

Essence Friend

THE PEACEFUL REVOLUTION OF HUMANITY



VISIONS & REALITY

About this writing

My illness only heals when I have tried everything: to leave people a vision and spread it everywhere. Before you is this vision.

Sixteen years of searching, studying, but also of delusions and paranoia have led to this writing. On the following pages you will learn through which forests, waters, darkness and damnation the illness led me out of the "blockades" of our lives to this vision and into the light.

This light shines from the following lines. Please take some time to read them. It makes me feel a little better. Above all, however, it is our earth with all its unique creatures and natural wonders that my vision hopes to preserve. This writing is meant to encourage us, to give us a happy and wholesome future.

Your nature friend

Essence Friend

THE PEACEFUL REVOLUTION
OF HUMANITY

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Enough!

There were and are enough
victims and avoidable
suffering worldwide!

*Children of your own?
Yes, I might want to. But only
after I have made the world a
better place.*

Your nature friend

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Delusions of grandeur?

My name is Wesenfreund. I am a megalomaniac. That's what the doctors say. But someone has to unfold this vision and bring it to the people.

In my hands I hold an image of our Earth. You are probably familiar with such a photograph of our planet taken from space.

We could list the planets of our solar system and many more. Earth is the only one of them that provides us with a habitat: our Blue Planet.

Before my paranoia, I hardly ever did this, only very rarely looked at a photo of the earth. My habitat, like most of us, was the neighbourhood or village where I lived. Rarely do we people look beyond that in our busy everyday lives. We may go to work in the city or to another neighbourhood, but then we return home to what we call our living environment. But our living world is much bigger.



In my neighbourhood I knew many people, had a family, a girlfriend and friends, went shopping, to work and to the clubs with techno music and ecstasy pills. I lived a life like we humans do.

All this was before the paranoia.

Today, my living space is different. My view has changed. Almost daily I now look at this photo of the earth taken from space. I pick it up and see what our real living space is. That all our neighbourhoods, districts, villages, communities, countries and continents are part of a whole.

Everyone knows this when they think about it. But hardly anyone does or realises what I have been doing since the onset of my paranoia.

I look at the photo and see our earth. How much we have already wounded it.

An old joke comes to mind.

"Do two planets meet? How are you?" asks one of them.

"Not so good," the reply rings out across the universe. "I have humanity."

"Oh," says the other planet. "Don't worry, this disease will disappear by itself."

Perhaps we humans will disappear by ourselves. But we would still have millions of years. But even with our end, we are obviously in a hurry. We are used to rushing. We destroy our planet. Living on it and destroying it. Will have nowhere to go. Or our children and grandchildren will have no place to live. The joke from above is coming true. We humans become a stupid joke.

I want us to gain an appreciation for our earth - which unites, sustains and nourishes us.

Look at a photo of our Blue Planet once a day. Pick it up and put it in your wallet. Right where you keep the pictures of your friends or family. Install images of the Earth as backgrounds on your smartphones, share them with your friends. Our planet - we don't have anything more magnificent. We should worship, celebrate and care for it more than the new SUV or the other bullshit that the "blockades" drive us into.

I have lived between these "blockades" myself. My illness led me out of them

out. Sixteen years this lasted. People looked at me as if I was giving up on real life. In the process, I found it.

I would like to name some of our "blockages", we have to exorcise them together later:

*Envy, resentment, careerism, gender differences, skin colours, global wealth distribution,
Nationalities, religion, tax havens,
industrial animal murder, unbalanced
Climate justice.*

The Way of the Friend

Let me describe my journey to you. How my illness brought me out of a world of "blockages" and darkness stepped into the light and my gaze widened. Much like my narrow-minded living space of the neighbourhood expanded to contemplate our planet. Therefore, before I tell, let us look again at the photograph of the earth. We cannot do this often enough.

My life began quite conventionally. I went to school, loved my childhood, family and friends. Youth dawned. And immediately ended again. When I was fourteen, I found my father in a pool of blood on the kitchen floor. Putting my hand on his forehead, I felt that he was cold. I have never forgotten that coldness. It is the cold of suicide, of hopelessness and despair. Often I was to become very cold later on.

I completed my education, found a job and looked up to my brother. Six years older than me, he had already become a successful businessman. This - I thought to myself - should also be my path. But things turned out quite differently. Techno and house were my music. I often went dancing until dawn. How good I felt. I shook off everything. Even Dad's cold, which I could never really get rid of otherwise.

Sometimes someone had these pills with them. XTC. They were great. Because I could dance endlessly with them, with these red, blue, green or yellow pills. It was pure happiness. Until my head couldn't take it anymore. All colours gone, remained

nothing but black. Figures moved through my head. They were coming for me.

"Paranoid schizophrenia", the doctors said. My life was divided then, almost seventeen years ago. Behind me lay my childhood, the Death of my father, youth and adolescence, dancing and my girlfriend. I lost her. Never saw her again.

Ahead of me lay: darkness and an incomprehensible, almost seventeen-year journey into the light. The blackness often took over my head. Filling it with fear and evil. This is what the doctors call paranoia. It is cruel. But it has freed me. After all these years, it

overturned the "blocks" and
helped me to get rid of
the

old, obsessive idea of
"good and evil" from my existence. I knew I could do it and made my plan. I would lure evil and its snipers onto my trail, lead them across the meadow into the forest and finally have them destroyed by the Bundeswehr.

Evil prefers to take the weak. I knew that. So they would come, the henchmen, if I, a sick being,

were to come across a

Meadow limped. Easy to spot, track and shoot. I took a pair of crutches. Leaning on them, although I didn't need them, I hobbled out of the flat, down the street, out between the houses and into the open of a meadow. Now the evil would see me. Stopped and seeming frail, the grass played around my shoes and crutches as I approached the edge of the forest. Songs from my childhood came to mind. Until the fall of the Berlin Wall, we had lived in the city that is now Chemnitz and used to be called Karl-Marx-Stadt. They were the songs from my patriotic days in the GDR, which I first intoned softly and finally sang aloud.

*"Brothers, to the sun, to freedom,
brothers, to the light!
Bright from the dark past shines the
future."*

I had almost reached the forest. The evil, it had to see me. And it came. I heard it clearly. I sang louder and hobbled with my crutches under my armpits between the

trees and the crackling of the leaves betraying me.

I paused and dead silence enveloped me. I was familiar with being alone, but I had never felt so lonely. The people, I was sure, had set out to colonise another planet far away. Only I had been forgotten, perhaps deliberately left behind.

"I am," I spoke desperately into the forest, "the last man."

I took a few steps. Leaves rustled again. Was there anyone else to whom the sounds could betray me? The evil. Surely the humans had left it behind on their journey to a distant planet. It was still there. I felt it. Branches whipped my face. I had started to run. The evil, I heard it approaching. It was about to get me. Now.

The henchmen's dogs threatened to reach me. They wanted my flesh, my bones, everything. I howled in fear. I screamed like a bear. Roared the animals off me. Recognised a way between the dogs, as it always and for

everything has a way, scurried through it and ran through the forest.

Branches beat down on me as if nature were taking revenge for the destruction we humans bring upon it. Suddenly I reached a wall. In great haste I simply jumped over it. How far I could have fallen on the other side. But I did nothing, was perhaps invulnerable, ran on and into the water of a forest lake.

Above me the stars. They also frightened me. They were nothing but satellites with which evil could track me. Tracking me everywhere. Even here in these waters where I left no trace.

Fish roamed around my legs. Evil rushed towards me. I felt its breath. It hissed and pushed. But it did not seem to come closer.

This body of water I was standing in, I knew it from my dreams. Right here, at the bottom of this lake, I had wanted to look for something for a long time. The fish greeted me. They seemed to have been waiting for me. In contrast

to the whipping branches

,

conciliatorywaist-high water into which I stuck my head.

and began to dive compulsively. I had to find it, the sceptre I had been searching for a long time. Only with it in my hands would I finally be able to free humanity from all suffering. Again and again I dived, came to the surface and saw the torches flashing, blinding me.

The lake was surrounded. The bear in me was silent and wanted to rest. The owner of the fishing lake had called the police, who called the doctors. Now they were there, led me to the ambulance and drew fluid into a syringe in its light.

My lethal injection. I could think of nothing else. I saw the needle filling up, screamed that I didn't want to die and rebelled. They put the syringe aside and gave me sedatives.

After thirty minutes, men took me to a shower. I should wash down the sea water, they said, and turned on the tap. I let it rain down on me.

Shivering. I could think of nothing but the zombies that were about to emerge from the sewers and tear me apart.



"Suffering" and "Bullshit"

In the clinic, the delusions disappeared. I had gone through hell. I had deliberately entered it with my crutches tucked under my armpits, walked through the field, the forest, the water and the sheer horror. But I had put hell behind me.

She was now a thing of the past. I erased it from my mind, just as the combination of our frozen thinking - "good" and "evil" - no longer existed for me. My passage through man-made horror had shattered it. Broken, the words "good" and "evil" lay before me. Many letters.

B - O - E - S -

EG- U - T

The beginning of something new. I just had to find it. Pushed cube-like letters around for a long time and formed anagrams. In "evil" I found the "lake", thought of the sceptre and knew I was on the right track.

Our polar thinking in "good" and "evil" has failed. It is no longer good for describing,

what we humans are doing, to each other and to our planet. I felt compelled to replace the two words. Quietly, I spoke out what I was thinking.

SUFFERING BULLSHIT

I became bolder. Said these words more powerfully, finally making them resonate with my whole body. I broke my "blocks", broke those chains and shouted for all the world to hear:

"How imbecilic is the suffering we bring upon ourselves and the world."

We "Wonders of Nature

I also often put the word "human" out of my letters. I looked at the small cubes lying on the table in front of me.

M - E - N - S - C - H

I was ashamed of many things that I associated with us humans - our being sure of all living things, exploitation, destruction, greed and suffering. I hated all these "blocks". I shifted the letters looking for anagrams and did not find one. The concept of "human being" has failed. "Why don't we reinvent ourselves?", I wished quietly into a dark room. Found visions in me and spoke them out.

"Neither creatures, God's creatures, nor only human beings are we. For all living beings, every human being, every animal and every plant are unique and capable of inspiring. We are all miracles of nature."

Miracles kill miracles

Further episodes followed. Psychotic phases that drove me out of the house. Snipers watched me through scopes. Each of the armed men symbolised, as I was to realise later, one of our blockades. They would not let me escape. Again I mention some of their names:

*Envy, resentment, careerism, gender differences, skin colours, global wealth distribution,
Nationalities, religion, tax havens,
Industrial animal murder, unbalanced climate justice*

See the shooter up there, looking like a hunter, he symbolises our industrial animal murder, the slaughter, dismemberment and shredding of nature's wonders.

When I see someone eating meat, I am pierced by a torment that I am hardly able to bear. But I persevere and ask my question.

"Do you ever think about stabbing your fork into something that just a few days ago was breathing, feeling and loving life no less than you do?"

Since my walk through hell, I have the courage to ask my fellow human beings such a thing. Feel the pain when someone bores his fork into a piece of meat.

Religions

Other snipers, I see them on the houses of worship of this world. They symbolise the "Blockades" emanating from religions. I once thought that these could put a stop to the suffering on earth and its increasing destruction. That was a mistake. And I realised how religions separate us humans from each other, block coexistence and contribute to all that we should finally free humanity and our planet from.

Of hats and knives

At home I practised rituals. Through them, I thought, the world would become a better place. I took a hat and put a knife behind it. I saw everything clearly in front of me now, the cowboy or white man, his endless greed and the dangers it poses for us humans. Is greed in our nature?, the question wouldn't let me go and my little rhyme came to me:

*"Those who kill their consciousness with
advertising, artificially aroused needs
breastfeeding with shopping."*

Like a plaything, people sometimes drove me through the endless consumption of the shopping zone. Dangers lurked everywhere, trying to drag me into the vortex of greed and "blockades". Once I couldn't stand it any longer and tore off my clothes. Only naked, without the signs of consumption on my body, could I survive. They wouldn't get me like that. And indeed - free as I was now - everything around me froze. Like pillars of salt

Passers-by next to me. Lot's wife from the biblical story came to mind, who had turned around to look one last time at Sodom destroyed by God, which was on fire like a shopping mall in front of her.

The Empire of the Sun

I sank to my knees and looked up at the sun. The snipers had disappeared. And with them the dark clouds that had just darkened the sky. Rays of sunlight warmed me. The sun - I bowed to it, as to all the wonders and affirmations of life.

Many queens and kings deserve the crown of creation because they truly respect and protect life. Nevertheless, the sun is the greatest of all miracles. It would be dark, cold and lifeless without it. Nothing is more urgent to create than our Empire of the Sun with billions of queens and kings.

Warm yourselves in the sun, as I did when I worshipped it naked and on my knees. As strong



Fingers gripped my shoulders, men talked at me and pushed their faces sideways into the sunlight. A policeman and a rescue worker were almost fighting over me. While the officer wanted to take me away for causing a public nuisance, the rescue worker spoke of mental abnormalities, convinced the policeman and I was taken to hospital. On a stretcher they pushed me across the ward. "Take," I looked up at the policeman walking beside me, "my wallet please. I don't need it anymore." Pulling my wallet out of my pocket, I held it up in front of him and literally thrust it at the officer. So convinced was I that I was about to leave earth and enter the kingdom of heaven.

The policeman did not accept my wallet. Nor did my path lead to the kingdom of heaven, but they drove me from the hospital to the psychiatric ward.

"They are taking me," became my only truth, "to a concentration camp. Take me there, to an endless death."

I thought of my mother. Whispered goodbye

words crossed my trembling lips. That day I went through hell - and left it behind.

Pains of hope

Again the doctors noted "psychotic episodes" and handed me medication. I did not want them. The decision was made. My recovery would have to wait. After all, the psychotic episodes were so intense and filled with realisations that I did not want to contain them or even expel them from my body.

I wanted to open myself completely to these insights. Let them come over me and carry them into the world. That is how I swore to myself and now I stand before you with this writing.

She is full of fear. You already know that. But through the fear and my pain we must go. Let us walk a few pages together. To the end of these lines, to my vision and the hope we share.

Paranoids describe their perception of the world as drastic and frightening. "It's no different with me," I once thought, attributing the apocalypses in my head to the disease. Today I know better. My perception of the world is not heightened by my illness.

Our destruction of the planet, the continued production of weapons, the wars, the endless suffering and mass murder of nature's wonders are as horrible as I perceive them to be. My illness has opened my eyes and I am grateful for it.

The state of the world physically torments me. If it were the same for all of us, this would be our salvation. How quickly, driven by pain, we would urge, no, force our political representatives to take new paths.

Please take some time. Feel inside yourselves. Is it really right what we humans are doing? Can't we bring out what is hidden and be completely different? Feel deeper within yourselves. This is not easy, I know. The "blockades" and everyday life cling to us. We think that they support us. But in fact they take our breath away and

freedom, bring suffering and ruin.
Keep on feeling, past the blockages. You will
succeed. Find this pain of the soul that I have
known for years. Use it as an opportunity to rise
up. Break out of the "blockades". Urge the
powerful to lead us into a better future. For only
together can we succeed:

The peaceful revolution of humanity

"Respect is the heart of a peaceful world."
How well I liked this wise saying. Until I read
Bertolt Brecht:

*"First comes the food,
then comes the morale."*

Brecht's words from the "Threepenny Opera" are
true. This truth should determine our primary
goal:

***A dignified basic income for all
people on this earth.***

Hunger and related suffering, racism



and exclusion must stop - everywhere on our Blue Planet. We can do it. After all, we "wonders of nature" also possess miraculous and powerful forces to lead the world out of suffering. A view without "blockades" opens them up to us. We do good and that makes us happy.

Surely you have helped someone and done good. Didn't that act feel wonderful? Deeper, more powerful and more human than most of what we are dealing with?

How powerful and overflowing with strength and happiness this feeling must be when we succeed in banishing hunger and suffering from the world. To send both into that hell of our own making, which we then let devour itself. Farewell, you old hell. Adieu, you selfish man of old. We are ready for a new consciousness and a global redistribution as the beginning of a "peaceful revolution of humanity".



A UN mandate for global redistribution

No one could better implement the mandate of global redistribution, of driving hunger out of our world, than the United Nations. We must press them relentlessly to establish a global distribution authority that ensures a basic dignified living for all people on this planet.

That is the first step. It is huge. But we humans are masters of logistics and distribution. If we want something with all our heart or feel a deep pain in our soul, we succeed in almost everything. That is our strength. Let us finally use it to do good. Many questions arise in advance. I would like to answer them here.

Why do we need a
"Global basic income"?

People starve on this earth, others live in abundance. The gap between rich and poor is more than inhumane. We need to counter it with something meaningful. What could

What could be better than a global basic income for all people?

Why does the basic income have to be global?

Finance and the world economy are globally interwoven. That is why it is important to levy taxes in value-creating countries and to use these funds to help wherever necessary.

I deeply believe in this globally most important sign of caring that unites people. We humans move closer together and the danger of wars diminishes. The "food", as Brecht cynically said, would then be there. Morality will follow. At last, we can permanently cultivate respect for life and our planet.

Why does the UN need to promote the Global Basic Income?

No state and no ego may stand in the way of a peaceful and well-supplied world community have a disruptive effect on it. Every country

and every population can and must be convinced of this idea. The UN will have to find the courage to stand up to its main financier, the USA. Nevertheless, they will succeed, become more independent and ultimately raise more capital for our common mission.

Who collects the global basic income?

The UN - as an internationally recognised organisation - after a mandatory global mandate.

How does the UN collect the money?

As a basic utility tax by digital payment.

How does the UN distribute basic income?

The UN is already distributing money per Iris scan, fingerprint scanner, blockchain in Jordan, for example. This will also be a safe and sensible approach internationally.

Who finances the basic subsistence?

A tax on all incomes involved in the global value creation process finances the basic income. In addition, a global tax on the rich will be introduced. Because no human being needs more than one billion euros to live. Greater wealth will be socialised and distributed by the UN as a basic income.

You think my plan sounds utopian? No, it is not. It is certainly visionary.

But we can do it.

We are introducing the Global Basic Income.

It is our duty as human beings.

If my illness allows it, I will apply for a position at the UN myself, argue for a global distribution project and also fight if I have to.

Look at it again, our common home, which I hold here in my hands as a photograph. Our earth. Somewhere down there I stand. I am far away. At the same time we are close

this planet and with our common wishes for the future. Let us make them come true. Let us finally begin them - our "peaceful revolution of humanity." Your

being friend

Access promise

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Personal concern

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The author

Born on the planet Earth. You too?

There seem to be parallels between us :) That is a wonderful basis after all.

For those who are interested in more detail: I was born in Karl-Marx- Stadt (former GDR), now Chemnitz.

At this point, I would like to send a warm greeting to all Chemnitzers, Germans, Europeans, citizens of the earth and, in general, to all beings on and off our home planet.