

**Jerusalem**

# Jerusalem

by

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Made in Germany

General Production,  
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English version: 2023

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Jerusalem

God,  
poor I,  
pure my heart,  
cure my heaven!

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## Jerusalem

7

The heavenly Jerusalem, a city of pure gold, is as far away for earthly humans as a god in whom they do not want to believe. The heavenly Jerusalem can only be seen by the perfect spirit, for it is itself which by its perfection represents and dwells in the eternal heavenly city.

If a poor human soul prepares to realize this holy Jerusalem within itself, it awaits a long way of suffering, which will demand everything of it. In life itself, on the road of worldly pain, this city of pure gold must be found. Anyone who approaches it patiently has to endure terrible pain. However, when the soul has inevitably taken upon itself the cross of life, the city is close by. Once the soul has been resurrected and deified, it enters the eternal kingdom of God:

## Jerusalem

## The Christ Child

8

Once upon a time, a child was born, who was to be called Jesus, and who was to change the world as the great Messiah, as proclaimed by the prophets. The world that is assumed to be a material one, but in which nothing of this event has been seen or felt to this day. You think that's history and worthless. Or you think a Redeemer who died for you redeemed you and you no longer need to do a stroke of work. Think what you want, I don't care. What he achieved will last forever, and those who believe in it are my friends.

I want to tell you about the secrets of that superb child. A child of the soul and a father of the eternal spiritual kingdom will promise you the true victory - the way into the kingdom of God. So be companions and listen to my words. Eat and drink with me in holy Jerusalem!

As hardly anyone knows, the little child was born in a cave (my interpretation is based on the work 'Childhood and Youth of JESU' by Jakob Lorber). And what I am about to reveal to you about it is certainly completely unknown.

The cave is a symbol for the soul of man, in which one has to carry out this spiritual birth of the Christ child in oneself, if one wants to become a real friend of God and fellow inhabitant of his kingdom. But what each individual should give birth to is true love for God, one's Lord, or primarily the very first love for truth, which the

Lord has placed in the heart of every human being. So whoever feels this first love of truth as love of truth in oneself already has a large part in what God is, and will always be a real son of the Lord, to whom everything worldly is nothing and only the love of his heart is everything.

If the love of truth has now been laid as the right basis for a clear mind and a pure feeling inside the heart, the secret laws of nature reveal themselves in the simplest way. Yes, for those who believe in the Lord everything becomes easy. If you have firm faith and confidence, God will come towards you beaming with joy.

As some may know, a bull and a donkey were also present in the cave, and they approached and warmed the child. The donkey stands for the stubbornness, lameness and obstinacy of matter and everything worldly. The bull is considered a symbol of sexual power and shows us the power of sensual pleasures. So 'sex and money', as one would say today, are present in the all-important birth of the love of truth. The love of truth points its truth justly to the mind and its love graciously to the feeling. The fact that the two animals warmed the child with their breath tells us that one must not withdraw from the world, from mind, or from the feeling of sensual pleasure. The child only grows in the fullest mental and sensory activity. This, in turn, is only possible through devoted material and sensual activity. So drink the fire of the senses and breathe the earth of the mind, otherwise you have nothing that grows in you!

Of course, the true feeling must be in the feeling and the true mind in the mind, as well as the feeling has to look after the mind, and the mind has to look after the feeling, if something is to come of this whole story. The moment the feeling is in the mind, we have wisdom; when the mind is in the feeling, love comes to light. Wisdom and love reveal the secret universal laws. Wisdom (the feeling of the mind) tells us, among other things: Treat your neighbor according to the truth. Love (the mind of the feeling) says: Treat your neighbor as you would like to be treated yourself. And here we already have the law of all laws: Love your neighbor as yourself and the truth above everything. Everyone has to discover and live the numerous secret universal laws for themselves. I won't reveal any more now.

Immediately the three wise men went to the child and gave it plenty of gifts.

The first handed 'the finest frankincense' in a 'gold-wrought pouch.' The gold-wrought pouch represents the mind, which in its constant philosophizing gives birth to the sense of duty that forms the foundation of will and love. The will is to love as the stalk is to the blossom of a rose. So the love to be gained through pain is already hidden in the will, since the will is the implementation of mental and emotional knowledge into action.

The second was 'pure gold.' Precisely this purest gold stands for the pure love for God, which in its birth results in the receiving of the eternal light of grace of the spiritual sun. The gold stands for the sun and its purest

love light. The light of the mind flows from the warmth of love, which can only spread through the soul through the receiving of the divine light of grace.

The third handed 'the finest golden myrrh,' a 'most precious spice at that time.' Gold myrrh stands for the immortal love of God, which finds its correspondence in a complete rising of the spiritual sun in the heart. One who attains the Lord, the supreme consciousness, overcomes material death by receiving the immortal Spirit of God.

The gifts of the wise therefore stand for the Holy Spirit, which is based on a trinity of ( love ) will, ( mental ) grace and ( spiritual ) love. Whoever wants to awaken the Holy Spirit in himself should be present at the birth of our beloved child, so that his will to love grows, his understanding becomes perfect and his love comes like the divine spirit in himself.

Later in the story, it became evident that idols melted away when the baby Jesus came near them ("because they melted away like wax on red-hot iron"). This also applies to a "magnificent gold goblet" that Cyrenius brought to the child as a test. As Cyrenius then adored the child, the cup appeared before Cyrenius on the ground, "but quite smooth." This very important passage in Lorber's work wants to say the following: The Spirit of God awakened in the heart sees through all the short-lived, ornate worldly things to the bottom of all being, where alone the immortal consciousness rests, which as the essence of everything worldly in its purity and

simplicity delights the heart of the awakened. Thus love of the world is death to the soul, while love of the Lord is eternal life. The highest consciousness is reached through everlasting love. Whoever has love has what is inherent in everything and on which everything is based. Who only sees the outside, without the core of love, has nothing but death.

Much more could be told, especially about the speeches that the infant made, but I have said what is most important for you, and I would like to leave it at that.

## Kindergarten Consciousness

13

I went all alone. A small bag dangled from my chest, therein I had some bread. In the kindergarten there was additional cocoa for it.

I was still small, but my desire to enjoy was already there. I remember that strange incident which radically changed my little life.

A bully knocked over a girl's wooden train set. When she noticed the damage a little later, another claimed to have been the perpetrator. She scolded him, screamed, was a total disaster. And this truly innocent boy reveled in it. Just because she thought he was the culprit. He laughed at her, enjoying her anger. I hadn't seen that before. I wanted to do the same, feasting on the anger of others, watching them cry and wriggle.

I was waiting for an opportunity. Bricks fell. A girl screamed. "It was me," I babbled immediately, wanting to enjoy. I expected her anger, her screaming, which I wanted to indulge in. But things turned out differently. The stupid goose went straight to the kindergarten teacher. She put me to a corner where I was allowed to watch the others play. What a disgrace! Punished for a thing I didn't do. Because I lied. Now, in my corner, I thought intensely about truth and falsehood. Then I made a momentous decision: never lie again.

In the time that followed, I realized that by concentrating on truth and living in it, I had a higher guide, a certainty that the others completely lacked. An existing truth,

which was above everything and governed everything, had penetrated deeply into my consciousness. While everyone else believed they could do whatever they wanted, I felt as if I had to submit to a higher power that held everything and could punish me at any time for my duplicity. In my experiences I searched for the deeper laws of life and did not regard them as mere coincidences like others did. Not from the point of view of the individual people, what they thought, did and how everything then came together, but from the point of view of life itself and its higher laws, I now tried to fathom the secret causes of the events. This gave me a perspective that nobody but me had. And I noticed this. I knew there was something within me that others didn't have in the slightest. I was infinitely further than these people. But I couldn't tell what it was. Others knew more, were more intelligent, possessed more. So what did I have that everyone else didn't have? I did not know it. It was only many years later that I found the appropriate term for it: consciousness.

Truth must be lived, inwardly and outwardly, you must never doubt that. If you live it, you will find that it is not that difficult. Of course there are white lies, but they have to be weighed up carefully, otherwise the whole life becomes a white lie. The essence of this matter is that one must become the bearer of the truth oneself. See yourself as someone who has taken on the task of discerning and revealing the truth, and everything will fall to you. The moment you decide to always tell the truth, you must align your whole life with the truth. Your outward actions must be permeated with honesty and good will. So it's easy to stick to the truth. But if you assume that you can lie at any time, you will hardly be anxious to live a true life. Besides, you also expect not to be lied to. So start with yourself and do what you expect others to do. Always act in such a way that you can always reveal your thoughts; then you will attain the deep purity and sincerity that mark a true master.

The point of telling the truth is, first of all, that only truth makes sense - purely by definition. Furthermore, of course, one must be able to reflect on the truth, and one can only do this if one lives in truth, because one cannot base something true on something false. Unless one ultimately admits the falsity of what is false, which is then followed by doubt as to the truth of what is true. So you can twist and turn it as you will, nothing true comes out of it. And just where lying is made easy, it is already taken into account by the person who has been lied to

and is of no importance. Often you even achieve the opposite of what you actually wanted to aim for, and the lie now stands there like an insurmountable wall. Small and easy lies should be dismissed from the outset, because it is simply not worth losing the truth because of it. In addition, it can happen that a small lie becomes a big one. Big lies can often have big consequences - positive or negative - and always come with a risk.

Honesty is often rewarded with good nature and openness. On the other hand, lies are often transparent ( Lies have short legs! ) and reap mistrust and reticence. You don't have to come straight at everyone with the great spoken truth when they ask for it. Refusing to provide information or gently paraphrasing what has been said will also do.

What do we learn from all of this? Certainly, that one should simply stick to the truth. That's always the easiest. Once you're struggling from lie to lie and finally find yourself in a hopeless situation, it's all too late. Add to this that you have lost the truth and rightly appear as a pathetic piece of a lie. It is still better, no matter how badly one is doing, to embody the truth and thereby at least satisfy God and oneself.

Lies are debts. Whoever lies a lot incurs great guilt, and he has to pay it off. Those who stick to the truth are free from guilt and have an easy life. Replace the word 'lie' with 'get into debt' and read the text again!

It must have been in the first grade when we had a teacher whose name was Vogt, and he looked the same. Standing red hair. When he sat and talked, he put the fingertips of both hands together, forming something eerily symmetrical. That impressed me. I did the same. Otherwise, I wasn't particularly interested in the lessons and wasn't able to follow his train of thought. So he pulled my hair to indicate that I should get up. But I stayed seated and he pulled and pulled. Finally his hand was where my head should be: up. Everyone laughed. The bailiff's red became more than red, until I recognized the mess. A tuft of my hair stuck out of his hand. He had actually plucked them out of me.

My parents pulled out all the stops to fight my baldness. "He's going bald!" I pretended to be ignorant. So that's how it was. If I went my own way, I would be fleeced, laughed at, and they would try to cure me. I did not care. I praised God for not being like the others. I was alone - all alone. And I knew that I would always be alone. The red bailiff had cleared the spot for me where twenty years later, after a long and painful way, Kundalini was to come to rest.

Occasionally I met my uncle in town. He then sat in a small car on the side of the road and I shook his hand. Usually his father sat next to him. I shook his hand too.

He had a hard hand. A leather glove was slipped over it. There would have been little point in grasping his other hand. Here, too, a leather glove. When I looked for his eyes, his eye would stare. Glass eyes are hard.

I've seen her three times, the woman with half a face. It fascinates. It's no wider than this glass I'm drinking from.

Something is going on here in Hamburg. A fourteen-year-old greets me on Steindamm. A love hotel nearby. A cute Asian woman is walking past me. Her nose is bitten off.

Here you have money. Shag my daughter. She is legless.

Then I'll ride the bus. The well-known wart man gets in. He's covered in smallpox all over. I hope he doesn't sit next to me. He falls into the front rows. - How lucky!

My slowness. They think I'm slow. Yes, that's right - externally. But inside I'm incredibly fast. "You're too slow," they say. But I stick to my slowness, even if you don't like it. My serenity and gentle smile will drive you crazy. I know. It's fun. You want to be who knows how fast. You don't think, you make mistake after mistake. Everything collapses. I triumph in serenity and enjoy my constant progress.

I'm not as slow as you think. No, not at all. In fact, I'm light years ahead of you. Behold the light, it seems to stand still. If you look at it more closely, its tremendous speed becomes apparent. See, I seem to be standing still, but inside, in my soul, I'm moving at the speed of light. So I have rushed through all twelve levels of consciousness, not even one of which is known to you. Each stage represents a universe in itself. In fact, through my slowness I have become the ruler of the universe, and you think I am a stupid dreamer.

Just as light reveals both the nature of a wave and that of a particle, so my soul reveals itself twofold. On the one hand it has its infinitely fast consciousness, which lingers statically in all things as the spiritual light; on the other hand, it reveals the tremendous power of a laser by transforming everything as it sees fit.

This is a book with seven seals for you. I know because I have experienced. Because of my inner purity, such a powerful light gathered in my soul that it broke through

the seven seals of my inner body like a laser and gave my soul the long-awaited freedom. Everything is certain for those who have experienced this. But if you haven't experienced it, you have doubts about everything and everyone.

If I wanted to assert myself, I had to become strong. I heard about the weakling who couldn't do a single pull-up. After years of hard training, he could do more pull-ups than anyone else. I wanted to do the same and decided to get strong. I prevailed. And if I had to, I bashed them up. At that time I was the only one far and wide having a certificate! saying: "In minor arguments, he would hit you hard." Apart from that, it only said: "Very quiet." I was just thinking - about life. Teachers and students were not like me. I saw it as completely superfluous to take part in their stupidity.

Painting lesson Everyone painted. "You can paint whatever you want." They drew cars, houses, people... And me? The teacher asked me what that was supposed to be. "I don't know." I was the only one who submitted an abstract painting. "What's that supposed to be?" "I don't know." - "Something's wrong with him."

Many years later I discovered the reality of this painting in a bodybuilding magazine. Drawings of railroad cars covered the walls of a famous gym. Yes, I had painted two coupled wagons. Thirty years later, I found the Equator Formula, which finally solved the bodybuilding puzzle.

## Openness

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Inner life is reality, and only where it connects with the outward does it show its authenticity.

Great realization occurs when inner and outer face each other openly. So openness, which is based on love of truth, is the first step into the world of higher cognition. Openness is the most honest quality that an aspirant must absolutely approach. In quiet humility he sneaks up, in divine trust he allows himself to be captured by it. This is how the unexpected happens. Captivity becomes freedom. Freedom comes to liberation. Liberation brings fulfillment. Fulfillment brings enlightenment.

Her name was Ute. Blonde, very short hair. A good student. We all were after her. Every break provided an opportunity to pounce on her. Everyone wanted to kiss her, touch her. She was always surrounded. It couldn't hurt to try! Her charisma could not be described in words. So young, so tender - like an angel. We were crazy about her. We didn't even know about puberty from hearsay. The teachers were appalled. It couldn't be! How was that possible? The parents have been notified. They should hold us back.

After more than fifteen years, I saw her again. She was a cashier in a supermarket and she still had a little bit of that - the short hair... But I couldn't find anything about her anymore. Well, once upon a time.

You pounce on each other. "I love you." "I love you even more." What love! What sex! Time flies, love doesn't, because it was never there. The potency is a shadow of itself and has never understood what it really is. "Get out of my eyes! You can give me nothing more."

You're too stupid for sex. The fine observation is missing, the self-control anyway. You haven't understood the nature of sex. It's the potency. And what do you do with it? You throw it out of yourself. One is droopy, drained and thinks this is quietude, eternal peace. Nonsense! It is eternal death that creeps up on you. But you are blind and full of mistakes. True enjoyment is as foreign to you as true love of God. In everything you choose everything bad, the good leaves you as cold as your heart. That's no joke. That's the truth. Yes, I am sorry for you.

Highest potency is only achieved in its accumulation. Whoever wastes it will soon have nothing. Potency must be used sensibly, otherwise it cannot unfold and increase. Those who deny sex wither like a plant without water. Life is what has to be mastered - and sex. Anyone who crawls into abstinence only languishes. Better yet, who wastes himself, but ends in agony. It is the middle that lives and yet preserves, that weaves destiny and affirms it. What else can that be than tantra alone?

Yes, I am a tantrist. A tantrist is a connoisseur, a gourmet. A true gourmet doesn't eat. One melts in one's mouth and spits out. If a true gourmet ate, he would not come to try. He gorged himself on the very first meal, and that was the end of the gourmandism. A gourmet lives from the finest scents and tastes - not from the dull mass. In principle, a gourmet in matters of sex proceeds in the same way, only the direction is different. Instead of wasting himself in the climax, he preserves his precious essence and feeds it to the soul as nourishment. He enjoys and enjoys and enjoys without getting weak. You must know that the essences for reproduction contain the finest soul particles; those who keep them collect the highest potency and soul power. You should find out for yourself how the art of tantra can be learned and mastered. Don't be so stupid about it. Fix your whole life. Through true harmony, self-control comes naturally. Don't think it's a technique or anything. No, it is life, consciousness. If you collect potency and don't know where to put it, it can lead to disaster. I warn you. Take care of your consciousness and everything will take care of itself.

Once I had to shine my father's shoes. They were work shoes, they smelled of sweat. In these shoes he had to earn the money for our lives.

I cleaned them.

We went into the cellar. Then we crouched down. If he crouched, I had to crouch too.

When he was crabbily fixing my bike, he would crouch down, and the whole time I had to crouch down, too. - Later I had to repair it myself. He controlled.

When we were squatting, he took the shoes.

I had to assure him beforehand that they were clean. He had asked me twice. He didn't want to hear "I don't know". I needed to know if the shoes were clean or not. So I said yes.

We crouched next to each other. We looked at the shoes. I had not creamed the seams and the edge of the soles. He thrust his shoe into my face with unbelievable hardness. His eyes were filled with hatred. - I cried.

## The First Book

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In the fourth grade, I was allowed to go to the school library, probably out of complete ignorance about myself. There I grabbed a book and had it registered under my name. On the spot, however, I swapped it for one that seemed better to me. I didn't like that one after all, so I pushed it between the others. So I left without a book and without any idea of what was to come. I didn't have my first book signed out. And the guy I traded it with took it home never to be seen again. I had only returned his book. That's it.

I was made aware that I still had a book to bring back. I claimed - in some confusion - to have put it back without de-registration. Then they gave me hell. It's not there. Where is it? And so forth. I remember the whole class interrupting the lesson to go to the library. All searched. Of course it couldn't be found. Jens! He must have stolen it. And he makes life difficult for us. What difficulties with my first book!

I had long been at another school when my mother got a letter. She would like to pay for the book. "Jens, come here!" - I didn't want to have anything to do with books anymore. Later, however, I read hundreds and always had small books or sheets of paper in my pockets to indulge in every free minute I had for my first addiction: knowledge.

## The One-Armed

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Now and then, in the middle of the lesson, a one-armed teacher would come into our class and give us a difficult arithmetic problem. He must have lost his arm in the war. Of course we were all too stupid. We mused, but it was in vain.

Then, hours or days later, he demonstrated the solution to us. This intelligent fellow. Old, smart and one-armed. He was superior to us.

Yes, at some point someone always comes along whose deficiency is obvious. And even at the end of life you still have to be taught. You are so ignorant.

Look at you. You have two arms and you are stupid. What a waste of material!

We live in the age of reading. You read out of boredom. You read out of curiosity. One reads to know more than others. The age of reading is the age of laziness. One is too tired to wake up. One is too weak to work. One is too empty to laugh with joy.

The age of activity must come - all conquering activity. The age of activity is too young to find fulfillment in work. The age of activity is postponed because before that people want to retire.

The age of reading is still far removed from the age of activity. Talkativeness fills the age of reading. A sentence is easy to say, but others have to work through it. A beautiful speech is easily thrown together, but others must understand. A philosophy is easy to dream up, but others should find fulfillment in it. The age of reading dreams of the victory of laziness. The age of activity will work the victory out with relish.

"What comes after that?" After that comes the age of the mind. But you are still a long way from that. "And after that?" I don't know if I'm allowed to tell you that. It goes far beyond your horizon. You can probably intuit it, but you cannot understand it. "Please! What comes after?" After that comes the Age of Love.

## Hare Hobblerman

30

He was our class teacher. He reamed my ass too. I had scratched something in the table, should bring varnish. Where am I supposed to get varnish from? There were slaps. He screamed and screamed. He probably lost his leg in the war.

I remember how someone had to come to the front. And he actually hit with the cane - probably one of the last. He was like a wild horse. Unfortunately, I had to experience it, otherwise I wouldn't know now. I hated him.

Twenty years later, when I was back in my hometown, he hobbled past me. First I wanted to hit him. But then I felt sorry for him. Teacher for life and never learned anything.

In the fifth grade many went astray. Marco, a dark guy with curly brown hair, was late. Despite his thick school bag, he had no books with him. That was extremely suspicious. What was it that was bulging in his bag? Open up! Unpacking! Lots of nice, big cars appeared there. I was speechless. What is not there! And as teachers are, the whole truth was squeezed out of poor Marco. He had stolen them early in the morning. And now he was supposed to bring them back, under the supervision of a classmate. There are things!

A person with glasses was completely out of place with us. He wasn't interested in the class at all. His whole love was Wastl, a batman-like super swank who floated through the air on a flying super motorbike. Completely engrossed in these imaginative comics, he didn't notice the lesson at all. I was surprised that nobody took these booklets away from him. He had to leave school – gone gaga.

If someone disturbed the lesson, s/he had to write ten, twenty or thirty times: 'I'm not allowed to disturb the lesson.' We prepared sheets of ten sentences in advance and sold them for fifty pfennigs when needed.

A popular game in the schoolyard was, "That guy told me you were a little nutcase." Then you waited ten seconds and there was a good fight between two completely innocent people.

Peter Steinfurt was fat, the son of a coal dealer who drove a Mercedes. Fat, money and Mercedes somehow didn't go together. He was constantly involved in fights. If he waltzed at me howling to make me a pulp, I would just run away. I was much stronger than he, but I didn't like to touch his fat. He chuffed like a locomotive, a trail of spittle ran out of his mouth, then he ran out of breath and I was left in peace.

This fat Peter occasionally caught my eye with his odd kind of creativity. I didn't think that was anything special. Until the day that fat Peter changed my life with just that strange creativity.

Craft lesson. Build paper houses. Everyone built the same shit: normal roof, normal walls, normal floor plan, normal square windows. I too. Like the idiots. Just not Peter. What did Peter do? He glued a piece of paper in a semi-cylindrical shape onto a base sheet. The roof and walls were done. The semi-circular open sides formed the windows. In a similarly casual way, he conjured up a few more things, surpassed everything that had come before with his futuristic design and went down in my history.

What was it that enabled him to accomplish such a feat of genius? Or: What was missing that I was too stupid for it? It was my faulty thinking. I analyzed my thinking and it turned out that I had too narrow a conception of the terms. I began to think more abstractly, going from a concreteness to the characteristics that described it in a much more general and essential way. I began to see

everything as indefinite. Who knew what was real? The undefinedness of all objects, situations and processes as well as their incalculability now dominated my thinking.

At that time, I clearly perceived the jump from one level of thought to the other. It was as if my own world I was living in completely changed. Because I now saw many things differently, from what I thought was a better, more pleasant point of view. Just by thinking like this, I avoided many mistakes. I then often thought of my old way of thinking, and I was glad to notice this difference, which for many did not exist at all. Now that I have spent years on this level, I can say that this thinking opened up a world I had never known before. This new world existed in the present one, but was only perceptible by the matching consciousness.

"I don't know" was my most common statement. I was unsure about everything. This brought the people I dealt with to the brink of despair. They couldn't use someone who wasn't sure. Everyone wanted visible security, knowledge and spontaneity. I, on the other hand, demanded the certainty of my consciousness, the cognisance of unknowing and patient reflection.

One of my sources of income was copper. We walked around the sugar factory after work, could go in anywhere, went into the huge silos, spat in the sugar.

Here and there were cables that I collected. When I had enough together, I would go to my grandpa. He told so many things.

About the soldiers in the foxhole who were so scared their hair turned white. If a tank drives onto such a hole, stops and turns on this spot, it gets dark.

About the Foreign Legion in Africa when they buried him up to his neck. But he managed to escape.

About his favorite song. He played it to me: "A friend, a good friend, that's the most beautiful thing in the world."

My father also told me. He was on the ship. He talked about India, about people who hacked off their children's legs so that they could go begging, on a small rolling cart.

We burned the cables. In the fire you could see the changing colors of the copper that was left. This hot, colorful copper remembers me of the colors of the soul when brought alive, 'fired', by cosmic fire. There were four Deutschmarks at the scrap dealer for the kilo. For me it was a lot. But it was never enough.

Iron fetched eight pfennigs or so. There was a lot of that lying around at the factory. Especially in the small iron store, which my friend Lutz and I discovered. One night we loaded several kilos onto the small trailer that I had borrowed from grandpa.

Then this ambulance drove over the factory, a popular shortcut. We into the ditch. Car stops. Man gets out. Then a Mercedes came. The executive director of the sugar factory got out. Lutz was the operating manager's son, but that was no use to him anymore.

There was really something uncanny about this incredible coming together of certain people at a certain point in time. I think God wanted it that way. I should understand.

The exterminator. They are always somewhere. The cockroaches. In a sexual frenzy with an Indonesian woman, a boy leaves his hole and his rent debts behind. I take his atlas with a porn magazine in it. I don't take his watch. For those who have experienced all time, time no longer has any meaning.

Two poison pills on two pieces of cardboard on the shelf. A few dozen died here. They are rusty brown. Two black stripes on the head. The eyes? - Fourteen square meters. Where am I?

I smell them all: Turks, Poles, Arabs, Yugoslavs... But the Germans are the worst: piss in the elevator. Garbage in the stairwell. Because he wanted the janitor job. - Burglary, assault, because Hein Blöd (Hein Dopy), that's what we called him, didn't pay his debts. His hands were sweaty and he wanted to shake everyone's hand, including mine. He liked children. Now he's in a madhouse, getting hot meals. He made the jump. Not me.

Again vomit in the elevator. Shit in the hallway: the German students. - The door numbers have been swapped. Nobody knows who lives where anymore. - Then I see someone walking around the house in a white bathrobe and slippers. No dream. A madman. He lives here too. His mother is a crying doctor. German doctor.

Again shit in the hall. I remove them with a cloth and shovel. Also the paper. My suspicion falls on crazy Maren. No parents. Adopted. Put in the hole.

She sneaks around at night. I too. One finds punctured car tires. I'm waiting for the right moment. There she is. Short skirt and stockings. Underneath probably naked, with an itchy snatch. That's how you poop fast. - But there's a party in the hall, so she comes back cursing.

Once I lure her into my booth wearing only a shirt. My tail dangles freely. "Please put on your panties!" My hand goes to her flat tits. She has long blond hair, but rough as a besom broom. "Please put on your underpants!" She turns on the bright light. I'll turn it off again. She flees.

Weeks later, she smashes the pane of the janitor's office, narrowly missing the head of the janitor's infant with the brick. The police take her away. She goes back to the institution. - Where am I?

A cunt is sitting in the laundry room. I grab her arm, her thigh. "Well, have you been fucked this morning?" She flees.

It rings. Doris, the sweet Filipina. Her name is written in large letters on the condom machine...

At night I hear screams, moans ... - Terminus hole.

A cat falls in front of my window. From the thirteenth floor! Yes, his wife took the cat to bed with her... Supposedly an accident. But it wasn't dead. It turned around whimpering and died miserably. For an hour. I hate cats too, but I don't eat them.

Another dead man. Weeks. It smelled. Cause of death: loneliness. - Am I here in the morgue? At night they bang on my door. Parties are held upstairs. Drunken rampage.

The world is real and unreal. I move in this twilight between times. I fell between old and new world. Dead! I run this shadowy existence and nourish myself from the primal light, from the dew on the leaves - not from wine and limelight. I'm living my dream of immortality. And just like the pimp doesn't care if his hookers orgasm, I'll shit on this world if it only makes me immortal.

In the end I was able to distinguish between seven levels in my thinking. There was the sublime level of love of truth, without which all spiritual thinking is utterly impossible. Everyone has to realize their truth within themselves in order to master the adventure of cognition in their own world. Thus only one who weaves thinking and action together under the light of truth can make the journey within.

The higher level of absolute logic, of all-encompassing philosophy, and of cognition of indeterminacy is easier to reach than to master. Even I was caught up in it for many years. Only those who are willing to give up everything previous, realizing its futility, can overcome it and enter the level of oblivion. There the essential is separated from the non-essential. The quality to be realized is called 'Power of Discernment'.

Only then the aspirant can enter the level of consciousness of wisdom, the perfect mind. Here he has to master four levels of thinking. The easy level of cognition of unknowing is followed by the radical level of action out of cognized unknowing. In order to master both levels, not only a complete cognition of one's own unknowing is necessary, but also the much more difficult action conforming to that.

As an exercise, go into the original state of experience of a small child discovering the world for the first time. Taking into account its unknowing, gather completely

new experiences and look at them through the eyes of a perfect mind. As if by itself, you dive into the level of wisdom and discover previously never noticed laws of life. The renewed distinction of essential and non-essential brings liberation from the bondage of the mind and entry into the higher levels of meditation.

So I dreamed of the most adventurous things. I dreamed of a just world, equality, peace and all that stupid stuff. I looked out of the window. For the next three years I looked out of the window. When the teacher called me, I looked confused and said nothing. "You're dreaming again." I saw the trees, the birds, the sky, the sun.

The sun is a symbol of the divine spirit. The sky stands for the soul, in which thoughts move like birds. The trees are signs of wisdom on which searching thoughts find rest.

I distinctly remember that day after school when we lay together on the small patch of grass that bordered the yard and squinted in the sun. I realized that there could be nothing more wonderful than idly letting the sun, enthroned there high in the sky, shine on oneself. Yes, when one has realized this state in oneself after hard work, the zenith of life has been reached.

The others looked at the blackboard. They stuffed themselves with knowledge of letters. They knew everything by heart. But just looking at them made me sick. The bad, the greed, the arrogant, the stupid looked out of their eyes. What kind of people were they? What did I have in common with them? I couldn't understand it all.

The only amusing thing at that time was Philipp. I really liked him. A real joker. His protruding milk teeth, his funny clown face. Something always struck him. He tweeted it to the class and everyone laughed. He was not a good student, but still very bright. He didn't know trouble, was always funny and beaming with joy, gave his best and was a good person at heart. Of course he was a thorn in the side of the grouchy ones. But I valued him. Although I wasn't with him, he seemed like an ally who just ignored the others in his own way.

One day it was said that he had moved and was now going to a different school. There he was and I was alone. I felt the arrogance and stubbornness of the others triumphing. A short time later it was said, as if one wanted to prove oneself right, that Philipp had now become a serious, diligent student, with good grades and such. I don't believe any of that. One like Philipp wasn't born to be serious. Never!

At that time I discovered two wonderful pieces of wisdom: 'knowledge is power' and 'everything is logical.' This pieces of wisdom made sense to me. I started to think logically - absolutely logically. I was not understood. The first thing I discovered was a world of illogicality. I tried to explain everything - absolutely everything - logically, got into a thinking of enormous proportions and thought all day and half the night, almost continuously. I read and read and read and thought and thought and thought.

## The Beast

43

One evening a skinny man from the anti-social settlement forced me between the towers of the sugar factory where we lived. He lifted a brick and wanted to see my willy. But somehow nothing came of it. Days later, on the way to school, I was with my big friend. We met the skinny pig. I punched him in the stomach. But it was somehow hollow, so that the effect fizzled out.

Many years later, when I was already in the army, I passed a field on which a plodding tractor swayed in the distance. My gaze intensified, then became fixed and piercing. On the tractor - the beast. I wanted to run after him, tear him down, smash him.

But I did nothing. Why? It wasn't my thing. I could not fight the world. I could not fight the world. I couldn't fight the world. I couldn't fight the world. I couldn't fight the whole world.

If I knock over a domino, they all have to fall or I lose my bet.

And if I turn into a divine beast here, then you should all be scared, because I want to have my fun.

A reader of my main work actually believed that I sat in an armchair on the terrace all day and thought up the most beautiful things. I had to smile, because at that time I was completely unable to think of anything sensible while dozing and lounging, almost in a half-dream. I had to work first, physically, to get inspiration. Whenever God saw me doing the nastiest work, rooted in the deepest duty, he laughed himself to death at my tiny exertions of strength, slapped his thighs with joy, and finally gave me the little inspiration that satisfied me.

So at that time it happened that I worked for half a year in a dirty anodizing shop, together with Alfons, who had been up to mischief there for more than a quarter of a century. A small, black-haired, burly, fun-loving, fifty-two-year-old Italian who got a little angry from time to time and used to smack his co-workers on the ass with one of the high-quality aluminum parts or he threw them into one of the huge water tubs.

There were also acid tanks there. One splash in the eye and you're blind. Even when they were near, there was a tug in the nose. The acid was in the air. You don't wear protective clothing. If you accidentally throw someone into the acid instead of the water, things will get hot. My nose hair turned white. Once they all rushed at him at the same time. He had two blue eyes then. Since then he has calmed down. Another time he was sitting on the toilet. It was around New Year's. Not only

did they turn off the lights as usual so he could shit in the dark, but they also threw several dozen firecrackers above and below the door, heating him up quite a bit. He survived. And now? Now I had to work with him.

The first secret information I got was that he used to wear his colleagues like razor blades. No one could stand with him for long. Now it was my turn.

But everything turned out differently. We got along great. We had all the other bad guys against us for that. That's it.

He talked about women. I was talking about women. And when we didn't do either, then we talked about money. He was never sick, his colleagues an average of five weeks a year. One wondered what we both had to rumor about all day. That was highly suspicious!

Was it possible to build something cautious without someone knocking it over? I juxtaposed a dozen valuable pieces of aluminum - each worth half a small car - in an extremely risky manner.

Then came Alfons. He did have a "golden hand", as he used to call it, without which I would have been completely helpless, but unfortunately no golden foot. So he stepped back, bumped into one of the pieces, which then dominoed inexorably... turned to me and pressed, "This is your fault." I handed it back, and it went back and forth like that for a while. I still remember the look on his face to this day. It was a mixture of

something with bitter despair and 'What have you done to me?'.

We carried the parts back to the grinding shop. There we heard sayings that we had never heard before. I was advised to think before I do anything. I did that, but in my own way...

I also liked going to the dirty grinding shop. Everything was full of dust, they looked like chimney sweeps there. And on the wall a picture from a porn magazine. My dream woman! Black curly hair, cute. Her legs were spread, her moraine was bloated, her intestines were visible, nothing had been retouched.

Although Alfons had probably never heard the word 'spirituality' and was perhaps not a learned and religious person, he was a spiritually awakened one. He had something that only one in a thousand has: a sense of duty. He did his work without ifs and buts, kept to the truth and was a fair person. "One must do one's duty," he said with a certainty that made me realize that he had subjected his soul to that duty. Only a spiritual person could say it the way he said it. And since God did not need to draw his attention to his duties through sickness, he was never sick.

I wanted to write a book about him called 'The Man Who Loved Women.' He liked that. We laughed. Hourly we whispered to each other our all redeeming saying: "That's life." Yes, that's how it was.

He always had women. Very young. In the evenings he drank wine and enjoyed himself with them. In the morning he was sleepy. Around noon he got going and we got into a fight with the others. In the afternoon we laughed, philosophized and talked... well, you know what.

Although he had a lot of money, a modern apartment building and land in Italy, he lived simply. He drove a small car and valued good food and beautiful women more than ostentation. "One must not live beyond one's means," said he. In retrospect, I think that was probably the most important thing that made his happiness. He wanted to go to Italy, back to his homeland. I agreed. And his laugh. It was a mixture of contentment and simplicity. He laughed often. Someone once said: "Whoever cries a lot is unhappy. He who laughs a lot is happy." I think that's true.

Reason and love of truth bring the mind its triune perfection. Reason notices knowledge. Knowledge brings cognition. Love of truth notices unknowing. Unknowing brings the unthinkable. Thus the mind has the reason of love of truth, knowledge of unknowing and the cognition of the unthinkable.

Reason is not only clear, unbiased thinking, but even more the absolute honesty in oneself, which reveals the feeling of the heart with which knowledge and its logic are correctly weighted. Reason is thinking purified by feeling, and that is why it is so enormously important for all spiritual progress. It is undoubtedly a fact, and even a great secret for the seeker, that great things can only be accomplished when feeling and mind work together.

Where the mind is safe, it must cause the feeling to develop properly. Where feeling is sure, it has to guide the mind. This great wisdom is little known. Only through their rigorous application can one pull oneself out of the mud of unknowing by one's own bootstraps.

As simple as this rule appears, it is dangerous. It must be expressly warned against using it without deeper introspection. You should also have great security in logical thinking, otherwise this rule can be fatal. All conclusions and courses of action that are derived from it have to be checked again and again. The constant willingness to challenge and overthrow the entire web of experiences in all its segments and superordinate

structures is imperative. If one proceeds in the same direction, applying this rule without much checking and feeling safe, this even leads to a reduction in consciousness. In the context of this fine rule, reason is a quality which equals a magic wand.

Feeling and mind work hand in hand. But before that, the will must be strengthened. What would mind and feeling be without the assertiveness of the will? If you dedicate yourself to both of them, the will should already be realized, because otherwise the basis is simply missing. Where these three work together harmoniously, God manifests himself as the purest consciousness, abiding in all and considered the ultimate attainable goal.

Yes, the most important thing to bring into being through mind and feeling is the Christ Child. Anyone who understands the secret symbolism of the Bible knows that Joseph and Mary symbolize clear mind and pure feeling. Joseph's taking into care of Mary is tantamount to man's awakening to duty, which goes hand in hand with cultivating the divine feeling within the soul, which longs for peace and achieves it through dutiful action. When finally the clear mind gives the pure ( virginal ) feeling the opportunity to manifest itself, the love of truth and love of justice comes about. And here we have the birth of the Christ Child as a love of truth, as the birth of the higher self, the higher nature in the human soul, which is now beginning its way to resurrection.

How are we going to find truth when we are bad and wrong inside? We need a solid core of truth against which we can measure and judge everything else. Accordingly, the realization of the truth must take place gradually within ourselves. This is how truth arises in and out of ourselves. The falsity that envelops us becomes wonderfully transparent and allows us to see what is true. We become true representatives of the truth, who recognize what is good and true and bring it into the light through our lives.

Not only that we achieve happiness through truth, but also the deep contentment and great harmony of an all-conquering justice, which begins its triumphant march to true order and the good of all. Secretly, what we have always suspected is confirmed: there is justice, but the normal person knows nothing about it.

Only in constant thinking and experiencing can the mind attain the vast knowledge that makes it perfect. However, people's experiences and feelings are different. Everyone has a different point of view, a different perspective. Nevertheless, the highest goal is achievable for everyone. The heart is the compass that leads everyone along a different path to God. We must learn to use this compass.

So we have a thread of love in our hearts, which leads us to the tangle of supreme consciousness. But the worldly, the mental stands on this thread and closes our heart. Everything that drags us into the dirt of the world must be put aside. Only in purity of heart can the thread

of love be felt. Our eyes want to see. Our ears want to hear. Our heart wants to love. So let's give in to the cry from the deepest depths of our being. Let us let the love that blossoms in our hearts fill us with peace-giving joy. A thousand dissatisfactions and inexplicable things are burned up in the fire of our hearts, and heavenly dew wets our heads with precious wisdom.

The tenderness of love will make us gentle and compassionate. Our graciousness will mitigate the bad, and in our fellow human beings we will recognize the image of God. Only in love we will see God, because God is love itself.

The first step into purity of heart lets all lies fall away from us. Love and wisdom don't rhyme with lying. So we must first fulfill our heart's desire for truth. Love of truth is the supreme law of nature. From the deepest love of truth, wisdom and love gush out as if from a fountain. Thus all sages have always worshiped the truth as God himself. Inayat Khan narrates in 'From an Eastern Rose Garden':

There are sages who are moved to tears at the mere utterance of a word of essential truth. What is it that should have such an effect? Was there any pain hidden in it? No, their ideal alone was so high that they saw the ideal beauty in truth. The truth of being has become beautiful for them. Deity has become their beloved, and when a word of truth is whispered to their hearing, they are deeply moved.'

Love of truth is something very special. Yes, it can even be compared to the birth of the Christ Child, because this is only a symbolic external representation of what is happening deep down in our soul when we awaken to true inner life. The virgin birth actually took place, and it is a sign that Christ's birth should not be understood as a natural birth in the conventional sense, but as a purely spiritual one, as the germination of the Spirit of God in the human soul, which thereby opens itself to the truth of God laying in the human heart and thus comes to its new birth, to its divine growth in the light of the heart.

First you get pregnant with the Christ Child. This is the time of strengthening the will and fulfilling one's duty in order to finally achieve bliss and peace. After this the Christ Child is born, which is nothing more than the birth of the love of truth in the human heart. Because without love for the truth, bliss will not be attainable. Every human being is to give birth to Christ within themselves. Christ is hidden in every human heart. When we bring him to light through our rational life, we become true Christians.

Truth is a wonderful word. But for many it's just a word. Truth can be lived. Yes. But who does that? Truly living the truth is the most wonderful thing there is. It's an adventure, dangerous, beautiful and sublime. Getting closer and closer to the absolute truth, with every step, no matter how small, is a fascination. But how do you find the truth? Simply, very simply - through love.

Love of truth, simplicity, beauty. Love of truth gives us great wisdom to live rightly. Love of beauty gives us deep love to be everything. Love of simplicity gives us freedom and peace to see properly. In freedom and wisdom we act in justice. In peace and love we act in graciousness. Justice and graciousness lead us - to the truth.

The most beautiful song is in my heart, which delights me forever with its heavenly sounds of the spheres. It is my highest consciousness, eternally never fading, immersing myself in the gentlest nectar of knowledge. A whisper all the time, a laugh unlimited and the fullest life unique. My singing heart grants me everything. I listen. It's my pleasure. If my consciousness weren't there, I wouldn't be myself, I would be nothing. What happiness lies in the song of my heart! I had to go deep. To fathom it - to then hear it. Its divine sounds that beguile me.

My consciousness is all-encompassing. The most beautiful women, the fieryst wine, all this is mine. Their bodies, their graces, yes, that's fine. But the very best wine is always better. I enjoy it more because without it woman must perish. The wine is a sign for me, my conversation with this world that nourishes me and whose divine law increases in me. If I pay attention to everything, my interaction with the world, assimilation and harmony, God gives me invulnerability, which allows me to rise up to miracles and unbound cheerfulness.

Femininity is my goal. My highest pleasure, which must come after wine and the world. It gives me strength for infinity, and its love is my togetherness. In the highest agreement I will marry it. A bond for all eternity and the greatest happiness for two.

During my student days I sawed stones at Ytong, also nailed pallets where the cross boards had to be replaced.

It was in the yard that I saw a dead hedgehog under the pallets. It was flat and the fur moved ghostly. That was mysterious! Wanting to know what was going on, I took a stick and approached cautiously. The stick knocked the fur aside. I was startled, backed away. I had never seen anything more horrifying. Maggot upon maggot, as thick as a finger, a bunch of only maggots. They moved back and forth quickly. No eyes. No face. It was disgusting.

Such is the interior of people who feed on wickedness. Actually, these people are dead. But they wander about like living corpses, moved only by the maggots of the soul.

Spirituality is a disease. The voices of the material world are the causes. They tell you you have to do this and that; they promise such and such a title, reputation, money and much more. If you don't throw these causes out with all the other rubbish within you, you will die the material death. Material death is disorder at its best. Rigidity, sadness and eternal pain are the consequences.

Spiritual life is inner life. Who perfects himself in willing, thinking and feeling creates the highest order and purity within himself. The true, immortal light of life shines in precisely that purest order. It makes you immune and the whole world can no longer harm you.

Spirituality is a painful matter. I was maybe fourteen when I first encountered it. A painful stab at the lower end of the spine announced the awakening of the mysterious 'snake power': Kundalini. In the years that followed, it rose to the Manipura Chakra. I didn't know what was happening there. Sometimes the pain was so severe that I fell to my knees. It was like someone had stuck a spear in my abdomen. What did that mean? Did I have a tapeworm or something? I was silent.

Then something happened that I would never have dared to dream of. For several seconds I felt a tremendous stream of light in my spine. The phenomenon repeated itself at intervals of several weeks or months. So it was all true. Kundalini existed.

And I had awakened it! But where was I? Was I enlightened? The stream of light rose to the top of my head. I read certain books that I owned. Then I was sure: That wasn't an enlightenment. Two crucial things were missing: bliss and spiritual sounds. There was talk of spiritual sounds in several books that I considered very important. The only thing I heard was a certain buzzing in my ear that had always been there, to which I didn't attach any particular significance. So I wasn't enlightened. Just a sick spiritual who didn't know how to go on.

The day when I was to hear the spiritual sounds for the first time was not far off. It was the time I stayed deep in my heart and prayed for nothing but purity. I wanted to be as pure inside as possible. "God, take everything from me and give me the purest purity!" I prayed. My inner no longer tolerated bad things. I was not allowed to deceive my heart in anything, no matter how familiar and pleasant it was to me. Everything changed. The finest subtleties of my feelings lay open in front of my heart. I was constantly immersed in myself. My heart began to ache. It was like falling in love. I felt this love pain all the time.

At first there was only a fine, high-pitched sound - like from a TV set. It kept getting louder. I asked if one could hear that subtle tone. One didn't hear anything. So I was the only one who heard that sound. But where were the other sounds I had read about? The ringing of bells, the buzzing, the rushing ... ; where was all this? It wasn't

there. I had only achieved a little bit. I was just a tiny little seeker - not an enlightened one.

I woke up one morning, lay there and - no, I couldn't believe that! - heard the sound of bells, as if from far away. It was clearly coming from inside me, not outside. After a few months, there was a rattle. The scriptures confirmed to me a supreme consciousness. But I wasn't satisfied yet. Something was missing.

My body ached constantly. It twitched everywhere. Thousands of needles kept pricking me. The meridians caught fire. Kundalini opened up one meridian after the other. I felt them like flowing lava. Especially over the Saraswati Nadi there was a constant tormenting current that occasionally paralyzed my left arm. My forehead and temples burned.

One day I lay on my side and took a nap. It was as if a hammer smashed my forehead. A burst, a pop, followed by a cold fire that roared into my head. Again, I didn't know what that meant. Was that the enlightenment? I doubted

Months later the pain was gone. A gentle vibration filled my body. My consciousness, the world I lived in, was filled with bliss. A light, deep stillness gripped my inner. A detachment, deepest inner awareness and in it a joy that always was and never left, now filled me. My bliss, my cognition that it was all just a play of my self, and the deep peace that came over me took all my doubts away.

I had realized God. In my inner life the great work on the six chakras had been done. In the seventh chakra, at the top of the head, Kundalini rested and filled me with a gentle vibration. My soul had been awakened to a new life. It was Easter. I spoke about it. I was laughed at. I knew they would all die the material death.

## Victory

60

The craft fever had seized me. So I tinkered with this warship - three tiers of guns on each side: 'HMS Victory'.

I had a hunch that made me do all of this. But I was bad at school.

It happened the way it had to. My father was in a bad mood again, as so often. He went berserk, took almost all of my toys, threw them in the trash. Just a moment and the guns, the paints, the sails, all the trouble I had put into this material thing, all shattered in an instant of brutal, massive craftman hands. - I was shocked.

I was the trigger. In the end, my lack of spirit had even destroyed the material. How could I pay such attention to matter that neglected the spiritual, which was the basis of the material?

I started building a new ship - an inner ship. 'Victory' is English and means 'victory'. I wanted to build an indestructible, an eternal ship.

Yes, I did it. My ship! It lies anchored in the heart of my soul forever. My victory! I have achieved it - in my soul, my life, my books.

## The Inner Voice

61

It is a gentle loveliness - like a fine cloud streaming from the heart into the clear stillness which completely fills up the inner. If the inside, i.e. the soul, is very pure and calm, one feels this stillness, which can only come after many years of immersion.

In the purity of the soul, all veils are lifted from the heart so that it can unfold untouched in all innocence and let its scent flow out as a gentle vibration into the emptiness of the soul. The inner has this stillness, and in it there is patience, no urging, something thoroughly clear, deeply listening, passive, a perfect stillness that cannot be persuaded to act. Serenity that only comes from being free from desires.

If the soul is perfect, it receives in its purity the comforting, clear, liberating breath of a clean, cleansed heart. A feeling of safety and security arises, and the inner certainty is there that the thought that now appears in the mind is the redeeming signpost nothing contradicts within us, so that our actions can follow without hesitation.

The voices of the lower nature disturb. Whirling up they sweep around, tempting us to take hasty, ill-considered actions. They spread a feeling of insecurity. A bad, heavy, streaky feeling. It's like eating something bad. The inner does not attain real liberation. The soul is burdened with the impurities of the lower voices - an

oppressive, closed, defensive, tormented condition. The inner is so permeated with alien influences that it can no longer breathe freely. A to and fro without firm security turns the inner into a whirlwind of numerous feelings. There is no fine listening and waiting, just a motley jumble of chattering, lustful, perverse, deviant, stupid voices. They hold nothing good and always pull you into the badness of whims, quirks, peevishness and false feelings of all kinds. So the inner remains without any footing and reveals the purest chaos in completely insane actions.

One can only be sure of the inner voice when, in the situation of a sudden noise, humiliation, fear, irritation, etc., an excitement enters the soul without taking possession of it, for example by turning it into a hot inner arousal. It is something that slides down into the depths of the inner being and loses itself there without giving the soul any resonance. If the soul is likened to a calm lake, then the outward excitement of an imperfect soul is like a falling stone, creating waves of inner turmoil. For the perfect soul, an external excitement is like a ray of light that, without stirring up the lake, is lost in its depths. In a perfect soul, the world is reflected as it is, while an imperfect soul only creates distorted images.

## Yes-Saying

63

If I say 'yes', I don't have to do anything else. A single 'yes' contains a power that no one dares to face. In this way the world becomes a questioning servant. My secret task is revealed in the fulfillment of my duty. My yes-saying weaves me into the wheel of time and lets me recognize its flow.

So in my yes-saying lies not only the attraction of a new adventure, but also the certainty of the success to be achieved. My blinking heart is my talisman that elicits a little smile from the curmudgeon.

Saying 'yes' is the revelation of the heart. When I say 'yes', my innermost will furtively looks at my heart and lets it go.

Yes-saying and giving are one. If you say 'yes', you give. Who gives, will be given. If you say 'yes', 'yes' will be said to you. If you say 'yes' to the world, it lies at your feet. Yes-saying is acceptance of the world and my fulfillment in it. No-saying is the surrender of my world - and its fulfillment in me.

## Enlightenment

64

The moon gives the darkness the light it needs to see its sleeping ignorance in the light of the cognition of its unknowing. The enlightenment of the moon is the enlightenment of the mind and the dawn of the heart. The soul becomes a calm lake on a full moon night, in which the light of the heart is reflected.

The sun gives the cold the feeling it needs to melt its ungodliness in the warmth of the light that has always been within it. The enlightenment of the sun is the enlightenment of the heart and the storming of the soul. The heart becomes a star that has a thousand suns within itself and dazzles the soul.

The starlight gives the soul the purity it needs to retain the deep contentment of the divinity let in. The enlightenment of the starlight is the total enlightenment of the soul and the capture of the body. The Third Eye opens, floods the soul with divine light and makes the body tremble.

The universe gives the body the function it needs to manifest any divinity in eternal immortality. The enlightenment of the universe is the enlightenment of the body and the assimilation of God. A slight hum betrays the soul light glowing in the body of darkness.

There is only one thing you can really be strong in. You have to decide what you want - and pay the price for it. You are enlightened. Enlightenment is enough. No more claim.

Wafts of fog, smoke. Again fire brigade. Another dead man. Suffocated again.

Mold on the walls. My asthma has killed me three times. The spring comes. My death sentence. I'm choking. Only a dead enlightened one is a good enlightened one. Hades.

In the hall I am threatened with a knife. You spit at each other. You fight.

I take this dove of peace; it was sitting on the floor. Then I feel something warm on my hand. Shitten! I throw it away in disgust. If you help someone, make sure you don't get shit on!

I clean the hall. The old Turk Servet is leaning against the warm radiator. "Your ass is pretty big. How much does it cost?" "One hundred thousand marks." Everything has its price.

When the little Filipina comes, she pisses. Not me. She wants to make me horny. I never take my eyes off her. She steals.

The dogs shit everything here. One step on the lawn and you puke. I'll give them rat poison biscuits.

Life is a slap in the face. I would never have expected it. I have too much respect for God. He taught me otherwise. When you swim in the sewer, you need this straw to get air.

Like the whale squirts its fountain, I spit my mucus out of my lungs. A hundred and ten kilograms of mass, muscles, they burn oxygen. My bulk crushes and suffocates me like a stranded whale. The whistling of my lungs sounds like whale song.

I poop four times. The trots. Life comes to an end. I couldn't give a shit. The toilet breaks. I am laying in the shit. Damned!

The redhead lets the tattooed Greek fuck her. He takes her from behind, on the balcony. We sit down here and watch, drink our beer.

They also do it in the hallway. They are on welfare. Welfare fucking. We all participate because it is audible. The redhead screams her head off.

They surround themselves with the sweet smell of corpses. The whole floor and four adjoining ones stink like it. Unbearable. Termination. They're out in just six months. The two booths neglected. The welfare office pays for everything. They get a new apartment nearby. She is pregnant. I walk past her block. From afar, on the other side of the street, I smell this sweet odor of corpses.

Sex? After nine hours at work, four hours on the bus and train, miles on foot, training, preparing food, eating... I'm falling down. Sex?

If you only live in the shadow of the rich, if you are only their slave blowing on the economy, then you have no more air to live. Only death can then be your goal.

If you knew what blubber these rich live in! They use you as a slave and only see you as the dirt of the world. Before they share with you, they cut your throat. They are afraid of death.

It's getting dark. We remain seated and continue to drink our beer. It's too warm in the booths. Too stuffy. We enjoy the coolness of the evening air. Hot women walk along the fence. But we don't feel like fucking. Too warm. When you get old, rest matters more than a wet rind to lick. Moving the cunt drill back and forth in such a dripping snatch only has the value of a holy picture - far too exhausting.

I think of Sven, who sells stimulant pills to the people at the main train station. He fucked Sandra. I think of Susan, the tattooed nympho who's always up for sex. Gorgeous tits! I would have liked to fuck her, but she smokes.

I know the hookers. They cling to you like leeches. Show them an empty wallet and they won't look at you again. - I know the police. Ask for a second witness and they dash away.

I was summoned for a psychiatric evaluation. I desecrate the women in the neighborhood with perverted letters. I steal, threaten to cut off the Greek's cock, kicked Servet in the ass. And I killed. Killed? Yes, the past, the present and the future. I am timeless now. And perverted. If you're not a pervert here, you die.

## The Master

69

A master is deeply interested in the progress of his disciple. The master has everything, the disciple nothing. Therefore the disciple is all that a master has. When a master thinks of realization, it sets out but never arrives, for it falls into the nothingness, and so a master has nothing to really give unless it is stolen from him. He who steals something from a master has nothing when he has; but if he is empty like the nothingness, he has everything.

A master walks his path alone, untouched and unshaken by all the world. God's blessing alone, and the world is nothing. His inner life has infinity, his exterior is a mysterious manifestation of experienced divinity.

A master is not an almighty god, but a human incarnate. His eternal dream of perfection has become his reality.

A master does not see the world that others see. He is absorbed in himself; the outward is the message of God. Others do not see what a master sees. They are absorbed in the outward; their inner is a denial of life.

The master's joy is everlasting connectivity. The duty of the others is eternal separation. The disciple is the nothingness of the others, through which the connectivity of the master overcomes them.

The master loves his disciple because s/he is the only thing he has. The student loves his master because he is the only thing he does not have.

The student needs his master, for without him he cannot live. The master needs his disciple, for without him he cannot die.

Sometimes the master growls to scare his student, but he secretly wishes for his conquering laugh.

Sometimes the master lies and wishes that his teasing would be seen through.

Sometimes the master says nothing and wishes everyone to understand.

Always the master is immersed in his inner self. He lives the inner life and he demands it of his disciple.

The master is always grateful for everything he has and does not have, and he demands it from his disciple.

Always the master is honest. He lives in the sincerity of his heart and he demands it of his disciple.

How to become a master - To be a master one needs a strong will, a perfect mind and a big heart. How do you get all of this? - By doing one's duty, gathering much knowledge and meditating.

How do you go about it? - Immerse yourself in duty and overcome your weaknesses. One cognizes one's unknowing and learns from the experience of daily life. Go into your heart and stay in it.

Those who strive for perfection will achieve it. You realize everything within yourself and always act from within. When all the inexplicable things have disappeared, you've made it.

What happens when you've made it? - The forehead opens in the invisible area and a cold fire flows in. The body is filled with divine light and the soul becomes immortal.

And then? - Then you live on.

## The Enlightened One

72

How do you recognize an enlightened one? -  
My dear child, how should I explain this to you? Only the enlightened himself knows about his enlightenment. Know the world for what it really is; become enlightened and you will recognize yourself!

Be so pure that within yourself there is no obstacle to your enlightenment. Give no place to the darkness and the light will see you.

When I was little, I prayed: "Dear God, I'm small, my heart is pure, let me into heaven!" - So a little light was born in my heart.

When I was smaller and purer, I prayed: "God, take everything away from me and give me the purest love for you!" - So my soul was flooded with the rays of my heart's sun and cleaned.

I was the smallest and purest then and I cried as I do now that I am writing these lines. God opened my Third Eye, let all the colors of the rainbow flow into me and lit up my soul like a Christmas tree at Christmas time.

I've always believed in God. At first I denied him and prayed, "God, if you are real, then..."

Years later I prayed, "God, give me just this one time."

Then I thought, "God, what are you trying to tell me, what am I supposed to learn from this?"

After years I said, "God, I know you're right, but couldn't you...?"

When I was enlightened, I said to him: "It has been going well so far, but please remember that there must be a way forward!"

You ask me if I'm enlightened. Do you want me to tell you that I'm not? I cannot do that. I haven't lied since I was in kindergarten.

Do you want proof? My proof is within myself. What matters to me is what I think about myself. I've often said to God, "Do whatever you want, damn it! But I must be true to myself, otherwise I can never be happy." Then I did my duty as I saw fit so that I could have peace of mind and contentment. Sometimes I felt then that I had betrayed God. But since I didn't know exactly what he wanted, I had to at least know what I wanted myself. This gave me the selfishness that separated me from God - only to find him again in myself.

Imagine leaving your dearest friend abroad to return to the solitude of your homeland. You go to your father's house; there your dearest friend sits in front of the lighted chimney and asks: "Where have you been for so long?" You fall into his arms and cry: "My friend, my friend!"

When you realize that God is your only friend, you are mature to love him. Never think that there could be anything other than God. He's the only thing you can really have. You should love him more than yourself because without him you are nothing.

## My Luck

75

Only my highest consciousness could give me the cognition of God. Owning it, seeing it through his eyes, is the greatest happiness I have ever had. My inner purity, my contentment in divine safety and my joy in the moment seduce me to a constant smile, sometimes to a loud laugh and always to the deepest spiritual bliss, which I, as the only, eternal good, the most precious treasure in me, will never let pass away. Happiness is the only thing I wanted, what I have, and what I will always be.

## I Weep

76

You gave me my life. I was always grateful to you for that. In all my adventures, my defeats and my victories, I thought of you. I have never forgotten you and always trusted in you. I acted only out of gratitude; you always gave me what I needed. How blind was I! You were my light on an endless path. What others never see, you gave it to me. How can I ever thank you? I can't believe my luck. After endless searching you gave me your cognition. I live in deep love for you. I am so infinitely grateful to you. Sometimes I cry because my gratitude will never be enough to appreciate the happiness you gave me.

Twelve years of enlightenment. Twelve years  
this house. Can I get out?

Friends have announced themselves. A big car is  
coming. They get off.

Oh, a gift for me: a white jacket with fringes on it. They  
help me get dressed. They promise me warm meals.  
Three times a day. And sex with the warden. I want to  
know her name. Her name is Madonna. A nice name. I  
am moved

They have a big room for me: twenty square meters!  
The windows closed so that the air remains pollen-free.  
Everything air-conditioned. A paradise for asthmatics.  
Oh yeah.

I think of my tiny den. Often I would bang my knee or  
foot against the wall or chair and whimper in pain. Not  
here. The walls are padded. What a luxury!

We get out. A great estate. A high wall. Very secure!  
They push me to the large, forged entrance. On the door  
is written in big copper letters: Jerusalem.