




# The Book of Unfettered Living

**Sven E. Lennartz**

Translated by Eric. J. Ford

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# The Book of Unfettered Living

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# Introduction

Anyone can be unhappy. How things might unfold differently, what one can do to make things better, is what you will learn here. Premise: The most important thing in life is to enjoy living it. The philosophy from which this book draws its vitality is Taoism, the philosophy which the ancient Chinese philosopher Lao Tzu represented so splendidly.

The book does not attempt to silence once and for all the ongoing, yet necessary, quarrels between factions representing one or another world view or philosophy by putting forth a general, ultimate truth. It is intended only to convey motivation, to act as a stimulus and perhaps to expose one or more readers to an as yet unclashed mode of thinking.

A German edition of "The Book of Light Living" (Das Buch vom unbeschwerten Leben) first appeared in print in 1991 and again in 1993.

Sven E. Lennartz was born in Ahrensburg, Germany in 1962. As well as writing several works of fiction including fairytales and poems, he spent some 15 years studying Chinese and Japanese philosophy.

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*April 1996 - Sven E. Lennartz*

# Chapter 1

## Simply Spin in Unison with Your Surroundings

Speed fragments life. The man who travels too quickly, plunges into a tail-spin and loses himself. Whoever says he must find himself has already detached himself. Such a person is a paradoxical being. The detachment from one's SELF is the consequence of moving too rapidly. Men live their lives as though in a centrifuge and then look with incredulity at their unbalanced lives. There is no reason to pursue life. Where would that lead? Only away from yourself, and you have no desire to go there. Whoever wants to come to himself, must first pause.

The comical thing is, you have already arrived. What would you do if you were carefree and happy? You see, you do not have to lie in anticipation of yourself.

Whoever enjoys an equilibrium between himself and his surroundings, flies. Not as a bird or an airplane flies, that would be inelegant and loud, an object of ridicule. The objects surrounding us are not burdens which we must hold firmly in our hands and bear. That would be stupid of us since these things already have their own firm foundations. They are far more substantial than the blossoms upon which butterflies alight. We enjoy the color, the nectar, and the sky above. What do we care how the plants grow, whether this way or that?

Is life not a dance? Whoever cannot maintain his balance or is in too much of a hurry, falls on his face. Whoever holds fast doesn't dance. Whoever can't let go, doesn't live. Others can lend their support but cannot hang on lest they never regain their momentum. One might call it living irresponsibly. One is not held accountable for anything directly, rather one is obliged to bend one's back to shoulder the burden of others. Others take on heavy responsibilities for themselves and dump the rest on you.

One doesn't construct equilibrium, one doesn't plan it. It presents itself as soon as one allows things to take their own course. Birds fly in the wind, plants yield to its force and bend. Man feels the cold, curses, and dreams of warmer climes. The man who proceeds in such a manner is condemned to shiver in the cold, instead of letting himself drift, delighting in his own weightlessness.

Perhaps you have the impression, that there are too many incidents, that too much has happened. You can't

find your bearings, your world rushes by, nothing can be firmly held and controlled. When we try to pursue a thing, we accelerate and spin out of control. We lose our equilibrium and our center of gravity, just as a ship which steams along at too great a speed threatens to founder and sink. It is very easy to take measures against this. You need do absolutely nothing.

Life is ethereal and light. That which is ethereal and light cannot be held firmly and controlled.

That which is airy and light can hop hither and thither, it can fly and gain new perspectives of the world. This is a far better form of entertainment than clinging like bread dough to a pie tin, waiting to be shoved into the oven.

If we were all happy, then these words would be unnecessary. No one would have written them and no one would feel the need to read them. Instead, we would probably be sitting together enjoying one another's company. Of course, along with happiness go the many perceptions regarding the manner in which it may be attained.

One of these presumptions is that a man can be made happy as a result of another's actions. Whoever waits for this, will have to be well schooled in patience. Another view is that a state of unhappiness is perfectly normal. Only look at your fellow men and you will find confirmation of this. Still others say that happiness is ephemeral, that it is so fleeting one may doubt whether it exists at all. In addition, one encounters the belief that happiness lies hidden in material things such as books, the trappings of religions, philosophies, or world-views. It's just as wrong to say that happiness is a grace which one either does or does not receive. Many people will tell you how to go about attaining happiness - by doing good deeds, thinking clean thoughts, dutifully practicing abstinence, and other such nonsense. Strangely enough, most of these views are held by people who are themselves unhappy. Heeding their advice would be like asking a cabinet-maker to sell you baked goods. Wherein does happiness lie? It is important to realize that happiness does not lie outside one's self.

If this were so, then one could in fact attain it, find it in something, receive it as a gift, or procure it in some other way. Happiness is not a possession, but rather a condition - a condition for which you alone are responsible. You cannot share it, you cannot give it away, and neither can anyone else. You need do absolutely nothing. No method is required.

All running about and searching serve only to help one recognize this. This realization can be arrived at much more easily. Since, however, no one appears to know this, everything is in chaos. And yet, the earth continues to turn. You need simply turn with it.

Happiness cannot be attained through struggle. Struggle is always a means to an end, but happiness is already at hand. No one need do more than establish his own equilibrium, and nothing could be easier than this,

for happiness is as light as a feather. Happiness is not a right. It is not something which is to be bestowed on one man and withheld from another, even if we might believe that every man is entitled to such an award. Happiness is not merely a reward for a job one has done and even less a product of circumstances. It is in you, in you alone, where you shall find it. Human growth is not dependent upon material riches beyond the bare necessities.

No matter how much money you earn, it will never be enough. Your wants and needs keep pace with your ability to pay for them. Hasn't it always been this way in your life? No matter how much of something was at hand, it was never sufficient; each and every time you needed more. Where will that lead? When will it end?

You adapt to a life style of wealth and prosperity, and nothing more. You put off happiness and well-being for a later time and immerse yourself in obscure pleasures which you, out of blissful ignorance, mistake for happiness. Whatever it may be, this kind of amusement lasts but a few minutes or hours. Afterwards, you feel as empty as before and look around for some new diversion. You are in pursuit of yourself, for that which you pursue - happiness - is *you*.

Happiness, whether it is evoked by our surroundings or by other people, is a very fickle thing. Whoever follows this path can never stop, for as soon as one attains what one deems to be happiness, it disappears.

It is commonplace for people to view happiness as a commodity or as a form of spiritual nourishment, as something to obtain, to conquer, but not as something to be developed from one's own personality. Happiness is non-transferable. You can cause happiness in others, but you cannot convey it to them. Happiness is a characteristic of modern man and it is present in all of us. You need do nothing more than realize this in order to bring it to fruition. You think to yourself, it can't be that easy...

Whoever tells you that happiness is a grace and can only be attained through hardship and obedience knows nothing about it and only wants to hold you in his power. Such a person is not interested in your happiness. Unfortunately many of us do not trust our own judgment and suspect mean motives behind the friendly face of the person opposite them. This is hardly surprising in a world which worships actors. It is the masks and the make up which we admire, not that which lies behind them. We don't want to know what lies behind the mask at all. We are afraid of what we might find. This is why we ourselves wear masks. We try to obtain happiness by behaving in exactly the same way that, we are told, happy people behave. In the process, we become the most base liars. Yet, none of us need behave in this way.

What if you were to suppose that you are already whole and complete? That you don't have to look for anything special, strive to obtain anything, or wish for anything? Everything is already at hand, within you -

happiness too, of course. If you think in this way, it may just happen, that you are your happiness. Now you may say, "How can I do that? I have obligations, it's not easy..." The thing that weighs so heavily on your shoulders is you. You press down on yourself and make yourself heavy. If something makes you unhappy, throw it away. Why keep it?

Life, for many people, doesn't seem to hold much else. If happiness cannot be found in such things as work, hobbies, or money, then they look for it in relationships. Someone filled with happiness is supposed to come and pour out their happiness from their vast reserve of a heart. People consume one another like goods or commodities. When the happiness is used up, they fall to pieces. By requiring this kind of happiness, you put yourself under pressure, and create your own problem.

The whole world insists: One must become happy. Happiness alone is important. Is this really so?

This is nonsense, for happiness arises without encouragement, through living. And you are already doing this. If, despite this, you still wish to search for it, what will be the result? That would be like looking for a hat which you are already wearing on your head. This is senseless, is it not?

If you cannot be happy now, then you will never be, for no happiness is forthcoming. Everything that you need for your happiness is already at hand. Whatever does come to you and which you deem to be happiness is a base illusion, something which will soon fill your life with worries. What then are you lacking?

Discover happiness in yourself, not in material things. And when you sense it, let it loose. Give in to it, but undertake nothing. The art of being happy is not unlike swimming. One can move about in water once one has grown used to it. Inevitably however, one will drown if one grabs hold in a vain attempt to take possession of his surroundings. Whoever believes that one must maintain a firm grip on his happiness is in error. Happiness is something flowing; holding on to it only brings about its end. Looked at in this way, being happy is not a matter of minutes or hours, but something which is lifelong. That which you feel is the magic of your own movement.

# Chapter II

## Life is a Dance

Life, in and of itself, is free of obligation and importance. In reality, these things mean nothing. You can entrench yourself in this life or you can behave like a dead branch in a stream. As boring as that may be, many have done it. In their quest for security, they lose that which can still be secured, namely life itself, so long as it remains un-lived.

One who thinks he doesn't need attentiveness, and can do without it, will soon grow bored. Such a life seems empty, there never seems to be enough pleasing or interesting things. This comes about when one excludes a portion of the things from the start. We exclude those things which don't fit into our plans, namely, the interests of others, evil and disturbing thoughts, anxiety, sorrow and other misgivings. There are simply too many things which we do not like at all. Washing dishes, for example, getting up early, working, or even bathing. We try to get these activities out of the way as soon as possible. We want to save time, so that we can devote ourselves to our "real" lives. We believe that life should consist only of those things which entertain us and bring us joy. But this is not so.

Constant activity produces new events. Whatever we wanted to prevent, occurs. This is exactly the way to make the world - which we strive to make controllable and finite - bigger and bigger. No choice remains but to undertake more than one activity at a time. It often happens that we let a radio or TV run while we are engaged in a completely different activity, such as eating or reading. The result is that we never really enjoy either of them. We never complete anything, we are discontented and unfulfilled. Thus, although we take in a great deal, it is only fragments and disassociated images. Nothing can completely unfold, neither in us, nor around us. There is no time, or rather, "leisure time" for that. Some want or need always prevents us from true enjoyment. This want or need spurs us on to new and more frenzied activity by which we hope to escape from this condition. Something is supposed to come and fulfill our needs.

Serious situations arise. There are so many important things which one must accomplish that hardly any time remains for living. Necessities like eating and sleeping are not mere compulsions which one must heed in

order to remain alive. They are life. What would remain without them?

Why cant we accomplish an act such as eating without someone else and in peace? When we are eating, that is exactly what we wish to do. What we are eating is definitely not a trivial matter. We value good-tasting nutrition, it should be easily digestible and promote health. We, or someone else, spend a lot of time preparing and cooking. And what happens? While we are bombarded by images and sounds, we carelessly gulp down that which should bring us pleasure. As though it holds no significance for us and is only a burdensome duty. It is not a duty, it is life.

If work, eating, sleeping and reading are only duties which one must carry out as quickly as possible, what will be the consequence? After doing so, we become bored and are, despite outward contentment, just as inwardly empty as before. If we have saved so much time by the speedy fulfillment of our duties, where have our lives gone? Why dont they materialize,? Astonishingly, we attempt to fill the "saved" time with things which we know to be unrewarding. The "saved" time is now a burden to us. We dont know what to do with ourselves. We need conversation to fill our emptiness. Moreover, new duties reveal themselves as we think about the future. We have bungled something. We have waited for life when it has already been with us all the while.

Life is not an empty mold or a hollow shell into which feelings and actions must be poured. Life, in reality, takes place between us and material things. Life is not a bag of marvels, the tasty tidbits of which are owned by a privileged few while others must wait in anguish for their share. Life is precisely that which many hold to be its components. If you really believe that you are nothing more than an empty shell, then you need amusements and television. You must be entertained and replenished so that, like an empty sack, you dont collapse under your own weight, or put a crease in your spirit.

Why do we want to "make" something of ourselves at all costs? Due to this very "making", we overlook life. Isnt it all just a conjurers trick, a figment of our imaginations perhaps, or a mix-up? Could it be that we have proceeded from a false premise and are now chasing after ourselves and life? A life which, in all of its manifestations, is already at hand?

A surplus of money and property is probably the surest means of preventing happiness in the long run. Do not surround yourself with unnecessary things. You will have to drag all of it around with you through life. No one is that strong. Is it possible to have an appetite, if your stomach is full to the point of bursting?

Taking life less seriously does not mean going about it carelessly, it means trying to take on too much at once. Let it go! One who wants to dance, doesnt cling to chairs. Living, carrying, letting go, these are all aspects of one phenomenon. Why should we concern ourselves with any of it?

# Chapter III

## At the Bottom of Everything Lies Emptiness

Life is an intricately intertwined event, the midpoint of which is in the eye of the beholder.

That is to say, your imagination is your world. To the sad, the world is gray, to lovers, it is warm and luminous. That which lies at the root of all things is not in itself a thing, but a principle which is still forming.

To formulate a perception of the world around ones own ego, how ridiculous this is! The ego is one of infinitely numerous aspects of the cosmos. What could be more boring than to create a world patterned after your own likeness? How could one be happy in a world where all things are already known and the scenes unfolding in the external world merely repeat the scenes which have already taken place inside ones mind?

The world has no finite size. You are that part of the world which is so vast and unfathomable. You see, you do not know yourself. The majority of people are more interested in things not at hand, such as the moon or automobiles, than in themselves. Many of them should like to think they already know themselves sufficiently well. They believe that the understanding of external things has nothing to do with them. But this is not so.

To one man, the outside world is boundless and strange, to another it is accessible and welcoming. No one can stipulate, teach or carve this in stone. One must not think the world is so vast, just because it seems so complicated. It is, in reality, much smaller. It is exactly "your" size. It is a tailor-made world. And that is not by mere coincidence, for you are the tailor. The world exists as you think of it, as you call it. You are not minuscule. You are only intimidated by your own immensity.

Life is purposeless, but in every respect meaningful. The whole thing is somewhat like a dream. Whatever happens within it, be it demeaning or uplifting, it must be exhilarating. Nothing in your dream is purposeful. You cant make any errors, because nothing has any relevance outside the dream. There is nothing to lose and nothing to win. We are here to "make waves" like children splashing about in a pool. We move things and create events. To look for a purpose in all of that would be extremely unnecessary and would spoil the matter. Imagine it for a moment. There is absolutely nothing you must do; none of the things which people tell you to do and none of the

things which you believe you must do because others expect it of you. Simply let it lie.

A purpose is something which exists on behalf of another thing. But the whole, the cosmos, exists only for itself. It is completely without purpose. Meaning, on the other hand, exists for itself. Life has meaning because it is lived. It does not serve a purpose. It also need not have a use. Why should it? Nothing of it would remain. Life brings forth life, one phenomenon springs from another. No higher scheme of the universe has enlisted you in its service. If there were such a scheme, it would unfortunately be one of which you could know nothing. Schemes of the universe and concepts of predestination are ways of compelling you to do things which you would never do for yourself.

The whole affair is a "self-constraining" system of order. It has made itself diverse and complicated in order to recognize itself. It wants to hide from itself, reveal itself, then shout "boo!" and laugh. The most important thing in life is being in high spirits. The laws of the universe, however, are rather barren concepts, invented by tedious people who understand nothing of life. People who measure the milky way much as a surveyor might lay a road, and who cant be bothered by what surprises might lie around the next corner. Nothing could be more monotonous than if the scheme of things really did run according to predestination and law and everyone knew it.

The world doesnt take itself seriously. It only invented seriousness so that it could better make fun of itself. Once one has recognized that the so-called "gravity" in life is not so grave, but in reality very light, one can sit off to the side and laugh. But the next time it happens, we will fall for it again, and the cycle will begin anew. This is the way we have arranged it, and this is the way we like it.

The whole thing is not actually a completed thing of substance, but rather a deeply fissured nothingness. And reality is an inconceivable, because fleeting relationship. A thing which only exists in reference to itself is not real. The only reality is none at all, namely nothingness.

The world is an event. One takes it in from widely diverse points of view, one of which is yours. It observes itself. You, too, are an event.

Things dont occur for God or through him, rather, God occurs.

When you look out the window, say, at trees or the sky, what you see is not something "other", some inconceivable "something". Your own ego creates the "outside." The world which you catch sight of is your self. It is as if you are dreaming. It does not mean that this world is not real, and that one only needs to pinch you so that you may awake. A dream is only reality insofar as it can effect something. We hold dreams to be real, because we

ourselves are dreams. We are dreamt by others and we dream ourselves. Reality must be learned. Interestingly enough, most people believe that they are wide awake and that the things about them are undeniably concrete and real. When you think about it, it may happen that you will say, "Well, if it doesn't matter how I do it, then I will do it in the least complicated manner possible." You are well on your way to a cheerful serenity.

Now you should not take this for an invitation to begin making idle wishes. The world will certainly not reflect your daydreams. Daydreams are only a minuscule, albeit beautiful aspect of your thoughts. You would grow tired of a dream-world just as quickly as you would of a purchased one. What a contrast, however, to a self-made world, as it arises, once you have the confidence to let yourself unfold into it. You must not be fulfilled. Empty yourself.

Often, we humans sense an unbridgeable gap between ourselves and external things, even between ourselves and other people and sometimes to ourselves. It is said that man is a stranger unto himself. It is believed that people and things are the work of some creator, we have become quasi complacent toward this. It is assumed that we are not these things, that we are as different from them as two things could be. The gap between us and things, the world, plants and animals, mountains and valleys is not a void, it is filled to bursting with angst.. One method which people believe to be useful for narrowing this gap is to own people and things. The anxiety, the angst, does not disappear, it is magnified, the more things come into ones possession. Rocks and trees own nothing and are not separated by anything, they have no problems. Naturally. You and the universe are the same entity as seen from different angles. Who says that you are a speck of dust, a totally insignificant being in the mighty universe, who knows absolutely nothing?

If the world were merely a lifeless manifestation, how could it have come into being? Consider this: What would happen if time were to stand still? You might perhaps think that people would stop in their tracks, as if turned to stone, clocks would stand still and nothing would stir. It would not be so. If time were to stand still and there were no more movement of any kind, then nothing would exist. There is no motionless state. Whatever ceases to move, ceases to exist.

Considerations of time are always stubbornly linked to clocks, but clocks don't actually measure time, they generate it. It seems as though the number of clocks is directly proportional to the amount of available time. Oddly enough, only a few of us seem to be able to grasp that more and more clocks mean less and less time for us. Clocks generate time through movement. Whatever moves, generates time. Time is movement. To wait for something can be extremely unpleasant. It is not time, however, which rolls sluggishly along, but the spirit.

Quite possibly, time is a characteristic of movement somewhat like a rhythm. Each creature has its own

rhythm, its own time. To a certain extent, a creature is a specific rhythm, a specific time. Looked at in this way, life appears to us as a dance. Only one who has a feel for rhythm and time can achieve harmony with the world. While one who merely observes the rhythms only creates cycles, years, calendars, and hours.

But time is far more expansive, you might argue. The earth is already billions of years old and the cosmos even older. Perhaps we only project our time onto these things. Then we extend it to the entire phenomenon we call universe” and look on in wonder at the remarkable results which thereafter arise. Time does not exist independently of objects. We see ourselves as the measure of all things and are satisfied that the world is operating according to certain laws, laws which we have smuggled into the picture so that we can draw upon them later as fundamental truths. Of course, this is nothing more than a complex opportunity for having a little fun. Another game of hide-and-go-seek.

Who can possibly imagine a 15 billion year old cosmos? Many of us are unable to gauge one human lifetime. Perhaps the cosmos isnt at all as old as we have calculated it to be. Not because we know absolutely nothing about the times and rhythms of such things as stars and galaxies. Nevertheless, what we see, stars and the milky way, are the outermost reaches of our selves.

Your past does not exist independently of you. You cant escape from it. You are your past. Why complain? You did it all yourself. Therefore you need not fear the things you have done. If you fear yourself, its because you wanted to. You should first solve the riddle. In truth, all that is mere imagination and that which lies at the root of all things is nothing other than your formulating principle. You cannot make any mistakes. At the bottom of everything lies emptiness.



# Chapter IV

## Give yourself Wings

To complain about yourself is to weigh yourself down. We make our lives difficult, we confuse and entangle our intellect and heap more burdensome thoughts upon it. It leaves us top-heavy and weighed down by thoughts. Many of us behave in such a manner and struggle with jumbled thoughts and imaginings. We ought to be able to fly ...

But it would take enormous and powerful wings to bear such weighty people aloft. The wings of jet airplanes are larger than the wings of dragons ever were. The wind and birds bear no worries and therefore they can fly.

Trees don't fly because they are too heavy and their roots are entrenched in the earth. We don't fly because we take things too seriously, weigh ourselves down with self-criticism and are entrenched in material desires. In truth, life is neither difficult nor easy. Life is you yourself. Weigh yourself down, and your life will be burdensome, avoid doing this, and your life will be freer. Whoever wants to fly does not need expensive metal alloys or a large fortune. It is enough to lighten your load and entrust your soul to the wind, to life.

But people hate to be left without a firm hold on anything. We really do cling to everything. We are constantly afraid that we will fall on our faces or rub someone the wrong way. Something bad might happen, let things take their course. Quite understandably in this situation, we clutch at anything which seems to promise us a firm hold. Namely, money and jobs, friends and relationships, and a glut of material things. We cling to our desires and suppositions. We have to be slim and stylish, we want to be desirable and well-to-do. We won't give up any of this voluntarily. We can't even let go of ourselves; death is the most horrible thing we can imagine.

And for those who are not so courageous:

An Excursus on Death

Trusting one's self has little to do with making a clatter or predominance, rather, it is mostly a quiet affair.

Self-confidence is necessary in order to have confidence in others. For whoever is not true unto himself will always suspect treachery or intrigue as a motive behind everything. Trusting yourself means not having to "out intrigue" yourself. You dont need such feints as "Now Ill get away from it all" or "See how small and weak I am, please dont hurt me." You simply are what you are. If, outwardly, this seems wearisome, what difference does that make? One doesnt need tricks and strategies, one is straightforward and wastes no time on mirages and illusions. In this way, one can conserve ones strength in ones self, without having to mete it out in order to prop up imaginary ideals. Propping up ideals expends a lot of energy, and, in the end, you cant live up to them anyway.

Only the light" are truly free. He who can fly doesnt stick to anything and knows how to enjoy life regardless of whether life is on the rise or in decline, since rising and falling are necessary components of it. Then, all at once, things appear completely trusted and welcoming. Life becomes an adventure, and the whole thing becomes marvelous fun. For all the spoilsports and nay-sayers it becomes an absolute misfortune.

Nothing weighs more heavily on our shoulders than the necessity to be light. And nothing is "lighter" (easier) than to complain and whine. But we have wished this upon ourselves; for if things were different, we wouldnt be able to last one more minute on this ball of earth. To lighten oneself is a heavy task if one doesnt know how to go about it. Whoever stands with both feet planted firmly in the ground is a serious, but unhappy fellow. When one goes about it in the right way, an uplifting spirit unfolds in ones breast. Though things remain, they nevertheless change. Those things which seemed stiff and cumbersome before, are now light as a feather, flexible, and capable of flight.

No one will sprout wings as the result of meditation, no one can swoop down and lift you up into the air. You have to do it for yourself. What did you think? To sit around in front of computers and books is not enough. Merely coining phrases about life is a very limited form of life.

Whoever goes against the wind will be wildly tossed about. He is thrown this way and that, he sees things from above, from far below, or from a completely different perspective. Such a life cannot be restrained or held onto; for as soon as one has it, it slips away. When one weighs too much, a storm is required to set him in motion. That is risky. A more skillful approach would be to cast off ballast in time. Then a mere updraft will suffice. Perhaps you only need a little boost. If no one is there to push you, then you have to set yourself into motion.

Once you are aloft in the wind, you will fly, as a paper kite flies. You dont have to travel to far away lands, seek the solitude of a monastery, or perform unusual acts. It is enough if you stay where you are. Life is already stormy enough. Make yourself light.

You soar up and then fall. There is considerable uncertainty in this. Nothing new to you. The ironic thing in

this is that you can have fun if you dont impede yourself. It all depends on allowing for equilibrium, to live it, and to daily reaffirm it. This means: fly if the wind is blowing, rest when it doesnt, and take things as they come. Dont hold on. And people will look up at you and think, "If only I were such a cheerful, happy kite". Even the longest journey must begin with that very first step. When you think about it however, you set out on your journey long ago.

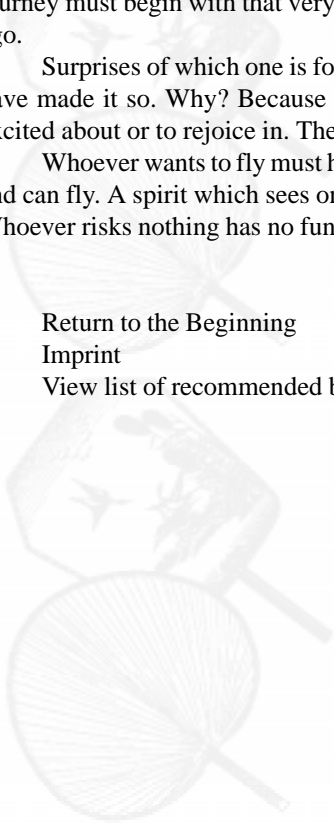
Surprises of which one is forewarned are surprises no longer. The fact that life is so difficult is because we have made it so. Why? Because otherwise there would be no stumbling blocks to ponder and nothing to get excited about or to rejoice in. The whole thing would be a rather dreary affair.

Whoever wants to fly must have a simple and transparent spirit. A spirit with a birds-eye view is itself a bird and can fly. A spirit which sees only gray clouds is itself a cloud and it hangs limply in the air. Use your wings! Whoever risks nothing has no fun.

[Return to the Beginning](#)

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# Recommended Reading



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# The Book of Unfettered Living

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