

THE CREATIVE SELF

# THE CREATIVE SELF

THE ART OF PERSONAL  
TALENT MANAGEMENT

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## A DEFINITION

Our Creative Self is our essential motor of self-expression, thereby being at the service of our spiritual identity. This Self is not the Ego, as it is not conditioned nor self-serving. While the term ‘Self’ suggests that activities inspired by it are related to ourselves only, in truth the Creative Self is essentially transpersonal. Its creative expression serves humanity as a whole as its motivational trigger is service, not self-aggrandizement.

My understanding of the *Creative Self* is based on the *Multidimensional Personality Structure* that is an essential characteristic of creative genius.

That means in practical terms that the *Creative Self* fosters multi-vectorial expression in the form of several talents representing each a part-self which is however not separate but integrated in a whole, that is, functionally aligned with the whole of the personality. Thus, in terms used by systems theory, we are

here not dealing with parts at all, but with relationships of wholes to a higher order: the individual consciousness!

In my own case, this multi-vectorial orientation in my self-expression is facilitated through the following talents, displayed here in the order of their emergence in my path of life.

## 12 TALENT AREAS

I think it is important to see that talent does not necessarily manifest at a given time. The widespread misconceptions about prodigy children suggest that all talent areas need to be present in early childhood and that the person needs to be educated in a way to use those talents creatively.

My own life experience shows the contrary. There are 5 core talents that manifested in childhood and adolescence, but 7 other talents that developed later in life. It would be daring to assume that without the core talents, the other talents would not have developed later in life. My experience rather points to the fact that the core talents have only one positive effect in this process: it is that they positively condition the person to being attentive to talent development. It is something like a useful and pragmatic attitude toward talent management.

When this has been set in place early in life, it is relative easy later on to discover new talents and abilities, and to develop them creatively.

—COOKING

Age 4

—MODELING

Age 4

—PHOTOGRAPHY

Age 12

—PIANO STUDIES

Age 10

—FILMMAKING

Age 16

—WRITING

Age 30

—ART

Age 30

—LANGUAGES

Age 30

—LEGAL ANALYSIS

Doctor of Law. Age 32.

—ASTROLOGY, NUMEROLOGY, I CHING, RUNES

Age 30

—BOOK DESIGN AND SELF-PUBLISHING

Age 55

—NARRATION AND AUDIOBOOK PRODUCTION

Age 60

The term child prodigy is used for children who are proficient in one single discipline, usually the mastery of a musical instrument. But in my own case, I was a child prodigy with a multi-vectorial spread of interests, and this was so also because my interest for learning the piano was not supported.

There are certain key years when emergence occurred, and they were as follows, given that my year of birth was 1955:

—1959 (Age 4)

—1965 (Age 10)

THE CREATIVE SELF

—1967 (Age 12)

—1971 (Age 16)

—1973 (Age 18)

—1985 (Age 30)

—1987 (Age 32)

—2010 (Age 55)

—2015 (Age 60)

—2020 (Age 65)

# COOKING

## EMERGENCE

Age 4

## MANIFESTATION

Emerged in an emergency situation (sic!) when I was four and a half years old. My mother was sick and in bed with anemia, asking me to fry a couple of eggs. I did so and had thus achieved my first dish: fried eggs.

From the age of six I was trained in cooking and baking by my grandmother during the Easter holidays and the great school holidays in July/August every year. This was covering the preparation of game like pheasant, deer or hare, as well as steak Tatar. Then there were the salads that our tax advisor liked so much, the potato salad or the noodle salad, and sauces like gravy. In baking I learnt to prepare hazelnut cake, biscuit cake, bitter-chocolate cake,

almond cake and vanilla cake. Besides, I learnt to prepare garlic butter and various side dishes.

The journey started because my mother did not like to cook and what she cooked was anyway awful. She preferred to read Agatha Christie while my grandmother and me were busy in the kitchen.

At the age of ten, my mother declared me to be the ‘grill master’ and that meant to roast the chicken and later clean-up the grill. My mother found me good in doing that kind of work which gave me a little bit of self-confidence (which was otherwise as good as absent in my psychic setup and my life in general).

At that age, I already cooked entire menus, and some were esoteric like Peking Duck with orange sauce and Chinese rice, served with Chinese Oolong tea.

The journey continued over the years and intensified once I inherited the family fortune, back in 2000, followed by my 2-year stay in the Provence,

France (2002-2004) when I cooked every day and tried to learn the art of wine pairing.

# MODELING

## EMERGENCE

Age 4

## MANIFESTATION

At the age of 4, I got a temporary job as a child model for a nation-wide mail-order company, *Ver-sandhaus Schwab* in Hanau, Germany.

They had ten little girls presenting the girl-wear in the show, but no boy. I was then the only male child which had a funny pointe as I was bowing every time in the wrong direction of the stage, and also because with my blonde curly hair, I could have been mistaken for just another girl ...

The experience left me excited and content, also because of the first money I had earned in my life, but my mother decided to discontinue my engagement with modeling for reasons that only much later I could understand. (She had been obsessed with the fantasy I could be sexually molested and abused in

such kind of an environment. For that same reason she sent an agent back to Vienna who had come because of my phenomenal voice, and their decision to hire me for the boy choir, the *Wiener Sängerknaben*.

## PIANO STUDIES

### EMERGENCE

Age 10

### MANIFESTATION

With the enrollment in a state-run boarding school when I was ten-years old, I had at my disposition an old but decently in-shape upright piano in the dining hall, and thus I started piano playing, or what could be mistaken as a drum machine—given the fact that I used the piano as a percussion instrument. In fact, I had no idea how to use this instrument for what I only later learnt to be legato play.

Also because the other boys reacted with aggression when I attempted to play ‘classical’ or when I practiced scales, I was more or less forced to play only jazz, blues and boogie-woogie. I learnt the basics of harmony for this simplistic kind of music, and was eager to take lessons in classical music, but none of the two music teachers in high-school were agree-

ing with giving me lessons. Both said they were too engaged professionally during the afternoon hours, so I was left on my own and did not learn what is the most important: score reading and developing my left hand.

At the age of 18, when I was allowed to leave the boarding, I was taking piano lessons with a neighbor women from Leipzig who had studied under a certain ‘Professor Sauer’ at the Leipzig Music Conservatory. My first two study pieces were the first tune of Schumann’s *Kinderszenen* and the first *Arabesque* by Claude Debussy.

At age 22, I enrolled for private lessons with Professor Alexander Sellier from Saarbrücken Music Conservatory. Professor Sellier immediately saw the pitiful condition of my left hand and suggested me to study a selection of exercises from Berens, *Pflege der Linken Hand*.

My mother had bought me a Schimmel piano and I was practicing several hours per day, seriously, with

high ambitions, but it was all for nothing, as the neighbors threatened us with a court action if I was continuing to ‘disturb the peace of the building.’

Sellier did not understand the psychological reasons why I could not memorize anything at that time. I was just bathed in anxiety with the steady threats we were receiving and the anger of my mother which was her reaction to all of that, and unfortunately her only reaction for she had no positive feelings about my musical interests at all.

Finally, in order to avoid further trouble, I found a nearby duplex apartment that had been constructed by the same architect, and my plan was of course to get the piano on the second floor in order to not disturb anybody.

Only when we had moved in already did we realize that the piano could not be transported on the higher floor except by an outside lifting device. It was impossible to lift the piano using the winding staircase. As my mother found the hire-charge for a

huge lifter too expensive, the piano had to stay on the lower floor and the result was trouble with the neighbors in the apartment below us. They were working in our local casino, night-shift, and were feeling disturbed by my play. We first cooperated and made an agreement in which I was the loser: I had agreed to practicing only two hours per day, from 10 am to 12, and I was following the rule, while they then found that I had to stop entirely, as they argued they had to sleep longer and beyond 10 am ...

As they insisted, thereby violating our agreement, I went to court ... and lost. They won the lawsuit and I had to stop playing, which meant for me to move out of the apartment and into an old flat downtown that I shared with a couple of students. The flat was rat-infested, had no central heating and the old oven was somehow defective; there was no water heater either and in winter I was freezing my guts out, but I could eventually practice the piano.

I then had composed a little etude for the left hand, dedicating it to Sellier and leaving it with him in the hope he could play it once for me. But it disappeared and was never found again. Sellier said casually that his son Anselm, age 4, had played in the score chamber ...

I canceled the lessons and never took up again studying with a teacher, but wholly on my own. I then can say that I am, if ever, a *self-taught pianist*.

Unfortunately, I had one more problem, a kind of *dyslexia* for score reading, constantly confounding the two keys and substituting wrong notes for right ones because of large-scale anxiety. This anxiety manifested in sweating and sometimes also a fluttering movement of my hands.

This problem lasted for many years, holding me back in my study of compositions and composers, as it was simply too time-consuming to study new scores. (The problem actually only resided through

positive affirmations, and at the year of this writing, in 2020).

Because of this general anxiety that was the result of abuses suffered in the boarding and the lack of understanding of my teachers, I started in 1994 a new journey: I began to record my improvisations.

# PHOTOGRAPHY

## EMERGENCE

Age 12

## MANIFESTATION

When I turned 12, for my birthday, I got from my mother a *Kodak Instamatic* camera. I was very excited about it and started a new journey, photographing about everything I could in our neighborhood and within our apartment. I also took it to the boarding I was enrolled in during the week (while spending the weekends at home).

# FILMMAKING

## EMERGENCE

Age 16

## MANIFESTATION

When I turned 16, for my birthday, my mother gifted me a Quelle Super-8 Film Camera, and I started filmmaking.

I was first making mute films, but not for long. I was envisioning to make the sound for movies, and this would require the use of a tape recorder and a special projector that could be synchronized with the recorder for the playback of movies.

The sound would of course be played from the tape recorder as at that time, fully audio-equipped projectors were only available for the studio range of products destined for radio and television, and not simple Super-8.

But Bauer had come up with an uncanny solution. There was an upgrade to be attached to their projec-

tor which consisted of a number of reels and wheels to be attached at the left side of the projector (seen from front). It could be called a ‘synchronization module.’

The device was to be put closest to the tape recorder as the tape had to be inserted into the synchronization module, as it was the sound that was making the pace of the film depending on the speed of the sound playback.

I had thus found a complete solution but my mother was shying away from the investment. These devices were not cheap. And not one but three of them had to be purchased at the same time for the whole thing to work.

I was being tested. My mother was working in a media studio run by the government for the equipment of schools with audio-visual content. They had various experts, a regionally well-known art photographer and a sound engineer. They had a huge collection of films that could be watched in the cinema,

or rented out for presentations and the use in schools. My mother was first working in the film archive on the ground floor of the villa, then got her office on the first floor, which was specialized on color slide collections of Baroque art in the Saar region.

Given the new idea, she asked the sound engineer if her 16-year old son would possibly be able to produce sound-equipped movies? The man with the name of 'Kohler' was affirmative. He had known me well as from the age of 10 I was no more spending my school holidays with grandmother but in mother's office. And most of the time I was hanging around in the sound studio, and was introduced to classical music as well as George Gershwin for whose music I got a special liking.

He must have told my mother she should give me the opportunity after testing me for mother came home not long afterwards with a huge and very heavy tape recorder and a microphone, and the idea I should make sound using traditional techniques. She

had also rented out a film about professional sound production and an old projector they had in the office and did not need at the moment.

Watching the film, I was dumbfounded how easy it was to for example produce steps on asphalt or on a wooden floor or else on a tile floor. I got a piece of old marble and some salt, and produced the noise of steps on a tile floor, then producing a number of other sounds. My mother told me to record it all using the tape recorder and microphone. I did and she returned all to the office after a few days, asking Mr. Kohler to listen to my recordings of self-made sound. Kohler must have been enthusiastic for he suggested mother to buy the devices I had suggested. He also found my idea great to make a film about the office, which was the project I envisioned. So my mother indeed spent the money and bought that wonderful machinery. I was excited over both ears for weeks to come, and the film was a great success.

The director of the media office organized a real event in the cinema where my film was being watched by the entire staff, after the office was closed for the public. The general judgment was that my mother should support my talent for audio-visual production and the director insisted that I could come to the office every time for learning more, which I did.

In 2000, after my mother's death and after having inherited the family fortune, I bought the Sony VX-2000 camcorder, which turned out to be a functional and well-built device that I used until 2011 when I bought the Canon 5D Mark II, which in turn I replaced in 2018 by the Canon 5D Mark IV.

That was marking a temporary halt in my filmmaking endeavors, finding the DSLR structure and functionality a real handicap for producing videos. I cannot get myself to using a tiny LCD instead of a full viewfinder. Also, the form factor is not really

adapted to video production, and a complete sound solution was entirely missing.

Using the ZOOM H5 for the Canon 5D

The latter problem was solved when I purchased the ZOOM H6 Handy Recorder, but I would still have to find a way to having a decent LCD monitor as a viewfinder solution is tech-wise impossible for the 5D. The solution here would be the Atomos Ninja 5.

This would be a solution, but I would prefer to purchase again a dedicated video camcorder such as the Canon XF 400 or the C100.

The form-factor is important. In my honest opinion, and perhaps also given my age, the video form factor has huge advantages over the awkward solution of DSLR-based video production.

I remember the film 'Tokyo' by Wim Wenders in which he says he was a photographer before becoming a filmmaker, and that his first camera was a LEICA M. He further pointed out that he could not

imagine to make good photos without a viewfinder. I have the same view of things. The Canon 5D is ideal for photography but a pain to use for video shooting, because the viewfinder cannot be used for video, the internal mono-based sound is awful, and the form-factor is ideal for camera shake, but not ideal for anything even remotely professional to avoid camera shake, else using a tripod all the time!

Last not least, the Canon C100 would be a fair solution while the price range is higher than the XF400. If however the form factor is functional and pleasant to use, I cannot so far answer. To me, the form factor of the XF400 looks better, and more functional for video shooting.

# WRITING

## EMERGENCE

Age 14

## MANIFESTATION

My writing talent manifested before the discovery of my talent for narration, in high school. Interestingly, it started to manifest from age 14, when I was allowed to unchoose religion, by choosing philosophy instead. It was a wise choice that came with a wise teacher: the religion teacher, a little fat man with a sadistic smile liked to pinch our cheeks, and the class consisted in standing up to recite Bible verses ‘on command.’ It was totally stupid, and so much the more the change to philosophy was a moving-forward factor in my school life!

My two parents had high writing talent, my mother having written several books during the war that were destroyed through the American chain bomb on our property three days before the end of

WW2. My father had written a poem collection from which he quoted sometimes. Both of my parents had studied journalism at the University of Nancy, during the French occupation of our region (1945-1957).

My own talent was discovered by our German teacher evaluating the quality of the essays that I submitted for our creative writing class. I was the only one who every time chose the ‘free theme.’ And my ways of producing content was unique and quite different from the ways the other boys submitted their writings. They namely started right away, while I was sitting there at my desk, waiting for inspiration. And before that manifested, I would not touch even the pen.

It was of course risky doing that, as no overtime was granted, but I intuitively knew that it was the only way working for me, with my creative mind manifesting in ways that were quite unexpected for me. I simply accepted the creative challenge and trusted my inner guide. And it worked, and flawless-

ly so! There would be a moment ‘of truth’ when I knew with inner certainty that I could start. A kind of pattern was then forming in my mind that was containing all I needed for writing the essay. It was like a blueprint. I just had to tap this reservoir of ‘potentiality’ that was presenting itself to me in this perhaps altered state of consciousness.

The ‘pattern’ then was put in motion, so to speak, and it would deliver an ongoing scenario, from which I would crystallize sentences that I wrote down as quickly as I could. My hand would cramp often times as I had to write so quickly and yet, I had to put an effort in my handwriting being decipherable by the teacher—which was a major hurdle!

Toward the end of the time allowance, things would turn frantic: an inner battle between still available time and the necessity to complete the task within the deadline. I would succeed unfailingly, guided by an intelligence of a specific sort that I had not known existed within me.

At the point of closure, I would sit in my bench with an empty mind and a right hand hurting from a cramped condition that only slowly was releasing the tension.

Some of my essays were read in front of the class, as examples of how to handle the ‘free theme’ —yet none of the other boys felt inspired and courageous enough to ever make this choice, which is why I remained the only one in class to ever choose the ‘free theme’ for essay writing.

The essay I wrote for the baccalaureate was read in front of the entire school, and the German teacher lauded me.

This was a quite extraordinary start of my writing career, but was never considered as such, neither by my mother nor even myself. Somehow it was only my mother whom I considered as ‘competent’ enough to give me an evaluation of my writing talent, and not any of our teachers. I don’t know why I was thinking that way, it does not make sense to me in

hindsight, but that was part of my codependent relationship with my mother, which distorted my perception and self-perception.

But despite any lack of self-pride, I continued writing so much the more as through a typewriting course book and a typewriter my mother bought me, I was going to find unmatched pleasure in writing, bothered no more by that fact that often times I had been unable to read again what I had written, unable to decipher my own quite impossible script.

I was doing this work diligently, after having done my homework for school, when the other boys would sit in the TV room. I enjoyed the fact that I was always alone in the study room at that time of the day, and could give me whole attention to learning typewriting.

The results were real. I surpassed my mother in ten-finger typing, and that was quite an achievement for my mother had been very fast! This was the first time in my young life that I really got a compliment

from my mother of having achieved something with extraordinary brilliance. She was visibly content about my success! And this skill was going to be most important in my life in later years, when writing on my laptop was going to be an exhilarating experience and a useful asset in my producing more than 100 Paperback books and Kindle books, self-published with Amazon / Createspace / KDP.

Yet my fate was and is strange! I am titled by some people as ‘a prolific self-publisher’ and Google gives me a warm welcome when people search under my name, with some description on the right border of the page of my occupation as a ‘writer.’ Yet I was never finding a publisher.

And that started back in 1997, when, returning from my budding career as a corporate trainer in Indonesia on the request of my mother to help her with managing our business property, I prepared my first essay edition, all still in German language. I actually had not much to do business-wise and thus had a lot

of time left for finalizing that edition and approaching magazines and publishers in Germany.

Yet there was no success, and most of the manuscripts were sent back unopened, or I simply got silence as a reply, and no manuscript back.

Thirteen years later, in 2010, I started translating many of my German essays to English and wrote again to publishers and literary agents, this time in NYC. One literary agent wrote me back:

—I am sorry, but we do not publish laundry lists of old books!

That was enough. I decided to self-publish and first got in touch with iUniverse. I asked two editors if I could really venture into publishing in English, given that I was German, and if my English was good enough? They wrote back that most Americans were unable to write an English like me, with so few typos and style mistakes. They thus encouraged me but because of the relatively high fees, I then started with Amazon / Createspace which was free for the basic

plan but still coming with a small fee for extended distribution which I was willing to pay.

I have now behind me a journey of ten years of self-publishing and can say it was well worth it, despite the fact that two of my books—‘Love or Morality’ and ‘The Deeper Yielding’—had been suppressed from publishing. But overall, publishing with Create-space was a positive experience.

A few months ago, I have basically finalized this journey with the publication of ‘Cambodia, a Portrait’—a photo book featuring the hospitality industry in Cambodia, with photo collections of most of the 5-star hotels, and other businesses. The book has been so welcome by Amazon KDP that I got free editing service included.

I am still in the process of finalizing my autobiographic novel ‘Lorenz C. Schuster & Sons,’ but it shall be published directly into the public domain. The original German version with all real names, I have suppressed from publishing, for it was against

privacy regulations. That's why for the English translation I have made up aliases for all names of family members, and have given the book a title other than 'Autobiography.'

I still have several other book projects, but none of them shall be self-published with Amazon and their audio versions shall be published for free on Audiomack.

So what should I say as a final analysis of my writing career? Well, it is uncanny, and I do not know of anybody else who has done what I have achieved. It was a process of slow and gradual progress, and the final success is not a matter of fame and recognition, as with published authors. It is not financially attractive either. For more than 100 published books I have now around 100\$ royalties per month, which is only a recent peak, as before it was always around 50\$ only, then 70\$, etc.

So in the final count, what primes is my motivation of being useful with my writings!

# ART

## EMERGENCE

Age 30

## MANIFESTATION

It all started in Athens, Greece, when working as a volunteer in *Greek-Hellenic Pre-School Activities*. A colleague in the law institute in Lausanne picked up on my interest to change my entire professional pathway from law to education, and facilitated for me this short work term.

I had been staying with Laura, a German educator working in the same school, who had her house in Maroussi while the Kindergarten was in Kiffisias. And as I narrate it all in my story 'Gérali,' it was in Laura's house that, when being together with Gérali who came for staying the weekend with Laura, that I started my artwork.

Several collections followed, when back in Lausanne, and this journey ended in 1992 as I somehow

lost interest for art after my return to Germany. My interest had switched to music and there and then, in the new house of my mother, I was realizing several piano solo, new age and relaxation music collections.

I took up art seriously only in 2012, when I got an iPad and the Procreate drawing software, and realized a collection. Then I got my iPad stolen, and again focused on music rather than visual art, realizing music collections from 2010, ongoing every year, until 2020.

It was only in 2019 that my non-digital art experienced a tremendous revival, with several collections.

Finally, in August 2020, quite recently thus, I took up digital art again, with the purchase of an iPad Pro. I feel that while for non-digital art, I reached my peak so far with the 2019 collections, and the same is true for digital art with my most recent digital art collections.

It is difficult if not impossible to write anything more about my artwork. It was certainly triggered to emerge with my work on inner child recovery and healing, during my psychotherapy, 1990-1992. It is thus a strong expression of the personality of my *Inner Child*. This is the only thing I can say about it because it is totally spontaneous. There is no planning, there is no judging, there is no performing. It is a joyful emergence each and every time, and takes seconds up to a few minutes for one artwork.

And the therapeutic effect still is there, as it was present during my psychotherapy when the artwork was a parallel engagement of mine, not endorsed but welcome by my psychiatrist. What I call 'therapeutic effect' is a clearly perceived lowering of my overall stress level, slight fatigue, and a relaxation response.

This is the immediate felt sense of it, while about an hour later, it all develops into a heightened state of awareness, a state of inner peace, and the calming of any kind of restlessness. There is also a silent joy.

# LANGUAGES

## EMERGENCE

Age 30

## MANIFESTATION

I was always interested in languages. In high school, I was one of the best in the English class, less brilliant in French, and one of the last in Latin. It was all very much dependent on the personality of the teacher. The Latin teacher was our Sports teacher and had kicked me in the back once, whereupon I went to the doctor and got a certificate that freed me from sports altogether. It was clear that this teacher could not inspire me for the ancient language.

The French teacher was a good-hearted fellow but boring to death, which is why I could not develop enthusiasm for a language I otherwise liked.

With the English teacher it was a special case. He was an introvert but a very good teacher, humble, soft-spoken, and intelligent. He told us he had

worked in a candy factory in Britain for two years and had learnt British English there, which he tried to teach us. It was extremely difficult, but I kept my motivation, which was fueled pretty much by the charming personality of the teacher himself.

He was also the only teacher who somehow got in touch with my mother who came to the boarding only once in eight years. But I think the contact was triggered through the fact that he had invited me to his house and I was too shy to accept his offer, but told the director of the boarding about it, and he must have told my mother. Then to my surprise, as my mother never had anything good to say about teachers, she reacted differently this one time, and told me she had been in touch by phone with him, upon recommendation of the boarding school director. And that she found he was really a ‘nice person’ and had suggested to meet. He would come all the way to the capital and we would meet in a local café.

I was surprised. This did not happen with any other teacher and also my mother's reaction was so different than usual that I wondered how this could happen?

Finally we met and both he and me were terribly shy. Somehow we had in common this timidity, this introvert personality, and perhaps that also I have some gift for education and pedagogy, as he clearly exhibited it as a teacher.

I kept my interest in languages alive over the years, and expanded my knowledge. During my stay in Switzerland, 1983-1992, I got to learn French, not only for conversation and presentations, but also for writing, and audiobook, narration. After all, I had written my doctoral thesis in French, which had not been a minor effort and achievement.

Through my business in Holland, 1994-1996, I learnt Dutch, almost perfectly, both for speaking and writing. Subsequently, my business activities in Indonesia (1996-2002) and Thailand (2011-2012) got

me to speak a decent Bahasa, a less decent Thai; but I definitely had a new interest in Asian languages. To my shame, I must however admit that I never made it through learning Khmer, despite the fact that I stay in Cambodia now since 2004, and thus for 16 years. I learnt a bit from my airport taxi friend, a bit from a maid, a bit from a girlfriend, but I never worked through the book I had purchased, which was, as all of my language learning devices, from Assimil.

Assimil is a unique pedagogy for learning foreign languages, based on our *intuitive understanding* of languages. When we first learn our mother tongue, our brain picks up whole patterns from the language spoken around us. Thus we do not learn separative elements of a language which is the key for fast learning and also the key for not developing an accent. All of this is of course disregarded in traditional language teaching, which is pretty much mechanistic in its overall setup and teaching strategy.

The Bulgarian psychiatrist Dr. Georgi Lozanov wanted to change this state of affairs back in the 1960s and developed *Suggestopedia*. It was a very special way of learning a language, requiring a presenter who by preference is an actor or at least somebody trained in narration. This person would then simply recite texts written in the foreign language and the audience would sit in comfortable arm chairs, equipped with headphones connected to the presenter's mic. They would listen to slow Baroque music and the narration would be synchronized with the rhythm of the music (around 60 beats per minute). The audience is told not to consciously listen to the narration, but to put their attention to the music, so that the narration would be the 'background hiss' to the music.

The method was called *Superlearning* once it was discovered by language schools in the United States, but it never become popular, reserved for diplomats

who need to learn a foreign language in less than two months, which the method allows to achieve.

Assimil may be less effective than *Superlearning* but it is definitely more affordable. I used it for learning the basics of Greek, Chinese, Japanese, and Vietnamese, and for leveling up my Spanish, Italian, Portuguese.

While I have studied the first chapters of the Khmer course in the meantime, my Assimil editions for Russian, Hebrew, Ancient Greek and Latin are so far largely untouched.

## LEGAL ANALYSIS

### EMERGENCE

*Docteur en droit. Age 32.*

### MANIFESTATION

That doctorate in Geneva was a daring idea from the start, but the daring and all the other investment of smart, patience, and last not least money, did not pay back. It was thus a misinvestment, if not a total failure from the point of view of *social success*, but objectively evaluated, a tremendous achievement on the purely academic level! And here I do not mean theory. My thesis work was one of the rare exceptions when a doctoral thesis had very high practical value.

After all, I got this subject for study from my international law professor with the words:

—*Herr Walter*, I have the impression that you put your light under the bushel! While you are the most brilliant in class, but you don't see it. Seriously, you do not see yourself in the right perspective. You are

really lacking self-confidence! Now I will give you a subject with which you can profile yourself, for it is a *difficult* subject. And I am sure you will deliver a perfect result!

I got *summa com laude* for this seminar paper. And as my job search did not result in anything, I got the idea of a doctorate. I first tried to get admitted in Vienna, as *Professor Seidl-Hohenveldern* was encouraging me to apply, but there were no doctoral admissions at that time. So I tried Geneva and called *Professor Christian Dominicé* after having heard he was head of chair of international law. He encouraged me as well and I was getting an admission based on my law diploma and postgraduate studies in *European Law (European Integration)* at my home university. I then met a German lawyer in Geneva who had achieved what I hoped to duplicate: a lawyer's admission at the Geneva bar based upon a doctorate at the Law Faculty of the University of Geneva. He did not give me any illusions, however, telling me that what he had

achieved was clearly the exception and that in the normal case, Swiss Immigration would not grant a work permit, once the student permit had expired.

At that point, back in 1983, I was of course not aware that what he had pointed out was precisely what was going to happen to me four years down the road, in December 1987. Immigration had refused a work permit with the words they had ‘no work permits for German residents.’ And it was despite the fact that I had a valid work offer from one of the most prestigious law firms in Geneva.

But that was not all the negative. While Dominicé seemed to be competent as a thesis supervisor in the beginning, at some point before the public *soutenance* and in preparation of it, he told me honestly that he did not understand my thesis. He suggested therefore to invite *Lady Hazel Fox, Q.C.* from London who was a specialist on my thesis subject. This worked out fine, given the immense academic and social engagements of such a public icon.

After the *soutenance*, Lady Fox came to me and said that she was very angry. Upon my question why, she told me that ‘the Swiss lawyers’ had ‘no idea’ what my thesis was about, incompetent by and large on the subject. That she had proposed a *summa cum laude* and that they had refused to follow.

I was feeling stupid and betrayed. And I did not blame anybody but myself for I have had a wonderful opportunity two years before that, in 1985, when on a postgraduate program at Georgia Law School in Athens, Georgia. The Dean of the Law School had namely told me I was the most brilliant among his law students and that she had ‘a plan’ for me and my professional career. When I was asking, in surprise, what this plan was, she replied:

—It is simple. In one year, you are full professor, in six months, assistant professor at the Chair of International Law. The condition is that you drop the Geneva thesis and put it up here, for a doctoral title from here. Is that acceptable to you?

I did not give a clear answer, feeling moral scruples to scrap the thesis as I had received two *Fulbright Scholarships* for it, one from the Swiss Institute of Comparative Law at Lausanne-Dorigny, and another one from the University of Geneva (via the DAAD in Germany). And last not least also a *Fulbright Travel Grant* for my postgraduate work in the United States.

The perspective of becoming an assistant to Professor Louis B. Sohn, Harvard Emeritus and holder of the Chair of International Law, was very appealing to me. I was working with him already as he had invited me to give him some help with a publication on human rights destined for the United Nations.

But I could not get over my moral scruples and finally returned to Switzerland because of a functional disease and ongoing diarrhea (which was probably a result of my wrong decision-making and constant worries about my professional future).

The thesis was never published as I lacked the funds for it. The quotation from the printing compa-

ny was 13,000 Swiss Francs, of which the law faculty would bear 5,000 as a matter of courtesy, but the rest, who was going to pay for it?

My mother refused and I had no funds. My mother's decision was based upon my refusal to finally accept one surprising work offer when I was already admitted for the doctorate in Geneva. It was from a tax law firm whose office was close to the villa where my mother worked for the media studio. It was a good area of town and the work place was physically appealing. The salary too. But I had no idea of tax law and no interest for it, having specialized on European and International Law. So I refused and my mother got into a tantrum and found the idea of the doctorate 'simply crazy.'

From a realistic perspective of life, my mother had been right, I think today. And the subsequent events around my thesis evaluation showed me that my idealism was misplaced by and large. However, a last chance had presented itself to me and instead of be-

ing grateful for it, I had scrapped that unique opportunity as well. I would have been a professor of international law working jointly with a Harvard emeritus at a very nice university in the United States ...

Instead, real life was looking me in the face. After my return to Germany I was jobless and toured Germany to meet lawyers who would perhaps hire me. I still remember one, who was a noble-born, in a reputed law firm in Munich. He told me to abandon my idea to get a high salary from the start. He told me of a lawyer who was married and had two children, and yet a salary of only 1200 DM. My investigation led me to the insight that a simple one-room studio was already costing 1000 DM per month, thus with such a salary, how could that man get a flat and feed his family?

Academically, regarding my thesis subject, the evidence rules and burden of proof in cases that involve foreign sovereign immunity, there are only two places in the world where lawyers are involved in these

complicated legal matters. They are London and New York. In Europe, there is barely any lawyer who even knows about the subject. Well, with the exception of Professor Dr. Dr. Georg Ress, who had given me that assignment ...

Then back in 2014, I decided to translate the French thesis paper to English and worked it out thoroughly, updating the research. I made a Paperback edition and a Hardcover edition and finally a Kindle edition but those books by and large did not sell. And of all the law professors I had sent the the book to, only the Indian Ambassador in Phnom Penh replied. He invited me for a chat in the embassy, and that was the end of the story.

# DIVINATION PRACTICE

## EMERGENCE

Age 33

## MANIFESTATION

It all started in December 1988, in Geneva. I had been working as an assistant with a Geneva-based criminal lawyer of very high profile, actually the first address in Switzerland for cases that involve high crime, and offenders with a political agenda.

One Saturday night, after work, when it was very cold and foggy, I was on my way to the railway station, for driving back to a little suburb of Lausanne where I had my room, as I could not afford to pay for a flat in Geneva. And I saw a shop window of what seemed to be a *New Age* shop. A *Tarot* card set was catching my attention and I went to buy it, not really sure what had driven me to that decision.

From that time, I diligently studied the Tarot and its symbolism, based on the book by Sally Nichols, a

Jungian scholar: ‘Jung and Tarot.’ I learnt what archetypes are and what Jung called the ‘collective unconscious.’

In 1996, while on business in Rotterdam, Holland, I was invited by a Chinese friend to visit a *New Age* shop there, as I was expressing to him my wish to study the *I Ching*. I found two editions of the *I Ching*, the Barnes translation which is based on the first German translation of the wisdom book, by Richard Wilhelm, and ‘The Book of Changes and the Unchanging Truth’ by Daoist scholar Hua-Ching Ni.

From 2014, I have published several editions of my own *I Ching* interpretation, culminating in ‘The Leadership *I Ching* 2020.’ At the same time I have found a new wording for the *Dao De Ching*, in German language first, a totally intuitive approach to reword the text in a pointed and short diction—which in my opinion is in alignment with the Daoist idea of minimalism in style both in verbal and pictorial ex-

pression. I then translated that intuitive interpretation to English and published the two versions.

In 2015, I found the *Rune Cards* which are based on the Runes, and found that divination is much more precise using them compared to the I Ching. Also, I do not hide my discontentment with the I Ching for divinations that resulted in thousands of dollars in losses.

# BOOK DESIGN AND SELF-PUBLISHING

## EMERGENCE

Age 55

## MANIFESTATION

It all started in 2010, with *Createspace*, Amazon's newly overtaken self-publishing company. From 2010 to 2013, I wrote and published *12 Idiot Guides*, ten in English and two in German, under my pen Pierre F. Walter:

- 1) The Idiot Guide to Consciousness
- 2) The Idiot Guide to Creativity & Career
- 3) The Idiot Guide to Emotions
- 4) The Idiot Guide to Intuition
- 5) The Idiot Guide to Servant Leadership
- 6) The Idiot Guide to Love
- 7) The Idiot Guide to Sanity
- 8) The Idiot Guide to Science
- 9) The Idiot Guide to Soul Power
- 10) The Idiot Guide to Worldpeace
- 11) Wege zur Selbstentfaltung
- 12) Wege zum Weltfrieden

These were voluminous samplers of essays written previously, with a full index of audio and video content supporting the textual message.

The reaction of the audience was zero. Nothing sold. No attention grabbed. The fact that they were for sale on Amazon.com and online retailers did not alter this fact. I then wrote 7 Monographs:

- 1) Do You Love Einstein?
- 2) Energy Science and Vibrational Healing
- 3) Erós and Agapé
- 4) The Life Authoring Manual
- 5) Love and Awareness
- 6) Love or Morality?
- 7) The Deeper Yielding

These were my primer works. But nothing was sold. In 2014, I made a radical decision to unpublish all these books again and republish them differently, and under my real name.

From 2014 to 2020 I published *12 Monographs*, *10 Essays on Law, Policy and Psychiatry*, and *21 Scholarly Articles*:

## THE CREATIVE SELF

- 1) Creative-C Learning
- 2) Evidence and Burden of Proof in Foreign Sovereign Immunity Litigation
- 3) Evidence and Burden of Proof under the Foreign Sovereign Immunities Act, 1976
- 4) Integrate Your Emotions
- 5) Shamanic Wisdom Meets the Western Mind
- 6) The 12 Angular Points of Social Justice and Peace
- 7) The Better Life
- 8) The Energy Nature of Human Emotions and Sexual Attraction
- 9) The Leadership I Ching
- 10) The Narcissism Reader
- 11) The Tao Te Ching
- 12) The Vibrant Nature of Life

In addition, I published 14 books in German language:

- 1) Dao De Ging
- 2) Das Dao der Staatsführung und Strategie (Huainanse)
- 3) Dramatische Schriften
- 4) Essays
- 5) Die Ersten Dreißig Jahre (Autobiographie)
- 6) Liebe und Philosophie
- 7) Das Buch Monelle (Deutsche Übersetzung von 'Monelle' von Marcel Schwob)
- 8) Novelletten
- 9) Ödipus Suite
- 10) Pamphlete und Philosophie in Kleinen Bissen

11) Poesiealbum

12) Romane

13) Wahre Geschichten

14) Mehr als Kindersex

In French language, I published my French essays and some poetic writings, like ‘Anissia.’ There were also some translations to Italian and some to Spanish, actually more than a dozen to Italian that I published on a dedicated site.

In October 2020, given my health problems, I decided to publish a free *Public Domain Edition*, consisting of an entry gate and a number of sites, all on Wordpress.com, thus free. The entry gate is:

<https://peterfritzwalter.wordpress.com>

It turns out to be a gigantic kind of work, with 30+ connected sites and free PDF editions of 115 books and 43 essays in English language alone, not to count those in German, French, Italian and Spanish. Then there are 60+ audiobooks to publish on *Audiomack* (audiomack.com) and dozens of videos to publish on *Youtube*.

I am currently in the process of canceling all paid subscriptions, including the one with *SoundCloud* (soundcloud.com) that came as a surprise as I had thought it was a free site. But it is not from a certain number of submissions and thus I will have to move a lot of content from there to *Audiomack*, which is really free.

Further, I will give up hosting next year, when my present hosting contract expires, and will until then redirect the hosted sites to the free sites. It was an astonishingly lucid insight to see that I really *do not need it all*, including the ‘business’ email addresses, as I am using anyway only my Gmail ones in my daily exchanges.

The *Public Domain Edition* is what will keep me busy for the next six months or so, in terms of Internet work, while I will continue with my spontaneous artwork, and a new project for combining my art and musical improvisations, to publish next year in the form of videos.

# NARRATION AND AUDIOBOOK PRODUCTION

## EMERGENCE

Age 60

## MANIFESTATION

Narration was one of my early talents. I would not have thought that one day I was going to be a professional narrator, and make some money from this kind of work.

It all started in 2015 with publishing for Audible through ACX ([acx.com](http://acx.com)), while I have been publishing audiobooks before.

However, the audio files of those books were hosted on one of my paid hosting sites, and thus will have to be published on a free platform such as *Audiomack* ([audiomack.com](http://audiomack.com)).

Some of them I published with *SoundCloud* ([soundcloud.com](http://soundcloud.com)), but as the site is not free, I will have to move this content equally to Audiomack.

I am currently in the process of publishing both the old and the new audiobooks in the public domain.