



December 13, 2009 marks Luc Sala's sixtieth birthday. Time for an evaluation, looking back at what happened and what was learned. More than a status quo report, this essay sums up the main events, insights, one-liners, poems and stories of a media-entrepreneur with a mystical core and a fascination for what information really means and how it is related to magic, the psyche and the divine.

A bit is only information if it bytes

Luc Sala - 60 jaar - A bit is only information if it bytes

Luc Sala

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Luc Sala

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*Who am I but my friends in me
Who are they but the Friend in me.
Then what about my enemy?
Who is he?
Who is she?
in me?*

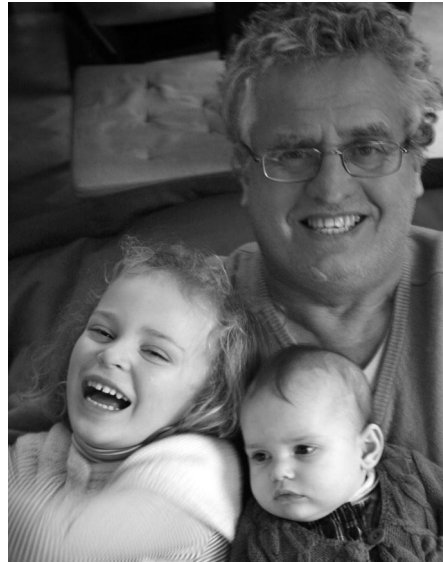
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December 13, 2009 marks my sixtieth birthday. Time to asses, evaluate, look back and make plans for the autumn of my life. This last year has been a turning point in many ways, as I have moved for at least 4 months a year to Germany in a new place, while at the same time saying goodbye to my business location for 20 years, wrapped up the remains of my small business empire, let go of most of my staff and prepared for this new life, away from Amsterdam and the immediate family, to be engaged with Agnès in what is a wonderful villa and small spiritual workshop and conference center. It doesn't sound nice, but it feels like the place where I will die eventually, the place where I will spend the next 10, 15, 20 years of my life. It feels good, breaths space, luxury and has many opportunities, including running it as a B&B if money runs out. The energy of the house is supportive, even magically so, whatever we need shows up, there are no major problems with the installations so far, everything turns out to be excellent quality and well maintained, even if a bit out of date. The house, from 1953, has a history and there is the notion that the place has maybe deep under the surface, another purpose, an agenda of its own.

This new place brings together not only my material possessions, my archives, hard drives, server and the art and objects I have amassed indeed over the last thirty years, but in fact many aspects of my life, my businesses, media activities and spiritual endeavors. So it feels appropriate to take stock of where I am now, how I got there and what seems to be the general course so far and in the foreseeable future. Turning 60 is a good moment to take stock of my life, who I am, what drives me, the essential and perennial questions about purpose, goals, existence, expectations and frustrations.

I have had a generally exciting and happy life, I feel a lucky man. Great people along the road, kids that have landed safely and inspired, grandchildren, partners that have given me what I needed and more. I have little complaints, no need to blame anybody or anything, but there is an innate need to grow, to develop, to experience, to move. Some would call me restless, others energetic, and I definitely am a seeker, of experiences, contacts, people, the truth, God and that quest of course boils down to seeking one self, the inner core of what I am.



*With my grandchildren,
Lotte and Isabelle (dec 2009)*

Sam's koan

Who let the sun in

Final

*Death is when we remember that we're not alone
And so is life
And love*

To die for the light

*The secret of life is death
it has many names
it carries many fears
it comes in many forms
the sacred one is to surrender
to lighten the light
in dying for it
for the secret of death is life*

Aim

*In stating the goals of life
one can make endless list
about dreams of happiness
and the pursuit of wisdom
In the end
one is only left with humbleness
and the being in soul
Nothing exceeds living in the shadow of God's love.*

Doubt

*Fighting the holy fight
loving the holy love
tripping the holy trip
How can we doubt
that there is direction
that our guidance is guided
that our struggle is worth it
even when
doubting the holy doubt
sinning the holy sin
and living the unholy life*

A clean slate

In my 60 years I have gathered a lot of stuff, not only in the material sense, I am real hunter-gatherer of stuff that lies unused in the cellar, but I have an enormous amount of stories, anecdotes, accounts, insights, one-liners and notions that I have aggregated over time. I could call them memories, but I fear that my filtering and projections, and restating and repeating them over time have turned them into a bag full of tapes. Amusing, insightful, sometimes boring, useful to break

the silence, attract attention and impress the innocent, but also an impediment. I am a storyteller, a raconteur, but when the stories get dusty and less acute, less in the now and less relevant, it's time to let go. When I started with my television career, I looked up at people like Terence McKenna who could fill hours and still keep the audience captivated. Being in front of a camera, I guess I must have filled some 400 hours with monologues and thousands with interviews (and that stuff was repeated 8 times during a day of Kleurnet TV). I got the knack of just going on, talking and talking. Some of it made sense, looking back on what's on Youtube and on

mindlift.tv I am amazed sometimes about what I say, but I notice the routine and the repetition. Not only in myself, many older "luminaries" just run tapes and once you notice that, it becomes boring.

So this essay is a kind of cleaning exercise, trying to write down the stories, trying to discern the coherence in what I think I remember, explain the connections between my various activities, avocations and interests. By writing them down, I hope I can break away from this mental luggage and refind some freshness, the sense of wonder that a child has, without the lifelong memory trail that so easily becomes a nasty and debilitating shadow of the past. It's absurd to talk about a new start, I am what I am, but letting go of the old stuff might bring new perspectives. Cleaning my house, in other words, as one



Luc and sister Cinthe (1950)



1955

Mount Tamalpais

*Between me and the mountain
only God knows
how much I need him
The mountain is but another mirror
of the same longing
equally unable to express itself
but in the being, praising out loud, silently.
Between me and the mountain
only God to enjoy*

Love at arm's length

*For those who don't know
For those that don't feel
For those who are not
Them I can love
Unconditionally*



Fraternity Opus 9 (1969)



The kids Sala; Luc, Vincent, Cinthe and Berthu

dreadful perspectives is becoming an old man, endlessly repeating the same old stories. Even as I am settling down in some way, I like to live in the now and the future rather than the past. A future with less "if only" and more open to what comes my way.

Changing tracks, reinventing oneself is what most of us dream about and that's a tough act for we live in a world we shape and shaped ourselves. Undoing that and coming closer to the inherent substratum in each one of us is the path and the ultimate goal of creation. Letting go of all conditioning and coming home to oneself, the Atman or innermost Self, the divine core, stripped of all egoic tendencies. I like this "thou are that/ tat tvam asi" (from the Chandogya Upanishad) where I interpret "that" as the ultimate reality as well as the perceived world; you are what you perceive. I know that the real important events and drama's in my life were my own doing, but how do you get rid of this self perceived and often self-created reality image? Looking at oneself, being

oneself, I like to play a bit with Shakespeare's Hamlet "to be or not to be that, is the question," in the first renderings (Quarto's) of the Hamlet text it even reads "to be or not to be I there's the point".

I have, at times, experienced that egoless state and like to come back to that experience. I know it requires letting go of all beliefs and attachments, and this is at least an attempt to write them down. Maybe I should then burn it, for a clean slate has no need for a book or a website.



Themes

There are a few recurrent themes that emerged in my life so far and for me paste together all those activities, plans, productions and searches.

- I am not angry with God, there is perfection
- Between me and the mountain, there is but God to enjoy
- I am only different as I have not yet learnt to be the same
- The inner child is different from the mask (personality)
- Both inner child and personality have more layers, the inner child has a divine core (Atman) but also layers of defense and woundedness
- Our life's task and path is undoing the programming and returning to the inner child or true self
- Healing, magic and true mysticism is only possible when we can connect with that inner self
- Much of psychotherapy doesn't reach the inner child; it just modifies the mask and in fact limits the possibilities to connect with the inner child
- The divine Trinity is transcendent, immanence and emanating
- We are equal to angels, demons and UFO's just operate in another dimension
- Everything is magical, the hard reality of daily life and what we see as the physical world is just a subset.
- All is resonance, all is magic, tangible reality and physics is a subset of the magic-all
- Resonance is the secret of existence and the root of magic, correspondences are resonances of form, frequency (time), ideas, they are interdimensional communications or links
- All events are influenced by their "future-tail"; evolution is remembering the future
- We can know everything, at a price
- The sun and planets play a role in a cosmic drama that centers on consciousness
- Gold (or a gold isotope) has effective roots or connections in other dimensions
- Fire is a major force in our life and evolution and deserves more appreciation (Agni)
- The mystical (and thus the religions) comes in at least seven flavors, related to the chakras
- Health, food, digestion is quite different from intake. You are what you digest, not what you eat

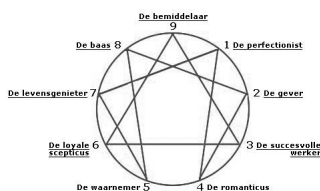
I am not alone

The faith or should I say deep certainty that developed, mostly since some fundamental experiences I had in the summer of 1989 is that I am not alone, that the universe or God has a purpose for all and everything, that there is direction and meaning in the creation. I am a man of God, and that started in the spring of 1989 as a Tarot Reader in the Village told me my life would change and I would become a spiritual seeker. She was right, that did happen, the "other world" opened up for me, in such abundance and persistency that I cannot see myself as anything but a believer, I feel guided and protected, the love of the universe that I call God is in me. The sequence of events and signs following that soothsaying were a true "Mene, mene, tekel, ufarsin", God's warning I perceived as telling me to change my life, which I did. I went back home and then set out to seek the truth, the other world, the divine. The quest seeking the something I felt was there, took me to places and experiences like the high desert, full-moon Pele volcano diving in the Hawaiian ocean and Californian new age culture. I did peak with a first mystical peak experience in Esalen, but in fact was a process that took months of travelling, experiencing and introspection.

Of course the funny thing is that my daily life, the way I behave, deal with myself and others has, on the surface, not changed very much since that realization and that whole year of awakening. Obviously the imprint I got in my early years has remained, my bossy nature (I am an enneagram 8) and black and white approach to people remained, I don't think I became a nicer person, in fact my scenario and behavior hardly changed. I felt happy before and after, maybe the feeling that I am not alone, that I am guided (and I think there are different levels of guiding) has made me more confident, less insecure. The triggers that excite me, the worries, the fascination with money and productivity, the panic I experience, it is all still there. The difference is that I have some notion from where it comes, I can see for instance that with too much pressure I will revert to my child mode, where emotions are more important than rationality or intelligence and I will easily panic.

Opposite is a listing of the main themes in my work, the things I identify with or indicate some understanding or insight that came to me. For most of these themes there are numerous web pages, they pop up in my poems, books, articles, TV-interviews and video productions, but I try to bring them here together, to more clearly discern the underlying path and common denominators. All together I have created an enormous mountain of data, this is an attempt to pick the more important from the amassed material, the real gems that have meaning for me, and maybe for others.

But I will still panic and for instance in sweat lodges go bananas, believe I will suffocate and fight my way out like a madman. Obviously the incidents that caused this trigger-response go much deeper than some cerebral notion of divine guidance, it's basic survival instinct, probably related to some drowning experience as a child (I remember such an event) and maybe birth-trauma.



Incantation to the moon

Come out in the light
own your darkness
own your anger
own your sadness
own your joy
own your reflections
show me your soul
then speak and be my truth
come live and be my love
alive, forever young
a life, forever new

Sad Eyes

Is there an ocean
deeper than your eyes
are there shores
more beautiful
even when the tides of time
have left their traces,
honouring you
for what you have seen

Little Light

When you have the gift
to accept the energy of others
your path will always be lighted

Stillness

Is there a place to go, a time to be, a God
to see
in us
Is there a song to sing, a heart to feel, a
child to heal
in us
Being still to listen
to the world
in us
We can hear the echo's
of the soul, the heart, the child, the song, the God
in us



Parents: Jan Sala and
Cis van Noort 1947



Leiden, Lammenschansweg
House of parents

Significant experiences

There are of course many memories, in my personal life, my business career, my childhood, education and love-life. I was the oldest son and second child of four (and a couple of babies and pregnancies, there was a rhesus-factor that influenced my two younger brothers) in an somewhat intellectual family, my father being a patent-attorney and engineer from Delft, my mother a teacher and columnist, but mostly housewife as was normal in those days. We were not rich, but well-to-do, money never was a problem, but there was this post-war frugality, and always some food stored away. My sister left home relatively early, having a lover from a different faith, quite a thing in those days. The family has always been fairly close together, a strong sense of having to fend off the outside and care for each other. Taking care of our own! This has led me to hire, later in life, my two younger brothers and although this was done to help them out at difficult times and their efforts and talents are (now, maybe less at the time) recognized and appreciated, maybe it wasn't really in their or my best interest. Similarly I have hired my daughter to work in the publishing business and although she turned out to be very effective, maybe having a career on her own would have been better. But then, this might be family karma, my two sons started a game company together and are doing well.

I used to think my parents were rational and uncaring people, but slowly began to see how they themselves struggled with notably war-trauma's and how they tried to protect their children the best they could. . They were part of a rational post-war rebuilding era, their attitude towards affection and sex was very catholic but not unkind, they kind of followed what the party-line was in those days. Not very warm people, my father had two sides, he was at times rather violent but could be a charming story teller also. I shared the last months of his life, and he died in my and my sister's arms. My mother ended with serious dementia, I regret I wasn't with her in the end and envy my brother Berthu for his empathic talent with her. She was older than my father and had had a pre-war career and travelled a bit before the war. She had two faces at least. During the war her family collaborated with the Germans (NSB) and that was a serious thing, but I found this out myself only in my forties, a kind of family secret. It was never talked about, and as my father had a tiny bit of Jewish blood and more the looks and served in the English army at the end of the war, the marriage was a complex deal, a mixture of love, cover and escape. I suspect that the war-history of my parents had far more influence on their behavior, their obedience towards church and the system than we as children realized. Things like choice of school, their obedience towards the church (grandfather paid up handsomely to help rebuild a neighbourhood church), the attitude of teachers towards us, I never knew why this happened? The sometimes nasty and unjust revenge some so-called war-heroes took out on me and my brothers was incomprehensible for me, I felt I was punished but for what? This has led to a situation, where I had to change schools at the age of fourteen, my father sent me to a factory where I worked two months as a blacksmith's helper. Quite an experience, working class folks, mocking me as they realized my status; my father knew the factory boss. Luckily the new school, a place for rich kids with problems, had great and seasoned teachers, a different atmosphere altogether. I finished school without further problems, always just

Chief (at a Lakota initiation at Sitting Bull Camp Amstelveen)

Maybe you like the Indian chief in me
his strength, wisdom, posture
However, the real task of a chief is to carry, to lead in not leading
to be of service
so who is it you are longing for inside
you are the chief
I am just holding the mirror
so you can see the thousand faces
of yourself
in me

Little moments

A hand, a little music
a pause in our seeing
a pause in our being
only remembered
when it is too late
to forget about time.



1972 married Marjan

making it, and the same for university. I always came out the right side of the dividing line, but only just so. Not a nice kid, I suspect, notably in communities like sports clubs (mostly sailing, my hobby throughout life) and fraternities; I deviated, didn't buy the party line, was too original and threatening. It's something that I see through all my life and career, too much individuality, too much originality and a nasty drive to be better than the next guy. Not a group person in that sense, colleagues and leaders either despised or recognized me; usually I had some protector at a high level who liked my style.



HBS; Luc, Dezentje, Jan Meijerink 1967

I lived with and married Marjan early in my twenties, after a short stint in the army (got out with S5) and lazily got through university, got my Ir. degree in Physics in Delft and then an additional BBA from Rotterdam, as I realized physics wasn't exactly where my talents were, I wanted to go broader, and more commercial. Marjan and I have three children and probably due to her good care they all turned out Ok, maybe a bit too ambitious, but that seems to be the family karma. I sometimes feel we are a family of workaholics, but that also has its advantages. I could always count on my kids, my brothers and Marjan to help me with crazy business ventures, party's, moving, a real clan feeling. Family is a strange thing, it runs in your blood. When my daughter Kathelijne had her first kid, my grandchild Lotte, I felt relieved from some kind of burden, the responsibility to take care of the DNA was lifted from me, a new generation took care of that. It was a strange, physical experience, not a mental one.

In my business career I worked for Avery-Fasson, Bruynzeel and Philips and was basically sacked from all three, in the kind way of those days, so after Philips I struck out on my own with a nice handout. The top Philips HR person, who hired me, told me afterwards that they had recognized my talent to shake the trees, and used me to liven up a somewhat stagnant division. After that I didn't want to work for a boss anymore, a common story for obnoxious achievers like me. I was trained very well to become an entrepreneur, but started out as a journalist, then became an independent publisher and media entrepreneur, with some success. I published computer magazines, wrote computer books, organized shows, later turned my eye to internet and television, started business in adjacent fields like digital content libraries, and used computer trading that turned into a computer shop (BCE) and generally was a fairly square bloke till about 39, I even was a member of the Christian Democratic Party CDA and a candidate for the Euro-parliament (very low on the list though). After my 39th I ventured towards the more esoteric with brain machines, hypnotic tapes, magic wands and new edge stuff after I realized that there is more than the hard 'normal' reality.

Wounded Heart

God, when I feel different
when I feel better
when I feel wiser
just know that then I need your grace
So remind me,
that the grass grows
and the sun shines
and my wounded heart fights dirty

Future Lights

What holds us in its hands
Is future, past and present
at a moments notice
our light is gone
our flame blown out
But even then there is hope
we hold it in our hearts
we can lighten the light
from within



1970 The military Giel Haagen



TH Delft 1975 Fysische Technologie lab

As my career has been mostly in bits and bytes, in the field of ICT and information technology, I early on realized that computers could do more than manipulate alphanumerical data. Beyond text and numbers, the only thing computers could do when I studied, I saw pictures, speech, video and interaction. When virtual reality came along in the late eighties I believed this to be the breakthrough, not only to immersive visualization of buildings, games etc. but towards effective mindware, something Bruce Ehrlich/Eisner envisioned as the ultimate psychological use of the computer. But then the internet arrived, for me that hit me via John Perry Barlow at the 1993 New Edge conference in Amsterdam I put together. It dawned upon me that data and information were not the same, that the internet would become a mountain of data and that information would be harder and harder to find. The yield per click would go down asymptotically, and that is exactly what happened and caused the bursting of the first internet bubble. I still believe that there is a great future for psycho-active software, bridging together psychology, visualization, interaction and communication. We now all see data (and therefore much of the reality) the way Bill Gates and Windows (and they just followed Xerox Parc and Apple) force us to see them, but it certainly isn't the only way to deal with data and filter/extract/converse them into information.



Philips 1980 Geesteskinderen

I already mentioned the kind of mystical experience I had in 1989, the most significant of a series of awakening calls and insights that year happened at a rock in the Pacific near Esalen in Big Sur, Ca. After a week of Zen meditation with Eli Jaxon-Bear and GangaJi I went out to climb this rock in the sea, took a stone and a chisel to work on my projections, chipping off pieces for everybody I disliked or hated. I then went into a kind of mystical state, saw my life unfold in all its perfection, became the experience, lost the experimenter, in short the unitive experience. Although I thought this was a very private experience, when I met Gangaji in Amsterdam in March 2008 (and never met her in between) she told me that she remembered me well, for I was the guy on the rock, it turned out the whole group kind of watched me sitting there without me knowing it. The mystical experience did repeat itself, although less intense and reinforced this total change in my belief system. Not an easy process, going from very rational physics education to the



Esalen, my little rock of unio mystica

Time is a mortal thing

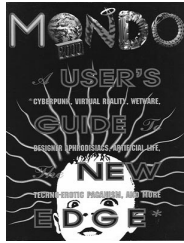
*I wander
seeking the truth in my soul
staggering and falling
the miracle is always one step away
one inner door only leads to the next one
the unfolding directedness
becomes manifest when looking back,
love only admitted in the rear mirror.
Is the path really heaven?
I wonder, maybe I live the wrong way around*

Crying

*I don't need another prison
reminding me of my failures
but if we can break down
the prisons inside
a new day
happened
just now*



1974 Kathelijne



loose reality of the new age seeker and slowly a notion of immanent perfection took hold.

I had never taken any psychedelic, maybe a puff of hash when I was sixteen, I never smoked and although not against alcohol, just didn't really liked wine and such. So when I, in the last half of 1989 got involved with the new age thinking and the California crowd via the Mondo 2000 magazine, which I helped fund a bit, I got in touch with the likes of Tim Leary, Terence McKenna, Sasha Shulgin, RUSirius, the psychedelic flagbearers of the time.

My first psychedelic experience, with the help of a knowledgeable and wise body worker, was like an initiation, very carefully guided. She used a mix of substances, there was a lot of body contact and affection, in fact it was done the way I still believe these sacred drugs, as my great friend and role model Albert Hofmann called them, should be used. As a ritual, an initiation, without pressure, letting the inner child come out and play. Set, setting and intent are what matters, going up high is easy, but coming down is more important, retaining the deep messages and insight is what makes a trip worthwhile. In that first trip I experienced, that the inner world one enters, the inner cosmos that is so close to the whole of the outer one, is the same whether it comes from psychedelic substances or is what some would call a genuine mystical experience. I actually think that yoga, fasting, love, isolation, astrological occurrences, fever, pain, psychotherapeutic work, shamanistic and other rituals, are opening some inner channels in the same way psychedelics do. Releasing our armor, getting closer to the deep self or inner child, becoming aware of our projections and woundedness and beyond that this sense of oneness, how can I deny that I am what I am. I have since those days now 20 years ago, had many psychedelic experiences, but also spontaneous mystical moments and got used to finding my way in that other world, that reality beyond, the hell and the heaven inside me. It has given me great insights, some of them are mentioned in this essay, others can be found in all those articles and ebooks and webpages I generated, my digital past so to say, my cyberspace storage or digital cemetery. I now value psychedelics, and was lucky (my



Sasha Shulgin



Barlow, Leary, Sala, Vinkenoog (1990)

birth name Lucius -light- actually comes from the Nordic God Lug and the word luck derives from there) to live in a country where some psychedelics were and are still legal, I could even write books about them (my Paddo book is about magic mushrooms). The psimatrix I developed lists the characteristics and properties of the most common substances (and alcohol). I don't think it's a good idea to sell these substances publicly, they easily turn into street drugs, are criminalized and

Direction

*Is there direction
or do we just follow the river of life
as it runs its course
Can we paddle a little
or can we just look back
and realise
the wake of our boat
was inevitable anyway
It never goes against the current
The lesson is,
whatever we do
we cannot go against the stream*



1976 Tomas and Kathelijne

Silence

*There are inspirations in the mind
fruits of the soul
waves of the heart
too light to be put in words
too heavy to escape
but for Him to hear
to take back
what is His.*



Birth Michiel 1979

Love

*Life is more than love,
but is then love less than life?
My answer is that the one
cannot be without the other,
and both are part of the celestial
unity.*

*What was under the stars
not a timebound itch of the soul
As it was, it is.*

*The now expanded friendship felt as destiny
The Friend in us awakened.
You, me, there is no goodbye,
just the happiness
and gratefulness
of the now.*

desacralized and loose the power of enchantment, of guiding the user through their inner world of wonder and discovery.

In 1995 I got involved, due to my obsession with the confusion between data and information with the privatization of the Amsterdam cable network. I had written many articles against liberalization and privatization, as I realized early on the impact and consequences of the AT&T and IBM consent decrees by Judge Harold Greene and the split-up of Ma Bell in 1984. The sale of the Amsterdam cable network was a major step in the so-called liberalization process of transmission media and had a worldwide impact (it was the beginning of the UPC empire). I opposed it vehemently with a referendum initiative. It never reached the ballot, but has some impact on the deal. My point was that the digital backbone of a city should not be in the hands of a private monopoly, but in those days the politicians knew nothing about digital, internet, email, etc. and just saw the money. I then decided to use the new media in a way to prove how important they could be and started a private television channel, first called Myster, later Kleurnet (Colornet) to cater for the growing minorities in Amsterdam. My television station lasted till September 2001. For 5 years television making was my main occupation, I still don't know how my other companies and publishing survived that period, they did probably thanks to the people working there. Those years of very intense interviewing, editing and usually working deep into the night honed not only my qualities as television maker, but became a kind of mystical endeavour. My studio was a monk's cell, where I had to work but also to trust, as producing three hours of television each day was an act of faith. I felt like a beggar, each day God had to send me some new items, news or people to interview. I could not really plan anymore, I had to rely on providence. When the whole thing ended, I was in some ways exhausted, my money ran out and my health too, I developed a serious rheumatic condition, at times I had to use a wheelchair.

The Kumba Mela of January 2001 in Alahabad, India was another moment of realization, especially as the morning sun after one of the mass dips came up. It felt like Krishna revealed himself and the perfection of everything. Each and every one of the millions present had an essential role in the whole; beggars, guru's, naga's, even the last molecule of the sand under my feet shared in the perfection.

I have of course travelled a lot, both professionally and as a seeker of truth (and experiences). There were always moments that kind of etched my soul, memories that might not be true, but stuck in my system. Tibet, China, India, Rishikesh, Pele, Varanassi, Mount Tamalpais, Nepal, Nagarkot, California HW1, Vegas, Death valley, Japan, the Arabian Desert, Cairo, Santa Fe Indian corndance, Firedance, Ruigoord festivals, Rainbow gatherings, often there are deep insights I retained, poetry lines that make me remember those moments.



Fall

The clouds, so full with rain
play joyfull with the sun
their game of light is not for me
but for itself
and thus for all of us
I watch and feel
the tyranny of change
so far away, so utterly beyond.
Those clouds
are maybe just the hands of God
his game of light
for them and thus for all of me
The blue sky is in all of us
These clouds of separation
are they so different?

Please

Don't talk
Don't think
Don't move
just go your way
anew
now



(1982)



With my sons, Tomas and Michiel

(2006)

People

I have had great teachers as I have met so many nice and caring people, some famous, some just real. Because of the Mondo 2000, the Ego2000 magazines and my television years of Kleurnet (basically all through the nineties) I have met and interviewed so many of the world's great teachers, spirituals leaders, writers and artists, that their messages and insights have kind of blurred into an amalgam of my own. A very few have really impressed me, notably Albert Hofmann, a visit to his house in Berg was one of the most happy days of my life. He was real, even at that time already being 96 (he reached 102 in good spirits), like a child he showed his flowers and garden, talked about light and how inspiring the young generation was. Seeing him I kind of understood that the secret of a happy and worthwhile life is to refind, release, rekindle your inner child. Balancing mask/personality and inner child, accepting they are both essential parts, Albert changed my life and not because of the LSD, but because he was himself. Not many people I have met like that, the so-called enlightened ones or holy teachers usually hide behind their mask. I don't really care how crazy, pervert or frustrated someone is inside, what I appreciate is someone who doesn't pretend, doesn't hide, just is who he or she is. Now this is not to say that I do not see how important these teachers and guru's are, the way they have developed their personality by itself can be an inspiration. Brother David Steindl-Rast is one of the people who showed me that it is possible to be even-keeled, magnanimous and loving, and there are many others. The combination of a well developed and matured personality and a released and free inner child is rarer, I see it more often in artists like O and in people living in the shadow. The have-nots often have what others envy and seek; happiness and detachment.

A special group of people in my life are of course my lovers, whether I consummated it in the carnal is not so important. There have been a number of people who have so deeply affected my life and helped me to grow that it would be unkind to forget even a single one. Let me say that they were and are important, I still love them and one of my dreams is to live with all of them, and as our years pass by, this becomes less and less unrealistic. They were and are great people, and slowly I realize what their gifts were, why we had to meet, why no relationship is accidental.

I have met many people in my life and, also because of my media work, had rather intensive and sometimes intimate contact with them. This is part of my scenario. Even as I admit I am a kind of sociopath, with a compulsive need to meet people, to be respected or at least noticed, I also see that this has to do with my efforts to understand personality, personality typing and the way we develop from child to mask. Travelling, meeting people, being a media-person obviously had to do with my life's blueprints, as it allowed me to see many people. I could compare them, gauge them and see the resemblances and differences, with myself as the yardstick of course. In every meeting you meet part of yourself, you see yourself or your projection in others. So meeting many I had the opportunity to learn a lot about myself. And slowly I began to see, that we are all alike, that I am not different or better.



*Brother David
Steindl-Rast*

Finding

O, God, how far do I have to go
to grasp the closeness of your heart in mine
How deep do I have to probe and search
to feel the perfection of your body in mine
How hard do I have to beat the drums
before I hear your music in my ears
Yet you are in the going, searching and drumming
so your grace is with me

Humbleness

People, ideas, inventions
aren't they like the strands of a rope
what seems new or bright or special
is nothing but another twine surfacing
each in turn showing itself
The connectedness of the rope
gives the meaning
The spirit flows in all
no less in the ones inside
All are essential.

Silken elegance

(Amsterdam June '94)

I like your ease
your silken elegance
your soft moves
But I love
your smell of sweat
your stink of fear
your body's anger
as they remind me of me
and the love I hide
by all means
but comes out through the cracks

Stealth

Take my love
when I am not looking
as giving it
is too painful



Vic Sharfman in USA

Scenario; Experience

One of the main questions in life is why am I here, what is the great purpose, the plan, the scenario? Can the game plan be discerned, even accepting that the true and deep meaning will remain a closed book till I die? Looking back and with the help of Albert's reality probe I gradually began to see that the failures and successes in my life had a lot to do with experience. Life unfolds as a great lesson and I am both the student and the teacher's assistant in that I will cause changes to occur. Like my career changes, they turned out to provide new environments and lessons and eventually forced me to strike out on my own and find my calling as entrepreneur. Likewise my friendships and relationships, that at face value are a string of failures, can also be seen as a great quest to find myself as manifest in these relationships, as teachings in humanity and humbleness. Especially my illnesses, I had serious bouts of sarcoidosis, a kind of rheumatic condition that incapacitated me for months, have given me the greatest understanding of how I relate to the world and how my body (and I suppose everybody's) reacts to moods, energies, food and breath. Those were painful crash courses in yoga, energy work and relationships, and I would not have missed them, not only in retrospect, but in between the pain and fever there were moments of clarity, unity and lucidity that were divine. In the deepest dark the light becomes so clear and evident, I was very close to my inner self, to the divine spark inside in those days, I remember those incidents more clearly than the pain, the ag-



India (2004)

Change

*Growing is more and less than change
Accept and see and feel the comfort of perfection
in the evolving process,
taking away the stumbling blocks
by accepting what is
matching our real needs
making the enemy inside our dearest friend*

Simple

*Give me the grace of simple happiness
where the joy of being
does not transcend
the beauty of the mountain
the smile of the flowers
and the gentle breeze
where the now of love
doesn't outgrow
the beat of my heart
the reach of my hands
and the sweetness
of finding You
in my company*

Cosmos

*When tears of happiness
are fighting the smile within
the moon of my body
pushes the sun around me
and the Friend speaks.
But then, darkness comes
loosing the touch, there is the dry sobbing of my soul,
alone in an ocean of separation.
Frantically trying to be
like the water in the water
like the octopus
in fluid friendship to my world
I am lost in the vast universe
Where is the Friend?*



China and Tibet with Tomas



S. Seiler, W. Pieper

ony, the struggle to even lift a hand or turn around in the bed. The theoretical concepts, like that life is a lesson, reality the gift to bring truth to light, the necessary shadow of God's love, have become inner certainties.

Life so far has been a rollercoaster ride, working, creating, travelling, meeting with maybe a little bit too much emphasis on producing and soliciting respect in various ways, but what a journey!! It feels that after a long period of total ignorance about what really mat-

ters, up till my 39-th year, I from then on have climbed a ladder to the heavens, slow but with noticeable progress. And heaven turned out to be now, the inside of me, as it is from there (not even from a me or a self) that my world is created, every moment that I am willing to let go of any notion about myself or my ego.

It now feels that my quest, at first focussed on the material and apparent, later looking for the deeper meaning and connections, comes from a scenario that centers around "experience". Every time my life would become a routine something would happen (and I take responsibility for that) that would change things, often dramatically. Even those character-traits that would get me into trouble, with bosses, authorities and those close to me; in that light they were useful tools to keep me going, opening new vista's of experience and thus learning.

When I look at the way I (often regretted) behave and have behaved towards people I can see that there is some efficacy there, there is a consistent approach that works and yields results that seem to give me what I want, on a deeper level. My confrontational and obtrusive, sometimes obnoxious behaviour doesn't make me many friends among ordinary people and that has cost me dearly (in business as well as in life). It does help, however, to filter out those who can stand up and be counted. I have my headlights on, and when meeting others most cannot stand it, but those who do and turn on their headlights in response, we can have fun and great things evolve.



Joel Farb

Wisdom is not knowing

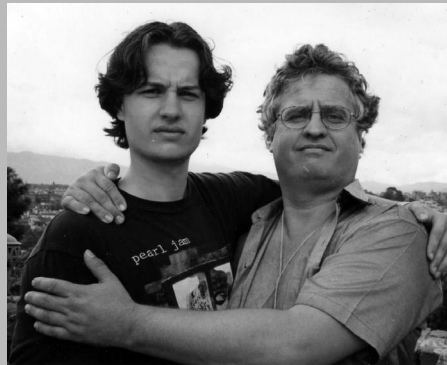
Mannheim June '94

How can it be found in the world
How can it not be found in the world
How can it be given
How can it be received
as it is
Knowing wants to be free
a connection in the soul
no separation
no knowers, no known
just stillness
not of the mind
but of the heart of hearts
the stone one,
inscribed by the Gods we meet in others
For wisdom is not knowing
not knowing is love
feeling the truth

I am only different
as I have not yet learnt
to be the same

Katmandu

Coming down to the blue light
from the sacred highs
the town is embracing
full of generous warmth
Emerged from the waters
of unconscious knowing,
there is no order, just friendly acceptance
Here the head and the belly meet
in peacefull chaos of the heart
This is living the God within
in the Golden light
of the One
who sees



With Michiel in Katmandu

The second scenario

Apart from the experience scenario and playing smart, bright and productive, if not outright arrogant, there is another level and countervailing force that is apparent in my life. It's the humbleness ideal, the notion that "I am only different as I have not yet learnt to be the same". This second story line in my life is much more hidden, less mask and more child. In many ways it's the opposite and I owe much to people like brother David Steindl-Rast and Albert Hofmann, they have shown me that humbleness is a strength, not a weakness, that not seeing the divine in everybody and slowly, in everything, was limiting my experience of the divine in me. Beyond the oneness and the all-one feelings that in a way are related to the seeker in my first scenario, a kind of goal to achieve there is a notion of mystical acceptance and contentment. I am not perfect and although it doesn't hurt to kind of give in to what the world expects, there is this deeper layer.



Albert Hofmann (2006)

My second scenario is all about contentment, surrender and awe for how I myself and others are such wonderful creatures, how in fact everything fits together. My idea of purpose "to live in the shadow of God's love" is about how I feel that creation is, with all the shadows we perceive, the necessary and only way to teach us and all the created that love and truth are in the end one. Creation is thus heaven, if we are able to open up to it. Creation emanates the divine spark that is present in all but only at times reaches us and I feel that transcendence, immanence and this emanation are the Trinity, the three qualities of the divine. God is beyond creation (as the creator) and therefore in all, but only by grace

can we perceive that divinity as a gift of the Holy Spirit. Bringing this back to my inner child scenario, there have been moments when I felt/knew/became the notion, that beyond the self-realisation there is the identity of all, all is the same, and then even the self disappears, there is no knower, just knowing, no dancer, just the dance, no-one to experience, just the experience. And how can there be anything or anybody that is outside that perfection, outside the love of God?



Basel 2006, J. Gross, S. Krippner

Time and time again I had and have to relearn the message, that any

Enemies

We are all Gods
We are all Life
but some of us
have the honour of hiding it
as we need Devils
as we need death
to see the One

Escape

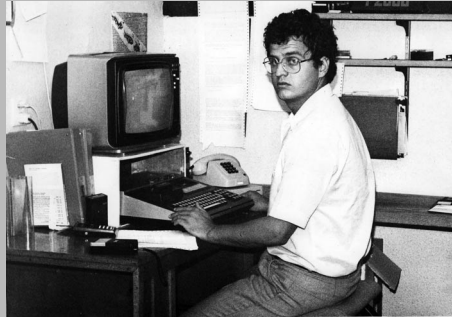
There is no way
no sun or moonlit path
no daylight pass
that leads to the escape of self
for the self travels with me
then why is it so hard to enjoy the journey
as it is in such good Company
all the way.

7 temples

Our journey takes us to many places
And there are many temples

- The double helix of our DNA
- Our mothers womb
- Our body
- Our house
- The earth
- The cosmos

and then the secret one, the temple we can build inside, the unseen one, arising from our imagination, our dreams, the one that no-one can take away.



1981; The first home computer



Marjan, Michiel in the isolation chamber at Egosoft



Alex Grey (and Albert Hofmann)

judgement, any idea that I am different from other people (and my tendency is to think I am better of course) keeps me away from enjoying and appreciating. Hard lessons sometimes, and the outcome of such struggles very often is that what I see and perceive in others is but a shadow of myself.

This dichotomy in me, these two sub-personalities that I can now recognise as related to ego/personality and the higher self or inner child has at times frustrated me, but also forced me to let go, to move away from the patterns, and as such been the fuel of my life, the drive to bridge those two in like an undercurrent. Without the tension between the inner child and the mask I would have only worked on adapting the mask, becoming no doubt an easier and more likeable person, but without that understanding and awareness. In that sense I no longer see the ego in me and others as something to abandon,

it has a role in everybody's life and development.

However, as I understand more and more about the personality, the personality types, and the various defence systems we develop and how they relate to our body, emotions and thinking, I still have not found an easy bridge between mask and child. The work of Jung, Ichazo, Gurdieff, Osho, Hubbard and many others tells me a lot about how we develop our personality, but little about the relationship between inner child and resulting mask, except that it is in general an effective defence system. As I believe, that real "work" and healing can only be done on the child level, I am looking for tools to deal with the child. The shamanic traditions and much of what modern science deems primitive are more effective, as they address the wounded child in its own sphere. It's the wounded child that wants to be heard and eventually will make itself heard, via illusions, delusions, illnesses and eventually death. In my life this has become quite apparent; being in a wheelchair teaches you a lot.



Mei 2007, Kees Rijnja, Baba Chris, Johannes Kelder, Bruce Damer (front)

Maha Kumb Sangam

(Alahabad Kumb Mela India Jan 29, 2001)

*the battlefield of belonging
We walked
to wash our souls, to shed our sins, to sense our kinship
We came
to where the rivers join
in sangam,
in simple unity
rivers of holy water
rivers of eternal souls
10 million of us, maybe more
in simple devotion
the holy dip
Doing sangam, being sangam
the Ganges as a surprisingly cold door
to being at one
a simple sacrament
flesh and water
the crowd feels like one
the black naga tongue of the serpent
freed by the police polo-game
reaching out, at the auspicious moment
shivering cold in naked holiness
chaos outside, love touched, order inside
the Lord's immanence
in the coloured crowd
the misty red rising sun
in the eye of the beggar
so simple
It touched me
like an inescapable truth
just creation manifest
Brahma's grace
and Krishna as my simple charioteer
Honda driven*



Kumba Mela 2001

Inner child-wounded child



Hilversum 1988-

Seeing myself and others as a complex interaction between inner child and mask is of course too simplistic, it yields nice catch-phrases like “the wounded inner child that kills you” and is an eye-opener in many conversations, but there is more. Sometimes, when after a night of dreaming, sex or illness I wake up in a kind of inner child state. That somewhat frightening state is, however, far away from the state of being in touch with the deep, higher self or beyond that, in touch with the void and only becoming experience without the experiencer. I then

feel abandoned, lost, unable to face the million problems out there, not willing to get out of bed and stepping in what I see as my mask, efficient, active, just doing and dealing with the world and the problems. It’s a funny state, childlike for sure, I experience my shortcomings and limitations. It feels like it’s the outer layer of my inner child, not the normal mask of dealing with the world, but the wounded child, the young boy facing a threatening and fearful outside. Lately I try to let this experience be, not slide away in sleep again, not getting up to break the spell, but just feeling. I noticed that in that state many things I take for granted in my normal life, like a sex drive, are absent. Makes me wonder how much that sex-drive is really only part of the mask, but at the same time what lies under this wounded child, what is the inner child. In some moments, notably with some substances and in some situations in nature or with someone, I can get through to the deeper level, and experience the mystical where that unity-feeling of love and the great lucidity of understanding the correspondences happens. My problem is, that I know that space too, but how to overcome that or let go of the in-between layer(s), the wounded child. There are protective layers there, no doubt. Appreciating the need for protection involves accepting the underlying talents and recognizing the sensitivity that causes the need for it; this is what I tell others, but I myself are obviously still wrestling with those layers.



*MySTèR Lijnbaansgracht, Amsterdam
1993-1998*

9/11 Back to feodality!

*Shiny flyers in a clear sky
Our proud birds of righteousness
Saintly driven onto the pillars of
power
At the heart of the bull market
Where money bred money
Holy smoke, no virtual movie inferno
But real people, real disaster
It lurks in the corners of our mind
Haunts our dreams
Twin towers
Portals to hell
Gates to heaven
The symbol of death
And of renewal
Of war and peace
And of a faint new hope
However
The feudal Lords dance
Around the table of peace
With al Jazeera
As their mouthpiece
Rattling their gear
Throwing their spells
Showing their deaths
An eye for an eye
Proportional killing
Bin for Bin too?
The new Warlords preach
And whisper and lie
Hypnotic procedures
Controlled penetration
Of our minds
Do you need proof or
Are we believers?
We live the new symbolism
Tarot towers
Atomic signposts
The green altar of Mammon
Birds of doom
The white anthrax coke
Big brother Goliath
And bin David on the run*



Grandpa Sala with the kids



Catharina Ooijens



Tille de Pauw and Stefani Crone

I have looked, with the help of a pendulum and with ever expanding lists of characteristics, into hundreds of people and I have gradually developed a kind of systematic approach. One of the amazing things I discovered is that the two personalities most of us have, the mask and the inner child, are totally different systems. Of course they use the same body, so the number of gallstones remains the same, but the way the personality kind of controls the body, mind and emotions can vary. Sometimes there are totally different scores and this usually hints at a major trauma or complex. I noted that a big difference in sexual orientation or in the intelligence between child and mask is quite common and usually points at parental influences. In other words, someone with a mixed up sexual orientation usually has a parent with the same.

Coming back to what I learned about myself, doing all this work on others and using the pendulum on myself, which is a bit tricky. My inner child and mask have a fairly big difference in intelligence (IQ), obviously my upbringing and parental influence forced me to become smart in the sense an IQ-test measures.

As noted before, my talent to pick up on any weakness or fault in others is a very noticeable trait, but in how far do I have to accept my own faults and shortcoming, recognising the projection mechanisms. The models I use are obviously some help, but I haven't found the real connections, the structure or outline of the matrix that makes me and others tick.



MySTèR Singel, Amsterdam 1998-2008



*MySTèR Breyell, Germany
2009 -*

9/11 The new heroes:

*Who thinks we?
Does Bin?
Does Bush?
Do you*

*Who thinks we?
And how about the NOT WE
Us and them
US and them
The faithful and the infidels*

*Who thinks we?
We, the world, the wider we
The total we
Who sings that we
Who walks that we*

Do you? Do we?



Skoura, Morocco with Agnès

New scenario: happiness, contentment

The two scenarios so far have brought me a lot, I consider myself happy most of the time, but maybe it's time to change the focus, to bring the two together. Less magical, more mystical, more enjoyment, more allowing to be content with what is. Not questioning the universe, but accepting the gifts of life, health and challenge offered to me. I would like to turn the ability to see through people, organisations, documents and systems and point at what's wrong, into a more positive attitude. Why did I develop this need to look for weakness and soft spots in the other, it sure fits in with the body nature of the extrovert body person (the enneagram 8) but why is it so hard to ease up, to accept and look for the positive, the talents, the possibilities in the other? Of course this has to do with self-acceptance, recognising the inner self in me and seeing the projections and defence mechanisms, but it is a long road! I know in my head that the secret and paradox of growth, for that's the bottom line in all this, has more to do with letting go, detachments, the mystic and not the magical. To apply that to my life, to let go of the worries, the needs, the stories and the attachments is what one could call the path, the lifelong trip to what? Maybe I am just trying to go back to those mystical experiences, that state where not-being evolves out of being in the moment. From another level the trying, searching, snooping around is ridiculous, I act like a caged rat looking for an exit, but then how does that fit the image of perfection in all that I also cherish?



2007

Dissolving the duality, the paradoxes, the riddles in my life and creation, still an ambitious goal for a 60-year old, but do I have a choice?

9/11 NOT WE

The Hindu wisdom says
Find out what is not self
To uncover the self
Sacrifice and fire is their way
Of talking to the gods
Agni is their gate to heaven

So this question haunts me
Who prayed so loud
Through the twin tower inferno
And to what god

Or was it done
For us?

Who staged this great appeal
This Grandioso bloody ritual
A holy sacrifice
Of human flesh

For us or for God
A call to battle

Awakened when it rained people
Twin towers toppled
Horror and disbelief
The movies in real time

Beyond anger, beyond adrenalin
there grew wonder
Zooming out to the wider picture
I feel called upon

A reminder to see
That good and evil
Are in all

Who thinks we
Do you?
And to what NOT we
You see?

Magic returns, the ceremony has only just started!

Sex and love

The separation of sex and love has been a recurrent theme in my life, but seems to be a major factor in our society and notably in the so-called “cultural” alternative world. We have tried to bridge this dichotomy, the sixties and the summer of love was a time when the hippies tried to match agape, Weltschmerz and compassion with free sex. What remains today is but a shadow of that pre-aids era of sexual freedom. I myself did not really enjoy those days, I was too busy with study, maybe too young or too shy. So I can hardly speak from experience but there is some fascination, my kids call me a catch-up hippy because I identify with those days and what happened then. What lives on in the myths, the stories and the media is, I noticed, an inspiration for many of the communities and communes I have visited. On the surface sex is hardly ever acknowledged, but in reality many communities circle around the explicit or hidden needs and fantasies of the initiators or leaders. I even think that in monastic and spiritual communities where denial or suppression of sex is the rule, sex is a main issue, a taboo that often is disguised as a sacrifice, a way to focus and channel energy. There is some truth in that approach, I acknowledge any attempt to reach a mystical state of any chakra, but it often degenerates to very plain power plays.



Lazy UK 1986

For me, this separation is fascinating in the sense, that for me there is little connection but I am amazed how pretentious our culture is in this respect and how, at times, I went along with the party line here. What a paradox, what a mask, why are we so dishonest, so shy and secretive about what obviously is a major force in our lives? Sex has been important in my life and still is, it has brought me great understanding, great friendships, great learning, I consider it one of the

back doors into our inner child, a way to get in touch with what we covered with pretences, lies, morality and lack of self-respect. I even admit that sex is one way to get into that state of acceptance and connectedness that I associate with love. I have noticed that for some, sex and love are more connected and I sometimes play with the notion, that one can hear this in someone's voice. The voice, hearing, the breath, the spinal column and its blocks and obstructions are parts of the same complex, are related to social behaviour, our illnesses and frustrations. I subscribe to a holistic view that accepts the breath as the main motor in our system, the source that influences our personality, is the physical root of our personality traits and type, the way we walk, look and behave. Change your breath and you can change your personality, I believe singing (and mantra's and energy meditation) is a great tool to balance

On the Bus (Amsterdam Jan. 4, 2003 Paradiso Ken Kesey memorial)

*Kesey, Kerouac, Leary, Ginsberg, Grootveld
We made them giants of freedom
Heroes of the new love, symbols of lost paradise
Be here now was Ram's battle cry
Which brings up the Haight, the Park, the sixties, het Lieverdje and
the Bus*

*Ken ruled, on the bus, off the bus
You were in or out
Today, being on the bus is not about acid,
It's about the road to Kabul, the road to Baghdad
It's about standing up against the Bushfire of fear,
Against the phoney war on terror, the new imperialism, the global
righteousness
Today, being on the bus means being there
(And I testify to Ram's change of hearth)
not only in Seattle, Amsterdam, Genoa
but being there for you
No hat, no rainbow colours, no slogans, just a smile will do for fare*

*Today, you, you rule about being on the bus
The bus of humanity, the bus of greater reality, the bus of inner
glory
As we are love
And the faces of truth
Just as Ken and Tim, and Allen were,
We, we are on!
Now*

Firedance 2004; my only song

*Who got the fire in
Who made the dance begin
Who was that liar
Who stole the fire
It was Prometheus
And he's in all of us
Who dared the mighty Zeus
And gave us fire to use
Who was that Titan
Who traited Gods for Man
It was Prometheus
And he's in all of us*



Firedance, Boulder Creek Ca

one's energy and help the horizontal (left/right brain) and vertical (vertebrae) synchronization.

For many the life energy (kundalini) doesn't flow easy past the second chakra, no wonder that our culture is so focussed on tools and media stimulating the energy there. I certainly have my frustrations there, a good catholic boy growing up in a postwar environment where morality was the lifesaver to cover the wounds and mistakes of a terrible time of uncertainty and insecurity. I never experienced the hippie freedom of the sixties, much too preoccupied with study, building a family and a career instead of roaming the world with a backpack. I remember being in Paris during the riots of '69 and seeing the gendarmes and violence I fled. I have slept one night in a university building in some kind of protest, but that was it. Maybe this all has to do with my fear for police and power systems that allow the small guy to exchange his inferiority complex for a superiority mask, my definition of fascism. No doubt that again has to do with my own complexes in that respect, I myself tend to take the high road over humbly bowing to what comes my way.

In other words, for me, somewhere between or around the second and third chakra the energy flow gets distorted if not interrupted. Any stimulus in that area, sex, power, untruth, will get me going. I am a great debunker and will intuitively know the weak or vulnerable side of people, organisations or arguments. That doesn't make me the most loved person around, but as I turned this into a profession as a journalist and columnist it kind of served me well too. And it kept me on the track, what would have become of me if I had been a nice, tactful and humble follower?

As I grow older, I don't think I have eliminated my pre-occupation with the second and third chakra but did see the mechanisms, the automatic responses and how I react to stimuli. And it keeps me busy, sex drive, do-gooder, trying to score some respect and strokes. And if they don't like me, hating me is nearly as good a stroke, just don't ignore me. Gradually I am beginning to understand more of how my system works and applying that to others, to society, to complex systems I do come up with these weird theories and notions, poems, one-liners and expressions. I often don't know where they come from (plucking from the universal source I presume); some are very absurd and controversial to start with, but somehow my training as a physicist and my craft as wordsmith helped me to integrate them into some kind of logical and comprehensive worldview. Not being a great writer I did learn to mask my inability to communicate normally with words and stories. Alas they gradually take on a life of their own and become a backpack of tapes. I should learn to appreciate the silence a bit more, maybe this essay helps to get all those stories and anecdotes out of my system and I can do without that luggage.



marabout Sheikh Ibrahim

Pebble

Long life, little karma

*A small piece of creation
Just a formless stone
No obstruction to the ways of the world
A nameless trail through time and this space
Only known to the One
I travel
Loose and light
Mostly Unseen
Throw me in the ocean
Of your darkest mind
And I will wash ashore
In a new shade
My destiny and my longing is
To trip you in awareness
But you can also stumble on
To serve some more
You are welcome
Either way*



*Inspired by RD&M's hottub
And a star from heaven
In the shadow of Mount Tamalpais,
The temple of the sleeping goddess
Where pebbles are slowly born
From the fire into the light*

Dancing around the Fire

*I side with the small people, because that's all I can
I side with the small people, because that's what I am
I side with them, as they make the giant steps
that help me move an inch
I side with the small people, as they help me see
that we are but the shadows of our own light
I side with the small people, as they are my family
no service, no condescending help
Just circling and circling
paying our dues
to the fire, to life
in love*

Love and truth

I have realised, and it has been a long process, that God (whatever that means, for me it's a useful label mostly for the All and Everything) is not only love, but also truth and that creation is the divine way to combine the two and come to self-realisation, of us individually and for all the levels of manifestation of the universe. What is beyond manifestation is the non-duality, the Monad. We live in this duality of being and not-being to unite, in ourselves, love and truth, but it's a lifelong and arduous process. It is guided, mostly unconsciously, by the inner core, the self that is so close to the all, the part that has a connection with the divine spark in us. This is where my thinking and experience comes close to the Advaita Vedanta, with in the end the realisation that even the self as separate doesn't exist. However, even with my admiration for the Veda's, the Brahmana's and ultimately the Upanishads, the great understandings there of the correspondences and the simpleness of the core verses, it's not my path. I feel the Vedic tradition and the "not this, not that" approach lacks the understanding or should I say the appreciation of the mask-layers and personality/ego culture we have developed in the West and doesn't provide the tools to deal with that. For some Satsang, the confrontation with the truth offers a shortcut to self-realisation, for many it's but a discipline like in any school or church with a strong social structure. The master is right, the guru truthful and self-realised, but for me there are no have's and have-not's in enlightenment. I think different, I suspect it can only be my projection and prejudice if I think someone is less than perfect. In theory that is, in practice I am a judgment computer, gauging everything and everybody, using all kind of techniques and tools to figure out "the other". This obviously has to do with my deep fear and distrust, always on the lookout for danger or weaknesses.

Now if our inner self creates all these challenges, in order for us to experience the shadow and so to become aware of the light, what should I do? Live the holy life, follow a strict path and discipline, believing that in the hardship I will find what I am looking for? I don't believe so much in discipline as a requirement, a condition. I feel that the good, humble, respectful life of the masters and true saints is a result. Realise the divine and the outer layers, the mask will follow, naturally, with-



Luc en Agnès

The temple of my inner fire

April 2005

*O lord, do I need your grace
I stand, in awe and fear
at the entrance of the holy place
I see the altar, feel the sacred
but sense the barriers, right in here
where armour, ego, doubt and hatred
prevent me from a lusty stride
to race towards the holy grail
I stand, only my eyes travel
my body frozen, my soul chained
O lord, help me move one foot
to start a journey of a thousand more
You got me here, I made it to the door
and even if you make me trip over this threshold
then at least I will move forward
Thou art my true love
helping to hold you in my heart
to include the world and all above
even me, the hardest one to love
so, help me kneel,
as being closer to the earth
will help me move towards to the fire
the inner joy and utter rapture
that I see before me
but cannot embrace, yet*



Jeff McBride, fire magus



Martha Barringer, Chicago

out force or effort. Change is a result, not the cause. And there is some experience. I noticed that when in love or really engaged in this or that project I live healthier, more conscious and happier. All those are results not causes. It might help to follow the example of the holy in eating, fasting, exercises, abstinence, meditation, isolation, ascese, and even offer some special insights or gifts (siddhi's) but enlightenment (what a crazy concept anyway, we all have everything in us) comes as grace, often unexpectedly, it happens, cannot be coerced or earned. Discipline for me is not easy, I might act like a workaholic sometimes, but I sure don't like to succumb to rules or laws. I



Nana Nauwald crop circle 2008



Nunzio Caponio, Xaviera Holland, Cle Kiffer 2007

am always suspicious of hierarchies and power structures. My discipline is to set myself deadlines, I force myself to produce against a deadline and It works, most of the time.

The core message, that God is love and truth (and maybe a lot more than that beyond my comprehension) leads me to assume there is perfection in everything. To see and understand that perfection is often impossible, but my more mystical moments have etched this realisation (of perfection) deep inside me. I am left with the faith, that the Universe has meaning and direction.



There is always fire

Opening ritual Breyell, August 1, 2009

Community

In many ways I don't really fit in, my experiences with communities including student fraternities, businesses, political parties, the Theosophical Society etc. has been not very positive. I am too dominant, too much of a challenge to the leadership, perceived as a threat to the status quo and a bit too open about what usually is covered, the deeper motives and practices of the inner group. Probably because some deep fear in me, some life-threatening experience early on, I am constantly looking out for danger or enemies. I have honed my intuition and analytical talents in such a way, that I will invariably know the weak points, pick up the clues and often information will come to me, seemingly accidentally but often dangerously accurate. I do get to know the weak points of whomever, it's a clear pattern. Of course this way it's hard to become enthusiastic about this or that community or bow to its guru or leader. I would like to be part of a truly inspired community, but who knows such a place or organisation? I see places and people I like, but there is something in me that resist the full surrender, I will always have some kind of reserve or notion to keep me from bowing to the authority of another human being. In the process I have seen many communities and kind of researched the models to deal with the community issues of ownership, work, sex, drugs, sustainability, decision making and such, but didn't come to any hard conclusion apart from the idea, that the path is probably more important than the goal for most of the participants in communities. Karma-yoga, doing the work of service and love with focus and inner joy is what counts.



Sun, Leon, Al Lundell, Luc, California 2004

There is some disappointment here, that's clear. The ideal, a mature and stable community, an utopia of a heaven on earth, I have not really found, maybe some monastery has what it takes. For the rest it is sex-drugs and rock&roll plus lots of ego and pretence behind the usually inspiring facades of web pages and mission statements. Communities like ashrams, communes, spiritual centers are not much different from companies or sports clubs, except they usually get away with a lot more aberrant behaviour, hidden behind an us-them attitude that keeps outsiders at a distance.

On the other hand I like communities; I am a sociopath in many ways, I like parties, lots of people around and always the feeling of belonging. The family has always been like a strong foothold, though in the background and my companies and colleagues were my community. For the last 18 years MySTeR, in three locations, now in Breyell, has been the non-work (not making money that is) community thing in my life.

There have been inspirational moments like the Fire-Dances in California in 2003 and 2004. I had tasted a bit of community feeling at the Rainbow gatherings, but it was in Boulder Creek near Santa Cruz that "coming home" in a community truly manifested. Maybe it was my mindset at the time, but the people that organized and participated those events gave me this incredible gift, this notion of belonging, of acceptance, this happiness of being embraced by them, the woods, the sky and the fire. Circling, dancing, drumming, singing around a fire, in a way I was reborn as a community person. It's a pity that due to oh-so human quarrels and disputes this community fell apart, but it inspired me to organize Spring-Fires in the Netherlands later and has certainly been a factor in what I could call the re-awakening of my inner child. The weekly Friday Bhajan (Kirtan) meetings at MySTeR have started in those years and became like a church service, an evening of community of what Soma then called the Church of Kindness. Every week there were singers, often all through the night, a core group lasted till we left the Amsterdam MySTeR. Those nights with lead-singers like Shanasa, BabaChris and Kees have kept me on the path, in many ways.

I have understood from Agnès, that she experienced a similar feeling of home-coming in her community, the Weefsters (weavers), a freemason kind of lodge for women and that the weekly meetings with likeminded others has been very important in her development too.

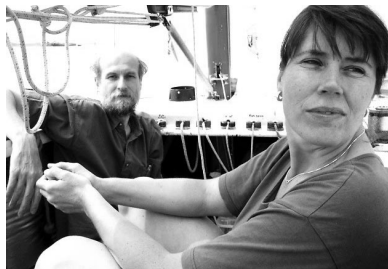
So there is a love/hate relationship with communities. I have searched and travelled, often with others like Kyra and Stefani, to figure out what the ideal community is, how it should be organised, what should be avoided, what works, what not. That is not an easy thing, and many website pages have been devoted to the subject. Even now that MySTeR in Germany has been set up, with a structure and legal and financial foundation that seems right, the human and social aspects are not yet clear. The great utopian ideas are hard to realise and the more we learn of other efforts it becomes clear that at best it works for a while and for some. Maybe there is no utopian community possible and is the path to get there the whole of the game. The experience matters, the interaction, the way one faces one's own shortcoming in the more intense atmosphere of a communal space has value too. But for the moment; the dream lives on, and growing older, the need for mutual support and a sense of belonging grows too, the idea of a retirement community is not far away.

Ya Evam Veda

The whole notion of discipline, study, the western idea that you have to work hard, learn from your teachers, earn credits, degrees, levels, is only one interpretation of “ya evam veda” , a line in the Veda’s that struck me when looking into correspondences and the efficacy of magic, one of my fascinations. I am not familiar with Pali or Sanskrit, but this line stayed with me. I have seen translations ranging from: “knowledge is power” to “when the student is ready the teacher will appear” and he who knows the origin (Evan) has invincible knowledge (*Veda*). It has to do with the relationship between power/wisdom and knowledge (as in knowing the correspondences or deep links in the manifest world) but it is indicating that these are equal, a kind of bidirectional causality. Knowledge power. In the west this has been picked up in the limited sense that gaining knowledge will lead to wisdom/power but that limits the scope of this essential phrase. He who has the power/wisdom will have or be given the knowledge, much like in initiation. Initiated or called to a position of power/wisdom one is then given the necessary knowledge. It’s fairly fundamental and has more to do with gurus, discipleship, kings and high priests than with academic degrees. But what matter titles or doctorates in the magic realm? There what matters is what works, he who controls the past or the future or, what matters most, our actual perception of the future or the past has the power, the real power. In fact this all boils down to my basic question, what is information and I could translate “ya evam veda” in modern lingo as “a bit is only information if it bytes”



Le Baaba Laetoli and Suhotra Swami



Oto and Kyra

Digital archives and the Akashic records

We as a society and me personally have been building digital archives or at least storing data at a frightening rate and scale. In 1993 and early 1994 we put all previous published material of Sala Communications, the computer magazines, EGO2000 and books online in one broad sweep. Via a WordPerfect macro and thanks to our choice of Ventura as dtp tool we turned out thousands and thousands of html pages. Since then, most of my work has been digital and mostly online, including the video material. Some earlier material has been lost or is on unreadable tapes, diskettes and hard disks, but I still have access to probably 10.000 articles, 3000 hours of edited video, some 10 books and a lot of unpublished (on paper that is) internet content. A wealth of data, some information in it, but what is important, what not? This present attempt to filter, resize, combine and contextualise all that material is probably not more than a snapshot, tainted by actual preferences and limited by a degrading memory.

Beyond the digitized content and the whole idea of data, information and communications I have slowly developed the idea, that information is more than data, that there is something that pervades everything, that the notions of rational "science" about all and everything kind of miss an essential something, the glue that holds



Kathelijne Scotland 1992 near Findhorn

manifestations together. Information, and call it consciousness, love, chi, God or whatever, is not bound by our normal dimensions, it is a separate (super)-dimension and thus beyond time and space. All that was and is and will be originates from that dimension and influences that what we perceive as the now-reality. It is possible to access this reality and when people speak about the Akashic records they are hinting at this body of data. Some can access those records, although I think the “information” one finds is always coloured or translated to human scale and images. I myself had, during a period of very high fever in a hospital a strange hallucination or dream where I was told I could know whatever, provided I would accept the responsibility for knowing. It gradually became clear, that the pendulum was the tool I could use to probe the unknown. Over the years I have developed a methodology and sensitivity for what a simple swinging weight could tell me, the pendulum became a very useful tool. Not an infallible one, there is always projection and intent, but on the whole it has been a marvellous discovery and adventure for me. Being able to gauge the health, status, talents, problems and solutions for myself and others, beyond the limitations of time and distance, what a miracle. In a way having access to the Akashic records, being able to know whatever, if I am prepared to accept the consequence, becoming responsible for what I know. Not easy, what do you do if you find out about serious illnesses and such?

All this is utterly against my Cartesian thinking as a physicist, but so convincing, so to-the-point in many cases that I now cannot but discard most of “normal” science as of very limited use and value. Rational causality is so limited, it deals only with a logic that doesn’t reckon with the unseen, the deeper reality. The laws of physics for instance don’t include any notion of the future, in my view any event is a function of observer, the world state (the now), the past and the future. Evolution in that sense is influenced by the future as well as the past, I use the phrase “Evolution is the remembrance of the future”. Not an easy jump for most, but it does explain a lot of phenomena modern science struggles with. I come back to this later.

The core of this all is information and again I have a phrase that kind of sums it up.



Pat McGovern 1983 The first computer magazine



Howard Bia, Dealer-Info2009



PC Dumpdag

A bit is only information if it bytes

This is a very fundamental theme in my life, as for me information is a much wider concept than ICT and computers, it's a fundamental dimension. Information creation, acquisition, processing, filtering and remixing has been my profession and main source of income. My original academic studies in physics (TH Delft) and business economics (Erasmus Rotterdam) have been useful but became mere tools in my career as journalist, publisher, writer, and entrepreneur. My education has helped me at times to think out of the box, bring some logic and structure to my output, but mostly helped me not to shy away from figures, accounts, mathematics and complexity. My work in publishing has been about computers and ICT and then gradually spread out to cover spirituality, psychology, psychedelics, the mind and culture in general. However, information has always been my vocation, I got interested in the theoretical models of information, but moved beyond. I now believe information is a field, a dimension that pervades everything, it is the chi and the ether, the divine connection of all and everything, the seen and the unseen. What most people call information, however, is just data. The relevant issue is to understand when and how and why data becomes information, when the numbers or digits turn us on, have an effect, byte us. There are mountains of data, but what makes this or that tidbit effective in changing thinking or the material reality? Modern physics and probability theory have given us some insights, but I feel we have ignored the underlying truths and values that were known to cultures and traditions we have deemed primitive or superstitious.

I slowly became a great believer in magic, as the art and power to manipulate the outcome of events, bringing the future into the present. Magic and information are closely related, we just have to expand our notion of what information really is, in my view it has to do with consciousness, connectedness and reaches out beyond the normal dimensions of space and time. The hard reality is a subset of a wider reality, where information or connectedness or love or whatever we like to call it plays a major role.

Now this not precludes that much of magic is just unexplained phenomena, stuff science has not yet broken down to rational causality. Time is the tricky dimension in this, I will come back to that later. I do think that figuring the future in our scientific theories and formulas would actually explain many things so far seen as magical.

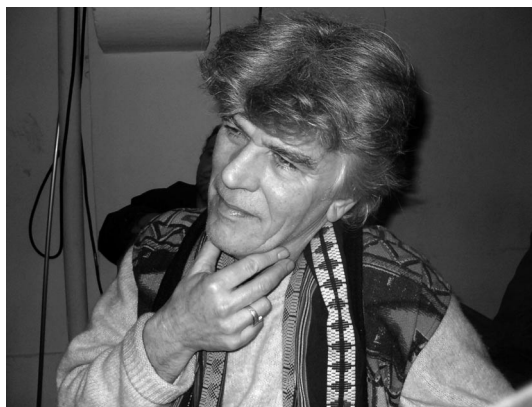


Weesperstraat; Benelux Computer Exchange and Sala Communications headquarters

Personality

My interest in psychology and notably the development of the personality of course stems from some doubts about myself, but it was the difference and the similarity in the personality of my kids, the essential question of nurture versus nature, of upbringing and experience versus genetic code that fascinated me and made me look into the whole subject. Meeting people like Ra Uru Hu of the Human Design System and his somewhat radical phrases and insights brought me in contact with systematic approaches to personality. Gurdieff, the enneagram, some astrology, Ayurvedic theories, scientology, morphogenetic fields, brainmachines, mindware, radionics, philosophers from Plato to Kant, Jung, Reich, the psychotherapeutic traditions, psychedelics, mysticism, shamanism, there are many ways to study and (partly) understand the human condition. At times I was totally absorbed by this or that model or theory, rather unbalanced in retrospect, but the advantage of kind of falling for this or that theory is that you do get some in-depth understanding, beyond the superficial. It takes a while before you can have a helicopter view and discern why one liked and embraced this or that approach. Overall, these were fascinating fields and discoveries, I have a library of books and video's dealing with them, but in the end developed my own approach and understanding, using of course bit and pieces from everywhere.

There are many models of how the body-mind complex works, why we are what we are, and they all are true, in some sense, as they look at us from different angles. We, as humans and divine beings, are multi-faceted. In practice, I like to work with the enneagram, the Human Design System, the chakra system, the methodology of the radionics folks, the magical correspondences, Jung's archetypes, the ayurvedic classifications, but usually there are some reservations. An example is Samuel Hahnemann's homeopathy. An interesting model and certainly effective, but for me too much of a symptomatic approach and indeed based on sympathetic or imitative magic. There is nothing wrong with that, magic is very much undervalued these days and in my view deserves a revival, we need schools and universities of magic again. Magic is resonance, and resonance is the root process of manifestation, existence and connection. I believe that homeopathy is not about some strange power of water, it really is about separating mass from information and the more pure the information the better it works. But then, why not use pure information contained in numbers, symbols, ideas, or one step further, the information in our heads, to heal or influence? The question is then, how to do



Hans Plomp

this, what are the conditions to use our mind-power most effectively?

Looking into this mind-mind connection and experiencing every day that there is such an information (love-chi) field all around us, that pervades the Universe and is only loosely related to time and space. I noticed that it all works best when in a kind of trance state. There is a similarity in the ways older traditions, witches, shamans, modern day healers, saints



Pien van Tiggelen, USA (2004)

and psychics work, they tend to go into a child-like or trance state, beyond the mask or personality to reach out and do their work on again the uncorrupted, primitive child state or isness of the patient, client or object. Now this all, and this is one of my main conclusions, has to do with the inner child/mask duality, we are two persons in one, with a mask that we believe is us. Most psychologists will agree with this, there is an abundance of methods that use the inner child model to explain and heal, but to state that child and mask have different intelligence, different sexual orientation, different spiritual frequencies, different talents and different development paths and use the same organs in a different way is a bit deviant. When stating that it is the wounded inner child that wants to be heard and causes illusions, depressions and beyond that diseases and even death is a revolutionary statement. "The wounded inner child that kills you" is a catchphrase in that sense, a wakeup call to realize, that life is a lesson and if you don't want to learn the lessons provided, the inner system will kick in, and provide new, often more dramatic lessons.

My perspective, however strange it might sound, has yielded many insights in how people develop, where their diseases originate and how to deal with those diseases and problems. I am of course the main subject of this study, looking at others one sees oneself, but communicating my insights, getting feedback, adapting the models and concepts, it has been quite a ride so far.

Wisdom

My parents considered me the smarter one of their kids, and probably valued that so much, that I indeed became smart in the sense that I read a lot, have some verbal and communication gifts, got my degrees and have a wide and generalist knowledge of many things. I also realized early on, that one needs to have some in-depth knowledge, the idea of the T-shaped man, studying physics had to do with that, but also bookkeeping and economics. I became an educated and well-read intellectual. However, under that “intelligent” mask that developed because of all this “nurture” there is a far less intelligent, but more intuitive and magical “natural” child, a child that easily panics in the face of this complex reality my mask so easily deals with. As my life unfolded, the notion that my smartness was in the way of wisdom (knowledge with love and a compassionate heart) slowly emerged. I value intelligence less and less, see the point of emotional intelligence and beyond that: wisdom.

I have tried to look, with the help of my pendulum and my understanding of the personality, at what makes one wise. There is the intelligence, the social capabilities, the tolerance, the inner balance, and what about spiritual frequency, magical talents, healing, friendliness, magnanimity? Looking at many people that are considered “wise”, starting with the ones I actually met in real life, a whole set of wisdom parameters emerged. I have worked with those measures, but got frustrating results. Those who made a very “wise” impression, often were rather unevolved, some who didn’t look wise, were. Looking wise is different from knowing wisdom and that again from acting wisely. Wisdom is again different from emotional warmth, people radiating acceptance and tolerance are not necessarily “wise”.

My feeling is that wisdom has many aspects, that the goods are often hidden. The wise and the saintly are again two different things, and I noticed that that deep understanding, true wisdom, silliness and pretense come in strange combinations, that there are usually some unevolved parts. Speaking for myself, whatever my wisdom is, it doesn’t come across easily, I lack (for many) the emotional warmth that draws an audience (often not seeking wisdom but acceptance and emotional nourishment) and I have not (yet) integrated my understanding into my daily life and being. So I

am not a guru or satsanger, and sometimes envy those who are, their easiness, their self-evident righteousness. On the other hand, I do see the trap of being admired and worshipped, it’s a real egotrip that not many can withstand. So I struggle, aim for integrated wisdom, but stumble and stagger on the path. I do like the crazy wisdom approach, the zen paradoxes, the jokes with a coyote taste, but this might just be my rebellious and somewhat obnoxious nature.



Kenia (2004)

Therapy and counseling, what remained

Over time I have seen, experienced and sometimes used many methods and systems of self-discovery, psychotherapy, personality typing, astrological interpretation, divination and healing. Some I liked and experimented with, many are forgotten, but there remained a body of (for me) useful techniques. I consider many techniques of the new psychology, like NLP not really effective, as they do amend or change the personality in some ways, but hardly ever touch the core. They are, like most medical care, aiming at the symptoms, not at the causes for what easily is seen as aberrant behavior. They do help people cope with the daily reality and can help to redress some personality traits, but there is the risk that at the same time the deeper defense systems that protect the inner child are fortified, the armor made stronger and therefore the possibility of true breakthroughs less. Only by dealing with the inner child and its messages (dreams, illnesses, intuitions) one can hope for real change or healing. And I think that true interaction in that sense is only possible in de child-child mode, whether that comes with trance, sex, rituals, substances, praying or deprivation.

My bouts of sarcoidosis (rheumatism) made me realize that this disease had something to do with sensitivity and my shielding and defenses. I would normally not sense some emotions, shutting them out, but being seriously ill this sensitivity came back. In my inner child mode, something that normally only happens in dreams, under stress etc. I discovered the hidden parts in myself and the disease turned out to be a great lesson, a big step in consciousness. That's why I am more and more interested in releasing the inner child, I see that effective change can only come from the inner child, as

that is the core of our being. Fixing this or that aspect or trait of the personality might make life easier, deal with some of the nastier side of oneself, but I believe that is just dealing with the symptoms, not the cause. What I became, the personality I developed, evolved from that inner child and its defenses, conditioning and reaction mechanisms. Most of that has become automatic, acting like a robot, just push this or that button and I will react in very much the same way. Now there is a relationship between the inner child, the talents there, the genetic or karmic load (I am not a great believer in past life and regressions and such) and the mask/personality. Obviously if a child has a great talent or sensitivity, this might be suppressed by the



family and environment and remain hidden for the rest of its life. In my case I can see some of that, I turned out rather smart as my inner child, as far as I can see, was not very intelligent, but very sensitive and intuitive. This inner child probably wasn't very much appreciated by my parents, who stressed rationality and intellect and achievement over emotion and intuition. I turned out as a clear enneagram 8 type (bossy, acting, gut-type) but as far as I can see, my inner child type is a 9. There must be, I suspect, some systematic link between the two. In other words, how are inner child and mask related, what mechanism governs the build-up of the personality? I have no clear answer, the HDS astrology of Ra Uru Hu (Jovian Archives) is the only system I know that describes both a "design" and a "personality" side of one's horoscope. That's helpful, but I am looking for the mechanism to link the inner child to the personality in a more direct and unambiguous way.

Due to my fascination and maybe talent with the pendulum I have "looked" at quite a number of people, hundreds if not thousands. Sometimes just in passing by, often in dedicated sessions with a therapeutic or healing purpose, often even with people at another location. My talent allows me to find fairly accurate answers, even about past situations or about people I have only a very faint connection with, in fact the more remote a "target" the less chance of projection. In more direct sessions I can easily find some traits or conditions relevant to the person, be it psychologically, spiritually or medically. This opens the door to deeper contacts and probing, and I feel privileged to have been allowed to really look deep into the soul of many. I don't specifically want to be a therapist or counselor but like to understand how the mind works and how our personality develops and is related to conditioning, experiences, traumas, maybe former lives, parental messages, genetic code and what not. I tend to focus on the diagnostic side, and have found good people and partners to follow up and use the findings in a more therapeutic session. In that sense my work with people is more of an ongoing science experiment, using the diagnostic data I get from the pendulum to probe deeper and deeper, trying different approaches and adapting the models and theories to new understanding. This is not a fixed system, it changes and as I try to relate my findings also to myself and use myself as a reference, maybe my whole model is misaligned because of my projections.

Of course some standard methodology has evolved, but I try to be flexible and open to new avenues of psychic and physical exploration. Usually there is a more physical part and a mental/psychological part, sometimes the spirit world is also relevant. I usually start to check the chakra system, the main organs, acidity, digestion etc.. If anything serious pops up, I refer them to the medical profession or more dedicated healers in the alternative scene. As I believe, that most if not all illness or conditions have deeper roots, I don't care much for the symptomatic approach of the allopathic or even homeopathic doctors, but it would be unwise not to consult them if the



O, Santa Monica Beach

symptoms are serious. Even at the psychological level I think that much of the complaints and problems are symptoms of deeper roots, often less obvious, hidden or forgotten. Taking care of the symptoms in that sense might alleviate the situation, but does it really deal with the root causes?

As stated before, I noticed that the core of our being, the inner child or self might be denied a proper place in our daily life, but is still there. It evolves at the same time as our mask but sometimes in a different direction. The wounds the inner child endures have an effect on the mask as well as on the inner child, that becomes a wounded child in most of us. It is that wounded child, that later in life wants to be heard, but is denied a proper place and thus sends its messages by other means, often in dreams. When we don't listen, the wounded child turns to other ways, making us ill and worse. As a consequence, healing as in dealing with the root cause can only happen by addressing the wounded child. Messing with the symptoms, as most doctors and psychotherapists do, will mitigate those symptoms, but not cure the person. Effective and lasting healing requires child-child interaction and we can learn a lot there from shamanistic and so-called primitive cultures, their rituals, trance-approach and seemingly irrational use of correspondences, psychoactive substances etc. I don't mean to say that "modern doctors" are ineffective, I just believe their healing power has a lot more to do with intent, personal communications, intuition and love than with the drugs and treatment they subscribe.



Texel 2008

Food

We are what we eat. Many complaints and illnesses have to do with what we take in, the food, the water, the air. Many new-agers believe that eating the best and most 'healthy' food, drinking bottled water, living in a place with clean air is essential for our well-being. That might be the case for some, but I think the whole process of digestion or processing the intake encompasses much more than absorbing the right molecules. Food has material qualities, pureness, the chemical and physical. As with everything, it has also non-tangible qualities, comes with energies from growing, processing, cooking, dedication and the chewing and digestion in our body plays a role too. And what about the environment, the sounds, the lights, the timing, the company, all those energies play a role in what we get out of what we take in. For some, the quality matters most, for others the environment, the company or the intention. For me, I can eat anything, it's the people I eat with that make the difference. There are levels in my tolerance of trans-fats and MSG, but those again vary with my general condition and mood. I believe that healthy living involves much more than healthy food from the macro-biotic store, and that the



Paris Party time, Pascal, Christine, Conny, Leon



Leon in SF

mix differs for everybody. Ra Uru Hu came up with the notion, that your birth-data indicate the optimal diet and that includes the environment etc. I can only use a pendulum to find out what works, but have seen many times that those who spent a fortune on the best and most healthy food and believe they live healthy score less on "digested food" than those who (in moderation) eat what they like and do so in a happy mood and in an amicable environment.

Happiness is the best doctor, better than all the exercise and diets in the world.



Stefani, Conny, Jurgen Kuitert



Anna Raijtar

Radiation and sunlight; 2012

We are living in a world full of radiation, and the sun as the main energy provider of our little corner of the cosmos, sends us lots of radiation, including the sunlight that nourishes us and feeds us. Also the earth is full of radiation, there are many natural sources of radiation from minerals, and they have been there as long as life and mankind existed on this earth. Since the atomic bomb the public is aware of the dangers of radiation, but I think we are going too far in trying to eliminate all radiation. Of course the use of radio and modern wireless communications has filled the electromagnetic spectrum, wherever we can we will use a bit of bandwidth and in some frequency-bands like the 2,4 GHz we have come close to dangerous levels of radiation. I believe that houses should have radiation protected (Faraday cage) rooms and that in the future we will have clothes with a certain amount of radiation protection via a metallic coating. But at the same time, we cannot live without radiation, we need a certain amount of it. A little radiation, like a little bit of sunburn, a little bit of poison, a little bit of danger is what keeps us going, stimulates the regeneration of cells and keeps us alive longer. There are now studies supporting this view, people living close, but not too close to a nuclear power plant have less cancer than those living close or much further away. I mention sunburn, as sunlight is a much undervalued source of energy, we need sunlight, especially the green frequencies that the trees and plants refuse. Living under artificial light is not a healthy thing and this government drive to replace all incandescent bulbs with fluorescent light is quite stupid and will have serious repercussions for our health in the long term. At the same time, wearing sunglasses is telling our system not to protect the skin, we are cheating on our main sunlight sensor system. Skin-cancer in my view has less to do with Ozone-layers and more with people wearing sunglasses all the time.

The sun is our energy source and the role of the sun in what we now tend to call the global warming issue is far more important than what we humans do to our planet. Of course we should not poison our environment and be careful not to use up natural resources. The idea, that human action could prevent the earth from warming or cooling is absurd, climate changes and polar shifts in the past were not caused by automobiles or burning coal. To pretend we could, like Al Gore suggested, is keeping us from dealing with the real problems and disasters that will happen anyway. Real preparation for a climate change is different from the political Kyoto and Copenhagen agenda, it requires a lot more than just pumping some money in eco-friendly systems and saving some oil here and there. We should do that anyway, but at the same time prepare for the worst. I believe that we have to look at the role of the sun and the purpose of our solar system in a whole different light, and this might be the real message of the 2012 craze.



India (2004)

Magic

As we are nearing the limits of what “normal” physics can explain, as we are forced to look beyond the Cartesian rationality into the metaphysical, we have to think outside the box. The great philosophers have always hinted at the dimensions beyond, from Plato’s idealism to Kant’s “reasonability” (reason is a wrong interpretation of his “Reine Vernunft”). I believe Information in the broad sense as described above is one of those dimensions or the link



Stefani, Trudy 2007



Fantuzi (2006)

between dimensions. If we assume that every element, every object and all life-forms have a connection with that information dimension we will understand that our “hard” reality is but a shadow of a much deeper reality. The tools and implements to deal with that wider reality don’t follow the rational causality of our four dimensional world. I think the magical traditions, and religions are magical to the core, knew more about these tools and methods than present-day science. We have lost the connection with the other dimensions, but the solution to our problems lies there. We

can try to retrace that ancient understanding and hope we will decipher the real purposes of what the Maya’s, Hopi and many other lost civilizations apparently knew better or we can, daringly and valiantly, start to take magic serious. The ultimate tool to reconnoiter the unseen world, the other dimensions is readily available; our mind-body-spirit complex is that tool. We can feel the truth, we can access the timeless wisdom, and we can reconnect with those dimensions via the tools evolution has given us. We are ready now, probably more ready than ever and if that is the message of 2012, let’s go for it. The future is what we make of it, and that starts in our minds, in our imagination. Do away with this culture of fear and terror; throw away the masks of civilization, of rationalism, of science, of us-and-them politics. Take psy-forces for granted and start to work with them, address the earth, the sun and the cosmic forces as the conscious entities they are, humankind did for as long as we existed, it’s only about 500 years that we became rational and see what happened!



Ragna Rock (2005)

Time

Scientists now tell use there are more dimensions than the 4 (3 space and time) we know. They talk about up to 11 dimensions, and the non-locality theories of the modern physicist indicate that there are connections beyond time. Interestingly enough, in the time of Newton one of the arguments against his gravitation formula was that time played no role, just distance and mass. This would involve instantaneous synchronicity, the non-locality of today, and even Einstein could not really explain that paradox away, warped space-time and constant speed of light are illusions. The physical world and its natural laws are malleable, as they are dimensions beyond with their own laws that supersede them. Time and time again there are incidents that defy our physical laws, we call them miracles or look for rational explanations, if all fails we call it hallucinations or hypnotic suggestions, often we include them in our religious lore.



USA 2004

I am not a great believer in time as a consciousness-independent dimension; it seems to be a very mortal notion. If you don't die, what is the meaning of time? Now as we all originate from stardust and our atoms will eventually become stardust again, we and the whole creation we know are mortal, but there have always been those immortal gods. Eastern traditions tell us time is part of the Maya, the illusion and as a physicist I never understood why time flows only in one direction, the formulas and mathematics allow time to go both ways. So either time is irrelevant and everything is there all the time, or past and future have an equal effect on us (our perception). People like Rupert Sheldrake have come up with notions about fields that connect all (morphogenetic fields) but have not factored in the future. I think whatever happens is not only a function of time past and present (and what is the present moment anyway but just a blink) but also of the future. Any event has thus a "future tail" that weighs in. True magic, not the unexplained and thus yet irrational, is the art and science of dealing with that future tail. Magic in that sense is manipulation, active, male, yang as opposed to the mystical, the passive, the female, the yin.

This approach to include the future in physics and in fact in all phenomena leads to amazing concepts, like "Evolution is remembering the future". For many this makes no sense, but at least it forces one to think different. For me, it's a logical conclusion of my thinking about myself, my path in life and my cosmology. I am remembering what lies ahead of me, at some level knowing where I am going, knowing where the path leads to, towards a union with the all and everything or the divine, by whatever name. This doesn't make me less angry, mad, crazy and hardly influenced my behavior (the automatic responses are hard to kill), but has given me a kind of simple happiness and faith. I do not believe in enlightenment other than the discovery of our true nature, awakening from the dream we live in as we believe we are our mask, our personality. There is purpose and direction, there is no chance or chaos; "She/he who brought me here will take me home."

Links

For most of the above items there are extensive references, articles and books on my websites, some in Dutch, many in English. Some are current, some date back a few years, and most again link to other articles on my websites www.net.info.nl, www.myster.nl that contain the body of my work.

To list a few of the articles;

My ideas about the psyche	www.net.info.nl/psyche.htm
Fire rituals	www.net.info.nl/fire.htm
Psychactive substances	www.net.info.nl/psimatrix.htm
Communities and utopia	www.net.info.nl/community.htm and www.myster.nl/commun.htm
Virtual reality (in Dutch)	www.net.info.nl/vr.html
Global warming, a solar problem	www.net.info.nl/sun.htm
Ra Uru Hu	www.jovianarchive.com
and HDS (Human Design System)	www.net.info.nl/ra/index.htm
Magic mushrooms (English)	www.net.info.nl/paddo.pdf
Paddo's (Dutch)	www.net.info.nl/paddo/paddo.htm
Magic sticks and wands	www.net.info.nl/wands
The hidden properties of gold (in Dutch)	www.net.info.nl/gold.htm
Tribes of magic	www.net.info.nl/tribes.htm
Pyramids and their secret function	www.net.info.nl/pyramid.htm
The fear culture that caused the crisis	www.net.info.nl/fear.htm
Guru ranking	www.net.info.nl/guru.htm

My interviews and video's are listed on www.mindlift.tv and on youtube as the mindlift channel



The Mindlift 5.5 class



The Irene