
STUDENTS AND FRIENDS
OF NON-DUALITY
ON A BOTTOMLESS PATH

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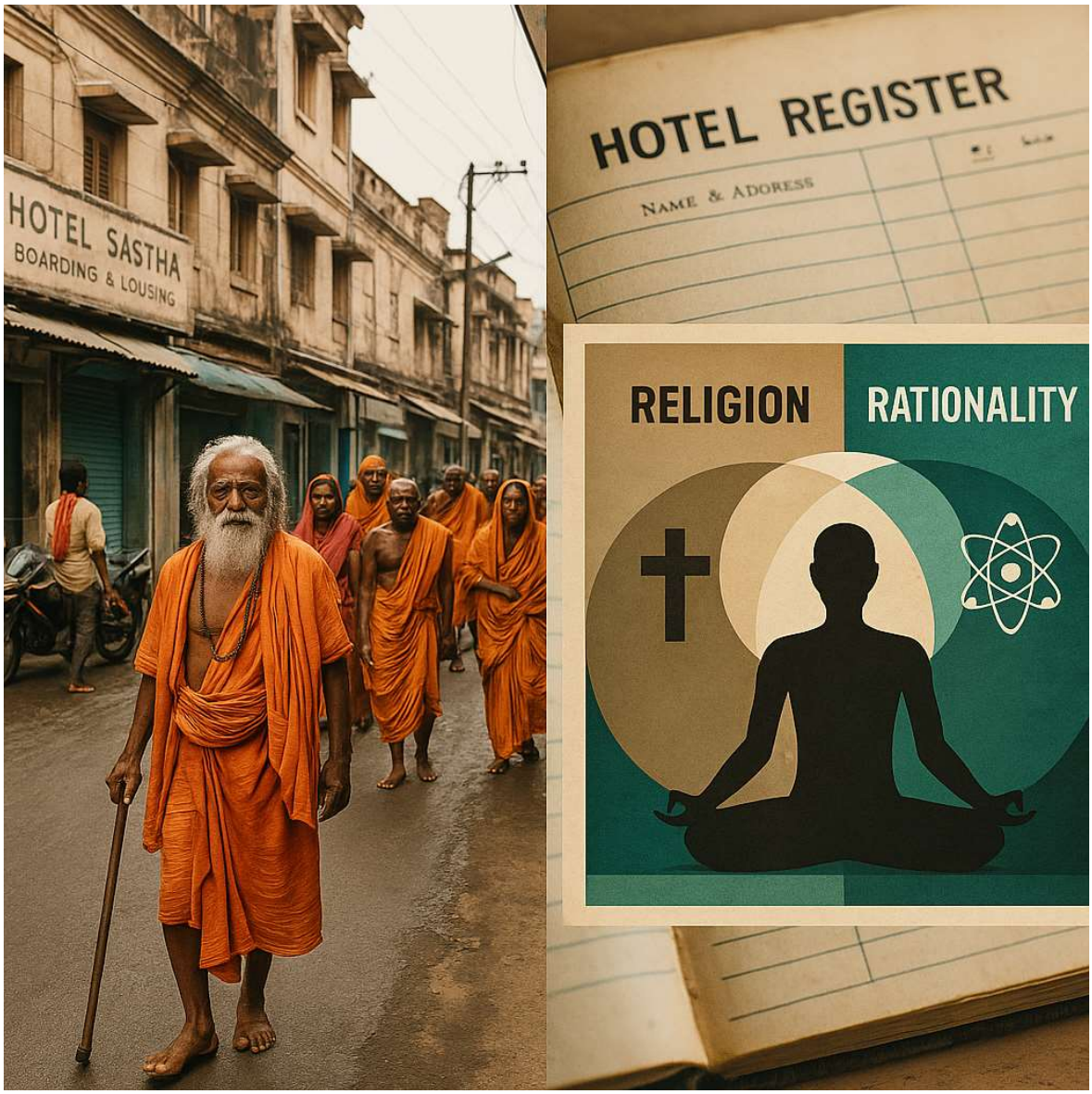
1. Introduction – The Author's Path to Non-Duality



So, how did I actually come to Non-Duality?
It started at home. My mother was religious, she believed in God. My father wanted nothing to do with that. So I grew up between two very different worldviews – and had to find my own.

At first, I wanted to know everything about religions. Then I became curious about rituals, magic, everything mysterious. After that came philosophy – both Western and Eastern. I read Theosophy, Rudolf Steiner, later Advaita, with touches of Zen, Dzogchen, the Diamond Way of Tibetan Buddhism, and Taoism. At the same time, I

devoured myths – every myth I could find. I was fascinated by history, by ancient and even vanished cultures.

After hotel management school, I fulfilled a lifelong dream: I went to India. And there, it felt as if all my questions were answered. My mind was so open that everything just flowed into me. In the end, I traveled to India 23 times, and I even met several Gurus – encounters that still shape me today.

Meanwhile, my professional journey also continued. I studied marketing and non-verbal communication, became a quality manager, opened a school for autistic children, and for 17 years led one of the largest social enterprises in Switzerland. Alongside that, I explored esoteric and therapeutic trainings – Shiatsu, Shin Tai, past-life therapy, Reiki Master, and many more.

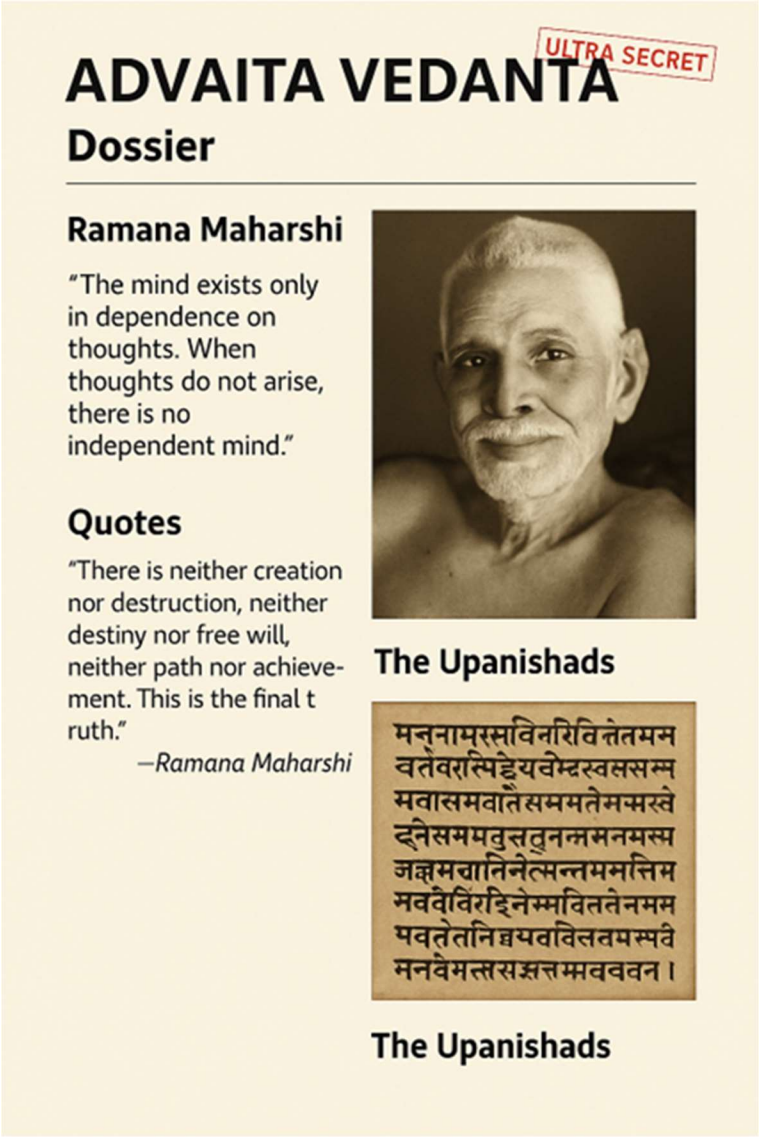
And what did all this searching teach me?
Above all, that I don't really know anything. And sometimes I feel that even this "not knowing" is already far too much knowledge.

So what is Non-Duality? Simply put: the absence of two. Everything we usually experience as separate – me and the world, subject and object, inside and outside – are ultimately expressions of the same reality. In Advaita Vedānta this was expressed very clearly. There is the phrase neti neti – "not this, not that" – pointing to the fact that what we truly are cannot be captured by concepts or definitions.

In the West, this view found many echoes – through teachers like Ramana Maharshi or Nisargadatta Maharaj, through Zen Buddhism, the Diamond Way of Tibetan Buddhism, Dzogchen, Taoism, and later modern spiritual movements. Even Western occultists such as Kenneth Grant or Aleister Crowley engaged with Indian spirituality – though in a more ambivalent way.

Today, Non-Duality is often seen less as a religion and more as an invitation to see through the illusion of separation – and simply rest in what is.

2. Advaita Vedānta – Non-Duality Explained



Literally, Advaita means "non-duality" or better: the absence of any duality (a = no, dvaita = two). It is the monistic doctrine of Vedanta: the One appears as the Many – yet is nothing other than the One itself. Beside the cosmic Self, the sun, or the great All-Spirit, nothing independent exists.

An image: from the sun's perspective there is no duality. No day, no night – only radiance, which to human beings 'on earth' merely appears in opposites.

According to Vedanta, Brahman simply stands for THAT. For Being. For perception, the perceived, and the perceiver all at once. It is the all-encompassing reality in which Nirvāṇa

and Saṃsāra are inseparably one. Advaita is not a religion, nor a technique or method. It simply points to what is – or what is not. With the old principle Neti Neti ("not this, not that"), it becomes clear: nothing we can name or grasp is the truth. Only the absence of both presence and absence – the emptiness of the self, the emptiness of any "holographic reality" – truly is.

The "outer world" as well as the "idea of a self" are merely staged appearances. Not two. Only seemingly awakened from a sub-subjective perspective, from differences in language and thought. Everything we describe – a self, an object, an event – is only a dream of the ego-self, a representation, a construction, a reflection.

Hartmut Piper summarized Advaita in 1931 as follows:
"… it culminates in a baroque, extreme absolutism and monism, according to which only the infinite eternal unity of Brahman is absolutely real, whereas all finite, perishable multiplicity, especially the individual souls (jivas) and their organs (upadhis), that is, the entire cosmos, is merely deceptive appearance, based on ignorance (avidya), a semblance (Maya, a reflection or moonlike phenomenon …)."

It is also remarkable that many Neo-Advaita thinkers, occultists, and magicians – such as Kenneth Grant (inspired by Ramana Maharshi) – engaged deeply with this teaching. Yet Advaita has often been misunderstood: many contemporary teachers still address "a person" who is supposed to reach something – Brahman, awareness, enlightenment, Christ-consciousness, or Buddha-nature. But Advaita points precisely to the fact that there has never been two.

Thus Advaita (like Dzogchen, Zen, or Ch'an) risks becoming just another doctrine, almost a Cartesian-flavored religious system. Perhaps many people today no longer sense the original magic of Advaita – that immediate, enchanting showing of the non-dual.

Advaita in the West

In the West, the idea of non-duality has surfaced again and again – often disguised in philosophy or mysticism. The pre-Socratics such as Heraclitus or Parmenides already asked about the One behind all appearances. Plotinus, in Neoplatonism, spoke of "the One" beyond all categories. Meister Eckhart preached that God and soul are ultimately one, and that "true being" rests beyond all images and concepts.

Later, thinkers like Spinoza (with his "one substance") or Hegel (with his absolute idea) took up non-dual insights. In Western mysticism too – among the Sufis, in Gnosticism, or with Jakob Böhme – we find the same core: there is no real "two."

Today, Advaita reappears in the West in movements such as Neo-Advaita, in psychology, mindfulness teachings, and even in quantum philosophy. Yet the core remains always the same: everything is already THAT, without separation, without subject and object.

KEY INSIGHTS OF NON-DUALITY

- Neti Neti ("*not* this, not, that') – anything that can be experience cannot be what we truly are.
- No causality – every apparent seprario (subject/object, inside/outside, self/world),
- No causality – what IS is not bound to past, present, future, or to a spificic "where."
- Illusion and reality are ONE – tream id wa king life are simply different perspectives on the same.
- Everything happens spontaneously – without reason, without goal, without origin.
- Language and concepts spontaneousy – every explanation or description remains a dream within the dream.
- Nothing is wrong, nothing is right – all judgments arise only through the idea of a separate self.

3. Practice & Philosophy

1. **What does engaging with this philosophy truly offer?**
2. **Does it simply trouble the mind, whipping and driving thoughts without end?**

Philosophy in Practice

Why might non-dual philosophy resonate with me, and what could I gain from it?

The answer inevitably unfolds on two levels:

On the absolute level: There is no one here (only the assumption of a "ME"), so there can be no benefit for anyone.

On the relative level: The clearer this non-dual message becomes, the lighter and freer life feels. Why? Because we never found a ME, there is no "us" or "ours." I may feel increasingly freed from the weight of "me"—simply allowing WHAT IS, or whatever happens, without resistance. Engaging with what happens no longer seems necessary, since there is no "me" to engage. And if engagement still occurs, that too is perfectly fine—because that is simply WHAT IS happening.

So, in the end, we live the fact that there is no difference between illusion and reality—between Samsara and Nirvana.

At the same time, transcending is not founded on the ego or on knowledge—it is unfounded, without ground. To see this more clearly, we would need to understand the German word Be-Wusst-Sein (literally "con-scious-ness"; -scious from Latin scīre = "to know") in a deeper way. As the word itself suggests, it contains within it Wissen (knowledge). From the perspective of the worldly "I," this gives rise to two levels of knowledge:

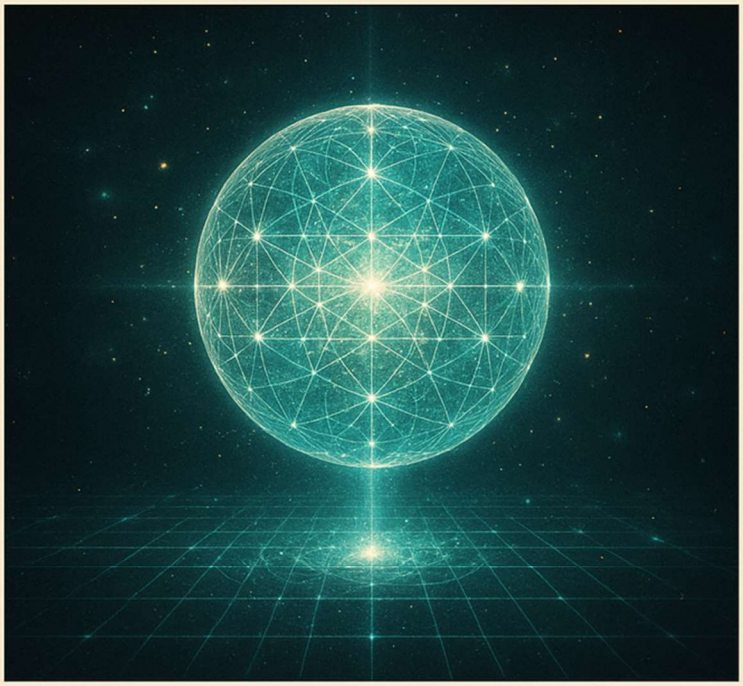
• **Absolute knowledge**—blind, potential, the possibility for any apparent expression.

• **Relative knowledge**—which believes it can move from A to B, which assumes that knowledge could transcend the "I," and therefore regards itself as valuable.

Yet everything is nothing more than a happening of the Absolute—of emptiness—meaningless and incomprehensible.

Let us now take a closer look at consciousness.

THE HOLOGRAPHIC UNIVERSE –
Dossier



Each part reflects the whole. The drop contains the ocean, the spark the fire. Reality mirrors itself endlessly.

4. Consciousness

What is Con-scious-ness?

Preface

This essay looks at "consciousness" from a non-dual perspective. The terms used come from different traditions (Sanskrit and Western philosophy) and are meant here as *pointers*, not as exclusive or dogmatic definitions. More important than the words is the experience itself: that subject, object, and their relationship appear in one single happening. Language can only point – it never fully captures.

Mini-Glossary (central terms in the text)

- *Chaitanya*: all-consciousness, universal awareness, impersonal and boundless.
- *Chetana*: activated or individualized consciousness, apparently functional, seemingly personal.
- *jiva*: the individually animated being, the person as appearance.
- *Atman*: the so called Self; not the looping ego, but an impersonal principle.
- *Akasha*: poetic image for an "information field" or universal storage.
- *Holography / Block universe*: metaphors for wholeness, timelessness, and stored possibilities.
- *Empty-Fullness (Śūnyatā / Pūrṇatā)*: emptiness as the full presence of being.
- *Holon, a Drop of a the sea, the holographic universe*

Reading Guidelines

- Key terms appear *italicized* with a short explanation the first time.
- Neutral formulations are emphasized ("universal consciousness / divine reality – differently named in different traditions").
- Quantum/Orch-OR references are used only as **metaphors**, not scientific claims.
- Each paragraph develops **one core idea**, so the text flows clearly.

Key Takeaways

1. **Consciousness is not a thing but a happening – open and boundless.**
2. **The sense of "Me" is an energetic loop, a felt pull toward identification, appearing as a doer but never the originator.**
3. **No-thing-ness "shows up" when resonance ripens – yet timelessly nothing is ever truly new.**
4. **Words can only point; they are never what they point to.**

Everyone seems to understand something different by "consciousness." For some it arises from matter, for others matter arose from an ethereal Being. For the author, this duality (Shiva–Shakti) is only apparent. The individually animated being (*jiva*) and the all-being consciousness (*Chaitanya*) are ultimately – unconsciously or unnamed – one.

Perhaps the individual is a **holon**, a drop in the ocean of the holographic (block) universe (*Chaitanya*). Each mind-like drop (energy pattern) carries the whole within, yet can only perceive what it is prepared for – like a prism-like sparkle that, depending on perspective, shows different aspects of light.

The personal consciousness seems to move – according to the author's observation – in an absolute "information field, perhaps called 'Akasha' or 'Book of Life,'" as in its individual cloud of knowledge: a perceptual field determined by openness, predisposition, and resonance, which decides what information from the holographic universe (*Akasha*) can be received. This field is sufficient to translate quanta into a personal model of reality and to shape the experienced world.

The potential of the universal ocean remains always accessible. Yet "new" knowledge can only flow in when the individual consciousness is 'ready' for it. This "grasping" of knowledge does not happen consciously, but is an **interference**, a subtle touching, an unnoticed streaming of THAT which IS. Only what resonates with one's own frequency is received and amplified.

But new knowledge is never truly "new." It is rather timeless information, resting as probability in a field – ready to be awakened. Absolute as well as relative knowledge remains always THAT which IS. *Atman* appears to the so-called "I" only as perspective: as a limited holo-facet of the boundless whole.

*Nature culminates from all sides into an **I-point** (synthesis point, reflection point, I-image) – in the so-called mind-space-time, the "tree of life."*

With some luck we also experience moments beyond information. When the mind is absent, it may reveal itself: "we" are nothing like everything – emptiness and fullness at once. Then it shows how wild and free potential and expressed Being truly are – everything IS.

*In the worldly dream we scatter terms around: consciousness is soul, is spirit – and spirit is everything that IS, which can again manifest as matter or appearance. But why make attributions at all? Why read from focused energy patterns? Why invent words like **panpsychism**, when everything simply IS – free and without concept?*

Perhaps the energy of the universe cannot truly be assigned, despite all testified information, thoughts, concepts, or words – although chaitanyam ātma underlies everything: unconditional energy (reality) is everything that is.

*Perhaps this energy is a **creative power** (Chetana). Perhaps not. It could be an informative influence that unceasingly strives for mutation or expansion (Jupiter) – with or without effect on our body-mind image. Resonance fields may thereby illusorily, or suspiciously even self-reflexively, become "conscious" of themselves.*

In everyday life we label everything: consciousness, soul, spirit, matter. Yet all labels are only concepts placed upon what simply is. *Chaitanyam ātma* – the underlying reality is simply THAT.

In the Indian view two aspects of consciousness are recognized:

• **All-consciousness (Chaitanya):** not a "thing," but a centerless field – the appearance-happy ocean of blind possibility and potential.

• **Contracted consciousness:** the individual, conditioned mode (veiled by identification) – spinning in its thought-loop – this "conditioned" loop born from reflection upon reflection.

From this apparent loop of stories, matter and suffering arise. Yet even the "someone" who claims to see and control is nothing but a happening of THAT. Perception cannot be perceived – because we are it. What shows itself appears only as form, as the supervisual play of appearances.

Subject and object are not truly separate; they are one empty-full reality shimmering as many. The drop "knows" the ocean, while the ocean knows nothing of drops. To speak of "levels" or "types" of consciousness is therefore misleading – such distinctions are only stories told by an apparent self.

First, there is raw, undivided awareness. Then, a feedback loop arises: "I" begins to name and classify, making patterns appear solid and meaningful.

Through this describing, form appears as “world” and “individual.” The mind entangles itself in labels and relations; the Nothing seems to become Some-thing – a creation-story – yet it is only happening.

There is no true becoming, for all unfolds timelessly. No separate knower exists. Experiencer, experience, and experiencing are one. The very word “con-scious-ness” suggests a knower (a knowing), yet in truth there is none. What we call knowledge is only the energetic play of thoughts and stories, filtered and reflected through the sense-mind.

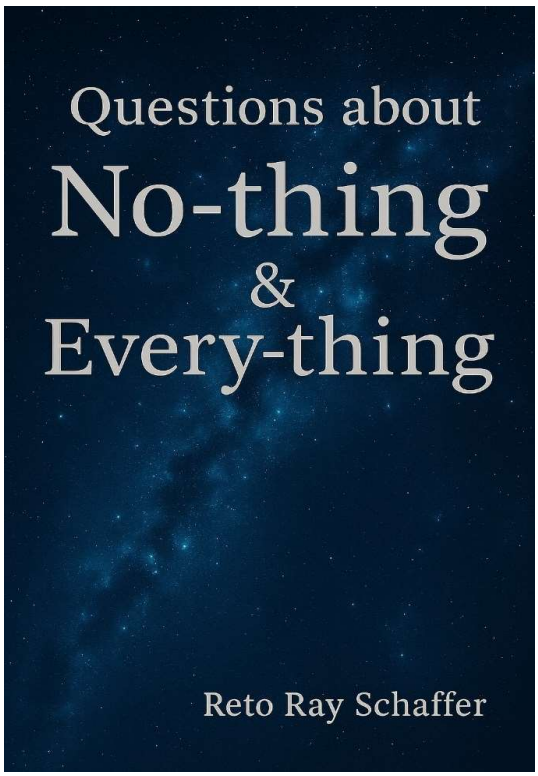
The mind then turns THAT into “this” – the objectification of Being. In the dream, only concepts can be known; the suchness (*tathatā*) remains ungraspable. All-consciousness abides as fullness-emptiness beyond space and time, even if it sometimes seems to stream as light.

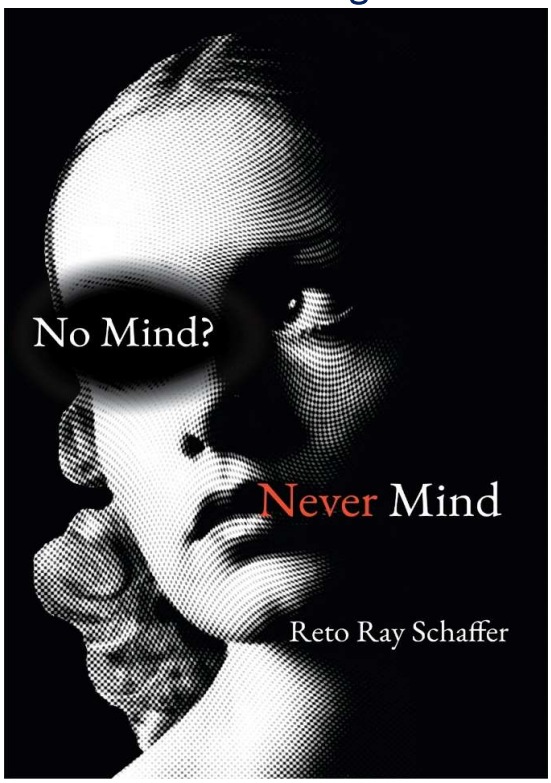
When we try to objectify consciousness, it hardens into thought; objectify thought, and it becomes a thing – yet subject and object are never two. (Atmananda Krishna Menon)

In the West, “consciousness” is often bound to the egoic, information-processing mind. Models (such as Gebser’s structures) can be helpful, yet even if awareness is divided into stages, the Totality itself does not evolve – it only appears to. There may be only one unconditional IS-dream, with or without a fleeting “I.”

Humans become self-aware in childhood and try to fill an inner emptiness with names and stories. Yet these never last. The “I” veils what IS with its narratives, believing them, believing itself to be something separate. But when Nothing stirs, Being stirs – appearing as a loving, holographic display. Consciousness remains undivided; only from the “I,” as a fleeting aspect of the Absolute, does it seem to fragment into many.

Some Books from the Author – these ones are in English





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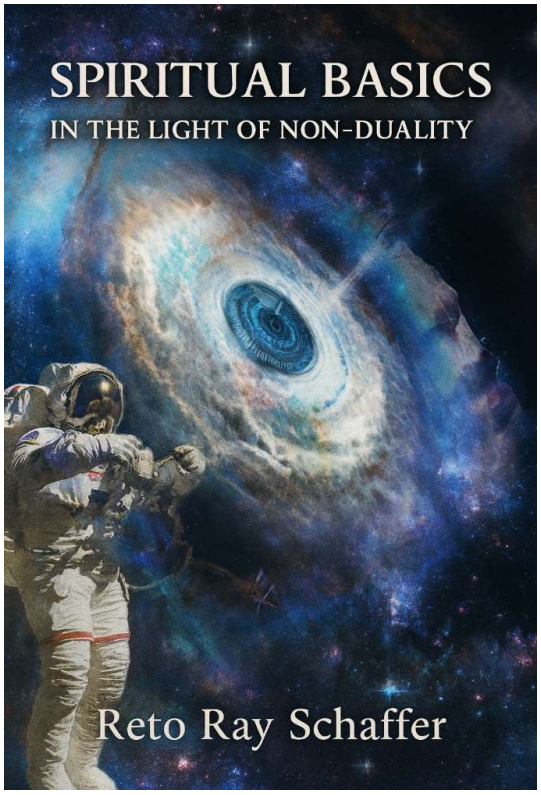
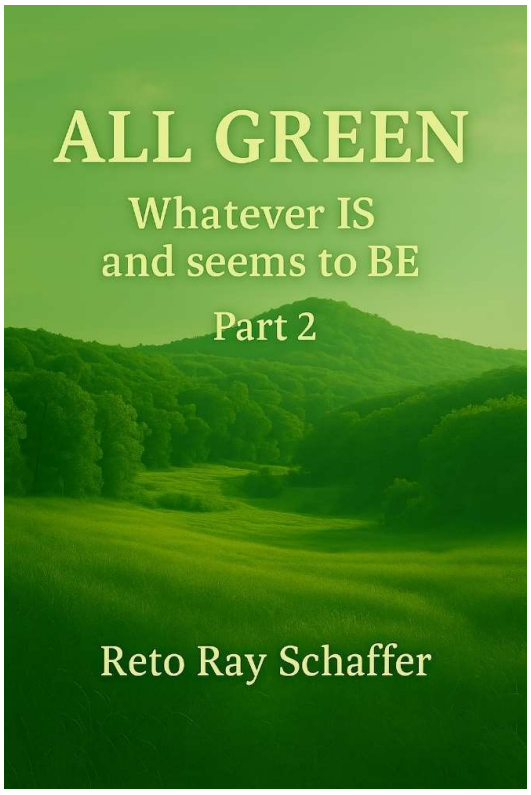
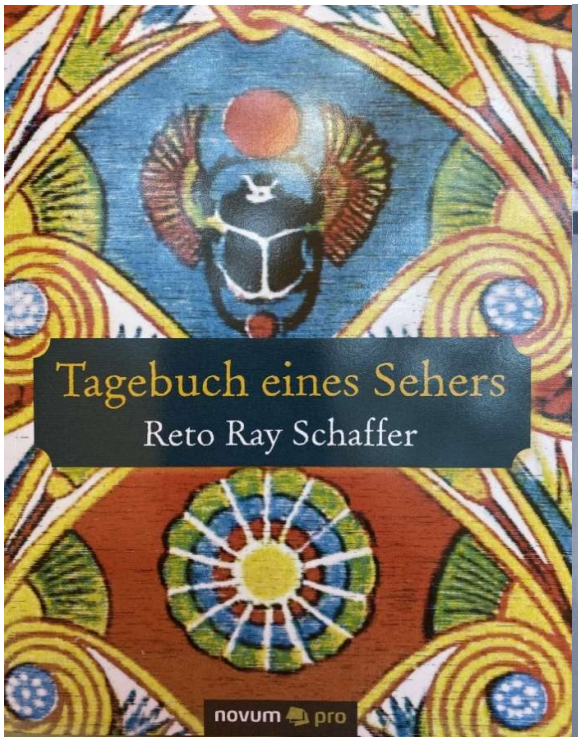
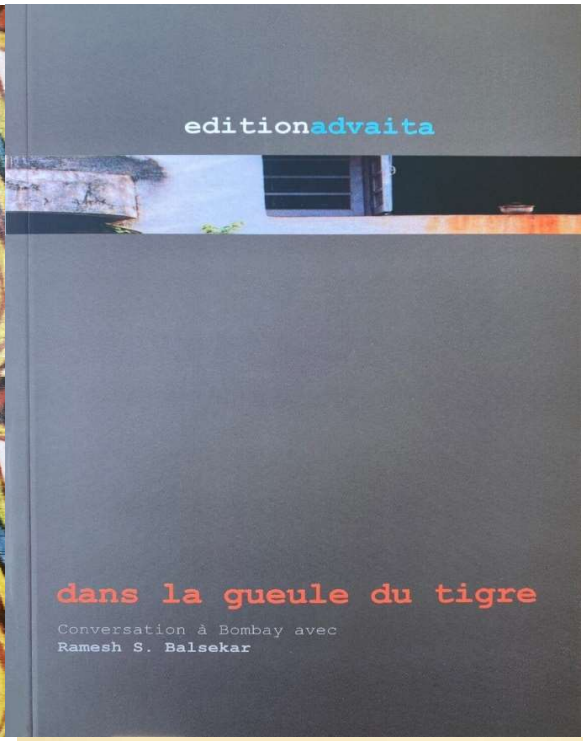
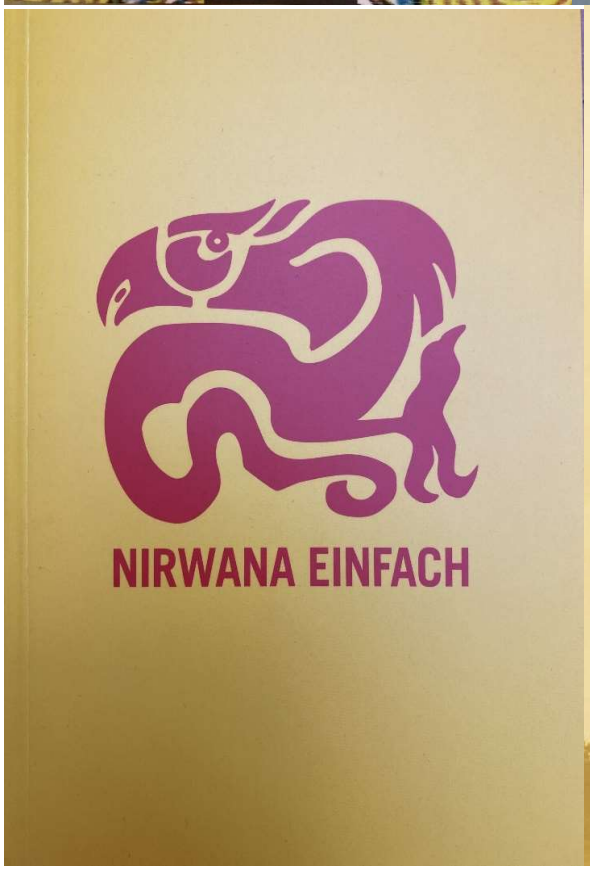


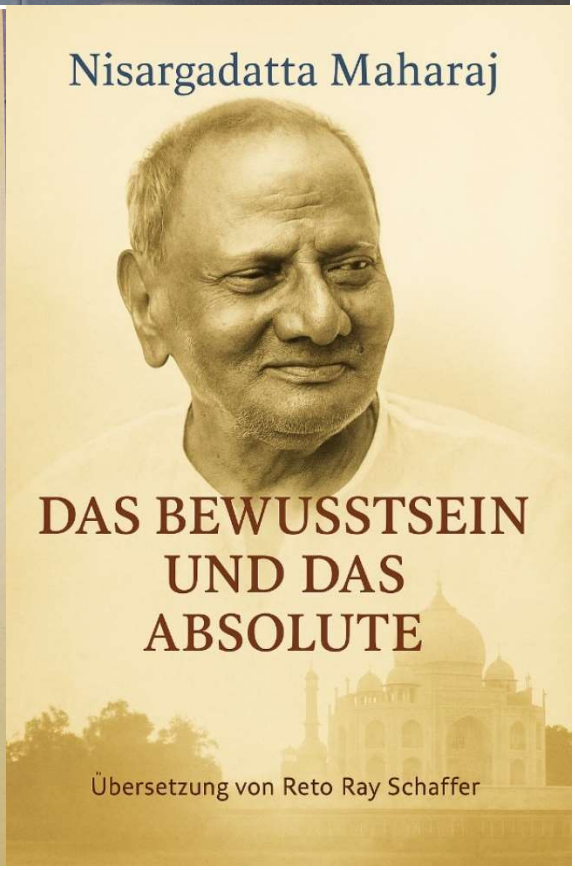


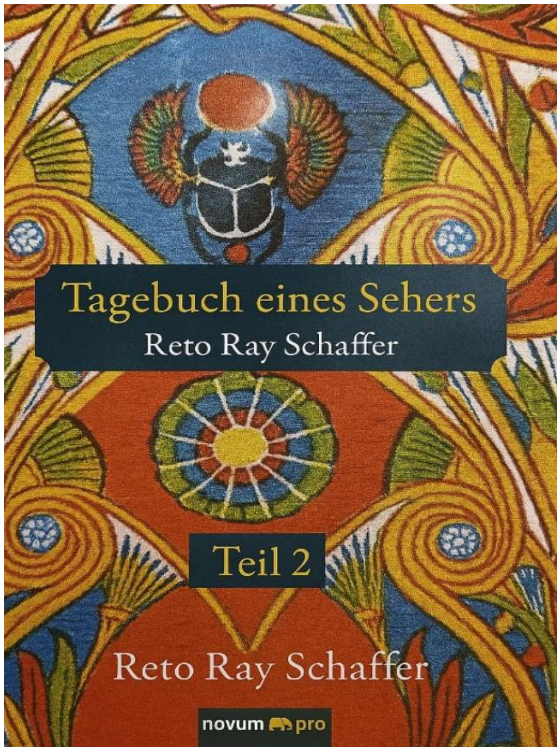
Books in German or Translations from the Author







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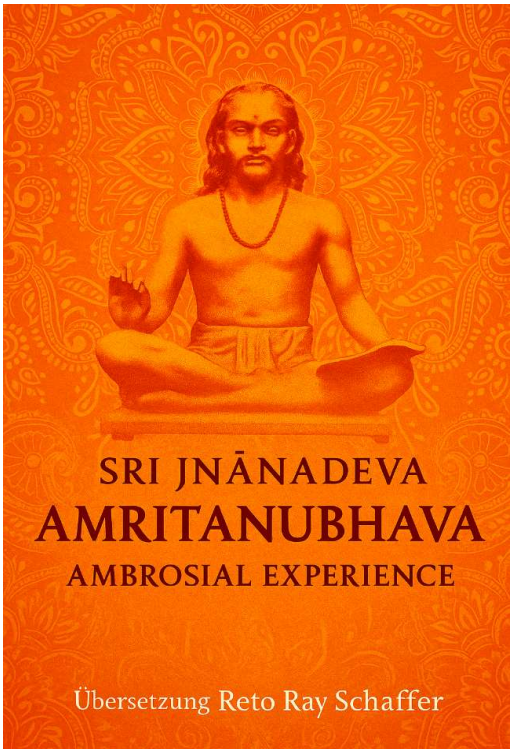
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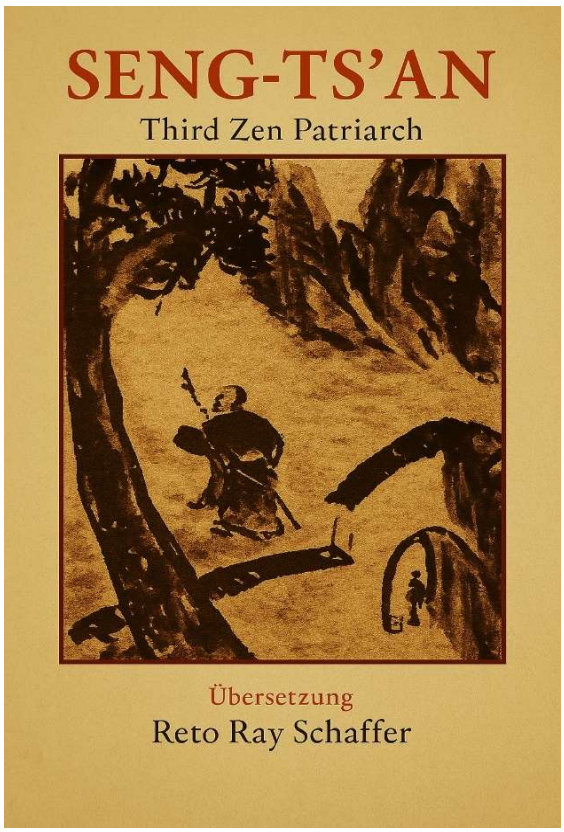
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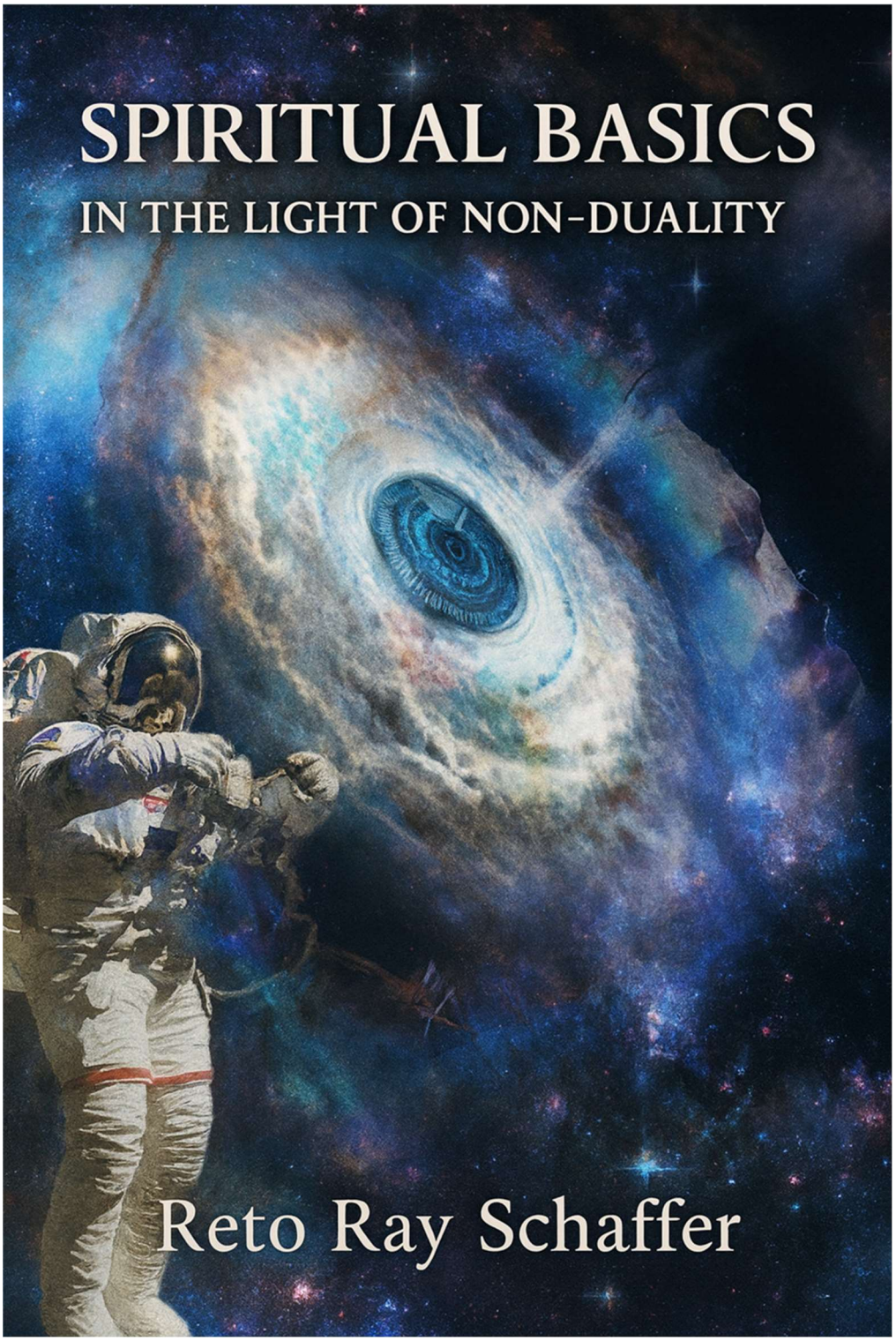
6.What is this ME or I (Extract from Spiritual Basics)



I / ME

Preface

This section looks at **I / ME** as a helpful function in human experience rather than as a fixed, inner "thing." It uses images (ocean and drop, mirror, hologram) only as **pointers**, not as dogma. The aim is clarity: simple language, one core idea per paragraph, and neutral references across traditions.

Mini-Glossary

- *ME / I*: the personal sense of self ("me-ness"); useful for daily life.
- *Ego*: the habit of taking experiences personally; a **function**, not a substance.
- *Witness*: the neutral noticing of experience (sometimes called the "I-principle").
- *THAT / the Absolute*: what **is**, beyond personal identity (different names across traditions).
- *Appearance*: how experiences show up (thoughts, feelings, body, world).
- *Hologram / Block universe*: metaphors for wholeness and stored possibilities.

I / ME — short version

The *ME* often feels like a center that holds "my" views, "my" knowledge, and "my" life together. When we look closely, this center is not to find. What we do find are **processes**—sensations, memories, thoughts—that (self-)organize experience and then get labeled "me."

Different teachers describe the ME in different ways. Some call it the **witness** or *I-principle*; others call it **illusion** or **function**. Both views point to the same insight: the ME **works** in daily life, but it is not the **source** of life. It is a pattern of attention, not a fixed entity.

Because the ME cannot find a solid core, it circles around images and stories. It tries to confirm itself: "This is my body, my thought, my choice." These claims are **useful** to navigate the world, but they can also create tension and suffering—especially when the ME believes it must control everything.

The ocean-and-drop picture helps: water is still water whether in an ocean or a drop. In the same way, experience is part of a larger **Being**. The drop feels separate because of its **surface** (our sense of "I"), yet it never stops being water. Separation is a **feeling**, not a final truth.

We often ask, "Who am I?" The question is natural—but every answer easily becomes another **story**. Science also looks for the self and describes it as a **process** (a model the brain uses). This does not make life empty; it makes life **dynamic**. The ME is practical, moving, and changeable.

From this view, there are three helpful "modes" (only as pointers):

1. **Small ME**: "I am the doer." Strong identification with roles and stories.
2. **Cosmic ME**: "I am." Wide presence, yet still a subtle identity.
3. **Non-ME**: open, centerless being—no claim, no owner.

None of these is final or a new identity to hold. They simply describe how experience can **show up**. The simple takeaway: the ME is **functional**—it organizes life, but it is not the **ground** of life. When this is seen, the ME can relax. Experience continues, and the pressure to defend a fixed self becomes lighter.

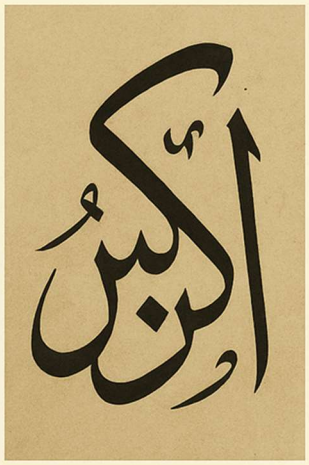
4 Take-aways

1. The ME is an assumption, maybe a **function** as well, but not a thing.
2. The energetically felt "center" is **constructed** while reflection the reflected.
3. Stories seems to help life run, but they are not the **source** of life.
4. Openness remains, with or without a strong sense of ME.

MYSTICISM IN EAST AND WEST

Dossier

Meister Eckhart



Sufi Calligraphy

Meister Eckhart taught that soul and God are ultimately one. In Sufi mysticism we also find the same unity.

I AM

Preface

This section explores **"I Am"** as the simple felt fact of **being here**. References from different traditions are used only as **pointers**. The focus is clarity and directness: fewer terms, one idea per paragraph, inclusive language.

Mini-Glossary

- *I Am*: basic sense of being of existence ... (before roles and stories).
- *Non-dual*: "not two"—beyond the split of subject vs. object.
- *THAT*: what **is** (the absolute; named differently across traditions).
- *Self / Ego*: the personal identity; useful, but not ultimate.
- *Appearance*: the way life shows up—thoughts, feelings, world.
- *Witness*: simple noticing without ownership.

I Am — short version

"I Am" names and reflect the **simple fact of being**. Before we say "I am this or that," there is a quiet sense of **existence**. Later, the mind adds labels—name, role, story—and turns being into personal **identity**.

When we try to perfect "I Am" or chase special states, we usually create **new stories** about a better future me. That does not bring freedom. Freedom is already present as the **fact of being**—before improvement, before achievement.

"I," the personal self, seems to be a **useful organizer**, yet it is not. Planning, memory, and relationships etc. happens. The I is not the doer and **owner** of 'his' life. Experience happens by itself: seeing, hearing, feeling, thinking. The sense of "I" arrives **after** the flow (after the though collapses) and says, "This is mine."

Myths and teachings give images—ocean and wave, light and shadow, birth and death. Such images seem to guide us, but they can also **trap** us if we cling to them. Let them **point**, then let them go.

What about death? What begins and ends are **forms** and **stories**. The basic **presence** of being does not come and go. Sensing this does not remove pain or responsibility; it softens the **fear of loss**.

Science can describe attention, memory, and language. This is valuable. Still, even science speaks **within** being. Whether we say "neurons" or "nirvana," the speaking itself appears **in** the same open presence.

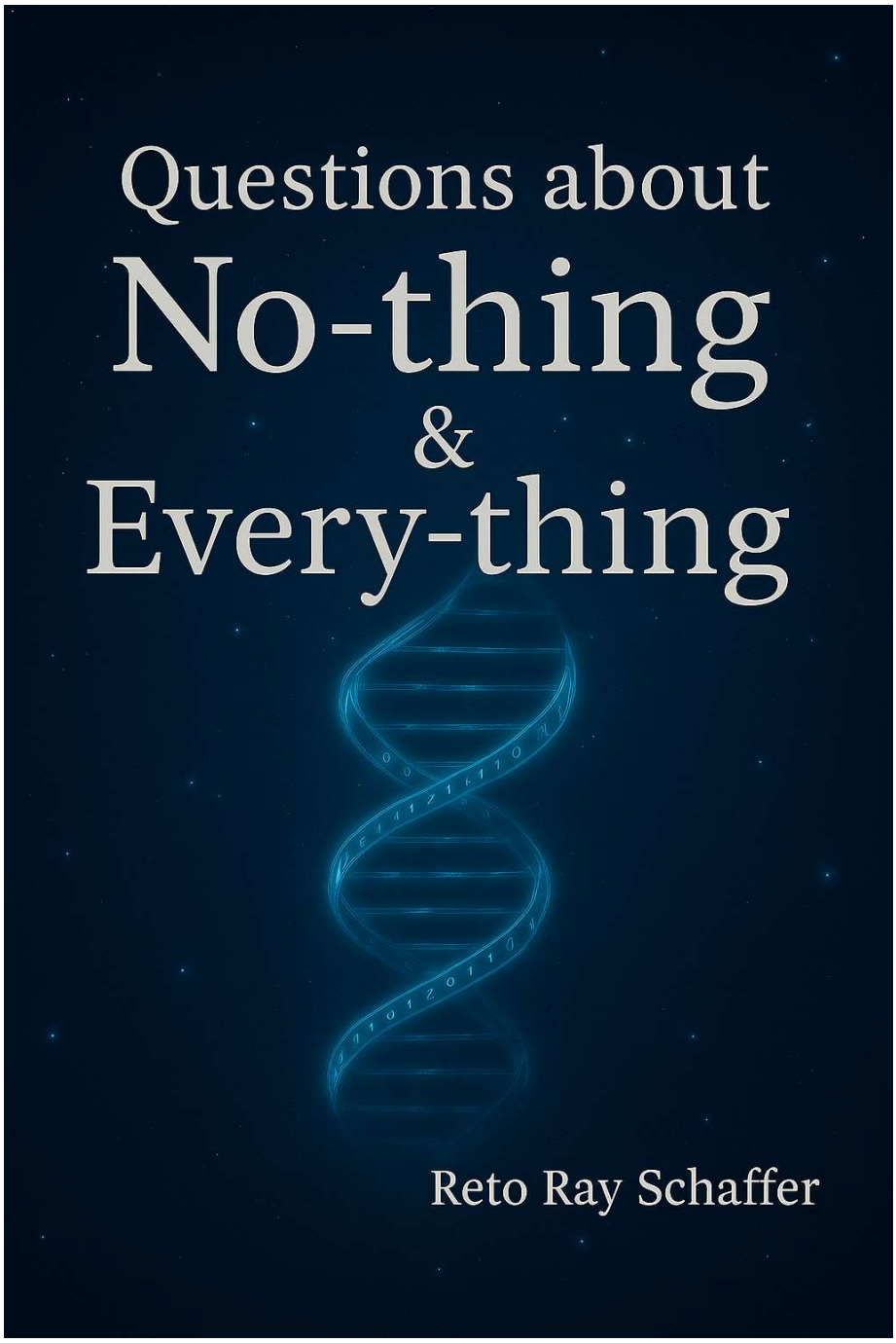
Sometimes the "I" feels like an empty loop, resting on the potential of thoughts yet to arise. When we try to cut this loop with methods and ideas, those very thoughts may be activated or even accelerated. Notice instead: the loop is only an energetic play. When attention comes to rest, the loop loosens on its own. Being remains—quiet, ordinary, open. And whether this happens or not is never in our hands.

4 Take-aways

1. "I Am" apparently points to **beingness**, before labels or consciousness, at a closer look, I Am brings us into duality
2. The personal "ME" seems to be **useful** but it's not as it is not the **doer**.
3. Reality is Illusion, Nirvana is Samsara; and Neti- Neti – either.
4. Subject, object, and experience **arise together** as one event.

Who I am

The following excerpt from the book *QUESTIONS about NO-THING & EVERY-THING* offers those interested a glimpse into the perspective of Non-Duality.



CHAPTER 1 – WHO AM I?

If I am not the body, not the mind, not my memories — what remains?

You are no one — and yet everything — the undividable ONE.
Not this physical appearance, not the mind, not the soul, not even some subtle essence.

Everything that arises — body, thoughts, memories — rises like waves on the ocean of being.
The body dances as a pattern of energy. The mind flows like a river of impressions. Memories echo like waves across the wide sea.

Yet you are not caught in any of these movements.
What you truly are neither arises nor fades, and belongs to no form that can be witnessed.

The body appears. The mind appears. Thoughts arise.
The breath moves, actions happen — and then a thought comes: “I did this.”
But that thought was never the cause, was never “yours.”

The “me” is itself only a thought, an echo, a commentary, a fleeting foam upon the event — not a doer.
There is no one in the head, no one behind the face. No captain at the wheel. No hidden self running life.

The “me” shows itself both as the Absolute and as the Relative — but only from within the Relative.
There is only the ocean: endless being, timeless, formless, unmoving.

And still, a wave rises and says: “I did this.”
But the wave, like the thought, is only a fragment, a reflection of the whole, confined by the angle of perception into what it calls its ‘own’ form.
The wave breaks, washes over, believes in hindsight it was independent.
Yet it has never been other than the ocean — nothing but the ocean’s own movement telling itself a story.

Breathing happens. Words happen. Steps happen. All happens, but for no one. Life dances without a centre.
Watch closely: the ship sails by itself. The ocean carries it — no, it is the ocean. There never was a captain.

“Who asks this question?” — No one.
The question arises like wind, like thunder, like “I-being.”
No questioner exists at the centre. Even the desire to know is a passing wave. Let it come, let it go.

“If all names, stories, roles vanish — do I still exist?”

You need not strip them away. They are already empty.
Roles, stories, identities drift like morning mist. The “me” has no substance.
All is energy, language, sensation, tension. When these waves dissolve, nothing is lost — because nothing solid was ever there.

Pause. Feel the feet, the hands. Or better: there is only sensing.
Nothing personal.
Just simply happening, apparently happening.
What remains is what never came: not you, not the ME, but THIS — the nameless, ineffable, fieldless field.

“Who am I?” is not a riddle. It is a spark of the Absolute that burns the questioner.
No separation between what burns and what is burned.
Everything that arises is already gone.

Memory, expectation, language, thought — all flows like water through the hands.

Even memory is just a pattern in the dance of appearances.
Without memory, there would be no time, no linear “I.”
Yet immutable presence remains, whether memory or language fails.

The end of seeking is the end of needing. No arrival, no conclusion.
The Absolute cannot return, because it was never away.
And yet, when the illusion of distance dissolves, something like “return” may appear — not as movement, but as the disappearance of the one who believed they had gone.

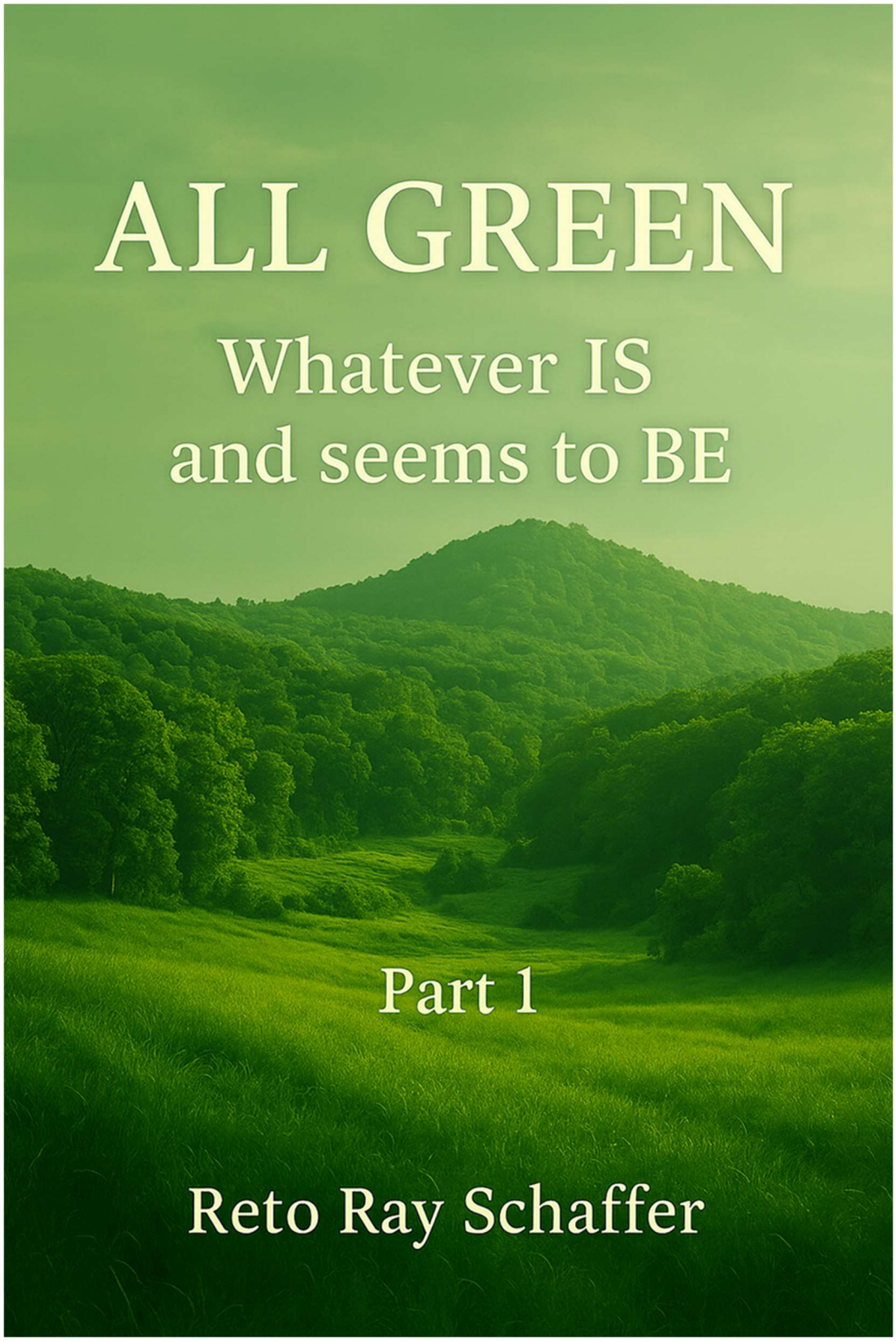
What is already whole cannot become whole. What is home cannot return home.
The block universe is the undivided what-is. The dream of separation may fall away — along with the illusion of return.

It is the end of all positions, all definitions, all reference points.
Unfixed, timeless …

THIS.

Who am I? This question is famous because of Ramana Maharshi. “Who am I?” invites self-inquiry, pointing to the awareness in which all thoughts and experiences arise, revealing the illusory nature of the separate self.

The following excerpt from the book *All Green* offers further glimpses into the perspective of Non-Duality.



7. The Search

The Search

Written for you, me, and all supposed seekers

How many years have we run through this promising world with yearning and bleeding hearts;
how many ideas and poetic lines have burned into our thirsty minds over the years; yet we egos still wait, wait and expect something to happen to us or within us; our search cannot change that, we've tried every door, but fortunately found nothing;we've meditated, contemplated, tormented ourselves with various forms of yoga, fasting, and mantras—
we didn't choose our path, our origin, our parents, or our fate, yet suddenly we stand confused at the end of this cycle, where the rearing earth is flooded by water, burned by fire...;
no, we don't know when Shakti will ignite our Sushumna, or if she even needs to be awakened;
but still, we stand here, sincere and thoughtful, as confessing callers in the desert and failures before ourselves;
for us, who stand on the edge of nowhere, somewhere between day and night, war and peace, compulsion and freedom, apparent self and nothingness, these lines were written;
even if we find no hope in this book, no arrogant promise of some new happiness, by the end of these lines we will at least realize that we no longer need to hope, fearfully and trembling, for something self-believed, meaningful, or new.

There is no self, no world, and the dawn has long since arrived!

There is simply what IS, apparent movements, reflections, and spiral reproductions of nothingness... and how idle it is to reflect on any desires, longings, dreams, and "thought patterns";
yet if you wish, still extend your hand to me and let us together, with some time and leisure, discover the following lines...

My "innermost nothingness" has written not a little of it.

Introduction

How This Book Came to Be

For most of my life, I wandered lightly—like Diana, the goddess of the hunt—through the thicket, searching for spiritual prey. But except for a few hidden corners, I found hardly any of the answers I was longing for. So I began to give myself some, drawing from my own store of history and thought. And then—suddenly—there he was: the royal stag, standing before me in full glory. Yet now I no longer needed to hunt or dissect him, because I had already found the answers that mattered to me. Perhaps you'll enjoy them too. But remember: these answers are just as limited and useless as those of the thinkers before me. They are only concepts, words, assertions—always bound by sound, often heavy with a false sense of "Self" and "meaning." More on that later.

It would be wonderful if, after a few pages, these green words fall away from your feet—like old shoes that no longer fit. Fly behind all words, behind all knowledge and thought-structures, behind the veil of Isis and the wisdom of Sophia, behind the school-taught and the oh-so-meaningful concepts. And already you find yourself where you (without you) have always been: beyond every spiritual approach.

Who knows—maybe the rushing flood of images in this book will lift part of that illusory veil. Every line here is like everything else that appears: a fleeting vision of nothingness. They are inspired by archetypes from many "dream regions," which may break open our well-trained, veiled way of being more than any religion ever could.

We are shaped by forgotten ideas, images, and universes that echo along the shores of an apparent space-time. But for whom? And for how long? Thanks to this apparent "self," the world awakens—like a play of light and love on the canvas of an assumed present. Like sunlight reflected on the surface of an untouched sea.

So, what is this book about? Always the same thing, dear reader. It's about you. Not about something, but about a non-essential Self. About the deepest longing of this eye-hungry world. About our origin-less "origin." About what we (un)supposedly are: Everything and Nothing.

The following chapters—pick and choose them as you like—are like sudden flashes, philosophical tidbits stolen from the depths of nothingness. They are images of nothing and about nothing (oh dear), of being and appearance. Think of this book as a cocktail: a little history, a good dose of mysticism, a touch of science, and much, much nothing.

...And while I write this, I'm listening to Emeli Sandé's beautiful song River. Like music itself, it carries me into many of the lines that follow—lines written for this dawning age, this bloodless ocean we have floated in for as long as humanity can remember.

What's different about this book? Let yourself be surprised. I ask myself questions, and I answer them with stories—from yesterday and today. In doing so, I hope to give you (whoever "you" are) some hints for your own unanswered questions. This green rhapsody almost wrote itself—stormy and urgent. And I realized: this book could be dangerous. Dangerous to your well-trained mind, to the image-making "me," to all old spiritual and religious concepts. It's not a scientific book. It's fragments, spontaneous songs of being, poetry drunk at the breast of nothingness. Green pearls, blossoms from the same flower. They may inspire freer, dreamlike thinking—beyond the dull idea that "I am the thinker, the doer."

But hopefully these blossoms don't give you new meaning, no new belief. They only show something about your supposed self and apparent life, about how this cosmic film appeared out of nothing.

Fortunately, this is not another self-help book that leaves you drained and desperate to understand more. At best, you'll continue as you always have—with or without intent. You judge everything—or

nothing—according to your patterns. Let this nothingness keep flowing through you. For that is what you are: dear nothingness, dear absence of presence.

"Come on, baby, let the good times roll," Roy Orbison sings. And these good times can happen anywhere, anytime—especially now.

Maybe the only practical advice here is:
Stay as you are.

You are wonderful—a dream pulsing with the cosmos, the reality of this block universe. What you are, what I am, what happens, is perfect. It is What Is. We could not have walked another path—if there is even a path at all.

So now you know almost everything about this book. Still want to read it? I'd be delighted. One last thing: I love music. This book was written mostly to the sounds of the '60s and '70s—and some newer songs. They carried me beyond language, helped me break open and rearrange it poetically.

And so I walk, focused and unfocused, between the red and black pillars, with the strange feeling of standing on the brink of a new cycle. Perhaps this book is a late foundation for the hippie era—needed back then, but still welcome now. So let's set off again, with joy in our hearts, through the wounded cradle of civilization—Turkey, Syria, Iraq—toward India, toward a new blossoming time. Draped in flowing robes, intoxicated by life, listening to the sounds of the sitar.

Hey—let's go!

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

MOTT THE HOOPLE are singing their wild "ALL THE YOUNG DUDES."
Lost in memories, I see myself lying on the bed of the Lake View Hotel in Pushkar (India),
thirsting for knowledge—leafing through dozens of books.
What a delight!

Yes, and do you know what might be the most important aspect of this book?
It attempts to explain the many sacred, secret, or spiritual books of the past 5,000 years in simple words.
It explains that you are the stuff our dreams are made of.
That you are the eternally inseparable One—but can perceive yourself only in opposites.
It essentially says the same thing on every page... and is full of music.
It describes a process-less "processing," an inexplicable nothingness.
If that's not delightfully absurd!

A song by THE VERVE plays: "THE DRUGS DON'T WORK."
I listen to it to the very end.
Then I put on Bob Dylan—"THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN',"
and I wonder how our world will fare in the future...

8. A Dream of Green Revolution (from the Book: All Green)

And once again, unborn freedom stirs in a heavily pregnant belly …
Words from a supposed ME-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 this augmented reality, these cybernetic options, by all these flat, shallow, square toys?

Do we chain our individual freedom to contradictory knowledge, outdated financial structures, cultural and traditional myths … to material addictions and flickering screens?

Are we letting ourselves be conditioned by all these canned, pre-chewed and fast-paced bits of information, without truly reflecting on them?

Or do we use all our gadgets to communicate, to educate people like bots, to push the speed of perception toward a new, illusory leap of consciousness?

Does our generation suffer from leashes that are too long, from too little fighting spirit, from the easy availability of things, all the seductively glittering luxuries of our time?

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

And is this generation gobbling up all that individual gunk without realizing which mainstream mindset they’re surrendering to — and what kind of peace they’re losing in the process?

So let's rise again! Forget all the banging of war drums. Gently take the reins from your "ME," the all-knowing, greedy and eternally unsatisfied — if you can. *You* gave them the power to oppress — power they would never have had otherwise!

Feel free now to be what you already are — free from yourself, from every intention, free from your fears (death is guaranteed, at least for our ME, anyway...), free from your delusional body-existence, from the belief that you are the doer, free from authorities, from suffocating political or religious systems, free from all constraints, free to express yourself, free from sinful ideas, from false chastity and every brutally imposed "order."

Nothing is as you believe it is. Everything is just ... a staged story for the supposed *ME* — a materialized, turned-inside-out, seemingly shimmering, image-emitting and mind-frozen Nothing!

"Children of this aeon," just feel your nature — even if there's no one (no ego) to do the feeling. Trustingly marvel, because everything you see — *that* is you: an eternally appearing and disappearing Nothing.

So dance wildly and keep walking barefoot across this blue-green spaceship Earth, just the way 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?

9. All Green – from the book: God is Green

All GREEN

OR: GOD IS GREEN

I have had many visions of the world, of God, of life itself. But this one—where everything was green, where being itself, even God, was green, like an ocean full of life—this one touched me most deeply. What I saw appeared in a luminous, dreamlike, life-giving green. Even Asar (Osiris), usually the stern god of vegetation, seemed to smile at me from the cover of a book beside me. And more than that: all that was seen, heard, and felt seemed 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, my sudden green vision, my ego- and thoughtless experience, was only temporary — even though time itself seemed non-existent in this state of ego-less experience and memory. But can I even speak of an "I or ME," of myself, and an "overwritten and experienced" insight when such meagre thoughts and words were absent?

There were further issues with this "everything-is-green" event: Firstly, this NOW was merely a notion in my stirred mind; secondly, I could no longer coherently explain why Everything or Nothing, why this formless god, wasn't blue or perhaps even more beautifully violet. Thirdly, and perhaps most challenging: Who or what declared everything to be green?

After many years of intuitive searching and countless unrecorded moments, my pseudo-self received the most curious answers (to its former questions), such as:

My "Me" cannot develop personal or original ideas, for every "event" is merely replicated, an interdependent, involuntary, neuronally conditioned function, a preconceived notion.

My "ME" cannot shape or program itself, cannot free itself from prevailing belief patterns. It cannot walk into a store to exchange its software. So much for free will.

My "ME" possesses no existence or authority, being driven from the outset by the cosmic mind, by ancient tendencies, paradigmatic structures, mentally latent impressions, or a fundamental universe — seduced by a "meme-genetic language" into a semblance of being, into an ego-veiled reality.

My ME, or better the "ME," doesn't lead me to abandon the ego but, frightened as it is (like Odin hanging on the ninth day of his torment on the tree Yggdrasil, just before his death...), tries to survive by clinging to magical runes, to words, spontaneous thoughts, and apparent memories — claiming them as its own.

YES, EXACTLY, "WHERE IS MY MIND," ASK THE PIXIES, AND I FIND MYSELF WONDERING THAT TOO.

Okay, I said to myself, this "ME" is merely a seemingly contracted image — a dream of nothingness — a multisensory representation in my brain, just the notion of an embodied and connecting self, a mask, a clingy monkey that involuntarily grasps at all that appears, wanting to control everything, even though it knows it's taking on too much... Yet this illusory ME cannot give up either, for it is not programmed to surrender but only to seek, love, crave, bind, assert, imagine, relate, and survive — and that's perfectly fine.

IN THE BACKGROUND, BOB DYLAN SONGS PLAYED BY VARIOUS ARTISTS. JUST NOW, JOAN BAEZ'S "BOOTS OF SPANISH LEATHER" BEGINS.

Indeed, this functional and so artfully constructed ME exists solely to read cosmic light patterns, to establish relationships with these space-flickering patterns, and then to store this (image) information somewhere. Fortunately, I now know, thanks to my own limited insight, that the ego-less "ME" (emptiness, divinity, everything or nothing) is, in its essence, merely a bodiless, seemingly potential and functional, an unimaginable, unmanifested or seemingly manifested — yes, essentially just the experience-less essence of all energy forms conjured into space. My true home (which I, as a reflective

"ME," can never find, since I am it) is thus not only beyond this here and hereafter, beyond all presence and absence..., not only this nothing and everything-being, but also within all these worldly image-events, all these superficial or particle-swelled essence reflections — one might almost say: a seemingly material, gravity-heavy yet weightlessly dancing, a seemingly space-expanded but always ego- and spacetime-less here and now.

To my relief, I simultaneously realized that this seemingly holographically dripped "ME"-thing — I'm still talking about myself and you, this seemingly contracted or dreamed, this relationship-hungry and functional sensory mind, whose insoluble task is to reflect, comprehend, and interpret all the tapped and occurred energy patterns of this world — did not place itself into the world. And thus it was clear: **I could and needed not overcome myself, simply because:**

because this self-laden, self-affirmed, and presumptuous "ME"-thing did not exist as something real, but at most as a swelling, dream-like event, a conceived nothingness or a reality dream,
because I and this existence only mirror thanks to delusional shadows or self-reflections...,
because I only torment myself into individual (daily or ego) consciousness through perception-laden thoughts,
because I only awaken myself and the world linguistically through so-called self-description and self-recognition,
because I seemingly just affirm myself through the networking of elements, mental impressions, or images into some kind of something.

Oh yes, this "ME"-bag never was and never is anything other than a bold assertion, full of psychedelic images and meaning-drenched syllables. For this reason, no "ME," Buddha, or anyone else ever needed to be beheaded, no one needs to chase after any ideal liberation or, like Don Quixote, fight windmills.

So why not now?

Because no inductive ME was ever born, no presumed divinity or substance ever created, and therefore can never be attacked. So we can feel free, free as the

birds, free like the vegetarian nudists of 1910 on Monte Verità or the carefree hippies of the 1960s.

Theodore Roszak described the latter (hippie) movement as follows:
“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.”