Then compassion would be better than anger, wouldn't it? Because ... how can I judge someone who is acting out of hurt? And haven't we all been hurt?

Maybe their parents are involved in raising them this way without decent morals? Then you might consider that fact as a reason for your anger as well.

But that also brings into the equation the parents of the parents and their parents - and the circumstances of the times - who screwed up the upbringing in such a way that you now see in their actions a "this-is-bad-for-me" that you now suffer from. Now we can grumble about that, too. Or perhaps better to be angry at the lover?

Taking that under account the following possibly becomes evident: Our mind selects in the chain of events of the past now thus any event, which may hold out as a reason for the pain, best in such a way put on that one itself from the calculation falls. The further one begins to investigate these reasons, the faster one recognizes the arbitrariness of the selection.

But what does the trigger actually have to do with your pain and the associated anger?

Nothing.

You are suffering because something did not happen as you expected. Does that have anything to do with her? Of course not. You could react calmly instead of getting upset - that would probably restore peace faster if you strive for peace and love. But yes - there are supposed to exist humans who go through life with each other only for the sake of mutual drama. Drama is exciting, isn't it? And blaming someone

for one's own unhappiness is enough for many to stay in a constricting, passive-aggressive partnership.

Maybe life also wanted to offer you exactly this experience? So that you finally wake up and deal with your pain, which comes up again and again, pulls you out of your center when something doesn't go the way you want it to. Loss of control hurts in our culture. And it's not because of who you are, but because of expectations and beliefs that you never thought up for yourself. Maybe there is no "being cheated" at all if you change your perspective and maybe other people are only triggers of a pain and not to blame for it? Maybe pain only becomes so unpleasant because we have learned to evaluate it as unpleasant? Basically, it is only a feeling that flows through us at certain hours. Maybe not quite as pleasant as joy, but still a full-fledged side of the coin of life that we would prefer to deny, right?

Thanks to Netflix, Disney and fairy tales, we all know how the prince gets to save the princess and how they lived happily ever after without looking left or right. What a bad joke our entire society is built upon. A joke that keeps us frozen in fear for a lifetime of losing something that never belonged to us after all. A joke that makes us enter into contracts - in the name of love ... While genuine love is the last one that would need a contract or promises.

Can I then actually remain angry with any human being? Aren't we all just the results of our stories? And history is long. And whether the stories we tell ourselves are really of any use to us, we may find out for ourselves. Maybe I am suffering today because my friend's great-great-great-grandfather took a wrong turn? Well then I have little to laugh about, because unfortunately I can't change that now. The only thing I can change is my point of view, and that will work wonders.

Whether it's my girlfriend, the economic situation, climate change, or diseases that seem to weigh us down.

In the end, the trigger doesn't matter. The question is always, how we deal with our own pain, which nevertheless co-determines our life every day:

With the anger that life is not so easy after all, because they always told us how difficult it would be. With the sadness that catches up with us every now and then be-

cause we have never really dared to fully develop our potential, to speak our truth. With the indignation that others simply don't do the right thing, but we ourselves do just as little. With the loneliness that we have always carried within us, but diligently wanted to cover up with other people. With the powerlessness of not knowing what is actually being played. With the senseless emptiness of existence of certain hours. With the fear of missing something, of slipping out of shape, of sinking, of being judged. With the abysmal "I-am-not-right-as-I-am", which tempts us to compensate and consume. And not because we genuinely are like that, but because we have been brought up to be helpless and have learned to hide pain; to put it away in the basement as unrefined. "An Indian knows no pain" is something I heard a lot as a child. It took me years to realize how deeply these words affected my life, held me back. Mistakes, tears, pain and failure are known to have negative connotations. We don't want to feel this side of life, let alone show ourselves in our weakness, make ourselves vulnerable. Failure, after all, is notoriously bad. We don't like to talk about it, but then go to the therapist, or to healers. After 12 years of school, I still didn't know how my consciousness works, what this self is supposed to be, how to deal with negative feelings that are always attached to negative thought loops. On the contrary, the school system encouraged my bad-feeling and constant struggle for achievement; and in that way it promoted surviving. And this in one of the most prosperous countries in the world, where no one would have to be stuck in a struggle for survival. But no matter how well off we are, this struggle has been ingrained in all of us. It is part of our culture, it is part of our mindset. It is not necessary.

It is - just - the struggle of the ego, which is clinging to selected truths like a drowning man on a life preserver, who would just have to stretch his feet down to stand on solid ground.

Failure is fine. Pain is fine.

If I didn't know what a relationship was supposed to be like, then every day with someone by my side would be a gain and pure joy.

If I didn't have to be right all the time. Then there would be no more arguments. Someone can only argue with me if I go along with it.

If I didn't know how life was supposed to be, every day would be a new miracle.

It could all be so simple was yesterday. It is so simple becomes the now.

And I don't have to change anyone else to do it, I just have to check my belief systems.

>> We are learned systems.

We have learned to believe. And to trust. Everything we believe we know, we were allowed to take over from previous generations. We have learned to be us, because in the first years of life we were completely unprotected in the hands of others, who could do what they wanted to do with us. Children copy everything. How else would they know how to behave in order to be accepted and loved? And in the same way, we can unlearn it if we weren't so attached to our own story, to which we attach our self-image. Most behaviors are related to the context in which we grew up and how others that were close to us perceived us and what they thought about us. Did I have to do something to be loved?

How many times did I see people despair over their stories and self-inscribed dramas? How often did I hear about people ending their lives as their social status crumbled? What did I take from that?

What am I really choosing to do by my own free will?

Or is all of this just a reaction to a reaction?

I write to sort out the world. For me. To understand contradictions that lurk around every corner and could force my mind into despair. One can choose to despair; that would even be very accepted. Or one can make something out of it. Anything.

And the parents had it from their parents.

So what of it is really me, when I've pretty much taken everything from others?

How we see work. How we long for some feelings while trying to keep others secret because they're considered unacceptable. How we perceive time, try to force it into a form. How we relate to our mortality. Which concept of the world we are attached

to. What life philosophy we are passionate about. Whether we suffer or are happy, despite or because of the difficult circumstances.

A question of mindset, not reality. I cannot emphasize it enough: The one reality does not exist as well as the one truth. There are billions of perspectives and each creates its contribution to the overall situation, which can never be surveyed - but everyone tinkers with it. We often believe to look at a phenomenon together, while each observer perceives a different detail, feels differently, comes to different conclusions.

Until I was thirty, I thought I wasn't capable of painting. Even in art classes I failed, was never satisfied with my results and looked enviously at the beautiful sketches of others. After school, I never touched a pencil again because I knew I couldn't do it. At some point, after the third joint, an artist friend gave me a sheet of paper and the hint that everyone is an artist, that I just had to trust my hand that it would express exactly what was supposed to go onto the paper. Without judging or thinking. Above all, I had to switch off thinking.

Quite skeptically, I closed my eyes and scribbled something onto the white surface and knew that I would have to be ashamed of myself afterwards. When I opened my eyes afterwards, I saw a shape through the wild strokes, which only had to be added by further strokes in certain corners to represent a bird. I was amazed, for a moment rejoiced like a little child, and began to sketch wildly. I closed my eyes, let my hand glide over the paper, opened it again and recognized new little images in the painting. All of a sudden I was having fun. Suddenly, all the patterns, mistakes, and shades made sense when I decided to acknowledge and highlight it.

Even as I drew, I realized that which had been my problem up to that point: I had been told what's true art and what's not. I set a bar for myself and the idea of what a painting should look like. I was afraid of the evaluation of others - even if they only existed as voices in my head.

It's the same with this text. There is a voice that wants to tell me: no reasonable person does really want to read such a tangled mess. But that's not real, I have learned that now. It wants to protect me. That's okay, but I choose anew.

Now images emerge from within me that I could never have imagined in my wildest dreams. Entwined figures riding wild waves on adventurous planets and colorfully interlaced scenery that never ceases to amaze myself and others as well. Wow. Finally, something new. Even, and especially, without straining to think up something new.

Our external systems - first and foremost our school system - are designed for reproduction, not for the creation of individuality.

Stupidly, I wasn't set up for reproduction in this life and accordingly had a hard time in the first years to get along in this constricting system; to play the copier. I was not allowed to find out what I would like to do - it was given to me for thousands of hours. But maybe my soul really wants to invent something new? Maybe we are all here to bring newness and our uniqueness into the world? If this doesn't work, we can always be content to choose between Apple and Android, or fight over our car brands or soccer clubs, with which we have nothing to do except that they can exist at all through our attention in the first place.

Some kind of identification is needed by the ego when we ourselves can't find a foothold within ourselves.

If I want to draw something defined, as it was demanded of me, I have - so far - no way to transmit the picture from my head onto the paper. Although that used to be judged as faulty, it was my greatest chance to discover myself anew, by unlearning my own idea of how it should be. My hand draws, something in me observes, evaluates, refines, lets go again. Maybe an unobserved part of me wants to express itself, which already knows what is right, if I have no expectations at least once a day? Somehow it feels more at ease to give up power for a moment and just witness the process. Or is that directly judged as schizophrenic, if I say that I am not just one single personality? Aren't we different and new in every moment? Why commit to a self-image at all, when life leaves infinite possibilities to try?

Have you ever been faced with a decision that you had a hard time making?

Something inside you is for one option, something inside you prefers another option. How does it work inside you when you argue with yourself? Who is speaking inside you and who is listening?

Arguing with oneself can only work when different parts of your personality meet. How this system - this ourselves - really works is not decoded until today. Probably we are all equipped with multiple personalities, but we don't perceive it, because here again a paradigm takes effect: the paradigm of having to be only one person. It would be madness to be able to consult internally with a select team of experts, wouldn't it? Where would we get there, if we would all talk to ourselves ... It would be even more insane to stop the argument, get quiet, listen and then intuitively KNOW where things are going. Without the discussion in the head. Hasn't the intuition - the gut feeling - always been right somehow and we often took a wrong turn, while it had warned us against it?

Didn't intuition - in the end - bring us to where we should go in this life, so that we could learn something important about ourselves?

From this point of view, all the pains that school gave me have been good for being able to recognize myself.

As being the underneath part of the learned patterns.

Next to the mind.

Weren't all artists more or less insane? In other words, moved away from the usual structures that society judges as sane? And didn't just their peculiarities make these people something special, so that we look up to them?

And this is not only true for artists. Henry Ford was considered to be crazy by his father when he announced that he wanted to build cars for everyone. But since I wasn't there for that conversation, my statement is conditional and not legally binding.

Good scientists always set everything to 0, try to question previous ways of thinking and start all over again if they do not reach the desired result. For us humans, after all, joy of life and peace could be a good result to look for, couldn't it? When will this way of thinking finally become acceptable in our oh-so-knowledge-oriented so-

ciety, so that we shake with laughter because we have been running against the walls of yesterday for so long? We could just walk out the door. We could let go. And try again. Wondering how to do that?

In my experience, it's very simple: we get to feed our systems with new questions.

For example: Where is this past that everyone is always referring to? Where is the past that you define yourself by? Where is - for example - this one, past event that you always get angry about? Is it there right now? Was it there before I reminded you of it?

And if you now think that you have no control over what you think or feel about it... do you then have the opportunity to shape your life freely, or has your servant - your mind - secretly taken control and keeps telling you how poor you are because of this or that, what is missing, or too much?

I invite you to loosen up, breathe, maybe close your eyes for a moment to give yourself the opportunity to discover something new:

How do you perceive time internally? Can you touch it? Where is the past or the future in front of your inner eye?

If you can't touch it, how can you be sure?

And isn't everything just a memory?

Does this memory have to have power over you?

Who would you be without this memory?

>> **Does the past really go?**

Any past exists just in my imagination. As my own memory or as memory of the collective field, which sometimes reveals itself to us. Paradoxically, it is not there, but I can travel there with my consciousness, experiencing what I have experienced again and again. Just as if it were happening right now. Perhaps I will be there again when the feeling arises just as it did at that time? That is an exciting experience if we consciously move through these waves, but most of the time our mind travels in secret, unconsciously, to compare and remind us of who we are, or who we are not (by its definition).

History evolves incredibly slow if many beings of a community think that they know something can't change because it didn't before. A tedious but accepted as normal way of thinking that assumes that past is something unchangeable, something fixed, while it exists only in one's own mind, or in the minds of many. Past exists in the mind, but its patterns determine our now. Also matter as an extended arm of the former spirit, reaches sometimes into the present. That which appears to us at the present time as solid. For example in form of the reader, which you hold in your hands.

But back to the spirit, from which everything can originate, would there not be such an instance, which tells us what's possible and what's not. The instance that is based on past experiences. The question is whether it helps us to change for the better, or permanently blocks our minds. You could call it I, or ego. A guardian that wants to keep us from harm.

Because ... what would the others say if I now For this my mind must compare.

If I don't move from the spot today because I think I can't, or because a past pain prevents me from doing so, it is only because my own history takes me captive, which after all exists only in my imagination, but is also reflected in the body. It is not an event that makes me suffer, but how I think about it, what I choose to make of it. Hard, but useful, speaks my very own experience.

At this point I already hear indignant voices, which feel offended, since they are thinking that I degrade their pain with these statements. But this was not my intention at all. You are welcome to hold it firmly and in honor, if it helps you.

I just wanted to point out a different way of looking at things - what you make of it is up to you. So ... if being upset helps you, why not? If you want to be angry because you think I don't acknowledge your story that makes you angry: Why not? But I didn't deny your pain at all, I just put it in a different light of consideration. People get upset until they realize which of their feelings are fed by the past, which is actually over, and that at any moment we might as well be happy to be alive at all (if we become aware of it).

What good does it really do us to defend an old pain? It could simply be a feeling that flows through us, but we defend it when it is part of our self-image, we identify with it. And suddenly a one-time pain becomes a recurring, suffering-soaked experience.

Through our imagination.

A little reminder of wonder: that we are lucky to live in a society where all opinions are allowed to be expressed. Sounds better than witch burning, doesn't it? Further development par excellence.

The evolution of togetherness is already here.

We may only perceive them.

Perception creates genuine, new realities, or repetitions of the old patterns.

I met victims of rape and was allowed to participate in processes that changed my understanding of suffering and pain forever. In short, we reached points of resolution. They managed to get out of the cycle that turned a one-time experience into a recurring ordeal. Women were able to heal their fear of men and I felt several times the space of trust that we had to build together for this to be able to happen. This safe space of opening, flashback and transformation was literally tangible. It was in the air, between us, around us. Here was the magic of love at work that can conquer any pain.

The ego's protective mode saw itself in the victim position and naturally wanted to stay right there. Sure - the hurt had happened and parts of the pain were still stored

as memory. Through breathing, bodywork and the willingness to look at the situation once again from the observer position, to welcome the feeling instead of fighting back, the inner picture turned. The stored pain was released, could be felt through, but also observed, and thus finally flowed away completely - among witnesses.

The emotional charge that was stimulated every time in intimate contact with a man was like an ember that smoldered permanently under the surface and threatened to ignite again and again. Now the fire could burn down in a safe frame.

From the cold ashes, a phoenix was finally born.

These embers of past, unresolved pain, are found in almost all of us. An accumulation of old hurts that have been swallowed but not fully accepted and resolved.

Each being finds trigger words or situations in a different place, which turn these embers into a blazing fire. Suddenly it gets hot. It hisses, explodes, boils over, where we were just relaxed. Over and over again, the same patterns follow.

Bar talk, lovemaking, arguments ... the embers are literally waiting to be blown on. Until we really engage with it and no longer just with our reaction. If we consciously observe the emotional charge, we realize much faster when it is about to ignite unconsciously and direct us. The prerequisite is the courage to remain alert at the moment of flare-up, to really feel the excitement in the body, to press pause and not fall into a reaction. There - in the now - is where the answer is to be found. It is the only gateway to that old pain when it is just triggered and wants to ramp up.

Feel yourself. Observe yourself, don't judge.

In what situations does the emotional charge take control? Eckhard Tolle talks more intensively about this healing work in his book *Power of Now: A Guide to Spiritual Enlightenment*. He calls the ember nest the pain body. Often it is enough to feel the pain body, to name it, to take away its power. We don't even need to know what exactly is stored in it. It is always in us. Part of our history, parts of the collective history. We cannot fight against it. It is that part in us which is most likely to bring us into salvation.

Back to the perpetrator - victim relationship, which is also part of the collective body of pain. For how many centuries, millennia, have women been oppressed by men? Can we really meet and love each other when the old ember is smoldering in almost everyone? Will we accept or dodge the "trials by fire" that life sends us?

The women whose healing processes I was allowed to support have been even able, being in the position of an observer, to put themselves in the place of the perpetrators, to understand them and even to forgive them, because they felt that only extremely insecure and helpless people abuse other people. People who have been hurt themselves and whose actions represent a cry for love, if you can look at it that way. Nobody who is genuinely happy and grounded exploits others. If I allow myself to accept this point of view, the power that the abuser had - until the moment of healing - over his victim is broken.

Conversely, offenders might also be in that way guided into insight, and connection to their own pain - the root causes of their abuse of power - might be found if we seek healing, rather than punishment.

We are quick to recognize and condemn abusers. But what good is it when our society is structured to produce more and more abusers through overwork, pressure to perform, and deprivation of love? Isolation and loneliness as a collective symptom. We ourselves often live at the performance limit and give away love deprivation when the other person does not do what we want, don't we? Just because everyone does it, does not make sense for the survival of our society.

If the child doesn't do what daddy or mommy wants, he or she gets hit on the head, even though he or she may only be longing for closeness and attention. Don't we all know this? Aren't we all creating our future perpetrators and perpetuating patterns that are worth questioning? For example, whether it was ever worthwhile to use punishment - to judge a person instead of really wanting to understand him or her?

If I assume there are perpetrators, I see them everywhere. And we are involved in this by passing on these views, perpetrators, while we actively block out the pain from which these people act from. If we were to look through the facade of attack

and anger, we would probably see a very hurt, scared person. A pain that we would probably find in a similar form in ourselves, if we dared to poke at our own ember.

What if we no longer suspect these patterns "out there" in society and first in others, but recognize that society is a thought construct that we have ingrained; that lives through all of us simply because we - because I - believe in it?

But which also could appear in a completely different way?

Aren't perpetrators themselves usually the victims of a perpetrator and so on? We all pass the scapegoat to each other all the time and complain to the others for initiating it. Quite clever - if you like to distract yourself from your own responsibility. The old game keeps rolling in that way.

Maybe it seems hard to question these constructs all by myself, but where to start if not with my own imagination?

There are no perpetrators out there. Or we all are.

This is exactly what has been told thousands of times in biblical history and through Jesus Christ's example. May you believe in him, or not. Whether he was fiction or reality, we all know his example. This single story of love, forgiveness and surrender lives on to this day and resonates deep within me as an archetypal example of the resolution of injustice. Hate - apparently - cannot be fought with hate, it says - and yet we keep trying again and again. Violence generates counter-violence, doesn't it? Violence begins in my thoughts.

Perhaps there is something to the principle that if someone slaps you on the right cheek, turn the left cheek as well. In other words, love your enemies as yourself. But who really dares to act in this way? Then one would have to renounce one's "right" at the crucial moment. It would sound like giving in. Or might the greatest gift be hidden behind it? Wouldn't we then lose our face, would we "sacrifice" ourselves if we renounce our "right" to self-defense, counter-defense, condemnation? Or would it show magnanimity? Would that perhaps be the key?

Whoever strikes back and confuses justice with revenge is on the same level as the one who strikes. Is that justified then? Maybe it is. One can do that. But doesn't a counterattack remain an attack?

There came a man who preached love. Simply radical: Love as a recipe for everything. Applicable in every situation. The only ingredient for a collective recipe that melts hatred, the past, injuries and guilt.

It seems easy when you like someone anyway and feel connected. But even more important and exciting with people who are unkind to you.

Love has no boundaries. So it also knows no opponents. It includes everyone in the equation.

Revolutionary, isn't it?

For this Jesus was nailed to the cross. He could have escaped and did not. He did not fight, he did not resist. He forgave his tormentors even before the very act and gained freedom. He broke out of the usual roles of strife and resentment. He found and then shared that very same sense of inner freedom: no matter what happens ... you are free. The life within you cannot be hurt. You are free from guilt and victimhood, free from right and wrong.

No matter what happens to you: if you are there for love, love is with you and carries you over every injustice; even dissolves it - heals even the abuser.

Stories of people fighting back are many. And many have been forgotten. We still fight over those who don't want to be forgotten.

Stories of people who could really forgive are few. But those remained as shining stars and remain alive to this day.

Nelson Mandela served twenty-seven years in prison until he became the first dark-skinned president in South Africa's history. After his release, he was asked what he now intended to do about his tormentors who tried to silence and condemn him at the time. He did: nothing.

He forgave them and did not strike back. He held talks, brought former enemies to the same table and people could see how much they had made themselves slaves to their past. What a relief in our human history.

And again, the same daring thesis: when I REALLY arrive in the now, there is no more memory. No problems, no suffering. Right there - and only there - is healing and forgiveness made possible. For myself. This doesn't even have anything to do with the "perpetrator". If the now is fully recognized and lived, the concept of forgiveness loses its meaning by itself, because there is only something to forgive, there is a guilty person in the past: I, or the other. If the past is at rest, the question of guilt is also at rest, if the pain is at rest, there is not even a need for action or reaction. Peace, which has always been in us, can rise from the depths when the turbulent surface calms down. The uninjured, curious observer may show himself cautious when the painful history loses its meaning and can be heard without struggle dissolves. When old pain is completely accepted and can drain away.

Because ... let's face it, if I'm still outraged or resentful about a past situation; upset or hiding. Who are these feelings harming that are causing me to suffer? Really the "offender?"

Am I making the situation better by doing so? Or do I carry these feelings around inside me day in and day out, feeding them the same thought loops over and over again, reliving the pain over and over again?

It's as if we drink poison ourselves to get back at others - to then be able to claim that the others are forcing us to keep drinking their poison.

Wow... Fascinatingly human and socially perfectly accepted.

But yet diseased and sickening at its core.

But also unifying when we realize that everyone suffers from it equally, as it were.

PS: Many people believe that inner peace (freedom and invulnerability independent of external circumstances) means not being able to act anymore, to let everything happen to oneself, maybe even to let oneself be abused. But the opposite is true: we are responsive and agile precisely because we can choose our reactions more con-

sciously instead of being dominated by them. Love can also let go of a punchy response, a powerful sentence. It may also fight in its own way. We can actively bring up our old anger, turn it into action. But only when we really get to know it to the bottom, when it no longer controls us subconsciously. In any case, it does not mean that we always smile hypocritically and absorbed in ourselves, and/or do nothing.

>> I can't ... because

Harshly expressed and translated: I am the victim of my own life. And that's only because I learned to think that way, because everyone always thought that way. Because one simply feels bad, or supposed to be ashamed, if one has little money; if we fail, because we wanted to stay together forever (could be beliefs), just to name some.

Or simply because we have not learned to deal adequately with our consciousness, or still try not to allow ourselves to feel certain feelings. So I'm not even guilty of my thought dilemma, but I continue to perpetuate it by feeding myself similar information over and over again. I live in my own bubble, with it and through it. It fills up with more and more of what I put into it.

On the radio, there's unhappiness to be heard every full hour and every half hour. In between, commercials and music that we have heard a thousand times before in various remakes. When unrecognized geniuses (that is, all the beings here) want to be really offended, they tune in every day and get bombarded by "information." There are people who can't stand a moment of silence in their homes, preferring to listen to the voice of the TV, perhaps to drown out their own voices in their heads?

Well, if life is so erratic, spontaneous and unpredictable, we want to keep at least a bit of consistency, don't we? A daily copying process, because we have learned to

feel and think as copiers. That's always safer than coming out of the woodwork and frowning, wondering what the heck these constant repetitions are doing anyway. Whether it's the weather, traffic, or any new statistical data evaluations. Number series from here to the moon, which explain to us how dangerous it is just - statistically seen - to exist. In my inner truth, there is only a 50:50 chance: Either something will happen to me, or not. If life wants to bring me a task, it will. Whether I can really protect myself - from anything - remains a mystery to me. According to my experience, I first attracted what I wanted to protect myself from by keeping my focus exactly there all the time: on what I didn't want.

Since I direct my inner focus on what is really around me, when I feel the gratitude - to be allowed to exist - and imagine how it could be, I much more often attract situations into my life that really benefit me, make me suffer less and are more in line with what fits this focus. Looking through the many small fears layer by layer, I find confidence underneath that life is playing FOR me and bringing me only what belongs on my path anyway.

With our magic, we have created wars. Between genders, skin colors, religions. With our magic we can also create peace, if we really allow ourselves to imagine it and for a moment not come from the point that it is hopeless anyway, because (now still) not everyone participates. That's where the art of rhetoric begins, to relax even the most critical minds at the kitchen table for a moment, that a new idea is allowed to express itself at all. Can we learn to listen to each other? Instead of just waiting for a gap in the conversation in order to hold one's own world view over everyone else's head as quickly as possible, which often consists of the presentation of difficulties, impossibilities and suffering, as I have been able to observe?

>> The question about the actual state and whether it needs to be eternally like that

The question is not, what is actually real here, but in what we believe, or want to believe and why we believe at all what we believe. And no one will explain it to us, we can't study that, we have to feel it by bumping against the edges of constricting beliefs. We could become the explorers, adventurers, conquerors of our own existence, for whom there are no problems, only interesting challenges. How does that sound?

So let's start by questioning the current state of affairs.

I believe that the earth is a sphere, although I only find hints, no proofs. Again, no joke. I really don't know, since I've never seen it from above. Except in pictures. And I just have to trust those.

For this state to exist, this system that we all like to rail against: people have to believe in it. First and foremost, I have to believe in it. So that we can all play this game, I have to know the rules of the game and feel obliged to them.

If I didn't have a memory about the "state", I would be quite perplexed in front of the next police officer, who believes that an imaginary line in the landscape can only be crossed with a little red paper. I would be very puzzled if this person asked me to do or not to do anything. I would ask her how she knows that she is allowed to decide my path from here on. She would probably answer that it was her godly (just joking ...) right and everything else was in a booklet called law. I would ask her what this funny booklet is from which she reads and to which she refers.

Perhaps I would be curious, irritated, amazed, surprised or amused in such a first contact. Perhaps I would react with understanding for this form of megalomania. Probably a form of narcissistic personality disorder - to try to determine over others - which this poor being carries in itself. If she would try to exercise violence over me, I could still defend myself. Self-defense. It is also called state force. Doesn't sound very peaceful by itself, does it?

But what is the use of attacking a sick person who thinks he is here to protect me? Don't you need other ways to counter her paranoid ego - not to irritate her too much? After all, she could become dangerous. Overreacting when she feels offended.

In that case, isn't she already a symptom of the disease called fear? Fear of myself? I find it exhausting to assume that every citizen is a potential danger, a threat. Exactly on it - professionally - to direct the inner focus.

When in doubt, I try to play outside the learned rules of the game. Only when I acknowledge her power can she really exercise power over me. I acknowledge power by playing along, by being afraid, by being outraged, by resisting. During my travels, I have been involved in over 50 police stops, but have always been able to throw back bribes and excessive power play with kindness and ignorance. Not understanding the game - not knowing it - is usually the only chance to escape it. I wouldn't even have to answer questions. I could smile kindly.

Malicious tongues could now insinuate that I have something against police officers, if one wants to read this thought pattern accordingly, but that was not the point. This text is about patterns, not about real people. Everybody is exactly right where he/she is. A person's life is the answer to the questions he/she asks himself/herself. A policewoman has other questions than I do. But perhaps we agree on whether hierarchies really have to be structured that way and whether the word "Gewalt" (German for power over another person, violence and force) - in "Gewaltenteilung" (engl. separation of power) - doesn't create what it thinks it has to protect us from in the first place? It suggests that we would become violent if the system did not exist. Is that really the case? Perhaps a constricting system of thought also creates the perpetrators of violence in the first place, who want to free themselves from its hard (inner) grip? The state is currently the one with the most weapons.

To achieve what? Peace and freedom?

In the past it used to be religion that gave us direction, today it seems to be the system. But not because it is the way it is, but because many people believe they have to play along with this version of life and do not take time to think up new versions

of history - their own history - to allow new ideas to enter. Fascism and capitalism are possible - first of all - because fear rules in us. Society is a reflection of the way of thinking that is accepted as normal. But history has always been changed by the people who went ahead - mostly against the opinion of everyone else. I know - nobody likes to stand alone next to the herd. That's scary at first, but it can become the greatest force for change. Until we realize at some point that we were never standing there alone, that very many people are there with us watching the goings-on with amusement and can only wonder. Or do we actually all do that out here without letting the others know? Maybe I'm not the only one who sees various behaviors on this planet as counterproductive?

Maybe this herd, whose exclusion I fear, doesn't actually exist?

Quite clever, such a "system" that spreads in every mind - which is open for it - and suggests that we absolutely need it, otherwise we would be missing something; and which at the same time can only exist if as many as possible believe that they are missing something.

How have we ever allowed ourselves to be so misguided? Are we really so afraid of life and is this really real? Why have we all installed this operating system in our heads so that it then begins to really exist around us?

Without "the system" would we be a bunch of savages and tearing ourselves apart? And aren't the "savages" mostly the ones we romanticize for their authenticity, closeness to nature, and social structure? Didn't we exterminate and enslave them back then, so that we could finally exploit the mineral resources there in peace, for our golden altar figurines, necklaces and our beloved smartphones?

These "savages" believed - if I may believe the stories - in the unity of man and nature, in sources of power beyond the mind, in the miracle of life. What do we believe in today?

The largest faith community in Germany at the moment is: Germany. For it to exist, many must believe in it. Apparently we find something in this instance, which we have lost, or which has been taken away from us (who wants to remain a victim,

please choose the second version after the comma). We believe it is completely normal that someone rules us, because it has been like that for a long time. Several thousand years already. Wow. What is the difference between king and democracy? Don't we "look up" and wait for announcements? Did we really make it up ourselves? Or is it because it has always been that way and people try to tell us they have to protect us from other people and that they have something we don't have ourselves?

"The system" - big mummy and big enemy figure at the same time. An instance that is supposed to protect and secure one's own mind, comfortable cushions the ass and then is still to blame for everything that goes wrong here. Wonderful. This construct can only be adopted by a being who is afraid of the full personal responsibility of its life. Which is afraid of itself. I do not exclude myself in this.

What if we lose this fear to defragment our own operating system? First of all in the head, in which we simply dare to allow ourselves to imagine something else. Are we allowed to play with thoughts? Are we allowed to do it differently? Who should stop us and why? Isn't it said that the power lies with the people?

What if millions of Germans stopped voting, kept their responsibilities to themselves, and stopped blaming politicians? What if the system lost power simply because we turned our attention away from it instead of fighting against it and trying to change it? The more we fight against something, the more it will protect itself from us. Scratch a police car and tomorrow new police officers will be trained to fill two more police cars.

Until finally everything is monitored and "safe"?

Maybe we could invest our energy in our own systems? Systems that are truly oriented towards the common good and not profit? Where profit is no longer something purely material, but something that guarantees enjoyment of life and opportunity for all?

What would happen if millions of people left Germany and started to organize themselves, to grow and distribute food; to believe in their own powers? It would proba-

bly be the greatest of all possible revolutions, if we would drop our enemy images and fights and use the released energy for understanding and creative solutions. We remember: Images of the enemy exist first of all only in our own mind, which can only present themselves to me as right, if there are also the "wrong ones", who think the other way around in the same way.

What if these - I call them awakened - people voluntarily spend 10-20% of their income for their personal welfare state in local structures around safely, instead of feeding a system that already eats more than half of the compulsory levies it has come up with and I thereby support processes that run contrary to what I consider desirable in my life? We wouldn't even have to create new communities to do this, or change our housing structure. It would be enough to look around and start where you are: to form collectives with neighbors, to exchange, to share, to help each other. One could look in the direction of the Kibbutze of the Judaism, which already live together for a long time community-oriented. There it is said: Everyone gives according to one's possibilities and receives according to one's own needs. Everything is there for everybody. Alternative ways of living are already lived, refined, tried everywhere. Life is a process. A provisional solution - and we can become part of a better world, if we dare to leave the old behind. Why should I fight it - because it lives from these antediluvian thoughts?

At the moment I am actively involved in war, exploitation, environmental pollution. With my taxes I support a state that supports exactly this. Why? Because I have to? Because everyone is doing it? I could also leave it and at least stop this participation. But how would I look then?

Woooooohohohow... Is it allowed to think something like that and how do I know if it won't end in chaos to even express such thoughts? - My fear asks.

I may express everything that I consider meaningful, and must only be able to live with the consequences. - Says my confidence.

Which voice do you think I want to believe?

I am not saying that I wish for chaos and collapse. It is simply a thought experiment, which could possibly bring you to the limits of understanding, which seems heretical, since I attack our apparent God. Perhaps this text has now abruptly turned into something hostile. Your worldview is a vulnerable construct. Especially if it is not based on deeper, inner truth. There are enough people who see this system as destructive, but would still fight for its preservation to the end, defend it tooth and nail, because there is currently a lack of alternatives in the collective mind. And without pictures - how it could be better - it is unlikely that people will make a move who barely dare to make a move anyway. You really have to be an adventurer to say: I'm going into the unknown. I give myself completely. I don't know what will happen, but I trust our way to freedom. I take the strains and judgements of others upon myself. Not only for me, but also for all the others who cannot yet see as far. And that starts with revealing suggestions that are already not the norm in your own family.

If we were all more open to each other through better communication, listening and working on our inner blockages, perhaps the fear of the stranger, the neighbor, new thoughts, life, would diminish with time, on which such a "system" thrives in the first place? Someday we will look back with laughter on a time when people judged each other for their opinions instead of celebrating the diversity of views (be they ever so fearful).

And even if everything goes to the dogs. How do I know that chaos is bad? Isn't that where everything in this universe came from? Mistakes and coincidences? Further development through trial and error? Isn't that the definition and expression of evolution? Don't we all live and die?

How do I know that people wouldn't be friendlier, more helpful and nicer to each other if they had to organize themselves again and take care of more vital things than programming apps? Doesn't hardship make people more agile? The collapse of tightly baked structures that revolve around themselves doesn't have to mean anything bad.

1.5 percent of our population is responsible for providing us with food through our soils (while the majority also poison them at the same time), while the others are fid-

dling with their comfort zones, traveling the world, still wanting to save money, and upset that stressed farmers naturally stress the soil and food, which then makes us sick. And they can only keep doing it this way because so many people buy conventional items - including myself. So it's back to me. Everything comes back to me.

Why do so few people feel like putting their hands in the ground and taking care of their most basic needs?

Why do we think it is more likely that we humans will continue to fight each other and destroy the earth instead of joining hands, working together and putting an end to the unspeakable suffering out there? Not somewhere in the world where we can't reach right now, but where we are. If everyone starts sweeping in front of their own front door, it will be cleaner than if we all know exactly where the neighbor's dirt is and don't clean because he doesn't do it either.

But for this I must first understand how my mind sabotages my own power and possibility minute-by-minute, tries to keep distant problems permanently on top, likes to talk about them, and identifies me with him.

>> **You are what you eat**

Where does mistrust actually come from? So the trust in the evilness of our decisions; of our species? Are these really my own experiences with the world, or have I let myself be talked into something, because many people around me think that way, because I have put myself into an unhealthy feedback bubble? It is always easy to surround oneself with people who share one's opinion; with the feeling that one has understood the world, in the sense of "we all know how things work here ...".

The other day I was sitting in a group of people discussing the Covid19 issue back and forth. It was this self-righteous utterance that stuck in my mind the most. Emphasized with a pinch of cynicism, bitterness and world-weariness. Perhaps expressed to achieve unity in the chaos of opinions? To at least be in agreement about how shitty everything is? To have one's own pain, the feeling of having been betrayed, confirmed in the benevolent nodding of others who also think the world has conspired against them? Victimitis Humana. I couldn't help myself and tried to question the sources: we just don't know how the cat jumps. No one here does. We heard something. One side hears one thing, the other side wants to hear another. It is quite possible that we may first suffer so much and/or fall into blind actionism, because we do not want to accept that we simply have no clue about what is going on in the world, when we do not even fully grasp ourselves yet. Isn't it like that in every one of us, deep down? The more I hear and see of this world, the more I feel my own and the lack of knowing of all involved behind the masks, which we all have already worn before Corona - inside.

Not knowing would not be a problem in and of itself, if we would all admit to having sometimes more or sometimes less fear.

The problem is the superiority that we claim to have understood more than the others here and the consequent devaluation of the people who stand on a different position. I can easily call the others dumber - but is it of any use? Does it create unity, or division? If I see enemy images and guilty parties everywhere, I am involved in a

permanent fight for survival that only keeps drawing new enemies and fights into my bubble.

Vaccination opponents or proponents are all equally right. Or all wrong, to pick up a hot potato.

This feeling that things are getting worse: is this really helping us? Isn't that largely due to the information we are fed every day? Wasn't it once said: you are what you eat? And isn't every form of information responsible for how we see the world? Information can heal us or harm us. Food can be healthy or make us sick. It is the same with all other information we take in.

To make oneself permanently unhappy, one should combine physical as well as psychological poison in the most different variations. And on holidays, in order to do something especially good for yourself, double the amount of fat, protein, carbohydrates - preferably in combination with the nerve poison: alcohol.

I know my way around this, but more about that later.

Isn't it our very own decision what information we let into our systems? Or does what we take in also run on patterns we have learned? Would we consume nerve toxins if we were happier? Are we really consuming toxins because we are happy? But don't all compensatory strategies have their justification? Until we really look at the pain behind it and deal with ourselves more lovingly instead of hurting ourselves?

And how would we see the world, if we let damaging information rest for a while completely and consequently avoid the flood? Am I really missing something if I tune out the negativity of the news for a while? If I stop following summer palm sunshine on Instagram because it reminds me over and over again of what I supposedly don't have right now? As we all know, the choices are many. When every day I can get new information about what's going wrong in the world, what's bugging me, and what wish is still unfulfilled (that I didn't even know about before I picked it up somewhere else). What does this do to my perception of the world? It could be a place full of wonder and beauty, but can I take any of that for granted if I'm inflict-

ing global suffering on myself every day - scratching my own glasses instead of cleaning them? Do the conflicts on the other side of the world make us capable of action, so that we joyfully go off for the things that should be done here and now? Or do we collectively sink into a kind of apathy and go off for nothing at all as we see more and more of what is not going particularly well right now?

The beach could be clean if we all picked up a little bit of trash.

But since the ocean is full of plastic anyway, we don't even need to start here, do we?

Why don't I just turn it off? Do I even have the power to decide what I consume? Or has it already become automatic? Addiction is everything that we can't just relax and let go of, I keep hearing. Information is addictive. We crave empty images and words that have little to do with us. Whether they are useful to us or not - the main thing is that we get them to produce some superficial feeling. And be it: to get upset about it, to be indignant about the others.

If we live in a miracle in which all these attitudes and ways of thinking are possible at all - why not use this for the preservation of our existence by simply questioning the paradigms of our time? What if it would be the other way around? What would happen if we only fed ourselves information that directly affected our lives? Would we stop idolizing or devaluing a digital copy of our society on the Internet? Politics, the Internet, in fact everything: a reflection of the general thought structure stored in all of us.

How would we act, or be perceived by others, if we were a touchpoint of true silence, inner peace and tranquility, which does not comment, evaluate and play out the drama at every moment? How would we act differently right here on the spot, if this different way of being frees up energy and time?

Would we arrive more at where we are and be able to approach each other better? In the now, where mostly there aren't so many real problems? Often even none at all, if we don't keep turning them back and forth in our debates? How would I react to the neighbor I never greeted because I was too busy with my worries? A smile on the

street making my day and that of a stranger instead of scrolling on my phone? We could impact a lot of people every day. We do it anyway. Consciously, or unconsciously?

We all carry our energy from the inside out. A joyful teacher who fully arrives in every single moment of her presence with students can positively impact the lives of hundreds of children every day, who carry that energy onto their homes to impact their parents. This is pure power. We use it every day and are hardly aware of it.

A teacher who worries every day and is constantly preoccupied with her own thoughts, will carry on a different energy. We give away time. It is all we have and incredibly valuable. Time is attention. It is the greatest of all gifts, because it carries love exactly where it can unfold: not in the future, only always where we are. Now.

Feel free to look around.

Are you missing something in your life at this moment - in this now - or do you need to think about it again first?

How do you feel right now? Not what are you thinking. What do you really feel?

But we don't want to ask too much at once, demand too much of ourselves, or over-exert ourselves. We don't have to do anything ...

To bring a little more relaxation into the process, if we are already pointed out how obliquely we often act: Evolution never stops.

For the first time in the history of our planet, there are beings inhabiting it who - apparently - could actively co-determine their own development. And that in various ways.

If many here continue to act like a virus, we will eat up the host that made our life possible in the first place and continue to blame others for doing so (never ourselves, of course). Perhaps this is part of the overall process? Dinosaurs also came and left again.

So all is well as it happens - in order for us to destroy ourselves and for Mother Nature to bring forth something new again? Beings, which couldn't cope with the requirements of their environment, were always faced with taking the decision to develop, or to perish. It is already crazy that we get along with the requirements of our environment quite well, for example, float around in funny spacesuits in the vacuum of outer space, but not with the requirements which we imposed ourselves among ourselves.

Mother Earth will recover. With or without us.

Are we even able to envision new directions in which we want to evolve? There are many ideas - see for instance the life concept of "permaculture". Away from short-term damage limitation, towards a new form of true circular economy.

Aren't we - at the moment - way too concerned with the symptoms, instead of the consequences of our mental illness, than actually with its underlying causes?

In addition still another anecdote from my own „history of illness“ how we also call our medical history in Germany. I was born with only one kidney. One used to call it: a handicap, a defect. Everyone was concerned about me and my health from the very beginning. Of course, I also quickly learned to be anxious and worried. Today I am grateful for my peculiarity, which gave me an experience of awakening at a young age.

At 27, I ended up in the hospital with kidney failure. I weighed 20 kilograms more than I do today, although - and precisely because - I had just lived my dream: a two-year trip around the world. My prosperity, my luxury, my comfort and my pleasure.

My blood values were on the verge of collapse. Already in my early twenties I had a far too high blood pressure and bad blood values, had been taking various pharmaceutical preparations for three years to protect my kidneys (at least that was the theory). It was assumed that it was a family condition. My doctor said that if I didn't start taking the drugs immediately, my life would be drastically shortened - I would have to take these drugs for the rest of my life.

Fortunately, she was wrong, but she only acted to the best of her knowledge and conscience - I myself was the blockage in my system and wanted nothing more than a quick, slight improvement without changing myself too much. But healing operates on other levels. It is not the doctor who heals my broken bone. He may splint my leg, but the bone will grow together by itself.

Form follows function. Translated: My form (the body) has always followed my function (the mind). Thinking errors are reflected in the body, our body does not make us sick "just like that". It has reasons. Even most of the accidents happen because of carelessness of the people involved. It is possible that there would be less, if we would be more present instead of being absorbed in thoughts.

Treating symptoms is always just half of the truth. For short-term pain and damage control, it is helpful to seek help - of course. But real healing has to do with how we live, whether we accept ourselves, love ourselves, or work permanently against our own interests. Everything begins and ends in our psyche. Even if I get seriously ill, I can suffer from it, or begin to really accept my path, to fathom it, to find peace through it. At that time, I couldn't look that deep; didn't want to change my habits, of course. Who wants to give up what is socially accepted and stored as "good"? Isn't it advertised everywhere how relaxing alcohol is and how it fits in with our freedom? A beer by the sea, one at the barbecue, one while watching TV. But just every day.

Today I am free of my addiction and can enjoy a glass of wine now and then for the good taste - in former times this was unthinkable for me, because after one glass the second and third followed. Something in me wanted to lose consciousness - to get away from here - instead of fully accepting and experiencing the moment.

Weren't all stories always about "the measure of things" instead of spasmodic renunciation?

The "genetically determined, high blood pressure", was indeed described as a family disease, but this seemed to me at first like an excuse, instead of really being a help. According to the motto: then I can't do anything about it and probably can't change

it. Just as some people want to make their zodiac sign responsible for their actions. A quick, simple answer.

But wrong thinking.

The real family disease (in most families) is the underlying fear of life, the traumas of the war generations, performance and optimization thoughts and the inherited struggle for survival, which is then also passed on genetically through generations, while our mind wants to explain to us again and again internally and in the presence of others that we are just the way we are.

After this shaking experience with a one-week hospital stay, I stopped my immense alcohol consumption, ate healthier and mainly vegetarian. At first rigidly, with diet plans, unsatisfactory struggle and renunciation, then later with the feeling of doing myself really good.

At first it was a horror to have to do without so many "good things" - then I found my peace with it, because I had simply memorized something bad in my childhood as "good", because everyone did it that way.

After I reorganized my life piece by piece, got to know many of my fears and worries about the future and reduced them (the use of cannabis over several years also helped), could really relax into my life and find inner security, I later no longer needed any medicine to live healthy and in peace. Many of my physical and mental problems literally disappeared into thin air when I really learned to accept and love myself. I came to have more trust. I listened more to my body and my inner voices. More in the now - instead of fearing about the future. Those who truly love themselves are no longer interested in stressing or harming themselves.

On the surface, my problem was consuming unhealthy things. To then restrict yourself from doing something usually makes you even more unsatisfied. On a deeper level of understanding, it was my fears that made me consume so much, and I had adopted those fears - it remains to be seen whether they were genetic or learned. I covered up my unhappiness. This is where we are invited to start our inner work.

Only when I eased out these fears - that is, parts of me - by accepting myself, did my cravings for various stimulants relaxed as well, and my body thanked me for it. Another small hint: It is not possible to fight against fears, because the fight is a symptom of the fear. It is illogical, unhealthy, tiring, unnecessary to condemn oneself for one's own mistakes; to want to eradicate something, to improve oneself. If we have become sick because we have acted against our inner interests our whole lives - how senseless would it be to continue to maintain this fighting now, in which we now frantically try to change ourselves? Fighting remains fighting and remains exhausting. It is a symptom of the ego not loving itself.

"Don't fight against the fault - be there for the fault" therefore became one of my mottos. I learned to give myself the love and attention I needed to be able to hold myself in my insecurity. I discovered my own love that my anxiety was always trying to fight for - best to get it from others. Haven't we learned we have to give something for love? But is that true? Didn't that first lead to all the deficiencies we are now trying to cover up? Isn't it our actual basic state, from which everything could happen much more easily?

Now - eight years later - I feel healthier, lighter and younger inside than ever before.

Is an illness really an illness, or only a sign of our soul? How do I see it, how do most people around me see it? What is it that really makes us suffer? Our lack of true relaxation?

Does it perhaps also have something to do with the love we actually long for?

>> **About Paradise and Love**

Once there was a heavenly state, which is being described in the bible. Man and woman lived happily together, without shame and guilt (Nowadays, of course, being can live together with being. Finally).

Maybe they were playfully romping through a rich garden, enjoying themselves, no worry clouded their view - maybe this is also just the most lovely fantasy. And what a one. It lives in all of us; in our desire for a fulfilled partnership and in our physical urges, our thirst for freedom, which is also - actually - no contradiction.

What happened next we have all heard: we started to feel ashamed. We covered our bodies and hid our most sacred from each other instead of sharing it. Has anything seriously changed fundamentally about that? And couldn't that be the reason for so many of our problems? The love we withhold is the love we miss throughout our lives, which is then displayed on the Internet - what a sad spectacle.

Many believe that the Bible, Christianity and God have been history for a long time. We would have already left behind us what religion spoiled for us. But is that really so? If we had already reformed the paradigms of old, we would be back in paradise, wouldn't we? And what might that look like?

What if only shame and guilt separated us from this state? And wouldn't it be easy to restore that state of freedom from fear? Isn't pure, playful, joyful love simply to be found wherever fear no longer has a point of attack, that is, becomes superfluous through sufficient trust?

Or are thought patterns then already creeping up quickly from the side, warning us of the decay of our morals, would we all treat each other more freely? And if you think you have already overcome all fears in this respect, then ask yourself whether you can rave to your boss or your grandma about your most intimate fantasy in the same way as about your favorite food.

The metaphor of paradise does not tell us about a former state, it tells us about today, about patterns that we all act out every day, about children who have to put on something at a certain age, about adults who can't go out the door without your made-up and nicely accessorized facade, about a society where it is still not normal to talk about fantasies and desires. Because if it were accepted and normal, we would probably learn from and with our parents instead of keeping our sexuality hidden from them at a young age, wouldn't we? After all, we learn everything from them anyway.

We could ask - quite shameless - and they would help us with their experiences. In my youth, however, the opposite was the case: the idea that one's parents had a love life irritated me and many of my generation. This in itself points to how we still view our sexuality; what we are led to believe.

We live hide-and-seek games and, as a result, we always pass them on.

We have created an order in which the most sacred, exciting, beautiful connection between beings - sexuality - is still not normal, but is lived in secret.

Perhaps you will say that it is only natural to protect the most beautiful and sacred thing from the rest of the world and to practice it behind closed doors, and that - of course - the children must be protected from it.

But how exactly do you know that's the best thing to do? Maybe we have created our worldwide problems only because we protect ourselves to death?

Isn't this game of hide and seek the exact opposite of natural - that is, in the spirit of nature? Wouldn't it be more natural to show and not hide what humans do to each other anyway? I mean ... we wouldn't be here if we didn't do IT.

For a child to find anything disturbing, adults must first of all set an example with their behavior that a child can follow. A child does not judge, that's something which is learned from us. A child finds interesting, strange, exciting, or simply beautiful.

If I myself find some phenomenon in this world disturbing, I will show a corresponding behavior (maybe I react disturbed and with defense to the actual state),

which my child will then copy. And of course I can read from my child's reaction that it is disturbed and consequently I will be terribly upset about what was done to this poor being, while I myself first exemplified the reaction to which it was oriented, which it then mirrors to me.

Interesting, isn't it?

We create our mirror images again and again.

Until we notice in which trap we sit and that we disempower ourselves - and all following generations - thereby.

That, what separates us from the animal, which never questions itself in its naturalness, but simply Is, is our shame. And what is shame other than fear of recognizing that everyone is doing it? And as always: first of all we have to think about what could be right and what could be wrong. It starts in our own minds: we dress and hide from each other - no animal would be so unfree. If our disguises and our cosmetics were a pure, voluntary pleasure - that is, a game - we could use them, or just leave it alone. Depending on the weather and our mood. Freedom is not always needing to do one thing; but having a real choice. But in our clothes, hairstyles and our face masquerades this freedom is - at the moment still - not to be found, because we have to wear them in order not to be looked at obliquely; because we link our self-image with it. And we really believe we are a more evolved species. Is fear - and the ensuing game of hide and seek - really a nice reason to stand out from other beings? For us as a human species, this can be described as at least somewhat sad; as we already wanted to be much more evolved and free.

Because ... if we could as we wanted (would there not be the raised index finger that you can not do such a thing), we would probably love (ramming) like bunnies, because what is more beautiful than to charge the batteries in this game, to forget the time, to dive fully into the now? Isn't this even the most natural way to recharge the batteries and don't we need our energy-consuming extreme sports only when the bed sport comes to a standstill or could never really be lived, due to our shame? People

who do not find expression in their full capacity for love sink more often into their compensation strategies - at least that is my observation.

In my favorite world, making love would be just as accepted as yoga or riding a bike. And why not just do it in the park when it's convenient? Who should mind when everyone is doing it anyway? What's so unsavory about uniting bodies that they need to be hidden? Just because someone doesn't look the way I think they should? How arrogant and small-minded do I have to think to claim that someone offends my eye with his copulative presence?

Alienating thoughts? Or meaningful possibilities?

What exactly would be so frightening about it for others? After all, they could look away or, at best, rejoice with us? If the norm were stored the other way around, I could also condemn people for publicly shoving things into the upper orifice of their bodies - food. Perhaps you will say that this is not at all an appetizing thought, but here it is the same as with refugees in the countryside, who are first looked at askance: what the peasant does not know, he does not eat. That, which one does not know, is initially eyed critically. Only by making acquaintance with the freedom, one will also understand and welcome the freedom of the others. At least accept it instead of feeling attacked.

If we all move towards this freedom of choice: Hallelujah, isn't it?

And how is that supposed to work, that at some point everyone will do it this way, that one will no longer be looked at askance and that the norm will change?

The norm has always changed when many have participated:

Someone has to lead the way. And who should be this someone, if not the one who feels called to it, no longer recognizes the norm as normal and simply does it differently? So all those who believe that something has to change, who are no longer interested in the old rules of the game, aren't they? It was always 3-5% of the population that gave impetus to change.

If any idea seemed meaningful to this small percentage and they changed their behavior, the following overall social wave was unstoppable.

It took a few years until organic food could be bought in all discount stores. Whereas in the past only eco-weirdos, hippies and do-gooders could be found on the green wave, today regional, fair and healthy products can be found on every shelves.

Waiting for someone to come along at some point and say: from now on this and that is allowed is a beautiful mirage that condemns us to eternal idleness and unhappiness. The free society will never exist, if we do not imagine it all together and create it thereby.

Each being in its own way, with the greatest possible acceptance for any other form of life. The fear of being judged is probably one of our greatest obstacles, but it relaxes when it finds comrades-in-arms, on the path to social and personal freedom. And for this we are allowed to step into the spotlight. With our strengths and especially our weaknesses, just to see that most others have had a similar experience.

What most people consider normal is at least as crazy as what those people call crazy.

Can "causing a public nuisance" - for example, a public lovemaking act - really be a criminal offense? How do I manage to annoy people with it? In all seriousness, it's not like I was pushing them to participate, or trying to persuade anyone - that was never the point. But why is the act of love an act of perversion that should be hidden? Who does it benefit, except the church's ideas, which are considered outdated anyway?

Or is it not only those who are dogged and resentful, who themselves have never been allowed to live it out in its full beauty, who have always been afraid of their own lust, and find life in general somehow borderline and unserious? Isn't it frightening that we are afraid to show ourselves in the moments of deepest release, of joy, of surrender, of pleasure? Or is it just a reflection of our ego, which likes to be always in control?

What could we create for a society - and for this society - if we finally take experienced love out of the basement?

If sex is the most beautiful secondary thing in the world, what should be the most beautiful main thing?

Work? Watching television? What is life actually about? What does your soul crave when you allow to be seen deeply?

>> Are we writing our utopia?

Thesis: We - still - have a problem with our bodies.

As a child, there is nothing more beautiful than to discover the world with it, to touch it, to feel it. Inevitably, little beings come to the moment of recognizing the points of their own desire; discover their genitals. When I recognized these for the first time I felt: caught. I had the feeling of doing something forbidden. Touching myself. How strange. My body. And yet so strange.

And that, although no one had ever forbidden it to me. There is probably a collective pattern stored, which is worth questioning. How deep these self-denial mechanisms reach and how much they burden our environment can be marveled at in our bathrooms alone: chemical pistols to mask our natural scent. Various buckets of paint for face, nails and hair. We find parts of ourselves - and bodily processes - so repulsive that we prefer to clear half the globe for our toilet paper (and to stack piles of files from here to the moon) so as not to come into contact with our anus. We could also use hands and water, as it is common in other parts of the world.

No one had personally denied it to me, but I was also never encouraged to discover my own body, nor could I recognize it anywhere around me, so I learned. I learned: to hide it and not to accept it as it once was. As I noticed in an unbelievable number

of conversations, it was probably the same for all of my comrades-in-arms. As toddlers, we played with each other and our bodies, but did we feel safe or accepted? Even though everyone would tell us today that it's not a bad thing and that everyone does it, it felt forbidden and sometimes still does. But why? And what does this do to adolescents who cross a magical boundary and then really want to reach out to each other, to try love with each other? Shame and fear on all levels, instead of pure joy of life. Exxxstasy with half a foot on the brake.

I felt terribly overwhelmed. The most normal thing in the world: And I had no idea - except that in biology class it was emphasized countless times how bad all the diseases were that you could catch. That stuck and burned in. I'm still chewing on that. For many years, I was haunted over and over by nightmares of being laughed at by my classmates for having an erection - apparently my greatest fear: being discovered in my most normal humanity.

What if one were to reverse these patterns and encourage children to discover pleasure? Would it be modeled for them? What joy and openness could adolescents develop who were no longer ashamed of each other from the ground up, but for whom physical pleasures were something normal? Who no longer have to take refuge in dark corners of the Internet.

The porn industry would probably come out of the mud corner and at the same time lose drastically in importance, could fantasies simply be discussed and lived out with each other, instead of being presented in secret - feeling bad - prefabricated and distorted on a screen. It's hardly surprising that porn accounts for much of the world's internet traffic, showing what we sorely miss in reality, how many long for this kind of expressed love. The world united in collective heartbreak. Sad but observable.

I was fortunate to grow up in a family where bodies were shown and not hidden. Being naked was not taboo, and yet as a small being I could not see anyone experiencing pleasure with their own naked body. A hand placed in the "wrong" place - not to imagine what others might think then.

If you were on the nudist beach, you were scrupulous about officially hiding your body below the waist - clearly, no one likes to be stylized without his intervention to the object and gawked at, but would there be such a thing at all, if we would all be freer with our bodies? Would we be proud of them? We wouldn't have to compete anymore if we had all learned to see ourselves as beautiful. Why don't we celebrate ourselves for our private parts? And are they really as bad as the name wants to express, or do we find there again the ecclesiastical imprint that haunts us to this day? The clues are already hidden in our language.

Last summer I experienced a festival in northern Germany, which will remain in my memory as one of the freest and most pleasant experiences. Without planning it, without forcing it, "we" experienced a piece of utopia, which probably burned itself into many heads. An image that even now fills me with hope for more colorful days. Next to the dance floor was a big black yurt with a fire inside, which burned day and night. At night the place was always well filled. Forty or fifty people filled the room with warmth and comfort. Some cooked tea by the fire, or food, others made music, sang, drummed, played, others spontaneously joined in, still others slept, massaged each other, or screwed. Nothing was strange. No one marveled, or everyone marveled - and rejoiced. Everything followed a natural order, as it was perhaps lived thousands of years ago. Everything was allowed to be. We were safe. Nowhere was there a sign, or rules. Nothing was allowed or unwanted. In a space of peace, there is no need to point out to stay peaceful. Why should there be? The room sorted itself with all its tasks, but also possibilities. There was always enough tea, always enough wood, it was always clean. And if it wasn't, someone had the idea to clean up and fetch wood, and - as if by magic - found comrades-in-arms. No one was looked at askance, each being could bring out what the being thought was appropriate. Men were invited by unknown women to cuddle.

The degree of openness, feeling safe, connection, pleasure and intimacy will remain in my memory forever as a lived sign of freedom.

People love and play if you let them.

Imagine - for a few moments - a culture in which not one person is on stage and thousands are only spectators, but a way of being together in which each being spontaneously adds its part to the art; becoming itself a conscious actor of the moment. What a liberation and potentiation of possibilities - especially without prefabricated rules, procedures, rehearsals. Isn't real life mostly a spontaneous act and most interesting when we overcome our limits, become active ourselves, are not judged? Being a spectator is one thing, participating is quite another. How much energy could we save by doing this?

Somewhere I read the saying: God is happiest when his children are playing. And what is play but inventing new ways to play - every single time?

Which consequences the suppression of our natural instincts - our spontaneity - has, we see in the abuses of the Catholic Church. That which has been considered forbidden for thousands of years strikes back, poisoning that which it actually wanted to protect and creating a society in which everyone strives for the one thing without admitting it. We are beings who strive for connection on all levels. Loving is our nature, but the physical act is just not supposed to be part of it? Of course, the happiness of life is not to be found solely in the sexual act, and yet it is an elementary piece of the puzzle, which could save us some suffering, if we would insert it - quite officially - into the picture of human existences - in all its facets.

Perhaps then we would even realize that it was never about the physical act itself, but about the underlying experience of connection that our souls long for when we let the bodies play? The physical body as a vehicle to experience psychic oneness - that is, spiritual union. Tantra and fucking. Two equal sides of the same coin? For me one of the simplest and most effective ways to remove the separation between beings - the narrowness of time and space. To really experience the judgment-free now and the oneness of all things instead of thinking about it.

Fantasies were past once we live out the fantasy today.

After many religions chastised, maltreated, or wanted to completely exclude the body in search of the experience of God, this would be a groundbreaking new idea

on the way to a newly invented future. With joy and lightness, instead of annoyance, having to and forcing oneself. Are we not beings in, precisely through, or with our bodies?

In a society that deeply reveres and celebrates sexuality from the ground up, cases of abuse would be largely eradicated. Celebrating worship would take on a whole new meaning. No one would take by force something that was freely available. Exercising power over others would be less attractive when openness and cordiality would make it much easier to get where you want to go. Perhaps sex work would be a socially accepted, highly rewarded activity? Tension relief and aggression prevention? Healing through intimate bodywork?

A service to society, but without performance and financial pressure?

As mentioned above, we would probably produce fewer perpetrators if we took the fear out of the spectre and the attractiveness out of the forbidden by putting the entire debate - that is, the globally operating pattern - in a new light. In a society that can have and produce everything, we nevertheless miss one thing the most: love - deep, open, skin-deep, stable connection, without being judged (and that starts already in our own head).

What are you still ashamed of, what have you never told anyone, if you are honest with yourself?

Wouldn't there be the beginning of a new story to find?

Sex was never the problem.

No sex it is rather.

We have ruined paradise for ourselves.

With the liberation of sexuality - like dominoes - other problems would tumble, about which we have been racking our brains for a long time, which simply cannot be solved without love, openness and devotion. With a divorce rate of over 50% -

what are we missing in a partnership, what expectations and trained fears are tugging at our possibilities and making us suffer?

Imagine a society that arrives more often in the now, recognizes and transforms old thought patterns. People who recognize the fullness of mindlessness, instead of suffering from self-imagined deficiencies - the noise of the ego - plaguing themselves in worries about the future and past disputes. Where people give themselves away and loving is an act of free will, as well as compassion and healing. We could connect with each other more often, more intensely, more freely. Learn more with other beings, thereby bringing more to our precious partnerships. Jealousy could be a thing of the past, if we would share what is beautiful with each other, instead of wanting to keep the best pieces for ourselves, believing that there is not enough and that we have to protect or hide something (there we are talking about fear again, and not love). Maybe your wife would happily "lend" you to her best friend if that friend was not feeling well and was longing for closeness. You know each other and trust each other - so why not use this channel of joy? Perhaps, in the end, we would choose monogamy after all, but for different reasons than before: voluntarily, instead of out of the fear of being able to lose something.

And as always ... it starts with ourselves. We can only give away as much love as we discover in ourselves, how we love ourselves, with all our peculiarities and "flaws". We would give away so much more love, if we knew that we are actually giving it to ourselves, if giving and taking are two sides of the same coin and doing something good for others, we are doing something good for ourselves.

So much for the old saying: Give what you want to receive. Most fears are psychologically learned constructs.

Everything we send out comes back to us. If we choose fear, it will always come back to us in a variety of situations. Escape, petrification, defense, attack are the result. If we choose trust and surrender, we will experience more of it and the struggle will fade. Unfortunately, most people unconsciously choose their fears - or rather, fear chooses for them. When I get to the point of looking at these fears courageously, of shifting from reactionary to observer, I take away their terror and their power.

They can no longer control me. It is then even enjoyable to pick out a fear, feel it and consciously "overwrite" it with a new action. Walking barefoot, dancing, laughing, singing in the city and being admired or looked at askance for it, I used to think was impossible. Today, I live what just feels natural and good; as best I can.

As long and again, until our hiding games are history - that is, recognized as pure illusion.

Either way, life brings us every learning task we need. Even if it seems unsatisfactory at the first moment - we cannot escape from ourselves. How else do we explain the fact that many people experience similar patterns in different partnerships over and over again: Jealousy, control addiction, the desire to change the other person. Until the relationship breaks under the patterns and a new partnership is found that amounts to something similar.

Everyone who gives needs someone who takes. And tomorrow it will be the other way around.

Ciao Ciao outdated role models.

If we were more in the now, thus more satisfied, we would probably compensate less, thus consume less energy, produce less waste. We would stop more often and enjoy the moment deeply, instead of following the small pleasures of the ego. We would not renounce, or limit ourselves, if we found the deep and honest joy in our being, precisely because we do not run after every addiction that promises us short-term satisfaction. And the pleasures we then truly choose would be deeper and more liberating.

We would appreciate and honor our partners even more deeply if we did not take them for granted and hold them responsible for our unhappiness.

Economic growth and capitalism would be just fringe phenomena that would no longer need to be fought. They would simply no longer fit our perception and our economy would be transformed if people bought fewer things they didn't need anyway. Meaningless productions would be screamingly advertised for only a short

time, then abandoned when our financial injections dried up. A short rebellion of economic growth experts. People in limbo, allowed to find themselves anew, with the help of everyone else, when their capacity is freed. This becomes easier than thought when we understand change as part of life and the mind no longer tells us we are what we do. We could experiment and play so much more if we weren't suffering from what we used to be. We could learn self-responsibility and about sharing.

Since violence can never be fought with violence, we would find ways of understanding to unload conflict and heal old pain instead of projecting and looking for culprits. Ways that have always been within us, we would perceive them in the quiet, attentive gaps between thoughts; we would act out of the peace and intuition that has always been there, instead of obsessively circling in our heads what has not worked in the past.

A person who recognizes the fullness of ones own being inside - the real freedom - will share instead of hoarding and know that there will always be more, no matter what.

Especially if we give what we would also like to have ourselves.

And as always, it starts right where we are. Every moment a new beginning.

In the here and now.

And where does your next thought come from? Do you have it?

Or does it have you?

Are you missing something again?

Or do you recognize the miracle you are in?

The miracle that you are.

>> **The magic of life. And how we can use it.**

If you could follow my explanations up to here, if the spontaneous, everlasting, elementary NOW - the only moment we ever live - between my letters could find resonance in your soul, or maybe has been a companion on your way for a long time. If the wonders of life are not just empty words to you, you can still marvel, humbly and gratefully look through the eyes of the spirit that created this play of shapes here:

Yes, there is more. And it plays for us. It's always playing us anyway.

Here now follows the last section of our journey, to the small and soon big magic that life gives us, if we really trust it. I have long struggled with how I should speak of this magic, whether I should, or may, whether people are ready for it, laugh at me, declare me stupid. But if I already landed at this point now, then they are also allowed to do that. Others called it manifestation. Mano - the hand. To make something tangible.

Already when I started this text two months ago, I knew that this is what it should be about at the core. A way out of the exhausting mess of ego struggle. But I did not know how to write about it: Life can also be easy. That it is hard is the lie we have always been told, but which our ego prefers to trust. But we are entitled to what really is suppose to come to us. It is about money, which can come to us from any source. It is about pathways that decipher for us, it is about "coincidences" - in other words, in something that falls in front of your feet. What is being put on your way. It's about gateways into the collective consciousness. It's about gifts, situations and people that life offers you in order to learn, to cooperate and to enjoy.

It took me almost 100 pages, and a few weeks of work, to dare to share my secrets, which everyone here somehow uses and knows. It is two o'clock in the morning, in a small fishing village in Portugal. I've been standing on the beach with my faithful companion MR PINK (my camper and home for the last four years) for a week,

sinking anew each day into my self-imagined writer's role-play and finishing editing and revising before falling asleep. Done. This booklet was supposed to be finished writing, was supposed to be out in a week, but I wake up. IT wakes me up. I haven't said everything I wanted to say yet?! I have not yet written everything that burns on my tongue, that gives me security, that guides me. My heart is beating excitedly, words are forming in me and I have to jump out of bed, open the computer. Writing. Something wants to come out. It dares. Finally.

To express it in the words of Hermann Hesse: Let's follow the golden track that determines our lives anyway.

A treatise - Only for madmen [the Steppenwolf]. Only for believers in life [the Bible].

If we are unprejudiced and open, if we trust the light of our heart and the wonderfully chaotic system of this existence, if we do not try to think every possibility to death in order to secure our insecure ego with locks and chains, if we consider every moment of our way as a new beginning, then life itself also offers us several ways in every new moment. One difficult and one easier. With ketchup, or mayo? Seasoned with struggle or devotion?

And just when we are tired of fighting, when everything seems to be over and hopeless. When we despair, being helpless: it will take us where we need to go. Just then. When we surrender. Accept what is. Life can and will break us and does it for us. Especially if we have not listened to her for a long time (life gives birth anew in every moment - so it must be female, isn't it?).

It always forces us into choice. Or it gives us choices (depending on your point of view).

It always plays for us, after all.

It presents us with new choices at every moment:

Love, or fear (in its thousand hidden forms).

We face thousands of possibilities every day - most of them we decide unconsciously out of habit, the bigger ones we often want to plan (and that's where it gets exhausting).

But what if we could intuitively KNOW at any moment, feel, which would be the right decision, if we put our personal WANT in the back of our mind? The outcome of any argument would be open, we would not have to argue. Through us a spontaneous, really new solution would be able to speak. A job loss would no longer be a suffering, but the beginning of a new way, which life itself offers us. We could heal illnesses differently, through us, within us, we would find access to our own source, which lies hidden under all layers of thinking.

The turns of life itself would lead us to the core of our existence. To our own immeasurable power. We would truly be allowed to trust fully. Even though you may never have done it before: Ask your life, for the right path. Then look closely. Listen. Feel into yourself. It sounds so simple, so absurd, and yet so obvious. Ask for guidance. Where else should the path be found but within you, when you begin to listen?

On my last hiking vacation, I didn't use a map, didn't want to go anywhere, let life lead me. I was on the road all summer without a destination, took trains, hitchhiked all over Germany. I had no inner rules. I wanted to walk, to find myself and to see where I could get out of it - what could be a better training than to just start walking and finally leave all the goals and plans behind? Many nights I got to spend alone, learning to find happiness without others. When I really needed people and communication, they came into my life. Sometimes I stood at crossroads and didn't know where to turn. I listened. It was a summer evening in Mecklenburg, I wanted to find a place for my tent, but I didn't really feel like camping. It was already almost dark. The footpath led officially to the left, there I was suppose to walk, however, something in me pulled me to the right. Behind the next turn in the forest I found an alternative, colorful jumbled together living community in construction trailers and trucks, where I then spent several days. Bingo. It was more than just once like that for me.

Live the questions that come to you.

But look carefully at what you are asking. You receive it.

How often did I - following some idea - absolutely want to go somewhere, spared no efforts, costs and energy consumption to get what I wanted? Had only the goal in mind, missed the complete way, was constantly in motion and prejudiced? Life could not show me anything - my attention was always far away in the future. How much have you sacrificed? How much of your life was spent on achieving YOUR goals? Sure, it was always worth it somehow, we would say in retrospect, but it could be so much easier. Life follows your questions. If the question is: how do I get as far away as possible from where I am right now; for example, from here to Mongolia? Then you can admire the result in several films we produced on Youtube. It was not easy, I overworked myself several times, it was often not as fulfilling as it appears from the outside - it was just the desires of my ego to then realize exactly that through these paths. Exactly this own wanting, this pulling at life costs our collective enormous amounts of energy. Inwardly, as outwardly. It was almost always about my personal will, was rarely really oriented to the welfare of the community. This is exactly what life itself throws at our feet. Everything comes back to us.

The next sacrifice could be so much easier. You would only need to sacrifice your ego - the idea of your path. Your expectations. It's so much easier than it might sound, and so much less painful, if we voluntarily go along with the path than to hold on. The struggle would be over immediately. You would get to where life wants to take you. You would arrive where you are anyway and from there you would act in a more relaxed way. You would live devotion practically.

It would even be more exciting on top of that. Finally a real adventure, instead of planning everything through like in a travel agency and then getting exactly what was offered in the brochure after you had to work hard to be able to pay for it.

If you are brave enough, just offer your services to life instead of demanding. This insight, this declaration of intention, has fundamentally changed my life and has led me to magical possibilities that I never dared to dream of before. I receive many gifts as I give myself to life. In every waking moment. After years of effort, in a desperate moment of struggle, I fervently asked that life take me, use me for its purposes.

es, that I surrender now, that it can guide me. I wanted to learn to serve all of us instead of forcing life into my service. The reward has been deeper since that moment. Not to be outweighed by money. And even that then flows to me in easier ways. I give away my working time. People give me back their appreciation in different forms. Life does not leave us hanging, it also helps us in a material way and gives us what we really need. And IT uses various ways, if we walk more mindful and look on the path.

If you like: write yourself letters, formulate your wishes, be honest, speak it out, think it over and over again, you should want to learn to trust your life - that is, yourself. When we learn to reprogram our thoughts, we attract other things into our world with these thoughts. Provable? I don't know, but not particularly interesting to me either. Just like Chinese medicine, acupuncture, ancient healing arts were practiced thousands of years ago: found out through experience and trial and error. Nobody knows how it works.

The other day I read the appropriate saying: It is not the lucky ones who are grateful. It is the grateful who are happy. Do I need anything for gratitude? Do I really need what I think I need to be happy? Or do I just need to feel life, which is currently reading? Breathing. Expressing itself through this wonderful body?

If you now stand at the next crossroads in life, in the next round of discussions, in contact with your loved ones: How will you decide today? Clearly thought out, weighing, out of fear, guilt and shame? Or will you listen carefully, let the answer rise in you, try to create a gap for something new? Ask yourself, breathe. Listen. Look. We are all ambassadors for each other. Will you pay attention to signs, words and images that the universe sends you? Maybe you will find the answer in the next conversation, in the next song on the radio, maybe as a sticker on the lamppost, maybe you will hear words within you that will guide you. The more attentive we are in this exact moment - where we store our attention - will significantly influence our path; I previously wrote. You are the attention yourself and you can give yourself away. So if we learn to listen to our life, it will guide us. I am not talking about theories - I am living practically. Exactly where we are, not just someday. But to do

that, we really need to be where we are instead of hanging around in the - mostly worrying - world of thought.

The universe seems to be built on analogies, not rigid black and white logic. On comparisons, relationships and metaphors that we are allowed to decode as we play creatively with the images we receive. Sometimes thoughts hang in the room between us, everyone thinks of it - one speaks it and everyone knew beforehand. Tangible connections behind the scenes.

Sometimes I discover a new topic for myself, hear a word I've never heard before, and in the next phone call my conversation partner relates to it. Last week, I read about another author named Amy Tan in a book I'd never heard of. Two hours later, I'm rummaging through a giveaway box of books in a neighbor's house and find an exciting book - by this author, of course. That's how I find all my books, by the way. I don't look for it, I look for the content that finds me. Cover, author or genre don't matter. I've found a lot of things I really needed. On window or park benches, or on the shelves of my friends. My hand will already grab the right thing.

When I think intensely about people, they may promptly reach out. I pick up the cell phone to call and the loved one answers at the same moment. Hello collective consciousness.

In the summer I am standing at an intersection and a truck with the name Duschl drives by. Not an ordinary name, and yet that of a good friend whom I hadn't thought of for ages. Intuitively I know that we will have contact. That very same day he calls. Strange, but somehow logical within my philosophy of life.

Christmas Eve after midnight - after a lovely evening with my family - I come home to Dresden's Wagenplatz. I unpack my presents and now find that calm moment to read the letter of a dear friend to whom I am very close right now. She writes about the German winter and snow mountains and snowballs, while I am about to leave for the south. She doesn't know that I'm heading for my relatives in the village called Snowmountain the next day. I find that funny and somehow fitting. At the same mo-

ment there is a bang on my window. When I got home it was still dry, but in the last quarter of an hour it started snowing. My neighbors are having a snowball fight.

Since I live in my RV, I get to refill my water cans every week or two. In the winter this is sometimes annoying, exhausting and I put it off. Sometimes I go out for it, but a few weeks ago I thought to myself, why not ask the universe for water? Maybe a neighbor in the car lot will drive to get some and take care of it for me? But of course I am impatient. I go off, ask the neighbors (pulling at the wish never works out, however, if it is about trust), but nobody can help me. I could be disappointed now, set all levers in motion, or simply observe what happens. Sometimes it only works out at the last moment. As a clever customer and child of the universe, I decide to let go and go my way. After lunch I come back and lo and behold: the pipe system of the neighbor's house is being flushed, water just runs out of a tap into the drain. Right next to our carport! I just need to hold the canister under it. Crazy.

Just as water flows, money can also flow, if we didn't combine the words money - in our minds - directly with work. It's as if the two words are stitched together in the mind, but that's just a belief system and doesn't correspond with the truth. If we think of money today, we attract work - but it might not have to be that way. It's never about money, it's actually about the need behind it. It is about our desire to somehow live happily - not about the tool itself. What I think I need for this is only part of my story. A big house? Or a yurt at the edge of the forest? I don't buy a cordless screwdriver because of the great cordless screwdriver, but because I want to drill holes, right? Money is available. It's not bad either. The question is how we use it and distribute it. In fact, there's plenty of it. It comes from one source and goes to the next. It moves from one hand to the next. It's in the flow. Am I in the flow too? Or does everyone here necessarily want to play dams, for later? Or is that exactly what stops the natural flow? Isn't that exactly the fear of the future of the mind, which suggests to us that soon there might be too little?

Does it really matter how it comes to us? Maybe there are always more possibilities than we learned? And do we envy the people who get it easier than we do? Maybe they just think about it differently?

There could be hidden clues to our own thought system, which attracts or repels. Something that I find disgusting, funny, dirty, shitty, probably does not come to me gladly and easily. I then literally resist it, don't I?

Last year I was on the verge of buying a small house in the south of Brandenburg for 20,000 € I was exactly 2000 € short, but I knew that wouldn't be a problem, it would work out somehow. Two days later my father called me and said that grandma had liquidated her share packages and all grandchildren received 2000 € I was caught completely by surprise and thanked him. The house purchase did not come off later, because I felt unsure. So I had neither gained nor lost anything. A few days later I got an email from my former partner, who - for whatever reason - had to pay back the court cost aid of our divorce. It was - of course - almost 2000 €. Why shouldn't I pay that now with a light heart and take the burden off her shoulders? Didn't we deeply love, support and indulge each other? For a good reason?

What I give away comes back to me. Feel free to try it - in your measure. But not in order to then receive something back (!) - that would be the old game of barter, which we can just observe around us through capitalism. But this is not the point now. It is about the fullness to really give something away. Without expecting a response. That's what people have always called generosity. Can we live that? Not only with those who are close to me, but simply with everyone we meet? Even to a stranger I can give with all my heart, even without conditions. To help when help is needed. If the poorest of the poor even slaughter their last chicken and serve up a feast, if the gringo (which is me) spontaneously drives up in his world travel car, what are we able to do then? The same has often happened to me on my tours. The "rich" like to hold back. The "poor" give. Doesn't wealth lie in the heart and don't we just have to recognize it? We remember: what we experience on the outside is a mirror of our own inside.

We will have enough if we do not hold on, but go with the flow. After exploitation or cooperation (trade), here would be another variant of the economic system. One which trusts in the flow of life, not in dependencies.

I live it as best as I can. Who, if not we. When, if not now? Before I put my films - that is, my full-time work - online for free in 2018, I asked several internet marketing professionals what they thought of my idea. They thought I was crazy. No one would ever voluntarily donate money for something that was offered for free. I laughed to myself and thought: now more than ever. Where can I practice trust if not there? Since that time, thousands of people have donated money to me so that hundreds of thousands could see the films. Some very little - as much as they can. Some a lot. Life always balances out. The money comes via Paypal, or to the bank account. Without intermediaries. I do not advertise. Word of mouth has always been the best strategy, but this only works with a unique true content that comes from the heart, and thus also the heart of the recipient to blossom. A simply genuine story, or a service, which is really needed and gratefully accepted. About 100.000 € have been raised in three years, which I tax like a normal income and settle with the co-creators. The money was given to me as a gift. Therefore, I can simply continue to give it away. And yet, it's a "classic business."

Lockdown 2020 has forced us all to pause. Two days before our last film was to premiere in theaters, everything was locked down. We had just pasted the last posters. Inwardly, I was somehow also relieved not to have to go on stage. So the film came out "only" online and reached much faster and more effective reaches that I would not have managed in any cinema. No pain, no loss. Just change. 2020 gave me the best year in ten years of self-employment with 42.000,42 € revenue. Why I'm sharing my numbers so publicly here, which you're not supposed to talk about otherwise (why not, really)? I'll get to that in a moment.

So often people think it can't be done. Then someone comes along who doesn't know that. And he just did it. Since I give away more money and my time (including working time), I have more of both and no longer have the feeling of missing out or to not have enough. Especially those people who think that they can only give something in the future, when the abundance is there, miss the best, because they assume a state of lack in the present moment. If I decide to be the fullness, to play with it, to embody it; it is easier for the universe to believe me and to bring to me what I have within me. I cannot expect it, but it works. I have the inner choice to recognize the abundance (everyone has something to share) and to come into giving away, or to

believe that I have too little and have to hold back. Then life will also hold back with its gifts.

When I am attentive, it sends me messages almost daily, especially when I am at peace and happy with myself; because then I pay attention to the connections, accept the signs instead of doubting them or overlooking them. At some point, my relationship with the number 42 began. According to Douglas Adams (Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy), it is the answer to all questions. Of course, this is more to be understood as a cosmic joke, but for me this joke works: It brings me into the now, lights my way as a golden trail. It is one of my anchors. I feel safer when I perceive it. All illusion? Why not? Dare to find your own, if you like.

On New Year's morning, I turn on my cell phone. It's 08:42, good morning new year! I usually encounter it as the first number of the day that I notice. Sometimes also on my solar controller, which then shows 42Watts or 42%, or 12.42V charging voltage.

When I turn on the phone, or look at it again after many hours: 42% battery at 15:42. Funny. Always the right moment when my loved ones send me messages, at the right time, with 42sec length of the voice message. When I pass exit 42 on the freeway and think I should look around to see if I can find another one, I see that since my last refueling there are exactly 42km on the mileage display. If the navi still shows 42km until the next turn and at the same time it is 07:42. I could have easily look one kilometer or one minute earlier or later.

When I am standing at the intersection, lost in thought, and a car with the license plate 42 drives by, and at the same time I get the impulse that I should look at the station clock, which then also embodies the same digits. Crazy? Or the most normal thing in the world?

I'm not looking for those moments. The one who stops looking begins to find (an old, clever saying). They show themselves to me, they remember me. Then I wonder and rejoice - I am right on my track. Sometimes, when I am uncertain, I also ask for my guide. But it only appears when I release myself from the desire. If I search fran-

tically for the 42 to feel right (assuming that the now is not quite right yet), I don't find one. I was allowed to observe this phenomenon incredibly often, that I keep lists with small miracles - wishes that were fulfilled. Surprises of the universe. Or signs that I am sending to myself?

There is a saying in the Bible that goes something like that: When two or more come together in my name, then miracles are possible. It's not like they're not there all the time anyway - we can just feel them better. Maybe it has something to do with our collective field of consciousness, which opens doors for us, if everyone really arrives at the moment where they are?

On the described festival with yurt in Northern Germany I was allowed to experience to be always at the right place at the right time, to be gifted, or to become the gift for others at the right moment. The energy of the people - of the place - was peaceful, was intense - everyone was really present with their bodies and minds. Towards the end - in the cleanup phase - there was a table with leftover food that was given away. Boxes of food, everyone helping themselves. I notice a young man walking up with his friend and dog, looking at the packs of milk, soy milk and almond milk, then turning around to tell his companion that unfortunately he could only drink oat milk. He turns away and his dog nudges him, asking to be petted. He bends down to him. Just a moment later, a "kitchen boy" arrives, bringing a whole case of oat milk. He almost missed it. We all look at each other and laugh heartily. The universe fulfills our wishes, or opens doors in our consciousness - switches them together, so that we also experience the same, feel it, recognize the connections that is always between us.

In another way, it happened to me several times while making music in a group. Everyone was part of the moment, fully absorbed in the sounds they themselves contributed, and spaces opened up - as so often happens in playing with art, in communication.

A guitarist once played one of my favorite songs at a party: Heart of Gold by Neal Young. It's well past midnight, moment-enhancing substances flowing through our bodies. Six or seven people are singing, drumming, fully in the song. In the devo-

tion. Blissful. At a certain point, the harmonica solo begins. Probably the best one I know. We have no harmonica here, but suddenly we hear it. We all hear it. It is in the room, in us, between us. All participants look up, puzzled, look into each other's eyes. We realize the depth of the moment. A channel has just opened. Wherever to. Wherever from. I even spontaneously go into the neighboring room to see that someone from there is not "secretly" playing along. There is no one playing. And yet there was more. In us.

I experienced similar gates to the unconscious in healing processes with friends. We sat around the campfire and told about stumbling blocks on our paths. A good friend reported a recurring fear that catches up with her as soon as she told her truth. She didn't dare to come into her own power, to act as a healer, though she had just completed a Theta Healing training. But fortunately, she was not alone in this. We had all experienced similar things - in different ways. Fear wants to protect us from unpleasant events until we know their origin. I asked her to feel the fear. To allow it, instead of judging it, to address it directly. Where in the body it was hiding, what exactly she was feeling. She went inside herself and saw fire. She felt heat, something pulling into the past. She reached the source of her fear: she felt the burnings of the witches from long time ago. Pyres of fear. So many times women were burned, tortured and oppressed for their sacred knowledge, their birthing power, their love. This memory lived in her - as a collective memory, or as a memory from a past life. Not provable and explicable. And also not so relevant. But it was there and shaped her now. It was perceptible and came to her again and again, as soon as she called to mind the words "I am a healer", or wanted to start acting on them. After she recognized this connection, with permission and witnesses of the fear she found its origin - thus looked behind the scenes - she was free. If the fear met her again, she could recognize it, thank it and yet choose a new path into visibility. She could now control the fear. Instead of the other way around. In this way or similar all fears and insecurities in life can be seen through. By really looking at them and accepting them instead of fighting their symptoms. I met many women with similar fears. We still have a lot of work to do before we can really see and trust each other in depth.

Before I left for Portugal for the winter, I spent a few days in the large shared apartment of friends in Mecklenburg and started working on this text. That's when the

flow and the process of showing myself honestly began. I already shared a lot of myself on the internet, but going one step deeper each time was a long process. Also, my fear of visibility keeps catching up with me.

One night we were sitting in the big kitchen listening to music and sharing. A song was playing that they associated with the one person who made this community possible. He passed away a few years ago, leaving behind the large farm they all now occupy. He had brought all of them into this place. Apparently he - Leif - was a real treasure. They all thank him in their own way, he revives in memory, tales and praise. Suddenly the lights flicker, the music stops. No power failure, but something has just happened. The energy in the room changes, all are quiet, look at each other and know:

Thank you for your presence. Not ... that you've been here. That we are always here, if we are allowed to live on in each other, that we are never not present.

So as a little comfort candy for the ego, which of course would hate to give up its existence.

But something in us never dies.

1 and 1 will always make 1.

We are ideas and yet much more than that.

What will people remember when the story you embody NOW comes to an end?