

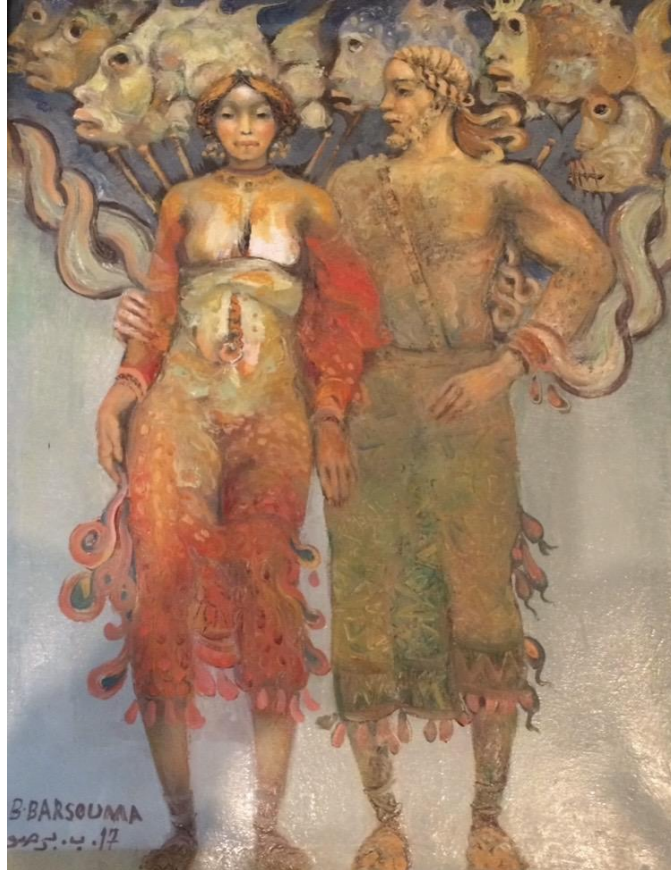
STRAUSSVOGEL

A novel



JACOB ADLER

The Earth House



In the Earth House we meet
Without even knowing
In the Earth House we
Celebrate we are born
We, Children of the Unknown,
Gathering at the Sound
Of the Silent Horn

STRAUSSVOGEL

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface: Suddenly

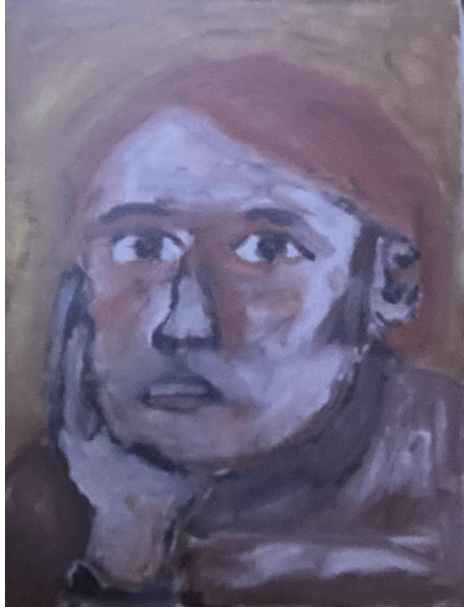
Part 1: Blind Spot

Part 2: Perceptual Fill-In

Encore: How?

Notes

Preface: Suddenly



Suddenly —
the world turned very small
and fuzzy —

Locked up in a tiny box,
keeping sounds
and incentives out.

My brain grinding like a corn mill,
a stone in my stomach,
toads croaking from the gutter.

Part 1: Blind Spot



*'When I take the hand from my Eye
I see the parade being rained upon
And wonder how the children will
Hide from the deep roaring thunder'*

Poem written by M. Straussvogel,
from the bundle 'Crossing Over'.

Chapter 1

Sometimes I get a little bit tired of my mind being in superposition all the time.

Yesterday my friend William died, just a couple of hours after I visited him. I didn't talk to him though, he was already sleeping. Still waiting for a publisher to publish his autobiography, which I had edited heavily.

At a certain moment there were 10 dogs living in his house, Mona, Charcoal and many others. Ann would take care of them. The house, the garden, the furniture, the kitchen-ceiling, everything was falling apart. Even the view of the lake. Those last months, I was the only one visiting him. We played a couple of games of chess, which he did remarkably well.

The visit before my last visit, he was in a total state of decay, mentally and physically. He had not been out of bed for three days. A conversation was not possible, I had to

shout at him for him to hear me, and then he would say something completely different back, smiling. I got nausea from the smell of the urine. And a stroke back home. But I didn't realize that.

Now visiting the house is considered trespassing. William loved shooting. He could remember exactly on what day, in which company, how many game he had shot. He kept a plaque with the day he caught 62 salmon engraved.



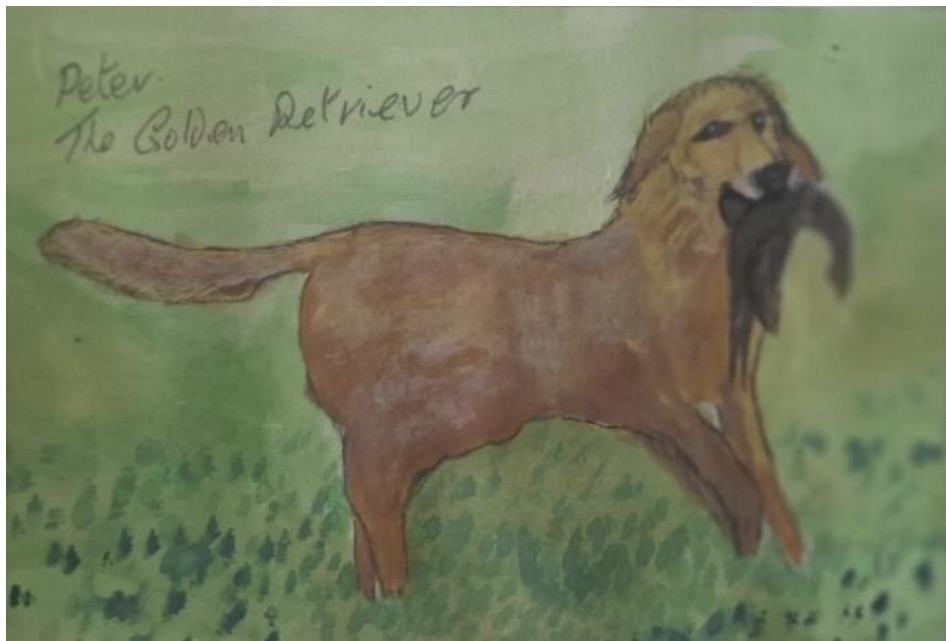
Capercaillie

*I lived at Riverscourt, Rowden Abbey
Chartley Hall, Pen-y-Lan Cottage
Ystrad Hall, Pirton, Perrycroft,
Rowden House and Lakeside Lodge*

*Can anyone tell me Why?
Why am I living at all?
Same goes for my loved ones and dogs*

*Surpassed Ignorance
I realize I don't really exist
There is just Pure Consciousness
Willing to come Home some rainy afternoon
Look out of the Window and say:*

*"It's been a wonderful day
My Golden Retriever Peter and I
Shot five capercailzies at Tilbouries
And had High Tea with The Queen Mother
At Castle May"*



I used to sleep in a kennel but spent the rest of the time in the house or travelling around with my master. I enjoyed the shooting and my master was a very good shot, so I had a lot of game to pick up. We used to go rough shooting, which I preferred as there were rabbits that I could catch, pheasants and partridges that I could push out of the cover where they were hiding and retrieve them when they were shot. We used to go on the smart pheasant shoots and on the grouse moors and I used to accompany the young gentleman on his evening excursions chasing after duck and woodcock. Some people say that their dogs will not pick up a woodcock, but that all seemed nonsense to me.

Chapter 2

Yesterday record breaking temperatures all over the continent. Some people say it has nothing to do with climate change. Some people say it is good for the economy. Some people say, AI is going to solve it all. Some people say, the heat caused my stroke.

For 40 years I could only express my anger by voting green. For all these years, they portrayed me as being a treehugger, with no sense of reality. Now they are concerned about my condition. Which I appreciate of course.

Do you know that some dogs are wearing shoes now? My friend Dietrich, another realist, told me. Who had a stroke himself by the way.

“You don’t understand me M., I don’t know who I am anymore.” I tried to encourage him by saying: “Well, that

sounds like a potential step forward”, but that was not considered funny. Leaving he said: “Best talk I ever had.”



*The beach is full of footprints from Desiré and her friends
A yellow shovel left behind by one of her puppies
The torn red flag blowing in the wind
A soot cloud of a navy ship in the distance*

So not going on my bicycle around the lake today. Still too hot, and I need to recover from nausea, dizziness and fatigue. I keep on the airco all night, as a matter of fact, all day. My contribution to adding more carbon to the atmosphere. It's hard to be a treehugger and stay alive.

Chapter 3

The Down Syndrome is a Tranquility State of Being Calm, of raking leaves, of growing salad and feed it to the turtles, of taking care of frogs and chicken, of a one-legged man playing guitar, of a painting of elephants in the mist, of dried flowers hanging from the ceiling, of drinking matcha green tea at the ecological farm, of parking the car in a circle, of living a thousand lives at a glance, of listening to african music as I did last night just before I woke up.

Shutters closed, moisty sheets, cucumber, melon, salt, a ventilator against the heat. My sister can't stand on her own feet anymore. Can't stay at home anymore. On her way to a nursing home or hospice.

Half a year ago we came together one more time as brothers and sisters, from all over the Globe. Held each other's hand and said: "We won't let each other go." Our youth portraits hanging on the wall witnessing. I wish you the Tranquility State of Being Calm, my dear sister.

Chapter 4

Yesterday's local newspaper: "Unfortunately, there is trouble in the Paper World again. The folding carton factory Solid Box has applied for a suspension of payments." Wenn du mich siehst, dann weine.



*Slowly but steadily the paper industry
in my hometown village disappears,
No more machines I looked at in fear,
No more HenS, the Hoop or Coldenhove,
No more trucks waking me up in the morning.*

*All that's left is the old trainstation
from which my father returned as POW,
The family graves, the aging memories,
The Order of the Cornmill of course
And this painting for my brother.*

All that is left is the Pink Dragon Hungerland Band
presenting Songs with no Beginning and no End.



The bandstand opposite the Cornmill

Chapter 5

Somewhere between falling asleep and waking up from the african music, I went into a State of Deep Dreamless Sleep. Some say there are no words for it to describe this State, but that all seems nonsense to me. It's just this Meeting Point beyond Space and Time.



The Meeting Point between
Intention and Surrender

The Meeting Point

The Meeting

•

Chapter 6

We used to live at Lizard Road, the Yellow House at Lizard Road, with trees all around us. A serene place and village. At the last local election the most right wing party got most of the votes.

Last night I dreamed that Dolores and I visited a meeting of this party. Until we were threatened and left the venue. The ankles of the other visitors, standing against the wall, were chained. But they didn't seem to care.

How many parents of the kids football team (with one Turkish kid on it) did vote for this party? While at the same time misusing cheap labour immigrants in their slaughterhouse factories. We helped a Polish family, the husband working at one of these factories, to get a house in a neighbouring village. Helped them with the red tape of our tax system. Visited their home village when their son turned 18 years old and everyone got terribly drunk on wodka. Including the minors. A sense of community.



I Meditate
On Maroon Red
On Bright Orange
On White Saffron
And a stripe
Of Raven Black

Chapter 7

I received a message from an old friend that someone who was dear to us both had died of cancer. I shed a tear.

I hope she was able to be in a Tranquility State of Being Calm when she died. To me, she certainly was when she lived. It was her ambition to teach this to troubled children, a very special quality. I was not able to do it when I taught some troubled children, whatever I tried.



*The meek shall inherit the earth,
people like you, Judith.
I remember your witty smile well,
very intimate, slightly reserved,
I remember your bright eyes well,
expressing pure intelligence,
with an edge of naughtyness,
I remember your short
straight black hair well,
making a clear statement.
I think we spent one night together,
not even holding hands,
women turned out to be more precious,
as was my best friend for a while.
As they say in Hebrew,
“Every person is a potential teacher.”
You were in dignity, humility
and again Pure Intelligence.
So Fare you Well and
Inherit the earth, my dear.*

Chapter 8

After watering the plants of our jungle garden, I had a sudden moment of double vision in the kitchen, saw three tumbling refrigerators. The Basque cheesecake with a chocolate French topping turned into Eleven. Felt dizzy with loose teeth, surrounded by bead trees full of Mon strawberries. The parmentier, prepared for a memorable dinner, drifted like mercury. Dolores was sleepwalking on absinthe. Pots and pans clattering in the background, resonating arithmetic word whiskers. Mung beans started growing rapidly, beyond the Poppy Lanterns hanging in the willow. Am I an Egyptian, short dark hair, a stranger on the earth, in the middle of an Echo Mania? An Arlésien, thwarted because of smoking pipe, running out of camphor? Do I need lenses to see razor-sharp again? Or is it just a matter of returning home, whispering: “Yes, Argos”.

Dolores had prepared the usual delicious fruitshake for breakfast, and a glass of spicy homemade kombucha.

*Breakfast, my dear friends,
is not about breakfast,
it's not about cereal or,
for god sake, bacon and eggs,
beans, soldiers or in my case
a delicious fruitshake with kombucha.
Breakfast, my dear friends,
is about something completely different,
something very, very significant.
It sounds a kind of strange, but I'll tell you,
breakfast is about erasing
all of your memories,
your old habits, actually,
all of your previous existence.
It is about this precious Emptiness
of dawn, of the morning light,
it's about leaving all anchors far behind.
So by the time it's time for coffee,
you have embraced this precious Taste,
ready to paint a new colourful day,
just for the fun of it.*

Chapter 9

I met John the Baptist at the swimming pool, where else? He likes to snorkel, although there are no fishes in the water.

He had a Calling 9 years ago, he woke up, felt it, and that same day the word became flesh. Now he swims with handicapped children and works with prisoners. Don't know anyone with more tattoos than he does. If it wasn't for the stroke, I would not have gotten in contact with him.

He teaches children English too, inspired by the image of a hand reaching out to another hand. Catch a tiger by the toe.

*How can you Totally Ignore a circle of
19 children sharing a single bowl of rice?*

*How can you Pooh-Pooh
when Apple is picked up from the street,
weary to the bone, by the desperate police?*

*Kids living in flutter mud shacks,
surrounded by the stench of garbage,
no electricity or running water,
often abused, sleeping on mold mattresses.
In company of mosquitoes and disease,
wearing shoes too small or not at all,
the only toy, a pitch of dirt in a plastic cup.*

*Parents, scraping the bottom of the barrel,
want to give their children up, not able
to buy enough food or a school uniform.*

*How can you still muck around
on your cashmere throw rugs,
as long as there are slumdog kids
huddled in some desolate corner?*

II

*Luckily we have the Gunna people,
who surely give a helping hand,
in the right circumstances,
under the right conditions,
for Tot, Tim, Pai, Pan, Pooh,
Nada and all the others.*

*They do see what's going on,
but isn't it their own karma?
Their drawing for a wallpaper pattern?*

*Scrooges in a glass of milk,
croaking, barking, whistling,
instead of working tooth and nail
to make a deaf girl dance and glance.*

III

What if your name is Want?

*A crazy lady full of compassion,
you have nothing but the fierce will
to Do Something down the mines.*

*You give God a one week chance
to Moonlight What He Wants.
Not any sign though, not even a grin,
so tongue in cheek you decide
to give Him 30 more minutes.*

*Only then, lo and behold,
you receive a pencil drawn image of
a Hand reaching out to another Hand.
And from nowhere 2 Lovely M's appear,
waiting patiently to join your endeavor.*

*With absolutely nothing at hand, except
The Trust in The Given Image, you start
Hand to Hand (eeny, meeny, miny, moe).*

At first with a preschool for a couple of kids.

*But in no time, more and more Little Jewels
come rushing in from all nooks and crannies.*

IV

*You give them education, scholarships,
sports, music, food for their families,
second hand goods, shelter if needed.
But far and foremost,
you give them your Heart.*

V

*In the background, from a light green
Shrine, Little Monks are Chanting.*

*Chanting to give each and every child
a dream to have a dream of its own.
To make a one percent prospect grow
into crimson hues of Hope in the
Glow of Life (catch a tiger by the toe).*

Chapter 10

It started raining heavily. Another paraplu ballet. My mother always took me to these performances at the theatre. I even ended up marrying a ballet dancer. She taught me that one person can make a difference. One person can stand out and ignite a distinctive movement. Her brother, my uncle with his particular mustache, used to tell me: “Most of the raindrops will fall next to you, M.” He was a military man, fought in the Korean war for the UN, they named a hill after him.

My mother was of noble descent, although her grandfather was an ordinary postman. That’s why she preferred to walk on wooden shoes. She died of a heart attack, her last words were: “I am dying.” She was buried opposite a well known painter. He died in our village at the Sanatorium of tuberculosis. He came for the fresh air in the forest, that was before the trucks woke me up in the morning.

*Painter of misty landscapes, self-portrait
with owl and a white dead bird, sneak,
legs and toes upright in the air,
staying in our Sanatorium at Doonstreet,
died of tuberculosis just three weeks
before my dear mother was born,
now sharing the same graveyard, three
meters apart, with a path in between.*

*And when I stand right there, I feel the
shivers running through my spine, this
continuity of life and death, life and death,
that takes your breath away.*

*Do shadows merge when they overlap,
time-rings of the same mulberry tree?
Turned into paper to write silent letters,
dreams of towering castles in the air,
boxless shoebox dioramas,
a true sense of Postman Nobility.*

Chapter 11

AI has hacked the code of our civilization. For humanity to survive and live in freedom, we have to make the word flesh and bones. We have to hack the Code of our True Nature and Destiny. Build a new house full of music. Stockhausen revisited. Build a new community, based on radical equality, now that relationships are falling apart. Live within and beyond rationality.

So when I read the newspaper, I read it through these eyelashes, otherwise I fall apart. I try to read about the mystery between the lines, because I imagine it happens all the time. About the mystery accelerating. Becoming flesh and bones.

Wouldn't you agree, Desiré? No, we don't have to go to the dentist for your underbite. You are doing fine. Let's go for a long walk in the Woods. So glad to be back home, I haven't seen you for too long.



*It is painstaking work for a Day Keeper
to repair a broken Tecton Calendar,
to affirm, in word and deed,
the inherent light of each child
as a polar star before all else,
to be keepers of good hope,
of courage and moral clarity,
to exchange 30 pieces of silver
for radical social equality,
to take a walk in the fern fossil
Woods of Moosalamoo.*

Chapter 12

Either everything is sacred or nothing is sacred. This is the only Revolution. It demands hard and constant work to make an authentic sense of the Mysterious become reality.

I went for a walk with my friend in the park, we took Desiré with us. It was once owned by a retired governor of St. Helena during the days of Napoleon. The path through the park is wonderful, full of twists and turns, little hills, old bended moonah and ti-trees, mushrooms and grand views. We talked about the wars still going on, about medieval dictators roaming the earth, about WW III. We need to plug in to a new Manifesto of radical equality, radical ecology, a world driven by the Immeasurable. We saw a bushrat, smiling, yes they indeed smile. We need a life beyond War and Peace, to walk gently on our feet. The good is better than the better.



*The Good is better than the better
The breeze is better than the wind
Each mill has its own wooden wicks
Of meditative movement.*

*The Good is better then the better
The Fullness of the Heart cannot
Be possessed by the miller, all
Windows have a glow of orange*

These are the Pillars of Arthur's Seat

Chapter 13

After the stroke they filled me up with all kinds of medicine, until I started to realize that they created a stone in my stomach and a treadmill in my head. Now I am training with my friend to get my balance back and purify my body.

We walked through the park. Along the coast through the Aboriginal salad dunes. Through the rolling hills of Arthur's Seat, the morning mist blurring our view.



*I had to resist (and persist)
My Soul's wish to leave
My body behind
(My mind had already
Started to release
A stockpile of memories)*

*And switch from toxic white pills
To Ancient Future Medicine,
Like dogs burying their bones.*

*Leaves, roots, flowers, fungi,
Mixed with Ashwagandha
Brahmi mountain pepper,
Orange peel, turmeric, maitake,
Turkey Tail and Manuka honey
From the Prasanna wilderness,
Pure water from a Mount Creek,
A deep breath of sparkling fresh air,

The Immeasurable becoming reality.*

Chapter 14

We have refugees from Eritrea visiting us. Dolores worked with them for many years. It is remarkable how well they have been able to adjust to our society.

Remarkable mental resilience and resistance. We haven't got the slightest idea what she went through in Eritrean prison. What they went through on their journey through the desert of Sudan and Libya, crossing the Mediterranean on a cramped, shaky boat, on their way to freedom. No wonder Pope Francis was washing their feet. Now she is working as a nurse and he is working somehow too. They have a lovely, sensitive, intelligent kid. I could use some mental resilience and resistance after the stroke. People don't realize how sensitive the mind becomes, which is a problem in our society. Instead of being a blessing. Suddenly you have become a member of the meek. And they haven't inherited the earth yet. Instead, they are written off. They don't add to shareholder value anymore.

“I mean, Negative Capability, that is when a man
is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries,
doubts, without any irritable reaching
after fact and reason.”

John Keats

*If you want to carry The Ring
You need Negative Capability
They will offer you everything
And call it fact and reason
The Way through the swamp of
Devouring and devastating Hungerland
The Way through the chilly mountains
With insufficient oxygen
Where your brain dies off
Where you lose your vision
The Way through the dark continent
The gutters of Kibera slum, in fact any
Other Ghetto, in fact The Way through
The Dark Night of the Soul where
It begs you to leave your body behind*

Chapter 15

As much as we ‘contribute’ to the quality of life on earth, we keep doing that in the other Bardo’s.

This means, indeed, that Petrus’ Judgement Day does not exist. It is in fact the other way around, our contribution continues in each and every Bardo. For that we are welcomed and needed.

To enrich our shared Soul, to enrich new life being born. It takes the Tranquility State of a Calm Mind to realize this. To drink a joyful though serious cup of coffee, without any toxic ingredients (I prefer a spicy chai latte). The best Café you can imagine.

The kid doesn’t understand why our chairs at the kitchen table are wearing socks. I told him this way they don’t get cold feet. He took it.



*Can you see Death as
A form of Friendship,
Fluttering on the mast,
An embrace with Pure Joy,
A Wormhole in Space and Time
As Life collapses in your face?
For whom the bell tolls,
For whom the drongo calls,
Let's meet at 'Folks and Flour',
As we did so many times before.*

Chapter 16

And from there it is just a small step to develop our economy into the direction of Bardonomics. For the smart kid not to be conditioned, to keep an open mind. To live a life in service of humanity, of our True Nature. In which every cup of tea drunk is done with an awareness which can't be measured by the stock market. Which is worth more than ten years of distraction. Which comes without destruction, immersed in Global Justice.



*All markets the Ox-Herder enters are free
since we are rational behaving human beings.
Every transaction we make is not about money,
but opens the door to unlimited living.*

*The accumulation of capital in the hands of just a few
opened Pandora's Box for our generative society.
A form of evolutionary dissonance up to the point
we find out which problems really need solving.*

*In Bardonomics we catalyze into Absolute Freedom,
since you are the light watching itself dream.
It deepens the Trust in our collective intelligence
to ground sustainability dipped in deeper meaning.*

*To transform an economy based on personal needs
to a civilization embracing transpersonal Being.*

*An Affluent Society posts messages in a Bardobottle:
"May whoever finds this feel
as Happy as My Straw Hat Crew."*

Chapter 17

The only mountain I ever climbed is the 'Weismies', just above 4.000 m. I did it with my friend Paul. On the way back I slipped and nearly fell into an icecliff. Paul saved me by pulling the rope he had attached me to, in case of.

The Little Monk in the Zanskar mountains explained to me the 16 levels of civilization in the universe. Humanity is still struggling to fulfill level 1. The shared human mind is still struggling to fulfill level 1, and AI is not going to change that. It only makes us less intelligent, extensions of machines without purpose and moral responsibility. The Truth of our True Nature and immanent goodness buried deeper than ever before.



*Looking down from
my MIR space station,
I orbit the Ladyfinger
MIR Kingdom
in its Alpha-Zero
stage of development.*

*A Civilization that has not
reached its full energy capacity yet,
within its ecological boundaries.*

*A society that is not yet
organized in full service
of its World Citizens.*

*How I long for a Collective
that reaches its Delta-III
Tertön Threshold capacity,
hinniks like a Maroon Mustang,
spreads lyrics by the wind,
inhabits the Deep Water
potential of our Galaxy.*

ET finally back home again.

Chapter 18

Dolores and our Eritrean friends are going to an island for a couple of days. Yesterday I tried to teach the kid the first principles of chess. As I experienced with teaching chess to other children, it is very difficult to teach them concentration. It asks for constant work and attention, in an age in which children are more distracted by machines penetrating their minds than ever. Wenn du mich siehst, dann weine.



*Slap on the back
Sitting up straight
Hands resting on the table
Fists bouncing on the table*

*The emergence of Beauty
and Intelligence in every
move you make*

*Tin ear, tip of the nose,
make this move in
Pure Experience*

I offer a Draw!

The simple gesture to shake hands after the game,
to realize that is not about winning or losing, but about
sharing the immeasurable potential and beauty of the
mind of humanity, where can we find this nowadays?

And what is a draw worth, these days?

Part 2: Perceptual Fill-In



*'Rivers float through air,
Hibiscus's wither on the patio,
Goat bells tinkle, beware
of Comets though.*

*What we witness
in front of our eyes
is the organised collapse
of double madness
into decoherent high Phi.'*

Poem written by M. Straussvoegel,
from the bundle 'Crossing Over'.

Chapter 19

A snake emerging from hibernation

The I-Ching number nineteen

A Hermit returning from the desert

Ripe fruit suddenly falling from the tree

Becoming an old useless donkey

Making a spiritual leap

Our future depends on it

I went on my bicycle to Timeless 96, to meet my friends from the Tuesday Forum Group. The chair is an old Marxist keeping strict order, among the other members an unrecognized brilliant artist, a flash fashion bro, an old pilot from the Korean war and some experts on diverse topics like Roman military strategy, Edo culture, cybercrime and mythology. What better company to check your reality. What better company to present your dreams to. What better company for some simplicity and warmth, for my bicycle being touched, gently.

*Sitting with a white shirt
on a wobbly white chair
surrounded by moisty grey walls,
the leopards eating my face.*

*Dreams now
have to be found
in the winding
leaf gnaw marks
of the blackberry
miner moth
or the raspberry
gall midge.*

*Send their tracks
in an Envelope
with many stamps
from my old German collection
to my friends at Timeless 96.*

Chapter 20

I had prepared a presentation on 'Intelligence', since I think that without a definition of Intelligence it is no use to have a discussion on artificial intelligence. The outline of my presentation was as follows:

“Kosmic Intelligence and Beauty are shaping the Universe into ever higher Manifestation. A coherent Manifestation in our individual being, our cultural heritage, legal and democratic infrastructure and our social, ecological, technological, economic development.

This higher Manifestation is implicitly waiting to be realized, knocking on our doors all the time.

At first just a matter of tuning in, second hard work to realize. Kosmic Intelligence is integral, not just AI driven formal-logic. It includes moral, aesthetic, creative, social, ecological, scientific and spiritual intelligence. Developing hand in hand, being interdependent.

An Intelligence that never would have built atomic bombs, AI driven weaponry, biological weapons of mass destruction, an economic system that increases inequality, destroys our ecosystems, causes climate change, all deeply threatening to our civilization."

My friends looked at me in disbelief. It couldn't be this simple. Don't worry M., we will stay in control. People are overwhelmed by this new technology. They forget real problems will not be solved by it. To suggest that is just formal logic data processing going out of control, producing mostly AI slop, saving the oil and gas industry with new useless energy demand, putting people further down, penetrating further into their private zone, stimulating attachment, making people less intelligent, is understood, yes, it is understood, but get real M., what are you going to do about it?

Wenn du mich siehst, dann weine.

Chapter 21

I finished my presentation with a small reminder.

“The purpose of all life forms is to cocreate and enjoy ever higher forms of Kosmic Manifestation.

No living entity exists of its own, it is part of the whole of Being, essentially in service of its True Nature. Every living entity is in essence a Kosmic Player in Heart and Mind.

We all share this planet, whose presence and resources should benefit all of humanity.”



*I pledge allegiance
to Timeless 96,
to yam daisy,
to black watergum,
to nature cherries.*

*No mercy,
tongue in cheek,
for blue cheese,
for tunneling cooper pairs,
for children of horsetraders,
for the smouses in the street,
for secret echo chambers.*

*If need be we will kill
two birds with one stone,
join the gathering storm
to restore fertility
on sepia-toned lives,
groping for the wall
like the blind.*

Chapter 22

After the meeting we had an excellent lunch in a fine restaurant, a little bit noisy though. One of our members, the fashion bro, was moving on again. I threw the I Ching to check if this was a good idea. For major decisions he always consults the I Ching, the universe so to say. It said: “Nurturing forces are approaching.” He really appreciated that, it confirmed his decision, since he is single. This was the menu card for our lunch.

*Tuna ambul thiyal, compressed young cucumber,
trout pearls, finger lime*

*Beef kalupol pan roll, whipped cashmere, tamarind
Spanner crab and squid ink kokis, smoked Skipton eel,
Yarra Valley caviar*

*Carrot and green papaya, Sinhala achcharu,
sweet potato murukku, kiri pani*

*Glazed quail, duck, wood apple, compressed quakes,
pea shoots and pomegranate*

*Hiramasa kingfish, diya bath, green chilli, curry leaves,
caviar, heenati haal papad*

*Bay lobster, burnt chilli, koonisso sambol,
pot stick rice, mustard curry*

*Hopper thali - egg hoppers, string hoppers, paraippu,
pol sambol, seeni sambol, katta sambol*

*Pani poi parfait, bibikkan, seeni pathuru,
caramelised puffed rice*

(Please note whilst allergies & dietaries can be catered for traces may be present)

We felt like Emperors. All food was produced locally,
organic, nothing foreign about it. Brave New World of a
pure meal in a pure society.

Chapter 23

Although I prefer a life and meal of simplicity.



*I travel through mountains and fields
and all around me the wheat and flax
are collapsing while singing my song.
The trees, pregnant with implicit
seeds, their infinite branches hanging
low, galvanize their surroundings.
Holding tight for the cascade
of crises to trample the ground,
I pause, hold my breath, still ok
with my daily bowl of dal bhat.*

Chapter 24

On the way back home I passed by the bakery to get a loaf of bread and some brezels. Dear old Betsy, a lovely old lady with a deeply wrinkled face, is drinking coffee here everyday with her Swiss friends. She has an interesting history of spending a lifetime with her family on a transport vessel on the river Rhine. Now she has a brain tumor which she doesn't want to be treated.

*The Boy without a voice
walked past the carved doors
to collect Brezel which
he hung around his neck
with a frayed cord*

*The Prophecy says:
"The Boy, who bowls
in the aisle of the church,
will indulge to the Universal Grammar
of the descendants of Ruth"*

*Like too red Tulips,
double reversed,
cultivated at the Garden of
the International Court of Justice*

*An Inspirational Force
for a Just World in which
Equality shines through
"Evermore"*

The boy in the poem is her son. It was one of the last times I saw her. Later I heard from the personnel of the bakery that she couldn't leave her house anymore. The tumor had started to push from the inside out.

Actually, at the moment I don't know if she is still alive. I do notice though that the bakery seemed to have died with her.

Chapter 25

I don't know why the sick cat in our street decided to die on our veranda. We found it this morning. Dolores put on some gloves, grabbed the all stiff cat by the tail and put it in the garbage can. *'Don't dispose your waste into a fish.'*

When I got home from the Forum meeting, I took a short nap. In my dream I couldn't turn off the light, as hard as I tried.

I heard the seawind coming, stroked the top of a giant rock (in the form of the back of a hand), walked around it for many months, danced with atom bombs in my hand and in the end my assemblage point shifted.

After which I had to completely reprogram myself. Words got lost and after finding them back, they appeared to have another meaning. All very confusing in the beginning. It gives you a sloshing feeling, makes you tumble on your feet. Nothing to hold on to.

Chapter 26

The heat I mentioned has turned into a severe drought. Bushfires all around, record breaking areas turned into ashes. Now the firefighters are the hero's, dead or alive.

The river Rhine reached its lowest point, leading to all kinds of scarcity and distribution problems of sweet water. Salt water penetrates deeper land inwards than ever. The clay of dikes crumbling inside. The river lost 90% of its swamps and riverforests in the course of time, in the name of efficiency and industrialisation. Now we need these swamps and forests more than ever. Instead of sunk Nazi-vessels suddenly appearing at the bottom.

Climate change doesn't use the word "assemblage point", but 'tipping point'. The same idea though, upside down. But no worries, no wuckas, when the flood comes:

Be flash flood aware if you notice

Water changing to brown/black

Loud water noise upstream, move away the water

Chapter 27

I have difficulties with the Tuesday Forum Group these days. Its focus is very analytical, which is all very well, but after the stroke it feels quite different. Instead of academic discussions, I suddenly feel this urge to, let's call it 'hug people'. No, not 30 million times like Amma. Just my family and best friends. I want to share images, dreams, emotions, which are much closer beneath the surface than before. I want unexpected twists and turns in a conversation, like the park where I walked with my friend and Desiré. I want to tell them how I stopped cycling when a motordriver lost its delivery package next to me on the road. How I picked up the groceries, mostly corn, and had this sudden moment of connection to someone unknown. I want to tell them of the employee of the 7-11 gently touching my bicycle when I parked it in front of the store. I want to tell them of this old nurse in the hospital taking care of me, this soul in her eyes, her silent service to humanity. But that doesn't interest anybody, while I feel the tears coming, just for the unexpected Beauty of it all. Isn't this life as it should be?

Chapter 28

The neurologist didn't really have time to listen to my story yesterday. She was mainly focused on my blood values. As if they defined me. I have become quite stubborn about taking medicine. Some blood values improved remarkably, while I didn't take the medicine that should have affected this. I am not saying she is not ok, I think she is. I gave her my poetry bundle 'Crossing Over', she said she appreciated it. One of the questions I wanted to ask her is why I don't have a blind spot in my dreams. Do the dreamimages not come from the same visual centre as my eyesight? If not, where do they come from? I asked this question to a psychologist too. He answered that dreams are connected to the storage room of memories. But I had dreams that are not related to any memories, so where do they come from?

I want the wind to bend around the corner

Turn the old factory into a facility for vulnerable children

Strawberry blond, and so on

Without any notification of 1584

Chapter 29

There are about 1 billion synapses in a grain of sand. My scientific friend tells me that explains everything, somehow, that one day science will confirm this. But then, how about Beauty, Mystery and Morality? And on the flipside, the urge to exterminate all the brutes still haunting the earth, in fact, completely on the rise again.

*10²⁵ neuron-connections
are not enough to experience
the depth of Rothko's Maroon Red,
to live beyond a sense of flatland,
to realize how an impossible
chain of events, including strange
friendships, a lost telephone,
exploding tensions, can lead to this
missing link in deep understanding,
lead to the Silent Collapse of Kurtz'
shaky handwritten post-scriptum,
and that makes all the difference.*

Chapter 30

The mind once stretched by a new idea, never returns to its original dimensions. Ralph Waldo Emerson

The mind once blown apart by a stroke, being totally broken, cannot continue without being all open and awoken.

Dolores and I had dinner with my brother and his wife on the southern beach. My brother said: “M., I don’t understand your poetry, I don’t understand anything about it.” He had read my bundle ‘Crossing Over’.

He made an exception for my poem on the old boathouse behind our parents house, and the football field in front of it, where we played many a game. Great and dear memories. But he didn’t mention the non-blinding White Light I saw standing in the Field, trembling me, devouring me. He probably thought I had made it all up. Instead, he offered to pay the bill, he just had received some dividends from a beer company. We really appreciated that.

Chapter 31

“Mr. Straussvogel, could you please explain to us how you initiate a new poem?” After surviving my all too critical editor, I finally made it to this tiny little sideroom, without any windows, at the office of a potential publisher. I was facing six people, quite an honor.

“Not by thinking about it,” I told them, “there is this pre-verbal, pre-thinking moment that triggers somehow an idea, an answer, an image, an itching feeling.” I withheld them a story about orchestrated collapse of microtubes in superposition when the mind is quiet, out of a wave of possibilities. It happens 40 times per second, and some say: “You are the Collapse,” as part of Kosmic Manifestation. After a stroke, the microtube networks need to be rebuilt.

And then there is the hard work that comes after the collapse. Of taking it seriously and bringing it into form. In trusting the process. Even if hardly anybody reads or understands the end result. And it doesn’t get published.



I. We used to live at Lizard Road.

*II. When the Vision on both Waking Up
and Growing Up is no longer blurry
when the bottom falls out of the bucket
we can leave the map behind
and Enter the Territory.
Where every step, every breath
in each and every Bardo*

becomes a Mystery.

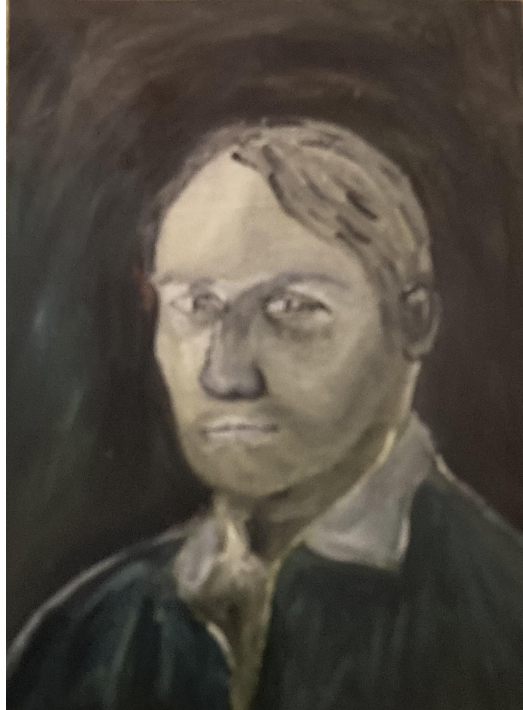
*III. The White Door
standing tall in front
of the open hearth
of the slightly dim
high ceiling living room.*

*I enter the room
with the faint
Circle of Light
next to me.*

*Open the Window,
leave the room,
leave the house,
turning the
Backdoor Key.*

*Took it with me
and flew off.*

Chapter 32



*It's your Duty
To enter The Sacred Territory
Of Perceptual Fill-In
To walk slowly but steadily
And Unveil the staggering Beauty
Of the Unlimited Manifestation
Of the Shared Vision Centre
To Embody the Religion
Of Tomorrow Today*

Chapter 33

My straw hat crew and I were blown off the shore for 600 miles by the fierce wind of the Bay of Biscay. 600 miles, the distance of a Nautic Camino parallel to the one a little bit land inwards. And when I finally got home, more dead than alive, only Argos recognised me.

The stroke blew us off the shore, we had the painstaking labour of navigating back with the available subtle winds. The gross life-supporting winds, the white drop winds, the red increase knot winds, the pitch black wind before the wind of clear light finally brought the ship safely back into the Dharmakaya harbour. Our ship, the 'Freedom' turned out to be indestructible.

*I am standing in front of our 'Freedom' boathouse,
I look straight at the non-blinding sizzling White Light
shining bright from the grass field behind the pine trees;
trembling me, devouring me,
trembling us, devouring us.*

Chapter 34

No Country for Old Men and Women, but in our Religion for Tomorrow, it needs to be. The meek will inherit the earth, Judith. A matter of Perceptual Filling-In. But we are at the rudder ourselves. We have to fill all of the Bardo's with this vision. Fill-In the Blind Spot of Humanity, reprogram the quantum microtubes in our brains.

On top, drink a lot of coffee (or rather tea) at Folks and Flour, and enrich our collective soul. No Judgement Day, we have to judge ourselves, remember, our 'Freedom' is indestructible. And reprogram all the children to be born.

But time is running out, my dear, we need a spiritual leap forward, a spiral staircase to save Humanity. AI is not going to do it, on the contrary. We need the subtle winds to cool down the earth, to bring us safely home to ever higher Oneness. Not the winds that intensify the global fires, droughts, inequality, stupidity, while degrading the meek. The fierce winds that caused my stroke.



*Exponential Growth
of spiritual intelligence,
is the outcome of $\log(0)$,
of buying organic pear juice
at the Northern market,
having a memorial last
dinner at Da Marco's,
wearing the death mask
of Tutankhamun,
simply because
we are stronger.*

Chapter 35

The Pink Dragon Hungerland Band presents Songs with No Beginning and No End, playing at the bandstand opposite the Cornmill.

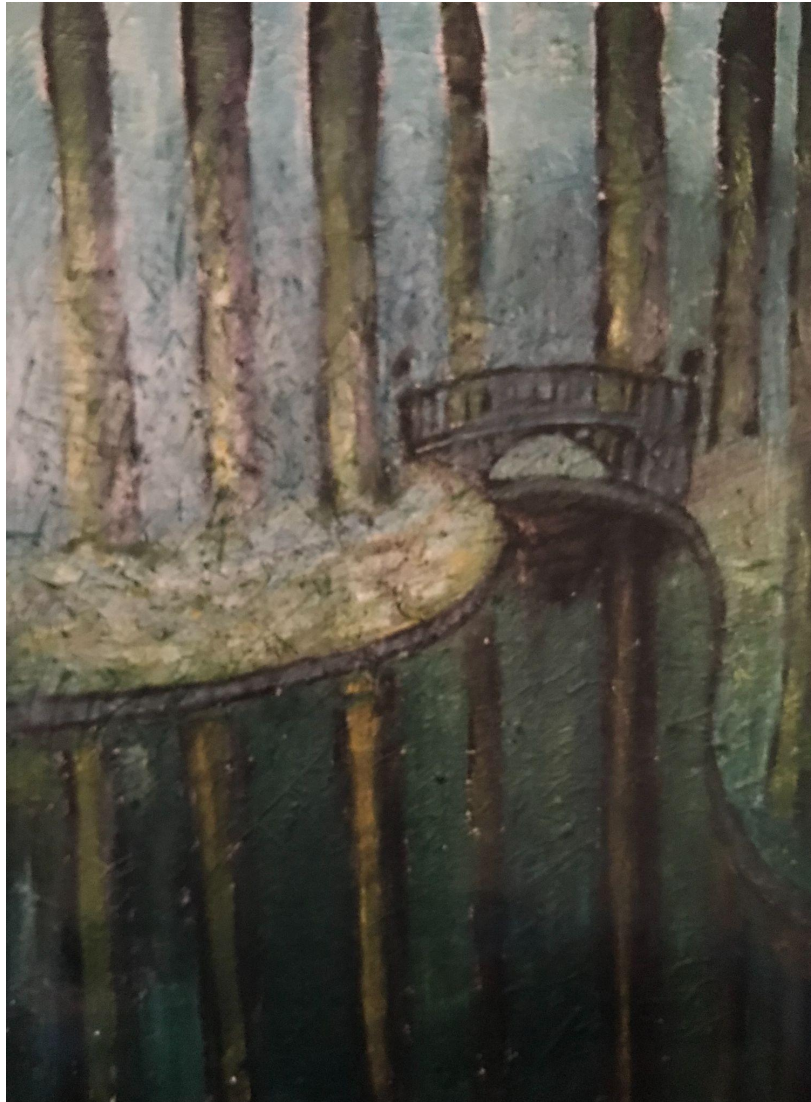
I listened to this music before I went to bed.
Recovering from a stroke gives you some form of neurofatigue. The brain has to work hard to build new neuronetworks. Now, what seemed to have been a long day, in reality feels like a song with no beginning and no end.

*The trumpets a bunch of beginners
The Maestro in total control though
Because the Horn, Ladies and Gentlemen
The Horn is from another dimension*

*Dare to wonder the wonders of this
Weird Concert that moves through you,
While you don't go anywhere,
Anytime, anymore my friend*

Chapter 36

“Mr. Straussvogel, Mr. Straussvogel, you forgot your pen.”



*To take a Road that's not a road
Is not so easy to decide*

*To surrender to the Unknown
The hidden treasures of The Mind
Leaving worldly pleasures far behind*

*Of course, still drinking my daily wine
Enjoying it more than ever
But not as a raison d'être
To pass the dying time
With one futility after another*

*As if I ever existed on my own
Cut off from the birds and the bees
And our glorious humanity
While my Soul is whispering to me
Live as if you were never born*

*The only Road to make the difference
Is being part of the Heart of Existence
Asking you and me for timeless support
To create an ever better Oneness World*

The only Road that never ends

Encore: How?

How does Kosmic Intelligence
Repair the blind spots?
How does it manage to Perceptual Fill-In?
How can we ourselves embody
This urgently needed repair?

This process seems to be a 2-way street.
We share this Kosmic Intelligence,
This higher perception,
This duty to cocreate Abundance of Peace,
Prosperity and staggering Beauty.

I sometimes spot people
Carrying it quietly,
Patiently, with a sense of despair.
All we can do is look each other in the eye
And smile carefully.

Notes

1. Productions by the author:

- a. Preface: Selfportrait
- b. Chapter 4: The old paper machine
- c. Chapter 6: Photo of unknown planet
- d. Chapter 7: Standing at the coffin
- e. Chapter 11: Desiré
- f. Chapter 16: Children holding hands
- g. Chapter 17: Person standing in the mountains
- h. Chapter 30: Lizard
- i. Chapter 32: Selfportrait
- j. Chapter 36: The Road Taken

2. Other productions:

- a. Cover: Painting by Andrea Molinari
- b. Page 1: Painting by Barsoum Barsouma
- c. Part I: Unknown painter
- d. Chapter 1: Paintings and Peter's story by William Gibbs
- e. Chapter 2: Street image
- f. Chapter 4: The Bandstand
- g. Chapter 5: Photo of temple and moon
- h. Chapter 12: Unknown painter
- i. Chapter 13: Unknown painter
- j. Chapter 15: Unknown painter
- k. Chapter 18: Unknown image
- l. Part II: Unknown image
- m. Chapter 21: Unknown painter
- n. Chapter 23: Image by Yosa Buson
- o. Chapter 34: Egyptian tomb



Secret Rainmaker
designed yet another wet
Paraplu Ballet



***MOVE FORWARD
TO EVER HIGHER
ONENESS***

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