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THE TECHNIQUE OF
HAPPINESS

Psychological Instructions in
Four Sequences of Exercises

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FIRST CONSIDERATION

I. To read on an idle Sunday.

This book wants to help eliminate hatred from the world, the will of people to destroy each other and themselves. This “will” to destroy, this hatred, must be detached from the anchoring of numerous, most general concepts of content, which make up the nuts and bolts of life, the fluctuations in the sphere of experience, which everyone is immediately ready to pass off as the epitome of life itself, if he encounters it in happiness or suffering. The sum of sensations and their effects, the driving forces that push through personal experience into the world of experience of all, the community of humanity and life as such, forces that still isolate people today, should be presented as it is and works and not as it should be. The thoughts and waves of feeling of the individual should be traced, under which preconditions and with what intensity his position in relation to his environment develops. For if life is to resemble a stream, then everyone knows that the whirlpools where this stream is dammed up, the bubbling on the rocks which it has to break and wind through, the rapids and cataracts which it roars, hissing and spraying far and wide — make up the real life. The catastrophes and confusions are closer to the memory content of life than the even course of events, and finally everyone knows that experience and life are identical, knows that the “good” and “evil” are recognized in their effects, the ups and downs, fluctuating between reward and punishment, in between the surge of sensations around well-being, which the organism needs like air and sun and never reaches — that all this becomes sensually perceptible and issued as lawfulness, as compulsion, to which the individual should and must submit.

Because he is an individual, detached from life, which is the sum of all living things.

It is superfluous to talk about love if you want to eliminate hatred from the world. For hatred is not the opposite of love, as so many believe, but nothing but the effect of a lack of well-being. Hate is the experience of unhappiness translated into life, an organic feeling of powerlessness, the realization of the impossibility of being completely happy. Does anyone really believe that God and belief in the hereafter, ethics and laws can or have changed the slightest thing about this? No. The life value of religion consists in organizing this will to

annihilation, in seeking compromises, in making it harmless to the outside world for the existence of the living itself, without this having been even remotely achieved in the end. Religious hatred and the annihilation of dissenters in the past and still today give an idea of this. However, the formula: God sees everything, he sees more than people, and the belief in the afterlife show the attempt to find the most human solution in this compromise. As brutal as it may seem today to say to someone who is tearing the rags off their body in pain and screaming for help: Just wait, you'll be better over there; for he who suffers here will rejoice over there. In any case, religion cannot bring help because it distances itself from people, from the individual. It distances and covers its head, because it comforts, it consoles to something that does not touch the living life of man.

Man cries out because he is alone, and because as an individual he freezes.

Precisely because everyone is freezing, because the church comforts, it follows that the cries become wilder, despair takes over and hatred grows — because the living in life is threatened. This is the reason why God and belief in the hereafter become superfluous in the historical development of humanity, of human consciousness, indeed why they have a hostile and harmful effect and must disappear. We have now reached this point.

The disappearance of religion makes room for the material organization of humanity. The experience that the safeguarding of material existence has become a necessary one determines the economic projection running parallel to the ring of unification, the value, the property, the possession and the state organizing itself on it, whose laws begin to replace the belief in the hereafter. The state becomes God. Far more brutal, because it is without the comforting compromise of an afterlife. The state never errs or abolishes itself. It changes, just as people should change with it or have already changed individually. But it is true that people do not change. They do not change. Something else changes, of which God and the state know nothing and on which they have no influence, the atmosphere of their togetherness, the consciousness of the community, the rhythm of their collectivity, the universality.

The state, born out of fear for property, is tightening its grip. It has collective traits and (therefore) claims the right to command and coerce. But it does not prevent people from not being happy. In the best case, economic equality will

be the framework, the necessary form, however, in which the uniform rhythm of being, feeling and acting can develop in the first place. The state, however, it is constructed, will never be the crystallization of the content of the living in life. But this is necessary in order to be receptive to the rhythm of the community, which is both life and happiness.

This will be discussed in the following essays. Step by step deeper into the everyday, from the outside, with tempo and strength before our eyes, in our blood — to perceive with our senses where experience breaks down, convulses, because it no longer feels what we have in common and despairs. Believing in God, in the state is an absurdity. To believe in humanity and to believe in oneself as a participant, that is the knowledge of the unifying rhythm, the recognition of the melody of the common — that is what we seek.

II. Monday Dawns.

What are you doing?

A working day demands fulfillment. In order to sustain life, people initially demand the satisfaction of their most primal material needs. The broader the realization of viability and purpose in life has become, the more diverse production has become, and with it the more diverse needs. Since the goal of harmony is not inherent in this realization, production and need have developed in opposite directions and have become hostile. The “original sin” has crept in, for the “redemption” of which a side-conscious “lawful” knowledge has been formed: to bridge the opposites, to crystallize a harmony that makes existence possible, the work. Nothing grows in your mouth.

You have to work. If you don't work, you shouldn't eat.

However, so that people do not stand in each other's way and eat each other up in the face of the diversity of needs and their preconditions, an organic classification has emerged to which the state and the church have adapted and on which they are ultimately based. It creates the jobs and dispatches the people, who, incidentally, impose themselves of their own accord, insofar as they become aware of the necessary perception of their existential interests of their own accord. People differentiate themselves into professions. Work

becomes the content of the profession. Since the occupation has become the content of life, but the content of life means well-being according to natural necessity, work should mean and trigger a sense of well-being as content, i.e., happiness. So, anyone who has a job, who works in it, should automatically be happy. Life is fulfilled, it is free. Is it like that?

Of course not. As seriously as it may affect the individual's experience, these are only superficial concepts and corresponding conclusions. People talk about it; it is taught in schools and that is how it should be. The state, the church, the family would like it to be so in order to demonstrate their right to organize, the necessity of their laws, their special position. Everyone knows that the opposite is true.

We are unhappy because we work.

We are unhappy because we don't work.

Both sentences, as incompatible as they seem, are nevertheless one. They express the same thing: the impossibility of bringing the work gained in this way into harmony with the overall experience without conflict. So how is it then? Simply like this:

If work equals happiness, then the differentiation of needs in balance with the diversity of production becomes an organic shaping of life, because it is born out of the vitality of life and is thus automatically identical with the content of life. How the river flows and spreads and becomes one with the sea, how the tree grows and peaks and stretches its branches, how the animal seeks food and lives where it finds it. The reader feels that this is all natural. Of course, it is, and it should be the same with humans. But I don't want to talk about how it should be. I must say, on the other hand, that since it is not so with man, we do not know and have not understood the content of our life, the living. No other conclusion is possible, for that which is alive in you is inseparable from you, cannot be imagined away; it cannot be suppressed, exploited or stolen for any length of time. It is always in and with you, unchangeable, because it is your I, the living you. We do not yet understand this.

Because we all suffer.

That means we fight against the living for death. Life is recognizing the living, feeling it, allowing it to grow and expand, becoming one with the organic living.

We lack the connection, the sense of life's purpose to life's existence, its requirements, which, since we are blind and neither hear nor feel, have evolved into strange, seemingly external laws of an uncertain third party. We are blind and deaf and dull, without movement. We have lost or given up this natural path, this natural transition from living to being. We continue to give it up. That is why we split. In order to be able to be with the living, that is, to live, we have to divide ourselves, to distribute our ability to live and the possibility of experiencing, one part there (experiencing) and one part there (work). In doing so, we want to have an idea of what it could be like, of "paradise", of what must happen and be done in order to be at all. Nevertheless, we are constantly looking for a path, a bridge, not materially tangible, nothing that can be achieved, fought for, forced, because it is a sphere, a tempo and rhythm, a living together.

It's Monday. The law is still: get to work, your stomach is growling.

III. Most people flee from life.

Once a crisis has arisen, it remains until it dissolves into itself. It deepens the more the attempt is made to slide over it. Our so-called daily life is geared towards continually sealing up the organic rift in people. It is well known that many people are happy to work just so they don't have to "think". In doing so, the individual gets deeper and deeper into unhappiness. Something that is organic sooner or later forces its way through to realization, regardless of all resistance in life, because it is part of the experience. One has the impression that most people flee from life, that is experience, as if chased by wild animals.

We work against ourselves to kill "that". That —the living thing in life, our organic self, which wants to resonate with the world around it, which stretches itself in order to be able to breathe. People are still trying to hold down the consciousness of it, the dawning awareness. They throw themselves into work, cling to their profession, pray to God and are faithful servants of their state, we poor desperate fools!

As if man could escape his own corporeality. Material existence, the isolated will to exist aimed at it, may be shackled. The stream of life flows on incessantly. The ego wriggles, wants to hold on to something, and just as the ice floes are broken with an audible crack in spring, what we call the soul, the psyche, pushes through. We are dissatisfied. We toss and turn and believe that everything will go on, at least further, just because we put our heads away and don't want to hear or see anything more? It may be that for a while we succeed in eliminating the connection with the feverish atmosphere of the universe from our consciousness. But it is only too brief an illusion. Unexpectedly it bursts forth with double force. Whether we are overburdened with grief or overblown with success, sentimental in a good or a bad sense, that is, against ourselves or against others, we sway like a reed in the wind and people say of us that we are ill. But assuming that this decay is halted by a new rhythmic experience of the "work" that is transformed and used, our so-called daily work, existential work, wears down this existence, our being, like another stream that burrows and digs underground beneath the outer surface. As if it were a matter of devouring a putrid mask that has long since become a living mask and has been undermined. This is the memory image of the work we do today.

IV. Work is disgraceful.

What do you work for and how?

You feel bad, that's just when you've worked through your particular assignment. The miracle that you subconsciously expect during your work is constantly absent. Subconsciously, because it does not penetrate clearly into the cognition, smolders hazily and only sometimes on predetermined occasions, that is: Conflicts, dawn to a brief pain. Observe yourself closely. How often does the exclamation come to mind that it is all useless. After all, a wage, a livelihood, has long ceased to be a gift or a miracle. The church in particular has long been able to keep workers in this belief. Today everyone knows that wages are not psychologically satisfying. The worker knows that wages are shameful. Listen well to yourself, comrade, and you will find that it is not the amount of wages that leaves you fundamentally unsatisfied, although it seems so to almost everyone, but that relation of the wage-payer to the wage-receiver, translated into momentary relations — of the state, the wage-paying organization and its bearers, the capitalist class, to the wage-earning class, to the proletariat. One

will even find a tendency, the more the amount of the wage departs from the pure condition of existence, the more unsatisfied, the greater the shame and oppression. The middle class, especially those from the higher-ranking caste of civil servants, has a particularly large number of breakdowns of individuals who cannot do enough in self-accusation and self-humiliation. The mental corruption of the civil servant, who subconsciously feels that he is being paid too much for his work, of which the individual himself has hardly any real idea, lies in this line. Mental corruption means emphasizing the individual in the face of suffering, in order to overcome the resistance to dissolution, freezing on a self-satisfaction, the cause of which is to be attributed to the influence of third parties, an organization such as the state, etc., on the basis, moreover, of individual existence, which extends suffering to obstinacy and stultification. The civil servant as a type actually only begins to fit back into general life when he works against his employer, when he cheats and steals and undermines the authority of his employer, even if it is the dead organization, assumed to be the state. He also works against himself, against his existence, but he works under the same psychological conditions, albeit on different, because more complicated, more oppressed, more burdened ground than the day laborer.

It is more difficult to answer the question of whether the fact of securing existence, one would like to say also of making existence possible, is not after all the “grace of God” and thus the work of the givers of grace. Two concepts must be kept completely separate from each other: existence, being and remaining in the sense of the living in life secures itself when man as an individual is the bearer of this living, when he understands that he is “alive” — in the existence of others and of all, that is to say, co-existing because sympathizing and co-acting. An existence that is not based on this is the already characterized existence of being born between dead entities. It is that compromise existence which is generated from the primordial force of the living, of all life, which asserts itself in spite of all resistance, because it is existent and alive like everything that has become from nature, and from which today's individual human being suffers in his organic being. To condition and enable this existence means at the same time to confirm suffering, misfortune and despair, to perpetuate it in the cycle of a life that at best begins to be alive in the hereafter. It is nothing more than the value of a compromise that has remained from the prehistory of centuries, the precondition of being good, which necessarily always leads to a god in the hereafter. Disturb no one, and the social problem is solved — this platitude

expresses this wisdom in its entirety. Today's man, whose soul burns with the demands of vitality, can no longer be satisfied with this.

The attempt to hold people together organically between rigid concepts of fear of life, to grant them the necessary wave of respiration of their own self-activity of breathing, the means are violent and unsuitable, quite adapted. From the inability to recognize life, to assert the power of vitality, from the fear of the influence of this power, whereby this fear is already born of dawning recognition, the isolation of people has only become lawful, it has become general.

The isolation of people has given birth to material value.

Property and Capital are the compromise of vitality, the consciousness of life of the isolated.

On the one hand, work has become the general, because in this connection it is the external realization of despair and powerlessness; on the other hand, it has become the differentiating form of connection between this consciousness and general life, because it can be projected onto the psyche. From the latter has developed our culture, the history of thought, of associations, of possibilities of equation, of attempts at organization, of skepticism and suicide, in short, of culture. From the former, the mass, the human commodity, the cultural object, in short, the history of the proletariat.

If one speaks of the proletariat today, this is usually done from the point of view of the observer, the associating, equating, mediating, from the cultural atmosphere, which of course has long since acquired its own laws. From the history of labor, from the psychological development, from the cultural object, one does not dare to do this. "We would have to be barbarians."

But we are something else entirely.

V. Capital becomes a life-giver.

The human being takes a back seat in favor of something artificially connecting.

Capital, from whose blessings we suffer, was not brought into the world by a particularly malicious third party (the devil, for example) to oppress people and divide them into exploiters and exploited, haves and have-nots. Whoever understands that possession and property mean the individual security of the isolated, and that according to the organic (cosmic) law of vitality of life this is a necessary existence, otherwise such individual existence would explode with the will of isolation in the sphere of experience of the general public, the community, whoever therefore understands that the same law, which is violated and trampled underfoot, precisely because it is the stream of life, eternal movement, itself erects the saving dam around the uniting one, thus creating a vortex of resistance against itself, whoever understands this, because he feels with all his senses that it is so — for him the history of capital, of capitalism, of wage labor and of labor in general lies clearly on the table. The living force of capital, which appears lawfully like something organic third, the automatic expansion, the surplus value, the growth, the accumulation, which is no longer determined by the owners, the bearers of capital and the capitalists, but drives the capitalists themselves, strains them and makes them dependent. The enslavement of the haves ultimately becomes greater than that of the have-nots in relation to the haves.

Capitalism is just a vortex in life, a knot that must be untangled and untangled before life can be free and happy.

As capital and the capital machine have emerged from property, it will be a futile effort to come to grips with the discovered laws of a general capitalism in its most advanced form by pointing out the damage and injustices; it is always only an expansion of awareness of something on which our consciousness already automatically stands as a living thing. Let us approach the matter from a different angle. If we search within ourselves for the law of the living, the intensity of life, if we lay it down and switch it on in the events of the environment, we will see that the events around us are already reacting more intensively to it than we are, and that we have only been parts of the whole to which our criticism, our indignation, our open resistance has led us.

Capitalism creates for the sake of production, the producer of capital and values out of itself, thus seen in capitalist terms: the production of profit. Viewed from the experiential platform of today's labor, however, profit becomes wages and remuneration for the non-owner — seen as a rupture in the capitalist system,

separate as here and there, the sum of the existences, their possibilities and safeguards are thus the same. Literally the distorted image of life, a gruesome mask of the living in life.

The rhythm of the “profit rate”, for one can speak of such a rhythm, even of a melody of capital, is no longer a conflict between people, between exploiters and exploited and exploited. It is a mechanical rhythm that must evenly grind the people caught up in it. People who are not dead tools but living beings, part of the same force that is channeled into capitalism and rages there. The realization of the self, the rhythm that resonates in the overall melody, is the indicator of the intensity of the collapse, the elasticity of the resistance and the depth of the suffering.

The exploited as well as the exploiter can change his situation in the moment in the sense of greater or lesser intensity of experience. He can only not exchange the position corresponding to his experiential compromise, which gives birth to suffering as well as the sensation of well-being, because even through the break the living still pulsates. He cannot quickly turn from exploited to exploiter. The properties would like this to be true, but it is not. Quite apart from the fact that nothing would be changed in the tension of the individual's experiential atmosphere in relation to the community, that the communal breath would not be touched at all, whereby the degree of well-being or suffering would only change perceptibly for the individual — so apart from this, the self-creative will to life of the universe resonates dully anew in the subconscious in the conflict between the haves and the have-nots.

It constantly creates new forms, associations of happiness, hopes of happiness, but no happiness.

This struggle is fought under the wing of capital, of capitalism, as one of its most essential consequences and refinements. It does not abolish capital itself, although it could, because at best it transforms it — in the interests of capitalism. Figuratively speaking, power does not care who its bearer is, under which forms that mechanism is absorbed by the human blood and brain, because it is the safeguarding of the existence of the isolated, thus also something alive, even if it is hostile to life or rather hostile to experience.

It is the crisis of the social revolution that the material does not become or remain an end in itself. Value also revolutionizes.

Capital as a mediator of organic driving force is, as a third and ruling force, a counter-rhythm and source of suffering, changeable at will, even in the forms of organized community.

Capital does not change its essence. Only the organization of the exploited is the precursor of community. Consciousness, raped in its deepest cognition, urges for redemption. It becomes receptive again. The poor hear how life sings.

VI. The Meaning of Revolution.

The intensity of the contradiction welds the masses together, not the idea.

Revolution is a rhythmic event that has become a living community, a melodized contradiction that follows and adapts to the movement of the world's breath. Every contradiction contains a feeling of happiness, even the flattest contradiction of an arbitrarily miserable thing in everyday life. It is the revealing, the uncovering of a contact with the melos of the environment, a contact that one suddenly knows has always existed and will continue to exist. There is something in it that, however much the contradiction seems to isolate from a purely external point of view and in its immediate effects, is precisely the opposite of isolation.

Emphasis on the ego. This ego-emphasis comes about as a form of sensation by raising a subconscious into the state of the conscious, that subconsciously known connection with the living totality. Every contradiction means: get closer to me, so that both of us and all of us together sense the thing, the object, the third party, feel it, set it into vibration and — continue to vibrate. The person, the connection, relationship and relativity in question is of secondary importance. The contradiction does not go outwards, but always into one's own interior and from there, according to the intensity of the community consciousness, is thrown back to the sensual perceptions of world events and in turn projected towards them. I don't want to — only ceases to be a feeling of happiness when the sensual object enters, when the vibration that has touched you has to pass through your life vortex. To say absolutely 'no' today would be happiness, where

in isolation the hostile to life is also life. This happiness, even if veiled, object-associated, in reality becomes a suggestive realization, as long as the mental, the sensory connection to projection, to self-acting creation, to eternally flowing renewal is not broken by the momentary existence and its preservation through the fear of life gained from it in a cognitive-critical way, which associates death and annihilation, or at least standstill, with saying no.

In a state of contradiction, one experiences that production is happiness.

But who creates this production, if one may say so? Who has this eternal renewal in their blood, in their brain, in their hands? Who experiences the autonomy, the automatism of creation, who hears the tide of the stream of life rise and leap, ripple — who else but the I, the organic, inseparable I that has grown together with Ali. Man by virtue of his nature creates, creates life and again and again himself, the living in life. When he realizes, when he is strong enough on his feet to open his eyes and look around him, that the I is only a part, that man is only I, this happiness-giving I, I-consciousness, when he is organically connected with the environment, that is first and foremost and most naturally with his fellow human beings, and becomes one, as he is one. That the ego becomes a community, constantly renewing itself, rhythmically, lawfully, a melody in the universe. And alongside and simultaneously, like the colors, the colorfulness, the ornamentation, the immense space for the fulfillment of beauty — alongside the support in the fellow human being, the jubilation of co-creation, which is simultaneously a gathering into the universe, a togetherness, which, in its alternation, allows a new, as yet unfamiliar sense to dawn, which will analyze and harness the as yet unknown forces of nature, transforming old laws, such as that of gravity, to the benefit of man — the common, the thinking, feeling, acting together, the commonality in the community. Both currents, which, like above and below, flow through and with each other and are life, are subject to the spherical order. They react to differences in intensity and increase, they appear intertwined in a thousand ways in the concept. And while you grow and live in the living and allow yourself to be carried on a broad current, you hear a wondrous sound that is beyond all comprehension, a trembling of the sphere that wants to make you slide apart, dissolve with an inexpressible sense of well-being that wants to increase — this is the rhythm that has already been spoken of so much. This rhythm is the conceptual content of human events and human existence, of our work.

Out of weakness, out of fear of life, out of many other subordinate things that will be discussed later, but which in turn are only consequences, man has hidden and continues to hide. From himself and from his own kind. Instead of thinking, feeling, creating and working together, he has isolated himself. It has placed something alien above itself, value, property, capital. Today capital creates, is production and is happiness in the theoretical sense. It is so that we strive for it without ever being able to achieve it. We believe that this fulfills our purpose in life. But is it already our experience? It is not the rhythm that belongs to man by nature, the contact with the universe. It is the makeshift, the crime of weakness. Nevertheless, our time insists that capital creates happiness.

And that is the point of the social revolution: to stand up against it. To oppose it. No longer as individuals, as everyone, as humanity. The material situation, the straightforwardly recognizable question of existence, the form of work, capitalist exploitation, is the initially obvious, easily graspable handle to touch. Nothing more. This sensually perceptible, predominantly economic crystallization of a principle of order as a makeshift, which is wrong and moreover proves to be oppressive and which, in its threads born out of isolation, goes back there and creates new isolation, is not the meaning of the revolution. It is only the given weapon. Being exploited is already a resonance in the communal rhythm. The exploited, that is many in contradiction, is soon as much as all. A community is dawning, albeit an imperfect one.

The revolution is unleashed by the proletariat. It could also, one could theorize, come from the capitalists. It emanates from the proletariat because the proletariat contradicts itself as a mass and thus becomes a believer in community. The propertied also rebel against themselves, in their isolation against being isolated. They are equally restless and dissatisfied; one would like to say: even more so. They feel that it is not their life that they are living. They want to get out. Individuals struggle hard. And again, a new organic rhythm of need arises. All the refinements and embellishments of everyday life arise, the knots of a fearfully guarded feeling. A rupture in the mind arises, which someone describes as emotionally productive in itself. However, new values and possessions with their contrasts to those that are object and material, whose existence alone is a precondition for their effectiveness, arise again and again. More unhappiness and suffering automatically develop in the crystallization, that is the "soul" productive, burning longing for well-being, a longing that underlies all our culture, all our spiritual creation. For possession reigns

unrestricted, and the cry of the isolated is at the same time the cry for possession, for refinements, for culture, whether they will bring him relief, having become his possession. So away with this culture. No more striving, hoping, longing — just being, being there. To be organically with all as a human being, that is the motor, the life-giving force, which of itself will colorfully shape and increase the feeling of well-being in the most varied refinements. Consciously or unconsciously, all revolutions contain Rousseau's sentence: Back to nature! Only, "nature" is not the meadow with flowers and animals, not the stream and the forest in its emotional connection of heaven, dream and virginity, but nature is the soul contact with the environment that vibrates in the same way, the organic plant community consciousness, the co-current in the stream of the living of the universe.

The community-oriented, the living community of the exploited is the weapon with which the living contradiction will prevail. Trained in the critique of the economic conditions of life, the proletariat struggles to assert itself. It gains the platform from which it can lead and victoriously end the struggle against capital, which is at the same time a struggle against life-threatening ideology, against its own insecurity and fear. It creates a community that has not yet become organic, the community framework, the external form into which the new human being, the bearer and recipient of happiness, will grow. The struggle for this form is an inevitable one. It is an urge for conflict that would create its factors of its own accord if they were not present, because this struggle, i.e., the revolution in particular, is part of the rhythm of all living things, as long as the living is not automatically unity, that is happiness.

VII. Happiness does not become a Possession.

The depth, color and rhythm of a sensation is determined by corresponding technical means of the same intensity.

What, then, is that third subconscious, that living thing in man which everyone knows and feels, and which knots itself up and becomes suffering, that tempo, that organic rhythm which has been bent outwards into possession and capital, through the lack of belief in oneself in man, of self-consciousness? What are those vibrations in the environment, that melody of the universe that rises and flows incessantly? Generally speaking, man par excellence in the forms of the

living, man as an organic member in the cosmos, man as a species in the world organism — projected, symbolized, reshaped and made effective in ego-consciousness. Because this organic being, in its heightening and multiplicity of the living, possesses the quality of being able to derive from the sensually perceptible phenomena, i.e. **from the events all around and not the being**, whereby “all around” must not only be understood outside as a whole, but also including all living things “inside”, to peel the general out of the particular, i.e. to think, and because in the process of this thinking to knowledge man grasps the giver of liveliness as the spiritual ego, man thinks and breathes out of himself, out of the comprehension of his essence, out of his aliveness, he continues to think and breathe anew, in a continuously greater increase of aliveness, in a continuously greater intensity and diversity. This natural law process of breathing and thinking crystallizes for the human being, who already understands himself in a differentiating way as an individual, as a special, a new sensually projectable concept, as humanity, as the sum of human beings, the whole of human beings. Not quantitatively, but the sum as a form of appearance of the whole, qualitatively — crystallizes as community and commonality.

The community is the awareness of the organic nature of man in the world organism.

The commonality is the realization of this organic unity of happiness.

The more the human being grows into the organism as a whole, the stronger the awareness of the overall unity becomes, the more secure the individual consciousness becomes towards itself and the environment, the more the fear of life recedes, the more freely the mental solution of self-preservation unfolds, the more sharply the resistances, the detours to life come into consciousness. This is the story of our time.

The cry for happiness drives the revolution — and the cry for work. Because work is happiness. Work is already production, is the creation of life. Work is the renewing of the ego, the organic living that is placed in man by natural law as a means of transforming the process of breathing and thinking into action and reality, the upper cantilena, the melody in the chorus of nature's creation. In order for this to become conscious as an increase in vitality, as an organic transformation and expansion of existence, it must be filled with the intensity of man's connections to humanity, of that continuously differentiating flow of the

One towards the All, it must be a constant self-creation and becoming-All, as a community and in commonality. Until this new being, corresponding to the multiplicity of ego forms and borne by the force of liveliness, renews itself as humanity, as community, out of itself and understands and treats itself as ego and repels force and creates harmony and consonance back to the individual. The One as the fulfiller and the happy one of humanity.

Observation Overview

It is difficult to speak of something as a thing in itself that is in all things and determines the quality of these things precisely by the way it is in them; it means tearing apart the connection, I would almost like to say the understanding, the possibility of understanding and absorbing, to speak about happiness, work and rhythm and to be out of contact, as, to the truth's credit, readers and writers still are. I do not feel the great "yes", whereby it would be almost superfluous luxury, pleasure and whim to continue writing, because everyone, everyone knows that, and yet it would be so nice to write just once more and on and on about what everyone knows — instead, I plow and plow hard. With clenched teeth and in sweat. Help me a little. And read on.

SECOND CONSIDERATION

After a Sunday that starts off reasonably cheerfully but quickly peters out. It's quiet, the week has gone by quite well, it's time to take care of yourself. The first clouds appear, soon the clouds hang heavy. Everything becomes a cage around you, you do this and that and run back and forth. Nothing tastes good, nothing fits, it's bursting. It is appropriate that you show your teeth to the world around you, if you don't want to be punched in with your fists. But you can't flee. Perhaps you can flee, but not escape. Some things stay behind you for a while, but then catch up with you and grip you tighter. Whether you're sitting in a pub, on the dance floor, with your lover, you carry it with you and carry it around like a contagious disease. When you want to strike, it's too late, you hit yourself too hard. Never run away. After this Sunday with all the toing and froing that makes your teeth gnash, you've kept such a tight grip on yourself, the working day follows again. This is how the state and God have arranged it, six working days and a day of rest and then working days again. Who is resting? But wait, that's not what matters now.

For this first working day, check yourself again: are you yourself, are you living your life as you see yourself in yourself and others. Is it your work, the strength and depth of your work that makes you happy, because others and everyone around you are happy. You have not run away, but you are still panting heavily. Do you understand that this random work, adapted to the state and to securing your livelihood, should be and is an empty compromise work, but nevertheless a part of your work and therefore already carries the full intensity of your happiness in life, even if it leaves you indifferent, even if it is repugnant to you. Is it not you who creates, and remember, it is not the what that is happiness, but the who in relationship to all, the relationship itself, when you are alive, alive in life, in community and togetherness. The "what" has disappeared, it has changed and will change as soon as the critical consciousness asks about it. With this in mind, read the following:

I. From Compulsion.

What becomes conceptual for the individual from the awareness of the co-living of all, from the experiential atmosphere of the environment, crystallizes as an

inhibition to continue to exist, to increase vitality, to make the organic feeling of well-being tangible. Because it is borne by the intensity differentiations of all those who are still individual. Because it contains the desires and bitterness, the desperate complaints and the crimes against life, the suffering of being alone. Inhibition therefore contributes most and almost exclusively in the motor, in the all-movement sense, to continuing to isolate people, or the consciousness must already be sharpened for the rhythm of the common in the displacement of life, to isolate people again as in a cycle and to make them receptive to the creation of new values, new possessions, new rule and new capitalism, new exploitation and despair. The circle would be closed and God and the hereafter would remain inside.

It is necessary to recognize that this inhibition is an organic necessity, a part of the law of vitality, in order to be able to think of its dissolution. If possession in its relational consequences presents itself as a heavy knot that can only be untied by making the suffering of it happy, by humanizing the fear of life of the isolated, by putting down the isolation, then for the individual currents that lead to the suffering complex and feed it, we need means and methods of awareness that are more intense, but also easier and more flexible. Let us imagine that someone is screaming. The other person, finally conscious of being happy, feels this scream and automatically becomes unhappy again; he sharpens his consciousness anew, becomes conscious of happiness again, someone screams again, and everything is over again and so on. There are two ways of doing this, actually only one: preventing people from shouting. This can happen passively, out of fear of life, out of the weakness of having to flee; one withdraws, tries to secure oneself, leaving the individual to his own devices, draws thick walls around oneself, around a self-life and hates in organized defense, beats everything down, at least in desire. Once consciousness has been released, a memory of free experience may have remained, but it has long since become stale and the slightest gust of cold wind makes it disappear completely. We come across the image of this time and this culture again. Or: one remains courageous, one does not associate oneself with the cry of the other, and indeed in fear of life -- also screaming, but only the other in his knotting, which automatically reaches over to the self and must be loosened. Not through the other, for the other is stationary and immobile, but through the self, which is mobile, which gives strength, which has forces free just because someone is screaming. This cry triggers work in the self-assured ego, necessary, organizational, inevitable work that has waited and rested, that would have rotted and developed suffering.

In the suffering of one lies the motoric drive of the universe for the other, a path to one's own source of happiness.

They complement each other to form the new third, the rhythm in which humanity constantly creates, refines and shapes itself anew, which is “lighter” because “happier”, to the melody of the community. In a constantly fluctuating balance that creates the tempo of life.

This is how it will be and look one day. Seen by someone who would only be a speculative being and consciousness, not a man of flesh and blood and part of a great marvelous thing. For the ego, to which the writer also counts himself, works hard and sweats. Little of what one imagines happiness to be. Like an engine that makes its revolutions and keeps pumping. This motor is set to a certain number of revolutions and can change this number at will — that is the compulsion.

Compulsion is the technique of not-from-life-agreement. It is born of the cosmic law of aliveness. Compulsion is the safeguard and the shell of our happiness.

I know I'm offending some people with this — and that's what I want. One of the most extensively treated problems of philosophers and poets was art or the attempt to force oneself. For the particular case of any expression of will, for the crisis of will in a specially designated break in experience, it is quite irrelevant and indifferent to force oneself. It becomes rather a habit, in particular, the boasting of a lonely person and the training of “evil”, something hostile to life. Close by and yet fundamentally separate in essence, self-coercion in general, which is associated without conflict with being forced, understands and manifests itself as the prerequisite of community that applies equally to all, because this general self-coercion experienced in all cases in contact with the concept of being forced, of being forced, is the technique of the common.

This self-forcing in its object connections, judged solely from the rhythmic, is compulsion par excellence. Compulsion has no third and foreign objects other than those from whose setting-in-motion, that is experience, it has crystallized itself into form and content, as technique. Compulsion as rhythm. As a resonating rhythm for the differentiation of liveliness, for the balance of intensity increases. It works evenly in particular as in general, it is the melody, an organic security in general, affirmation of life and the will to live in particular. Where

compulsion in the individual case and in the individual approaches the particular self-enforcement sung of by the poets, it abolishes self-will and turns it into a law of life. In almost all cases, however, the individual has then decided against the law. Because man fights for death. But for those who are in favor of living life, law equals compulsion and compulsion equals law is irrelevant if the intensity-increasing rhythm in it expands life into experience. And that is the rhythmic form of compulsion: it makes you warmer, it establishes connections, it creates happiness. Every hour everything piles up in front of us, the mountains we have to cross, the knitted and woven fabric we have to bite our way through and the blocks we have to push in front of us. There is only one remedy here: Through! Go on! Or die and start to stink. The world has been stinking for long enough.

II. Compulsion as an Organizer.

The compulsion force creates and regulates the tempo.

Mountains and blocks, knots, are present as resistances in the stream of the living as long as the community does not act as a motor out of itself, that is, as long as the individual in his affirmation of life, his “work”, does not make the productive-communal appear effective and become generally conscious. The associative forms of isolation, their contents of loneliness, are in turn affected by the cosmic law of eternity, retroactively isolating and removing from the lonely one the other, who is not yet a single type, now appears all the more intensely isolated as he brings together the loneliness of the observer in his eyes with his own. So that this continues infinitely among themselves, the degree of coldness that emanates from one to the other increases the more the interest of the observer in the other, i.e. the greater the longing to escape from loneliness, grows.

It is hardly surprising that more and more people are complaining that they are freezing. And yet this awareness alone that they are freezing is already the sign of an extremely heated struggle. In order to be able to admit that you are freezing, you have to work so hard that you become red-hot. For he who freezes associates, that is thinks of warmth, and the realization of a state perceived as hostile to life is equivalent to the realization: the path is wrong, life is not alive. The obvious conclusion is to give a push in the other direction. And this happens

continuously. The rhythmic experience is still a continuous push. It is a push that comes from the vitality pumping machine from the essence of the world organism. It is, so to speak, the current that flows through man and which he only needs to regulate, to suffering or to happiness. Consciousness, or rather the knowledge of the wrong path, the facts of the dead end, resembles a whirlpool. It is the knotting that has been mentioned so often. Drawn from the finite goal, from warmth, from living life, for in this case true aliveness has already become ripe for consciousness, insofar as only contact with the becoming and events of the environment is affirmed in a living way — the still isolated person fights the battle between fear, flight, negation and denial, flight, denial and affirmation, saying yes, which already hints at itself, anticipates itself and has already taken place with knowledge, but is still floundering in the undergrowth of associations, of “sins” against vitality, this struggle is the hardest that man has to endure in life. It confronts him hour after hour, with increasing harshness and pressing urgency. We struggle incessantly, we squirm and wrestle, and a new essential component of work, which is happiness and which is nothing but a delicate processing of this struggle, emerges in turn.

To make this confrontation, the burning process of the old, visible in the new, it is necessary to use a mediator, a device that indicates the waves flowing through and their intensity. We need a means that makes us safer, if not more receptive, and at least offers us the chance to continue. This is the idea, concept and sensation of compulsion, which we generally introduce into our experience in all its forms, effects, fluctuations and demands. It is our biting through to vitality.

We force ourselves because we have the prospect, the confidence and the certainty of becoming free as a result — seen in the effect on ego-consciousness. Today we find that our lives are still dependent on a thousand different laws. We still sway in the wind and a good God may grant that we are happy. This is the atmosphere of our lives. We know that we are not happy, indeed that we cannot even become happy. (The associations of isolation live a proliferating second life, an experience of despair). We have long since recognized that all laws are only parts, erroneous outsides of a single universal law, the thrusting rhythmic law of vitality. Despite our situation of isolation, we can still grasp that this thrust towards life continues to pass through us, the other breath that has become sensation and will. It is the blood-warm life directly, and it is one of the most important external tasks of our life not to squander it, to let it drift unused and wrongly. If we organize it in the form of a general and self-acting self-compulsion,

we regard this compulsion as the supreme law over us. Then the self-consciousness becomes free. It bends under the (perhaps still bitter) compulsion of the hour, but under the law that is the vitality of the ego itself, which is compulsion because it wants to become law, namely our own law, the law of humanity of human beings. This law of ego compulsion works in parallel with natural events. The organic forces us more brutally than we consciously want it to, so fearful of life have we become. The times and hours that are our masters, the blood that dominates every minute of our experience, the sensually recognizable laws of nature that we can only just grasp and deduce from ourselves and against which rebellion leads to exclusion from the society of "normal" people. Well, this convention will also fall. We are on the attack against nature as we still see it and submit to it willingly or unwillingly. Because we want to get closer, to become one with it. The individual shudders at this, for the community it is the next goal of happiness. But now:

Compulsion is what makes man free.

Compulsion must be whatever one can think of under this word. It has only penetrated into consciousness and become fruitful, form and rhythm, certainty of vitality. The formulation of the fear of life is a crystallization gained from the sensually perceptible external phenomena of life. Compulsion overcomes death insofar as death becomes inevitable. But the law that crystallizes from compulsion, which the ego has also co-created for itself in experience, determines death of its own accord, the course of events, the dissolution of the common when the last breath disappears into the community. Today, death is still more of an evil coincidence, and we only half believe all philosophy about its natural necessity.

The intensity of feeling of compulsion is not the must and should, linked to subject and object, but an increase in breath, an increase in vitality. It is well-being and happiness and tempo. But it is the tempo that makes life beautiful and worth living. The pleasure of going faster, oops, live yourself in the increase of the ego experience, that is what we seek in our need for life.

III. Once again the Meaning of the Revolution.

The intensity of the contradiction is the pace of progress.

It is readily apparent that the sensual manifestation of life as a concept of the content of life has become fundamentally different. To put it bluntly: man no longer lives in breadth, but in depth, depth understood as an increase in the content of life, as intensity. Breadth, today still appearing sensually coarse as scope, later appearing directly as possession and dominion, becomes refined — transforms itself into the living concept of community, into the common melos of feeling, which creates space for the absorption of the differentiations and increases in intensity that slide up and down.

The man of intensity cannot live together with the man of dominion in one atmosphere.

These are opposites whose true extent, which goes beyond our still imperfect understanding of the world, we can only guess at, opposites that have only one counterpart in the nature of living world events: the relationship between man and animal. The sensory maturity of the human being who struggles for the experiential content of the living in life tears itself open before our eyes and experiences itself as a contrast to the environment. At first, we only experience the surface. Laws and judgments, volition and love are opposed to each other, and we are still able to pursue the nearest cause in accordance with the surface, nor in general with the sensually recognizable cause. But the fact, the truth, is that even domination, which we still see as the last in the chain, is no longer the sole moving force of contradiction. Hatred reaches beyond this. The class of rulers is not a class because everyone rules, but because these people have the precondition and the psychological cause of ruling in common. Just as the class of the oppressed comprises those who, in the form of their experience, are together ripe for oppression and willing to be oppressed. However, this precondition of domination is not an abstract concept, an insubstantial state in the flight of sensual appearance, but is a form of experience, a process of breathing towards value, born of fear of life, equated with life and the content of liveliness, the experience of those who have been expelled alive and expelled themselves, of those who are isolated. But this means the struggle, the increase in experience, for the best, most comfortable, most compromising form of death, while the other, the struggle for intensity, means the tempo towards happiness, the increase in experience towards life, towards the living in experience. Where both streams of vitality intersect, there is a short circuit, an explosion. Each of the techniques of experiencing creates a special atmosphere

for its existence, a breeding ground from which it creates itself again and again, renewing its own forces; it receives its own eternity, so to speak, from becoming nature, whether it has a positive or negative effect, because the working is the living. Such an atmosphere would and would have to dissolve itself, become finite and limited, experience its own death, so to speak, if it were to tolerate the bearers of counter-technique in its midst. One understands the misery of the bourgeois, the profound rupture of the soul, for the bourgeois atmosphere is already experiencing the horrors of its own death. Although the securing cleansing, the flinging out is more motoric and automatic according to the law of vitality, the other should not suffocate in it. The citizen has only gone so far. Herein lies the force of the classes' will to destroy each other.

The more crystallized the class, the more visible the commonality in its effect towards the outside, towards isolation or community, the sharper the confrontation, the more motoric, rhythmic the contradiction, because it is no longer solely inward, but absorbed and thrown back, heightened by a commonality, therefore the more palpable and effective the compulsion to contradict. The exploited carry within themselves the compulsion to revolution as soon as they are and become a class, regardless of whether it is out of necessity of defense. The revolution of the class is a vital condition of existence because it acts and is justified in the direction of increasing the intensity of experience. If the class wants to be entitled to live and become conscious of life, it must shape the contradiction jointly and organically, i.e. allow it to become effective, against its external and internal resistance, subject to the compulsion and intensity of its own natural vitality. The concept of class is thus at the same time the origin of revolution. As self-evident as this may seem, the connection to the revolutionary phrase of the day has been reached, so profound is the significance of this consideration in this context for the overall view.

Because the rulers as a class are incapable of revolution. They are hostile to revolution. Because the type of experience of the rulers organically and lawfully becomes the type of isolation. Because their possible contradiction lives intensely inwardly and not outwardly as a commonality, as a rhythm. Because the contradiction puts the isolated in distress, makes them feel and approach the death they are fighting for more intensely. The contradiction of the isolated weakens. Like all living things, it projects itself towards the concept, also outwards. But instead of the communal rhythm, the lighter liveliness, the happiness, it crystallizes as the unifying element of despair, as protection for the

lonely, as convention and as culture. Culture per se, as we speak of the commonality of refinement of all contents of loneliness, delivers the exploiters to the knife. It renders them incapable of organic resistance (proletarian “culture”, if one still wants to use this word, will differ from bourgeois culture like music from noise. Nor should one confuse the techniques of a “culture” with its content. The techniques of proletarian culture will be more refined, livelier and broader than those of bourgeois culture; proletarian culture will, so to speak, incorporate living life and be able to develop its techniques accordingly. There are no comparative values, or only from the (dying) side, which experiences value instead of life).

Only the class of the exploited and oppressed, the dispossessed and worthless is capable of revolution, ready for revolution, victorious in revolution. It must win because it is alive, because it is still alive. The resistance of others is the measure of the awareness of its own community. The communal rhythm of this class paralyzes with the same force, in the same proportion as it has a life-enhancing effect, the motor force and the fear organization of a resistance of the opposing class, because it is a matter of one and the same living experience. It absorbs this resistance, so to speak.

IV. From the Class Struggle.

The class struggle is not opposed to the consciousness of happiness, it creates and promotes the preconditions. It is thus itself a part of the technique of happiness.

The community first emerges from the class. This fundamental proposition takes human society, the coexistence of people with one another, as it is, as it has become and as it presents itself in the concept of the individual. One can only learn to understand and comprehend oneself and that which emanates from the ego for the formation of society and social consciousness if one dissolves the stratification of the individual cognitions that make up ego consciousness in the order in which they have knotted themselves together, or how they have become. Every consciousness of the object, every cognition can be traced back to a stage where it was still flowing, that is, rhythm from compulsion to experience, to increase. It is unacceptable to conclude from the existence of human beings to the community by exclusively considering the criticism of the

conditions of experience of a present, and because one has learned to know by exposing the driving forces of man, in which man experiences himself, because one feels the law of the living in life in the blood, in the knowing expectation, just because something is supposed to be so, quite apart from whether it is right and vital simply to conclude from a factual precondition, skipping over the fact itself, to a wish formation, as long as only the techniques of experience are the object of consideration. Desire for happiness technically presupposes suffering and can, in turn, technically be nothing other than a distortion, an obscuration of this same suffering. All speculations on happiness from within society cannot be understood in any other way. After all, they are merely the modernized adaptation of the ancestral belief in the afterlife.

We discover before us as the moving, original element of those hopes of happiness in the forms of any combination not the formation of community, not to speak of consciousness at all, but the formation of society. With reference to what has already been said, it will be clear to everyone that the formation of society is the inevitable organic compromise under which human beings can still exist as living beings. It is the necessity to adapt, to huddle together out of fear of life, the necessity to create an organization of the isolated out of isolation, which at least projects a sphere of cohesion, albeit a cold one. It is only a matter of recognizing the struggle for existence as a struggle for food with the tendency first to devour or push aside and destroy itself, but then to render itself incapable of life, incapable of using the same means of creating and expanding existence, these are generally the conditions of life — to “humanize” this struggle from the crude form in which we still (for how long) view the natural events around us, and to refine it with the admission of the possibility of an idea that basically human beings are equal in their natural being and belong together as a species. From this attitude of unification, which, as already mentioned, has created capitalism, not only as a value for comparison, but as a law of thought, as an existential value, the division into rulers and exploited, into exploiters and servants, emerges as the typical, the generally essential aspect of the formation of society. People have become more refined, i.e. they have learned not to devour their fellow human beings, but to eliminate them in a more differentiated way, in accordance with the more painful realization of the common good, by harnessing and using (helping to secure) their natural will to exist without giving them free rein to use the means of existence. Since society consists of isolated individuals, i.e. degrees of increase of rhythmic experience go inwards (to suffering) and not outwards as the universal means of vitality (to happiness),

these means of existence are not in fact free, but become individual and possessions, depending on the density of entanglement. It may be admitted that the bearer of capital in synthesis is the bearer of suffering, dominated by the associated phenomena of loneliness of the sense of self, in short, the more unhappy or the most unhappy.

Society is hostile to community; it can never develop a community and make it conscious. But it develops classes that struggle for community as if for the confirmation formula of the natural law of the living. We see from the course of history that the attempt of the rulers to constitute themselves as a class, or rather to assert themselves as a class, has been stronger than on the part of the proletariat. Why a viable class has nevertheless not been able to form has already been foreshadowed by the lack of capacity and will to experience the increase in the intensity of vitality. The bourgeois class, to use a collective term, ultimately fights for the recognition of society as a community, because it has itself experienced in the subconscious and experiences in every second of life that a precondition of the increase in existence, and that is what life, the consciousness of community, is the community itself. It forms the concept of power, it orders, regulates, creates laws, punishes and destroys under the dizzying haze of a possible future, hoped-for and longed-for commonality. On the other hand, there is the class of the oppressed, which is already close to the community, a preliminary stage of the community, through coercive forms of common experience, and which will naturally be able to create the human community, i.e. to renew it and make it generally conscious again. It eliminates suffering from the world when it struggles with the bourgeois class on the platform of equal conditions for the forms of existence of what is given out as community, when it struggles with equal means, adapted to the respective resistance, for power, for the ideology of possessing and utilizing power over fellow human beings. The community knows no violence and the common does not contain the concept of power. But the conflicts of the class are based on it, because it is part of the organization of a life-possible isolation, and only dissolve mutually when this ideology is experienced, which in this case is burned out and destroyed. To give up this class struggle means to give up the assertion and the generalization of the consciousness of the community, in other words, to give up the community itself and to become longing for the community again, which is the opposite of the experiencing knowledge of the community. It is a slide towards the atmosphere of fear of life, which is again reckoned with as a factor for a possible experience. It ends in isolation and in the afterlife.

Nothing develops that you don't develop. You only need to be the carrier and receiver of the living in life, that is the type of person, but it is your intensity, your rhythmic shaping of the living around you in your self-experience that matters if you want to make yourself and thus world events and community events conscious to you. The compulsion as a technique to clear the way for the stream of eternal life in the I-being also welds the classes together. To a greater extent than the individual class member, but in the same rhythm, the masses model and knead and train themselves to class consciousness, and the commonality also makes the individual class-conscious. Class consciousness, the knowledge of having become a class, is at the same time capable of community. Capable of receiving and transmitting, of increasing the common, experienced as a community, as an all and a whole, that is one of the essential features of organic happiness.

V. Stages of the Class Struggle.

At the head of this text is the sentence: this book wants to eliminate hatred from the world. Well: class struggle is not class hatred. Hate is a characteristic of fear, the fear of life. Class hatred is also found exclusively on the part of the bourgeois class. Nevertheless, we must also talk about where these remnants of hatred are still rooted in the proletariat. Hatred equals suffering. It is not only an effect of suffering, but also a connection with the suffering of others, a safeguard in suffering. Hate is the atmosphere in which suffering can move and breathe, in the same way that love moves in relation to happiness. The hatred of individuals does not first need to become, it is already the hatred of many and, as such a common hatred, class hatred, absorbs enough vitality to feed the individual again and again retroactively.

This class hatred is one of the main means used by the bourgeois class against the proletariat. Hatred carries within itself the law of generating hatred again; it is also a part of that rhythm of life, only that it goes downwards, towards self-destruction. Hatred is capable of rendering the person attacked by it defenseless if he is a believer in community. He who lives in the state of increased life in the "state of grace" is not at all capable of responding to hatred. He does not understand the atmosphere, and so organized hatred gains free rein in its tendency to destroy the proletariat. The history of the oppressed of the last

centuries bears particular witness to this. It is not enough that the poor, the slaves, the weak, as they say, have been oppressed and exploited, they have been fiercely hated, tormented and tortured with a hatred that can only be interpreted from the despair of those who have become isolated in chains of self-pity. It would be a rewarding task to analyze all our conventions and laws of the state, of the family, of self-morality, i.e. of general morality. They have the same character of despair and are born of the same hatred, albeit more polished.

If the class struggle of the bourgeoisie is essentially nothing other than class hatred, of a psychological nature, “experiencing” suffering, then the class struggle of the proletariat is essentially organic to life, material, psychological, but unaffectedly equanimous. It is simply the struggle for the same conditions of existence, for inclusion in the tempo of life, a struggle that has the rhythm of natural necessity in and for itself. This struggle is not and cannot be waged individually. It is not the individual proletarian who fights and struggles for better wages, for the abolition of wage labor, for knowledge and strength, but only the entire proletariat fights, insofar as it is a proletarian class, insofar as it perceives and feels itself as a whole, as a community and wants to become a new human community. Therefore, its means of struggle are purely material; they are economic means that are suitable for striking the opponent where he visibly displays and exploits his supremacy on the ground of the means of production, in property. These means are un-soulful in their structure. They are completely indifferent in terms of the intensity of life, which is the question of life for the individual. One could think of a thousand others to the association of the one, and that is precisely why they are so insurmountable and so terrible. The means of struggle of the proletariat are, however, capable of destroying the bourgeois classes. They are also able to fulfill their task completely if they are used consciously. Precisely because they are, so to speak, unsentimental.

Nevertheless, the two classes do not meet in the depth of the conflict. The one fights with the emotional wave of the individual, the individual isolated in suffering, with a hatred that should extinguish and destroy the individual standing opposite. On the other side, however, there is not one, but a concentrated class that does not attack the individual, but attacks and destroys the material basis of existence on which the many individuals, who also want to be a class, rest. A cycle from life to experience, from the means of labor to labor. In between pulsates eternally new and happiness-giving life, the rhythm from

the individual to all, to the community. Can it be doubtful who falls by the wayside in these conflicts? The bourgeoisie's battle of hatred resembles the groaning of the dying, the slipping down of a life process that has become historical and has come to an end. It drags the proletariat into the abyss in those parts that lack a sense of community, that are themselves still partially entangled in the atmosphere of fear of life, a process that means the elimination of anti-life remnants in the proletariat itself, insofar as they are an obstacle to the common basis of experience itself. We know that we all still carry such remnants within us, how could it be otherwise in this world of suffering.

To characterize the stages of the class struggle in conclusion: The content of the proletariat's experience is fundamentally different from that of the bourgeoisie. They have no possibility of equating themselves and also no common point of attack whose "possession" could "value" victory. Materially, on the other hand, there is no possibility of attack for the bourgeois class in the proletariat other than the subjugation of its own, the proletarian existence. But this is precisely the source from which the proletariat becomes a class and gains power over property. Thus, the class struggle presents itself to the proletariat as a test of the will to live, as training for the coming community.

VI. The Resentment, the Remembrance of the Oppressed

The class struggle of the proletariat is borne by the certainty of living existence; there is something of the rhythm of nature in it. It might seem strange that this struggle is nevertheless so bitter, contains such terrible pain and strains all forces to enforce it and to persevere, utilizing precisely the goal and life-conscious intensity of the individual, although it actually presupposes and claims the whole, the total belonging. The feeling of suffering is concentrated on the individual. The suffering of being oppressed becomes bitterness, impotent rage. This bitterness is of two kinds: that which emerges directly from the everyday life of the environment, from the contact of the sense of self with the projection of daily (external) life onto this self, i.e. a vortex, like all the vortexes and knots described so far — but then that which grows out of the overall experience, that which crystallizes from the natural stream of the living thus ordered. The rhythm

of world events is no longer opposed by a counter-rhythm relating to the individual, the effect of which is naturally felt by the individual and only the individual alone, and particularly severely when, striving away from isolation, he is to be thrown back into isolation as a member and part of the community. This bitterness has little to do with sensually perceptible objects, with concrete events. It is general and effective, even if man is already conscious of happiness as long as this counter-rhythm is present and rhythmically influences his experience, as long as — that is — there are still isolated and unhappy people among men. So long, as one might conclude, the state of happiness that is complete and perfect in its intensity cannot be perceived at all. If happiness were only a projection, a sensually perceptible outside, if happiness were only a state at all. But it is more than a state, it is movement, rhythm, a flowing atmosphere and state. It is a space between rhythm and state that is constantly open and can be constantly filled by saying yes to life and to the self, by active integration into the all-living, by community consciousness and togetherness. Thus, resentment does not stand in the way of happiness. On the contrary, it sharpens the intensity. It anchors and consolidates self-constraint and makes constraint the precondition for a happiness-free, resentment-dissolving experience. It chases the pace of life. And becomes rhythm itself.

Let us dwell on an illustration of this pain: you see a peasant in the field and think of the peasant wars, the peasant uprisings centuries ago, you perhaps remember the case of a particularly harsh oppression, words and outcries from it are remembered more sharply — this pain, this indignation, the blazing anger has nothing to do with the peasant in front of you. The farmer, who does not know this, cannot help you and neither can anyone else. Nevertheless, it is not pure thought, memory — you have the feeling of something still existing, unpunished, as when you look at a priest, as soon as you feel the Inquisition, the witch trials and the thousand horrors of human narrow-mindedness rising up before you. The basic feeling of being oppressed remains predominant, which is released in yourself from burials that have emerged from concrete processes of oppression of yourself, individual breaches against the individual and the isolated, and become one with any content that equates itself with the content of the momentary feeling of self. There is a danger that this bitterness will turn into isolation. The conflicting rhythms and atmospheres of life are painful. However, this pain is not suffering, the suffering of experience, as the basis of experience, but it is the pain of danger, the struggle to become aware of the security of experience. It is necessary not to avoid this struggle. It is one of the most

important life tasks of a living experience to seek out and challenge this struggle. The burning out of resentment is the intensity of life in tempo, it is the most essential content of compulsion. Compulsion creates the atmosphere in which these feelings of pain are purified, filtered, as it were, into an active sense of well-being, transformed into work. The stronger the feeling of pain, the more it is anchored in the memory of what has happened to the self. "I can't forget this" — means: I don't want to work. Even then, the individual does not forget, he remains in suffering and despair. Forgetting has to be worked on, be it in order to make the awareness of knots clearer, to dissolve them more visibly — be it in order to consolidate and expose the affirmation of life. The fact of forgetting itself as any projected content is completely irrelevant. For every force remains and remains effective and every event has happened, that is, it is there. We live on it, we draw our existence from it, and since we experience towards the increase, create the compulsion as a conceptual third, a spiritual technique, it is our task to let this basic event be clear, to keep it clear like a mirror. Or life creates its own destructive bacilli out of itself — just as the bourgeois class of the isolated still assesses life today.

Observation Overview or the Straitjacket.

Some readers will think that the impossible is being demanded here. I understand that. People are being straitjacketed. So march, now you're happy. The constraint, perhaps still understandable in the particular case, becomes what it is, a straitjacket, through the general, automatic. Everything is supposed to be under self-created compulsion, and "free will" is only there to force itself? Yes, three times yes. That may seem outrageous. You just get up in the morning to make a life plan for the day, from which the experience is fairly predictable and happiness, if it is to be completely predictable. One imposes "penances" on oneself, compulsions — in order to catch up on what has been left behind. One controls thoughts, actions, the content of intensity, well-being or suffering mechanically, technically; always on the verge of intervening, regulating, forcing. No human being can stand that, you might say. Nor can he. Because it's just technique. People don't just eat thoughts, and they need more than just despair to breathe. You see — we are approaching the content, the human being who pulsates with blood and life, the human in man. The last motor power source of man has not yet been uncovered. We have the experience and the effect of experience in the existential ego assertion, in the ego will, but the human

experience, not only the natural-organic, the consciousness-human as the deeper source of power, which we now see emerging before us, we have not yet examined. So fresh on!

THIRD CONSIDERATION

Celebration Hours.

The ceremony begins with the sound of bells. The bells draw a sphere of wishes and satisfactions, hopes and modesty, in which a central point shines through around which everything revolves: peace. No one is calm who is not happy. But is peace happiness? Certainly not. We generally understand rest to mean rest after movement, immobility, lack of movement. The very opposite of this is happiness: an increase in movement. Why do you seek rest if you are born to restlessness, cries Thomas von Kempe, and understands restlessness to mean seeking God. This search for God is transformed into a search for community, a search and surrender in community. Accordingly, rest is a stage of suffering, a respite from despair. Calm has yet another meaning: it is secure, purposeful, straightforward, without fluctuations, and the calm resulting from this is the awareness of being secure, the awareness of community as the opposite of fear of life. We feel this calm suddenly come over us, as if with hot breath, ingratiating ourselves in the midst of the struggle for life, and the poets call it a celebration of the soul. What is that? In the weak and oppressed, a spasm is then released, a wall seems to be broken down, a wall of defense against the environment, the bloodthirsty, unjust, still supported by oneself with all one's strength — is erupted by an overpowering impact, broken down from within, and the tears flow. The weeping of the unhappy is happy weeping. And this celebration of the soul, which makes you feel one with the universe, wants to make you fraternized, free and “good”, you feel — you are deeply touched by it and satisfied — disappears as it has come. A thought, a nudge, like a breath so thin, lets everything melt away. Only a faint memory and a dull longing remain. And it was like a gift, you think. Yes, it was a gift.

I. About Giving.

They say: giving makes you happy. In the double meaning of this expression for both the giver and the recipient. The giver gives more, perhaps a possession, to someone who has less, perhaps a need. He gives something away and concedes something. Nowhere in this is there the possibility of an increase in intensity in

the experience of one or the other. It remains an extremely mechanical process, whereby the so-called motifs are really nothing more than accompaniments to thought. Rhythm only arises in the relationship of the one to the other when the one wants the other to be happy. When he is happy? That is precisely what is always confused.

It would be a good way to remove everything intermediate and entangled that forces its way into our arguments and gets stuck in them, if we were to eliminate the concept of joy at a stroke. The happy person is not happy because the one who is happy is not happy. Happiness is, as far as we have now come, in the consciousness of the individual, the rhythmic commonality in the experience of community, a continuously pulsating event that, anchored by consciousness in the state and in being, would express calm and security. Those who rejoice are uncertain: that they have succeeded once again. Behind joy lies fear. It is just another expression for this fear, the fear on which the sun shines. Joy has no capacity to increase. It is comparable to an organic cry that the pulsating vitality of life inevitably wrings from the isolated. Those who have rejoiced enough, when they have rejoiced enough, sink into the gray everyday life. Don't forget your work, they say, and the circle is complete.

The gift giving that is familiar to our concepts has this joy in mind. Close your eyes for a moment, life is not so bad, I am with you, the other — that is what it means. The other who gives, who wants to be with you. A brief deception, a joy, and: No bridge leads from person to person, says the poet and wordsmith. It is the same whether you give words and feelings, emotional values, they are the same. The purely material and the thought-action-feeling-value all stem from the same root, the view of life as a sum of evaluation, as a state and link in the framework and in the chain of fixed word series into which man has been placed, or rather banished, in short they stem from the experience of the isolated. They are completely equivalent to each other as being hostile to movement and rhythm. Giving oneself away as a person can certainly be equated with any amount of money that one gives away, even if the conscious perception of the organic intensity of experience as a natural necessity haunts in between, as a broken rhythm, as suffering, disguised in concepts of evaporation such as sacrifice, love, etc. It is only an embellishment on despair, and becomes the repression, hysteria and neurosis of “modern” people. The recipient is the victim. The addiction to giving becomes the disease of our time. Gift-giving, which according to the proverb makes people happy, is a mutual clinging, in

which the recipient, if he cannot defend himself, is the exploited and oppressed. Capital also gives the opportunity to earn a living and secure a livelihood.

There is only one possible form of “gift giving”, that of being a gift, of being a gift in the community. The gift that does not make or bring happiness, but is happiness, community consciousness: no one brings this gift to man from outside. It is present in man as a fund, as a source of intensity, buried or buried and only needs to be uncovered. If man wants to get out of his isolation. For the isolated man himself kneels on it, he tramples it underfoot, because it proves to him that the relationships between human beings really cannot be artificially created, because human beings are from eternity and always, because their experience has the automatic contact, the rhythm of happiness — as common experience, common action and thought. But this realization seems worse than death to the isolated. It is the consciousness of despair instead of the consciousness of happiness. And precisely this is a gift for man.

Thus, that calm, that sense of security in the community, which long suppressed breaks out and floods us in the midst of the intensive confrontation with the remnants of the environment that are hostile to this intensity, pressed by the compulsion to expand our experience, to make life easy, is a gift of this kind. It is not happiness, but the knowledge of happiness. Even if we still suffer for it, because suffering from happiness is a pain that makes us happy. It is nothing of joy, but it is that one's breath catches, that one's limbs tighten, because in a matter of seconds a veil has fallen from a landscape of the soul, showing a picture inside that shines and sparkles so intensely that it blinds the still unhappy, he looks into it unprepared. But now he knows it is there. What he is struggling so painfully for is inside him, and he only has to be strong enough to bear it, to be able to hold it outside. That is the preparation. That is the work. That is the compulsion. A new source of life, from which the most original and crystalline experience gushes forth, opens up.

II. About Motherhood.

The consciousness of happiness is not bound to persons and objects. It is not the intensity content of a being, but of a becoming.

Every human being is capable of happiness. The consciousness of happiness is present as a characteristic of life, even if the person is entangled in suffering. This means that happiness is inseparable from the development of a person's life, just as the living belongs to life. It means that it is there, that it only needs to be made conscious, raised into awareness and exposed in terms of feeling. We have seen that it is not up to us to renounce it, just as it is basically not up to man whether he wants to live or not. It is the effect and projection of the law of vitality of the organic to register the rhythm and tempo of this natural movement, to be the recipient either of the sensation and effect of happiness, as the feeling of well-being as community, or of suffering, of despair as isolation.

So if happiness, judged as an analytical construction, is assumed to be the rhythm and tempo of the intensity of the experience of the individual in relation to the whole and the realization of the movement of the whole in relation to the individual, and the line thus obtained, on which the experience rests, in its different emphases on the individual ego and the communal ego — our lifeline — is at the same time the experience because it is also happiness, thus the source of the vitality movement of the universe, of organic nature, a source of human experience, of the experience of humanity, must also be analytically constructed and made aware of the motoric force for the communal rhythm beyond the receptive intensity of the individual, which only resonates and is alive. This force, which represents that analytically projectable connection in the overall organic of the cosmos, is peculiar to the cognitive and emotional world of the human being to a special degree: motherhood and motherliness.

Just like the living in life, the human in man has fallen victim to isolation. A separate set of ideas has formed that has lost its direct connection with the source of intensity and has instead placed laws, morals and ethics as a third in relation to God, the state and the ruler. The human in man is at the same time the self-creating in rhythmic contact with the becoming-nature of all-nature, that is motherliness and motherhood. We must place motherliness before motherhood in order to be able to counteract the use of these terms all the more visibly. Today we find it used the other way round in everyday life, in a way that is critical of knowledge, so to speak. On the basis that the fact of becoming a mother, of giving birth, triggers the concept of motherhood, and in connection with the corresponding life values within the framework of world nature, vital, existential tasks arise for motherhood, namely the preservation of the born, in a broader sense: the preservation of motherhood, which is summarized as the

term: motherliness. This is how it presents itself to us. A process of feeling and thought that suffocates the living in life and suffocates the human in man! It is the life-fearing, classifying, registering and law-creating grasping of man that suffocates and freezes to death. It is the switching of the will to live in community into the organic self-defense of the organization of isolation. For the natural will to experience of the isolated automatically creates duties and, in conflict with the living life of all, sentiments, our so-called feelings and moods." Such a person carries around with him the consciousness of self-defense, he constantly defends himself and the most noble task naturally becomes the defense of motherhood -- through motherliness. This places motherhood in contrast to the environment, to all-nature and to the community, to humanity. It is no longer the general humanity of man, but in the best case of association the particular humanity of man, that is -- it becomes suffering. Our law that what is happiness in community automatically becomes suffering in isolation proves itself particularly clearly here, in the organic crossroads, so to speak. For maternity is the cognizable, sensually perceptible in the movement of the one towards all in the communal rhythm. Significantly, this task of motherhood is ascribed to the act of becoming a mother and becoming a mother, and it goes without saying that the grouping of human beings thus obtained, the organization of the isolated, can have no more effect on the bearer of motherhood than he has added of his own accord, rather less through the intervention of the "resistances of life". A new strength, an intensity of vitality is nowhere to be found, let alone a possibility of increase. From this point on, the point of experience, there is only one natural law for the individual: that of increasing isolation, the path to death. Everything that constitutes his life is organically drawn into his spell. Only from this can morals and ethics, laws, joy and coexistence, war and peace, calm and indignation be judged. They are always only associations, effects and existential safeguards of motherhood, that is awareness of isolation and despair, that is fear of life.

Maternity only employs motherhood as a member of a general, as part of a whole, as projection, symbolization, creation out of one's own consciousness and rhythm, out of ego experience, ultimately out of oneself, out of motherliness. This motherliness is the human in life as an increase in intensity. It is the human experience par excellence, if this experience is the experience of the community. It is the all-consciousness in the I that flows towards the All. She is the regulator of that stream of intensity that flows as a rhythm between and to human beings. Motherliness is the breeding ground of motherhood, which is and can be nothing other than motherliness, bound only to the natural object,

separate but not isolated. Only then is this particular also intensity-increasing and intensity-enhanced, because it forms the organic agglomeration of organic vitalities in a particular, which in the same increased rhythm flows to the generality in order to increase and expand this general in turn according to natural law, that is, following the law of the vital in life. This, however, is also the condition for experiencing motherhood.

Motherliness is not object-bound. It is the experiential fund of every human being and only makes him capable of community because it is itself a community rhythm. The knowledge of this motherliness as the basis of experience, the awareness of motherliness, is the precondition of happiness. It is at the same time happiness consciousness, insofar as work and compulsion become luminous, the outflow and carrier of an experiential technique (motherhood consciousness), which itself, as the source of community consciousness, is able to dissolve community resistance without conflict.

III. About Love.

The object-bound nature of motherhood and the isolating associations of this motherhood, the giving of protection and help, the mother's care, form a whole as an emotional complex. They present themselves to the isolated person as the last and at the same time strongest source of warmth, the inexhaustible hope of still being able to become one with the vitality of all nature. But this hope is bought hard enough. The one who hopes gives up, so to speak, the very vitality of his life for it, insofar as he equates this becoming one with death for the sake of a hope, a longing, a feeling that is doubtful after all, which is thereby supposed to lose its horrors and be transfigured. Death is the reunion with nature, they say, man returns to the womb of nature as he emerged from the womb of his mother. The cycle is once again complete. The longing for protection and refuge in the hard storms of life, the flight to the mother is the refuge to death, the hope of death, because the isolated person in his clearest intensity of experience is nothing other than only death-conscious. Here one can clearly see how much rest, rising, means death at the same time. One will understand that there is no room for the living feeling of happiness in this series of sensations.

And yet people cling to the basically so obvious straightforwardness of this process of perception and imagination in order to have the same thing proven

to them again and again in differentiations, knots and ornaments. It is the fear of life which, as we know, as a downwardly bent “rhythm of happiness”, asserts the organic rights to the intensity of experience and begins to separate and shape “destinies” in countless smaller whirlpools. The chasing rhythm of maybe and but-not-yet, of sinking into rest, satisfaction and longing for death, only to be rushed out again and again, possibly to hear another answer from life, anxious and frightened and yet something hopeful and foreboding from the living, although it is precisely the fear that is so pleasant, the sinking of the moment — this together as a rhythm has differentiated itself as a collective term for love. What is love other than the hope of rising and sinking, longing for love equals longing for death, and the tears of love are called “painfully happy”. Now begins the time when one will laugh at all these things, a hearty, cheerful, healthy and happy laughter. A laughter that secures and expands life. The time is dawning when the concept of love, as sublime as it may be in our memory, as much as human longing has carried and pampered it, will be denied. Deny it because it is corrupted, hung with remnants of isolation, death-eaten, worm-eaten and hostile to life. The Scandinavian retort blower Strindberg, who was also a poet, was not so wrong from his point of view of life-frightened analysis when he conjured up that love is hate, love is rape, love is when one person can no longer carry their fear alone and crawls behind another so that the other can also fidget. And when they both start to fidget, they beat their heads, because that's still more than freezing alone, or they get a third one, which is called parental love. Until that fidgets too. Then it's called family. And so on.

To get back to the essentials: Motherliness also differentiates itself. It draws circles and blossoms, just as the living in the organic moves out of itself, opens up sources of strength, transforms itself and becomes colorful. A melody of becoming and becoming again rises up and this becoming again, the rhythmic connection of the All-I to the single-I, is a refined harmonic polyphony and at the same time chord and consonance in the communal rhythm. Projected onto the rhythmic movement of experience that runs from the individual to the community, made perceptible in the ego experience, this results in something, a new concept, which, given the lack of new possibilities of expression in our type of confrontation, which is intended to make being comprehensible, may also be called “love”. This love is intensified in an increase in motherliness and can be increased at will. It urges us to crystallize it conceptually. It is the bubbles and the depths in the flow of experiential contact from the one to the all. It is the tempo of the intensity balance in the community rhythm, from which the

happiness of the community, the relationship carrier from the happiness of the one to that of the community, emerges. It is the coloring of this happiness, the shining. Love, too, is not object-bound, as it is a differentiation of motherliness and is therefore even more rhythmic and intensity-bound than motherliness. Love is not so much what it is, but rather what it does. It lives, grows and spreads. Love is the happiness of the community, just as the living consciousness of the community is the happiness of the individual.

IV. About Commonality.

Love is a heightened sense of community, i.e. a shared consciousness.

Love knows neither rights nor duties. As a commonality that is conscious of community, it presents itself as movement, as becoming and blossoming, as rhythm. It is no longer a chain or collective term of a series of sensations, and it carries within it no associations whatsoever. It is neither value nor possession and there is no possibility of clinging to it. This contradictory sentence may be said here: love does not unite people. It strengthens and, in a certain sense, creates the basis for self-consciousness. The community consciousness keeps people connected, the human in people, motherliness makes the community conscious, nourishes the community consciousness. One could therefore say that motherliness “connects” people. Love tests them in this connection, that is, one could imagine that it stretches this connection so that it appears to be “separate”, that is: it places man in his humanity, his humanity, on himself. This self-situated person, in the effect of the human, borne by the I-consciousness, in the projection of the community consciousness — that is the loving person, and that in turn is the person in general. The counterpart is the isolated person, the fellow citizen in the state, the brother in Christ.

We differentiate between the various associations with love according to our notions of objects and single out one concept that we surround with special laws: sexual love. It seems very dark to us. We carry ourselves in the hope of having grasped something of the great becoming of the universe in the act of procreation from the outside, the vanity of desperate fools! It is the symbolization of the law of vitality, that cosmic compulsion to vitality, in the harmonious relationship of the All to the One, that is, of the community to the individual. It is judged for the human experience, the realization of the human.

If we are clear that we experience ourselves as parts and bearers of the whole, as members of the community, then the enjoyment of sex, from which so much of the essence of the world is made, and from which the scale of hundreds of pleasures is derived, is nothing other than the realization of the community rhythm, of the living in the community, projected into the individual's consciousness of sensation and experience. It is thus existentially connected with the intensity of the community, that is the commonality. The analysis, the dissection and reduction of the compositions in the world of feeling to one — shows that all love is sexual love, that all movement is movement towards sexual love. It is the organic compulsion to the common experience of communion, to the experience in communion of commonality, the most concentrated content of the law of vitality in expression. This love does not rape, it does not impose itself, it does not speculate on possession. It is determined by the degree of liveliness of the human, by the increase of motherliness, in a kind of registration contact of the intensity of experience. The increase balances itself out, it is completed in the rhythm of the community and flourishes in it together. It expands the I-consciousness borne by motherliness to the We-consciousness and once in the broadest association — to the consciousness of humanity. This is the hour of procreation and conception. This is the organic origin of the new man, the coming man. The bond that is woven between human beings, the individual I-consciousness, is woven together here, and commonality blossoms. Commonality is the experiential technique of community. What we do together, what we see, feel and think together, that is already love, that is what love is.

Love is not bound to persons, not to individuals and least of all to a single person. The love of one for another in isolation is fear and hiding. It is closer to death. The more it becomes possession and property, the more it falls prey to economic orders. In this case, jealousy is “more alive” than love, it is further away from death, and the jealous person would, in this case, have a higher value than this lover. Thus, it is not strength and beauty and whatever else that decides and works, but only and exclusively the contact of motherliness in the ego experience to that of the community experience, which can be projected at will and absorbed in the experience of the other ego. Its balance is called love, its highest rhythm procreation and its consciousness of happiness commonality. Thus, a world of suffering and stupidity sinks into the depths. Ethics and morality, multiplied by a thousand out of fear, crystallized into a jumble of twists and turns around love and sex and happiness, melt into one, into the melody and harmony

of togetherness, of the shared experience of motherhood beyond itself to aloneness.

V. Family and Marriage.

The economic orders of the urge born of the fear of life for people to be together, of forgetting each other in full appreciation of the double meaning, have given rise to habits and laws under whose effects we are all still born and suffer.

It is the main source of all resistance to happiness. I mean the family and marriage. The family is incomparably more important, more connected with the meaning of the contents of experience, more hostile to intensity, because it is community-associative, has a community-repressing effect, whereas marriage is more accidental, easily destroyed and a sentimentality that is soon overcome. We must refrain from exhausting ourselves in describing the impossibilities, damages and rapes, but remain in the comparative analysis based on the intensity of the content of the experience. The Bible says: You shall honor your father and mother — and we would do well to add: so that you will not be sick. The Bible goes on to say, so that it may be well with you on earth — that is the only meaning. For it is better to submit to the voluntary, self-imposed compulsion of contact, to “honor” someone, than to have to feel only a lawful, therefore general contact with people from whom you automatically strive away, for they are the bearers of a “state-law” force of nature, symbols of the fear of life, which appears before you as a black mask in the form of father and mother. To people whose emotional twists and turns as associations of marriage the child feels painfully. The suffering, the fear of life, the unhappiness and the tendency towards isolation of humanity has condensed in the inner circle. It is so medusa-like, so crystal clear that the young human child is marked by it for life even in its first impulses. It is bent over in its natural organic feeling of happiness of the first consciousness of existence under all the horrors of rape and ordered loneliness. It must collapse because the spouses are two large adults, isolated people, who have all the horrors and despair of loneliness in their blood, giant lumps of poisonous ulcers and pus, as it were, because they cling tremendously to the tender plant of the sprouted new human life, clinging desperately as if they were still expecting the miracle of their salvation from outside. For a new life does exist and is no longer connected to them. Unless the act of procreation is also bent into an act of mutual oppression, with the tendency to force the other

down and hold him fast, to leave him behind as the responsible party, so to speak, in an orderly fashion, of course — and is it not so? I forget that we are talking about the technique of happiness. The sentence is unfortunately true according to every interpretation: He who seeks happiness must eat suffering. Even if one were to speak of recognizing and making conscious instead of seeking. It is difficult to look these connections in the face without feeling the infectious whiff of the same despair. They are all human beings, with humanity, motherliness and the ability to love!

From the law of vitality, they live the distorted image of a community. One can clearly recognize the trace of that division of life, the coarse economic organization as state and similar, the equally coarse but, so to speak, closer and more intimate to nature: the family. The laws merge into one another and the state repeatedly emphasizes, with a certain right, that it is based on the family. Marriage, on the other hand, is a narrowing, crystallization and safeguarding of those tendencies that form the state and the family. It has, one can therefore say, emerged from the family. A vortex in the midst of the family, it draws upon itself the sensually perceptible in the progressive process of isolation, the person or persons with whom one bears the isolation together. Monogamy or polygamy is completely indifferent. It changes nothing. Polygamy is more likely to mean a further tension away from experience, as it adapts itself more concretely to life, whereas monogamy breaks itself more logically and must at least be decided and confirmed again and again, even among the same people. Another gruesome association with procreation — confirmation. The confirmation that man is alone, always remains alone and will always be alone — do you hear the rhythm of our sexuality?

That is the image of family and marriage. Some will say, where is the life, the experience in it? It lives and is alive, as in the content of existence of all living beings, but it does not become conscious and it lives subconsciously, held down and broken, but nevertheless in rhythmic connection to the all-living. Thus it pulsates through our sensations like an ancestor and, who does not remember, sometimes makes us close our eyes with a dull and confused consciousness of happiness, especially in the individual movement of a human being towards the individual other, but also with shame and fear of being able to bear and endure the intensely living rhythmic, life moments — breaks through, dissolutions of consciousness that allow this movement to be recognized as a groping for togetherness as a togetherness because it is warmer, because it is more

protected, not because two are more than one, but a togetherness that is situated in the dissolution of the individual in the sense of addition, as a more not in being, but in movement and rhythm, as the gift of ego consciousness. This gift is an outflow of motherliness, and it is accepted, it can often be accepted, when rhythmically the motherliness of the other is equally vibrant. When both breathe in the rhythm of community, in community consciousness, and when the couple strives to bring this consciousness to life in their own ego consciousness, where it is not yet unresolved. This love hovers around marriage like a thin spherical breath and especially around the single marriage. Let us make it fulfillment and content. Then we will shed the regularity of a rigid experience like marriage, then the family will no longer be a dead concept of expediency, but as a natural family, as a mother's family, it will be the free, unconstrained and happiest possible breeding ground on which the motherliness of all its members will blossom into common love.

And once again the Meaning of the Revolution.

Revolution is when even one person is dissatisfied. The state of this dissatisfaction unlocks the arsenal of the revolution, the weapons and means of revolution, the power source of the motoric contradiction and the common movement of contradiction, and the goal of the revolution: happiness. Dissatisfaction is a word more like unhappiness, despair, exploited, martyred and deprived of the vital in life, the vital that forces its way through whatever resistance of its own and that of others may be present, that is the automatic source of strength that we call the revolutionary. The revolutionary process will therefore continue as long as community consciousness is not automatically equated and perceived as happiness consciousness. But this consciousness of happiness is in turn assigned the living organic task of being a confirmation of aliveness, of rhythm. At the same time, it is the pace of experience of all human beings projected in ego consciousness. Thus, the crisis arises that the ego in the feeling of happiness of the ego consciousness keeps the balance to the rhythm of the community, which is equally conditioned in the ego itself and depends on it, the common working of all towards community happiness. This can be described as the revolutionary content of the soul, as the compulsion to revolutionize together, the tempo of the revolution. It is no longer the individual experience, with its already happy associations and vibrations, which still lack security, the experience of experience, the eternal, so to speak, a happiness that

is for the time being faith, but at least already happiness, even if transient — it is the collective experience, intensified by motherliness and love and togetherness, the all-life in the common movement. It can no longer be projected onto time and state, because it is only movement. It differentiates states upwards and downwards at will and rules sovereignly over mental, organic and natural resistances and knots. Man has it in his power, insofar as he uses the means, insofar as he thinks and feels and acts technically, that is conscious of commonality, to put an end to and dissolve them. Seen in terms of “values”, comparative values, the state may be “less happy”, not happy, that is reassuring, but it is happiness-conscious. The happiness-conscious is more like happiness, it is the source and carrier of happiness, it is the movement of the rhythm and the compulsion of our happiness. And we do not even know, as we are only at the beginning of experiencing the living, what the unresisting, unopposed, free great happiness will be for us. We cannot grasp its tempo and its intensity is also far from us, because we are still too coarse-boned, too thick-skulled and too lazy to think. We only feel that it must burn us, as we still are today, where we are still ashamed, where we hesitate and hide from being happy. Where the human in man, the motherliness cannot be experienced freely, because we do not have the courage to keep up with the rhythm of the living. And where we should sing, we prefer to stutter.

It should be free. The experience should be set free. The consciousness of the living I wants to assert itself. The consciousness of experience does not tolerate any barriers in the long run. The ego consciousness intensifies for the rhythm of the community. It struggles to express and experience this community. The common becomes organic and compulsive. The uncovered, self-acting commonality becomes conscious of happiness. The ‘I’ becomes common and happiness-conscious. Then the experience equals happiness, equals life.

The common experience, the certainty of commonality, differentiates itself a thousandfold according to the intensity, according to the pace of experience of the individual ego consciousness. A new up and down is formed, which, however, remains dominated by the compulsion to the density of commonality and its increasing intensity, a new rhythm, the rhythm of the revolution. A revolution whose goal is likewise no longer object and state, but movement, co-movement. And whose goal will one day be its content, provided it can balance the resistance. Today, with the prevailing fear of life of the individual, with the still common association with the masses, this is not yet to be expected, not in

terms of breadth, width, comprehensiveness, but in terms of density, from the addiction of clinging to one another.

The rhythm of this revolution is organic, part of the living experience. It is part of the happiness that lies dormant in every human being. It heralds the renewal of the human being that occurs of its own accord. It is natural that this life process adapts to its resistances to an increasing degree. As consciousness expands and the intensity of experience increases, the resistances become more intense, and the compulsion to experience expresses itself outwardly in violence and in the dictatorship of one part over the other. This violence is vital. It is a hope that the resistance will soon be broken. It is the projection and transfer of this compulsion of the dying to the bearers of vitality. It makes no difference whether one is the bearer or the object of this force. It is a question of technique and intensity of life. Violence directed by the dying against the community soon turns against the community itself — out of natural necessity.

Perhaps in the future, instead of revolution, we should say renewal, communal breath, communal vitality, leaving a way open for the ossifying, the enemies of revolution, the way to find themselves in dying, to unite in culture, but the final confrontation does not thereby lose its cruelty, because life itself, the living nature, will stifle and freeze the individually resisting. The common march of the revolution and its conscious bearers, the class-conscious proletariat, which will struggle for its economic liberation struggles and beyond that for the penetration of consciousness into experience, against the organizational forms of a fear of life that have still survived the economic collapse and whose possibility of existence is beginning to dwindle, will remain unaffected by this; the target name of the revolution will be different, but its meaning and its experiential goal will always be the same.

VI. About Living Resistance.

What needs to be done?

Up until this section, I have put the cart before the horse. Because I have been careful not to analyze what should be, not even what will be, although that would be more possible, but have drawn the psychological extract from what is, why it has become so, and which are the limit points of the extent and intensity

of our suffering and our longing for happiness. You will understand me when I set down the impression here: the result is a most surprising one. It turns out that the vast majority of people resist happiness, fight it tooth and nail, as if it were life itself. And that is true. It is better to experience suffering and unhappiness, i.e. to allow the fear of life to proliferate over the experience, rather than to become aware of it, rather not to experience it completely, to allow the living to suffocate in the lowest depths of consciousness than to experience the universe and thus oneself. That which remains behind, that which is organic and yet held down, that spiritual residue in man smolders. It divides consciousness, it differentiates our feelings a hundredfold in the sense of division, it creates good and evil, despair and longing and never gives the experienceable as a whole, but as a break. A resistance to experience is created, which is at the same time against life in its effects, even if it desperately clings to life directly. This resistance cannot be broken by power and violence alone. It is also unlikely to give way to a sharper analysis of a contradictory assertion, because its characteristic is the resistance itself. How should he allow himself to be instructed and enlightened when he exists because he is stubborn and closes himself off. It is difficult to eradicate it, to burn it out, because the human being, its bearer, is eradicated with it, wants to be eradicated with it. Therein lies his longing. And his final proof is always right, he is death.

Anyone who has understood what is living in life knows that this resistance is a living one. Life flows through it, albeit in eddies and congestion. And for this person, giving up resistance means giving up his claim to happiness, his happiness slumbering in the unconscious. Instead, he bears unhappiness and suffering and loneliness, because the dull contact with the living trembles within him. He takes refuge in the longing for happiness, which for him is the conscious parallel sensation to the subconscious sensation of happiness. The longing for happiness is even more important to these people than the consciousness of happiness, in short, happiness itself. He prefers to seek happiness, which cannot be found because it cannot be an object, something attainable, neither possession nor property. Because it is a rhythm in experience, the moving element to the universe in the experience of oneself, in its rhythmic overall conditions of togetherness in the community.

So are these people, this present generation and the vast majority of the next generation, excluded from the outset from the reality of the intensification of experience through happiness consciousness? It would seem so. A deductive line

of thought would arrive at no other result. And yet this is not the case. The motherliness in man, in every man, cannot be suppressed. It breaks through organically, grows like the plant growth outside in the world. The uncovering of this motherliness of the human in the human being can find no resistance. In this motherliness lies the gateway to happiness. The experience of the human sharpens the consciousness for the experience as such, for the experience of oneself. It automatically and gradually awakens confidence in oneself and thus self-consciousness. It does not remain bound within itself. Motherliness, which is the feeling of all-life, of experiencing towards the other, of co-experiencing, opens the way to fellow human beings. It lays its cool hand, one might say, on the feverish anxiety of life, until self-consciousness has developed strongly enough to dissolve the fear of life and shake off its associations, self-consciousness in the community. For maternity, community and communality are the three dimensions of human experience, of the human organism. They are one in the intensity of procreation and at the same time co-sentient, resonating, generally in the community rhythm, in the intensity of the I-experience in the consciousness of happiness. All human beings carry the awareness of this within themselves, and all human beings feel it and act consciously or unconsciously accordingly. Because ultimately all people are happy. No matter how hostile to life the individual entanglements, the self-swirls, the organizational forms of the desperate, the “sins against life and the spirit” may appear, no matter how much people continue to face each other with knives, to destroy each other, no matter how much human “love” appears to be nothing more than rape, an expedient of nature, a letting go in the struggle for food, and many other terrible things — human horror has a limit, in the human, in all-humanity. And every gesture collapses, every wall of fear, every numbness, when the breath of community embraces it. The community does not die, it does not dissolve, it does not exhaust itself, it cannot despair and become breathless all at once, like the individual, the isolated person. It is self-creative from within itself and sooner or later it will organically absorb the individual again, inevitably making him capable of community as soon as it corresponds to the intensity of the shared experience. She does not punish, because she is the all-motherliness. We only need to open our hearts wide to become one with the becoming of the universe.

Our law must therefore be:

Don't let things go.

Do not go alone. But rather:

Always go with things.

Observation Overview.

So this reflection undoubtedly ends in disappointment. With a disillusionment of happiness. For the consideration remains predominant: we have the family, marriage, the state, the church, the laws, morality, misfortune and crime and the fear of life in everything that surrounds us. How can we get through it, how can we become aware of happiness? Not to become, but to be happiness-conscious. You are already happiness-conscious, you just have to admit it and tell others. That is the core. To bear witness to it in every knot in which you comprehend life, in every association in which the living surrounds you and not least in your connection with your environment and your fellow human beings. So that others hear you and until others hear you, as a community. Your first happy realization will be that you are not alone, that you recognize the intensity of your life as rhythm and tempo. Make sure that it is evenly increasing, sure and purposeful, because you hear it, control it, because you are in control of yourself when you know yourself. Do not spare compulsion, for it catches the associations of isolation. What you do, you will feel, radiantly, is done by many, perhaps all, and like you, all are — and everything that happens in you, around you, becomes common, grows as a community. Hammer this into your consciousness every day. That is the technique of happiness. It makes you sweat.

FOURTH OBSERVATION

I. What do you want -- Life or Destiny!

The rhythm of experience opens up a new content to all the life processes we have perceived so far. It changes the content of concepts at will, depending on their intensity towards suffering and happiness. The concepts have nominally remained the same, only their contents have become mobile, double, in daily experience suffering and happiness and connected with each other and with each other in the organic ego of the individual.

In order to clarify this doubling and duplication, to incorporate it into the rhythm of experience, instead of allowing ourselves to be driven along without resistance by the fate of life, which is determined by foreign bodies that are hostile to experience, such as God, the state and the family, the complex of sensations that is still necessary today in its doubling must be torn apart, suffering must be separated from happiness in an epistemologically critical way, consciousness must be sharply straightened out by living experience and its associations. These acquired conceptual contents still carry along their duplication for our perception, so that it could seem like an empty game with words. One can just imagine someone who, in order to be able to bridge this tension in his practical life by eliminating as far as possible the conflicts that have repercussions on his ego consciousness, comes to the conclusion that suffering equals happiness and vice versa. From happiness closed to suffering, the wave of feeling would go from communal consciousness via society to individual consciousness, from suffering to happiness from the individual via social consciousness, which means social necessity to the community. Both currents are recognizable in life as vital streams of intensity from the aliveness, they become visible in the organic knots and whirlpools with the living organic environment of the individual and crystallize in this contact as experience, better as points of experience, stations of experience, as destiny. Nothing is known about the intensity, about the direction of these currents, the consciousness of life thus gained possesses nothing to be able to influence these currents, not even the means to be able to stop or divert them in the long run — than the associations arising from the necessity of life for the organization of isolation, which naturally condense into knowledge, the knowledge of the expediency of the living organism, of the lawfulness of nature, of the omnipotence of the laws

of nature and for lovers: of the corresponding higher organization, of God, fate and the others. Our religion and philosophy, our knowledge of life, is built on this today. This is the technical uncovering of our own rotation. We are still revolving around ourselves, and it is like the veiled image of Sais: it means death to know that we are not living the living, but the living towards death, that is, not life, but life and death, which means despair. The stages of this life are experiences for us, no longer the living intensity of the now, the omnipresence that recognizes a past from the pace towards the future. Because we can already experience what is heightened in the present, i.e. what is to come, we associate a past. However, we experience the past because we cannot absorb the present with the same intensity, much less with a heightened intensity, as long as the future, seen in the present, would be the end, death, i.e. the absolute self-cancellation, to which we give up an intermediate time in the experience of the dead, the past, the past that has slipped away. Man as the bearer of intensity, as a rhythmic agent, flees from the rhythm that he himself moves in the vitality of life. He hides himself away and allows all his strength to accumulate outside — in life — to become knotted, to grow into a wildly confused giant mountain, about which he then begins to philosophize. That then becomes God. That then becomes fate. And in contact with it, in the necessity of dealing with it, something like a new, weak, grotesque rhythm of experience emerges, which then constitutes life. This is what human life looks like, and we live with this source of vitality.

This scripture breaks the link between suffering and happiness. Although this connection is still vital today. Although only experience can separate them, the intensity of the rhythm of experience, the pace of life. Not just any consideration. Nevertheless, it separates them, because the sequence of reflections, analyses and associations is also only a continuous, rhythmic affirmation of the conceptual content, which is constantly in motion and manifests itself according to a rhythm that is and must be part of the community if it is to be absorbed. Let's use a word that has been beaten to death and only fits in this context: living truth, because it is a shared rhythmic communal experience. Only then does the consciousness of happiness become free, so free that it can be used as a technical means of experience. Then the duplication disappears, then man sings. He no longer reads. The reader resonates behind the empty concepts that result from the stringing together of letters, words and sentences; he fills these concepts with the living content of his intensity of life. He bursts form and shell towards commonality, the consciousness of community is set free. Whether

these sentences are true and correct becomes a ridiculous association when the reader sings.

II. The Essence of Relationship.

If one draws a cross-section through human life in the sense of experience, the most important carriers of resistance and the means to eliminate them accumulate. Overall complexes that would deserve a special in-depth analysis according to their effects and their vitality and that would have to be peeled away from the remnants of the opposing ones that they themselves carry around and nourish. This goes far beyond the rhythm of the present writing. It only hints, it hints at the intensity content of, for example, the economy, the inevitability of economic conditions beyond the organization of an accidental state and against a capitalist state as a sphere of experience against property and possession. According to the intensity content of work as a common rhythm of happiness in the community, and the content of the increases in intensity of the differentiating commonality, it points to the relationship between people beyond the economy and yet dependent on it, as a relationship per se. This relationship, too, will only be discussed in passing. Not analysis projected from the lawfulness of the vitality of the universe onto the individual, but analysis from the experiencing vitality, from the rhythmic movement of commonality. So once again love.

There are a great many people who agonize over relationships, agonize with each other and towards each other, people who, in their own minds, are not at all full of despair, but appear clumsy and clumsy on the path to happiness. They take two steps to the side before they take a step forward, so they are uncertain and agonize. It is true, however, that when a flash of lightning strikes the fear of life, when they lose each other for a minute, their relationship to each other, they feel deeply and painfully how happily they have lived, hours and days light up. It is an intermediate experience that has not yet become a rhythm, an experience that has not yet become a shared rhythm, but is nevertheless a living experience. We admitted earlier that love does not unite people. But if suffering is to unite people, then the organic repercussions of this unifying experience create a new, more mobile, more lively conceptual content of suffering, compassion. That aspect of the relationship between one human being and

another, for which we agonize so much, for which we suffer and which we would like to shape happily by sacrificing our lives, take for example the relationship between man and woman, which we call by the collective name of love, is nothing other than compassion. For this compassion is so beautiful, it is organically alive, it has something of the sphere of the consciousness of happiness, they say. Because in the intensity content of compassion it echoes the communal rhythm and can be its precursor. We say that a relationship is insurmountable, that it cannot be lost through a change of object. We think that the rhythmic experience of togetherness is not object-bound, it forgets the associative object, it even denies it, if only the consciousness, the rhythm remains. This is the case with the so frequent conflict in the relationship, where the relationship partners agonize over the relationship, although the “objects”, that is, they themselves as individuals, have already become “alien to the relationship”, hate each other and are against each other or otherwise suffer from each other in various degrees of intensity of experience and with various contents of consciousness — but where one does not leave the other, because it is better to still suffer “that”, i.e. to share the rhythm. i.e. to experience the rhythm, than to separate, that is the realization of isolation. These people will even torment themselves increasingly instead of separating, because this rhythm, like every rhythm of vitality, has the automatic, the living tendency to increase. Because it is not object-bound, so that the state of the object, the projection of it onto the ego-consciousness of the individual, only works back again and again as the same rhythm of suffering and happiness. This relationship projects itself as mutual rape. This relationship can only be dissolved when the responsibility of the ego consciousness to the community becomes alive, that is, conscious in experience, when the ownership association of this particular “we” is combated and dissolved in favor, one could say, of the general we. When it becomes apparent that in compassion the living appears bound and must be set free through the common against suffering, so that compassion is transformed, so to speak, into counter-suffering, the pace of life determines the rhythm. In other words: he who suffers is the enemy. People do not help each other, but each other. Togetherness removes the association of help from such experiences. It is living life in the rhythm of togetherness; it is the rising curve of happiness in its fluctuations of intensity. Only this relationship is no longer object-bound and thus at the same time united and free and happy, happiness itself. Since it rests on the consciousness of community and is therefore happiness-conscious.

What is decisive is the object-bound, as opposed to the communal rhythm of believing in possession and hoping for value. It is what isolates.

The nature of the relationship also includes the strange experience that the closer the relationship is, the closer the mutual experience of togetherness is sought (in the best case), the greater the conflicts and abysses that open up. It is a mistake to believe that we are the same as I and you. We are always All, and in particular: All and I and You, whereby I becomes equal to You — in the relationship; thus All and the happiness relationship, projected onto the I-consciousness as the last link. When we struggle for love as happiness consciousness, when we strive for the relationship, we slowly petrify in the object. I am about to become you — alone. Huge, but then monstrous, cold and deathly afraid. Me equals you, that is our best relationship. The association of possession has returned. For the ego is willing to disappear into the you, it throws itself on the you and will crush it in order — in order to become free of nothing but itself. The You then carries everything, but the “I” is free. This is the reason for the conflicts. Can such an “I” experience and be with this I and You as a third new thing, as a relationship? Never. It constantly corrects itself, it complains and fears, because how can it be in two, in two places? Or it represses itself completely in the other you and is constantly searching for itself, likewise anxious and making the “you” suffer. Thus, this relationship results in a merry-go-round of “I ‘s and O ‘s” without ever finding the pole of consciousness of the relationship. Two live into each other without making an effort. Because the motoric of living towards each other flows neither from the I nor from the You, but from the common consciousness, that is, from the “All”, and only becomes common in the I and the You. Then the rhythm of the relationship and its happiness come to rest.

The associations of ownership will cease when the communal rhythm is generally shared, i.e. when the relationship has become equal to life and thus equal to experience. We already experience as parts and members of this relationship; we experience our relationship as such when we are happy. The relationship itself is neither this nor that, it is the shining, the colorful part of the movement that makes you and me and everyone happy.

We suffer from the relationship because it is general, i.e. still possessive like all others, and we manifest ourselves against this relationship, we storm against it. We hold the general rhythm of liveliness as the outermost framework of

movement in forcing ourselves, in working at the pace of safe living. Without compassion and without joy. Only tempo. Being hard and hammering.

III. Illness and death.

What is ill about the nature of the relationship can also be viewed more generally. It objectifies itself in a hundredfold associations of our real existence, our physicality. Although, like the above, these explanations are already outside the scope of these observations, and are to be regarded in part as an appendix, they should also be mentioned in an indicative way, because the conflicts and knots of daily life, of living into the day, or rather of being lived into the day, revolve around the concept of the sick, of illness, which, by its very nature, has been made the focus of an organization of recovery, driven into the gigantic and supernatural. If this may be less visible in the illness of the relationship, although the refined means of organization, such as religion and ethics, have precisely this as their goal, it becomes all the more obvious in their coarsening generalization. Life takes on a new content, namely that of maintaining health.

Illness, being ill, is neither a new concept, nor even a condition. — It is a means of communication. It is an intermediate form of organization of people who travel to death, like the state and the family, a bubble or depth in the vortex of experience of the isolated, and thus a direct form of experience. The isolated person feels nothing of the living experience and cannot, since he has death before his eyes in the experience, not the living, but illness, as a less gruesome death. It is more comfortable, it permits various interpretations, it has the associations of recovery as death has those of resurrection and eternal life, and it permits certain connecting organizations which leave room for an experience which, although restricted, is still alive as long as the others are also ill and many of them, that a certain form of illness appears together and is generally accepted, which is subject to laws, can be caused and eliminated. We know today, however, that very many people place little value on resurrection as long as they are still alive, and some even prefer to be healthy rather than ill.

The general denominator to which the account of illness can be reduced is suffering. The straightforward association with suffering is death, death as the realization of isolation and a new attempt to hide is “sick”, a new displacement away from consciousness. The repression is particularly intricate and interwoven

with the living experience, insofar as the association to a general health or particular recovery is in a certain sense assigned the role of breath in the process of experience. The sick person experiences himself in the prospect of recovery and the healthy person in the danger of illness. It is, so to speak, a modest vitality that the human being, as an organic carrier of vitality, has wrested from the law of aliveness, although he himself is still striving organically towards death. Do not underestimate this: this is the movement that still constitutes our life. Our ego-consciousness, which begins to fight against illness and death, stands against our life itself, so much is this connected with the experience of organic natural law insecurity and weakness, of the "fall", of accident and illness. It is a bitter and hopeless struggle for the individual, and only community consciousness can hint at a future platform. Until then, until this is fully realized, we will perish individually and have to hide in the bitter shame of being ill, we weak ones. One can establish a rule: What is ill is always ill and whoever gets well becomes ill again, because the movement towards becoming aware of illness is not touched at all, much less the awareness of the content of the experience of illness, the loss of intensity and tempo. Apart from God, praying for health is based on a very clever idea, that of technical recovery, the technical elimination of the possibility of illness by integrating the inner movement of self-life into the rhythm of the community, by merging the consciousness of the ego into the consciousness of the community.

Only this makes us safe and "healthy", invulnerable, and if you want, eternal. I maintain that death is by no means an unbreakable, unalterable law of nature and that man can make use of the laws of nature for the purposes of common experience, i.e. that he can change them at will if the increase in intensity of the common experience so demands. I can well imagine that future people will one day decide not to die. Although dying today is still so beautiful and an increase in happiness. Until it dissolves beyond association and the consciousness of community into movement and rhythm itself. Until organic self-exhaustion, which is dissolving and therefore happiness-conscious. When the individual ceases to want to possess even himself, let alone other associations of possession, only then is he capable of community. Only then does living life flow beyond death.

IV. Simultaneity.

The characteristics of the Christian God all lead to one thing: simultaneity. The problem of this simultaneity and thus of the attribute of God and, if you like, of divinity is no longer a special mystery to us, much less a sanctuary. It is a natural characteristic of man, the human characteristic of man, the realization of simultaneity. Whoever carries the consciousness of community, and that is human consciousness, humanity and humanity, experiences what is common and shared. The functions of experience, the means of events are no longer individual, they no longer have an isolating effect on the ego-consciousness, they no longer project themselves as special characteristics of the ego-consciousness. I act, I think, I know, I feel — in the differentiation of the senses — now means: I act with, think with, know with, feel with the total acting, total thinking, total knowing, total feeling — the part corresponding to my intensity of experience, I as a part with in the striving of the increase of liveliness in the tempo towards the all, to act, think, know, feel more, so that the rhythm of the community, the degree of intensity of the I-consciousness, the I-experience tempo becomes free. So that the contact between ego and community becomes conscious and visible at the crystallization point of co-happening and co-hood. This contact is at the same time the point of experience of the consciousness of happiness and differentiates itself according to the corresponding associations of sensory perceptions. It becomes what the ego sees, feels, hears, does and knows. In the rhythm of happiness, that is liveliness, co-liveliness and aliveness.

A tremendous power is released for man. A power that man still uses today to hold and maintain vitality against his life, life to death in despair. A power that must protect man in every second of life from experiencing isolation, that is, from exploding from the vitality of the universe, from dissolving into atoms. A force that can withstand the power of organic world events. This force is fragmented a thousandfold into individual parts, into individual forces, into spiritual, mental, physical forces and functions of the individual human being — only for the purpose of keeping itself single, of building up the ego anew and alone. Forces that have all the forces of security, all the associations of fear of life and death against them and must overcome them completely if man wants to live and experience this ego, that is, remain alive. Perhaps we now understand what it means to be ill and why we are ill, and that we are all still falling by the wayside, just as we have all fallen by the wayside up to now. We have an inkling of the motor content of human life.

This power is free. We can use it in any other way. We must use it differently if we are community-conscious. This power is a function of happiness consciousness. I can imagine that this happiness, now exposed, shatters us. People like us, from these days still, are eaten away by suffering and fall prey to death. It burns and it extinguishes us fervently, like that last dissolution which we still call death, and which is that release, the subsiding of our ego resistances. Where is the narrow line of experience of the living for us?

The knowledge of simultaneity, the awareness of simultaneity, is the bridge for us. The community as a rhythm of experience and as a movement of experience was not and will not be, it is, that is, it is continuous, it works. We can no longer attribute the same intensity of essence to the past and the future as to the present being, the present becoming. The associations of what has been, of the succession and the aftermath as effects of suffering and fear of life, of having to cling and hold on from the natural need to cling, it becomes a present experience of having held on, of still being — — these associations flutter away, dissolve in the uncovering of the organic consciousness of the ego, in the realization of the community, the associations of the future, are they not only fearful formations of a past to be experienced, from whence the ego still is, duck down, clench together in the increase of intensity, in the tempo, in the consciousness of happiness. Happiness eats up the future, one could say. What remains is the present, the omnipresence, the interplay of events, thoughts and sensations is concentrated into one in the consciousness of happiness in the liveliness of the ego rhythm and from there differentiates itself arbitrarily and differently, just as we colorfully design and decorate our experience in the community. There is no longer any one on top of the other, no series, no following behind. The associations fed by the One, the community and happiness become freer as technical means. We experience co-knowledge and co-happening and decorate ourselves. We know everything and feel and see and hear whatever name we want to give to a sensory perception — everything. Everything that is the same and rhythmically connected to me. Not in the past or the future or, in contrast, only in the present, but in the liveliness of co-experience, of community. Our concept of time is wrong because it is without content, without living experiential content. For us, time is the measure of death. Co- and simultaneity is without the idea of boundaries, of the end, of space as the same living essential content of a temporal association of fear of life. As a sphere of experience, as rhythm, it is at the same time the shattering of so-called laws of nature.

V. The Relativity of the Laws of Nature.

What we see as natural laws, what we feel working on us, is the mental crystallization of the associative differentiations of the one law of vitality, of the living to vitality. We speak of law because we feel it within us and not above us, because we are the bearers and co-creators of this law. The effect of this law on the ego consciousness is projected in happiness. Its differentiations, the associative partial laws cannot deviate in their intensity from the overall rhythm of the universal law; on the contrary, every refinement means an increase in intensity and tempo, so they should mean an increase in the happiness consciousness in its rhythmic experience. Everyone knows that the opposite is the case. We suffer from these laws, we move against them, and we strive to break through and abolish them. Science is based on the hope that perhaps they are not universally effective after all, perhaps they are different or otherwise moving towards a more flexible solution. In any case, we feel that they are not agents of happiness and vitality, for they prove to us the death and vitality outside the self, which is isolation and despair. In a far larger and more general framework, they are that part of the suffering construction of human experience which means the compulsion, the forcing of oneself in the transitional life to happiness. We are therefore able to bend and eliminate such regularities.

The consciousness of happiness as a concentration of intensity has absorbed resistance. It brings the resistances to life, rhythmizes them and thus creates new laws. It puts regularity into our hands. In other words: man becomes lighter. He flies and there is no doubt that, if the vital need of the community for togetherness is present, people will also move easily in a way without finding the association of a law of gravity in force today as resistance. The association will be different, and we will conclude the law not by suffering, heaviness and dead physicality in this case, but by lightness, liveliness, simultaneity. The conceptual world of the transformation of matter and force of electricity and the technical means is arbitrarily variable. The more simultaneously we experience them, the more intensely they are concentrated, the more consciously the regulation of such associations grows within us. The more these associations become not only a means of communication, but a means of commonality and rhythmic movement. That is what matters. They depend on the degree of togetherness, the intensity of the communal experience and the tempo of the communal rhythm. They are subordinate to the perfect self-consciousness, to the human in man, to motherliness. The question here is whether man has the

courage to take advantage of this. He will do so when this benefit has also become consciousness, as a shared experience and a living community.

VI. The Essence of Utopia.

Thomas More's account of the institutions and life in the state of Utopia has given rise to a generally accepted idea of utopia which, taken as such, must now be set in contrast to the critical conclusions drawn from it. The idea of utopia is the essential thing, not the content, still less the so-called practical demand. The utopian idea, the utopian train of thought is a necessary supplement to the critical projection of the environment onto the ego consciousness, the reflection of the suffering present, an escape to vitality beyond life and the organization that this vitality does not possess. Necessary as the heaven and hell of the believer in God. Corresponding to the intensity of the necessity of experiencing this idea, the ego consciousness projects itself in differentiating associations to the community, in links and symbolizations of the experiential present. These utopias, which are all community utopias in themselves, are nevertheless structured around certain individual problems and, in general, around the idea, that is, the experience of community. The psycho-technique of these utopias is already a living experience, although predominantly unconscious and limited to the narrow circle of the ego-consciousness. However, it is sufficient to uncover the rhythm of utopian imagination and thought in order to make utopian intensity of feeling conscious. Up to now we have called this the religious feeling, the religious mood, which still has the majority of people under its spell today, a compulsion to the convention of despair. The fear of critical thinking of the idea of "utopian" is nothing more than the fear of living experience resulting from the fear of life.

The so-called social utopias are the transformations of the remnants of vitality remaining in the will to experience society, which thus becomes communal, of life-pressing questions that require a living answer, the permeation of society with the sphere of vitality. That is why they are called utopias, that is why the basic trait is more, better, further and deeper. It is never in the nature of these utopias to establish a new law, just as it is not in the nature of music to plant a park when both sets of ideas intersect around harmony as in this association. It is the cry for communal experience, for experiential technique, for work and happiness that becomes movement in utopia, perceptible rhythm. Charles

Fourier, for example, is thought to be mad because, living in the most miserable conditions, in describing the development of the social community, he is more concerned with describing the pleasures, ease and beauty of life for pages on end, so that he finally runs out of words and has to struggle to find new ones, to form new ones that express approximately what he wants and must consciously do, because he already feels it — because he thus begins to experience liveliness and has the courage to do so, instead of critically transforming this society on the basis of his critique of society, that is, according to reason. Reason is insanity, a sense that has gone astray, that lacks a communal rhythm, a sense that is solitary. St. Augustine is said to have sung and raved so loudly when writing his *Civitas Dei* (State of God) that his friends prayed incantations on the assumption that the evil spirit had entered him. We will be able to report more or less the same from all utopians.

It testifies to the rupture of experience in human thinking that people have repeatedly tried to turn these hopes for the communal experience, which has remained in the subconscious but is already alive there, into reality. But what does this reality mean? What happens around individuals? The unifying element of the need for vitality to secure isolation, the despair of convention, the state and alien laws hostile to experience? In this reality, subconscious dawning that flickers upwards in the individual consciousness is supposed to be able to exist? It testifies to the fact that all religious, social and humanitarian sectarians have become community-conscious in the subconscious but have not yet found the contact of the ego-consciousness to the community, and thus do not possess the living knowledge of the community. Because they cannot possess it at all, since as a living experience it is the rhythm and movement not of the ego but of community. The community and the knowledge of the community dissolved into this rhythm for our experience only becomes the all-filling harmony together. The community utopia acts as a technical means of togetherness.

Review

This brings us to the end of our considerations. It is irrelevant to me whether you agree with me on some or all of it. The content of this writing, like everything conceptual in life, is only form into which the living should flow. We rightly attach increasing importance to physicality in our lives. The systems for training muscles, gymnastics and sport are suitable means for experiencing vitality if the

training of our spirituality, our humanity, keeps pace with it, if the one conditions and triggers the other. The fact is: we are already on the move. We have nothing to find and discover, but only to become aware of. We have long recognized the mechanics of thinking, let's practice it!

Some expressions frequently used here, such as associating and projecting, are technical terms of psychoanalysis for which, without completely changing the meaning, there are no more generally understandable German expressions to define this particular way of looking at things. The psycho-analytical technique rejects "learning", it combats "education". In its place is the realization of technique, of the means of experience, of communal understanding. It itself becomes a technique of liveliness, insofar as it is supported by the rhythm of liveliness in the community. If the already outdated concept of "understanding" is subordinated to becoming conscious, then everyone can understand what this writing wants, and better without education and previous knowledge, even if it were written in notes and pictures, without words — if, instead of living in isolation, he wants to experience in community, if it has succeeded in making both the reader and the author aware of community. The pace and rhythm of this writing must testify to this.

The economic transformation of life into an experience is already in full swing. Today it is overgrowing the intensity of the revolution, and rightly so. Soon, however, the force of experience, which has been contained for so long, will expand and explode the forms, if we are unable to restrain it, because we will be exhausted by the common work on the resistances. Then the class struggle will have taken on a new form and changed its content. Youth will rise up against old age, and women will conquer the old form of the family, transforming the resistance organization of this state and this family into the intensity-increasing community organization of maternal rights. These revolutions, too, which are not so much the consequences and effects of the economic revolution, but at the same time directly the content of its experience, will be measured by the organic resistance of a vitality bound to suffering as a conflict between the class that has already become a community and the remnants of society. I know, however, that the intensity of this resistance will diminish with the coming generation, since, like the rising light in the East on the still distant horizon, the rising, heightened rhythm of world harmony is already circling darkly in our blood.

