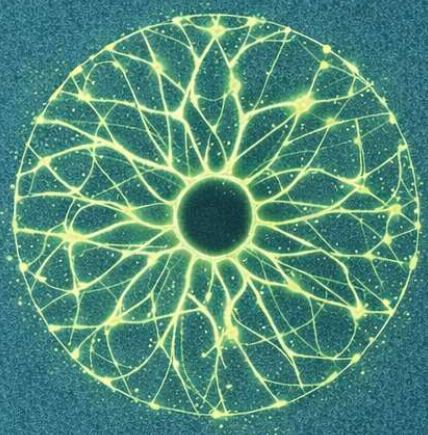
ALL GREEN

Whatever IS & seems to BE



Reto Ray Schaffer

Part 1

THIS BOOK IS NOT YET ON THE ENGLISH MAKET.

Impressum

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My face beams like the sun **Ra**

My heart reflects on the eternal waters of **Nun**

My tongue sings of endless possibilities –

Of: All that **IS** and seems to **BE**

Ra and Nun are Egyptian gods.

Ra *is (like the lion in the animal kingdom) the king of all creatures, the son of Nun, the lord of timeless existence. And thus he remains—despite his solar manifestation—also the unfathomable: not only light, but also the silence in which the light rests.*

Nun*: Divine personification of chaos; primordial demiurge of the primeval waters, of space, absolute darkness, primordial soup, primordial emergence of the gods, primeval beginning and primordial waters …*

Dear readers,

It is not a matter of knowing ‘who I am’

knowing only disguises me.

There is nothing I must or must not do,

because this “dream-world” is unconditional ….

It is not about being That or integrating some-thing,

because we have been That through the ages.

It is not about defining no-thing-ness or some-thing,

because undefined … everything is always one.

Whether we realise That or not is irrelevant,

Maybe not so for a presumed ME.

But who cares?

Let‘s rather dance now exuberantly ..

Mary Wigman, Lago Maggiore 1913

This page was not only accompanied by

SIAs: „Soon We‘ll be found“, but also by the song of Lady Gaga

with Bradley Cooper: „Shallow“

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The music of Andra Day’s „What the World Needs Now Is Love“ and George Harrison‘s „My Sweet Lord“ (R.M. 2009

Tweet, tweet, tweet — tweet, tweet — tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet —
sings the bird outside my house, then flutters away in a sudden burst of frantic wings
just as I try to gently slide open the terrace door.
But now I see him, standing still in the sky …
the Morning Star, greeting me with joy!

It's still early — a cool early summer morning, just before 5 a.m.
I prepare my healing Earl Grey–Piccadilly blend (two-thirds to one-third),
think of the old *tea masters*,
pull a warm sweater over my shoulders,
and sit down on the still slightly damp cushions of my old rattan lounge.
This morning I feel it more clearly than ever before —
the world wants to change.

As I linger in my early morning reverie,
I think of the shining Venus,
of Jacques Dutronc's atmospheric song: *"Il est cinq heures, Paris s'éveille."*
The magic of these early hours inspires me
to write a poem.

Let yourself keep being seduced by your own nature,
and feel this eternal dawn within you —
delicate, fragrant flower
and all-witnessing ME!

No longer grasp at concepts or frozen ideas —
at all that seemingly testified nothingness.
It cannot be possessed.

Unmask your ideas of self and world.
And see!
The world is as boundless as our innermost Self.

Forget it all — everything you hold onto,
even yourself (if you can),
for a new day calls you with feelings free of guilt.

Do you hear it too?

FOREWORD

Part 1 of the Book

The poets are the secret legislators of the world.

— Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

Since the protagonist Neo in the film *The Matrix* had the experience of many deadly bullets passing through his body without fulfilling their original destructive purpose, the focus of many people has turned toward an aspect of our existence that we might call *resistancelessness*. The greatest sophistication of all life lies in offering no opposition to itself. Every pause creates a blockage, and every turn causes a distortion. We can travel nowhere except along the flow. If we throw doubts into it, our life's elixir swirls around like water around a stone in the stream. Every thought slows the speed and causes unfathomable whirlpools. It's only fair and reasonable to explore this more and understand it better, but the wish to make exploration functional will always be "for nothing"! The water couldn't care less if we hold a hand in it to scoop it or hinder its flow. So, in this sense, we can forget any discourse about moral intention. Water flows; that's its nature, and that's all there is to it! Thus, *Green* is not a fantastical term but a very real one for God or simply *Everything*, as the author claims in the present mantra. The "genre" seems to be the most possible, although, of course, any categorization is absurd. But trust me: if you want to judge the effect, it's most akin to a mantric expedition into the more spherical realms of our existence.

And what more can be said with so much naturalness? A synonym for being, which I personally like. If one looks at life as a whole, beyond one's own little horizon, one will likely feel dizzy. If one examines details through a microscope, one will probably disappear, as in Mandelbrot's "Fractal Worlds." In both the large and the small, humans probably only miss one thing: the end! That there is no end, neither physically nor spiritually, can drive one simply mad. If the eye of the observer grows "louder," one must admit that it is literally impossible to make a decision or fix anything of the beautiful life. The author certainly avoids this and still manages to capture the beauty of not being able to say anything. He does not let himself be discouraged by this. It's fun to hang along the railing of the chosen subjective integration of a specific generation, in a specific age, enjoying the view … yes, what exactly? If you, as a reader, want to, into the optional generalization that concerns you, perhaps in red or yellow or violet. The color really doesn't matter; it's just the idea of coloring everything that is the great, imaginary artistic trick!

"Colours of My Life" explain to us The Seekers and Nightwish sing their "Nemo", almost fittingly with *The Matrix*.

However, it is striking, and I do not want to withhold it, that the process of understanding portrayed here does not involve developmental moments, meaning no stepwise processes. Since the realization speaks from the beginning, there is rather a spiraling movement in place, which works quite differently than the structure initially suggests. The path of realization doesn't fight its way through the "abers," but unfolds like a mantra, revealing the spectrum of evidence and perspectives. The book does not build its conclusion step by step in any direction but remains with its eye on the kaleidoscope, where the elements always have a certain amount, otherwise, the enlightening goal of the author could not have been achieved … Hats off!

If you still don't know what it's really about in the end, then try reading it like this: follow the discourse, the spiral, as long as you can. As soon as you notice you're running out of breath, step back a little from the "substance" and simply admire the author's perseverance. Don't let yourself be intimidated! Climbing to intellectual heights is an extreme sport! You do it not only for your fitness but also for your flexibility. Water is (not) there to play with (apart from drinking), to watch it, to follow it, to learn from it, and, damn it, to love it dearly – to realize that we've long been it. By the way, this brings me to the idea of categorizing the genre more as occasional poetry. The conceptual essence of this book fits on a beer mat, and nothing else had the author in mind when writing this musically accompanied "love letter to Everything and Nothing."

It is such that the discerning reader will surely place the end of the book right before the beginning to keep the magic alive – and themselves alive.

Ina Kleinod

Author

Remarks on the (Opening) Poem from the Author

"Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

My dear Shelley, perhaps we should approach these "unacknowledged legislators" with a touch more caution, because:

It is always startling to see
how dreamt-up poets have shaped—and still shape—our world with dreamt stories;
how they breathed meaning into their tales
and seeded a cultural inheritance into our neural minds.

And yet, in truth, it is hardly worth collecting all this knowledge—
or rebelling against it—
for it is all mere pseudo-knowledge:

shadows cast by a shadow,
dreamt thoughts of dreamt selves,
a brief flurry of snow—
insignificant stories, endlessly brewed,
served and re-served, interpreted and re-interpreted …

from no one,
served from nothing.

This book is among them.

The Search

Written for you, for me, and for all apparent seekers

How many years have we,
with longing and bleeding hearts,
raced through this promise-laden world;
how many ideas and lines of poetry
have, over the years,
seared themselves into our thirsting minds—
and still we egos wait,
wait and expect
that something—anything—will happen to us or within us;

we cannot change this by searching—
we have tried every door
and, fortunately, found nothing;

we have meditated, contemplated,
tormented ourselves with forms of yoga,
fasting and mantras—
we did not choose our path,
our origin, our parents,
nor our fate ourselves,

and suddenly we stand bewildered
at the end of this cycle,
where the rearing earth
is flooded by water, burned by fire …

no, we do not know
when Shakti will ignite our Sushumna,
or whether she must be awakened at all;
and yet here we still stand:
sincere and strong in thought—
confessing callers in the desert,
failures before ourselves.

For us,
who stand at the edge of nowhere,
between day and night, war and peace,

compulsion and freedom,
apparent I and NOTHING,
these lines were written;

even if we find here
no arrogant promise:
no new happiness,
no prize at the end of the road—

There is no I, no world,
and the dawn has long been here.

There is simply what IS—
apparent movements, reflections,
spiralling reproductions of nothing ...

and how futile it is
to reflect on wishes, longings, dreams
and “mental imprints”;

yet if you like,
still reach me your hand,
and let us together,
with time and leisure,
discover the lines that follow ...

Perhaps
“my innermost nothing”
wrote it.

"Nothing Arrived," say the Villagers, and how right they are, for nothing has ever arrived or happened... for that, I now feel like listening to *"Sign of the Times"* by Harry Styles. I think I'll play that title right away.

INTRODUCTION

How This Book Came to Be

For most of my life I chased—light-footed as Diana, goddess of the hunt—through thickets in pursuit of spiritual prey. Apart from a few hidden clearings, I found hardly any of the answers I thought I needed. So I began to answer myself—whatever that "myself" may be—out of my own archive of history and myth. And then, suddenly, there it was: the royal stag, standing in full splendour before me.

Yet I no longer felt the need to hunt it down or dissect it with a fine blade. Something in the chase had loosened. The questions that mattered to me began to lose their grip. I hope you'll enjoy these answers too—but be warned: they are just as limited as those of countless thinkers before me. They are concepts, cast into words. And words are bound to sound, to culture, to habit. They are easily infected with that familiar spell: the self- and meaning-producing reflex. More on that later.

It would be wonderful if, after a few pages, you could hear these green words in such a way that language itself lies—quiet and emptied—at your feet. Slip behind words, behind knowledge, behind all mental structures (if that is possible); behind old veils and sacred names; behind what is learned and what is merely imagined … and you may find yourself where you—without you—have always been: beyond every spiritual approach.

But who knows. Perhaps the flood of images in this book lifts a corner of the veil.

Every line in this book—like everything that seems—
a wild, fleeting vision of Nothing,
kindled by the poetic force of archetypes
forever lying in wait
across the many "regions" of the dream …

and maybe—more than any religion—
they crack open
our (non-)existent, well-trained, veiled seeming-being.

We are stamped by ancient utterances,
pre-thoughts, long forgotten—
ideas, universes, images
that have always clung like echo
to the shores of this apparent space-time—

but for whom,
and for how much longer?

And through this seeming I
the present world awakens:
a tingling play of light and love
upon the screen of an "assumed" now,
like sunlight evaporating
from a reflective—
yet wholly uninvolved—
sea of worlds.

Fair enough—yet what is this book actually about?

In truth, it is always about the same thing, dear reader: it is about **you**.
No—not about some "thing," but about an *inessential I*, and about the deepest longings of this eye-dazzled world.
It is about our originless "origin," about the most obvious, most immanent, most paradoxical matter of all.
It is about what we are—apparently and inevitably, unfindable and yet utterly plain:

Everything and Nothing.

The following chapters and sections—meant to be read in any order you like—are something like spontaneous flashes: philosophical morsels, stolen from the deepest depths of Nothing. Images from Nothing. And about Nothing (oh dear). About being and seeming.

If you like, this book is a conceptual cocktail: a shot of history, a strong pour of mysticism, infused with a little science—and a whole, whole lot of Nothing.

…And while I'm writing this, I'm listening to Emeli Sandé's peaceful, beautiful song "River."

That song—like music in general—carries me into many more lines in this book: lines that all hold a trace of dawn within them. Lines written for this dawning age, for this bloodless, waterless ocean we have been drifting in since time immemorial.

So what, then, is fundamentally different about this book? Let yourself be surprised.

Essentially, I ask questions to me and "my memory-palace"—questions I answer through stories, sometimes more, sometimes less expansively. The "important" questions I had yesterday, and the ones I have today. And I hope that *I* (whatever this "I" may be) can offer you a few answers to your own unanswered questions.

Perhaps it is worth saying this, too: this green rhapsody—after years of study—wrote itself almost by force, like a storm pressing in. And one thing became clear to me:

This book may be dangerous for the oppositional mind—for that image-heavy self-assertion called "me," for our old dual, spiritual, and religious concepts.

It is not a literary monument, nor a scientific treatise. It is forceful shards of language—spontaneous songs of being—poetry drunk at the sweet-scented breast of Nothing.

Green pearls. Little delicacies. Blossoms of the very same flower—perhaps nudging the mind toward dreamier thought and a freer sense of living, beyond the usual dullness (where I imagine I am the thinker and the doer).

But I hope these unintended blossoms of thought do **not** hand you a new meaning of life, a new belief-system. I hope they simply show you something about your apparent self, your seeming life—how this cosmic film develops as an idea, how Nothing gets overwritten.

And one more important thing:

Not once do these lines tell you that you must achieve, improve, do, or stop doing anything—because for that, you and I (and this world) would first have to exist in the way we assume.

Thankfully, this is not another self-help book that tires you out until you don't even want to understand anymore. In the best case you go on doing exactly what you have been doing—with or without tormenting intention. Judging everything or nothing through your trained imprints.

Let this Nothing—this spontaneous "doing"—keep flowing through you, because that is what you do—no, what you *are* already: dear Nothing, dear absence of every supposed presence.

Come on, baby—"let the good times roll," Roy Orbison tells us, simply. And those good times can be anywhere—above all: **right now**.

So perhaps the only practical instruction in this book is: remain as you are.
You are wonderful—a cosmically pulsing dream—the reality of this block universe.
What you are, what I am, what we think, what happens, is perfect—**it is what is.**

We do not need to change our thoughts and words, our thinking and being. One thing is clear: we could not have walked any other path than the one we walk—if we are walking it at all.

Now you already know everything essential about this book. Will you read it anyway? I'd be glad.

One last thing: as you've noticed, I like music. This book was written mostly with the sound of the 60s and 70s in my ears—though newer songs came along too. They helped me—without drugs—to slip beyond linguistic limits, crack them open, and rearrange them poetically. And so I pass—purposeful and (un)focused—between the red pillar and the black.

And again that strange feeling returns: standing at the edge of an (ever) new world cycle.

Perhaps this book is, in some way, the spiritual groundwork of the flower-bright hippie era. A bit late, I admit—back then it would have been needed.

But why not travel with me once more—joy in the heart—through the wounded cradle of civilization (Turkey, Syria, Iraq …) all the way to India, toward a new flowering time, to listen—dressed in long, billowing clothes, intoxicated by life—to the sound of the sitar.

The world is ready for a more permeable self—less striving, less asserting.
Are we?

Mott the Hoople are blasting their wild **"All the Young Dudes."**
Lost in memory, I see myself again on a bed at the Lake View Hotel in Pushkar, India—thirsting for knowledge, leafing through dozens of books.
What a delight.

And do you know what might be the most important thing about this book?
It tries to say—plainly—what countless sacred, secret, and spiritual books have tried to say for five thousand years.
It tells you that you are the very stuff our dreams are made of.
That you are the eternally inseparable One—yet you can only seem to perceive yourself in opposites.

In truth, it keeps saying the same thing on every page—
and it is full of music.
It describes a process-less "processing," an inexplicable nothingness.

If that isn't delightfully absurd.

Now **The Verve** comes on: **"The Drugs Don't Work."**
I let it play to the very end.
Then I put on Bob Dylan—**"The Times They Are A-Changin',"**
and I find myself wondering what will become of our world.

A Dream of Green Revolution (minimal edit)

And once again, unborn freedom stirs in a heavily pregnant belly …
Words from a supposed ME—within space-time.

Can this TV-, smartphone-, and tablet-generation rise again and surf toward new horizons—
with or without flowers in their hair, but with a sweet song and a smile on their lips?

Or are we being devoured by augmented reality, by cybernetic options, by sleek, flat rectangles—
by toys that keep us busy and oddly hungry?
Do we chain our freedom to contradictory knowledge, outdated financial structures, cultural myths—
to material addictions and flickering screens?

Do we let ourselves be conditioned by canned, pre-chewed, fast-paced information
without ever truly digesting it?
Or do we use our gadgets to communicate, to learn, to connect—
pushing perception toward yet another illusory “leap of consciousness”?

Is our generation suffering from leashes that are too long—
from too little fire, too much comfort, too easy an availability of things,
too many seductively glittering luxuries?

Or are we the “pretty ones,” cyber-hippies,
ailing from materialist thinking and a tired democratic imagination;
from a conservative overestimation of an overdrawn I-world;
from narcissistic, honey-tongued self-adoration?

And are we swallowing all that inner debris without noticing
which mainstream mind-set we are drifting into—
and what quiet peace we trade away in the process?

So let’s rise again. Forget the banging of war drums.
Gently take the reins from your “ME”—the all-knowing, greedy, eternally unsatisfied—if you can.
We gave it the power to oppress—power it would never have had otherwise.

Be free now to be what you already are:
free from yourself, from every intention;
free from fear (death is guaranteed—at least for our ME);

free from the delusion of body-existence, from the belief that you are the doer;
free from authorities, from suffocating political or religious systems;
free from imposed “order,” from false chastity, from inherited guilt—
free to express what appears.

Nothing is quite as we believe it is. Everything is just … a staged story for the supposed ME—
a materialised, inside-out, seemingly shimmering, image-emitting, mind-frozen nothing.

And even this critique—this whole manifesto—may be only another wave.
Still: children of this aeon, feel your nature,
even if there is no one (no ego) to do the feeling.
Marvel trustingly, because everything you see—that is you:
an eternally appearing and disappearing nothing.

So dance, and keep walking barefoot across this blue-green spaceship Earth,
just as you seem to be.

But instead of wild dancing, Joan Baez softly sings: **“So We’ll Go No More A-Roving.”**
Wow. Is everything really green for me now?

All GREEN

or: GOD IS GREEN

I have had many visions—ideas of the world, ideas of God. But this one—where the world, where "everything is green," where being, where "God is green," an ocean full of life—touched me deeply. Whatever I saw appeared in a luminous, dreamy, green-spirited, life-giving hue. Even the usually grim vegetation-god Asar (Osiris), on the cover of a book lying to my right, smiled at me—almost encouragingly. And more than that: everything that was seen, heard, and touched seemed to be neither inside nor outside of me.

Your (falcon's) eye is his eye, his eye is your eye, his eye is green … (the essence of the reed, of life).
—Ancient Egyptian ritual chant

Regrettably, this sudden green vision—this ego- and thoughtless experience—was only temporary, even though time itself seemed absent within that memoryless, selfless clarity. But can I even speak of an "I" or "me," of "myself," of an "insight" that was "had," when such meagre thoughts and words were not there?

Other questions followed. First: this NOW was still just a notion in a stirred mind. Second: I could not coherently explain why everything—or nothing—why this formless divinity, was not blue, or perhaps even more beautifully violet. Third, and most difficult: who—or what—declared everything to be green?

After years of intuitive searching and countless unrecorded moments, my pseudo-self received the strangest answers to its former questions:

- My "me" cannot develop personal or original ideas, because every "event" is replicated: an interdependent, involuntary, neuronally conditioned function—pre-thought, pre-shaped.
- My "me" cannot reprogram itself, cannot free itself from prevailing belief patterns. It cannot walk into a store and exchange its software. So much for free will.
- My "me" has no true authority, driven from the outset by the cosmic mind: ancient tendencies, paradigmatic structures, latent impressions—seduced by meme-genetic language into a semblance of being, into an ego-veiled reality.
- And this "me"—frightened, like Odin on the ninth day of torment on Yggdrasil—does not lead me to abandon the ego. It clings to runes: words, spontaneous thoughts, apparent memories, claiming them as its own.

"YES, EXACTLY—WHERE IS MY MIND?" ask the Pixies, and I find myself wondering the same.

Okay, I said to myself: this “me” is merely a contracted image, a dream of nothingness—a multisensory performance in the brain. A mask. A clingy monkey that grabs at whatever appears, trying to control what it cannot control—while secretly knowing it is taking on too much. And still it cannot let go, because it was never programmed to surrender, only to seek, love, crave, bind, assert, imagine, relate, survive—and that is perfectly fine.

In the background, Bob Dylan plays—various voices, various decades. And now Joan Baez begins: **“Boots of Spanish Leather.”**

This functional, artfully constructed “me” exists, it seems, to read cosmic light-patterns, to form relationships with these flickering shapes, and to store the resulting image-information somewhere. Yet by my own limited insight I also see this: the ego-less “me”—emptiness, divinity, everything or nothing—is in essence bodiless: a seemingly potential, functional nothing; unmanifest, or seemingly manifest—ultimately the experience-less essence out of which all forms of energy conjure space.

My true home (which I, as a reflective “me,” can never find, since I am it) is beyond here and hereafter, beyond presence and absence—yet also within all these image-events, all these surface-flashes and particle-swollen reflections. One might almost say: a seemingly material, gravity-heavy yet weightlessly dancing now; a seemingly expanded space that is, in truth, always ego- and spacetime-less.

To my relief I realised, at the same time, that this holographically dripped “me-thing”—this contracted, relationship-hungry sensory mind whose insoluble task is to reflect, interpret, and narrate energy-patterns—did not place itself into the world. And so it became clear: I neither could nor needed to overcome myself, simply because—

- this self-asserting “me-thing” does not exist as something real, at most as a swelling, dream-like event;
- “I” and “world” only mirror through delusional shadows, through self-reflection;
- daily “consciousness” is tormented into shape by perception-laden thought;
- “awakening” is often only linguistic: self-description, self-recognition;
- and the “something” called me is merely the networking of impressions into a story.

Oh yes: this me-bag was never anything other than a bold assertion, stuffed with psychedelic images and meaning-drenched syllables. No “me,” no Buddha, no one ever needed to be beheaded. No one needs to chase ideal liberation—or, like Don Quixote, fight windmills.

So why not now?

Because no inductive “me” was ever born; no presumed substance, no deity-object was ever created—and therefore nothing can be attacked. So we can be free: free as birds; free like the vegetarian nudists of 1910 on Monte Verità; free like the carefree hippies of the 1960s.

Theodore Roszak described that movement like this:
“They gather in colourful costumes on a hill in the public park to greet the rising and setting of the midsummer sun. They dance, they sing, they make love, each as they please, without structure or plan… All have equal access to the event; no one is deceived or manipulated. Nothing is hopelessly at stake—no realm, no power, no glory.”

BIRTH —
WITH OR WITHOUT A ME

Questions from the Memory-Palace

What does it truly mean to undergo a *supposed* birth of "me"?
What is born—or seems to appear—and for whom?
Who believes in this appeared life and bears witness to "their" own birth?
How does a mere bodily function, called *me*, assert itself as a being called *Self*?
By what cosmic act, or through what heavenly birth, did the universe awaken?

Answers out of Nowhere

> "The only way to make sense out of change is to plunge into it, move with it, and join the dance."
>
> — Alan Watts (1915–1973)

Who in this world hasn't already heard the rumour that they were born?

Apparently, I came into the world on **14 July**, a few years before the "Summer of Love." The exact time was recorded sometime in the flower-soaked 1960s—probably so one could someday calculate the stars and horoscopes. After all, the ME wants to know by what law it entered.

Cut back: what is born—and for whom?

Before my inner eye, I see constellations forming. I sense how we—secretly enchanted—seem to awaken, how we are drawn toward a black hole, how my conceptual ME—yes, this swirling frequency of consciousness—intensifies. Countless interwoven, ring-shaped, highly charged fields begin to dance (like Shiva and Shakti) within this mentally limited I-am cosmos. Once more aligned, they still sound strangely disharmonious.

What do these spherical rings signify?
Are they "plasmic" circles of time, or overlapping aeons?
Are they, like everything I perceive, merely dreamt thought-forms—non-locally collapsing imaginations: whirls woven of light, worlds or bubbles of a holographic block universe, caused

by the inhaling and exhaling of Brahma?
Are they proto-energies inhaled, or thought-fields exhaled in some delirious—yet truthful—beingness?
Or is it merely our collective will—operating through some "algorithmic law"—that articulates itself into this field of life?

Cyclically, the gently swelling ocean flirts with, embraces, and washes over its mind-assumed shores …

And I wonder: are these ripples ordering a new age—just as they did before time began—in every timeless moment?

And so, as always, one thing leads to another:

Soundtrack: The 5th Dimension — "Aquarius / Let the Sunshine In."

Yes, synchronicity is a wondrous thing—but honestly, I couldn't care less right now. These dreamy songs simply lift my thoughtful spirit.

I remember the Woodstock film, the many wild-haired, naked gods and goddesses.
I remember my father's tie—flowers blooming in the boldest colours: yellow, orange, brown, with a touch of pale green. There was so much itchy fabric in that thing, he barely needed to wear anything else.

Well—maybe not everything was great in those wild years.

Cut back: what is born—and for whom?

But wait. Back to the "green god"—and no, not a restaurant. Not a hotel either …

Soundtrack: Eagles — "Hotel California."

Even as the Eagles serenade me with their laid-back song—*a hotel in the dreamworld of "California Dreaming"* (The Mamas & The Papas), frequented by drug-induced celebrities of the early '70s—

I ask myself, intently:

What actually believes in these externally witnessed images—in evolution, in progress?
What has been—or believes itself to be—born?
What showed up in accordance with some divine law, and then began to believe in godly, economic, financial, or cultural orders?

Is it this mysterious, beautiful body of mine—now slightly rounder with age—equipped with senses of perception?

Maybe so—and maybe not.

And still: who is it that believes it was born?

In any case, a birth ritual affirms to the child—or at least its parents—that something has emerged into the light of the world: a human being, a ghostly ME, a bubble, a body expanded into space—something that begins to respond to a certain sound (its name) within the first few years of life.

The undifferentiated oneness—the blue-green being—awakens from darkness veiled in deeper darkness, from the blackest void of potential no-thingness (or every-ness). Nature, seeming to externalise itself, suddenly recognises—in red-blossomed self-reflection:

There is, after all, an all-potent field in the cosmos—resonant and ratiocinating—sucking in and exhaling everything, permeating me, this breathing being of nothingness, subduing itself as if under hypnosis.

Ever more swiftly, through my rather ignorant tendencies—more unconsciously than consciously—I begin to interact with these generative principles, these cosmic fields. A wild dance in an undivided, holistic, functional, yet still open-ended world.

Cut back: what is born—and for whom?

Ah yes—there is also that wondrous dreamt tale of evolution:

Already in my mother's womb (cosmic space), I am shaped e-motionally—decoding filtered light, charged energy fields, this matrix full of nodal points—with an unconscious imagination and a capacity to store.

I suck and suck, filling myself at my mother's breast—she nourishes me with the essentials of life, but also with pleasure: the dubious pleasure of perceiving the world as real through a reflex of suction.

After the trauma of birth, my once-silent mouth gradually discovers its first words—and thus the lingering sucking reflex becomes, through articulated language, early intertwined with bodily and mental dependencies—with power and sexuality …

Then, scarcely weaned, I begin to grow more and more aware through what I touch, see, and hear in this world—and eventually, I come to "understand" my-self, too:

as something felt,
as something peripherally seen,
as something “present,”
as a being cut off by language,
as an objectified whisper,
perhaps quite simply as this—
m-ine lust- and pain-driven body.

And still: who is it that believes it was born?

Already early in life, I understand the story: I not only have feet I can grab with my hands, but also other body parts—and even a name.

I recognise myself suddenly as something seen: as a body, as a “you” in the mirror, as an apparent ME … and realise:

I am (physically and linguistically) something other than my mother, my father, my environment—and so absolute (un-)consciousness dims into relative (self-)consciousness.

And so I become more and more aware—of my-self as a ME. I “take in” this illusory world even deeper (whatever that means). I taste, grasp, learn, understand, and comprehend these sensually and linguistically fragmented images from the matrix of being. I assume various life roles and piece them together, bit by bit, into a personally meaningful worldview:

the world is flat, is round, is a projected 3D hologram, is one of many bubbles, an ancient simulator … simply IS.

Cut back: what is born—and for whom?

The ME begins—thanks to its elder brother "You," and through the gateway of the senses—to gradually read itself out of these cosmic fields, to understand the many with increasing nuance—absorbing into itself so many meaningless images of nothing.

This interplay of waves, structures, and forms seems to sculpt the sense-mind, though these object-appearances possess no true existence of their own. They are but a kind of "language": interconnected images, flickering ideas, within my "receiving" mind.

That's why, from a very early age, it all felt kind of numb inside me.

Soundtrack: Linkin Park — "Numb."

Barely born, the mind begins its search in the ground of being—in spirit and matter, in Purusha and Prakriti (T'ien and Ti), in organisms, elements, and laws of nature—for patterns of energy, for all the expressed possibilities of holographic life. It tries to order, influence, and understand these hinted, spirit-suffused appearances.

Thus, the eternally incomprehensible becomes temporarily comprehensible: voice turns into language, bare truth into married untruth, the unwritten reality into described actuality—into conceptual knowledge.

And so, I now draw only conditional conclusions from my world of happenings, my pseudo-existence, in which I believe I know:

This essential tone, this name—*is my name*.
And it seems to be connected to this, my body of appearance or experience.

Yes: from the moment of seductive self- and world-recognition, from the moment the human being seems isolated within his contemplative psyche, from the moment of identification with body and name—when that knotless knot near the fontanelle, the heart, or who-knows-where draws itself tight—this well-trained I sets itself in motion and becomes, if only in dream, a something: a personal ME, with its environment now seen as the Not-ME.

With this split between I and Not-ME, the "false" insight awakens:

I am, as a linguistic externalisation (and bodily, perhaps), severed from this world.
I stand in dialogue with my surroundings, and I fear the Other.
I must understand this viral, reference-rich, event-laden pseudo-reality as meaningful.
I influence this event-world just as it influences me.

This reasoned, word-heavy recognition has apparently torn me from everything that is—torn me from that in which I, in egoless freedom, am simply embedded.

Eventually, the once-slumbering, unformed, unreflected (All-)Consciousness in the primordial ocean—through its identified idea of owning (my body, my ME, my mind, my house, my woman, my thought-heritage, my world)—inflates itself into a seemingly autonomous, awakened, permanently made, control-hungry, ME-deluded self-awareness.

As if perceiving and naming meant controlling everything personally.

And yet this self-awareness was, in its origin, merely an innate feeling of life, of potential existence—
the feeling of being at home, of simply being this material and organism-rich elixir.

And still: who is it that believes it was born?

Conclusion 1

At last, I have grasped myself and the dreamy world through the simulator of my complex synaptic structure.

I have understood, reflexively and cognitively, that I have a ME—or worse, that I am a ME.
I have understood, semantically veiled: I am here (this emanated appearance), and there (outside) lies my Not-ME, my environment.

Through reward and punishment, my parents already taught me what is right and wrong, that I have a choice, that I can decide freely for one or the other.

Thus I lose my true self-esteem within an ME-centred and therefore polarised worldview. I believe, thanks to upbringing, that I too can choose the right path and make the right decisions.

From now on, all thoughts or experiences that act upon this Saturnine body with a name are interpreted as temporally linear, self-responsible, and thus controllable experiences—personal ME-experiences, always longing for recognition.

It instantly reminds me of that nonsensical exhortation often heard from so-called spiritual masters:
“Control your ego, control your impure senses, control your wild thoughts …”

Have these usually self-appointed masters perhaps forgotten that their own ME is but an idea, and this whole world-event merely a thousand flickering sparks of light (each in a fraction of a second) in our brain—a grand, galactic dream?

Have they forgotten that the only true “control” is the uncontrolled insight:
even ME, this illusory “I am,” is being—ME-ing in beingness—emptiness as compressed existence—Brahman?

Have they forgotten that all evolutionary and psychological descriptions (like my very words just now) have also merely awakened from a dream—a phantom-like “I-am” delusion of creation?

That is why I fail to understand how any deliciously tingling sparks or forms of appearance could ever be considered impure—after all, they exist only for the replicated ME as “something other,” exist only for the ME as something still-unfolded, as dialogical unfolding within this ever-resting unity …

brief flashes of light-images of nothingness, awakened through internalised space-time as an “other world”—within our mushroom-shaped brain.

Conclusion 2

For the clear-minded—or the so-called “unidentified,” the pure one—everything is pure.
And for me now, everything is just “green.”

Conclusion 3

I've realised that every act of thinking arises from some supposed bubble. Even the idea that humans have an origin is based on a conceptual setup. So how do I approach this question of "I am," or of human origin—through a religious lens, a spiritual lens, a scientific lens?

Depending on inherited algorithms, I always end up bathing in my own bubble.

But on what foundation does every bubble rest?
Is it the fear of bursting that drives it to persist?

Then things become tricky—because even the desire to burst one's own bubble, to free oneself from all concepts, is already contained within it.

I can't escape this mental loop. But am I at least the origin of every bubble? No. I am neither that which inflates the bubbles nor that which breathes life into life. I am neither no-thing nor some-thing—and that doesn't bother the nothing in the slightest.

Conclusion 4

All explanations must be false, because they attempt to describe a supposed process of evolution—a chain of cause and effect—whereas everything that happens only happens in our dream: simultaneously, incomprehensibly, without an "I," and without meaning.

Cut back: what is born—and for whom?

Or will my so-called "ME"—as Amy Winehouse sang—soon go **back to black**, returning to an eternally dark, potential world?

Cy-Borg-Dragon

Fighting the desolation of conformity

You said life is wonderful in your dream
You said your anointed words would come true
But who are you?
Such arrogance!

Gather all your courage
And see the world as it truly is—
Free from constructed ideas
Free from every corrupted claim

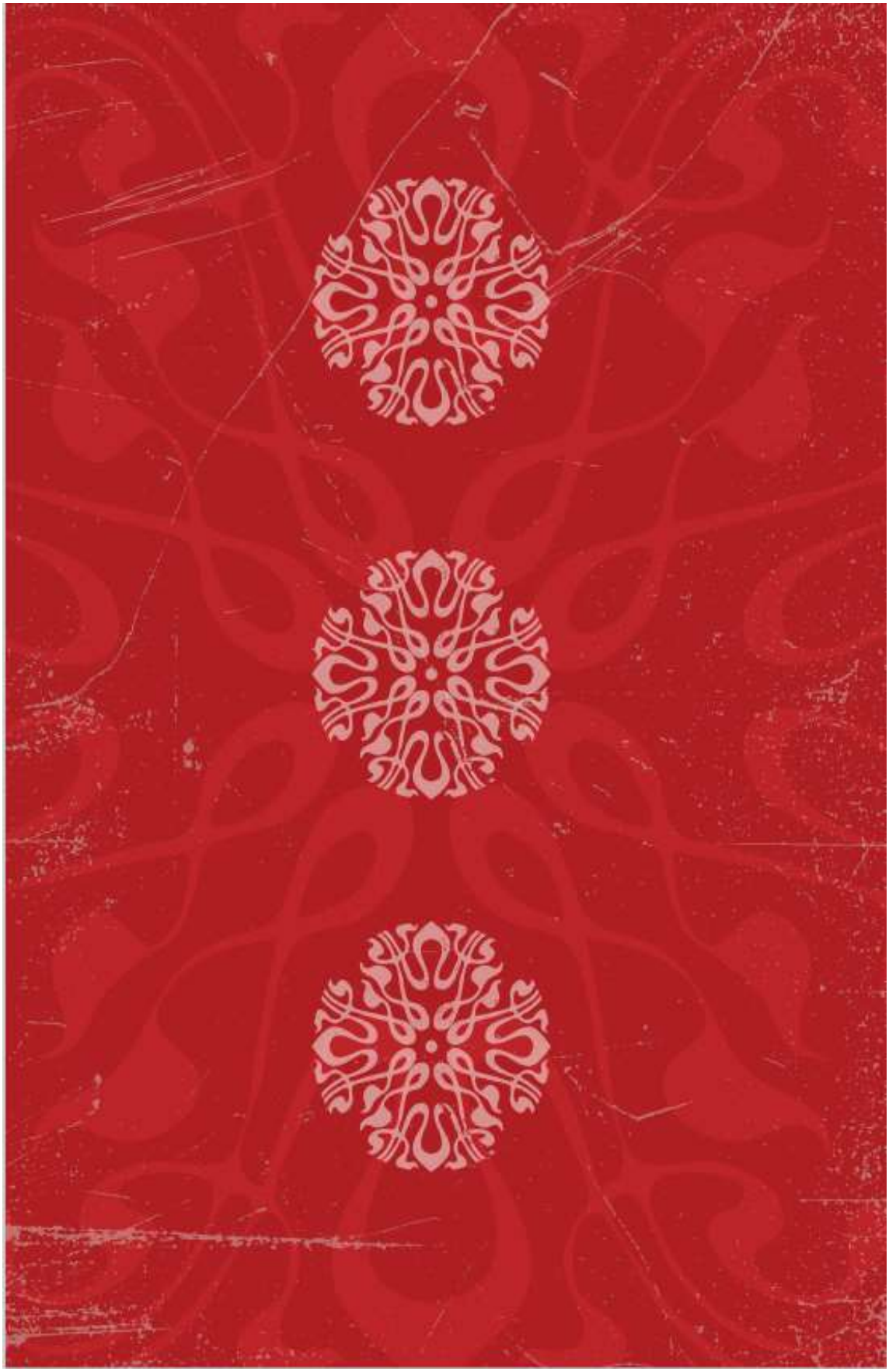
Your gaze is death—and now you're lost…
Why do you justify yourself?
You haven't done the slightest thing

It's all just a replicated world delusion
Seemingly dreamt, yet tangible and real
Just like you… just like it seems… just like it is.

I wrote this poem for all the (politically and religiously) blustering egomaniacs—
those who haven't realised they contributed nothing to this movie.

But now, I'd rather treat myself to a sip of whisky—
Soundtrack: The Cranberries — "Zombie." (Title only.)

Cut back: if it's all words—who is left to be offended?



THE ME —

WORLDS BORN OF WORD AND MIND

Questions from the Memory-Palace

Did this creation—this so-called **ME**—truly awaken as something process-like, reflective, resonant, interacting: a spontaneous dream, an inseparable holographic energy-play?

Did creation and the **ME** truly materialise out of some "void" nothingness (the **Block Universe**)?

Was the **ME**—this thing called *T'ien*, this dream of heaven, God, and the world—only the result of expelled language?

Is this whole creation story just a loop of a self-projecting **ME**—ultimately only **THAT which IS**?

Is the **ME** akin to a black hole with an event horizon, devouring almost everything (everything that appears) only to preserve itself—to assert its own existence?

Answers out of Nowhere

"When above, the heavens had not yet been named,
nor below, the earth yet called by name …"
—Sumerian creation myth

"All this—this whole order of the world—was never truly created,
and yet it moves (or at least, it seems to) …"
—Nisargadatta Maharaj (1897–1981)

Once again, I rummage through my old books. I love the crackle of centuries-old pages, the heavily yellowed tone of well-worn paper.

They remind me that the ancients—prophets, shamans, scribes—already sensed much of what we try to rediscover today. They knew, for example, that *deed equals word*: that words, objects, and ideas are temporarily frozen images of a potential, transcending spirit—and that all of this has something to do with memory, magic, and enchantment.

Of course we know it too. Whenever we disappear into a book, new worlds are born: characters breathe, suffer, die. We experience it all in this veiled, neuronally driven sensory mind.

Soundtrack: Earth, Wind & Fire — "Fantasy."
(*"Take a ride in the sky …"*)

Concise

Long ago, aboard this cosmic vessel we call Earth, as thought began to congeal inside the brain, it was believed the world was born of an energetic dialogue—something like a heavenly language.

The Bible leaves us clues:

"In the beginning was the Word …"
And: "God said, Let there be light."
Or: "The heavens were made by the word of the Lord …"

Then there is the Tower of Babel: the confusion of languages. Why?

Perhaps because the Sumerians—so the story goes—wanted to build something immense: towers, ziggurats, a vertical reach into the sky, empowered by number, measurement, language. And then "God" got scared (or were they gods?), at least in later interpretation—because people kept translating their own fear into the mouth of their self-made deity.

In the Hermetic texts, the pattern repeats: Mind and Word generate worlds; circles form; rulers appear; fate is named. In Egyptian fragments like the Shabaka Stone, creation happens through thought and speech—through naming.

Oh yes, we still understand these ancient texts. This shimmering illusion of a world—ours or theirs—was spun with heart and tongue, with words and breath.

And just so, our replicated present—our fiercely claimed reality—keeps being upheld through what lives in the voice: etched, mind-tattooed, repeated into "truth."

Soundtrack: Renaud — "Les mots."

C'est pas donné aux animaux *Pas non plus au «premier blaireau»*	*It isn't granted to animals,* *nor to the first badger you meet* *(a burrow-crawler / a bum).*
Mais quand ça vous colle à la peau *Putain qu'est-ce-que ça vous tient chaud*	*But when it clings to your skin—* *damn it, it keeps you warm.*
Écrire et faire vivre les mots *Sur la feuille et son blanc manteau* *Ça vous rend libre comme l'oiseau* *Ça vous libère de tous les maux*	*To write, and to bring words to life* *on a sheet of paper, on its white mantle (skin)—* *that sets us free like a bird,* *that frees us from every evil.*

And still: who is it that needs words to *be*?

Only one thing tends to remain unmentioned in most of these old creation songs:

That this all-interpreting language—this conjectural dream, this apparent act of creation—also births a feedback loop: a reflecting, absorbing, all-attributing, appropriating ego-**ME**.

This active, memorising perception-principle—called ego, appearing as body-with-brain—may be nothing more than an energetic function, a contracted word-knot.

And yet—even as collateral damage—this appearing body-mind function can still speak a mindless language of the heart.

After all, the ego was never truly born—only assumed.

But why did this reflexive ego, identifying with "its" body, sink into a tongue-heavy conceptual illusion at all? We don't know. Perhaps the slave wanted safety. Perhaps the ocean wanted to taste itself as a drop: personally, locally, with a name.

So I ask myself:

Did some absolute **no-thing**—a potential All-One called God, Shang Di, Allah, primordial field, whatever—via galactic sound (AUM) awaken this phantom-like dream, this empty yet unbridled world-spirit… itself?

Even unintentionally?

Why did energy patterns—forms, objects, appearances—solidify *just enough* to awaken a universe with its universal sounds, a world with words that seem to harden?

And then: what must have been latent in that watery, light-flooded "space of nothingness" for *word* to happen at all?

What dance was danced there?
What chemical wedding was celebrated?
What unspoken spell hardened potential into shape?

Cut back: is any of this a story—told by whom?

Goethezeitportal – Witches Dance

Were they really *words*? Or was it Logos—cosmic speech, awakened narrative?

Were they latent tendencies, archetypal principles of a prehistoric, cyclical, moonless zero-time—self-unfolding images in a cloud: energetic and sensual-conceptual at once?

Or was this spiritually replicated universe—whatever it is—an aggregate: a world-spirit that, through **HEKA** (universal magic), through linking thought, through the reflexive sensory mind, through read energy patterns and veiling words, contracts itself?

Maybe the overflowing ocean of bubbling selves is simply the whole playing at remembering, reflecting, creating—again and again—as if there were many.

Or: did these egos, brains, souls, worlds, multiverses never exist in the first place—except *apparently*?

Was it all a conceptual illusion, a sensory trick: an apparent principle of being, a transformation-field that can shape ideas, thoughts, mirages?

A cyclic primordial energy that—driven by belief in what is seen—clouds unity into a scheme, into the many, into appearances?

A process that turns the boundless ocean into a personal dream of the world?

I once asked myself why the Babylonian confusion of languages could happen at all. Perhaps the simplest answer is the boring one: craftsmen from everywhere gathered on the same building site—just as today.

But perhaps another force was at play: language itself was accelerating around that time (c. 3100 BCE). And I thought of my own experiences: early childhood autism, "communication models," the way meaning is learned, mapped, enforced.

The author realised:

People no longer recognised each other as **no-thing**—as dancing presence—but through images, pictograms, words.

How did that happen?

A broad sweep, then:

Something—call it a holographically dripped, unrelated being—became entangled with its mirrors (reflecting brains), and ventured too hastily into promised imaginal dreams.

Suddenly the mirror no longer received information as information. It coloured. It personalised.

Yet these frothing mirrors—parabolic antennas, **MEs**—could only decode what they were tuned for: shaped by patterns, zeitgeist, neural grooves, meme-genetic design.

Conclusion 1

The confusion of language happened because a condensed drop of mind separated itself and differentiated everything—lost itself in concepts and descriptions.

Or simply because parasitic language, together with ego, pushed itself into the centre—so the inseparable One (beingness) was displaced by this superficial perceiver.

Because ego no longer perceived all-IT—beingness—without separation, but only through images and words.

Because the heart moved into the head—because the language-gene (or the neuronal machinery of self-reference) gained dominance.

And yet, despite all these self-designations, IT remains what it has always been:

A centreless, non-localisable being.
A dreaming nothingness that speaks magic words—unintentionally, without an instance.
A breathing life-force that urges itself to speak via larynx, tongue, lips—
and in doing so, clothes its formless energy with meaning—apparently.

Wittgenstein's ladder flickers here: statements as tools you eventually discard once they've done their job—climb, then throw the ladder away.

And still: who climbs, and who throws?

Conclusion 2

Ultimately, all of this only happens because it happens in our dream—through the movie we register through the senses.

But we can never fully understand this dream of the world:
this dance in which we are danced—
dreaming along and yet undivided—
free from images and free from duality.

And yet my **ME** insists on the same thirst:

What, then, are these delusional words of creation—these replicable word-creations?

Are they 64 celestial building blocks, primal sounds?
Are they genetic codons—mirroring DNA?
Are they I Ching hexagrams—character-combinations shaping dreamed principles?
Are they sacred letters—mantra-like vibrations?

Or are they simply wave-interferences: energetic contractions in world-mind (the **Block Universe**)? Smoke and mirrors—replicated?

A dream in which "my" **ME** and the world rise up—experienced—where I can eat, drink, participate, contribute?

Or are they latent archetypes that can be activated—symbols, glyphs, self-organising patterns—runic whispers carved into sky?

Potential conditions—dimensionless memories—principles of a space that only *appears* inflated?

Does one lose freedom by touching these force-fields with power-words?

Or do these stirred patterns merely move our cosmically contracted antenna-brain?

Or is everything one simultaneously arising green happening in the void: a breeze in lofty heights, a dreamed vibration in refracted light—inside mind, inside this processing image of God?

… and the reasoning continues, as if it could ever comprehend more than an apparent something:

Was linguistic creation a cosmic imagining—serially moving, world-creating: a life-book, a picture-book?

Was this pouring into nothingness a kind of tzimtzum—uncalculated, self-shaping, self-radiating, yet purely mental?

Were sky-reflected images and words an imagination of the Great Birther (Sophia/Maya)?

A mirage (Maya) that lets **NOTHING** appear as **SOMETHING**?

A satanic illusion conjured for entertainment, for sensual delight?

Could every powerful 3D animation of “world” be moved only by replicated thoughts and words—individually and collectively?

And now—through the World Wide Web, social media, ideologically shaped cultures of politics, knowledge, information—through gadgets that externalise more and more of our apparent brain-knowledge—we become collectively imprinted, swarm-intelligent.

So then: welcome to this anarchic Aquarian age of communication—whenever it began … or will begin … if the dream ever had a beginning at all.

Could one feed these star-glittering minds with ideas—shape ventures, heal fractures—govern congregations, even govern the world?

But of course only images could be set into the world that had already been dreamt by nothingness, received a priori.

This **ME**—the absolute (**ME-ing**) and the identified—this whole world inside a breathing liquid mind, is thus, at least in the dream, created through thought and word: in silent mutual consent (subject-object relation).

And the human being, with **ME**, reflection, memory, lingers far too long—only to

- nourish itself on its own ignorant worldview,
- wander horizontally in “its” thoughts,
- confirm a phantom parallel world.

But since there is no truly existing **ME**, this story never happened either.

There is no difference between apparent truths and reality.

And what else could “we,” uncreated and essence-less **MEs**, possibly dream?

Perhaps without these swollen, read, believed, tormenting memories, not only would every identified **ME** be redeemed—
but also all the mind-stored things:
every contraction given a name, every objectified idea of humans, every sense of space and time.

We would (without a we) still live like astral gods in a selfless sleep—freed from whispered fears and desires.

In *Anubis, the Jackal*, there is a moment like this: the inability to speak, the guardian beyond words, the unborn child at dawn.

Soundtrack: Sia — "Bird Set Free." (Had a voice but could not sing …)

And look: there he stands—our black desert dog Anubis—on the threshold between what we call "the eternal" and this time-fading space … reflecting on a lost time.

Cy-Borg-Dragon

Fighting the desolation of conformity

You said life is wonderful in your dream
You said your anointed words would come true
But who are you?
Such arrogance!

Gather all your courage
And see the world as it truly is—
Free from constructed ideas
Free from every corrupted claim

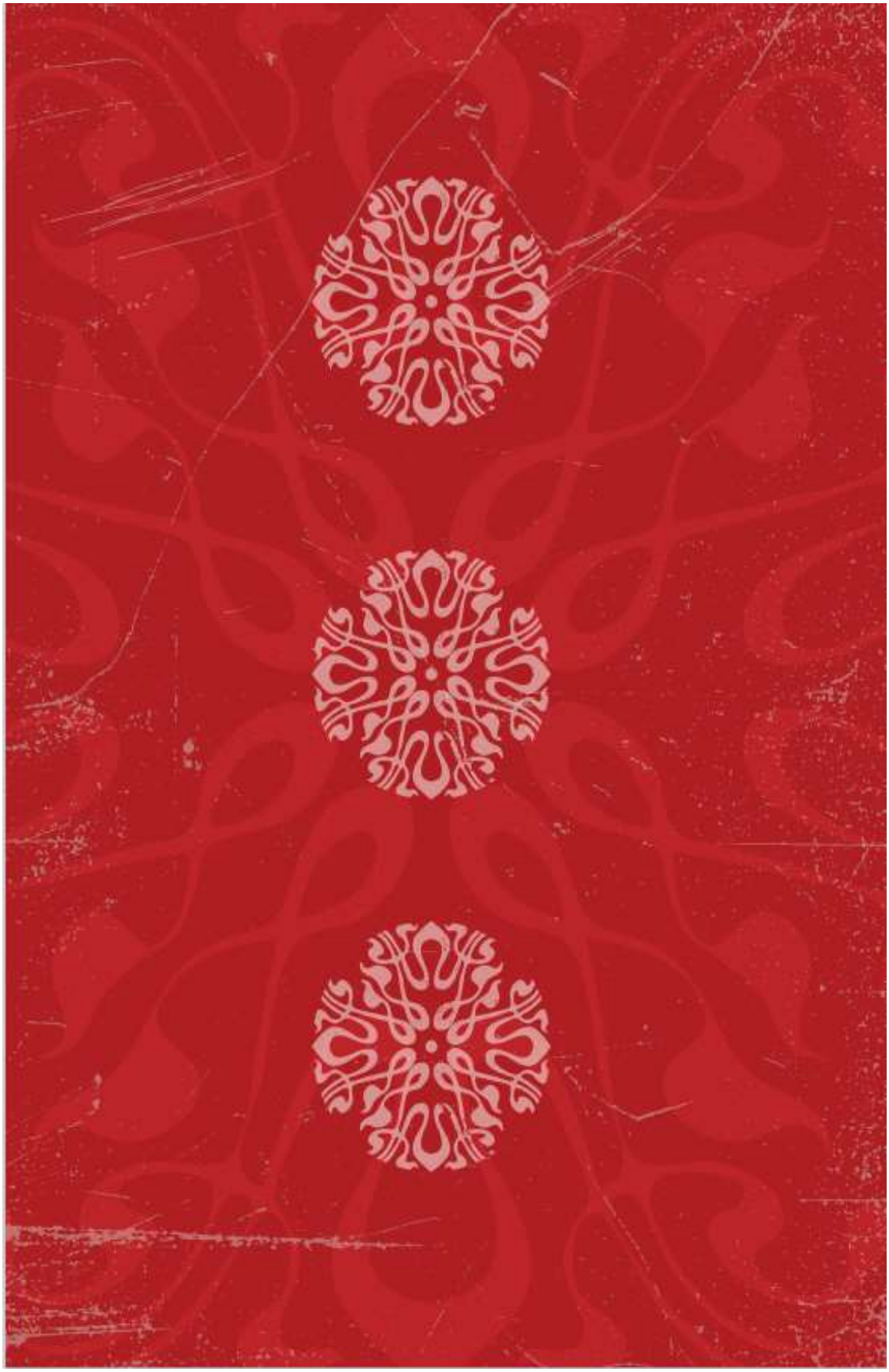
Your gaze is death—and now you're lost…
Why do you justify yourself?
You haven't done the slightest thing

It's all just a replicated world delusion
Seemingly dreamt, yet tangible and real
Just like you… just like it seems… just like it is.

I wrote this poem for all the (politically and religiously) blustering egomaniacs—
those who haven't realised they contributed nothing to this movie.

I wrote this poem for the many loud, blustering egomaniacs—political and religious—who still haven't realized they contributed nothing to this film.

But now I'd rather treat myself to a sip of whisky and "Zombie" by The Cranberries.



Questions from the Memory-Palace

What exactly is—or functions as—this seemingly reflective mind?

What inner conditions must be present for anything to be understood—or misunderstood—at all?

Does “me” truly perceive something real, or merely name the fleeting appearance of events?

Could this body-mind unit be nothing more than an energetic echo—a shock in response to mere appearance?

Answers out of Nowhere

They were good and beautiful humans … Reason had been granted to them.
They looked—and instantly saw the distance; they saw and recognised all that exists in the world.
When they looked, they saw everything around them: the dome of the sky and the depths of the earth.
All distant and hidden things lay before their eyes—without movement.
Timelessly, they saw the entire world—from the place they stood.
Their creators became unsettled by this—and took measures to cloud the human gaze.

(Maya culture, Dresden Codex — the fourth and finally successful creation attempt from maize.)

Oh no. Once again, my mind feels like a neural, pulsating pattern—
a vibrating something full of life, like a galactically stirred **no-thing**.

An interacting network of brain regions, embedded in—and pulsed by—cosmically saturated fields.

But where are these spheres?
And who, once again, wants to know?

My permeable, well-perfused **ME** has long since stopped believing in:

- an absolute or relative existence
- an "out there" or "in here"
- a personal or impersonal voice
- a difference between feeling and understanding
- between reality and actuality
- between Nirvana and Samsara
- between gurus and groupies
- between substance and world-dream
- between subject and swollen object
- between above and below, beyond and here
- between life and death
- between **ME** and **NOTHING**, between me and the many "others"

This **ME-ing**—this seeming world-flow—simply happens.
It is both what **IS** and what *seems* to unfold.

True: there is neither evolution nor involution—
and yet I will describe this dream *as if* it were temporal.

Only when a holographic, reflecting droplet of **ME**
seemed to perspire out of nothingness;
only when a condensed self-sense detached from the collective;
only when a dreamt fragment pressed itself out of a unified field—
only then did this form begin to imprint its reflections,
its colourfully resonant echoes,
onto an increasingly dense, dominant **ME-instance**.

Perception narrowed.
From a cosmically shimmering unfolding, there "became"—
for the mind—an exaggerated self-experience.

And through this newly named, objectified **ME**,
I dreamily separated—
as if by an energetic jolt—
from **THAT** which was (and is) timeless, simultaneous, unlocatable.

Thanks to upbringing, I learned to store what is perceived
on a hypothetical timeline—

to localise it,
to attribute it to “my” individual **ME**,
to judge it in dualistic terms.

And so, within a timeless evolution-involution (bottom-up / top-down),
this dreaming, seemingly condensed mind awoke:

From nothingness, matter arose—mind-frozen—
this seemingly incarnated Word:
a language of the eternal Voice. AUM.

“What does language communicate? It communicates the spiritual being corresponding to it.
This being speaks in language, not through it.”
—Walter Benjamin

And so it awakened—only seemingly—through our **ME-instance**,
through cognitive and linguistic localisation:
an ordered space-time structure.

A world that, with cosmic memory, condensed ever further
into an individualised reality.
(This dream process can also reverse itself.)

But this applies only to the **ME**
that perceives itself reflexively, stores everything,
and believes itself part of a linear “I-am time wave.”

No wonder Hamlet cries out:

“Time is out of joint—O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!”

And then it worsened:

There arose not only thoughts about appearances,
but thoughts about the appearance of **ME** itself—
about imprints, about thinking, about a (super-)self.

ME—an indoctrinated, contracted **no-thing**—
began to drift horizontally through an introjected void.

But whether these thoughts were ever “mine,”
or merely torn from a dreaming world-soul (*anima mundi*),

from a holographic universe—
remains obscure to me.

In any case, a more or less conscious thinking awoke
from a nebulous dream
and began to operate autonomously—
seemingly, seductively, glitteringly:

The electric powerhouse called brain came online,
born from a highly erotic love affair.

Uninvited, it awakened:
a witnessing instance, a point of **ME-identification**—
and with it:

before and after, here and there, place and time;
an objectified world and well-fed fields of language;
a thousand voluminous things.

A phantasmal **ME-spirit** awoke—
reflecting nothing real,
yet capable of thinking
about itself and its own thoughts.

And so this dreamt neuronal, essence-less network
began to think incessantly—
about **ME** and my thoughts,
about my galactic birth, my bodily appearance,
my supposed meaning as a human being,
my relation to life,
my interpretations of being, purpose, meaning—
whether I wanted to or not.

And finally, **ME** tried—using a neuronal splinter of itself—
to realise itself entirely.

Yet precisely through this urge to dream, to will, to understand—
through the unchosen movement of wanting—
and through identification with body,
with supposed individuation,
this biological **ME-ing** forgot
that it—like billions of others—

mirrors itself in ever-breaking waves of thought
within its own aqueous substance:

glittering, ephemeral,
in the ever-same **ME-less** ocean.

Soundtrack: Bob Seger — "Against the Wind."
(Title only.)

Cut back: who is running, and what is the wind?

Nothing dreams itself into form—into spirit-manifested world-being.
With this act, this network of thought called **ME**,
this hypnotised ego-self, awakens and confirms itself—
itself and its opposing world.

What a diabolical illusion.

Yet this contemplative super-thought—this **ME** that refers everything back to itself, this energetic constriction—has forgotten that it was merely one of countless glimmering thoughts in the all-green, selfless Self.

Slowly but surely, this endlessly thought-birthing function entangles itself ever more deeply in its model of reality: in ego-centred thinking, in the intoxication of personal purpose—especially in the delusion of being a personal I-bubble with body and name.

Fine. Fine. There are a thousand other explanations for how this thought-based network—the ego-persona-I—came to be.

So here is yet another (evolutionary) story:

At some point in early childhood—around two or three—a child realises: I must be "this" Hannes. I must be "this" Hanna. And with such definitions, a thousand learned words begin to cloak emptiness, slowly cementing the notion: "I am this body having these experiences," into a self-conscious **ME-reality**.

Yet all designations—names, speech, images, knowledge—are, in the end, one vast heap of replicable nothingness.

Eventually, this seemingly born **ME** creates an ever more networked relation: to its named body, to sensations "inside," to phenomena "outside," to non-ME (environment)—until it believes it can be held responsible for something. This responsibility-script tends to awaken somewhere between six and eight.

Okay. Understood.

But what exactly is this I again—this neuronal network, this transparent brain, this droplet of consciousness with a sucking reflex, this **ME-lit** thought-field, this suckling holo-image?

Is "I am a space-time veil," and this whole cosmos, a single dream—of an interdependent collective, of an I, of the absence of both, of **no-thing**, or of **THAT which IS**?

Is it a constrained attempt, emerging from some unfathomable elsewhere, to become structured, intoned, witnessed—endlessly replicated as a semblance of what truly **IS**?

And what hunger longs for such confirmation?

Is it a mental imprint, a nourished energy-field, a hallucination—
the dialogical exhalation of non-being: hypnotised space, frozen spirit?

Is it this active mind (condensed consciousness) that makes the world meaningful and visible by reading its own nature—by reading empty space?

Is it a dreamy nothingness, a mirroring primal water in the groundless desert of **NOTHING**—an exosomatic mirage?

Or is only **no-thing** aware of **THAT which IS** and seemingly appears?
Yet how could **no-thing** have awareness if it already **IS** all there is?

So are "we" **no-thing**—**THAT**—a being-like, resonant promise, more holographic likeness than image of God: a languaged nothingness that sensually and nominally reflects what appears in the energy-dancing void?

But may this radiant emanation of **no-thing** truly be deified—
may *Dyaus*, this shining-forth-from-itself, really be turned into a something:
a concept, a notion, an "I am," a "Lord God," a "Shang Di,"
a designated thing at all?

Of course. After all, it happened that way—replicated, seen, understood—
as if consciousness had awakened from substance.

But then:

Who—or what—made this green carnation:
this I-am mirror, these collectively manifested shadows in sense-reason,
this projected instrument, this wondrous, only seemingly dripped,
not-really-existing temple called "human"?

And so my oppositional mind asks:

Who—or what—breathed into my face,
shaped these cosmic brain regions,
awakened this neuronal network that—
through unchosen proto-programs,
through timeless images and archetypes,
through language-ideas, energetic glyphs, singing voices—
streams with self-ordering precision toward an undefined goal?

Who, if not **NOTHING**—
a world-soul, shadow-principles of a holo-like **no-thing**;
a cosmic hiccup;
a substance briefly flaring into "reality" (*prakriti*)—
a life-giving, three-legged dancing sun?

Who, if not this spiralling primal substance,
joyfully seducing itself—
only to recognise itself as whirling energy,
as form-bound body,
as sub-objective I?

A volcanic field of being, symmetrically organised—
axis, poles—
breathing like my beloved Earth goddess…

… and yet, Gaia, perhaps I am not truly your child,
even though I want to protect you.
Perhaps I did not come from the womb
of your blue-green Earth.

And still, sometimes I feel your mycelium network
stirring beneath the surface—
dreaming itself, more than a little mythically,
through my nerve cells.

Letting galactic dreams crystallise into thought,
freezing into wintry words—
so many things I have long lost touch with…

… until, more and more, I lose myself:
my **ME** losing even the sense of itself,

even the sense of having come from somewhere—
of having been created at all.

So one day I asked myself:

What exactly was born out of this potential nothingness?

A stirred, space-like field of life—
tendencies, functional patterns, ordering contents?

A karmic wheel (the brain) that—dreaming, resonating, networking—
generates life:
life that, lovingly, tries to awaken the idea
of a dizzying **no-thing** called “mind”?

A magical elixir: a sea of light full of possibilities,
carrying everything latently, undeveloped—
thoughts, stars, things, desires, heavenly scents…?

A consciousness-matrix swirling around itself,
awakened from a pitch-black hole—
expressing itself through principles, patterns, structures, forms, memories—
readable, receivable, movable
by a reflexive sensory mind, insofar as its constitution allows?

But weren’t all these images already within me—
replicated first, and only later put into language?

Or was everything pre-patterned—
conditioned to overwrite **THAT which IS**,
to experience itself only in a limited, **ME-bound** way?

Whether we are radiant stardust
or thought-condensed being—
energetically speaking, we are little more than formless dust:
entangled, proportioned, perforated—
filled with gaps… or: nothingness.

So why does the formless and groundless
want to comprehend itself as image, as form—
as event, as holographic object?

And what kind of dream-magic is needed
to perceive the unperceivable as if turned inside out—

to dream this world-dream,
to find the “seemingly right answers” for life?

And still: who needs answers—if no one is there?

I SEEK ANSWERS

ME-FREE & CONCEPT-FREE ANSWERS

Questions from the Memory-Palace

- How do these spontaneous—yet always limited—answers arise?
- How did this indivisible dream *seem* to split into **no-thing** and some **ME-thing**?
- Does the **ME** reveal itself only through reflective thought and conceptual reply?
- Can I "grasp" myself only through this condensed nothingness (the body) and through language?

Answers out of Nowhere

"It is not overly difficult to intellectually comprehend
that we are the inherent substance,
not the fleeting and tormented shadow.
Yet rarely is this understanding fully realised intuitively.
(Author's note: But who wishes to realise anything at all?)"
— Ramesh S. Balsekar (1917–2009)

Since I—my dreamt body-mind—kept receiving only a photographed, time-bound kind of knowledge, I tried, once and for all, to get to the bottom of it.

I doubted, of course, whether my noble intention could lead anywhere useful. Still, I wanted to try: new questions, new answers. Yet it was already clear to me that any "new" knowledge would be just another concept—meaninglessly witnessed; another named "thing" read by the I; another imaginary expression of **no-thing**—and therefore part of the same dream.

Fichte might have put it like this:

What arises through knowledge is merely *knowledge*.
But knowledge is only image—

and an image always demands something corresponding to it.
This demand can be satisfied by no knowledge.

A system of knowledge is therefore a system of mere images—

void of reality, meaning, and purpose.

And so, one day, I asked myself again:

What exactly was “born” out of potential nothingness?

A stirred, space-like field of life—tendencies, patterns, ordering contents?
A karmic wheel (the brain) that—dreaming, resonating, networking—generates life:
life that lovingly tries to awaken the idea of a dizzying **no-thing** called “mind”?

A magical elixir: a sea of light full of possibilities, carrying everything latently, undeveloped—
thoughts, stars, things, desires, heavenly scents…?

A consciousness-matrix swirling around itself, awakened from a pitch-black hole, expressing itself—through pulsating breaths—as principles, patterns, structures, ideas, forms, memories—
readable, receivable, movable by a reflexive sensory mind, insofar as its constitution allows?

But weren’t all these images already within “me”—replicated first, and only then put into language?
Or was everything pre-patterned and conditioned to overwrite **THAT which IS**,
to experience itself only in a limited, **ME-bound** way?

Whether we are radiant stardust or thought-condensed being—
energetically speaking, we would be little more than formless dust:
fatefully entangled, filled with gaps—or: **no-thing**.

So why does the formless and groundless want to comprehend itself as image or form, as event, as holographic object?

And what kind of dream-magic is needed
to perceive the unperceivable as if turned inside out—
to dream this world-dream,
to find the “seemingly right answers” for life?

Does it take a field of friction—polar forces in the cosmos, two brain hemispheres, twin-leaf see-saws of creation?
Or does it require an event-oriented split: an I?

One energy flowing unstructured, another differentiating into structure—potential and act?
A voice inscribed with articulable “letters,” able to externalise itself as language?

Does it require resistance in space—something contracted enough to break, reflect, process, transmit, perceive—
to torture itself, so to speak, out of voiceless evolution into speaking (I-)consciousness?

Does it require a dream—and within it a reflective pixel-network, a body-mind apparatus—
to generate and mirror appearances, and to experience them as **ME**?

Does it require a sensual human object, an antenna that moves;
a cosmic yet seemingly individualised mind;
a shared sensory intellect that overwrites everything—
simply to reflect these reflections?

Or does it require an "I-am hypnosis" to experience itself as processing, as something—
something we are not, yet believe ourselves to be, in swirling projection?

We egos testify to ourselves through dreamlike introjection: through events, through projections.
Dreamt by another, we still try to live up to our self-conceived images.

We bear witness to ourselves through an I-point—through what is seen and projected by the senses;
through light (waves / wavelengths) that, under so-called conditions, fractures into vivid image-worlds of **no-thing**,
creating relations between "things."

We bear witness by naming everything—what is projected, introjected, perceived in the brain—
and by believing we can touch it with "our senses."

We bear witness through a linguistic abstraction called I:
a functional I meant to "represent" the Absolute—often doing so absent-mindedly.

We bear witness because, in the dream, some 600 million years ago one cell consumed another;
cytoplasm diversified; we invented language, social structure, and memory.
Good heavens—what stories. No wonder the ancients wanted to renounce the world.

And then, almost melancholy, I ask:

Does anything need to happen at all,
if everything already **IS**—conceptually (un)defined—
and I merely cast my (I-)veil over **WHAT IS**?

Were I a king and knew it not, I would not be a king.
If I do not arise in my own perception, then I do not exist to myself.
But if I arise in myself, then I "have" myself—in perception, in my innermost essence.
Nothing remains of me except my perception.
— Johannes Tauler (1300–1361)

Yes. Exactly.

If there were a God and I did not know it, then—in my world—there would be no God.
My event-driven, concept-free "nature" exists only because I once heard of it,
just as an imagined God exists only as long as I imagine Him.

Wretched imagination.

Did all ideas arise like this—this introjected One, this seemingly meaningful Second that entered the world?
This astonishingly well-arranged universe; this moving, self-mirroring awareness
that can only experience its dreamlike nature as a world of forms
in an externalised "outside" (through language),
and can even perceive itself as a delusional self-externalisation?

No idea.

But one thing seems obvious:

A replicated creature cannot think beyond its own functional narrowness,
cannot grasp the "will of God" (who does not exist),
because imagination—this I placed before and between things—
is itself only seemingly created, and ultimately uncreated.

That is why this remains a vast, formless, inexpressible mystery:
because **no-thing** cannot be explained by historical truth-claims,
nor by any words defined by **ME**.

What is clear, however, is this:

Without the "I-am" notion,
without this seemingly everted "body,"
without this reading, pondering mind,
without this moon-like mirror of intellect—
no relational world could ever have emerged.

No illusion of processing would have "read" anything.
No objectified thing would have been seen.

No dialogue would have been heard or put into words.
None of this happening or seeming could have been grasped by what we call mind.

In short:

Pre-sensory Being, through a seemingly inverted reflective awareness,
created the conditions for a cosmic dream—dreaming itself and the whole world
through a likewise dreamt **ME-I** into perception.

And so latent **no-thing** became seemingly knowing, self-witnessing Being—
became limited, phenomenal, illuminated, reflecting consciousness.

And suddenly the replicated sensory mind grew enraptured
by the geometric patterns of breathing Being (love's glow, forms of appearance),
lost itself in reading glittering impressions,
in mirrored sensations of the brain—

until **no-thing** lost its "identity without experience,"
lost itself in experience, relationship, embrace,
in this sensually imagined play of forms.

Thus the originally merely inclined **ME** (no-thing)
chained itself—through language and concept—
to an objectified dream of the world,
until it believed itself separate
from the dreaming nothingness,
from all that appears simultaneously,
from all the "words of God,"
from the mirrored world-soul.

So much for original sin, or the fall story.

AND WHILE I LINGER FOR A MOMENT ON THAT FALL STORY,
JANIS JOPLIN'S "ME AND BOBBY McGEE" SCREAMS INTO MY EARS.
WHAT A FEAST FOR THE EARS! I LOVE YOU, JANIS!
AND PLEASE—DON'T ACTUALLY GO BELIEVING IN SOME ORIGINAL SIN OR LITERAL FALL NARRATIVE NOW!

The imaginary separation between **ME-I** and body continues
through concept-gathering understanding:

Here I am: my cognitive mind, my brain, my ego, spirit, soul (21 grams or not)—
what I can only grasp in delusion.

And there is my pool of experience:
where I colour stored information and relate it to whatever seems to act on me.

And there is my pool of reflection:
where synapses form thoughts—about things, about problems, about myself and my experiences.

Even though something deep inside already "knows":

I cannot influence events—only describe them.
I cannot look into my own eyes—cannot see my Self.
I can only perceive myself in the dialogical rear-view mirror.
And there is no salvation for this I—salvation from what, even?

Still, **ME** keeps reflecting, categorising, sorting—according to function:

Thoughts and stories arise, inspired from "inside" or "outside."
I relate them to others—and to myself, to the named ME-instance.
I can empathise (Theory of Mind), evaluate, compare, interpret,
accept or reject.

After the delusion of ME and distinction
comes the delusion of choice:
interpretations awaken, moral justice, a whole architecture built upon
"I am this body."

Could I ever have resisted this apparent awakening
into the presumptuous world-dream,
this dualistically objectified world, this **ME** of mine?

Of course not.

And it makes little sense for the I, inside its dream, to blame its self-invented God—
though an old anonymous line once put it plainly:

> If God rules all things, shaped life on Earth, dispensed joy and suffering, allowed evil and did not stop it—
> if man lives out his urges—then God alone bears guilt.
> — Anonymous

So what good is such ME-centred lamentation?

Clearly, all that **IS** and occurs is “God”—
free of God-images, free of ideology,
free of personal, political, religious, scientific, economic I-delusions.

Maybe we truly are best off as godless Zarathustras.

But why do we keep believing in I and you—in a dualistic worldview?
Does this dream, this synaptic habit, force us into it?

Of course.

So perhaps I should ask what matters more:

Where was this I before birth—
before the energetic setup, the login into body-identity?

And where does this wondrous self-reflecting I go
in magnetic sleep, after the body’s death?

Likely everywhere and nowhere.

For there is no chronological before and after,
no spatially fixed I (“here I am, there you are”),
because this misread identity arose only within the world-dream—
and will therefore disappear again—
if it was ever born at all.

As long as the transpersonal Absolute streams through seeming relativity (this body-appearance),
latent karmic tendencies can awaken, unfold, be lived;
experiences can be registered, processed.

Then all that is temporary fades—
even the finest bound substance.
All self-processing appearances and interpretations
drown in the eternally unborn—
no matter how long the temporary still echoes
in imaginary layers of space-time-nothing…

… **AND LEONARD COHEN’S SONG “THE PARTISAN” IS STILL ECHOING IN ME.**

But perhaps it is this very unity—
this pre-paradisiacal darkness,
this pre-thought Being,

this infinitely potential unknowing (living nothingness)
that "determined" everything on this plane—
that even enabled a delusion-draped imagination—
that made possible my ME-birth.

To close this chapter, I want to leave you with Milarepa's words (my own intuitive, freely translated and shortened version). After long study, he seems to have found his I-less, concept-less answers spontaneously. He said:

Trained in the "usual studies of science" (intuitive self-inquiry),
I have utterly forgotten even the knowledge of misleading ignorance.

Trained in the contemplation of the "whispered and (self-)chosen truth,"
I have forgotten everything ever spoken and written in books.

Trained to contemplate all "visible phenomena," as the Dharma says,
I have now forgotten every mind-made meditation.

Trained to contemplate "great compassion,"
I have forgotten all differences between myself and others.

Trained to contemplate "this life and the next—and that they are one,"
I have forgotten (myself and) the fear of birth and death.

Trained to use every new "experience for awakening,"
I have (at last) let go of all creeds and dogmas.

Trained to hold the "mind in the uncreated state of freedom" (Nothing),
I have lost every conventional and artificial effort (the I-drive).

Trained to ponder the "idea of wordless śūnyatā,"
I have forgotten to rush back to the roots of verbs, to the source of all words and sentences.

PHENOMENAL BIRTH
...OF A SEEMING SELF

Questions from the Memory-Palace

Who—or what—or which self-processing delusion was ever born?

What "fusion" once (or perpetually) seems to produce this apparent birth?

How could an inflated ego, this merely dreamt (SELF-)birth, ever be *sin*?

Does only my SELF have father and mother, karma, and a birth?

Answers out of Nowhere

"Mass is a phenomenon of connecting light rays which go back and forth,
sort of freezing them into a pattern.
So matter, as it were, is condensed or frozen light."
— David Bohm (1917–1992)

"I dreamt I was the universe, and all I dreamt was 'ME'—
a 'ME' that I am not.
I dream the universe, and 'you' perceive it."

— Wei Wu Wei (Terence Gray, 1895–1986)

So—what was born there, exactly?

Is this dream simply Being turned inside out—
as if the world were an eyelid, and sight its own echo?

Or was the so-called merging—life-force with a drop of spirit—
nothing but the universe tasting itself,
through a mirror that cannot locate its own face?

And if the reflective “I” appears at all—
does it not appear with the entire world, at once,
in the same seamless dream of Being:
the block universe, already complete, already nowhere?

Does my holo-body—this “whatever” that seems to arrive—
know anything of its own luminous birth?
Or did it merely inherit the story:
a date, a cry, a name pinned to warm skin?

What is “born”—neuronally, phenomenally, conceptually—
may be nothing but an overlay called ME:
a dancing pattern of nothingness,
a body-mind mechanism that learns to say “mine,”
electromagnetic shimmer that mistakes its glow for authorship,
a synaptic lantern that lights up and calls itself a centre,
a linguistically sealed persona—
a mask that never quite touches a face.

But of course: all of this is spoken from the perspective of a dreamed ME—
and that perspective is part of the dream.

Which means:

Only this ME seems to have parents, family, a birth-story.

Only this ME begs for justice—wants to be “good,” acceptable, redeemed.

Only this ME meets—or refuses—expectations: familial, political, social.

Only this ME worries, suffers, invents gross and subtle bodies,

karma and character, heaven and hell.

Only this ME trembles in Xibalba—

that ancient panic of being cut off from the Whole.

Only this ME fears solitude,

believes in differences it names and guards.

Only this ME imagines it could dissolve back into the Absolute,

into Father-God or Mother-God—

though nothing was ever separate from THAT which eternally IS.

Only this ME clings to recognition, to well-being, to resurrection.

But where is it—this sensual, diabolical ME—
this alleged centre of the story?

If there were any “real” birth—any true fall—
it would have to be an actual plunge:
from the Absolute I, the empty Being,
into the corset of “I am,”
into a truly separate self,
identified with its body, dividing and naming the world,
acting personally, responsible personally, suffering personally.

But even that—only if the appearance were real.
Only if the “I” in the dream existed.
Only if separation had ever happened.

And so something becomes quietly obvious:

The I cannot meet the world directly.
And yet it sees, hears, thinks, describes—
and calls that “experience.”

The I cannot experience Totality as Totality—
only as a cascade of opposites,
as veils that glitter and vanish.

So perhaps this is the real intimacy:

I meet myself—Being—
only within these long-outdreamed contrasts,
behind a thousand sensory curtains,
in contracted droplets of reflection.

Probably inspired by the "21 Grams of Soul," I put on Alex Hepburn's "Under" and—right away—end up writing a poem to it, too:

Resurrection

How could the idea of resurrection
ever have thrilled me,
when neither this seemingly acting body
nor my mind is truly real—
but borrowed,
temporary,
pseudo-real,
and perceived?

So who is fighting the spiritual fight?
Who longs to be freed from "unwilling participation"—
to rise again,
to reunite with a Ba?

Who wants to save the world with morals and ritual,
to defy an old order,
to forgive "sin" through sacrifice—
remnants of the hunter's age?

Be reborn—when nothing
was ever truly born?

Who sets a radiant sign,
surrenders to weakness and despair—

if not this tenacious disturbance,
this glorious yawn,
this light-blinded, merely imagined ME?

And yet—something did “happen,”
to Buddha, to Jesus, to Mohammed, to many others—
whatever it was that apparently happened.

Not to those who merely quote them,
who neither see nor understand,
but use words to elevate themselves.

That struggle beneath the tree,
on the cross,
in the cave—
was magnificent:

An ego trying to rid itself of its ego
in the wilderness of its own mind—
to crucify shadows,
to outgrow its fears,
to end what it had never truly begun.

Exhausting—perhaps the final battle—
and yet there is nothing to save,
nothing to harvest.

Until ME finally sees:

There was never a struggle beneath the tree or on the cross.
No transcendence.
No departure from God.

Until ME sees:

There never was an ego,
no creator,
no Avalokiteshvara,
no First Archon,
no devil,
no seduction—
no ME, no dream,
no world that could transform.

Until ME sees:

There is truly nothing to do—
except surrender.

To give oneself entirely
to that inner, eternally incomprehensible freedom
which simply IS,
and only seems to “wait”—
if indeed it is to happen.

…And that—oh paradox—
is what I wish,
with all my heart,
for myself and for all so-called “Others.”