

Being friend

THE PEACEFUL REVOLUTION OF MANKIND



VISIONS & REALITY

About this font

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

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

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

Your being friend

Being friend

THE PEACEFUL REVOLUTION
OF MANKIND

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www.dierevolutiondermenschheit.info

Email: wesenfreund@gmail.com

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Enough!

There were and are enough
victims and avoidable
suffering worldwide!

Own children?

*Yes, I might want that. But
only after I have made the
world a better place.*

Your being friend

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Delusions of grandeur?

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

In my hands I hold a picture of our earth. Probably you are familiar with such a photo of our planet taken from space.

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

Before my paranoia, I hardly ever did this, only very rarely looking at a photo of the earth. My living space was, as it is for most of us, the district or the village in which I lived. Rarely do we humans look beyond that in our busy everyday lives. We may go to work in the city or to another neighborhood, but then we return home to what we call our living environment. But our living world is much larger.



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

All this was before paranoia.

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

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

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

An old joke comes to mind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Being friends way

Let me describe my journey to you. How I came through my illness from a world of "blockages" and darkness stepped into the light and my view widened. Much like my narrow-minded living space of the neighborhood expanded to the contemplation of our planet. Therefore, before I tell, let us look again at the photo of the earth. We cannot do this often enough.

My life path began quite conventionally. I attended school, loved my childhood, family and friends.

The youth dawned. And immediately stopped again. At fourteen, I found my father in a pool of blood on the kitchen floor. Putting my hand on his forehead, I felt that he was cold. I have never forgotten that coldness. It is the cold of suicide, of hopelessness and despair. Often later I was to become very cold too.

I completed my education, found a job and looked up to my brother. Six years older than me, he had already become a successful businessman. This - I assumed - was to be my path as well. But things turned out quite differently. Techno and house were my music. I often went dancing until dawn. How good I felt. I shook off everything. Even Dad's cold, which I otherwise never really got rid of. Sometimes someone had these pills with them. XTC. They were great. Because I could dance endlessly with them, with these red, blue, green or yellow pills. It was pure happiness. Until my head couldn't take it anymore. All colors gone, remained

nothing but black. Figures moved through my head. They wanted to take me.

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

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

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

old, obsessive idea of

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

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

being, would come over a

Meadow limped. Easy to spot, track and shoot. I took a pair of crutches. Leaning on them, although I did not need them, I hobbled out of the apartment, down the street, out between the houses and into the open of a meadow. Now the evil would see me.

Stooped and seeming frail, the grass played around my shoes and crutches as I approached the edge of the forest. Songs from my childhood came to mind. Until the fall of the Wall, we had lived in the city that is now Chemnitz and used to be called Karl-Marx-Stadt. They were the songs from my patriotic days in the GDR, which I first intoned softly and finally sang aloud.

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

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

Trees and in the crackling, the leaves betraying me.

I paused and dead silence enveloped me. Being alone was familiar to me, but I had never felt so lonely. The people, of that I was sure, had set out to settle another, far distant planet. Only me they had forgotten, on purpose left behind possibly.

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

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

The dogs of the henchmen threatened to reach me. They wanted my flesh, my bones, everything. I howled in fear. Screamed like a bear. Roared the animals from my body. Recognized a way between the dogs, as it always and for

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

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

Above me the stars. They also frightened me. Were nothing but satellites with which the evil would locate me. Would track me everywhere. Even here in these waters, where I left no traces.

Fish roamed around my legs. The evil rushed up. I felt its breath. It hissed and pushed. But it did not seem to come closer.

This body of water in which I stood, I knew it from my dreams. Just here, at the bottom of this lake, I had wanted to look for something for a long time. The fish greeted me. Rails to have waited for me. In contrast

to the whipping branches waist-high water
 , which I stuck my
 head, was permeated in a
 conciliatory manner

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

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

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

After thirty minutes, men took me to a shower. I was to wash down the sea water, they said, and turned on the faucet. I let it rain on me. Shivered. I couldn't think of anything but the zombies that were about to come out of the sewer and tear me apart.



"Suffering" and "Bullshit"

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

She was now a thing of the past. I erased it from my head just as the team of our frozen thinking - "good" and "evil" - henceforth no longer existed for me. My passing through the man-made horror had blown it up. Broken the words "good" and "evil" lay before me. Many letters.

B - O - E - S -

EG- U - T

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

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

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

SUFFERING BULLSHIT

I became bolder. Said these words more powerfully, finally making them resonate with my whole body. Tore my "blockades", broke these chains and shouted, so that all the world should hear it:

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

We "Wonders of Nature

I also often put the word "man" from my letters.
Looked at the small cubes lying on the table in
front of me.

M - E - N - S - C - H

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

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

We all are wonders of nature."

Miracles kill miracles

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

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

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

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

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

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

Religions

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

From hats and knives

At home, I practiced rituals. Through them, I thought, the world would become a better place. I took a hat and put a knife behind it. I saw everything clearly in front of me now, the cowboy or white man, his endless greed and the dangers that emanate from it for us humans. Does greed lie in our nature?, the question did not let me go and my little rhyme came to me:

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

Like a plaything, people sometimes drove me through the endless consumption of the shopping zone. Dangers lurked everywhere, trying to drag me into the maelstrom of greed and "blockades". Once I could stand it no longer and tore off my clothes. Only naked, without the signs of consumption on my body, I could survive. They wouldn't get me that way. And indeed - free as I was now - everything around me froze. Like pillars of salt stood

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

The Empire of the Sun

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

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

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



Fingers gripped my shoulders, men talked at me and pushed their faces sideways into the sunlight. A policeman and a rescue worker were almost fighting over me. While the officer wanted to take me away for causing a public nuisance, the rescue worker spoke of mental abnormalities, convinced the policeman and I was driven to the hospital. On a stretcher they pushed me across the ward.

"Take," I looked up at the policeman walking beside me, "my wallet, please. I don't need it anymore." Pulling my wallet out of my pocket, I held it up in front of him and literally thrust it at the officer. I was so convinced that I was about to leave the earth and enter the kingdom of heaven. The policeman did not accept my wallet. Nor did my path lead to the kingdom of heaven, but they drove me from the hospital to the psychiatric ward.

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

I thought of my mother. Whispered goodbye

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

Pains of hope

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

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

She is full of fear. You already know that.

However, we have to go through the fear and my pain. Let us walk a few pages together. Until the end of these lines, to my vision and the common hope.

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

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

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

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

freedom, bring suffering and ruin.

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

The peaceful revolution of mankind

"Respect is at the heart of a peaceful world."

How well I liked this wise saying. Until I read Bertolt Brecht:

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

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

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

Hunger and related suffering, racism



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

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

How powerful and overflowing with strength and happiness this feeling must be when we succeed in banishing hunger and suffering from the world.

To send both into that self-made hell, which we then let devour itself. Adieu, you old hell. Adieu, you selfish man of old. We are ready for a new consciousness and a global redistribution as the beginning of a "peaceful revolution of mankind".



A UN mandate for global redistribution

No one could better carry out the mission of global redistribution, of driving hunger out of our world, than the United Nations. Unstoppably, we must urge them to establish a global distribution authority that will ensure a basic dignified living for all people on this planet.

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

Why do we need a
"Global basic income"?

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

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

Why does the basic income have to be global?

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

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

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

No state and ego may oppose or disrupt a peaceful and basic world communityAny country

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

Who collects the global basic income?

The UN - as an internationally recognized organization
- after a mandatory global mandate.

How does the UN collect the money?

As a basic utility tax by digital payment.

How does the UN distribute basic income?

Already today, the UN is distributing
money per Iris scan, fingerprint scan or
blockchain in Jordan, for example. This will also be
a safe and sensible approach internationally.

Who finances the basic living?

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

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

But we can do it.

We are introducing the Global Basic Income.

It is our duty as human beings.

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

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

this planet and with our common wishes for the future. Let us make them come true. Let us finally start them - our

"peaceful revolution of mankind." Your

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About the author

Born on the planet Earth. You too?

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

Who is interested in more detail: I was born in Karl-Marx- Stadt (former GDR), today Chemnitz.

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