

Revealing the Divine Feminine

Survey

1. Parent war. Who is my mother? My father? Who am I?
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I'll start with a quote from the Jewish *Kabbalah*:

*“In the Zohar, there are repeated portrayals of how the celestial ‘King’ and ‘Queen’ unite in sexual ecstasy to sustain the cosmos each day. ... This dazzling work emphasizes that whenever partners engage in lovemaking with intense concentration, they help to harmonize all the realms of the universe. That is, just as the full sexual embrace – if performed with proper attitude and desire – is seen to bring the human people together on many levels of their being, so does this act cause peace and love to reign more thoroughly everywhere. As above, so below.”*¹

1. Parent war. Who ist my mother? My father? Who am I?

I am a war-child. Thinking at the divine mother for me first means to think at *my* mother in the years 1943-1948, the years of WW II and the years after the war. What she did for me was more than birthing me and giving some education. In my first three years she saved my live in a surrounding which killed 97% of small children. My mother was my surrounding – as it was the war for both of us: all encompassing. I was more than dependent on her, and – what's also important to mention – she also

¹ Kabbalah ... text Judith Miller

was dependent on me, because I also saved her life. My father was absent in many ways. –

My mother in these first years of the Nazi-war: she was the incorporation of the divine feminine for me. This Nazi-war behaved like a huge Tsunami-wave – rolling over a big part of the world, it also swallowed my mother and my father even if they weren't killed by him, the war also smashed what we call the male and the female. The war taught us that the male and the female mainly appear as role-identifications; the male and the female were socio-historical, and linguistic concepts. Aggressivity and receptivity, tenderness, helplessness, greed and envy, big-heartedness, compassion may appear in each human being. The war crushed down these role-identifications, the war showed us that there were no male and female archetypes, the war in a way also leveled out the roles of children and parents.

At that time, parents didn't exist; the Nazi-war was my true parent.

I am a child of war; born 1943 in Breslau (Wroclaw, Poland). In these years the atrocities of the Nazi-society reached their climax: 1942 the "Wannseekonferenz": the Nazis passed the "final solution" – extinguishing European Jews.

1944 Nazis reduced big parts of Breslau to ruins to make an air-base out of it. 1944 and 1945, the year of Allies' air-raids: in my first childhood-memories I've air-raid-shelters and an overwhelming atmosphere of anxiety.

In winter, January 1945 the evacuation of the German population of Breslau: That meant the big flight – this endless track of people, the temperature at about –20 degrees Celsius, hedgehoppers shooting into the crowd. Many babies froze to death on the arms of their mothers, for babies the statistical chance to survive was about 3%.

My mother, my grand-parents, myself were part of one of these tracks. We were of the lucky ones, reaching a train after a while; and we lived within this freight-train for a year. Sometimes it ran, nobody knew in which direction.

These freight-cars were overfilled by people, mostly children, women, old and young people. Sometimes we got food from outside. My mother gave the food first to me, than she ate.

It was cold in these trains, a small iron oven gave us some heat, and it also was a possibility to cook.

Women permanently lived in fear to be raped by Russian and Polish soldiers taking revenge for the German atrocities in their countries.

Women soiled their faces to make an ugly appearance; we children served as protection shields for our mothers. To give support to my mother for me was a question of survival; I was 1½ years at that time.

I was full of fear when these raping men approached, it was the fear of my mother, my own anxiety, deeply inside I also admired these wild men.

It happened that young and old people died in the train. They were taken outside the car. Sometimes I could feel that it was too much for my mother to have a baby; then she wanted me to be dead.

Anxiety was omni-present.

The scenario of horror felt *normal* in these years. It was the normality of a madness which was created by a male attitude to reach out for the stars, to follow the spiritual urge and mix this up with the realization of an ideal by suppressing the female principle – being receptive, emotional, being soft, sensual, orgiastic.

From time to time, in the middle of this madness very peaceful moments were going to happen: By night, sometimes my mother and I were looking at the clear sky, seeing the moon, the stars. We both then felt overwhelmed by divine tranquillity and the infinite space of the cosmic void. My mother and me felt one, the two of us were one, and we felt in cosmic oneness with everybody and every being.

The *moon* was one of my earliest words, I was able to speak – my mother told me later. She said that like mothers tell to their older children how they started to speak, she talked as a mother; and at the same time she spoke from a point of cosmic companionship which she had with me. At the beginning of this incarnation we both were on a cosmic pilgrimage, and there was no parent, no child; there was no mother.

In a psychological sense only at very rare moments I had a regular mother; this means a mature woman in a well contained surrounding, a woman feeding her baby on many levels, encouraging its steps into the world. The mother is the big one; the child is the small one. There weren't oral, anal, phallic, edipal phases I'd to go through; there were no parents: mother and father leading and supporting such developmental phases by some kind of education. These psychological matrices didn't refer to our relationship in a significant way.

And there was no father in my early life. He was a soldier in war, and he was absent. Instead of a father I was confronted with an extreme and ambivalent image of a father held by my mother.

My father was a German soldier in WW II, for my mother he was a hero. He was thought to bring into existence the Nazis' world view which at that time was indigentous for the spiritual yearning of 90% of the German population, men as women. This heroic man's image of my mother also contained the defender of the German country against the enemies – imagined as a world's conspiracy led by the Jews.

As men came back from the war the German country was left in ruins – and it was difficult for women to maintain the male's hero's image. But it was existential for

many women being able to believe at their male heroes' because they lost themselves as female beings. And these women after the war – they lost their beauty.

Femininity means beauty; this is my actual understanding of the female divine.

These women came out of the war with multiple traumatic experiences – many of them were raped, and abused in many ways, overstrained and not fed for years. Many of them lost their beloved ones in the war – husbands, children, parents, close friends. The basis to heal from these traumatic experiences would have been: to satisfy their needs, their needs to be held, to lean towards somebody, to heal the wounds of their sensuality and their sexuality.

Instead of this women had to function in the war and after the war. They had to function as life-saviours, and as mothers. And much of this functioning was impossible for them as much they overstrained their forces. And after the war – they also had to function. They were needed as divine functioning mother-ideals.

1946, my father came back from the war, His ideals had been destroyed, he came in rags, ugly, and hungry on many levels. He was still not present, an absent child as he lost himself within the madness of this Nazi-war.

For both of my parents it was a question of existential survival to hold on to their idealization of the male and the female, and they mixed it up with love. In some way they tried to reconstruct the traditional roles; and these masked the existential fear and the shame and the guilt on many levels.

I could feel that my mother had a lot of contempt for my father when I was a bigger boy. My father as a man life-long seemed to be paralyzed by guilt and shame. As long as my father lived on this earth, I didn't succeed to have emotions and a relationship to him which was independent from which my mother felt.

For a long time in my life, my mother represented the female *and* the male principle for me, just as she was the victim of a violent, rough male power getting to appearance within the revenge taking Russian and Polish soldiers. And it was a matter of survival that I'd to protect my mother against this atrocious male. I was at the age of a bit more than a year at that time.

My mother was life-giving for me, and her absence could be life-taking. She was an image of the divine for me, an idealized version of the divine, and I was the divine hero and at the same time a nothing related to her.

This relationship really was a task for me and for my therapists. And step by step, as my rage and my sadness evolved, my understanding of clear boundaries grew. This ability started to hand me over the gift of a so called independent individual. In some respects, I became an independent individual, an "I", and an adult, how people say. Gradually I became aware of this, and I learned to take an effort of it by keeping it in my conscious mind – otherwise I would hardly be able to talk now in front of you.

But in a way this always remained artificial for me. The so called mature ego, the “I” for all my past life was something strange.

Since the beginning of my life in depth I felt, that there is nothing than dependency. The independent individual, the “I” was something very superficial. There were times I forgot about this but when I am talking to you I know that *Ingo Jahrsetz* is only a label for a particular configuration of energy-currents establishing this system. And there is a witness of these permanent changing processes, attesting the eternal breathing in and breathing out, birth and death.

These currents of energy stay with what they are attached to; the *attitude of being attached* is a particular and intelligent energetic constellation; in incorporated beings it is conditioned by the needs of their bodies. Emotional attachments lie very close to body-needs. Cosmic energies can be more or less dense; attachments are more dense energy: they create the drama of the world which emerges out of nothingness and goes back to emptiness. This process may be experienced by therapists in each a bit more intense therapy session.

On the actual planet’s scale, when we see the many wars, the overwhelming amounts of violence, these permanent fights between men and women, the struggling against themselves within the majority of human beings – it causes me an enormous pain to see that all this suffering is produced by an illusionary involvement of attachments.

As I talk to you in the moment and you listen to me – more or less – everybody here is creating the world. And this is one of the most magical secrets – that everybody now here in this room is creating his or her own world, and in some way each individually created world is different. Your world differs from what I call it the mine. But nevertheless we are gifted to share this as a common world – because we are *one*, there is a cosmic, a divine unity. We all together are this unity of a world.

There is nothing than us; we are this world.

And if we aren’t too much attached to our past stories than in this moment we are the *ones connected in a kindness of common understanding.*

It was my **parent war** who taught me. He created a world asking questions as – *What is life about? Who is my father? Who is it – my mother? **Who am I? Who are you?***

The first years of my life were a spiritual pilgrimage passing the knowledge of the Holocaust in Germany – Breslau, were I was born, is situated close enough to Auschwitz, close enough to know these things even if you don’t know them. Our pilgrimage passed the Nazi-demolition of the city, the Allies air-raids against

Breslau, the big flight in winter 1945, and the freight car of a year long stay in a train, and last not least a long period of re-entry in the so called normality after the war, the emergence of a family with a father, mother ... and two sisters.

The only reliable, the only trustful situations in these years happened sometimes at night when we looked at the clear sky, and the stars and the moon appeared, and I said *"this is the moon"* as one of my first words. My mother wasn't my mother but I was given a cosmic companionship with her. I owe my life to my mother in many ways, and my story tells of the divine feminine and the cosmic void. It is a story of pure love.

2. The suffering; the never ending fight between men and women

There is a non ending fight between men and women. Even the question if the fight is between men and women or between women and men can be an occasion for a new escalation of this fight.

I know these wars within the families as World War II was finished. The Nazi-state had slipped into the family-life. As long as I am conscious about I remember my mother and my father fighting. Later in my life I was able to recognize this fight also within myself, a tormenting struggle between shame, guilt and the desire to be free, a struggle between reason and heart. *Osho* means that the core of the fight between men and women is a fight between reason and heart.²

In therapy I often work with couples: Fighting against each-other is the absolute predominant symptom. Often men and women live in competition to each-other; and they suffer from a lack of intimacy. At the upper-surface the symptom appears as an unconscious dependency – ... *I am behaving ... because you are behaving; I am acting on this ... by reason of your actions.*

Listening to these fights makes me suffer. These couples mutually produce an enormous pain; and they are not able to stop it. From the position of a witness I see that this suffering is not necessary; in most cases men and women don't really have contradictory interests. It's not very often (and this might be different in other social levels) there is not an objective male or (as men sometimes claim) female suppression. Instead of that I often find huge amounts of helplessness, anxiety, needs to warmth, body-contact, and sex and the taboo to stand on this ground. It seems that these relationships contain a lot of illusionary suffering.

Couples today often are ignorant of who they really are, they lost their spiritual quest – no matter of their esoteric and spiritual appearance. This is not surprising for me: If

² Osho: The women's book

these women and men didn't have fathers and mothers like me, how can they be really living women and men? Surely, the Nazi-war destroyed the old role-models for men and women, their core has been removed; both genders were led to nothingness, and nevertheless they had to function as men and women. They lived as the functioning of masks, of dummies.

What in fighting couples often appears the most excluded are the messages of the heart which are the messages of the divine feminine.

The male suppression of the feminine

The patriarchal suppression is seen as a possession of the public places of money, influence, and power. Economy and technology are men's creation, as it is the destroyed balance in nature. Warfare is men's business; fascism is seen as an extreme expression of the patriarchal. The suppression of the female can be tracked back up to female body-structures, and to the structure of the language where typically male expressions are prevalent.

These observations are true.

Though changing the public positions from men to women doesn't solve the problem. We know that women at influential positions behave like men did before, sometimes women are more tough. There are many prominent examples: starting f.e. with *Angela Merkel*, the actual German chancellor, looking at *Condoleezza Rice* or at *Hilary Clinton* who might become the next US-president. We also remember *Margaret Thatcher* who led a war in Argentina.

Have these prominent figures become *male*? That's what many transpersonal people say. For me as a *child of war* this is very difficult to agree. "*This is why you have many female (psychological) parts*" – some people usually answer my doubts.

This may lead us to Jungian psychology with its female and male archetypes: *anima and animus*: the earth-mother *and the old wise man*; *the seductress and the youthful hunter*; *the female amazone, the witch and the male hero, the villain, the sorcerer*.

Jungian archetypes are seen as archaic forms leading the human psyche in general. From this view it is possible to make a difference between men and the male, between women and the female. Women as men are considered to be bi-sexual, and to come into balance with these male and female attitudes is seen as the goal of a mature individual.

I personally never dreamed from a Jungian archetype, and most of my therapy-clients, my friends didn't either. But we know that clients of Jungian therapists do dream this.

I think the whole problem of male/female polarization is shifted to the unconscious by a model which idealizes and polarizes certain human qualities to male and female attitudes. It is very rare to find those fully male/female balanced people particularly if you look at the intimate relationships of certain therapists and of those people who live in an engaged identification with these assumptions.

I am a child of war – and I don't really know what the male is, and what is the female. But I know that it might be extremely dangerous talking about the *divine* feminine.

The German Nazis put German women on a pedestal – they had to be some kind of divine mothers, Jewish women were to be considered as whores.

My father put my mother on the same platform. When I was a boy in puberty my father told me that my mother was an ideal woman, and that they were leading an ideal marriage. This fantasy of an ideal woman was good for him because it might have calmed down his existential anxiety, his feelings of shame and guilt because of what happened during the war. I think it wasn't good for my mother because living on a pedestal isn't fun for a longer time. It kept her away from her own life with its healing qualities, healing her deep wounds of the war. And it wasn't good for my father either – it calmed down his pains but this also kept him away from healing.

Putting a woman on a pedestal is a male trick. It nourishes women's egos, when they hear of the divine feminine. Never a man today would be considered as corporation of the divine. Women, who doubt that they are loved, and that they are desired, will take efforts to realize this ideal. They will be busy much of their time to fulfil this claim for an ideal, for purity. By this way they won't be able to address life at its whole.

Men in opposition are just *like boys are*. They come too late to an appointment; they have dirty cloths, sexual affairs. There is nothing ideal. The only way for a woman to be with a man is to forgive him.

Some feminism today went into this trap drawing an image of an all violent and aggressive man and a woman who is pure love simply connected to mother earth. By this way unwillingly feminist women restore the male hero's image which German men lost in the Second World War. The image of an omni-violent man is good to fight against; it is something modern women and men today can hold on. Otherwise they would have to confront the fact that all Germans, women as men, lost their spirituality in the ruins of Nazi-war. And they lost the clear knowing what a man is and what a woman, what is the male, and what is the female.

And I think this isn't only the case for Germans. The Nazi atrocities brought the existence of the evil into the Western consciousness. The existence of the evil had appeared at the surface of the world; and everybody in the West could feel it's pres-

ence. Perpetrators and victims melted together. What is the male, what is the female? today is an open question for all Westerners.

Many people today mistake the effort reaching ideals for the pilgrimage on the spiritual path. Spiritual fulfilment never can be the reaching of an ideal. Ideal purity in contrary is a narcissi phenomena; it is a child's projection out of the need for an ideal mother-figure. Idealization today has to be seen as the most dangerous trap on the spiritual path; it is a real obstacle to continue the journey. It is so dangerous because persons affected normally aren't conscious about, and they develop tendencies to defend the ideals as if it would cost their own existence.

Today in the west not many people know what the divine is, and what spirituality is about.

Many men today see women as this ideal which always can be lost. They don't have much sense for friendship, a companionship with a woman. They have many difficulties seeing a woman as a normal human being. A man shortly told me: If he sees and meets a woman, in the next moment he thinks she will disappear.

It is a vicious circle: The more men and women appear to each others as divine ideals the more loving relationships become impossible and men as women resign and draw back from the other sex. The permanent increasing number of single-households today is well known in all western societies. Living in loneliness men as women may brood on theories about the "divine male or feminine". The modern esoteric more or less unconsciously supports and produces these models. Theories of the divine as an ideal to reach are not spiritual; they are the shadow of modern western spirituality.

Esoteric men and women today often live in separation like monks and nuns. They are doing their spiritual exercises, and think that they are making increase their divinity. Sometimes they feel being nuns and monks, walking in their spiritual foot-steps. But they are not; they are lonely and resignativ people in resistance to recognize and to accept this reality. Esoteric people today are not less or more divine then other people but often they are cut off from life. A good spiritual teacher would them tell to forget about the divine, and live, involve in relations, be creative in work, creating a world full of sex and love.

Today there is no conscious male conspiracy against women, and not vice versa what some men may think. But men as women seem to be cut off from each other as they are cut off from their inner cores. Sometimes they try to get back to surrender to

their old patriarchal role-models than very fast they are starting revolts. They are struggling against each-other and against themselves.

To have many Children in pre-industrial times were an economic factor. Still in the 19th century in Europe children's mortality was about 70%. For the woman this meant to give birth to 10 to 12 children to have 3 or 4 surviving. Women had been used as sex- and birth-machines; it is interesting to hear that the actual politics in Germany reclaims a duty for women to give birth to children.

The readiness of a woman to receive a sperm, the ability of her womb to contain the seed of a human being, nourishing the seed, and surrender to the process of a growing belly and finally yielding the birth-process – is a space where the mystery of creation is very close, felleable, experiential. Men in the past or even in the actual presence weren't ready to look at this mystery. Men in the past, and many of them even at present times, weren't able to participate at this female mystery and to honour it. Men often are extremely fixated on economical necessities that the direct presence of the existential mystery disappears for them into oblivion. The direct experience of the divine is female. Women experience the divine as God, as a relationship to the beloved one.

I know this fixation to economical care from own experience; I know that it walks along with devaluation of the feminine. Does the woman in a relationship adapt to it a "neutral", non erotic atmosphere in the relationship results; easiness and real joy are missing.

As a man, I am sorry for that. I also had these difficulties as my children were little. I permanently felt disempowered and overstrained, and I thought the mother of my children would manipulate and suppress me. At that time I wasn't able to see that I was extremely jealous to the intimacy between mother and child, and I was very envious at women's ability to birth, and at the existential strength of women. I was envious and didn't have the strength to accept this, and I also wasn't able to accept not having the control and the power. In the contrary – today I can see my greed to power; and at that time I acted on everything to get it.

I really regret that, and I can see myself in a chain of males suppressing the female attitude to life because they are attached to the power and economy for the sake of their egos.

While exploiting their natural surroundings men abuse everything, and men primarily abuse the softness and good-heartedness of their women. Men are extremely afraid of losing control and getting confused by the direct experience of the divine mother. At this moment I only can ask for forgiveness to all women, and I don't do that as a dirty boy who only can be forgiven. I do that as a man who feels conscious and responsible for the creation of the world; and I take the risk of not being forgiven.

The spiritual path for a man is an urgent search for truth. They first have to find the truth, even in conflicts in relationships, than eventually they might be able to love. For women love is the truth, and relational conflicts are conflicts, bad understandings, there often is a male ignorance that love always is the deepest truth.

I am a child of war – and I struggled and fought a lot in my life. I didn't fight because it was male, or it was good, I fought because I wasn't aware of any different approach to life. It wasn't about that I didn't know the eternal light. When I was child in war, by night I saw it many times together with my mother as we looked at the open sky, the stars and the moon. This sky was translucent for us; later in my life I also was gifted with wonderful mystical sights. But at days, we were too much attached to the chaos to the fights around and in us. So we fought – my mother, my father, my sisters – I struggled my whole life, and the significant women I met in my life mostly also weren't aware of what we did.

These struggles produced a lot of damage, a lot of suffering – for other people and within me. Also this I deeply regret. Transpersonal people say that we mostly learn by suffering. I think this is less true as we think. What's my experience that true suffering can stop us fight. And then we are able to meditate and to work through our past experiences. True suffering can bring us to surrender to what really is in the world – instead of projecting world views, ideas, ideals on and mix it up with that what happens. Surrender produces knowledge and wisdom; this is what women easier are able to accept. I think what most effective encourages learning in life is not suffering but an attitude to surrender, softly supported by body-contact, intellectual encouragement, and love.

As a child of war I needed to be involved into an enormous suffering to get to know things – fighting as an opportunity to self-experience, and self-knowledge. This was some kind of necessity, mothering and fathering me, and experiencing what is male and what is female.

Aggression isn't a male attitude, nor is tenderness a female one. Both genders are fighting when they don't know who they really are. Fighting is an attitude of resistance, and an attachment to anxiety. Now after some years of painful self-exploration I still don't really know what a man and what a woman is. Maybe an understanding of true things isn't possible for human beings of this stage of evolution; maybe we only can love men and women.

But I heard some things, and I read in books what people think of male and female attitudes. I don't know if this is true, but you may like to hear what I heard.

- ☪ Men have to search, to intrude, to change themselves and the world, women are much more able to wait. They can be very patient, and wait very long. They are more able to surrender.

- ☞ Women are stronger than men; they are more able to bear pains. Women are soft, men are hard. But eventually the soft powers will win. Water is stronger than rock.
- ☞ When women talk with men they often have difficulties to communicate. Men are used to think linear, women circular³. When a man talks I'll reach something, solve a problem; women want to be listened to and they want to listen.
- ☞ There is a big difference in experiencing sexuality. Ejaculation for many men is the climax and end of sex; it is the moment when the whole play initially starts for a woman. Men usually mix up the ejaculation with an orgasm, and many of them are extremely fixated on this.
- ☞ The male understanding of the spiritual is searching for truth; the female is finding the beloved one.

I am a child of war; war's children are God's children. I am a child of God just like we are all together. By this way our focus may be less on what we observe, and more on the observer. In this understanding "*the feminine*" and "*the male*" don't exist at all. Just like there is not "*the human*". These abstractions are concepts, historical and social ascriptions. They are very different from what is real: you and I, we are real, very concrete persons. And of course, there are differences of race, of nation, and also biological differences. Fascism, genocides and the many wars of the 20th centuries may have crushed the traditional Western role-ascriptions, what in our cores, possibly was lethal for the many egos. The temptation today consists in trying to restore the male as the female ego. The permanent fight between women and men may be a symptom of it. This symptom is put into existence by the enormous anxiety in people when they face what happened: the loss of traditional rules, crushing egos. In this situation there is a hope: facing the anxiety – and which mostly comes together with it: enormous amounts of shame and guilt – in a mood of meditation and creativity. This will transform anxiety to love on a big scale. And together with this emerging love get to the surface all these wonderful attitudes we traditionally call the feminine: compassion, patients, intuition, beauty – all that which creates love, and not war. And these attitudes may emerge in males and in females. The heart in future will be the master, and the mind his servant.

3. Revealing the divine feminine is an erotic act – the mother comes

³ I think this is only valuable for Western societies. Bali male composer, artisans f.e. create non-linear, non contra-pointed musics, art works.

To reveal the feminine for a man is something extremely erotic. I know moments in my life I experienced a female beloved body as divine.

The divine reveals:

Starting to look at her open face, her deep eyes, kissing her lips, touching her tongue, slowly step by step, taking off her cloths, stroking, caressing her skin, looking at her naked arms, her legs, her belly, admiring and being drawn by her breasts, her back, pinching in her botty, needing all strength to wait and not feeling sucked by her pubic triangle.

All this together many times appeared as a divine revelation to me, the revelation of the divine feminine. And it contains a promise – the promise of love and of eternal peace which is the highest desire for a war child. In these highly erotic moments a man has to come to a decision: To surrender to the sexual greed seeking its satisfaction, *and* how to get the biggest amount of love, *and* how to give most effectively sexual satisfaction to the beloved woman *and* how to give her the most precious love. The alternative to all these possible decisions of this extremely sexual moment could be – to loose control, and become empty. But this needs a certain skill, the strength of a jumper using the orgasmic experience as a spring-board to God.

Osho says that for men and women it is not important how to get love, and how to give love. Instead of that we've to become hollow and empty space for the energy-currents of love. *War children* know that, chaos and war prepared them to nothingness. When war-struggles increase to the extreme the void appears, anxiety and death dissolve – not born, no death – pure love. The mother has arrived.

We have to come back to the mother; that is the mystery of feminine. And it is the mystery of the plants, the animals, rivers, earth, the mystery of beauty, the secret of us ourselves.

In Osho's *women's book* I found a nice story which I'll read for you:

"There is a story of China: For many years a woman served for a master. He lived in a hut outside the city. The woman was prosperous and was able to bring him delicious food and everything he needed for his life. By this way he didn't have to beg – the woman brought him everything to his hut. By this way he became an important saint.

As the woman became old she became ill and she new (one or two days before) that she would be going to die. So she asked the prostitute of the city to come who was a beautiful woman. The old woman said: 'I pay you whatever it costs if you'd do me an easy favour: Go to the monk whom I gave my whole life. He thinks that he overcame his sex; and I also think that, but never was he put to test. Go to him in the middle of

the night while he is meditating. Knock at his door and enter. Simply strip off your cloths und stand there naked. Keep everything in mind what he says and does – and than come back. The price you'll ask for I will pay.'

The prostitute said: 'No problem'; there she went knocked at the door, and the monk opened. Suddenly she stripped of gown, she only wear this gown, and stood naked in front of the monk.

The monk yelled at her: 'What are you doing there!' and he trembled. And before the woman could tell him anything he ran out through the door. She returned to the old woman and said: 'Nothing important happened. He opened the door, I dropped my cloth, and he began to tremble and shouted: 'What are you doing there? Why did you come here?' – and he escaped through the open door in the forest.'

*The old woman answered: 'I wasted my years to serve for this idiot! Here, take your pay, and do one more thing for me. That I'll also pay you whatever you ask for. Go and set fire to his hut.'*⁴

4. References

I don't have many quotations in this article. It is based on my own experiences, and therefore doesn't claim to be scientific. And academic science today might be overestimated, in some way. Nevertheless I'll mention some books, and some of my teachers who taught me what I am able to experience today.

I'll mention *Osho's* women's book, my dear teacher Stan and Christina Grof, Jack Kornfield, Mario Mantese, Gertraude Franz, my friends and colleagues Judith Miller, Brigitte Ashauer, Sibylle Stähr, Gertrude Croissier, Rainer Pervöltz, the women I loved and love, and my dear children Judith and Thorsten.

I'll mention my dear father, and my dear mother who brought me out of the war, and showed me that truth is essential in life. I give a lot of thanks to my dear sister who helped me to keep balance in my life when I was a bigger boy.

All these people are companions on my spiritual path; I owe them a lot; and I am thankful for their teaching, even if sometimes I'd big difficulties to accept them.

⁴ Osho: The women's' book. Germ. p. 556