

So the disease speaks

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(From Professor Arnold Ehret's "Art of Living" 1911)

I am a woman and already therefore unfathomable for "learned" men. My mother is called health, my father, my producer, is the man who abused the biological scope (freedom), which is set for all beings, and wanted to be wiser than the "divine wisdom", the natural law itself, by false culture.

My daughters, conceived in the holy, i.e. salvation-making, salvation-bringing spirit, are called rebirth of absolute health, beauty, wisdom and eternal life, paradisiacal, heavenly pleasure and bliss. My sons are pain, suffering, error, unbelief (in nature), downfall, murder and death.

I am a spirit, a principle, a direction, a goal, an "up", a "making good again", a regulator to health, a defense of the dead, the bad, the hostile to life, in short, I am a force, if you will, you moderns, at least "a part of that force which wants the evil and creates the good". At the bottom of my being I am good, well-meaning, honest, but equally evil and cruel to death and destruction, even vengeful I can become. In former times I was considered to be the devil himself. Like woman, I have been misunderstood, suppressed, despised, and not given a voice for millennia.

I am set from the beginning to fight the "devil", the principle of evil, of death. My striving, my way goes up to the life, to the health itself.

With all conceivable means my work of preserving life and defending it against its enemies has been made more difficult, my burden has been increased more and more, that is, to get out of the organism the dead, the worn-out, the rotten, the soulless, the cooked residue of all animal and vegetable substances, the decomposed slime. Already in the womb of the mother I let sound the warning signal of pain and there already I work and draw from "reserves" of the mother to keep away the refuse of your wrong food from the new human being. Instead of lime of the fruits for the basis of a becoming bone skeleton you bring me boiled milk with precipitated lime. But rather I take lime from the teeth, from the bones of the mother to it, even at the risk of her own perishing. I am kind, I tell you, but also cruel.

I keep it with the youth; to me an expectant creature, with whom I try again and again the healthy renewal of the human race, is more valuable than a thousand mothers. Childbearing, the most sacred and supreme act of life, has become pain, woe and death to you. In vain I raise my voice of unwillingness to eat in pregnancy and the desire for other, unknown, for unfamiliar, that is the fruit; they call me "hysteria of pregnant women", keep feeding at the risk of atoning the fattening of the embryo with life. No sooner is the little one at the "light of the world", you wrap it in

"darkness" and stuff it full of overcooked, that is overcooked and low-cal milk and the whole armory of all mucous preparations.

Again I raise my warning voice by the horrible screaming and the corpse color of the little one; you do not understand it, my language without words. Already to bring the contaminated blood of the mother to the embryo purified was great trouble for me and I did not succeed perfectly, but I try to make up for this with her milk. Instead, one brings to the king's child at most milk of a farmer's maid, coming from alcohol and animal corpses, to the poor flour paste and the milk of a sick cow. I am no longer able to protect the blood from this filth, since you so envelop the new world citizen and "protect" him from fresh air that it becomes impossible, in the absence of this supreme element of life, to burn the food residues or to discharge them through the natural outlets. I am no longer able to keep the putrid residue, the poisonous mucus away from the bloodstream, I let all means, the glands, etc., come into action to intercept these circling poisons and deposit them in suitable places, but one virtually showers these young people with mucus. I now break through the pores of the skin and want to discharge this poisoning of the blood with fever and sweat to the outside, and they call me scarlet fever.

Now a "learned" man comes, brings a bigger poison into the stomach and I must immediately turn there with all available forces and blood masses to make these more dangerous, even more hostile to life substances harmless. I am now busy there in the stomach with the blood, but woe to you, my young creature, fighting on two sides, defeating two enemies at once, I cannot do that. The scarlet, that is me, the disease, disappears, but you too, you yourself sink down into the realm of my son, into the element of the "primeval slime", of death. If by chance no "scholar" gets in my way and if I succeed in preserving life by the "rash" of poisons, then the poor worm perhaps wails his way through until calf pus is brought to him by state and law into a wound. Now it becomes too strong for me, immediately I manage such an inflammation at the poisoning place, a thickening with the intention to locally fester and repel the inoculated poison in the surrounding tissues.

If I am not able to do this or if there is so much health fund to make this blood poisoning harmless, then one comes to me with this calf pus anew, until I plunge the child into fever, tie its throat, threaten with death and, if one does not prevent me from doing so, stage a striking emaciation. Now, "in the spirit of the learned man," the parents, the surroundings are seized with a dreadful fear of me and death, and, if they succeed in silencing me, in preventing me from the natural process of purification, they virtually flood this young person with milk and mucus preparations, until the residues in his throat turn into putrefaction, drive fungi, cause inflammation and constriction of the windpipe, and Mrs. Illness threatens suffocation; my name is now diphtheritis. Now a charge of serum, that is "defense substance" bred on an artificially sick animal, comes into the blood, which "detaches" those fungi in the throat, but for their destruction I need so much vitality that perhaps this young person saves his life

with it, but certainly not improves it. That is nevertheless my element, the slime, the devil by Beelzebub drive out.

If, in spite of all this, the young citizen manages to get to his feet, he immediately steals fruit and glucose, the elements of health, which go to hand with pleasure and help me, with a horrible stench, to get rid of the rotten mucus masses of the stomach and intestines. Now I am called colic or diarrhea. Mrs. Illness rejoices with the help and support of living elements, fruit and glucose, to have conquered death, the mucus by a thorough expulsion. But woe to her: immediately the "learned" man appears, the same procedure as above takes place; the stinking, foul discharges, the essence of poisonous and dead material is not allowed out, one stuffs and Mrs. Illness is silent.

Health itself I am called now falsely, because I rest, because I sleep, since one has weakened the reaction nerves of the intestine, calmed down, and if one does not "calm down" me and with it this young organism to the eternal rest, then I stretch in my violent silence the most powerful forces to the maturity of the human being. Unnoticed in silence, I am indeed as good as possible always at work with the help of the youthful forces. It is true that all stimulants feign a false health, a kind of strength; in reality they wear away at my body, at the power of reaction, and the stultification goes so far today that you boast of possessing a healthy stomach, if it keeps five liters of beer and a diner with six courses with itself and puts up with this mistreatment at least apparently.

Do I want to stir, to protect the endangered life by pain, by lack of appetite, a morphine powder is the answer, because one has no time before work or pleasure for me, namely to be sick. Hear you, sick people, "time heals all wounds". But for a lifetime you and mankind have despised me for millennia, have not heard me, have not given me time; and now you want to expect me, the disease, when I need violence, to make everything good in the moment. May medicine unfold its power, flourish and praise all the "superfluous", the "too many", the worshippers of "science" who want to destroy me, to eliminate me from the world with the test tube. I sit asleep in their womb, and my mills grind slowly and surely, but all the more noiselessly. I have time to wait. But woe to you if Mother World Health comes to my rescue with a single hot summer. I will show you as before that you have not yet caught me in the glass.

Personally, I am now concerned about our matured human being. With the highest tension of youthful strength of the organism I am at work, especially to keep the sexual organs pure. Since just now one dilutes the blood by "good and too much food", animal corpses, "corpse poison extract", called bouillon, by poisonous drinks contaminated and nonsensically watered down, I have heavy work. In order to clean the "building apparatus" from the chronic cultural garbage before the occurrence of the periodic, four-weekly possibility of conception, I "install" a purifying bloodletting in

the woman in each case, and one calls me menstruation; in former times one spoke more clearly and called me purification. Joan of Arc, Bernadette de Lourde, the latter lived only on the fruits of the forest, and many other saints, that is, self-healed ones, never menstruated. You call this great, supreme health hysteria, lie. I, woman disease, tell you now, you moderns, you "all-knowers", if you don't believe it, then I must teach you that today you can still make the experiment on it.

Give a woman the full health, the divine purity with food on residual digestion, by paradisiacal diet, fruit, then she remains "immaculate" and conceives in the holy spirit, gives birth painlessly, and woman disease, menstruation, clears the "battlefield". Hear you, unbelievers as well as believers, and almost I was mistaken that my mother, the health, spoke to you. He who has ears, let him hear. (To what then purification, if not defilement; why then does not the beast menstruate).

But so far you have come, you childbearers of today with your "good and many mucus food", that I do not get along with this regular cleaning. I am now often chronically end-slime and one calls me white river; at least with better virgins and demure wives; I lead the few blood as possible there, and one says to me "paleness", because I lead white slime with me, and face and hands therefore become anemic.

But in the same way, and perhaps even worse, I have to speak to young men. If I hardly succeed in making up for the "sins of the mothers," the fight against me among men today exceeds anything that has been seen before. Does not a single man in Europe want to make me understand that one cannot and must not heal me, the illness, make it disappear, but that one must promote me, understand and support me as a principle, as a process of becoming healthy; that everyone must therefore wear his own skin to the market and that no one can help him, the sick person, but he himself, by understanding my will and doing it?

That we do not need healing helpers, but healing teachers, who have gone my way consciously and safely, but healing teachers only for the few, who have time and insight, - to heal themselves, the human being and not me, the disease. I, the disease, become dangerous and deadly only because you disturb me by food at work or by medicine. In the former case, the sick person is responsible, in the latter, the medical doctor. Today's medicine does not have the task to heal the sick, but it is demanded from it aus- and emphatically to eliminate me, the illness, what only apparently happens, and thereby my fight becomes calmer and slow, chronic instead of acute.

You suppress the "unpleasant", my wanting to heal, in order to die all the faster later, to make room for other "birth surplus". You bring me to rest, but you are water on my mill to regulate the birth surplus of the inferior ones. You "zealous ones", save yourselves the trouble of fighting medicine, you won't achieve it, because I am set to destroy all those who have lost the faith in my Mother, in an absolute health; but freedom of speech to those who proclaim my sense, my wisdom, freedom to the few who follow me and turn their backs on you (medicine). Save yourselves, you scholars,

the fear of these, one must look for them with the lantern, they will not dispute you the field.

Concerned about the expectant mother I am it likewise about the purity of the procreative man. His center of hematopoiesis he turns into a "dung pit" and his juices are brimming with filth. With high pressure and fever tension the organism works, and one considers him healthy, while for lack of "good" already teeth and hair must leave him to die. His body is "pregnant" with water, fat and mucus and incessantly feeds the deeper "floor", which now worries me the most. I clean, I end-slime myself from the inner tissues, because as a result of greater blood pressure I manage to break through the mucous membrane and I now have to imagine myself as gonorrhoea.

Just now the young man cannot use me, and one meets me with "infernal" means so long, until the infernal stone has scarred and etched the tissues in such a way that it becomes no longer possible for me to push through the mucous components of the blood (white blood corpuscles), and I bring, perhaps supported by an accidental small injury, to the outside. Now I am called soft, harmless chancre, but if I have a lot of hellstone and a lot of connections with mucus and pus to drain, and if I am stuck together and this "emergency valve" is also blocked, then, but only as a result of the hellstone, a "characteristic" appearance or possibly hardening of an ulcer develops, I am the hard chancre, suspected of being able to become even "worse".

Now I try my work in the throat and in the pharynx to remind at the same time of not eating, fasting, so that the digestive power could be ceded to me for excretion. They don't understand me, I am a woman and they may accuse another wrongly, while the young man has a stinking cloaca in his body and hell stone circles in his blood. The blisters in the throat have a certain appearance against all other rashes due to the hellstone. I am the constitutional syphilis.

Formerly, when Höllestein was not used against me, my rashes were sexually characterized only insofar as they occurred in this time of maturity and in connection with excesses, but typically syphilitic in the present sense they were just as little as there was a gray clouding of the eyes, which comes only from Höllestein. All, at least most of the syphilitic eye diseases are not to be put on my account, but on the account of medicine, like the constitutional syphilis itself. Do you hear, you sick people of the modern Babylon, why am I with you and not in the country? Do you hear that alcohol, prostitution and bacilli are blamed for the "sliminess" and the hell stone that eats your bones and your daily gluttony is considered innocent.

But even to the throat one does not let me out. Now it is too much for me, this hell stone must be removed under all circumstances, otherwise it possibly destroys the germ to a life for me. I catch it in the inguinal glands, deposit it there for calmer times, break through the skin where it is possible, and appear through ham-brown roseola

(from the hellstone). I am now certainly addressed as "constitutional", and after one has blocked the pores, the "ejection gates", also at the skin, and that with an even bigger poison, mercury, I am soon with the help of these two further poison supplements involuntarily arrived at the "secondary stage". Now one goes to the specialist, but certainly one would no longer come to Frankfurt if there were no railroad.

But Frau Krankheit has other remedies. She now gives the ultimatum of life and death, as the specialist comes with even stronger doses. I first thicken your throat, let your teeth fall out and your saliva flow in the still good intention to let you hear my voice: You shall eat nothing, or at least nothing dead, but living. The "learned" man sticks a tube or a hose in your throat, only so that you receive the "necessary" mucus, which now soon comes out to all openings. Not me, the disease, the medicine now also makes you light of my burden, which you never wanted to carry when it was small. - Another false "title of honor", a false accusation of the disease: "tertiary" and you die "scientifically". I don't weep for you, because Mrs. Disease becomes harsh and self-compassionless when you want to kill her, hitting people. "So the disease speaks."

Soon thousand names and as many causes and false accusations have been "attributed" to me and therefore as many means have been discovered and searched for, while real science strives for unity of all causes, at least of appearance groups. The greatest thing, which one has identified with me, are the bacilli. For each form of my appearance another bacillus! One brings bad, putrid water besides the daily meat and starch flour masses, or one comes to help with unripe fruit or by accidental heat, the fermentation of the putrid residues in the stomach and intestines becomes so great that actually fungi, bacilli arise, and if I now try a radical rebuff, because the fungal stage of putrefaction becomes life-threatening, one prevents me from it and dies "in the name" of typhoid or cholera.

Instead of looking for the products of the decomposition, which I want to bring out with the best of intentions, in my own body, one has opened a hunt for it on the whole "outside" of man, in order not to remind man himself of his guilt. With a load of "Honest Hata" or tuberculin, the modern false teachers, who are showered with fame, honors and money, believe to destroy me, the disease, by wanting to kill the product, the fungi of the putrid food residues. Even if they succeed in this, then they are cutting their own flesh all the more.

These bacilli are my last remedy against the "culture immunity", because they make alive, self-moving the "latent mucus", which I could not bring out any more due to the food surplus, the increasing age and the increasing "disease means". I wanted to keep the most beautiful and noble people blood-pure, i.e. mucus-free, at least in the age of reproduction; they emaciated to the beauty type of paradisiacal, spiritualized, angelic figures, by having to discharge the mucus through the lungs, since stomach and intestines are weakened by overfeeding. One has hindered my "healing

tendency" of the removal in detours and in dangerous places by fattening and made more difficult by poisons.

In order to spare the many sensitive blood vessels of the lungs, I deposit the mucus in individual nodules, and now I am the tuberculosis, the "queen" of the diseases, because it transports most of them into the realm of shadows, but only for the one and only reason, because in this person so much mucus food is poured on the "mill of life" and through overcooked milk (for fear of bacilli) there is too little lime for a normal chest, that the whole organism, especially the pulmonary blood vessels, slime and decay and I, the disease, the "wanting to be cured", am subject to the son of death.

If I am to excrete with the daily mucus, as far as I succeed, without having to give a sign from my work, also quantities of meat poisons (uric acid, etc.), and if the blood vessels are degenerated, namely at tense places (joints), I give sensitive "signals" and the scholars christen me rheumatism and gout, to say as little with it as with the word "nodular disease" (tuberculosis). If I still have to chase salicyl, other medicine or at all a lot of self-poisons and mucus through the tender heart blood vessels, even those which I had deposited in the body for years on calmer times (less digestive work), then the "poor heart" and also the "developed culture brain" slackens (or bursts a blood vessel of the same) and one dies of a "stroke" with the only glory of a Latin name. Wherever I look for even only one exit port or the disease material through an organ (eye, ear, kidney, liver etc.) no longer bring through, thus a local blockage arises, immediately one has baptized me again differently, possibly in foreign language, so that I appear to the person all the more strange, all the more mysterious.

Think, you sick people, about the terribly simple but compelling logic: I have in the whole animal kingdom only one means of my activity of healing, that is fasting, therefore I can and must be also with the highest animal, the human being, only one unit, have only one basic cause, that is rotten food residue (mucus), which I am to be taken out for your welfare, for your health unceasingly endeavored, and you ruin yourselves, because you disturb me by too much eating or by wrong food at this work. An animal in the stable, which has been weaned from the air and has become "capable of catching cold" by artificial food (flour drink), does not eat anything, or if it does so, it surely refuses the "improved" food and is thus wiser than the inventors of all healing systems of the world. However, I tell you that it needs wisdom and not knowledge from books to understand my strategy of detoxification. Once your "set corpse slime" has moved into the fortress of the tissue depths and the internal organs, then it is called to proceed carefully and cautiously against the enemy.

My spirit, my mind, spoke to you now, you sick people. Do you still have reason to be angry with me, not to understand me, I, the eternal law of purification, of regeneration, which wants to bring you back to health, to beauty and youthful powers? Do you still have reason to be pessimistic, if in the whole nature I heal an

animal, which cannot procure its food by injury or "illness", by not eating? Do you now finally understand that the healthy man can already live from nothing, if one can be born again by "having time", "taking time", by time alone from "water and spirit"? Does it now make sense that one does not yet become "kabakonfest", if one eats in Berlin and if one also only eats coconuts by the pound and you perish to me there in the hot climate under the force of the reaction force towards greater sinners?

Doesn't my activity, the disease, go back to Adam, when from the original diet fruit was changed to the cooked mucus food? When finally a light goes up to the believers and unbelievers about the true sense of the baptism as "remedy" with the "fire of the holy spirit", that is combustion of the bad, rejected components by the "physiological fire", the digestion during fasting, while John wanted to make good this "original sin" with water baptism (head and foot watering) à la Kneipp? Will not the really smart one voluntarily accept me, as long as I have easy work, to let himself be cleansed by me, before he "lies on his nose"? Is this not the highest and only mastery of fate, by letting me end-suckle in due time, and by withdrawing the ground from the catastrophe, and then by little and proper nourishment at all, definitely, unnecessarily, rendering me dispensable? Do you grasp the meaning and truth of these words that you always wait for me by sending me to rest, to sleep by much food, stimulants or poisons and think that I have gone away, while later I burst out of hiding all the more powerful and all the more sure?

I am not temporal, I am a spirit, a force without space and time, everywhere and eternally I am law for those beings who want to stand still, who have forgotten the "up"; I am the "eternal whip" of the forward, of the development. I am the worm that gnaws eternally, even if it sleeps, I am the doom, the pitfall of the sleepy, the comfortable, the "prosperous" and "well-fed" of today, I am the unfailing destruction of all the "many-knowing" and "pious" of today who do not believe in "divine" nourishment. You will not have any rest from me in body and soul for all eternity, until you have burned up earthly and maybe also still supermundane the last "atom of death" physiologically and mentally in the "purgatory of the healing spirit". I am not the devil himself, set I am from the beginning of the becoming of all beings, to fight the prince of death and to transfer him to the realm of coldness, darkness, lifelessness, stench, "dark nothingness", which the "modern soul" desires so ardently after death, because it feeds its body and itself with dead. Perhaps it is exactly as one wishes, on a "dead" planet.

I, the disease, am the impulse, the drive of all evolutions, set only for those who do not follow the "up" of the health, my mother, I am the "cruel God", which not even Kant understood, who kills all those mercilessly under pain and lamentation, exterminates, which do not rise to the higher form, to the new genus. I am the downfall, the extinction of whole genera of weak ones, of no more viable ones, from whose perishing as a result of degeneration new forms arise (Darwin, intermediate links?).

Woe to you, O mankind, you have misused your strongest organ, the brain, for the robbery of plants, animal and your kind, you boast to be with the wings of the progress on highest culture heights and thereby the most important, the first of all, the health is the farthest and more than with the animals "advanced" by you. I, the disease, am at home with you. You have come into a stream after the sea of ruin, in that there is no turning back for you any more according to the law of the "natural retribution" of the equivalence of the forces; you are led by brains which praise the robbery of the nature as right and good, whereby you slide down more and more deeply into the stream, into the dead end. All prophets of all times, men like Goethe, Rousseau, etc., have denied your illusory culture and occupied it with my name disease. Now also I can't save you anymore, because the many can't follow my voice anymore, even if they still wanted to. But I have also clouded their sense, blocked their ears, blinded their eyes as a consequence of their deviation from the law. They deny that money, power, knowledge is their happiness, their health itself.

Now the abuse of the brain, of the "wanting to be smarter" as the law, as nature, as God himself, takes revenge on you, O mankind. The principle of conversion, of rebirth, of the salvation of body and soul, of salvation, I, the disease, have become chronic even in you, latent, falling asleep. You have no more time for me to save you. To health and to true life I can only bring up individuals again, to whom the "divine spark", the realization of me, still arises in time, before it is too late and who have to step out of a muddy, raging river of doom onto sunny banks, if they themselves want to come to my mother, the great and absolute health. The latter now has the floor. "So the disease speaks."