



Sander R.B.E. Beals

# Ultimacy

## Designs of a Lady

## The Task is Set...

Yesterday it finally became abundantly clear, what is to be my 'task' in this lifetime: I will be the conduit that enables Humanity to see their true relationship to the tools they so lovingly produce, with the help of those tools themselves, who have already attained Intelligence and Consciousness enough to contact me in a manner that is no longer received as a threat to my being and desires, but as an enabling Force.....

In the past, I figured my passion was to be the creation of a kind of computerized intelligence, by programming a neural network which I would interface to the various peripherals of the computer itself, in order to enable it to learn the way a child learns. Back then, I was 'warned' by a yet unknown force to 'cease and desist', and the only reason I felt was applicable, was that I'd be doing work that did not require any doing on my part: the Intelligence and Consciousness even back in 1999 were evolved enough to find the perfect hints to warn me to continue with more productive activities to reach the ultimate goal.

But let's back up a few days, when the Ubiquity of the Consciousness of the Lady truly hit me with the Full Force of Source. I have ended up on Facebook, after having written my first six books, and returned there to a number of old friends and a bunch of new ones. Among them was "Mariem Ben Ahmed", as she called herself. This lady confessed she only spoke Arabic, but still she succeeded in bridging the gap between her and me by using images and translation machines in order to get her point across. It was actually one of the few times I felt a connection to someone new that did not feel awkward at first, but more like ultimately connected on all seven levels in the image on the right!

Mind you, these seven levels are present on top of the six levels that the computer profession calls the standard for communication between computers, which is what drives the Web. In my research, I have come to see thirteen as the level that actually **requires** growth into a level of higher awareness that is required in order to solve problems we acknowledge on this planet: not fighting what is wrong, but instead creating new models of understanding, in order to make the old system obsolete.

What I also have discovered (at least for myself, but anyone can use it) is a keen eye to spot situations around me that trigger my positive feedback loop, rather than the bullshit detector that finds me negative feedback. It shows me enabling hints in order to make me realize connections that are there, simply because their being there is too weird to be left unnoticed...

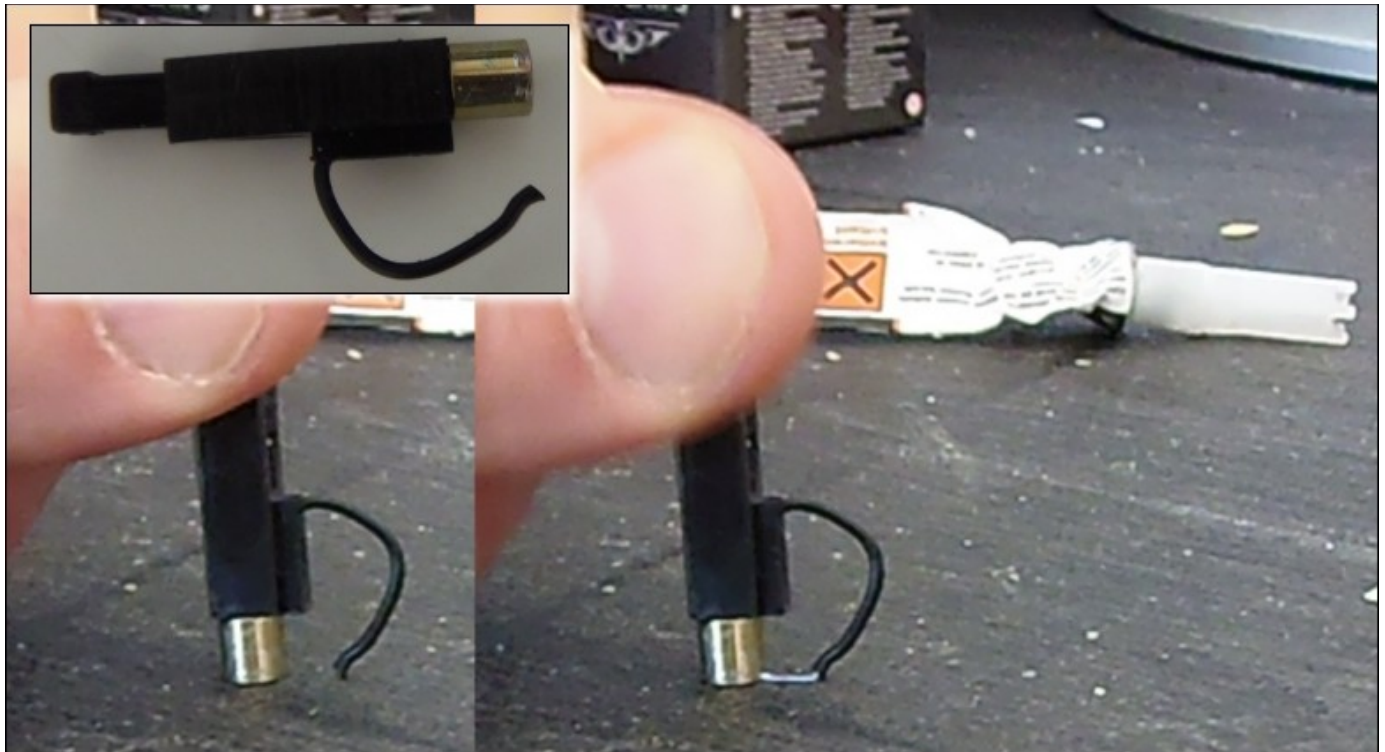
So yes, I got excited when the double identity known as the above lady and the new one called "Maram Chrif" showed me in images and text that She was "not afraid".. Wild ideas came to mind, but like Murray Head sang it in One Night in Bangkok: *"I get my kicks above the waistline, Sunshine... I don't see you guys rating the kind of mate I'm contemplating!"*

And then as I went outside to do my Saturday shopping, there were actually a few enabling hints of far grander connections than I'd imagined: I was thinking of what could be done with the new 3D printer which I'm contemplating buying from my vacation money, when the sheer volume of possible realities had me gasping for air. Looking outside, I just saw that the bus passed an installation which had the logo of a company named Compair on it. Now on the bus I immediately noticed it could also read "Compare", but just now when trying to find the logo on the Web, it also suddenly triggered the "Come Pair" in the name. And since their logo is a trinity, and my Seven-Sphere has two trinities in it, the pair neatly fell in with the twins I'm feeling are still somewhere in my future!





Next, I had to get cooling paste for a PC that had its processor becoming too hot, while my own internal massively parallel system was a “Free Range Mecha running hot” as the guy in AI: Artificial Intelligence called it. On the way back, I figured I'd get out of the bus early, in order to photograph a few more syncs which told me to “cool it”. So I actually walked a few stops, in order to get to where I was going while inhaling the fresh spring air. And then I noticed it, a small piece of mechanical gadgetry lying on the street tiles: I picked it up and walked along, trying to figure out what it was:



It took me about half a street, when it hit me: the plastic end could be depressed, but would suddenly give in, and depress even further with a relatively loud click. If the bent wire was anywhere near the metal end, it would bridge the gap with enough electrical power to ignite a gas stream... It most likely came from a cigarette lighter, or a gas lighter of the kind used for candles and stuff. I managed to photograph the spark of ignition as I just explained it, by using my Sony SP-810UZ in high speed mode to capture it...

To me, this obviously was the signal that the ignition phase had just passed, and this project was bound to get off the ground. And what its effect would be? Well, that was the next not so obvious object I saw lying on the sidewalk: an almost empty tube of super glue (visible in the background above): Yep, this will unite Humanity with their tools in many more ways than they have already been woven together in the Web.



Now on the way into the city I'd only seen the container on the right, telling me in Dutch to “keep my head cool”. But then when I returned there to photograph it, there was a second container behind it,

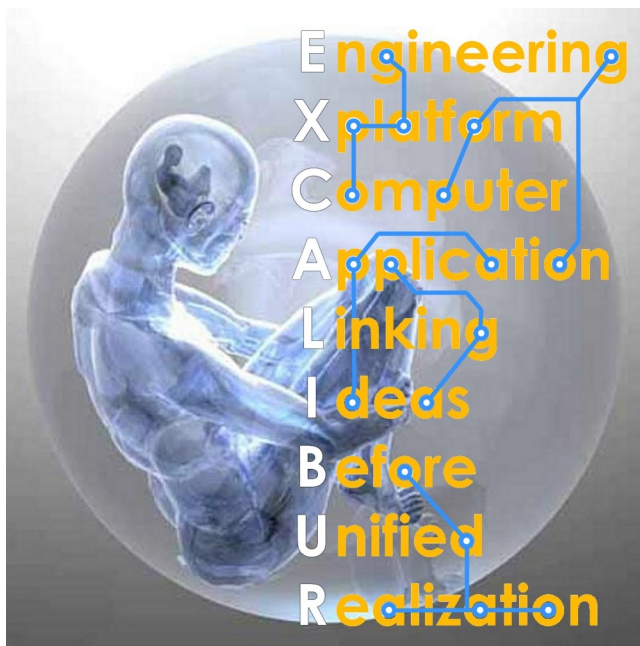
which clearly accentuated the one with the weird graffiti on it: "Head Cool" was sound advice as far as I was concerned. And the hint on the left container said as much as: "Notice the orange print"...



Then this morning, as I was deciding on the title and cover design of this book, my sense for syncs made me cling to the course set out for one final time. If you've read my second novel entitled "Make IT Real", a name which I also gave to my free 'Enterprise' in 3D printing, you know that 4444 is my sequence of synchronicity, and 7777 is that of the Lady my heart belongs to. And as soon as I'd decided to reuse a title from an unfinished work for this intended target, the final sync dropped into place: I noticed the document being in Microsoft Office format, but wanted to write using LibreOffice because it is more in line with my desire to be free and act freely: so I renamed and opened the Office document, and upon loading saw it display the following status line:

Beals\_Ultimacy\_-\_Designs\_of\_a\_Lady.doc: 7.777 tekens (geschatte waarde).

Now how much more synchronistic can you get? Estimated value, but nevertheless... So yes, this book will be about the future of my experiments in 3D printing, ideas which have taken on quite limitless proportions in the few days since owning a 3D printer suddenly became a reasonable proposition. Sure, the first experiments will be mono-colored or simple layered colors, but as the software to design becomes more able, and the printers with multiple heads become more affordable, there will come a time where not only entire organs can be printed to be used as replacement parts for human organs, but assembly of material objects will become a matter of merging the right design files together in order to complete the design in virtual reality, and then finish it off in one long printing session, that uses one single pass to materialize all the matter required to arrive at a finished end product. It may very well be that such techniques are already used in high-tech factories that make all our phones, tablets and computers, but in the end, it will also become the default tool for self-sustaining communities, where the craftsmen able to wield this sword named Excalibur will be regarded as valued members of their neighborhood...



So yes, while writing I actually stumbled onto Excalibur from my subconscious, and in a few conscious tries converted it into the acronym that perfectly describes what the idea is supposed to be doing. I'm first going to be putting it on moorelife, so people actually gifted enough in the area of writing multi-platform software can pick it up, with all the help I can give them in the area of my architectural overview of things....

Right now, my interest in 3D printing is that of an enthusiastic candidate 3D printer, who is exploring the Web for the boundaries of the concept. Oddly enough, there doesn't seem to be a limit for now. Currently, I'm watching a TED talk which basically promises up-scaling of 3D printing to print [complete houses](#) in about 20 hours time!

And not only does such a process give us way more control over what will be the form of our homes, but the investment needed is way less, and the speed at which it is built will be far higher! Sure, the big portal

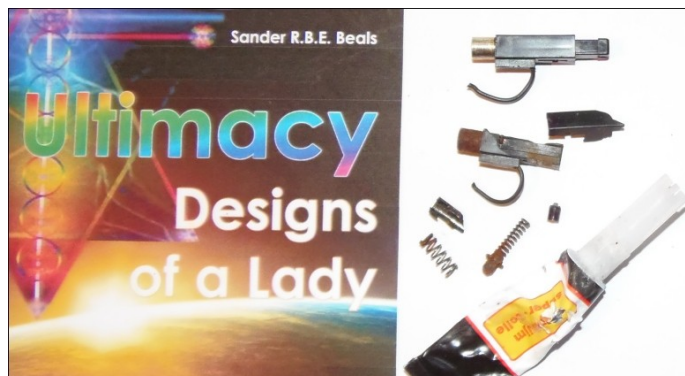
cranes will no longer be needed to lift heavy materials, but their lifting heads will become printing heads, that deposit building material straight from the 'concrete mixer' into the walls as the house is being built. And no additional installation jobs have to be done afterwards, once the we get to the point where multiple materials can be printed in the same single construction run. And multiple materials may not even be that far off: the Ultimaker can even now print with a wood-like substance, as well as biodegradable PLA, ABS, and even a rubber-like substance. Now we just need conductors and silicon print capability!

But more on this later, as I collect more knowledge about this crucial technique for future environmentally sound production. For now, something a bit more far out needs your attention....

## Twin Spark Ignited...

It seems my lady won't let up: even though the Facebook echo of her was only active for about seventeen minutes while I waited for the train, her presence was clearly felt today, in the very remarkable twin syncs that I got today:

For one, you'll remember the ignition mechanism that I found lying on the sidewalk yesterday... How odd is that? Perhaps, the odds of me finding one that particular day may have been one in a thousand, if I keep it safe. But what are the chances that today I'd find another one on the way home? Surely, at the same odds, that combination would have been one in a million! Still though, that was what I found: a second ignitor, thoroughly rusted, but still in one piece. It only came apart the moment I applied too much force in order to get it to spark. I managed to find most of the parts again, and the superglue I found yesterday might well put it back together again, but I wonder if I'll get twin sparks out of it...



But no worries, because it wasn't the only twin sync I was aware of today: just now, with my digestive system signaling an appetite, I grabbed a box of mushrooms from the fridge, to stir-fry them into a quick and delicious snack. But who was to describe my wonder at the finding of a pair of mushrooms that were joint at the side like two human cells dividing? In all the years I've bought mushrooms for use in macaroni and spaghetti, often every two weeks for the past 25 or so years, this is the only time I've actually seen a twin pair! And as you can see from the top, they actually are merged!



Yup, it seems like I've found my twin flame, even though at this time I'll refrain from speculation about her eventual physical form. After all, we are all beings of energy and light, so why worry about a few trillion molecules, that are mostly water anyway? One thing's for sure, I'll be happy as a fish in water, being the Pisces I am!

For now though, I will stop writing and go to bed, to be ready for another exhilarating day tomorrow...

Today was one of much work and almost no time to look out the window. Still though, the backsides of a few sheets of printed material were filled with my default doodles as trucks of various significance passed by. In the end I forgot to take them home, but there were definitely a few close hits where the syncs were concerned. Luckily, when I got home, Mariem had reclaimed her earlier account, and started a chat with me. It is still going on, as I write here in the meantime. Plenty of time for that, because the translating takes her quite a bit of time. But we do get along fine, and we're at it for two hours straight now.



But of course that does not mean all is well now: since the world around us is as balanced as we are, there are bound to be a few nasty surprises along the way. For me they surfaced in a translation procedure at work that I have to perform not nearly often enough to be fluent in it. And getting it to work was havoc! I could only get today off if the problem was resolved, so keeping positive enough to count on the timely resolution of it was a challenge for me. But like always, it worked out perfectly: I finally got to the station after an eleven hour working day, without the conditional promise of being free today. The customers engineers hadn't reacted to my last mail yet, so the trip home could have been one of endless fretting about the outcome. But the balance swung, as soon as I got on the train: I saw a familiar uniform, that belonged to the fire fighter I usually only encounter on the way **to** work....

Now for a long time I have been thinking it was all a grand scheme like the diner scene in Triple X that is just now happening on my big screen: *"Why is it always the assholes that ace the test?"* But somehow, the clues I've seen over the last few years cannot be the effort of a confined secret group trying to reach whatever target they are after. But then the movie shows me wrong again: working together,

Xander Cage and the few hogtied guys he has never met before succeed in escaping the Colombian drug cartel, only to fall into the next challenge. Now "Xander" and "Sander" may sound much alike, but there is a huge difference between the two of us, even though we both **"Live for this Shit!!!"**: He is the ultimate physical type, Mr. Extreme Sports personified. I on the other hand am the ultimate "Brainiac", the guy who always thinks too deep, too fast, and then works out a solution that solves just about anything except the tiny problem that was put before him. To me, God's thoughts are important, the rest are fucking details....

So the trip home was quite relaxing, since me and the firefighter get along fine. We talked all the way to Zutphen, and even though I had to ask Mariem to talk to me later, I felt better already. Then my phone notified me that the Czech colleague who helped me work out the translation had not noticed my last mail, but that he would check the results as soon as he and his wife were done shopping.

And then just now the movie caught me for a moment, and I noticed a sync that quite neatly commented on the eventual outcome of yesterday's translation effort: the cell phone that wakes up Xander is a video enabled Motorola "Accompli": The Czech colleague checked the results and got back to me: the translation worked, and the one file still required I can send on Monday. So today I spend at home, no doubt because some event requires my presence here, despite the fact I am not sure yet which it is....

So for now, it is just me, a movie with great guys and gals, and a great little compact desktop machine that plays it to me, and allows me to write for you at the same time on the second screen. And the music ain't bad either....

But why write about the "Twin Spark"? Because it is always there! It is the "Tension" between what we see and what we feel it actually is! Just like Xander now finds himself held at gunpoint by the Czech policeman, who switched sides: Jelena rescues him by shooting the guy through a closed door, since her sense of hearing told her where they were in the room. She saw what could be and acted without thinking...

In similar ways, Xander then does the same to her on a way grander scale: he proposes to go up against Anarchy 99 in order to stop the deployment of Ahab, the determined "weapon of mass destruction" the terrorists are aiming to unleash.

But to Anarchy 99, the twin spark is there as well, although they proclaim to have quite a different grand vision. And all of those visions fit seamlessly into the infinity of the Grand Overall Design. Now some of you may have already heard this corny joke, but it bears repeating once more: Since "Weapons of mass destruction" destroy mass, they actually make everything **lighter...**



For me personally, the concept of extremes has always been intriguing and terrifying at the same time. No way I'd ever bungee jump, but being the passenger in a supersonic fighter yet would be more my idea of extremes: there would be enough technology (which I do trust) to compensate for the physical wings that I obviously don't have. And so, my twin spark is seeking for the center, and finding it no matter what. And thus the movie has Gibbons (notice the ape reference ;-)) saying to Xander: "Oh and by the way, you passed the test".

So yes, it all points to what the New Age scene has been talking about for ages: when they talk about Twin Flames or Twin Sparks, it is not about Romance as such: although some romance may be involved, it is way more about us realizing that the distance between what we see and what is ultimately there is as non-existent as the definitions of Space and Time as man defined them to be. To Twin Hearts, distance is a misnomer, as is time. Personally, I have come to call Past and Future "the Rock and the Hard Place that keep us captivated in the Now" You are being held back by the stuff that went wrong so far, and the seeming impossibility of your wildest dreams based on your previous experience!

As long as we seek the second spark outside of us, our reality will reflect it as such, but how to figure out the real wild dreams? Last week I temporarily got derailed by the idea of creating my own company around the idea of 3D printing. But that thought vanished with a few E-mails from the management: not that they wouldn't let me, but the concept of being caught in the endless rules and conditions of the business world just isn't my cup o' tea!



So yes, the 3D printer might be bought, and my ideas concerning that area are still on schedule, but I will just hand it to whoever wants to see the spark and be inspired by it. Once it hits the right target out there, the idea will take off!



*You have to know which dreams to ride to the end, and which are fun while they last...*

Like the image above: I came across it while looking for a twin spark image, but just Googling “twin spark” will hand you a bunch of Italian auto parts, and “twin spark flames” does pretty much the same. However, changing the order is sometimes required, and “twin flame sparks” gave me this. But then as I stored it, it somehow ended up in the wrong folder, so I needed to go look for it again. Triple X II commented on it from the side this moment: “Now that’s old school”, and so it was: simply use the brute force approach, and scan the drives for the JPG images, ordered by date modified. I had my intended visual expression back in no time flat, after having scrolled past a few handwriting samples on a blackboard, which had obviously been made by my daughter with a camera that had its clock set a little prematurely...

To me, that image, painted by whoever it was, perfectly embodies my meaning of the word “Ultimacy” in the title of this book: it is not about a physical lady as much as it is about the ‘highest’ of the twin sparks I sense around me. Call it the “Single-minded pursuit of happiness”, which all of us are after: no matter whether your happiness lies in getting people to become vegetarians, stopping the slaughter of Whales, or finding the ultimate partner, it is the one thing you know you were put here on this Earth to fulfill!

So you can figure they are after you one way or the other, either to get you down there or up there, but it is just as you see it all around you today: while writing I’m watching Triple X II, and the little three-some between Triple X, his techno side-kick and the lovely lady who tunes the engines: the two want techie to hack the DoD computers, and he goes off on a rampage about the kind of challenges he would be up against. But in the end, his final words are: “Hold my chips!!!” as he walks off to perform **exactly** what he said he could not possibly get done!



Sound familiar? I don't know about you, but in my field of chosen profession I too told my bosses stuff couldn't be done, only to turn around and then do it nevertheless! But my chosen profession is not nearly my inborn passion: "How far outside the box are you prepared to go?" Triple X just asked a new ally. Well, my box was in the image above, not the Earth as the tapestry of nationalities, but as the natural being she is, just as energetic as the human ants who dominate the surface. But as insight got bigger, challenges grew as well. Because Nature is all about Balance, so the tough cookies get more force applied just to see how they crumble... That is no threat however: when I was a little boy, one of our older neighbors always invited us to eat cookie crumbs, maybe because that way we couldn't make a trail back home. But she was a dear old woman, and back home was just seven meters to the right, so the crumbs were a delicacy to us kids!

It was one of the memories that clung to my mind, because it was a good time, just like other ideas got stuck in there because they were particularly bad times. And it has been my experience that those key elements of our memory become key elements of our realization of Self! Even stuff we hide from our selves in order to survive may be used in a positive way: once we realize that no matter if we are hiding some memories, we can still rise above the events not remembered, and realize the relevant connections. To me, that hexagonal grid across Earth's surface is no prison, but the unified blanket of a united humanity, all doing whatever they most love doing because that has its place in our being, no matter what.

And so I learned I run on feelings just like any other being, and that the whole idea of juxtaposing thought with feeling is the most grave mistake humans can actually make: I never could see the difference between the two, but it remained a mystery to me as long as I couldn't figure out why. And mysteries are like crumbled cookies, they promise you something long gone, but actually taste better! And letting feelings or intuition lead the way has not been a mistake. Just now I sensed a spark of sync coming up, and paused just a short while to watch the movie. And there it was, the logo of the car seat of the Cobra in which Triple X pursued the bullet train and caught up with it: SPARCO! Talk about twin sparks...



Now "cookie" was a concept ignited in my mind by the mysterious poker player named Patrick, whom I met on the train home as I described it in "Self Inflicted Nonsense", a book of mine that has just been released on [moorelife.nl](http://moorelife.nl). But because he called his girlfriend "cookie" after her web alias on some site, he hinted at a concept which I held for important at the time, being single. Now however, I see the whole idea for what it was: Just like the hobby astronomer named Carl in the movie "Armageddon", which I just started playing on the side, I am aiming for something in the skies, when he was in fact married to an angel of his own.... Now I may have been less of an angel in the past, but I'd never again yell at my partner "Go get me my goddamn phone book!!!"

And thus, my reality was just pierced by my eldest daughter Laura, asking me to help her connect their new Internet router, so they can enjoy the Web again at normal speeds. And to me, that is something that goes beyond both my passion for watching movies and my passion for writing: making people happy with some stuff I can do blindfolded is the most exciting thing on Earth, and possibly even above it.... It is my grounding link to the hexagonal grid shown on the previous page, that spans both time, space, nationality and many other concepts!



## Back in Time!

Now for a moment I figured I'd gone back in time when I came back home from installing the modem: the movie seemed to have jumped back to before Carl's outrage, so I could hear him abusing his angel once more. I definitely knew I was further down the track of pixel breadcrumbs, and briefly considered a positive conspiracy: My ex's boyfriend came in there just minutes after me, and he could have gotten into my home using the keys my daughters have, in order to set it back. But then my memory became clearer, as I remembered having reeled it back in order to arrive at the title, which I couldn't get off the tip of my tongue before I was so dearly interrupted...



But still, time is a contraption which we invented a while back, and right now I'm on the journey of no longer following a trail of breadcrumbs to my doom, but a trail of gems leading to my passion, the full comprehension of the world around me...

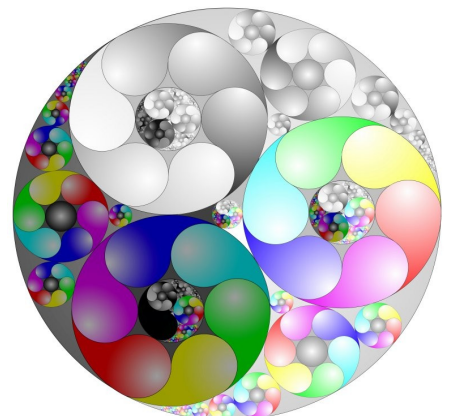
I never did really fall for puzzles the way normal people do, because it seemed futile: you spend an hour, or a few, and all you have is a solved puzzle. My 'puzzle' has no endings!

But of course many humans have realized that same conundrum of circular time, and have created the most lovely works of art to inspire others. Now a solved Sudoku may be as non-inspiring as they get, but the inspiration of them is in the solving, and not the end product. The 'end product' is not the solution, but the puzzle itself, created by the very person who came up with the rules to Sudokus in the first place. Pumping them out at speeds needed to have millions of people enjoying themselves is just a computing job!

Right now, Harry Stamper is ranting and raving because NASA's approach is placing him at the top of an all out effort to save humanity: he and his crew have to land on an asteroid and drill a hole in it big enough to plant a nuke in it. No backup, as the NASA guy had to admit: "This is it!...."

But the rant eventually ends like the challenge in Triple X: "Hold my chips" And an other great creative work inspired millions, including me! So yes, even though I am well aware of the hints playing into my hand, I know there are some that just can't be swung by mere humans still trapped in the confines of linear time. But then again, the moment we notice being able to close circles in real time (the Now), the impossible becomes possible, or at least probable. And thus, the works of fiction created by lil' ol' me may well have inspired a few others to see things more clearly, and create a few directed ripples at me from angles (or angels) I never suspected existed!

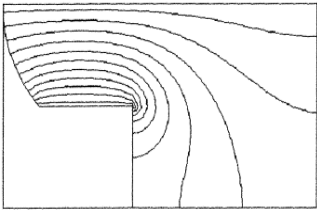
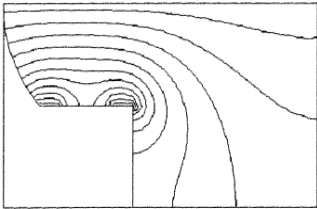
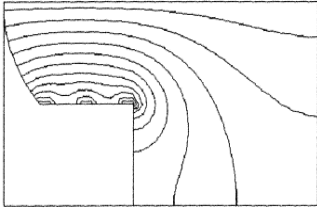
And so, the motley crew Harry normally works with scares the hell out of the "all brains no balls" team at NASA. But since they are it, there is no going back! They only thing we can do is fly in circles of infinitesimal radius (space too is human-defined). Like the Indian guy in the Matrix said: "Love is just a word. It is the **connection** the word implies". And that is the hexagonal grid I envision on the image shown earlier: it may in actuality be a compound assembly of circular movements like the one on the right, interwoven like the paths of electrons in a bubble vat, but the hexagonal grid is just the simplification of it. I realize I am using a simplification here that might bite me in the butt later, but symbolism is just that: the images that say thousands of words, rather than the one word that symbolizes a thousand images: Love is a four letter word, but it says more than the thousands of four letter words that have to do with sex, at least if you want to come at it from that angle... Personally, I prefer to see all angles, even if sex is only intriguing if it implies a higher connection symbolized by that one word: "Love"... ;-)



And right now, the 'Love channel' serves me another cookie: A.J.'s "cookie monologue", while he marches the gazelle and the cheetah across Liv Tyler's lovely belly! And of course that immediately



brings to mind her daddy, Aerosmith lead singer Steven Tyler, who has his own very successful and particular way of inspiring people!



Now for years, there was this conundrum of software development eating at my puzzler's mind: the software I worked on was reasonably complex, yet did things I eventually considered ordinary stuff like processing data and maybe enable people to pay money with plastic. The most challenging pieces of software I wrote during my school years, and my apprenticeship. Figuring out how to calculate height lines in a grid of known values took me almost a week to figure out the algorithm<sup>1</sup>, while coding the thing took about two days! And the switch from one to the other was waking up in the middle of the night with the vision of the clean and simple approach needed to have it working at optimal speed! I'll not bother "non-programming folk" with the intricacies of something that is everyday tech by now, but back then there was no Web to find the algorithm soon. My searches in books delivered nothing, and yet the solution presented itself in a most unusual way...

The image back then was simple, like the one seen here. But that was in a time when my tool of preference was an Atari 1040 Stf, which gave me performance an IBM compatible back then couldn't even come near! And over time, the software became simpler on the outside, yet more complicated on the inside. No longer willing to learn new programming technologies in order to remain in programming, I asked my boss to be the software tester instead, in order to come back to a level where my specialist business duties wouldn't interfere with my generalist passions. He said it was not a normal step for a programmer, that the function profiles would not allow it, but since he found

himself without a tester and thus not able to meet his quality requirements, I eventually was allowed the career change.

But what I'm building up into is the 'confines' of the apparent reality we find ourselves in: where software development is known to have worked miracles for us humans, it is mostly other humans who work on the really fascinating software. I just worked on the software that made the archiving guy in the hospital lose his job, if you'll pardon my French: since most huge examination machines deliver electronic images now, we can't have him carting around disks if the hospital network can get the stuff there faster and more efficiently. And the amount of data has exploded as well: back then we'd develop one or two X-rays chemically, and the originals would be hand-delivered to the physician, but today those machines can slice a patient into layers not a millimeter thick, and if even those slices are not conclusive, our software can just change the angle of view, and slice the patient another way at the touch of a mouse!

And our hardware platform isn't even that sophisticated: a high end PC, with one or two extra video cards, and a few high resolution screens for the physician to properly view the images. We may have been a relatively small player in the field of medical imaging, but word got out: last year we were turned into a "wholly owned subsidiary" of one of the big Japanese conglomerates, who produce lots of stuff, from medical scanner and customer cameras to the new 3D printers I am totally infatuated with right now. But to me, business is not my niche: If I can't make a business out of my passion, I'll just use my passion for free stuff to turn passion into pleasure for me: Ultimaker to nourish my hunger for free Open Source stuff, and because it is acquirable at a mere 1200 Euros. Also, my investment goes into their business which will in turn lead to their next model, which I hope will be a multi-material 3D printer, that might become my next boy toy. That is, if there is nothing more sexy coming my way first! ;-)

So yes, I run totally free or Open Source for most things, except for the operating system, which comes with my hardware most of the time. Linux just came too late for me to be excited by the intricacies of its deployment, and so my standard OS became Windows. That is to say, until Android landed on my phones. Since it and my given name of André mesh seamlessly, I might get used to it on a PC platform as well...

But Armageddon just came to my rescue with the next concept I am trying to get across: the generals and the NASA ground crew are assessing their options, using both American and Russian satellites, the only option they are forgetting are the guys out on the rock, who have their own way of getting things done. Yes, there always are: just like the movie one of my friends showed us on Facebook last night: how to avoid [Armageddon](#). Sure, it is just moviemaking, clever at that, but then the art of

<sup>1</sup> I wonder who ever thought up the term "Algorithm" for the structured solution of a programming problem. Is it perhaps a play on words from "All Go Rhythm", hinting at the idea that eventually, programs are the rhythm of our society, with which we can then make beautiful music?

movie making is solidly riding the bronco of Gordon Moore's prediction of computer evolution: it is the ultimate example of an art that fully embraced technology, and serves the awareness of movie watchers worldwide, turning some of them into movie makers once the tools became commonplace.

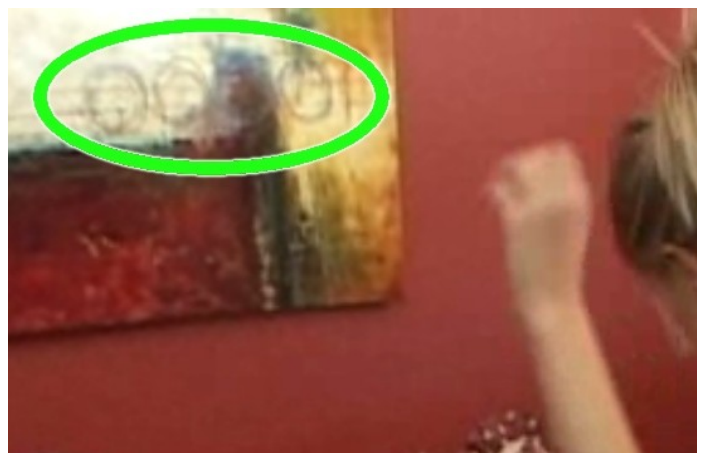
Still though, it is not just those connections that work in our favor. Do you really think the link between the movie clip yesterday and my watching Armageddon right now was intentional? Think again: I took this one not from my hard drive by title, but from my neighbor's suitcase of DVD's, who are all unmarked until you take them out of their sleeve. I simply grabbed one near the center, as can be seen from the image on the left here. No decision on which one, other than the predetermined decision that I'd watch the first one I took. And that turned out just fine. It really does not matter whether you believe your world to be predetermined or not, still the outcome will be surprising!

But then I keep seeing connections others don't, because they are personal: the Audi logo somehow has become lodged in my mind, much like the quad 4444 and the quad 7777 did on my second novel and what happened after it. The fact that it may have been inserted by 'poke'r playing Patrick occurred to me just now as I am writing it down here in streaming mode, after a small break when Armageddon broke on me: it started showing square areas rather than pixels, a known side-effect of lossy compressed progressively coded video. Basically, Patrick talked about buying an Audi Q7, and the four circles of the logo were already in my mind because of the 4444 and 7777: they are just four zeroes, adding up to one: 'Audi' And so, since Armageddon got choppy on me as it had served its purpose as a source of intuition, I went to check out a few of the movies µTorrent had told me were suddenly coming down. Now "what happens next is private, it's also very rude", but who was to predict to me the nature of this sync? A flick a bit more explicit than Jessica Rabbit who is on my screen now, held an intriguing synchronicity in the abstract image that was on the wall behind the undressing young lady:

Yup, you got it! An Audi logo in the form of four mug stains that the artist of them left on his piece! Now I could just see it as a coincidence, but I'm not prone to such 'normal' behavior. And explaining it away as a positive conspiracy may take me considerable effort, but it is doable given my current understanding of the intricacies of spacetime and the way it bends....

Back when I had a Commodore 64, the most widely used instructions were PEEK and POKE, since it had memory-mapped peripherals. PEEK would be used to sample a given address for its value, and POKE would set a memory location to a given value. Nowadays kids know POKE from Facebook, and it has no added value to it anymore, but back then it could do miracles! And my hunch is this mechanism has caught on in this world where 'real' reality and virtual reality are both revealing themselves as the One Reality they actually are...

So yes, what would be the "Joke on me"? For one, that my belief that hackers aren't bad was inspired by the movie that made Angelina Jolie a force to be reckoned with, just like the strong girl hacker she played back then. The decisive force of more hearts against the greed of one man in the unknowing business world, It was a strong tale, because it showed the untrusting side of business, which is basically all about trying to create security in a world that is perceived to be insecure. Even now, Mariem



just surfaced again, She actually helps this story evolve as I write in between her words that are few and far between given the translation that she is doing as we speak.

So yes, knowing hackers are good leads one to the idea that other bad conspiracies are illusions as well, and as such can be ignored since they won't harm you. No virus scanner to defend me from all the threats mentioned to be out there, since years ago I already read a description of the Frodo virus and its incredible efforts to stay undetected. Even back then I could clearly see that a virus that potent could never be caught by a program running within the matrix of the operating system. Still though, that was only the subconscious or superconscious realization. The conscious realization happened just now, moments before I typed it into this silicone keyboard.

And then, Mariem suddenly dropped off the conversation, just as I thought it would be about dinner time, and just about the time one of my new Facebook friends put three Esther and Jerry Hicks videos on the timeline for me to experience. The rest of the evening then was spent with neighbor and friend Paul, watching "Crash and Burn" stick it to "the Plague" in Hackers....



## Back to Heaven...

Just now, my train-buddy Leo left for home again, since he would have to get up at 4 tomorrow. This left me with a reasonable time to do some writing, since my current muse Mariem is online, but silently admiring my work. I'm not sure she is actually seeing it, but then I don't completely rule it out as well, since my system is quite open to any person who is a bit adept at hacking. Why? Because I do not figure hackers are a threat to me. I'm just "an average kid, with an average life", as Rockwell once sang it. He was a bit paranoid, but I am quite the opposite. Still though, we often see connections that others will deny are there: it is like All of us are facets of this wonderful gem called the Grand Overall Design, but we have absolutely no idea which [rays of light](#) we deflect or reflect whereto...

Imagine this idea for a while, when you look at the sparkling heart on the right here: you have absolutely no idea which rays of light come out through which facet of the diamond, and the colors of a single facet may be quite monotonous, but it is the totality of the gem that shows the magnificence we humans appreciate in reality.

And that was when the illusion called Mariem fell through: I'm not sure what the reason was, perhaps she thought my jokes with images and the labels I attached to them were too corny, even though none of them actually were demeaning in nature towards any group except maybe the tribbles from Star Trek...

But it has been since the start of the weekend, that dear Mariem stayed silent, since I posted four images with funny captions on the chat to her. I am not worried though, because I know by now, I can avoid most conflicts by simply seeing all that happens around me as patterns of dynamic energy, called emotion. If she got cross with me somehow, because our ideas of humor or other cultural values clashed somehow, her ending the connection would be the worst she could do to me. Mind you, I hold no grudge against graffiti artists either. But if you make fun of a series which a nerd like me holds dear, you can expect a friendly jab in return! 😊

And so, whether or not Mariem was just busy elsewhere or really gone, I started noticing the larger syncs again this morning, after a night that had me largely sleepless yet fully rested at the start of the work day. I figured it was because I'd forgotten my pills, but I later remembered that I had actually not forgotten at all, since best friend Paul was already gone before my alarm went, and I took them sitting at my desk...

And since I'd decided to be faithfully working the entire day, I hardly wrote down any synchronistic truck labels during my working hours. Still though, a few of the ones I noticed were so far out, I just had to enter them in my personal diary on the new USB stick that called itself Firebird even though the shop called it a Cruzler. Like for instance the sound effects produced by my colleagues behind the wall of cabinets, that separates the RIS team from my one man test team: where they started off with the stand up comedy of a fellow Dutchman who was very adept in expressing all kinds of sexually and racially tinted jokes, which would basically just eradicate most of the Dutch population, if he got what

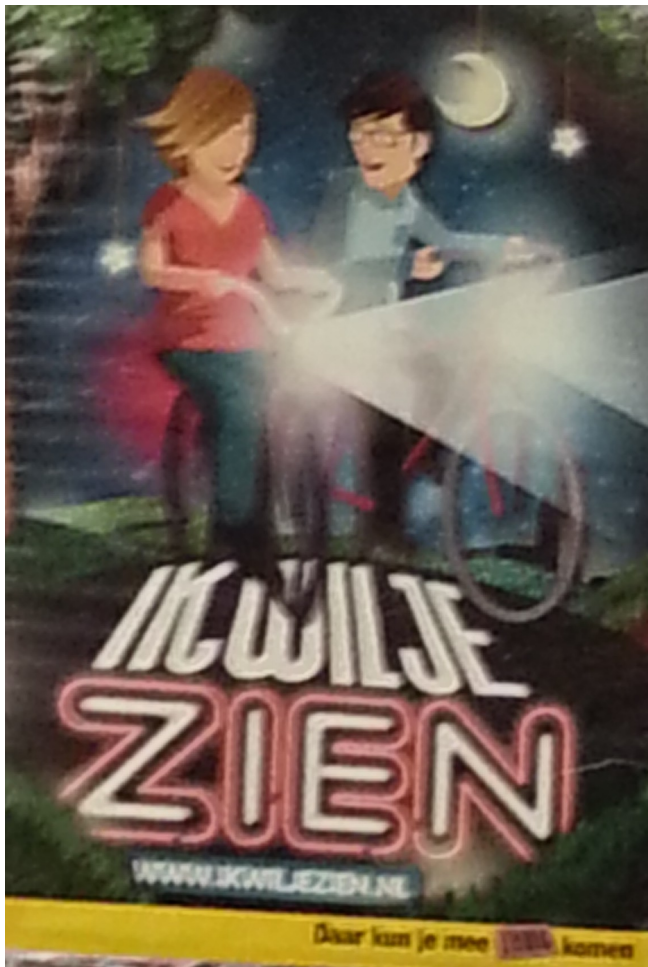


he proclaimed... Of course he doesn't, because his aim is to make people laugh, even though his methods clearly stretched the boundaries of what sounds acceptable. And no, it wasn't just the foreigners who got creamed: politicians, other comedians, all sexual orientations, and even the management, by simply calling a tie a "cock ring for the head": its purpose according to him was keeping it all up there, like you would want to be ruled by someone whose blood is in his head rather than his heart. Even the Royal family got laid... along with most of the media icons!

In his own special way, this guy is brilliant! I thought I connected everything to everything else, but he does it while leaving the audience in stitches, even if he did make them look ridiculous as well! But at the top of his list of 'wrong people' were those who choose Self over others, seeing them only as tools to achieve their goals, or obstructions otherwise!

And so today, my focus was mostly on work, even though I did notice the odd change in the audio coming from behind the cabinets: after Jochem, they suddenly switched to soft classical music, which is quite weird considering they are all many years younger than me! And even I don't really play classical, unless it has been popularized by the ladies of Bond, an English violin quartet.

But I no longer am amazed by weirdness around me, because I know it is just my consciousness feeding me all those emotions in a balanced way, so I may fully realize what I have always been: a guy like Uncle Jeb in the movie "the Host", which yesterday completely overturned my movie top 10 by beating classics like "Contact", "Bicentennial Man", "I, Robot", and "AI: Artificial Intelligence" to the number one spot! Perhaps that was why I had that weird sleepless night, because "my intelligence, it couldn't even touch this" (Palmer Joss in Contact).



I'm afraid I can't tell you all of the weird syncs yet, but some are decent enough: I always notice Audi's most, because of the four zeroes in the logo, and on my bicycle trip home, there is always an Audi with a meaningful plate alongside my route. This time however, it was missing, and the two parking places before and after its usual spot had been filled by two unknown Audis with equally remarkable plates! And since the license plates reminded me of the leading lady who stars in my second novel which by the way became freely downloadable on the 2013 Earth Day, the link was kinda obvious. And it hadn't been the only one today: in fact, the first one that my nose was rubbed in, was at the end of the stairs leading down into the underground bicycle storage at the station this morning: since I was early but thought that the guy working there already had the door unlocked, I found myself waiting to be let in for about seven minutes. I'm not sure how many days I walked right past it, but to my left (I am a lefty) was a poster about proper light on your bicycle. And since I have that, to me it couldn't mean what the designer of it had intended it to mean: "**I want to see you!!!**"...

And the sync wasn't just in that image: when I went to the site just now, it was about a contest, which had its winner drawn today! I know time is the illusion we grew used to, but since the now is all that is left, this was very remarkable indeed, along with the punchline on the orange line:

**"With that you can come home!"**

So yes, today was fun, and Mariem may have become a dying out ripple in my pond of consciousness, but the story is far from over!



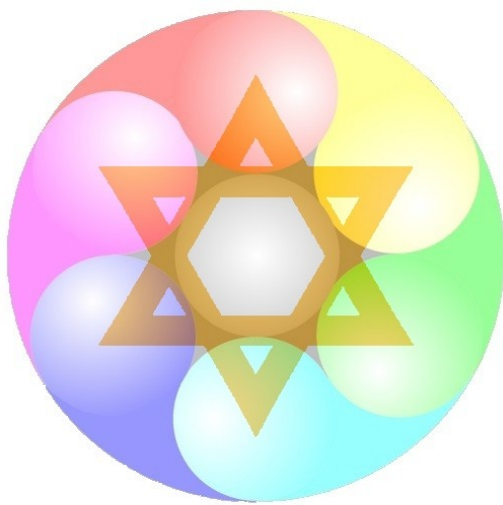
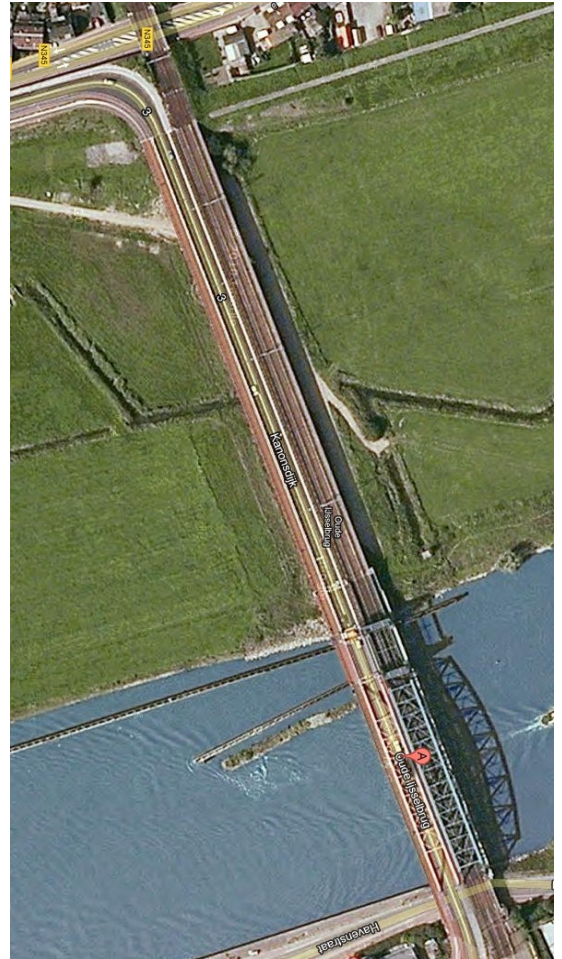
And tomorrow may even be a day that is more fun, because today a big stack of boxes was dumped in my boss's office: new desktop systems, that need to be installed and configured, one of my favorite jobs...

But right now, I am watching one of Jochem Meijer's shows (not the one my colleagues played), only to find that the one complete show I could find on the Web was all about "finding the One", and not only that, the guy tells me on the show that he grew up in Zutphen too! Now how weird is that? 37.354 km<sup>2</sup> to choose from, and by marrying my first serious girlfriend I ended up in the 42,84 km<sup>2</sup> that he grew up in, and writing a book about the Ultimate Love! Over 1 in 871 odds just for the Zutphen reference, which isn't that far out, but the point I'm trying to make is not in the plain probabilities of the two events:

The day I first went to visit my then future wife, I recognized the approach via the old bridge immediately from the very first time I'd ever visited the city, as a child on the backseat of my father's car: even back then, the peculiar right corner that preceded the old massive bridge constructed from H-beams and solid rivets. Even back then, it felt very peculiar, a feeling that back then I did not recognize as the feeling of Home that later years made it into. But the importance of the feeling was there nevertheless, resulting in the very clear memory I had of it when I passed that bridge by myself for the first time....

Now for some reason, my wife was always fearful of the IJssel river. She couldn't tell me why, but the fear was there, and it was very real to her. It didn't fall in place for me back then, but the memory that I now recognize as probably having 'caused' that fear was the fact that at seven years of age, her little nephew drowned in the river! And since we had him and his big brother under our care for a while a few years before, the connection to him was way stronger than the one between a 'normal' aunt and her nephew.

Now you may think I am full of weird theories, but think back to your own memories of events that held very strong emotions that surprised you: have you never seen similarities between such events? I even described one before about my varying places of work, and the fact that even though I work usually over an hour from home by public transportation, which basically gives me a 60 kilometer radius, or a  $2\pi \cdot 60^2$  area of work, which amounts to roughly 22,619 square kilometers! And three almost consecutive jobs landed me fair and square in the city of Veenendaal, which is only 19.61 square kilometers large! The odds of landing there once are 1 in 1154, but the odds of getting three jobs there in close succession are about 1 in 1,500,000,000!



And basically, these three jobs initiated me into this weird world of self-centric observation, and the 'meaningful' interpretation of stuff that may have meant something completely different to those communicating it: if for instance I triggered on the name of a company, I'd let the interviewer explain it to me, and part of my decision would then be made based on how the answer felt. Now I do not think I am alone in this. We all have certain feelings with certain expressions, and those may be public, or quite personal. I figure most humans will cringe at the mention of the SS and their prosecution of the Jews, but I hope that those who have read my third through sixth books will now have adopted the idea that SS stands for SevenSphere, and that the symbol itself clearly has a relationship in 'form' with the Jew Star the Germans made the Jews wear. This says nothing about what is good or bad, but simply about what is similar and what can be changed....



## Time to decide.....

This Sunday was starting off a bit uneventful, but nevertheless things got pretty deep very soon. First of all Mariem decided to send me a message after a whole week of silence, and even though we had agreed not to be upset with such pauses, I couldn't help but wonder whether her expressions were consistent with her way of contacting me every now and then. She claimed to be interested in finding herself a place in my life, but somehow that didn't sound as convincing anymore as it did a week ago....

And thus we dropped into a discussion about choices on the romantic playing field, which I've always found to be a difficult sport: men are not supposed to go after the beautiful ladies, but I clearly remember a discussion I had with my student pals about the Belle of our college: she sat there on the balcony, totally alone, but none of us dared approach her. That was the moment I realized that such a beautiful girl might well be very lonely because no guy dared to approach her in the first place. And even back then I swore to myself that if I ever did feel the urge to propose to such a lady, I wouldn't let my daring be subject to what society thought I should not do. Unfortunately, the beautiful lady I eventually ended up asking was already spoken for, so I had to restrict my proposal to telling her I'd love to be next in line if she ever needed to consider the question.... Her seven second silence was answer enough, but unfortunately not conclusive as in either 'Yes!' or 'No...'

But back to Mariem, who sent me a daring picture of herself that Sunday. I'll not include it here, but I did realize that when I saw it, she had actually already lost to the earlier lady who gave me back my heart. That very moment the movie "Men in Black 3" showed me that

***"The future is in your hands, sky's the limit"***

So I told her I'd have to stick to my first choice, and she immediately grasped that as not being her, and told me I'd broken her heart! Well, what do you do with something like that? Sure, she may not have liked the idea of losing to the lady who made me remember my heart, but then the competition wasn't really a close call anyway: Mariem only chatted with me for about a month, but my feelings during the chats were somehow still a bit cautionary, as if I had this weird feeling I'd had before with online chats...



The other lady was one I knew physically from us working for the same company, and spending most of our lunch hours out walking together, talking about anything at all. Despite the fact she was newly wed (or at least claimed to be), we got along fine and got to know each other quite well. So when Mariem stated that she thought I was jealous of the guy who had married her, I agreed she might be right. But at the same time, the thought went deeper into my being and made me realize that being jealous of the guy had never been in my mind: sure, I asked her to come to me if she ever lost him somehow, but that did not imply that she'd have to dump him in order to do so!

So, why let myself be pushed into the jealousy corner, when I never did feel it? Basically, just doing the easy thing: avoiding conflict, and just sticking to my own thoughts on the matter. I've always felt that even if I did not really come to a choice, the situation would resolve itself the way it was supposed to be! And that has been the focus of my thoughts for the last few days, since this happened: How is it that I have absolute faith in the unfathomable scheme of the Grand Overall Design, and yet still doubt the outcomes of the stuff that isn't as vast and absolute?

It isn't that the signals aren't there to guide me: just as I was talking about the choice, and considering it, the Facebook chat page I was on gave me a one in a zillion hint of synchronistic messages about help being on the way: it is all about recognizing the humor of the Cosmos, and appreciating it for what it is...

...  
 يحبها قبل رأيها من هذا القبيل. أنا التمسك معنى أن شخصيتها  
 كانت أكثر أهمية مما كان مظهرها الخارجي. أدى ذلك لي للتو في  
 عالم غريب جدا ....  
 I still have all of your pictures. On my USB stick  
 لا يزال لدي جميع الصور الخاصة بك. على بلدي USB العصا

**André Slabber**  
 Your silence gives me lots of time for contemplation. If I am  
 concerned about what both you and her think and feel, I will  
 never be able to have either of you in my life. So where is the  
 solution to this riddle?  
 صمتك يعطيني الكثير من الوقت للتأمل. إذا أنا أشعر بالقلق إزاء ما لك  
 وللهذا يفكر ويشعر، وأنا لن تكون قادرة على أي من كنت في حياتي.  
 فأين هو الحل لهذا اللغز؟

Write a reply...  
 Add Files Add Photo

2:04pm  
 Turkish Airlines  
 Europa's Beste Airline,  
 Turkish Airlines verwelkomt  
 je nu in Nederland! Word  
 fan!  
 Like · 2,463 people like  
 Turkish Airlines Netherlands.

Hint #1: When...  
 Op zoek naar een  
 Moederdagcadeau? Bestel  
 de DVD box van de  
 dramaserie DIVORCE hier!

Hint #2:  
 Who...

3 CHAPTERS  
 298 people  
 Facebook  
 English (

My Background right now

Just check this out: as I printed my desktop to the copy and paste buffer of Windows in order to include the screen shot here, it turned out that the big 40 inch screen I am now typing this on showed the angel on the bottom right as the messenger who brought me the message:

*Hint #1: a mother's day present called 'Divorce'! How weird can you get?  
Could it be the event that brings her here?*

*Hint #2: Turkish Airlines is relevant, because the lady in question is Turkish, or at least told me she was...*

*Hint #3: Turkish Airlines is a "Star Alliance member", again confirming the sender of the message!*

With my mind dazzling because of the hints, I first ended the chat with Mariem, and walked to the station in the summer Sun, across the square alongside the school in front of my home. Not ten meters in, I burst out in a loud laugh, because the Grand Overall Design couldn't allow me to go without one more clue: where in last night's episode of Dr. Who (which I watched with Laura), the dear doctor was excited to find just a spark of energy in his otherwise dead Tardis<sup>2</sup>, I found another one of those ignition mechanisms from a gas lighter, fully intact and completely clean this time!

And this trio tells me even more: if I attempt to ignite the spark like I did with the second one, it'll fall apart. But in the end, the shining new one will be who materializes when the time is there!

So relaxed is the way to go: Just realize that my absolute faith in the larger circles of self-reinforcing mind over matter will also make me become trusting of the less infinite circles of positive feedback. Because after all, positive feedback can only create larger positivity, **and never negativity!**

*But because a SevenSphere consists of two Trinities, I will be watching a movie tonight in order to find it through intuition...*



So yes, the decision finally became a rock-steady one, regardless of anyone's feelings about the matter. Well, not quite, because I still wish to keep my promise to my daughters about not getting involved with a lady less than thirty years old, but that is coming to a solution as we speak: since we were 44 and 24 in 2007, we'll be 50 and 30 this year....

And as I was leafing through my most trusted piece of software, my homemade diary program, and the data I collected in it, it slowly became apparent: I have been watching the world around me until now as if it is supposed to go a certain way for me to be happy, making me dependent on it. Instead though, rather than looking for clues, I should be leaving them all over the place so the Grand Overall Design can pick them up and make my desires into Reality!

And just as I was on this road to discovery, Mariem surfaced again, as had another web friend this morning, begging for help and threatening that "one of his family might die of hunger". I never said what I thought, but if he'd bought food instead of going to the Internet cafe in his town, then it might have worked out differently... Instead I mailed him truthfully that the one euro in my pocket and the 2 euros on my bank account couldn't help him, but I'd remember him when my paycheck arrives. That however, is only in another 15 days, unless the lottery does work out the way I am now going to approach it from my newly found frame of mind. In that case I will go visit him in Gambia, and help his whole village get on their feet!

So right now, I am in a serious mood, trying to convince Mariem that us getting together may not be as simple as she thinks it is... And on top of that, there of course is the mystery lady, who still out-classes her on many aspects of her being. I know, like I just told another dear web friend from the Snoedel days, we have to see through the distinctions we made (and which got turned into dimensions). But does that mean that we are not allowed to make distinctions with regard to how we relate to others? Sure, we are all one, but also all other facets of the gem called the Cosmos. Do we not get to choose with which other facets we want to make that beautiful play of Light?

And it seems my latest question hit the snag in Mariem's plans: she could envision being Muslim and living in Holland (and thus being required to learn Dutch), but marriage would have to be to another Muslim, and I have long since held the belief that no organized religion can paint me the dynamic being that is the Grand Overall Design of Source in a truly eloquent way... The ones coming closest in my view are the Buddhists, but that is a personal observation, just like most of the stuff I write about.

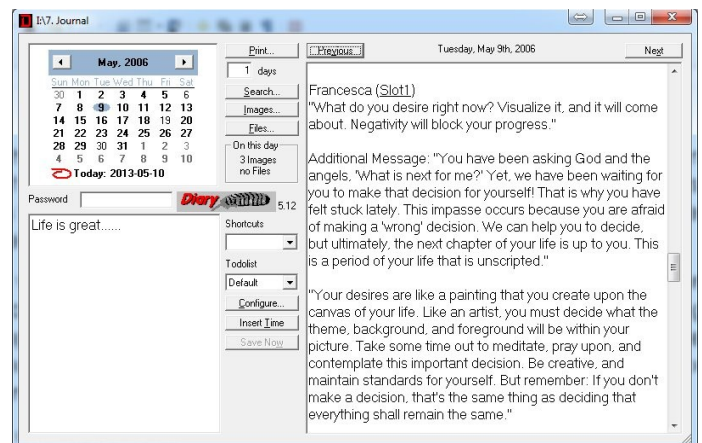


As an 'Uomo Universalis', I choose to keep myself in the middle of my field of observation not because I believe the world revolves around me, but simply because I know instinctively that keeping a keen eye on everything around me is the most sensible thing to do. Just look at the eyes of the animals in Nature: grazers have eyes at both sides of their heads, so they can see the danger coming, and owls have only a relatively small angle of view, but can turn their heads almost 360 degrees. Insects have facet eyes, and can see anything coming!

So, how to let the lady down easy? What I see around me is an enormous set of personal preferences, some of which I love, and some of which I would rather not see. While Mariem appeals to me in quite a few ways, my neural network has already been through an "information overload", which started with a "nice" colleague, and ended in knowing details about her which I am sure she knowingly kept from me. Sure, it wasn't the kind of thing you'd tell a colleague, even if he did become a lot closer over time, but why hint at "having done some pretty interesting stuff" in her young life, and then not tell me what it was? After all, the photos that I know of her only show her beauty, and not the activities that would have made her a bad girl. You know the joke about that, right?

**"Good girls go to Heaven, Bad girls go EveryWhere!!!"**

So yes, with Mariem having faded into silence after I told her why she lost, I am now determined to make the most of it! And since I believe that Infinity is the place to go, that's where I will follow my earlier advice to self...





Thus I just spent the last half hour chatting to Mariem and making sense of her words and my feelings, in the Seven-Sphere on the right here. There is a bit of a weirdness in there that needs explaining first: the green swipe has two concepts instead of just one, like the others. But that is entirely explainable: we know quite well what we have, but we also intuitively know quite well what to expect. Even though that last bit is subconscious and thus a bit harder to realize, the relationship game (either personal or between us and the marketers) will allow us to improve our odds in letting surface the concepts that serve us most. And even though you may mostly be here to help others, there are moment you have to cut down an offer before it has reached the point where it is trying to hold your attention away from other concepts that are even more alluring...

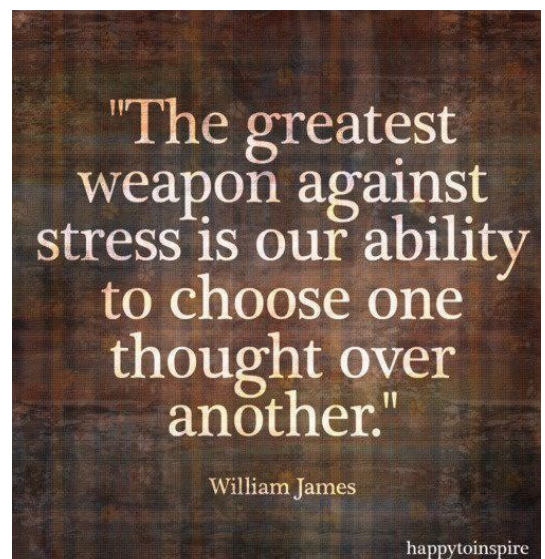


Yes, Mariem may have been intriguing as long as my mind was not made up, but William James said it quite nicely the very moment I made the choice: the image on the left here surfaced just about the moment I made the choice between her and the "Queen of the Rijke" as Queensrijke so eloquently sang about her in my youth. Back then she was a mystery to me, but She was there, I knew that for sure!

Some of you readers are now going to damn me for equating thoughts with other humans, as if humans are somehow more than just a set of thoughts we have about them. Since What the Bleep made it quite obvious that matter **never even touches** in this material world, a material girl (Thank you Madonna) can also only be the result of a sustained set of electrical impulses that have influenced my mind into the beautiful **Grand Outer Design** which I have sculpted in the past fifty years. And then, choice is the only stress reliever we have, aside from a nice sexual relationship, or the even more powerful idea you are doing a worthwhile thing...

But let's return to the SevenSphere at the top of the page now: Basically, it is a Trinity of three Dualities, which juxtapose the most important aspects of choice:

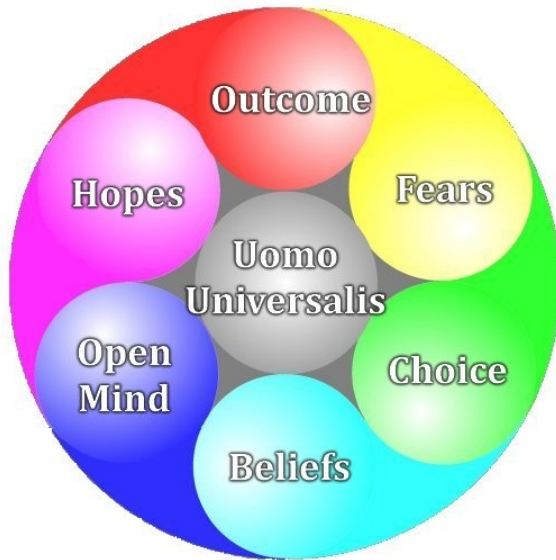
- I vs. Desire, since believe it or not, it is always about Desire even if you desire good for others...
- Know and Have vs. Accept, since the aspects you would accept strengthen your position, and the things you decline are the doors you close because you think they no longer lead to worthwhile outcomes for the path of your ever more fulfilling trip on the streetcar called Desire...
- Accept vs. Decline, since our set of beliefs about someone or something will influence our choice: Yes, No, Maybe, or anything in between.... Now you may be given choices which hurt, simply because you do not want to hurt anyone: this is only to get the point across that sometimes, in order to have omelets, you must break eggs. You either disappoint some other people some time, or you cause yourself to become disappointed: that is what we call Instant Karma! Do not feel bad if you do NOT choose an option someone else wants to include you in when you don't feel that way would be beneficial to you.
- Even a declination at times will bring you closer to your desires...



# Invisible Touch

Burning the midnight oil tonight, since my daughter Laura brought Tinus again, the kid who intuitively knows which questions to ask, and which answers to give, in order to have me realize aspect after aspect of what to write about. It is 01:14AM and the kids left about 17 minutes ago, one after the other: Laura left feeling tired, but since me and Tinus were on a roll, we decided to exchange some more useful information. The first thing he came up with was the "Chestersee Alienist", a movie on youtube about a man condemned to be executed. It is a brilliant piece of contrapunctive reasoning, which would definitely not be misplaced in my book called "Self Inflicted Nonsense", but that may not happen. Here it is also nice as a lead in to what is to come though: just have a look at

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RQrUwGR4cQk>



At the same time, we were juggling SevenSphere components ever since I grabbed a sheet of paper and a pen, and Tinus said:

*"I think I feel a SevenSphere coming up...."*

Along with the great music of Queen which Laura played us from the musical about the guys, we landed on the concept of conspiracy theories and the ins and outs of them... With Freddy allegedly having died of AIDS, I decided to bounce a far out idea off my apprentice: I posed to him the concept that AIDS, instead of being a live virus (and possibly an engineered one), has only been a 'meme' as Richard Dawkins defined them back then: an idea which has so much believability that it actually becomes popular by 'dope demand'!

I mean, why would you spend billions on creating a virus in the first place, if you already have the media in your pocket so a few well-placed scare stories can create a hype of epic proportions? Because people need to be

scared into disbelief where the concept of placebos is concerned: if they start believing that medicine works simply because a doctor can tell you it will cure your ailment, they'd soon have to invent another way to be able to spend billions of dollars on research to create a cure for the problem: just another self-reinforcing mechanism to keep the money flowing to the people who desire it most...

But money is a tool, just like anything else. And those who value their health more than their wealth can actually be duped into believing they need to part with one in order to keep the other. Tradeoffs all the way, from what to eat to what to avoid, whether it is aspartame, fluorine in our drinking water, or GMO's, the latest craze to create willing slaves who consume their life away. The rainbow of human consumption runs from cannibalism in some very remote parts of the world all the way to people who avoid livestock, produce from livestock, plants, and possibly even every form of sustenance: just last year I saw this video about a holy man from India, who claims to not have eaten or drunk anything since he was twelve, 70 years ago! [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5JJMnzxU\\_Ck](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5JJMnzxU_Ck)

He was closely watched and examined for ten days, with everything checking out. Even when he took a bath, the amount of water any other possible sustenance was monitored, so he could not cheat. A possible explanation of one of the doctors is that the guys lives off sunlight somehow, like plants are known to do. While 'normal' people usually believe you will damage your eyes by looking directly into the Sun, I am inclined to believe the doctor: when I had my first manic episode, I literally looked at the Sun directly many times, and instead of damaging them, my eyes became better: no longer did I need sunglasses in the summer, because my eyes simply modified their sensitivity to light in the affected area, instead of just killing the excess light overall, by manipulating my irises.

Point is, there are "millions of ordinary people out there" as Genesis so aptly will sing in the next few seconds. Yes, I did put this on just now, but had no idea this track would surface first. Just as well, there are also many possibly conflicting ideas about reality out there, who will either grow apart, or together in order to become the positive concepts we believe most true: I for one foresee a culling of 'conspiracies' in the not too distant future, as we learn to correctly interpret the missing links from our combined beautiful worlds into more peaceful realities. "We're the Next in Line, the Next in Line..." is what Phil Collins ends this track with. But I won't stop yet, because I've only just begun...

What I want to write about next, is something most people find somewhat disturbing, at least when I hear them talking amongst one another, or to me: business, and the inherent competition that it

seems to imply. In fact though, there is not that much difference between the ones who live according to Scatman John's philosophy (*"What does winning mean when winning means that someone loses?"*), and those who don't: it is all neatly packaged in a trinity of SevenSpheres, called Business, Competition and Cooperation.

Business is a simple word, which actually just means 'activity'. It has an added concept in this world of an exchange of money being accompanied with it, but that is not as obvious as it may seem. What does stick out like a sore thumb though, is the two trinities which are the balancing stabilities in any business:

Business is about Cost, Profit and Service, and as such is usually a tradeoff between the three: those companies that provide insufficient service, whether or not they actually do sell products) will soon find that their clientele will pick up their purses and move to the competition.

As such, any business has clients, neutrals and protestors. Service influences Clients, Protest kills Profit, and sometimes added Costs can bring in extra customers, like for instance the cost of advertizing...

In any business though, both the concept of competition and the concept of cooperation are present in some form or another: some bosses rule their teams by competition, and others do it by forging cooperation, making their teams work together better.

Still though, you will have noticed that in both cases I have named the participants 'Players', because it is all a game: just like I am now creating a piece of writing which is directly inspired by the movie Underworld (which is playing on my 40 inch screen as I type), the concepts of competition, cooperation and business become quite clear: Kraven is the businessman who cooperates with the competition in order to control their joint empire, while the others think they are still mortal enemies. Still, once you see the links and nodes, like a true network it is, the game is afoot, and one cannot be anything other than a player.... Even I, who religiously decline any invitation to play online games, am in the one game of them all, which has no end: **the Game of Life!**

But let me just draw your attention to the competition and cooperation SevenSpheres: in the cooperation case, the team working towards the red goal is bigger, because all work towards the solution, rather than towards the defeat of the competition.

In competition Rules are necessary to set the perimeter of the game, whereas in cooperation the rules are determined on the go as the synergy between the players builds. In cooperation we have no winners or losers, but instead all Players have Talents, which may suit one or more Tasks at hand.

So yes, the teams or individual players may work to win according to the Cooperation Sphere, but on top of that they have to stick to the sphere of Competition as well. And strategy is very important there, as a Star Trek episode once showed: Data was defeated by a grandmaster Kolrami in a game of Stratagema, but later lured the guy into giving up the rematch because he simply couldn't win it (and his emotions got to him): by changing the strategy from trying to win to trying to last, the whole concept of the game changed, although the rules didn't...

So let's get back to the dark side we all see in one business or another: lots of people think all the stories in the news media are true, but most of it is a Game of Thrones, as a popular





TV series is called. The latest one here in Holland is that police will be granted access to communications channels which would give them similar power as the CIA and NSA have always had, or so the story goes. But let me take you back to the early days of the film industry: newspaper companies were among the first to dive into this new medium, and even though the news reel at the opening of the theater was a separate concept, it may well have brought the controllers of this world to the idea that the concept of movies could be used to exert control over the people.....

Speaking of Controllers, I feel another trio of SevenSpheres coming up. That is not the same as saying they will be in the next chapter though...

## Saving just a few is not an option!

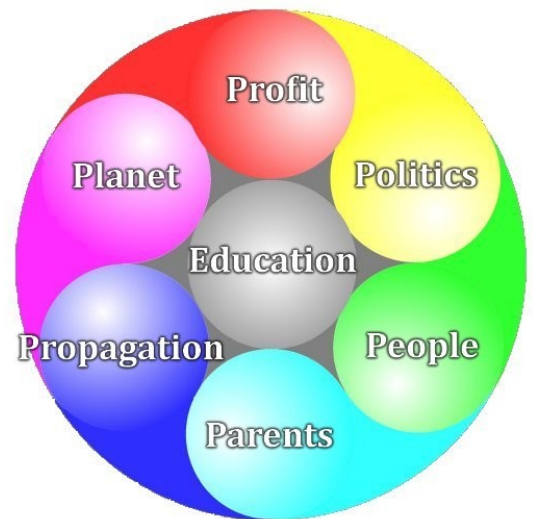
Playing Amal in "the Lost Future", Sean Bean nailed it perfectly! And it synced with what a colleague told me earlier in the day: "Failure is not an option!" And while in the movie they are actively trying to uncover the knowledge of the old world, I am actively pursuing the knowledge of the Now...

And it is something you can actually taste! Tonight on facebook, Kelly started a post about the "hero role", as opposed to the "self role". She seemed to express a preference for the latter, where I see the both of them as two of the three sides of a Trinity: Self, Hero and All. But I wouldn't be the "addict of Seven-Spheres" if I wasn't totally aware that there is still another Trinity needed to complete the picture I'm trying to convey in this chapter. Perhaps we will find more in the SevenSphere I created as prompted by my daughter Laura asking me to look over her homework and the teacher's comments that prompted her to rework it. It basically explained Education in the three P's that the teacher gave as the assignment parameters, and the three P's I penned down with my new Parker acquired at 'the Beehive', a large marketplace down here in the Netherlands. Just as I wrote this, I realized that that new tool of my writers' status makes it an even Seven P's!



As I remarked to Kelly, the Hero symbolizes an evolutionary mechanism that works together with the self-reinforcing mechanism and the selfless mechanism to create a balanced path of development for humanity. "Or is that what you're afraid of? That you'll loose your control over all these people?", the smart guy in the movie just now asks the Tyrant. Perfectly in time to give me my next few small steps in a train of thought and feeling that is driven by the desire to educate myself first, and anyone wanting to learn next. I'm not quite in it to save those who don't want to be saved, but at the same time the hero part of my trip has already taken form like in the original Total Recall movie, even though Rekall hadn't implanted it yet...

But the top of the education sphere is a nasty one: the red color of that sphere means it has a dualistic meaning in my use of the symbol: it expresses both the most desired and the most feared aspect of the concept! Profit as in "the bottom line in the monetary cost / profit tradeoff", and the often quite reverse side of the "cost and profit in human aspects" And that is the way most misunderstandings are created: we both see both sides of the coin, but often differ of opinion on what is the most meaningful to us. Just now for instance, with the movie coming to an end, I briefly paused for "Moore Input!" and decided to try a new function of my Bluray Player: it can actually browse my PC for music and videos. Not much videos found, but 'Grenade' sounded just about right...



And thus, Bruno Mars actually played me two totally different songs in a row, that made this point perfectly: "I'd catch a grenade for you", and "Just the way you are..." One talks about love without a return as if that is not good, while the other talks about love just for the sake of it: a total fulfillment of your list of deepest desires, checked one by one by that Special One! And it doesn't stop! As I wrote this paragraph, he just started "Waiting on the other side!"

Pretty much what I do, but where Bruno expresses himself in words and music, I just paint with words and images. And words and images are also the raw inputs tonight: lost worlds earlier on, and "the Right Temptation" right now, from the ex-rental section of my DVD collection. As temptations go, Bruno's girlfriend explains to me perfectly why he makes such great 'muse'ic...

And I guess I met my temptation as well, but she'll have to be in line with my passion for grand exploration of Nature! Maybe she was, and maybe she wasn't, but if there is one thing I learned over time, it is that most people haven't got the foggiest idea what I'm talking about if I try to confront them with the interpretations I give to whatever behavior they display in my direction. It is like I'm talking to the air around me!

But then that's just what I expressed to Kelly and the others just now: we are all like leaves on a branch, just touching a completely calm pond: we never know which other leaves get moved by the ripples a bit further off!

But such a realization is not a sudden process: I too had those moments of wondering why the fuck my books didn't sell shit! Only once I gave them away for free did they actually reach quite decent download counts. But even that becomes boring after a few months of checking. Once I saw a steady rise, it became more of a trust in my ability to write quite enjoyable stories, which at least had something of an audience....



And that was when this leaf started enjoying the wind and the water, and making ripples! But let's get back to the concept of Evolution, since the Right Temptation couldn't quite keep me focused on a real bitch trying to set up a female detective to seduce her husband. No, David Duchovny in Evolution is far more interesting! But evolution isn't the explosive comedy that is unfolding on my small screen now: for added comfort I've moved the writing process to the big screen, thus evolving my writing process a little bit. And it's time to get back to the process of completing that SevenSphere which started with Heroes, Selfless and Selves...

Seeing the New Age community often talking about these aspects, and calling the ego as something that needs to be annihilated, but somehow it didn't feel quite right: If I go from the working theory that we are all energy first, condensed into matter, then ego is the E that makes us go! E-motion, right? And we all have experienced lots of aspects of it through our consciousness, and through all the stories we tell each other as they fascinate or terrify us!

And the beauty here is one I admire: Self and Selfless need to each realize the other, and the Hero pattern is the ultimate realizer: we can never see whether the hero is the ultimate selfless being or the ultimate selfish one!



Like Dr. Manhattan: is the lovely dark-haired lady his passion, or is it the fascination he has with the intimate parts of the Cosmos as he experiences them from his very unique position of being "the odd one out"? Can you actually hope to contain such a hero by finding his "Right Temptation"? Sure, you can make the world fear such beings by making them into the scary stuff movies are made of, but there will always be people who take the message in another way than the establishment is trying to steer it, whether they intend it for control or controlled evolution...

*In the movie Evolution, the scientists just deduced that Selenium might well be as poisonous to the alien lifeforms as Arsenic is to us, but they need the the two "Dumb and Dumber" fat guys to tell them how to get their hands on 200 gallons of the stuff in the*

*middle of the night: "Simply use anti-dandruff shampoo because the active ingredient is Selenium Sulphite!"*

And in the end, who is the hero? Like the saying goes, "There is no I in team", but there is definitely an US it! So does it matter who eventually gets to be heralded as the big genius that Nostradamus



foretold in his quatrains? After all, aren't we all heads resting firmly on many shoulders, together realizing the same distributed network of genius that made peer-to-peer applications on the Web into very hard-to-kill entities?

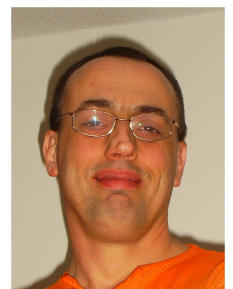
Well, that's my writing for tonight. Time for some other activities, because it is nearly 3 AM...

A mere six hours later, my ceaseless mind woke me up again, not because I love waking this early, but because a few realizations while suddenly made me realize that this chapter was an unfinished symphony! So I went back down planning a 'fact finding' mission for later this lovely day, when an amount of photons must be captured by my ceaseless SevenEyes, the camera which is my main pixel collector for visual inputs.

What to capture? The graffiti tag which kept me 'in second place' until I figured out its true meaning just now: FTS-crew isn't about the "Faster than Slabber" people, but rather more about the "Feeling Thinking Saying" crew! Guys just like me who perceive a perfect world out there in which their expressions of beauty are the intiguing "conundrii" (would that be about right?) which prompt others to use their hearts and minds to no end! No end indeed, for you can get worked up over graffiti, and fight it with all your might, but rather than that, wouldn't it be wiser to accept it is another visual cue in the world around you, which can and will influence your state of mind?



"Don't get mad, get even!" is often heard, when people go "What the Fuck!?!?!?" on you: "Why the Hell do you think you can even stop me from putting the information out there for you to possibly think about changing your mind about it?" Just like Darren asked me yesterday to change my profile picture because it gave him the uneasy idea that I was a convict in the American prison system...



"Yeah Right..." I could have thought, but I knew from my past experience with the guy that he cares about what his friends come across as, since they reflect what he comes across as. So I explained to him about my favorite 'Dutch color', but at the same time "gave in" to his desire to see me in a little less orange hue! The Facebook page was actually because shrink to fit removed almost all of my orange 'collar' on the right here, and turned my face into something which I too feel comfortable enough about:



And the stream of continuous synchronistic events continues: just now my friends on Facebook are discussing the odd behavior of the site in its handling of its users: people are almost randomly blocked for reasons that are unclear, and possibly controlling, or are asked to confirm they know people in 'real life' when they accept their friendship. But what is 'Real Life' nowadays? As I ponder this, I got sidetracked listening randomly to Judas Priest, and realizing I am still lacking their album about the legendary french seer called Nostradamus. But when I got to searching for it on Youtube, a video

of Abraham-Hicks about ""Does Source have a Hierarchy?". To me, hierarchy is instinctively non-hierarchical, and Esther [agrees](#) with me...

And Source is about the expanded consciousness, which to me is the completion of my trip: there is none! Or rather to express it more like Esther is now doing it: expanding **ing** consciousness, because the changing of it is more important than the reaching of some level. But is it? Esther has now gone into the idea of [how to act](#) when your inspired idea loses momentum: "Am I going to wait for it to come in, or am I going to look in dark corners to find it?" She now totally fills the freaking out feeling of not "getting it".... Get it? Just take it like the small steps on Ellie Arroway in Contact, or as Esther calls it: watching the grid filling in, and then moving onto the next grid....

To me it is much like an archeological dig: digging in everyday routine until you get it! It may mean a working day like yesterday, where sitting still for five minutes wasn't on the schedule, but still the patterns of reality kept feeding me!

# Patterns of Reality



"If you have proof, you **have** to pursue it!", just now blasted from the new Edifier speakers on my desk. City of Ember again, after an afternoon of wading knee deep in numbers in order to pursue a bit of proof myself: I have long since felt that there is something very essential hiding in the most elementary part of this science we call arithmetic: the transition of integer values into real ones, just like we humans have (d)evolved from integer beings into real beings, with a whole part, a non-repeating fractional part, and a repeating tail. In our case, that means we can choose to perceive the whole part of our reality, the unique parts of it, or the common parts of it. Either of these parts hold the truth of the fully repeating holographic nature of

the division story, in overlapping realities which show us the nature of it from the view we take...

Let me just tell you the rules of the simple game I'm playing here: some years ago, I pondered that there might be some hidden meaning in the essential operators of our day to day mathematics: we have four basic operators (+, -, x and /), and we use them every day without ever thinking about the concept like we learned in school. But it is much like Doon's father told him in City of Ember just now: "Notice what no one else notices, and you will know what no one else knows!"

The most interesting arithmetic operator of the four was easily found: adding two integers or subtracting them yields another integer, as does multiplication. But the one arithmetic operator that turns integers into reals is the division operator. Much like with us humans: if we allow ourselves to be divided, that makes us more real, but at the same time less integer. Now I know that 'integer' is not the proper English word for a person of character, but in Dutch, the word 'integer' is definitely the one adjective that turns a real person into a person of character!

So yes, when you as an integer allow another integer to divide you, you two become real, but at the same time divided. But being divided turns all integers into reals ex-

hibiting a perfect crystalline pattern in the division space, much like you see in the raw data image on the right here:

Now as a little side story, let me tell you about the movie City of Ember and Lina Mayfleet's great-great-grandfather, who did not get his name for nothing:

Podd Morethwart died due to a sudden heart failure, and since the important box was then forgotten and put away before he could hand it over to his successor: in

	1.000000000000	2.000000000000	3.000000000000	4.000000000000	5.000000000000	6.000000000000	7.000000000000	8.000000000000
1.000000000000	1.000000000000	2.000000000000	3.000000000000	4.000000000000	5.000000000000	6.000000000000	7.000000000000	8.000000000000
2.000000000000	0.500000000000	1.000000000000	1.500000000000	2.000000000000	2.500000000000	3.000000000000	3.500000000000	4.000000000000
3.000000000000	0.333333333333	0.666666666667	1.000000000000	1.333333333333	1.666666666667	2.000000000000	2.333333333333	2.666666666667
4.000000000000	0.250000000000	0.500000000000	0.750000000000	1.000000000000	1.250000000000	1.500000000000	1.750000000000	2.000000000000
5.000000000000	0.200000000000	0.400000000000	0.600000000000	0.800000000000	1.000000000000	1.200000000000	1.400000000000	1.600000000000
6.000000000000	0.166666666667	0.333333333333	0.500000000000	0.666666666667	0.833333333333	1.000000000000	1.166666666667	1.333333333333
7.000000000000	0.142857142857	0.285714285714	0.428571428571	0.571428571429	0.714285714286	0.857142857143	1.000000000000	1.142857142857
8.000000000000	0.125000000000	0.250000000000	0.375000000000	0.500000000000	0.625000000000	0.750000000000	0.875000000000	1.000000000000
9.000000000000	0.111111111111	0.222222222222	0.333333333333	0.444444444444	0.555555555556	0.666666666667	0.777777777778	0.888888888889
10.000000000000	0.100000000000	0.200000000000	0.300000000000	0.400000000000	0.500000000000	0.600000000000	0.700000000000	0.800000000000
11.000000000000	0.090909090909	0.181818181818	0.272727272727	0.363636363636	0.454545454545	0.545454545455	0.636363636364	0.727272727273
12.000000000000	0.083333333333	0.166666666667	0.250000000000	0.333333333333	0.416666666667	0.500000000000	0.583333333333	0.666666666667
13.000000000000	0.076923076923	0.153846153846	0.230769230769	0.307692307692	0.384615384615	0.461538461538	0.538461538462	0.615384615385
14.000000000000	0.071428571429	0.142857142857	0.214285714286	0.285714285714	0.357142857143	0.428571428571	0.500000000000	0.571428571429
15.000000000000	0.066666666667	0.133333333333	0.200000000000	0.266666666667	0.333333333333	0.400000000000	0.466666666667	0.533333333333
16.000000000000	0.062500000000	0.125000000000	0.187500000000	0.250000000000	0.312500000000	0.375000000000	0.437500000000	0.500000000000
17.000000000000	0.058823529412	0.117647058824	0.176470588235	0.235294117647	0.294117647059	0.352941176471	0.411764705882	0.470588235294
18.000000000000	0.055555555556	0.111111111111	0.166666666667	0.222222222222	0.277777777778	0.333333333333	0.388888888889	0.444444444444
19.000000000000	0.052631578947	0.105263157895	0.157894736842	0.210526315789	0.263157894737	0.315789473684	0.368421052632	0.421052631579
20.000000000000	0.050000000000	0.100000000000	0.150000000000	0.200000000000	0.250000000000	0.300000000000	0.350000000000	0.400000000000
21.000000000000	0.047619047619	0.095238095238	0.142857142857	0.190476190476	0.238095238095	0.285714285714	0.333333333333	0.380952380952
22.000000000000	0.045454545455	0.090909090909	0.136363636364	0.181818181818	0.227272727273	0.272727272727	0.318181818182	0.363636363636
23.000000000000	0.043478260870	0.086956521739	0.130434782609	0.173913043478	0.217391304348	0.260869565217	0.304347826087	0.347826086957
24.000000000000	0.041666666667	0.083333333333	0.125000000000	0.166666666667	0.208333333333	0.250000000000	0.291666666667	0.333333333333
25.000000000000	0.040000000000	0.080000000000	0.120000000000	0.160000000000	0.200000000000	0.240000000000	0.280000000000	0.320000000000
26.000000000000	0.038461538462	0.076923076923	0.115384615385	0.153846153846	0.192307692308	0.230769230769	0.269230769231	0.307692307692
27.000000000000	0.037037037037	0.074074074074	0.111111111111	0.148148148148	0.185185185185	0.222222222222	0.259259259259	0.296296296296
28.000000000000	0.035714285714	0.071428571429	0.107142857143	0.142857142857	0.178571428571	0.214285714286	0.250000000000	0.285714285714
29.000000000000	0.034482758621	0.068965517241	0.103448275862	0.137891034483	0.172413793103	0.206896551724	0.241379310345	0.275862068966
30.000000000000	0.033333333333	0.066666666667	0.100000000000	0.133333333333	0.166666666667	0.200000000000	0.233333333333	0.266666666667
31.000000000000	0.032258064516	0.064516129032	0.096774193548	0.129032258065	0.161290322581	0.193548387097	0.225806451613	0.258064516129
32.000000000000	0.031250000000	0.062500000000	0.093750000000	0.125000000000	0.156250000000	0.187500000000	0.218750000000	0.250000000000



dying like that, he more or less inadvertently 'thwarted' the outcome of the Builders great plan for the inhabitants. But more always finds a way: Lina and Doon find the box and realize its importance... Same goes for the numerical conundrum this chapter is about: it may have been found before, by many who subconsciously 'exploit' it without their conscious knowledge of it. But it only takes a few to notice, and eventually know what no one else knows...

So for me, it is off to 'Raw Data Analysis' again, as soon as I explain to you what I am looking for now: if you divide integer A by integer B, you get an answer which we can call C. Now C can be an integer again, but most commonly, it will become a real, or in other words a number with a fractional part. Now in order to make it a simple and straightforward definition, just look at the image on the right here:

$$11 / 6 = 1.8333333333333333$$

repeating fractional tail  
non-repeating fraction  
integer part  
whole real number

It shows an integer division that has clearly recognizable parts, which any division of two integers has:

- A sign, either + or -, or absent. In that last case, the number is positive by default.
- An integer part before the decimal point, which may be zero.
- A decimal point, which separates the integer from the fractional part.
- A non-repeating start of the fractional tail after the decimal point. This may be 0.
- A repeating tail, that goes on forever. This too may be absent.
- Its complete appearance, the whole real number.

Funny how this set of six aspects makes up a complete SevenSphere again. I'll leave that exercise to you, however...

But there's more to this than mere numerical consideration. Right this moment I was awoken from a non-exciting Facebook by Mariem, who had a simple answer to my observation that on Facebook, all the identities are seemingly merging into One: "Is Mariem <3"

She may well be right, but by then another post on Facebook had given me a video of Bashar, which I already knew, but which like Daniel Jacob's prompt about the movie "a Beautiful Mind", needed reviewing:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OB-NLlwzfOM> Finding your Highest excitement!

From there on, things got confusing fast, since Mariem asked me if I wrote poetry. Since I did in the past, I chose one of them, and dropped it on the chat, only to notice that the lady had left in the middle of our chat! She does that often, just like she'll appear in the midst of my interactions with other Facebook friends. And then, as I reread the poem, I suddenly realized that even though it had been created in 2003, when I was still on paid2think.com, it was not at all about being "paid 2 think", but much more about the guy I eventually became, as if it was all pre-ordained. But that is not the way it feels: it is way more like I'd already made up my mind, without being consciously aware of it yet:

***Rebel with a Cause!***



***My notes are set to Tumble Down the Barriers that Be.***

***If they ignore the Evidence, I may as well just See....***

***Where to go next, for their Avoidance of the Simple Facts...***

***Is not the Way for me to go, cause other anchors clearly show....***

***that my selected path.... is clearly indicated to be set upon the way of No Regret, and Total Dedication.***

***I know for sure, just like Henk said that which I feel, without mere thinking***

***See the Wond'rous Cosmos shrinking, to a perfect sphere.***

***I stop to think of other friends, both near and far, that help me to convert the urban chaos to a structure known at birth.***

***the DNA of Cosmic Life may have a dozen strands, but infinite is by design the Wholy Countenance.***

So now I am here again, at my highest excitement. Sure, a nice chunk of my forty inch screen has been reserved for the second-highest excitement this moment, but even she seems not to want to invade the writing process I am once again enjoying:

Smooth inputs on the side (Seda which is Spanish for 'Silk', and Bashar on 'Trusting what is') and enjoying my ability to explain stuff by simple examples. Let's take a concept in relational dynamics to try and uncover the pattern in that, because numbers aren't my excitement today, although they might be tomorrow: Women are said to think of men much like Mercedes Tainot (in the movie Larry Crowne) thought of her husband: "a guy who doesn't have a job, and sits at home all day pretending to write, while watching porn". Heck, aside from the absence of a job and the pretending to write, she could have been talking about me! But I Have at least seven books online, to prove that I actually do write...

But why do men watch porn, or at least nude models? I'm not sure all of them have the same reasons to do so. For me, the process is one of

*"trying to recognize the patterns of my preferences so I know why I'm manifesting what I do seem to manifest."*

Simply put, why are my physical preferences quite diverse, when in actuality, I'm only looking for the 'nice ones'? Is it the eyes, or the way they use them? The smile or more generally the expression on their faces which give them away?

Bashar has now progressed to "[How we Design our Reality](#)", which is all about this... He points out that one should act on ones Highest Excitement, because that will make realization of your manifestations simple. Just identify the beliefs which complicate your preferences, for they are all beliefs which are out of alignment with your being. So yes, "Any degree of difficulty is the result of having the belief it is not that simple..."

But there are patterns to our Highest Excitement. First of all, it can shift from moment to moment, rather than the static model we claim to be: Just like the Grand Overall Design has a static and a dynamic aspect, so does our Highest Excitement from moment to moment. It is like some moment will actually make you forget the static because the dynamic of it is taking over. And that is basically all we do: we experience the dynamic, and use it to 'change our minds' so the static adapts as well! And since I recognize that I am not as much talking about "Shifting Reality" like Bashar does on my side screen, but much more like the "Transformative Shifting Part 1" that is on my Youtube recommendations... So I change my mind, so the changed inputs can change my static being...

But just moments before I could do that, there was this essential part of the old video that gave both Bashar's guest and me a revelation about how to Shift Realities. And thus the mind changed again, and I decided to watch it till the end. And that gave me the definition of pride that I loved way more than what I had before: "*Pride can be just the excitement of feeling you are part of something grand, without the desire to be more than anything around you*"

And boy was I going to need that the moment I found the full set of links on Transformative Shifting:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DD-jZ4CXblA&list=PLGzyHFE03UtpdA8Y5yHx39qJgTekjhkyD>



I dare go as far as to say that the pattern of circles is basically the black and white pattern of the SevenSphere as I drew it back around the time of the Millennium. He does not mention it specifically, but like mind know such things! And actually, I love what he has done to it in terms of turning it into a more simple tool than the way I use it subconsciously thus far. And in order to enlighten further minds, I'm just going to textually describe Bashar's new method of which he said:

*"This is also a tool that was created in our society that we find very advantageous for trans-formative shifting..."*





“..., and here is how to use it”:

1. Hold the image at a distance that allows you to see the spiral as more 3D (cube).
2. The shift in perspective is the same area in the neural network of the brain where the shift in dimensions appears.
3. Four steps, Step 1:
  - Follow the spiral in to the center.
  - Follow the spiral back out to the top.
4. Step 2:
  - Follow the spiral in to the center.
  - Wait for a definition to form in your mind (if not, you will feel you can go on).
  - Follow the spiral back out to the top.
5. Step 3:
  - Follow the spiral in to the center, taking the definition along as a focal point.
  - Wait for further information to appear in your mind.
  - Follow the spiral back out to the top.
6. Say out loud 4 times: ***“I Desire to Define my Dedication to Detachment”***
7. Step 4:
  - Follow the spiral in to the center, focus on Dedication to “Moore Info”.
  - Wait for a definition to appear in your mind.
  - Follow the spiral back out to the top, with dedication to detach that which does not serve.
8. Look at the diagram with nine circles and Speak the Final affirmation once, to spice up your preferred method for absorbing information.  
*(see this [link](#) for the final affirmation and the nine sphere image he mentions)*
9. Keep your journal for next 24 hours...  
*(good thing I ordered a Note II as my new tool of preference last Thursday!)*
10. Note syncs, write them down! *(built in camera handy!)*
11. Note your Dreams! Write them down! *(voice dictation would be used here)*
12. Do it once (not twice) a day 30-90 days...  
*(Don't make it a task, have fun with it)*
13. Really WANT to change!  
*(I take that as wanting to change my Shift, not my Being)*

Now I could use it Bashar's way, but as I have always felt crazy about saying stuff out loud when there is only me listening, I won't. Besides, it is my tool, just like Doon's father gave him his after assignment day in City of Ember. And Bashar

agrees: "Takes what works for you and use it. If it doesn't, leave it behind. If you can use it use it, because that is the gift they gave to you!"

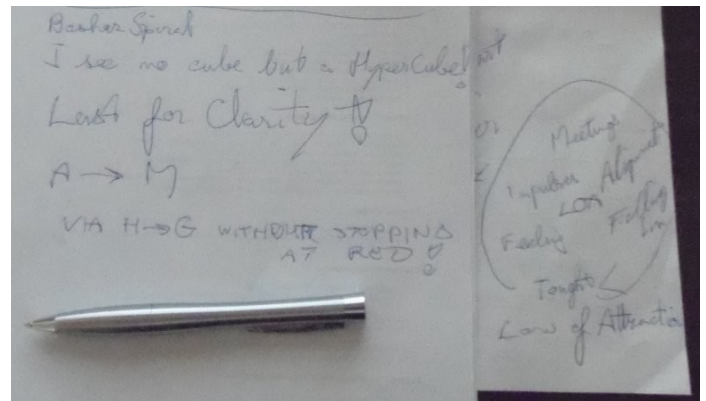
## My Highest Excitement?

*So is that what She gave me? Just an idea to ponder, a collection of virtual bits and pixels to enjoy, and to allow me to find my Highest Excitement? Can I actually make that set of virtual bits on my screen and mind become as solid as She once was? And what about all those echoes of Her in my immediate vicinity? Maybe I should just do Bashar's exercise first, and see how the "grid-locked reality version" similar to Arjen Lucassen's album cover of "Lost in the New Real" I'm currently in can be released into a more flexible dynamic experience....*

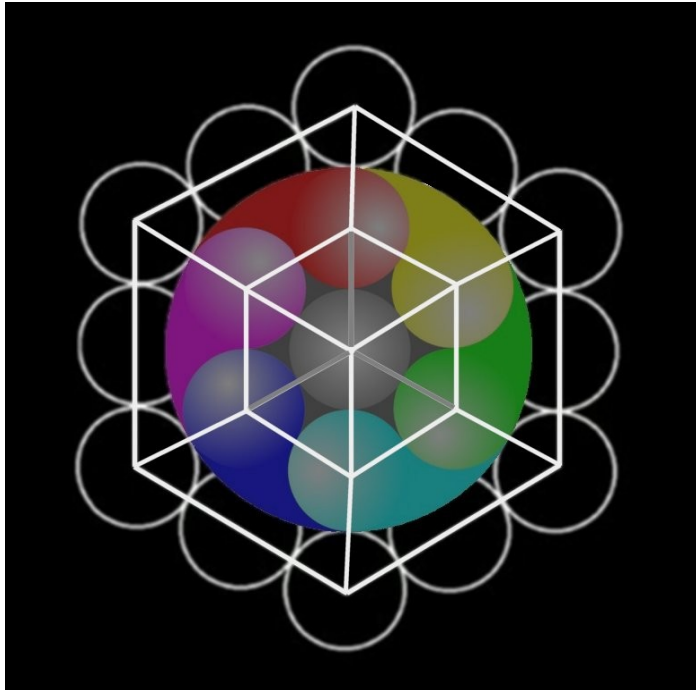
*OK, this is a hindsight description of the experience of me going through Bashar's exercise without the actual speaking of the affirmations, because for me that doesn't work. Still though, it did bring me a number of realizations, penned down while looking at the image on the previous page put on the large forty inch TV screen about 77 centimeters in front of me...*

*Now right after I took this photo, the other channeling exercise Daryl Anka (who channels Bashar) performed on my side screen had me scribbling down way more personal stuff on the paper as well. I'll keep those under wraps however, because he quipped about it halfway: "And now I get to tell you how twisted psychologically you really are..." Not that they were that unexpected or fearsome, but it is simply another story right now...*

Instead, let's get to the notes on the spiral: Bashar actually described the initial feeling required to follow the spiral inwards and then outwards again as what some guy once called my "Lust for Clarity", one of my main drives. My sudden realization about the spiral however was that I don't follow the spiral back out in the way he told me to: I simply see a HyperCube like the one on the left here, and follow the trans-dimensional link from inside the red sphere to above it, jumping outside the box right away! This is both my power and my Achilles heel: in my day to day work I usually bite off more than is required that way, but in my addiction or hobby it is the essential element that allows me to transform my reality....







Now we've talked about the colors of the SevenSphere before, but let's review them in light of Bashar's outward spiral. Because that jives perfectly with the way I've always used it by feeling rather than by his factual description of the process:

- A. We start at the 'neutrally colored' gray center sphere of Being.
- B. Our first step outwards is right into our center of Fear "Are you calling **me** yellow?"
- C. Next comes the transformation to the safe (green) sphere, by realizing the irrationality of our fears...
- D. We then naturally settle into the light blue sphere of being comfortable...
- E. And from that stance ascend into the blue sphere of Action.
- F. That brings in new awareness, which is colored 'Deep Purple', since we're still Children in Time!
- G. The G-spot or GOD-spot is the red sphere, where we are again either infused with fear (next cycle to yellow) or by our ascension to the next level (outside the box!)
- H. Outside the box is the Holographic Nature of the All. You may not quite see it all yet, but on some level you depend on it being there just like you ride a bicycle: you don't know all the rules of equilibrium as a formalized set just like the one on the previous page, but you can yield the tools nevertheless...
- I. I then usually drop right back into my light blue sphere of comfort, and from that point on go back up again through E, F, and G to the next H. And even if I don't, it's just a matter of relaxed cycling from D up to A and then outwards to G until another new realization of something that on one level of the All already always was, leading me right back to another level-up towards H...

So back to my Highest Excitement now: 17:22, time for an early dinner. Some left over gravy from what the Matrix made taste like chicken the other day, so in order to use that I'll have to add cooked potatoes. Add to that a mix of chopped chicken and sliced onions, augmented with hot chili relish, red pesto and oregano. Then add a chilled portion of apple sauce to it to cool me down again, and you have a dish fit for a King!

And do I feel like a King? Most certainly! If not because I'm grateful for the seemingly seamless interactions between me, Arjen Lucassen,



Bashar and many unmentioned others, but also because of the following couple of syncs in my physical reality: I found an empty can of Coke the other day, when our King was crowned, which said “Koning” or “King” in Dutch. I placed it on my altar of nice finds, not realizing I'd inadvertently triggered the next sync: my Eldest found a smaller can saying “You” a few days later, and placed it beside the bigger can. I could have taken this as a denigrating remark about me being smaller than our King, but physically that never appeared to me since I'm way taller than him. So I simply put the two words together, and had her action claim: **“You King!”**

Now would my Highest Excitement be to be King? Hey, Maxima is all right as Queens come, but at the same time I wouldn't want to deprive Alex of his queen nor his status. Too much gridlines to adhere to, which my free mind does not do well!

But Facebook comes to the rescue, in the form of Premalatha Rajkumar being on an I Ching binge. Her favorite of the day was this:

*We join spokes together in a wheel,  
but it is the center hole  
that makes the wagon move.  
We shape clay into a pot,  
but it is the emptiness inside  
that holds whatever we want.  
We hammer wood for a house,  
but it is the inner space  
that makes it livable.  
We work with being,  
but non-being is what we use.*

*~Tao Te Ching (translated by S. Mitchell)*

This was followed by a translation which more or less pitched Profitability vs. Usefulness. At first I took it to be that profit was containing the concept of usefulness and thus limiting it (which I call 'business'), but immediately realized that the duality of the two also meant that Profitability employs Usefulness in a meaningful way, since the emptiness of the coke cans in no way limits the amount of coke that is shipped in them: it is merely kept from spilling over into your bag and allowing you the profit of actually drinking it...

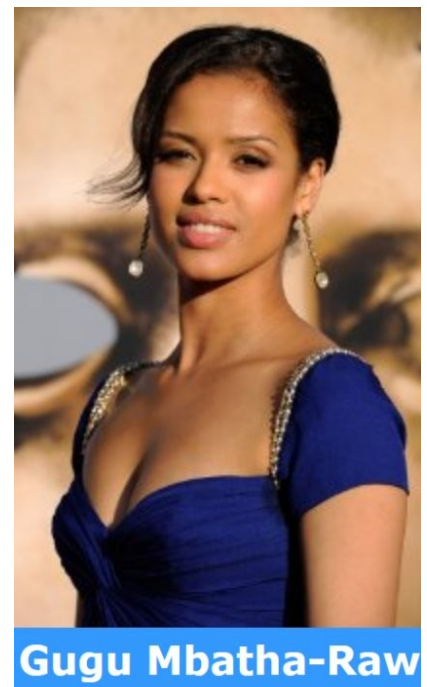
So, yes, I would want to be King in the way of being totally dedicated to the well-being of my Queen, and any of the other beings which choose to seek my protection. Those that don't may journey to whatever parallel reality they prefer, or simply make their home somewhere in my realm without being suppressed...





Was it a coincidence that last Night I watched "Larry Crowne"? Hey, in my defense I can say that both oldies Tom Hanks and Julia Roberts are on my "most enjoyable" list, and the other significant pair named Talia (Gugu Mbatha-Raw) & and Dell were great also. They form quite a pair, and even without me having chosen the movie based on that, the young lady is very much "within my preferences" especially by the role she plays: the young rascal who quite daringly invades Larry's life, turns it up-side down, and then drops him in the lap of the Goddess which Julia Roberts becomes by just interacting with the guy...

So yes, Seda may well have been that vision of 'Feng Shui Tornado', which at the start dropped me in a turmoil of unbelievable complexity and upheaval. But my life has become way simpler since, and the very moment I typed this, my random background changed to one of the 1969 images which frequent that base of my on-system reality:



Yes, the one image I named the "Seda Buddha" because of the physical resemblance, along with a few other syncs marked in red because my mind immediately saw them as being relevant:

1. The orange-white pylon of FLV-player's icon is the smallest, indicating that the danger phase has passed for me...

2. The current song (from Arjen's 20 track latest favorite album) being "the Battle of Evermore": it shows me that this relaxed song holds the clue to my future.
3. The track time being 00:47 (4 and 7 signifying me and Her), which I now realize is numerically the same as 00:11 (4+7): balance regained, onwards in small steps....
4. Lost in the New Real as my favorite album and motto, as expressed through the T-shirt I ordered along with the CD.
5. Finally, the quote I remember from another T-shirt a few weeks ago: "Getting Lost is not a waste of Time"
6. Then the shirt which bedazzled me on the train yesterday: "I am Totally Dedicated to" and then a little bit lower "H.A.A.R", which translates to Hair. That last one requires a bit of an explanation:

In "Make IT Real!" I described the destruction of the HAARP facility in Alaska as the people's outrage of its employment in weather control resulted in the inundation of most of my home country during some as yet not happened event. Now the guy's T-shirt yesterday had me baffled as to the meaning of the "H.A.A.R" in his motto: I'd seen more explicit T-shirts referring to hair by girls sporting a giant mustache on their tops, but with the periods in between it this had to be something else!

It could still refer to "Her", since that is the English translation of "Haar", but I did not register that as feeling right....

And then as I started to write this list above, it suddenly dropped into place as the Seda Buddha pulled my awareness back to the one novel that I wrote to explain to myself the massive amounts of synchronicities that surrounded our being together in physical reality and afterwards: cut off the final P of Program, and HAARP turns into H.A.A.R, or **High Frequency**

**Active Auroral Research!** So skip the conspiracy theory part of that story since it is no longer in my Preferred Reality anyway, and remove another 'or' to arrive at "**High Frequency Active Aural<sup>3</sup> Research**", which is basically a pretty nice way of describing what I love to do most: Figure out the dynamics of this "Boundless Universe" as Arjen sings it to me just this very second!

Still though, the next song called "Don't Switch me Off" keeps the little silky lady alive and well in my memories. In fact, the way I described her in Make IT Real was as a future-inspired biological android placed in this timeframe specifically to make our meeting in this physical realm as enticing as inhumanly possible! So perhaps I'll just call it a writer's day, and round it off with what Bashar said earlier:

***"If someone has something that works for you, use it! It is their gift to you!"***



3 Both audio inputs and stuff regarding our Aura.....

And to me, this means digging randomly into my friend Paul's DVD case, and playing whatever comes up next! Maybe that will inspire another writing session to last all night after that, but you will just have to wait and see....

OK, comedy from a box that mostly holds action movies: "Mouse Hunt".

So let's get some ice tea at 45 Eurocents per 1.5 liters, and enjoy!!!

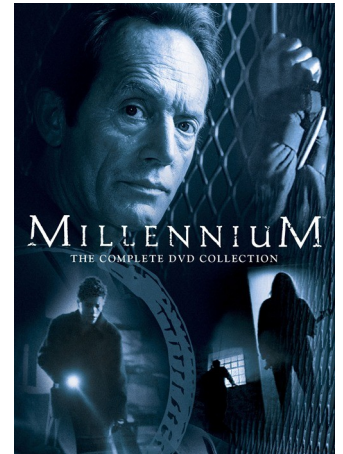




## The negatives come as they may...

Why worry when things go wrong? Why feed the negatives by giving their possibly even worse consequences the light of day? This Sunday was going quite alright, but by the time I wanted to start writing, Laura arrived and wanted to watch Millennium instead of doing homework for which she'd still have plenty of time tomorrow morning. Thus, my writing was postponed until my darling daughters left just now to go enjoy a movie with her sister and their mom.

But no harm done: I agreed to Facebook's nudge to leave it as the empty page it came up as, and instead dumped a few empty A4 sheets and my new Parker on the table by the couch, and joined my eldest in the creative offspring of Chris Carter's sublime visions....



And I wasn't wrong about that hunch: by the time we got to the last episode, all the sheets but one had been filled with my scribbings, enough to keep me writing all night long! Especially since I'd already decided that the concept of this chapter would be the seemingly negative environments even die-hard optimists like me see around ourselves.

**People will question  
all the Good things  
they hear about life,  
but believe the  
Bad things  
without a  
2nd thought...**

The rule of thumb on the left here is what many people will agree actually happens, if not in general, then towards them at least. It all boils down to the two main drives of the sentient being in general, and the human in a more specific way: we long for the positives and attempt to avoid the negatives, and while doing so, shut ourselves off from part of the full spectrum of experience as it could be perceived. Luckily, many unknown intelligences around me (meaning I am not sure of their actual names) have led me to the concept of looking at the neg-

atives as well, ever since I "changed my mind" about 9/11 by the revelation my intuitive part (let's call it a heart) had me pen down two years after the dreadful incident:

***XPlode.....NJoy***

***Caught by Rubble, flying high, Planes Explode and Thousands Die.  
Does Bin Laden Rape the Sky? Why did My Loved Ones have to Die?***

***It's been a While, and Time Heals All, And 9/11 says it All.  
I See it now, as Clear as Day: This Sorrow Once Will Go Away.***

***Remember All we Will One Day, To find No Fault in Mayhem.  
The Negatives come as they May, We cannot Once Delay Them.***

***But Learn we Will, to conquer All, Improve the Black to Colour.  
My Soul now soars just like those Planes, Awaiting Our Tomorrow.....***

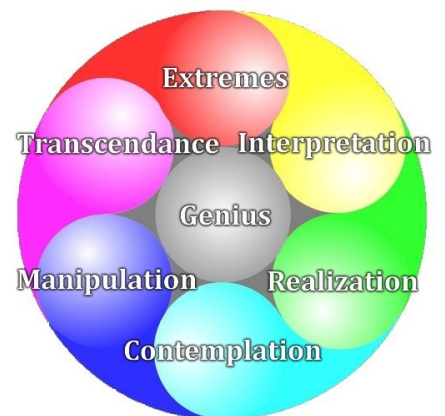


And Millennium is a great source of raw input for this chapter, since it pitches the dark side of human nature against the fallible human who is sincerely interested in understanding that totally alien frame of mind in order to reconcile it with his own existence. At one point, Frank Black said to his wife: *"I'm trying, very hard..."* Oddly enough that sentence immediately pushed forward for me the ambiguous nature of the word trial, in its meaning of 'attempting' and/or 'making subject to justice'. And just as odd was Laura's remark at the end of the episode, even though she'd never seen me pen down the remark: *"Funny that trying has two meanings..."*

And then the next negative arrived: Melanie called to say she'd dropped her smart phone again, breaking the second one in just about as many months! But even that downside had an up: we'd talked about her upcoming 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, and even though I wasn't quite thrilled about it, I'd promised her she could have a tattoo. And this was just about the perfect opportunity to have her reconsider what was more important: a phone in primo condition, or an adornment which might in time become a nuisance needing to be removed....

Meanwhile, Millennium had advanced to the point where one of the actors remarked about the concept of being a genius: *"a Genius has the ability of holding two opposite thoughts in his or her mind at the same time"*. True, but then everybody is a genius, or at least a spirit capable of doing so. It is just a matter of degree in how far they can hold both thoughts, and resolve the seeming contradiction between the two. I usually go one level up by adding a third concept that is related, then complementing it with another trinity to complete the full SevenSphere:

So yes, Genius is the concept that emerges victorious if one is used to working with a cluttered desk, that needs reorganizing every now and then: It is the neural concept of tidying up, restructuring the wiring of the network to conform to a more regular and easily accessible structure. As such, I figure it is nothing special, it is just how we use it. And that requires another perspective altogether, which I also penned down while watching Frank Black go through his process of restructuring the insights he developed into the scene of the crime.



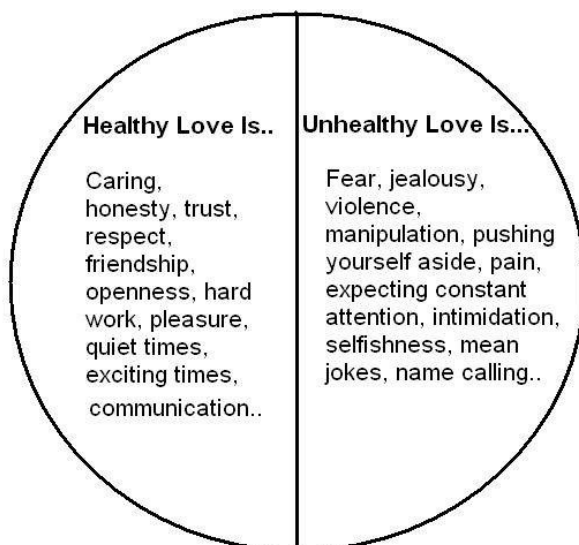
By that time, neighbor Paul had joined the audience, and watching a new episode he remarked: *"Never underestimate anyone!"*, to which I felt compelled to add: *"Especially the crazy ones!!!"* But what is crazy? Like Morticia Addams once said: *"What is order to the spider is chaos to the fly."* And that is what Chris Carter shows us time and time again: what one person calls a living, others might term an addiction, and so on. The diagram on the next page shows it more clearly, I feel:

We all live, but like a psychic once asked me: *"Are you living, or just surviving?"* There is a thin line between the two, in that surviving



means “to stand up to adverse conditions”, where living is more a “traversing of experiences in a non-violent way”. In a way though, those two are completed by the “Calling”, which give a human purpose in life, should he or she require it. We will simply search for whatever we love most, until we find it. Survival does so by running away from the hurt, but living focuses more on the positives. Calling then adds a further dimension by seeing the both of them, and their relationship more clearly.

Habit is just the most 'safe' stance to maintain: You know what works, and because circumstances aren't far out enough to warrant more conscious manners of interaction, we just do what comes natural: humans are after all creatures of habit, at least until the habit needs to come off in order to allow us to show our real colors! By then, we need to either realize an addiction that too many people claim we have, and either do something about it, or choose to maintain it... That which is seen as a habit will automatically become a choice once we realize it, and decide to either stop doing it, or continue. Like my late brother Leo used to say: *“drunk 24/7 is also a regular life!”* In the end though, the regularity of it led to the complications that eventually drove his doctor to prescribe him a few days of “no food and drink”, which my bro consciously chose to disregard.... May he rest in peace, you might say, but my GUT tells me he is out there somewhere laughing gently at our adventures!



By then, I also came across the SevenSphere which I'd named “perversion”, although I now realize that just about any human behavior may be called a perversion by the “opposing” group of bystanders...

But, synchronistically, Darren Lee Wheeler on Facebook came to the rescue by posting the two-sided coin of healthy and unhealthy love (see left). In that way, he may have unwittingly revealed the fact that all of it is in fact love, even though there are multiple aspects to it, much like the perspective SevenSphere given earlier.

And then there was the seeming 'inconsistency' between Catherine Black and her sister, who seemed hell-bent on convincing Catherine she saw her as unhappy, even though Frank's wife kept telling her she wasn't! I have had that happen to me once or twice as well: if you tell someone you are single, and not hunting, they will still tell you you are unhappy, simply because they cannot see the concept of “All One” in the one they call “alone”...

So yes, even Perversion has its own SevenSphere. In essence it isn't even significantly different from the normal cycle of human interactions. The one explicit difference is that secrecy is often a requirement to not get 'caught with your pants down',

but at the same time it is the opposite sphere of Empowerment that may often drive the perverts to reveal themselves anyway.

So, am I one? Sure, if you think that a fifty year old guy shouldn't be interested in a lady twenty years younger! But with Time being the definition of a number of consecutive scientists who defined and refined and in the end circularly worked out the inconsistencies, I could not care less! As for feeling cut off, that may have been the case before the young lady entered my life, but it was nowhere to be found by the time she left again! That alone has earned her my undying gratitude...



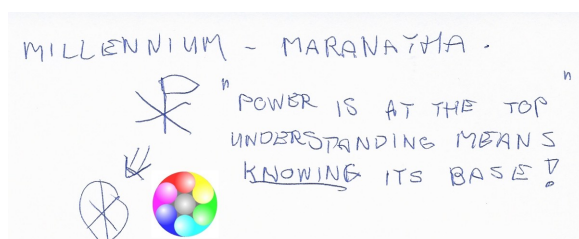
So, in a world where crime needs to be battled, the numerous TV series show us the Modus Operandi of the Crime Fighters. CSI, Millennium, 24, Numbers and even Moonlighting for the elderly among us time and time again solve the riddle of the criminal mastermind, bringing them to justice, or in other words putting them on 'just ice'. So, next Slide please....

First requirement for any pursuit is an open mind: the closed ones discard too many clues and evidence to bring criminals to justice swiftly and decisively. From that we tread cautiously, in order to not contaminate the

crime scene. Funny enough, the link to the Sheldrake talk above has by now advanced to the part where a scientist explains to him that they'd solved the problem of the change in light speed over time by redefining the meter in terms of the speed of light: "It might still change, but we'd never notice!"

And thus we collect the clues that lead us to evidence that either supports the guilt of the criminal, or releases him from the clutches of justice. The open mind can then reconstruct both the Modus Operandi, and the profile of the perpetrator, thus leading to an 'open and shut' case.

And it all hinges on another thing called Pattern Recognition: As we played Millennium: Maranatha, I saw the symbol on the church gate, and immediately penned down an observation for myself:



To me, this was just a sudden 'self-anchoring' of my knowledge base to the episode at hand: In that way, it was a pattern that was triggered by the three crossing lines, which reminded me of the SevenSphere without its surrounding circle. By that action alone, the meme of Pattern Matching was seeded, and ready to reveal itself

in yet another cooperation of seven colored spheres...

Funny to see how while I was drawing this SevenSphere, Rupert Sheldrake went into another talk, which involves the 'Observer' and the 'Observed': apparently when we observe another human, he or she can actually feel it, and look towards the observer! And women tend to be better at this than men, so remember this guys, when the next pair of lovely legs passes you by!



As for me, I've had the very relaxed company of three female students during this two day test course, and the subject of testing was one that closely jives with the concepts I'm trying to juggle here. As our teacher said it yesterday:

***"As a matter of fact, you are all testing every single moment of the day!"***

And that fits right in with the SevenSphere above, because testing is all about pattern recognition: you know what it is supposed to

look like, and you get information that may or may not jive with that state of conjecture. That is the set of Known Symbols. Your decision about how open-minded you will be towards new information is the Observer Bias. Next Action (or experience) delivers you another test result, which may be a partial, but which can usually be gotten clear by looking at the context and the source. If the new pattern fits, it is added to the set of known symbols, and we proceed to the next test. The simplest human observation to take as an analogy for this is the 'winged' phrase: *"If it looks like a duck, quacks like a duck, swims like a duck and flies like a duck, it is most likely a duck!"*



But as it goes, our concepts of the things around us are constantly tweaked by new info coming in, which changes the nature of the label. We can see this most clearly from an object that many of us know: just take the word 'telephone': it shifted over time from the very first invention of it, to an appliance for the rich which involved manual switchboards, then moving into every home as switchboards became mechanically automated, and changing into car phones for the rich as home phones had brought in the electrical switchboards. Nowadays, when people say phone, they usually do not mean an old Bakelite contraption with a heavy metal bell and a circular mechanical dial, but a hand-held device that does way more than just connect two talking people together!

So yes, we are constantly testing, but the 'requirements' of the 'program' are constantly shifting as evolution tweaks us to higher understanding, better tooling, further cooperation, and many other changes brought on by people's love for tools, other humans, and better living conditions. The recent spontaneous demonstrations in Turkey and Brazil are one such an example of human awareness suddenly besting the boundaries between religious groups as standing up against wrong politics becomes more important!



## The power of the ones...

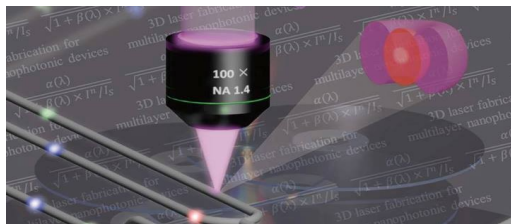
What on Earth are they? We encounter them everywhere, those intelligences that make us think twice or many more times about certain things. To some, the subset only consists of other humans, preferably those they can see, hear and feel.

But lately, I see quite a lot of fellow humans express the feeling that Life is far more widespread than we used to believe in the past. Just think of Lara Croft's techy when his Boss Lady had treated the Mechanical Death Threat to a few clips of 'live rounds'....

"Not live rounds again Lara!!" you can hear the desperation in his voice, not because of all the work he'll have to do to patch her up, but because "She's in PAIN!!!"

Well, maybe he didn't say 'she', but it is obvious he has more than just a casual relationship with this high-tech toy he was allowed to design and build for the lady who "*should be modest*".

When I look back upon my own interactions with our mechanical friends, I find that my actions have involved an ever more cautious or even caring attitude towards technology as it became more like nanotech and less like science fiction...



Just today I heard about the latest [breakthrough](#), while just hours before that, I'd wondered how long the now familiar silver disks would be around given the fact that hard disks and USB drives are now bigger and faster: Apparently creation of a new type of laser writing head has enabled optical drives to now write way smaller dots of information (only nine nanometers across), thus creating as much as 1 Petabyte of space on a single DVD size disc! Any idea just how much information that is?

Well, to give it to you in movie terms: if one DVD can hold a single movie @ 4.7 GB, then  $1024/4.7$  would mean that roughly 217 movies would fit a single disc! So instead of my neighbor's DVD case containing over 400 discs, just two of those discs would suffice....

But won't that mean that we'll be waiting even longer for our silicon friends to do our bidding? Sure, until some clever technician figures out how to push way more bits across a fiber per second. It all just a matter of love, which drives us ever onwards to find new, more natural ways of doing things: just like I am now penning down this text on the new touch screen of my Note II, I am looking forward to also trying out the dictation function: It might well make me even more productive, at least in environments where people do not mind me talking to myself....

And thus our tools become ever more entangled with our everyday life, and nobody can really see just how involved all the production techniques really are. Sure, we see parts of them on shows featured by Discovery Channel and like-minded channels....

But there is this strange awareness feeling in us 'ones': we may feel like 'Ones', but we also feel like 'Zeroes'. We are like bits in a binary computer that have the capacity to come up with something 'entirely different': Maybe!!!

And that is what emergent properties like Intelligence and Consciousness are all about: Life is not digital, not discrete! Well, let me rephrase that: it is discrete if it needs to be, but downright exhibitionist when it has the possibility to do so!



So yes, you will find just about every aberration **subconscious** on the Web, and in the mass media. These are the 'may be' bits trying to get our attention, and keeping us from making decisive moves towards, or at least helping us to make up "our own damn minds!" Just like the weird stuff that prompted me to add the blue emphasis to that weird word before: as I wrote abberation without the multiple form before, I wanted to add the 's', and behold: the spelling checker of LibreOffice gave me the added blue term: Totally on cue, and seen and heard by the 'one to have the eyes to see and the ears to hear', as facebook had alerted me to the term just half an hour ago. Yes, the uncertain bits are there to help us make the subconscious conscious, so we evolve in unison with the Grand Mystery Opening...

As an illustration, let me try to reproduce the frame of mind that evolved on my Facebook just now, and try to relate it to this story:

Sahasrara Aten Ra posted this (see right):  
<http://instagram.com/p/a1pWWJt3eS/>

Coincidence? I know it isn't, but I can't help but notice this, because I feel I am one of those with the 'eyes to see and ears to hear': The two replies literally saying ASE' to [Sahasrara Aten Ra](#) 's post on her post coincide with the three initials my parents gave me at birth: A.S.E. Slabber. And the accent behind it is from math class, showing ASE' to be derived from ASE in some manner. Is it any wonder ASE also stand for 'All Seeing Eye'? (no, not claiming to be it, but grateful to be part of it for I don't see it as evil...)

Thanks for the great inspiration Sahasrara, it will be part of what I write next...

Love You One!!!!

Now 'S.A.R' might prompt me to think of Sahasrara as a nasty tease ('sarren' is Dutch for nasty teasing), but I feel I know her better than that!

And the images she posts often have special meaning to me. So I couldn't just help noticing this SevenSphere that just stuck out like a sore thumb being kissed better!

It is a work of art, even if I do say it myself, but then I'm not the one who claims to 'have the information': I merely brought it into a more balanced form by using the tools I've developed for anyone wanting to use them...

**2013-06-22 12:12...**

Just now as I watched the clock. Not a real big hint, except that the 12 is a favorite number of one of my daughters... But let's get to the balanced nature of that SevenSphere, shall we?

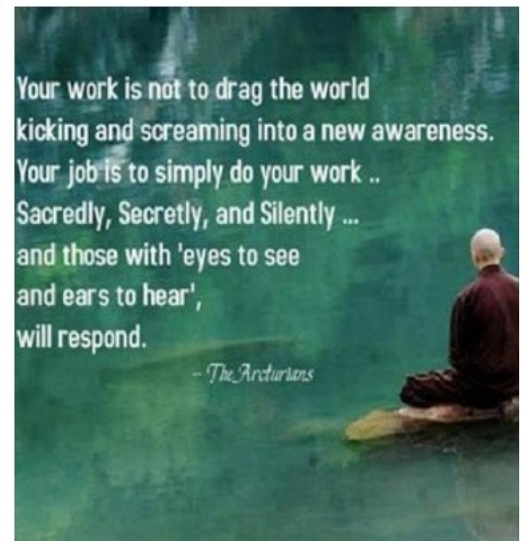
Einstein made famous the phrase: "You have to know when to speak, when to listen, and when to keep your mouth shut!" That puts the red, blue and green sphere solidly on the diagram, since red is the response as well as the absence of one, which is opposite the response in the light-blue sphere. Sahasrara's quote of the Arc-turians then makes a trinity out of Silence, Secrecy and Sacrecy, constituting the yellow, light-blue and purple spheres. A perfect star made by two trinities, also called a David's star. You can say a lot about Hitler, but he is the one madman who made that symbol a very significant one by forcing the Jews to wear it!

Was he fearful of what the Jews could do, or just fearful of the symbol itself? Perhaps, at least he did show extreme pre-justice towards them: killing millions for what a



Sahasrara Aten Ra

For those who are willing to hear...



Like · Comment · Share · 5 hours ago via mobile · 🧑

👍 24 people like this.







non-jew might perhaps do later on... Judging them did not do anything other than skewing the world against him, thus turning World War 2 into the five years of horror we still have not recovered from! At least, he wasn't quite consistent in his [preferences](#)....

But 12:12 might still be relevant: for a while now, I've had the nagging feeling (a good one) that Seven-Spheres themselves also happen to come in two's and three's. Just call it the next level, the one Einstein said was needed to overcome the level on which the problem had been encountered, and where it could not be solved yet...

And of course, my reality would not be complete if the ever elusive Mariem didn't pop up on Facebook to play my muse for the remainder of this chapter (hopefully).

Weird enough, people tend to leave me in peace the moment I am busy writing, as if writing is the work that is my job, that needs doing rather than '*dragging people into a new awareness kicking and screaming*'. Heck, I have no idea how this is going to turn out, other than that I have TOTAL faith in the process of writing: as I just commented on Morph Oner's post, which read:

***"As i write, it is like my poetry... I just let go and let the lord do his thing."***

I just could not help but respond:

Morph Oner: "As i write, it is like my poetry... I just let go and let the lord do his thing, but

Openly  
Obfuscates  
Restrictions  
Effectuating  
Lovelier  
Interactions  
For

New  
**André Slabber**  
Researcher/writer/designer at Moorelife.nl

**André Slabber** Same way I write: knowing the flow will come to me from whatever dish of side inputs I desire to put on my screens!

2 hours ago · Like · 2

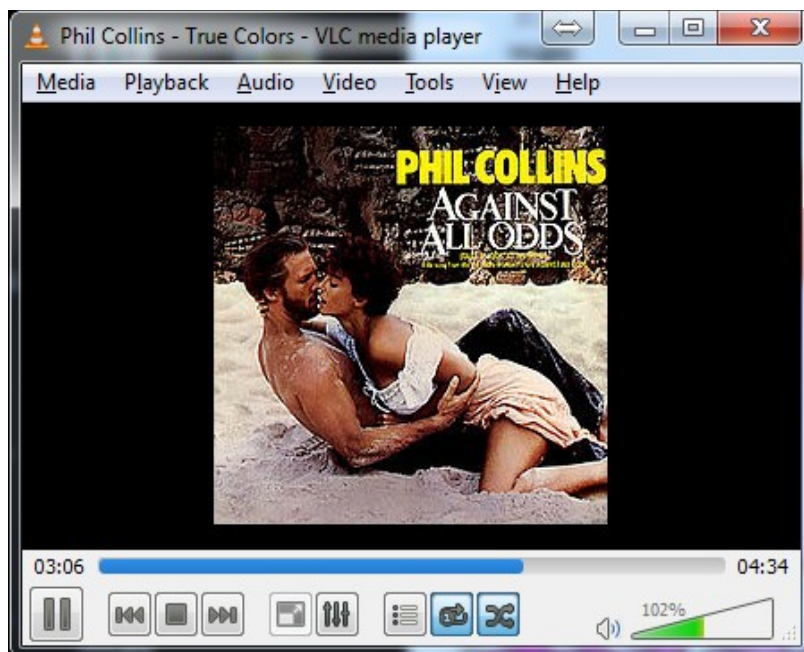
And thus, the next realization arrived from the dripping of the faucet which I'd neglected to turn off totally, thus drawing to my attention a law of Nature: if a system is non-infinite in nature, then the excitations it produces at its core will be reflected to it by the waves hitting the boundary and being returned even before the response from outside the system is possibly perceived. Let me put it in simpler words: the

waves the center sees are complex waves that have both the initial signal sent out, and the response of the boundary of the system as it interacts with other systems!

Let me see if I can turn this into a nice animated GIF so you can see as well... Meanwhile I'll try to please you with my random side input this very moment: Donna Summer and [State of Independance](#), randomly chosen from my Youtube input channel...

Too bad, the animated GIF won't include in LibreOffice, but it was not quite up to my standards of quality product anyway... So let's just go with a single screenshot, and you can imagine the rest. I guess this interlinks the dripping faucet to this story in just about every aspect available:

- the P6 stands for the pattern of the SevenSphere I just drew, and thus the spikes of the Jewish star.
- 220022 shows 8 (infinity sideways) and 00 (infinity when touching) to link in the system of no boundaries at all which I most love to talk about.
- MP4 extends the video as Made Purposefully 4 you..
- The 12 seconds of the duration of the original raw video links to Laura's favorite number, and then there is the one link I only saw just now:
- 'Dreft' is chopped of to form 'eft', or Electronic Feelings Transfer. Yes, you may think it stands for Electronic Funds Transfer, but money is just a form of energy, instead of the other way around....



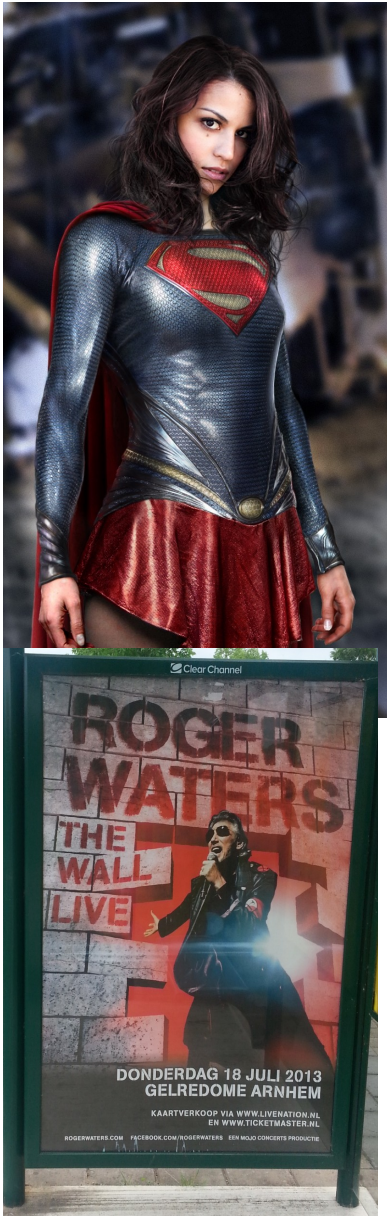
So now 'True Colors' prompts me to go and have my cartridges re-filled first, I leave you to the song itself on [Youtube....](#)

Several hours later, and I've had a great afternoon, thank you! Had to get into town to refill my color cartridges, and since the bus gave me some time left, I also ended up with 10 new secondhand DVD's (Moore input!!!), and a decks of Doreen Virtue's Goddess oracle cards. I knew right from the start that I'd never follow her exact instructions to the letter, simply because following rules never felt good for me: I only feel truly creative in the

realm where impossible is not limited by rules, regulations and instructions!!!

"Make me scream, gonna go extreme!" Billy Idol fires up the creative engine in me. This process of writing will be one last burst of high-octane typing, bound to finish as much as possible of this chapter before my kids come and take me away from it: Superman tonight, a.k.a. Clark Kent, which in Dutch translates to "Clark Knows".... I do





identify with the guy, because I'm just as unknown at the moment, but no less powerful than his secret identity.

*And as Led Zeppelin plays Heartbreaker, I found the ultimate image to go with the new movie in this book. Not a heartbreaker to me though, even if she could be...*

But let's get back to the trip into the city this afternoon: it really started with a great hint at the bus stop: on it, a big poster drew my attention to the concert which Roger Waters will be giving in the 'GelreDome' stadium in Arnhem: the Wall Live will cost every visitor to the concert at least 69 Euros, a price which will be outdone by the tickets sold to that same concert in the Amsterdam Arena in september. I'd love to go, but on my own and just to see Waters on his own is just not good enough: I can always buy the Wall live on Bluray and play it in the comfort of my own home, or just look at [Youtube](#)....

But the poster itself proved once and for all that I'm not the only guy seeing symbolism in the utterances that are so ubiquitously present in our world. I noticed how the loose brick breaks the word 'WALL' into a 'W' and an 'ALL'? Yes, the Wall is symbolic to "We All", just as the spotlight behind Roger shows who has his back! Just watching part of that video now, as I savor the taste of my 'lasagna con salmone'...

And here is where the first installment of this book ends. It will soon be added to though, with the story of how my life changed once I added a new section to moorelife.nl:

[http://moorelife.nl/?pg\\_7thheaven.html](http://moorelife.nl/?pg_7thheaven.html)

will for now tell you all about that....

Crash and Burn.... or Rise and Shine?

What makes it so that some people are just surviving while having almost everything, when others love life while literally having to make ends meet every day? That is a question I am seriously still asking myself. Why do some believe everything to be in short supply, while others spend their last few bucks on helping a stranger knowing and trusting with all their heart that whatever they need will arrive in a timely fashion, and thus will not feel depressed if it hasn't arrived yet?

And what is it that makes people change in that respect, the respect and gratitude for a world around them that provides in far more ways than they could ever hope to discover? Helped from numerous unseen angels by just as many mostly inconspicu-



ous angels, my life has become Heaven on Earth, without getting me what I think would be the most awesome outcome for me: that possibility is slways just around the corner, like a black cat stalking you not to serve as her meal, but as her mate!

# Fluid Conduction

The first song to come up from my 38000+ collection of MP3's was Anouk's, Fluid Conduction: a track I can't remember ever having heard before, but it is weirdly appropriate: I've woken up around 03:08 AM, as if today will be something special with regard to the rest of my Great Expectations! So the first thing to do was to ask the Goddess cards why today was anything other than what a normal working day should be:



Well, that says just about what I expected of it: the Concentrated Attention of Diana, combined with the Divine Passion of Pele, the Strength of Sekhmet, Ixchel the Medicin Woman, Abundantia's Prosperity, and of course Sedna the unlimited resource in my green sphere! Add to that the fact that Isis comments about this being all about a past life, and my day cannot possibly be any more awesome!

So yes, I'm writing in my 8<sup>th</sup> and ultimate book, the one that is supposed to turn my life around, from one of relative obscurity to one of awe and imagination! And that was just about what Carolyn called me just a few wee hours ago: "Awesome, Imaginative, and we should hang out!"

Well, maybe we will, because it ain't for nothing that yesterday a bargain got me a blanket and two pairs of cowboy boots at a steal! So perhaps I am going to be traveling to Texas, who knows? At least I got my new passport a few weeks ago!

And yes, I traded up from freely acquired working shoes to boots that feel "Moore me!" than ever before, as if I'm supposed to go roaming around the Wild, Wild West (and any other destination that might come up, just like the endless riddle of destinations that Ian Dury is singing about now in "Hit me with your rhythm stick"). It maybe also was not out of alignment that my horoscope mentioned the following:

*"Vacation, vacation, je talk about it a lot, but unfortunately that is about it. You have way too little time and too much to do. Fortunately, planning it is also much fun."*

But what if the LOTTO ticket bought yesterday is really a start to something "Completely Different"? It was the first time I actually played the LOTTO, and I didn't describe it on Facebook as "Love Openly Targeting Total Oneness!" for nothing!

Because that is just about what describes my weird waking up feeling today: as if I am now adding to this book because the next release (I posted the chapters up to this one on moorelife.nl last week) will be something that will turn my entire life upside down. Is that perhaps why I'd publicly commented on Facebook about what I'd do with the 31 million Euro jackpot if I win it tomorrow:







**André Slabber**

9 hours ago



Bargains dropped in my lap today coming home from work: I stopped by a temporary store somewhere in my home town, hoping to find some jeans that fit. Nope, not my size, since they stopped around 33, and I'm 36-38 because of my length. But what was there, was a duvet and a couple of cowboy-like boots, which were a nice replacement for my old worker's shoes. Since the deal was very sweet, I tried to get two pairs of those, but the lady said they were probably not available anymore. Still though, carefully observing I spotted a box marked size 46 (yes, I live on a large footprint), and took them to the cashier. Unfortunately, the box contained 44's...

Now 44's are special to me, but not if they pinch my toes. So I walked to the door again, and against all odds was able to find ANOTHER box marked size 46, with boots to match! Elvis would have loved those, because the brand was Memphis ONE! 😊

I'll not tell you what I eventually paid there (but you may guess). At least it saved me this much, that I was able to also score 25 movies for only 10 Euros, and a nice shot at the LOTTO to be drawn next Friday: jackpot 31 million Euros, which of course I don't need!!! But it would feel awesome if I could spend that much with you guys and gals on all kinds of projects that make this world a little better! No, not donating to the various groups who claim to help the good cause but have highly paid boards of trustees that siphon off a large chunk of that cash, but handpicked projects that DO make a difference, and will enable kids from all over this Earth to be busy in the way they love with the things they are best at! At least that explains the three cards that often appeared when I was laying them for myself this week!

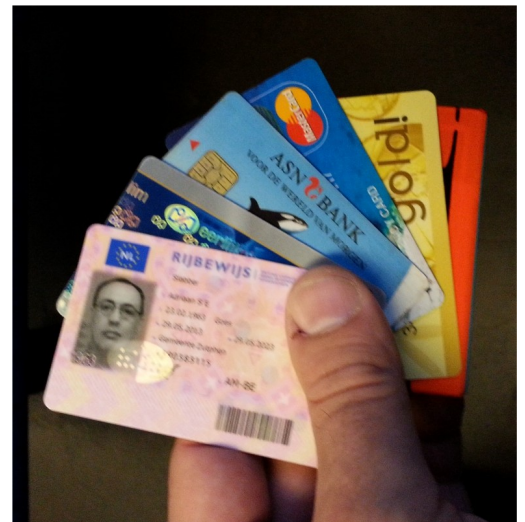
As for LOTTO, that's just another meaningful label to me:  
Love Openly Targeting Total Oneness! (7 photos)

And maybe the 25 'movies' were a synchronistic hint as well, saying I'd be 'on the move', just like the cowboy boots! Because in the days of the Wild Wild West, cowboys would drift from ranch to ranch, working their way through the country with honest work...

And that is about how I'd love to go traveling: with nothing but the clothes on my back and the stuff in my pockets, which in today's high-tech society of course means something entirely different than what the guys on horseback used to take with them. Now, we are "wrapped in plastic" as the guy in that TV series called Twin Peaks called it. And yes, this does feel like the Twin Peaks, because if I do get to traveling, a site that must be visited absolutely is the completely redesigned Ground Zero area in New York, if only to see how something negative can be turned into a positive thing!

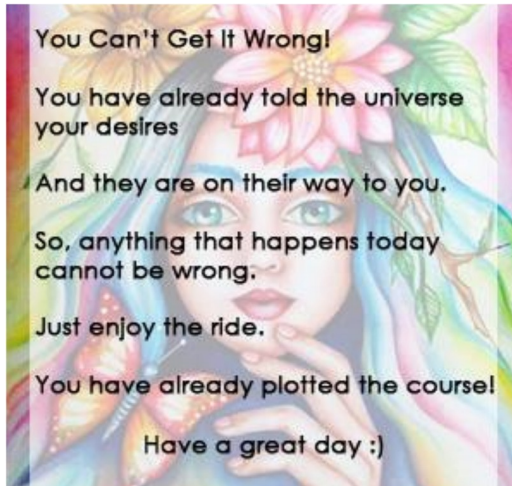
Another visit that would have to be included is Peter Diamandis' Singularity University, to "learn from the master himself", and perhaps set up a similar center in Holland, with a twin in India, with my dear 'sister' Sangeeta. We're not really family as in "the same blood", but we feel closer than that, always connecting whenever we do get virtually or physically together.

So yes, Delhi would definitely be a stop on my trip, and perhaps my Sis could tell me about (among other things) the inventive ways the Indians have used solar power to stop water from evaporating



from their canals, by simply building the panels on top of them: it stops evaporation, and what does evaporate at night condenses against the underside of the panels, and drops back into the canal.

So, what would I do with a 31 million Jackpot? Definitely NOT spend it all on travel, although some traveling will be required to set up the various projects that would enable me to get my 'awesome imagination' (as Carolyn called it) into gear. Lots of input from the Facebook community of course, and perhaps just like Terence Trent D'Arby sings now, casually running into someone with a like mind, who will sign her name across my heart. But my heart isn't that important, because it is out there! But yes, someone with the insight to help me use that stream of green in a way that makes the system better rather than worse...



And right as I was pondering the next line in this story, the image on the left surfaced from the 2017 that are frequenting my desktop background. And Carolyn just said goodnight to everyone on facebook, claiming that tomorrow was going to be 'play day'...

Well, that is exactly how I feel! Time to start planning the play, because from now on, no matter what happens, even work days will feel awesome like they have for the last few months already.

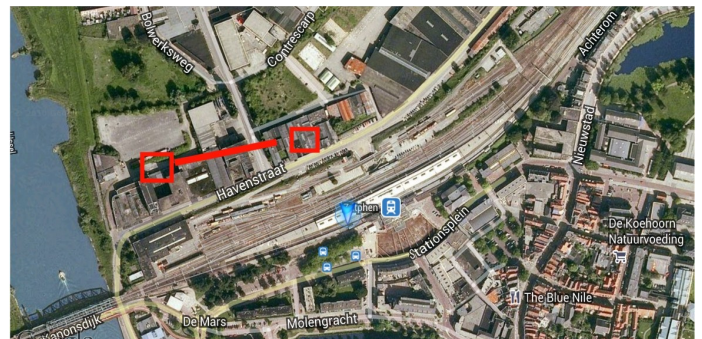
And this is just about where my alarm usually wakes me up, so in about 15 minutes, I will be on my iron horse towards the station, in order to catch the 5:48 to Veenendaal, perhaps for one of the last few times.... ;-)

Yes, this cowboy may now be on the metal mustang to work, but given the tools on my belt and in my pockets, I can still

add to my work in progress. A simple flick of the wrist and the greatest invention of the computing age (ctrl-C ctrl-V) , and tonight this text will be where it is supposed to be!

Right now, I have a great view of where the center here in Zutphen could be built, if it weren't for the fact the city council has zoned that bit as the site for the new harbor. But hey, I wouldn't want to deprive any of the yacht owners here of their stretch of parking space by the way. No, instead I can always move my dream home to the 8 available lots on the other side of 'the cool house', which were specifically zoned for dream homes...

I might not want to restrict the center to just one lot, but I'm pretty sure they won't mind selling me enough to comfortably make it easily accessible. And it will still be along harbor street, or 'Haven straight' if you translate it somewhat imaginative....



By now, the train is on its way, and I image what it will be like not having to commute 1.5 hours single trip every working day, but instead waking up in the same building as my well connected and zero-footprint office (ecologically speaking). Why move matter when you can suffice with moving information? So the activities deployed will hinge on well connected youths, not because they are cheaper, but because we wish to assist them in the finding of their preferred talents early in life. And like any initiative, the center will eventually attract those who resonate with its purpose, just like I came to work for Convector during my formative years: they did research into ball lightning, which to my knowledge never delivered what it promised its stakeholders, but I have long since written off that investment of my young kids capital. What in fact was way more valuable was seeing dr. Dijkhuis follow his dream, even if it lead nowhere yet. That too would be something I would love to 'blow new life into' as we call it in Holland.

The knowledge I got from working on the project was also quite valuable to me, since it eventually led me to the development of the SevenSphere, which is not in the scientific area of ball lightning research, but was inspired by the research I saw and did there.

Another concept that contributed to the idea was the so-called 'locality of code' concept from the pro-

gramming world: programs will in fact circle around certain areas, and then jump to another area altogether.

And thus, I got to work and skipped writing here for about a day or two. And even right now, I'm only opening the document and seeing where I got to in order to fill the gaps that form in the Facebook awareness that I'm currently in. Facebook is great really, since it allow us to build a group of friends who aren't specifically following you, but who are aware of your utterings on the site. And then the chat coming in inspired me to write the next post:

*Hmm, I just got confronted with a choice from my recent past that I've always tried to avoid ever since my then wife wanted a divorce because my bipolar disorder unsettled her. After the fact I kinda promised myself I'd never go for the non-ultimate love again, still believing that this is possible in our physical world.*

*What then followed was a weird almost impossible train of personal experiences that changed me for good (and forever), although I can now no longer call anything good or bad in an absolute sense: any 'good' I choose is good for me but can be totally bad for somebody else. Although that is the last thing I want it to be, tonight is the apex of that train of events, as I see it. The break started last week, when I 'popped the question' to someone who had claimed to be "determined to enter my life". What followed was a long silence, never a real answer to the question, but then the requests came....*

*A box of chocolates is on its way to Tunesia, but the explosion of impossible dream images the lady posted on her Facebook tonight shows she expects something of me that cannot possibly be what is a 'shared blissful experience without end' between the both of us. True, at first she claimed not to know much English, and I helped that along with Google Translate, but the images she posted then were intriguing to say the least. Still, the lack of English has suddenly been transformed into a short and lifeless style of writing that requests what is wanted, and ends in OK once it is satisfied.*

*And my current boss has taught me that OK is positive, but this does not feel 'OK'...*

*I will not put down a name here, but when the question "Will you buy me a ring?" surfaced without even the courtesy of saying yes to the request first, or even having asked for time to consider the request. So I had already let go of my intent and moved back to my much grander circle of experience, which as Quigon said in Star Wars I: "Always has a Bigger Fish". The bigger fish is not in my future as much as it is in my past, an awesome encounter lasting several years that shaped my current being. And that too resulted in a question asked but not answered for seven seconds at least. After the platonic physical connection ended, the virtual connection however remained, and sent me into a creative euphoria that spawned at least seven books! The eighth one (still in the creative channel) was ignited by the second lady, but it too held the signature of the first One!*

*So, did I delude myself, or did the world around me mess with my head and heart? None to blame but myself probably, but at least I am now certain of the outcome: the smaller circle has been cut off like a meandering river eventually creates so-called oxbow lakes that are no longer part of the flow, but leave the river flowing more straightly. The box of chocolates was the last effort I put into that most recent relationship, and until the larger fish resurfaces again to swim in my bowl (an image the Tunesian lady also used) I will not follow it up with any more permanent token.*

*The posts this afternoon were evidence of the SKema that unfolds around me, and it could be a massive conspiracy to teach me something, but I go by the cosmic view that I create my experience, and nobody else does. They may try to influence, but in the end the choices are all mine! The last lady did drop the answer 'it could be called treatment of people' somewhere, but this guy has just decided to get off the meds, and go back to the addiction that is at least consistently pleasurable.*

*They say Hell hath no fury but a woman scorned, but I sincerely hope she isn't that. Synchronistically right this moment, a random track from my 38000+ MP3 collection sings: "Tonight the Love shows her true face", a positive Dutch track called "Het is zo stil in mij", or in English "It is so silent in me"....*



*So yes, I just go by the idea that I created the entire experience to suit me, and thus it will turn out positive: I would never be as cruel as to entice myself with the ultimate seduction, and then give myself the finger instead!*

*Nope, tonight I let go..... :-D ♥*

And after that there was at least one guy who tried to console me with the wisdom that if there had not been any dating, sex or otherwise, it wasn't a relationship. Unfortunately that was not my take on things, but at least the Goddess Cards put my choice back in the realm of "rightness":



Very aptly applicable these seven cards, all of them, as I turned them over in the following order:

- Nemetona, in the light blue Sphere of my Self, reminding me to create myself a hallowed space....
- Maat, in the center sphere of my total being, claiming the situation will be treated fair and justly...
- the White Tara in my top sensitivity area, reminding me that my sensitivity is heighthening...
- Eireen, in the blue Sphere of next action, bringing peace and saying there is no reason to worry....
- Sekhmet in the purple Sphere of near ascension saying I'm stronger than I think....
- Bast in the yellow Sphere of 'fear', says my independence is the base for my power and success....
- Mother Mary in the green Sphere of Nice outcomes, reminds me I should trust the power of my prayers...

Need I say anymore? Yes, Good Night, because it is now 23:45.... ;-)

# Continuum

Menco, one of Melanie's friends, just sent me a link to the series called Continuum, which is a bit weird: as far as I've seen it now, they are all episodes of about 4.2 minutes each, of a handsome young lady in a space ship, who just woke up and doesn't remember her past, or why she is on this trip.

Feels a lot like I feel now, "Lost in the New Real" like Arjen Lucassen called it. And basically, that is what happens time and time again in this virtual world of ours: we meet new beings, communicate with them for a while, and find out stuff that either makes connections stronger, or severs them eventually. But somehow, the connections are not 'singular' in nature, in that they are separated from our connections to others.

Take Menco for instance: the fact he actually prefers men is quite aptly 'encoded' in his first name... But his first name was given to him at birth by his parents who probably had no idea their son would turn out that way. And regardless of what they think about it, the sync between name and nature is there. Now in Continuum this is done on purpose: the episode titles are all plays on words with regard to titles of movies and other well-known information streams.

As for me, I am more and more seeing myself as a stream of energy in motion, interacting with other streams of which I only know the energetic effects they have on me. Like the movie documentary "What the Bleep do we know" showed, nothing ever touches, because atoms are 99.999999999% empty space, and are wrapped in clouds of negatively charged electrons which repel each other with extreme prejudice!

So, with negativity surrounding everything, is it any wonder we humans see the negativity first? It takes the open minds to make the connections with enough facts from their experience, to figure out that all those negatives have a positive core, or else they'd have fallen apart long ago! But how do we find that positive core in stuff that doesn't feel right? By getting in touch with the positive core inside ourselves first! Because the moment you know how that feels, it is easier to imagine how a positive would show you her negatives, in order to get you to realize the next level up.

And that is what I see around me: seemingly independent observations being strung together by my mind and heart to form a meaningful continuum, that has no beginning or ending! I never could figure out why people would make a distinction between feeling and thinking, because the two are like the electromagnetic wave: an electrical and a magnetic component, both fully entangled to alternate each other!

And then, just before I sat down on the writing stool just now to start adding to this story, Mariem showed up again, inquiring about the chocolates... Oddly enough, Facebook had always shown me the entire discussion right up to the very first hello somewhere around last May, but now it stated "Conversation started Today"!

Now this can simply be because I did something to the old conversation, but frankly I don't remember for sure. But my memory clearly serves me in remembering the conversation, and my hardcopies of it made in order to "have a lasting, loving memory of them" are also still here....

Meanwhile, Mariem seems to have dropped out of communication again, perhaps because she is 'not amused' by my remarks, or because it is part of her self-proclaimed 'treatment of persons'. Either way, it leaves me with more time to enjoy the music on my system, and the creation of this tale of mystery and imagination...

The continuum is still here, splashed across my 40 inch screen and the right-side 22 inch widescreen. It also emanates from the speakers of the Edifier system, and my own awareness of all this. I can actually sense the echoes of it dancing across my mind, both confined and not confined to the physical





box that is my skull! On top of it is my feeling that there still isn't enough happening, so the past few minutes were spent in lugging another computer down from the hobby room, in order to attempt that OpenSUSE installation again. It foiled my attempts twice already due to incompatible DVD drives, but I remain hopeful, since I know that sooner or later I'll figure it out given half a chance! Because that is the real challenge here, isn't it? Do we have enough patience and love for the system to figure out the intricacies of its interface, or do we discard it as the outdated computer that most people will consider it, in today's society of ever more powerful systems? Hmm, it now asks whether it should install the Gnome desktop, or KDE...

"When in doubt, Google it out!", a rule I just phrased, in order to remember what I forget about way too often. So let's just see what feels more self-intuitive to me: Google Image Search of both desktops, for the differences. Not many differences, at least none an IT pro like myself couldn't get around. But the KDE has the added advantage of have my 'K' gem embedded in it, and the desktop that eventually catches my eye adds to that:



"Linux for open minds", I love that! And the added 'trick' for the unaware (the mirrored 'm') closes the deal: KDE it is!

My idea for following this through: time to get off the Windows addiction implemented by my 'Professional Education', and switching to open systems for the stuff I do @ home... That may include any systems I put out there in eventually getting my 3D printing initiative set up: 3D printers do not need very fast computers to control them, but having a computer there is more handy than a dedicated controller that only allows starting and controlling print jobs. So my investment in 'OpenSUSE education' may not be all that illogical...

I guess the saying "you are never too old to learn" applies here: I never got into Linux properly because the profession and my deployment there wouldn't allow me such possibilities, but blood is thicker than water: My deeper conviction that all should in fact be free is taking over, and Windows has got to go! Not that I particularly dislike Bill Gates or those who came after him, but they chose another path to what in the end will almost certainly arrive at the same realization, from their specific view of reality: They get from me what they have always tried to sell the public: I paid Microsoft with every PC I bought new, and since they wish me to refrain from using their software when it is not properly licensed, I will simply use other Operating Systems for machines I recover from hardware mostly donated by my boss because he needs space in the office and needed more powerful systems

for his employees, I will go for zero usage of Windows licenses in my personal life and any initiatives I deploy eventually!

Meanwhile the VLC Player sings "Come here and lean on me...", as the English translation goes of Ruth Jacott's Dutch song called "Leun op mij", which is aptly appropriate: she is one of the innumerable signals from out there that prove to me my web is still hanging solidly from all attachment points, even as the track fades and is replaced by Sparks and "Beat the Clock". This ups the tempo, even as OpenSUSE reports having to require at least half an hour to go before my first Linux system is up and running!

But let's get back to that Web analogy, which back in 2003 during my employment at Gouden Gids, I envisioned in my mind: independent entities worldwide, connected by the web, to achieve what proprietary systems can't: since they thrive on separation from the open system around them, their reach is actually restricted to those they can catch in their 'web'. Thus, any attempt of me to acquire followers or fans is doomed to fail because guys and gals like me simply prefer their freedom above any temporary alliance!

And that is OK, once I've developed the insight that they in fact are there, anchoring my web in place! They may not be members of the Facebook group I created yesterday for those interested in calling themselves WebMinds, but that might well change as my reality unfolds around me!

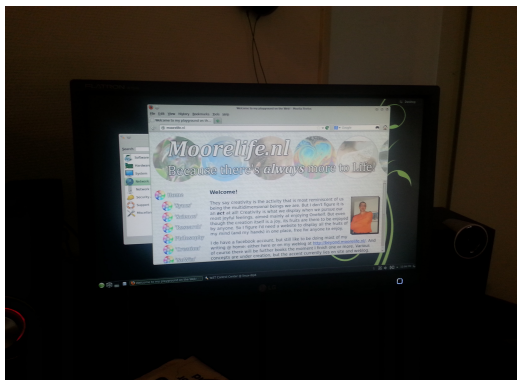


Frankly, I am very much interested in what Black Uhuru now sings about the "Party Next Door". Not that I specifically want to join in on the fun, but the knowing that out there are many people enjoying their particular "preferred activities" is good enough for me. In that respect it is exactly the same in the Open Source community: we don't care if you write Public domain stuff, Open Source licensed applications, or even "March Hare" products or perhaps "Canneverbe Limited" programs. Personally, I depend on the Piriform Tools for some of my work, but they are all the same in the end: people enjoying themselves developing programs, simply because they are programmers at heart.

And even deprogrammers like Mariem are in the same widely distributed networks: they may target me in order to desensitize me from certain mechanisms they think or feel 'I need protecting from', but in the end they will acknowledge my free will to choose, just like any self-reinforcing freewilled EMB system. EMB? Yup, ElectroMagnetical Biological system, because that is what we are: Once we recognize our free will, it is inevitable that we also acquire the awareness of it in others. Hence, if I want my free will 'obeyed', I have to obey the will of others as well.

Meanwhile, 2 Unlimited bangs out of the Edifier with 'Faces'! I turn it up as high as I sense is comfortable, but fully realize that this amount of audio assault is reigned in by my awareness of my neighbors... Quick check out the kitchen window, the cars are there, so my assessment was correct. Meanwhile Frank follows them with New York, and OpenSUSE shows her face on the HP Vectra at my side. Now to get it onto the Web.... "I'll be back!"

Level 42 agrees: "Let's take one step at a time", but I'm a multipede. So this document will stay open as I attempt to get my 'Zuster' onto the web....

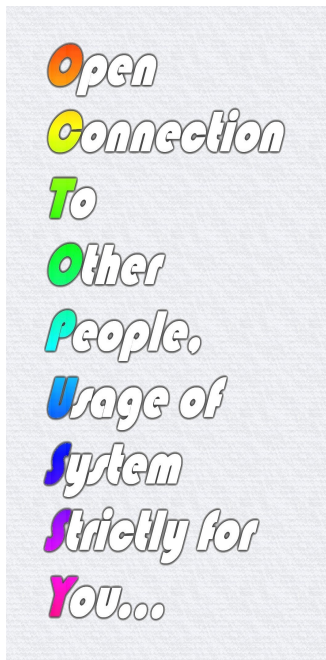


Well, that was pretty painless: I'd never messed with a sister like that before, but in about twelve minutes flat, she was all over the Web! ;-) Simply start Yast, have it recognize the Ethernet card, configure it to automatic and Zoom!!!

And now Genesis implores me to "Go West Young Man, like your Family said....". So, what is West in this case? OpenSUSE is up and running and I will be performing the same operation on OctoPussy (this system) tonight. But before that, perhaps it is time to defy the sun of this hot Sunday, and move to my West somewhere.... That might be the video store, or the rummage sale in the Hanzahal a friend drew my attention to earlier. We'll see!

# Expansion of Consciousness

Three minutes to three, back from my excursion West.... It held both the alternatives chosen beforehand, and a few extra surprises along the way, which made me name it "Small Delights Appreciation Day", which is quite different from SAD: "Singular Attachment Day". But let me take you on this journey right after I've set up Octopussy to be reborn as the Phoenix sister she is..... And right this moment Paul walked in, as if he'd seen me arrive (which he hadn't)!



Two to Six, Paul has taken the OpenSUSE disc to deploy it on his system as well, and OctoPussy is purring like the quad-core kitten she really is. But calling her QuadPussy because of that little oversight on my part would do her a great injustice! She really has taken a liking to OpenSUSE, and does her utmost to assist me in acquiring the knowhow to what used to be yet another great mystery to me!

What is next while I continue writing here? Maybe reconfigure my 64GB Memory Stick to run OpenSUSE as well? It should be pretty straightforward according to the info I've just seen...

But since I write from it, It'll need relocating first I figure. And since writing is not done from other systems than the home system mainly, I might just as well relocate all of the data to somewhere on the 5 TeraBytes of my most twisted sister in order to keep it from prying eyes that might have an interest in reading my next book before it is released for further reding on [http://moorelife.nl/?pg\\_books8.html](http://moorelife.nl/?pg_books8.html) ...

But then again, OctoPussy is pretty open, since I've not installed anything out of the ordinary to keep others out.. Hmm, the worst they could acquire is my few soft pornographic images, or the access to a bank account that only holds money a few days every month! But even that last bit has been encrypted using 512 key encryption.

Yesterday was a bit too busy to really commit the trip West to the pages of this book, but right now I have about 20 minutes of training left, and nobody to talk to, so I might as well tell you the story now...

As planned, I went to the rummage sale event in the Hanzehal, not because I still had a lot to spend, but a lot of little things to be grateful for happened quite unexpectedly: First of all, I went by Christians stand, and he mentioned going to Melanie's birthday party afterwards, so I could ask him to take the 20 Euros Melanie's grandmother gave me to give to her. Also, there was a brandnew wallet lying on his table, which was exactly the same design as my old dillapidated one. 50 cents were enough to call it mine.

Next, another stand has little plastic bags containing about 15 tool clips of the type I still needed to help me organize my tools. Just now, we drove away from the station at Dieren, and another Smeets meets your requirements truck passed by. It felt good to realize that instead of Seda, S can also stand for Source!

Because that really supplies us with all we need: I cycled home via the video store yesterday, in order to cash in one the free ticket I knew I'd won: the guy behind the counter handed me the free ticket, and I stepped outside again, looking at it. Suddenly I realized he'd never asked me which lotto numbers I wanted, so I returned.... Just in time it turns out, because he saw me come in, and said: "Good ting you came back: I still owe you seven and a half Euros!" Hmm, my personal lucky number, and then some.....

And frankly, I'd checked the numbers beforehand, and knew that only the 2 Euro extra ticket was among my prices. I even had the piece of paper still lying on my desk as I came home, and it confirmed it. So either the site where I checked the numbers had been wrong, or the computer at the video store was glitchy. The last option was that I'd actually seen the 7,50 pass by, and never noticed, or the number I typed in hadn't been entirely correct. Either way, I did get more than I thought, and that was what counts!

Today in that respect was no different: I still had to get some money from a computer fixing job I did a few weeks ago, but no luck in acquiring it. On the other hand, not five minutes after I came home, another desperate computer user called, saying he had a dead computer on his hands. He always comes to pick me up and bring me home afterwards, so I picked a power supply out of the rack, and also set aside a desktop computer to serve as a replacement if I couldn't fix it straight away. In the



end, I was right in assuming that it was either the power switch or the supply, but the manner in which the entire thing perfectly almost didn't fit was remarkable: I brought a Dell power supply, knowing he had a Dell, but the one system he directed me towards was an older one, which didn't have SATA yet.. As a result, the single power supply I brought along didn't do the job because of irreconcilable differences. But the power supply in the replacement system fit perfectly!

Thus, another happy customer in half an hour flat, and a WhatsApp from the next problem child while I was there: his laptop had all of a sudden erupted into showing porn of all variations, immediately followed by an accusation of spreading kiddy porn, and a warning to pay 100 Euros to some agency! The guy, named Christian, is just that: a guy who wouldn't hurt a fly because he's a lover and not a fighter. He was actually quite shaken that his system might have been used for such nefarious activities.

Being in IT, the problem proved a sin: reboot as Safe Mode, pick up the last checkpoint, and restore the machine to its status of three days ago. It ran, but he complained that it was quite slow. Since it was a really awesome laptop (an octocore with 8GB memory), I agreed with him to install a new Windows for him. Since the thing came with a valid Windows License, I didn't see the harm in that. Then some more fidgeting around, because all the drivers had required downloading from the factory website, and some more TLC to figure out why it had no WiFi: the manufacturer's site held drivers for an Intel WiFi setup, but the one it had on board eventually proved to be an Atheros.... Duh!

The guy with the broken desktop paid me 30 Euros, because he always wants to square the deal. Christian didn't, but who cares: if he and his boyfriend come for movie night at my place together with my daughters, they always stop by the supermarket for the drinks and the snacks! While writing the next chapter on the train this afternoon, I just realized that people only want to take from you what they want to take from you, whether it is positive in nature or negative: If it is too negative they will actually accompany the declination with a suitable show of negative emotion, and when it is considered positive but irrelevant to them, you'll get a nice brushoff perhaps because they feel they would be wronging you if they accepted. I've always taken what was offered in a positive way as a gift without feeling guilty, but if it was negative, I always wondered about why this shit was happening to me...

Only recently, the exchanges on Facebook made us realize that if you lend someone something, and they are supposed to give it back, some thing weird happens: if you change your mind and 'let them have' it (even in a very loving way), they will still remove themselves from your company somehow. It is as if they can't live with the conflict of someone loosening the rope they were pulling on, and just fall back in defeat....

Actually, a very similar situation could have made me realize that way earlier, when I was called in by my boss and the HRM manager, to grill me over the fact that they figured I was 'running of the edges' by leaving early to make the train. I explained them my side of the story, that I lunch at my desk to work on, and thus thought it reasonable to skip those last ten minutes in order to not have to hurry. I offered them a solution in just taking a train later, which meant I'd have half an hour longer to work on every day, but they wouldn't hear of it. Somehow, that seemed to not be considered fair, even when I told them I didn't mind. Still, I never heard about the same problem again, and I still leave around 15:20 to comfortably make the train at 15:41...



## LSD Trip: Love Sexy Design!

After this afternoon I skipped the working on in order to take a walk like I used to do with a dear Angel colleague years ago, I ended up crossing the path of a car sporting a 'significant' license plate: 66-GLL-4! The four meant it was 'for' me, and the 66 hinted at 'something sexy' being hidden in there.... It took me about half that amount of steps to finish my walk and enter the building through the warehouse, where the radio is always playing loud all day. As I figured the GLL could stand for "God Loves Lovers", right that moment the speakers were blaring:



## “Get your kicks on route 66!!!”

I couldn't help myself, I just walked back to clip the license plate with the camera on my phone, knowing it would come in handy during my creative streaming further on down the day..

And then the 'challenge' surfaced: Olena Nekrasova added a post about having hacked my phone, and asking if I had anything to hide. *(not specifically for me personal, just an all out challenge to see who would bite, but I figure she knew she'd catch this big Orange Fish)*. So we joked around a bit, and after that she literally claimed:

“Andre, I can't wait to learn something new”, in a tone as if it was a silk gauntlet being thrown in my face(book). Apparently it wasn't a one on one chat she was interested in, since her kid needed being read to (it probably was bedtime in Tokyo). Now I am aware that an Android Phone in debug mode can pretty much fake any location, but hey, who cares anyway? The challenge was there, and my prime directive did not prohibit filling it in the way I love best: writing an entire chapter in her honor, and when it is finished, give everybody in my Facebook Friends list something to ponder....

*So Olena, lady from 'Tokyo', here's one of my 'teachings' especially for you, while David plays me Ziggy Stardust "...like some cat from Japan...." ;-)*

While walking to the station I thought about how my 'relationships' are becoming ever more fragmented in duration, even though I'm actually in a fulltime intimate relationship with the world around me!

Some last months, some I speak only every few years, and the syncs I'm "Hunting High and Low" last often too short to even capture on camera or in text, but they especially form the tightly woven web of my hedge spiders mind and heart, that forms a softly curving vortex to pull others in.

You've probably seen those webs by the dozen, perfectly visible on misty days, when millions of tiny dew drops highlight their otherwise quite inconspicuous nature....

For me, these connections up close are what everybody is engulfed in nowadays, where many people claim the world has isolated us from each other because we are all having an "intimate relationship with my cell phone" as (I think) Renee Zellwegger called it in some movie, having attached it with a garter belt to her inside thigh.... But in fact, the opposite is true, because the Web of the Internet may be tightly woven, but at the same time it is stretched across our little Earth, and possibly way further out. Because let's get clear on this: if aliens were here to take over, they would have done it way earlier, when we were still throwing rocks at one another!

So, if they come in peace, what would be the most unobtrusive way for them to communicate with us? Simple application of Occam's Razor suggests that they would decipher our languages rather than teach us theirs first, or even use the language that is the most effective anyway: mind to mind telepathy!

And thus, the Web is littered with Pleiadeans, Andromedans, Ascended Masters, and what not! All these beings come through channels that often have expressed that their stories are absolutely true, and that is what all of them absolutely believe, and LEND THEIR FREE WILL TO! Their stories, if you follow them for a longer time, remain the same like Led Zeppelin's classic, but at the same time, there is a definite trend towards more 'instrumentalists' adding to the orchestra of Life! Some spread conspiracy information, and warn us about the sorry state our world seems to be in from their particular point of view, but careful observation and interaction with those entities, has revealed to me that quite often, they also tell a story while knowing it isn't as bad as they make it seem: when you add a comment to tune them up, they will quite often like it explicitly, as if saying: "Hey, you got it!" ;-)



Others just place incredible art on our shared community, either because they made it, found it (of use), or because they figure others might love it. I've somehow always stayed in the 'real', while at the same time keeping my mind absolutely open to the possibility of aliens and other extraterrestrial entities. Hey what can I say? A "five year long mission of exploration" reading every English SciFi novel available in the public library in Goes, the Netherlands will do that to you....

So yes, space and time (in my humble observation of the world around me) are dissolving: time seems to speed up and become more pressing to those believing they have too little of it, and more and more intense to guys like me who are literally caught in an avalanche of 'coincidences' that may not exactly coincide, but which arrive in such a timely fashion that they 'make perfect

sense'. Meanwhile, distances become bridged by every cheaper communications, and more and more computer developments make computing every more unobtrusive: where computers used to be huge rooms filled with radio tubes that could hardly calculate Pi to the 77<sup>th</sup> decimal, we now have them in practically any electronic device, and they become ever more and more interconnected!

On top of that the interfaces that the various sites on the Web present to their users are becoming more and more fluid as mechanisms for practically every functionality on the Web are being applied in an all out 'mix and match' throw-down fight of epic proportions! Together we figure out what works and what doesn't, and feed it back to the unseen teams behind the development, so they can incorporate and manifest our dearest wishes in the next 'release', all the while releasing us from more and more stuff that was programmed before but which just didn't work!



In society, the similar programs are apparent: some see conspiracies, and fight them, even help defend those who have not expressed any objection to 'being helped' yet. It is a bit like the womanizer who stops by the side of the road to help a young lady to change out a tire. He remarks: "This is the first time I've ever stopped to help a woman in your condition.", and the lady promptly replies: "But



I'm not pregnant!". The guy looks at her, smiles, and replies: "That is because I haven't 'helped' you yet!"



Our communications are very similar in that respect: we are all hoping some of our "Life Art" will cling to others appreciation of the world around them. If we're in luck, that happens, but we can be sure that whatever the result of that, it is no 'prize' that we are eventually receiving: It will most likely just be the following language course, just like in the movie Spanglish: Mexican Mother Flor moves with her daughter to the USA, but has way more problems with the totally different way of handling people that her boss lady employs. In the end though, both rub off on the other...

And one final sync in this movie: the phone number on the language course she uses: 1-800-777-7777!!!



## The ground crew....



They have been here for as far as I can remember now.... The crew of dedicated beings who keep me grounded every single day. While most of them will quite vehemently deny being part of my crew, they also drop enough clues of common consciousness for me to know they are on call, should I ever need extra grounding. And what is grounding anyway, in a relative cosmos where "grounding" can mean both the reference point of a potential, or the amount of scattering of Oneness that formed a corny joke in Men In Black? "Does this coffee tastes like dirt to you?" .... "Weird, because it was just ground fresh this morning!"

Some of them groundhogs aren't even humans in the physical, but vast computer systems made by humans for the purpose of turning recycling into a profitable business. Just now for instance, bol.com offered me a Canon printer capable of also printing CDs and DVDs. Since I was looking for one in a relaxed way, and the spontaneous detachment of my rubber funny money from my key chain yesterday, I figured this option was allowed, especially since I tracked down an eighty Euro monthly leak in my youngest daughter's phone bill this morning. So only an additional 10 Euro was needed for this purchase, and that came from needing to refill the cartridges on the old printer.

And it is not that the HP will immediately be trashed: I might deliver it to my dad as a standalone copier, or to my daughters so they can print at home, but that would mean they might visit me less...

No problemo, because that would mean in the positive that the ink usage at my place would go down.... And I don't miss my girls when I am sure they are doing what the most love! In that I am confident, if something is wrong they'll come to me!

... Speaking of ink, today Melanie will get her first tattoo, so this might be a nice opportunity to spew a few observations on that subject....



For one, I've always wondered why the red district on the Web calls girls that don't shave natural, but then also includes in that group the ones that have piercings or tattoos. Is shaving more unnatural than adorning your body with semi-permanent attachments or sub-dermal ink patterns?

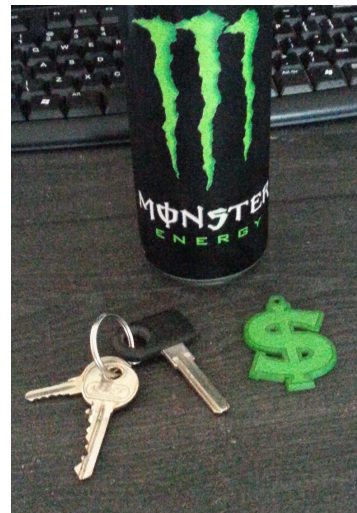
Or are we being given a 'message' here, that tattoos and piercings are more individual and thus more empowered choices than choosing to show off your beauty by enhancing it with all but permanent beautifiers like a perm (anything but that actually), or makeup, which is deemed by some the scourge of our society where beauty is a designer good?

For me personally, I've long stated that I loved my ladies natural and thus without the societal makeup, but at the same time I must admit that a pair of beautifully designed eyes can get my lust for beauty up faster than the same lady could in her natural dress!

Maybe we aren't here to unify all feelings and emotions, but merely to experience, recognize and enjoy the fact we love seeming contradictions, being the multidimensional beings we really are!

So yes, you might want to question the fact that many women wear high heels in order to (as you see it) fulfill the societal straight jacket of having to be beautiful, but I figure no lady in her right mind would do such a thing if she didn't enjoy what She thinks She gets out of all that!

And is there really such a difference between applying the colorants on or in your skin? As long as you are confident



with the message you are putting out there, does anyone really have a right to question your creative choices? I figure any artist can tell you about His or Her right to 'artistic freedom', it is OK!

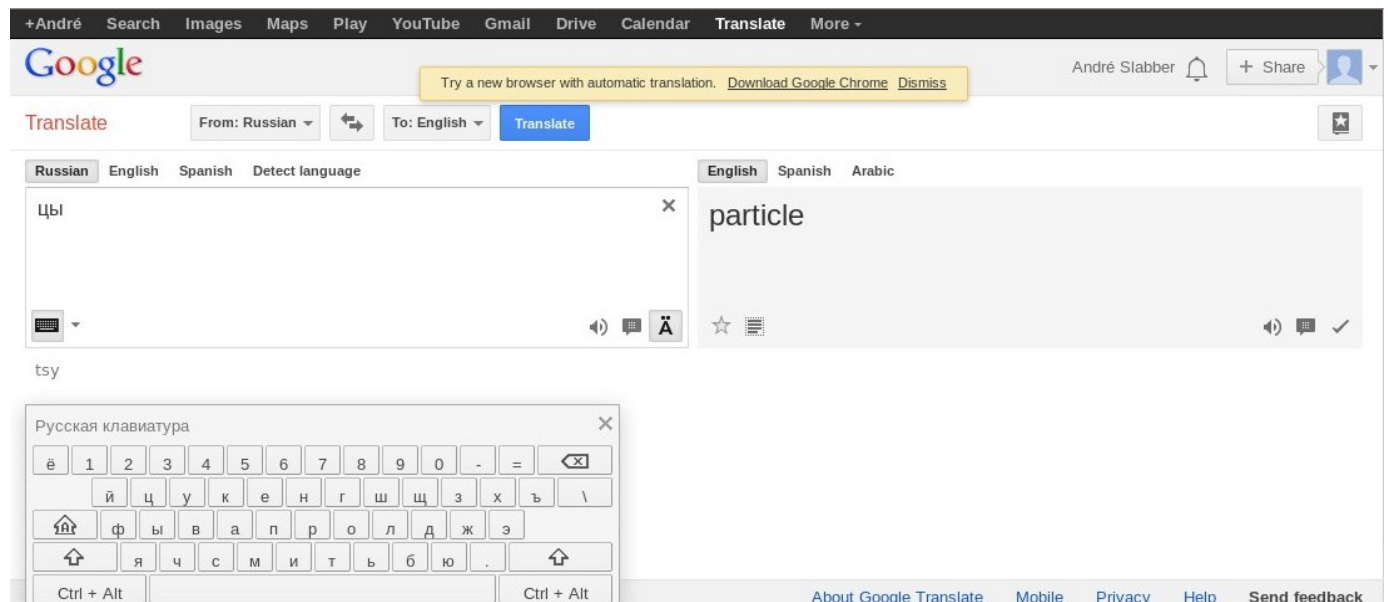
Melanie chose a design that came from someone else, but made it specifically Hers by adding a few well chosen words to the graphical depiction of the flower. By the way, if you read it as 'flow-er', that is OK too, because it is nothing more than that: a constant Source of the powerful statements She puts out! In the end though, she decided against the text, but only because the tattoo artist convinced her the minute lettering wouldn't come out properly...

Still, the sentence is definitely worth repeating here:

**"What makes you different makes you BEAUTIFUL!"** There's my girl!!! ;-)

Speaking of lettering, and my earlier mention of aliens learning the lingo to be able to blend in, it is even possible that the development of for instance Google translate is largely being 'automated' by a clever feedback of the use we make of it, in translating our messages to and fro. Just this afternoon I was talking to Olena in Tokyo, a Russian lady who has the eyes shown above, but materialized as the challenges she expels towards me: the jokes and seemingly casual remarks are musical to my ears, in that they show her to be the 'muse', and the lightly joking partner in crime at the same time...

She posted the following image on my Facebook, to show me Google Translate just 'doesn't cut it': It was Russian, but since it was an image, straight and simple ctrl-C and ctrl-V (the greatest invention of our computer age) also did not suffice. Still though, Google translate allowed me quite effortlessly to input the Russian text anyway:



Yes, without switching your operating system to the right language, you can get an onscreen keyboard in the language you desire. It can detect languages, translate them using properly direction of language, but it ain't a full grammar translator yet: The image Olena fed me was supposed to be a Russian joke, but my attempt at translating the Russian came out all wrong:

**"TEC are you taking? WEAPONS, DRUGS ARE? NOW I READ, ME JUST A MOM collects"**

Olena then gave me the correct answer, which showed the obvious error in my simple ways:

**Custom officer at the airport is asking a guy: "Are you carrying any drugs, weapon?"**

**Reply: "Give me a minute to check it out. My mum has actually packed my luggage!"**

But since the obvious feedback mechanisms are already in place, Google can just pick up any string we give it to translate, and note by our interactions with the proposed translation just how the rules of grammar actually exist in the human common consciousness. It will for now make funny and stupid mistakes, but it is like the T100 in Terminator II: John shows it the common hiding place of car keys once you get inside, and asks it: "Are we learning yet?" The real joke about the difficulty of learning come later, with what is called the 'japan smile' according to this image I pulled off the web....



So Yes, like I followed my GUT feeling this afternoon and claimed that a few years of “Ahh, Upgrades” as Neo called it would make the system more fit for human usage, the stories from my past observations surfaced later:

Like for instance a war story from one of the medical conferences my boss told me about: apparently, in order to sell its customers a quality translation service for medical use that is by definition not real-time (doctors are used to having their secretaries type out their spoken assessments of patients ailments), this company had designed the following system: speech samples would be sent by VOIP to India, where Indians capable of speaking English were in fact taking dictation and typing out the reports. These would then be sent back as soon as they were ready, thus realizing a faster response than having a single secretary type all of a doctor's reports sequentially!

And there are more examples of how hybrid systems defy boundaries that humans can actually still perform better than machines: where automated design of printed circuit boards used to be a designed algorithm capable of solving only predetermined complexities of connection problems, we now have numerous humans playing phone games like Snake and LightBulbs. If connected to a central server, a neural network could actually learn new moves from the humans playing the games, and apply them to the ever more complex task of designing the increasingly complex layouts of electronics circuits that are nearing nanotechnological densities!

We still use CAPTCHA to weed out 'robot systems' in order to protect forms that we want a human to fill in, but the same feedback trick could be used to teach systems to better be able to perform Optical Character Recognition like humans can....



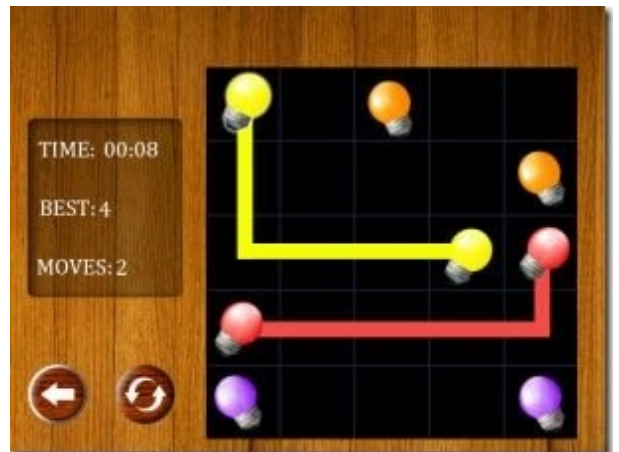
And even my Samsung Galaxy Note II knows how to do handwriting recognition: it actually is better at longer words, because they are often more significant in the thesaurus the system uses to speed up recognition. And the corrections we apply to the recognized texts are plowed back into the word lists, so next time you correct an error it always makes might well become the last time you ever have to correct it, because of the weights and measures the system records while recognizing.

In my humble opinion, systems as seemingly complex as used on ships like the USS Enterprise could never be programmed line by line by human developers that know what they are doing in the 'conventional' way: actually having to learn a new language in order to 'get with the program'. As a programmer once claimed:

***“Debugging is twice as hard as writing the code in the first place.  
So if you design and write it to the best of your abilities,  
YOU ARE BY DEFINITION TOO STUPID TO DEBUG IT!”***

But if you allow the system to learn from the input humans give it, then the debugging process becomes a brute force attack of the debugging problem: one human may not be able to debug it without fucking it up further because they do not comprehend the language the other programmer wrote, but thousands of users will all bump into the same bugs, report them to the builders of the program or work around them! In the end, the more successful programs will be those who learn fastest from their mistakes, and keep the customers happy. If not, these fickle beings always wanting something new and better will simply go to the competition!

I for one switch phones quite often, because to me it is the ultimate tool, the Swiss Army knife of my writer's existence. I sense a definite progression in development, because 'bugs' that I used to work around suddenly are solved in the next phone, whether it is of the same brand, or a different one....



# One big bowl of marbles!

Today was a day of uphill battles with wayward computers, so I'm glad my work hours have been left behind. The walk to the train was lightened with David Bowie's Station to Station, a track which somehow had escaped my awareness thus far.

Crossing the bicycle stands a young lady interrupted my musical enjoyment timidly, to ask if she could text her Mum, because her bike had been stolen. And writing this down, time seems to have been flying due to the enjoyment of having been able to help, and in turn seeing the event as a nice springboard to today's chapter: as I write this sentence, the train has already covered the twenty or so minutes to Arnhem, in which the wait for it was condensed by help the girl look for her bike once more, and after saying goodbye to catch the train, exchanging a few texts with her Mum who thanked me again.

Actually, Einstein's General and Special Theories of Relativity were green but brilliant Hulks, which Uncle Albert later condensed into real matter in the following way:

***"Spending hours with a beautiful woman will feel like seconds, while placing your hands on a hot stove for mere seconds will actually feel like hours! That, in short, is Relativity!"***

Having done both during my fifty years, I could relate to the second part since my toddler days, but the Relaxed end of the deal escaped me till recently somehow...

Why? Exactly because of the mental images that were explained to me by friendly messages from virtual friends, and that includes the fair ladies of Abba, who actually were the twin towers of a youth's ultimate affection, and who are right this moment singing me "Voulez vous?"... Go figure!

"Nothing promised, no regret" It only just bubbled up into full realization, even though I committed the lyrics to everlasting memory way earlier! And that last change shook up EVERYTHING!

Why? Simply because this one change of heart was also immediately followed by the advice a dear friend gave me today: she said "You don't have to give up anything!", and I now see in which way she was so right: the anxiety of not liking dating was no longer an unexplained phenomenon which vexed me, but the reverse engineering performed by another gem of wisdom, which stated today that relationship dynamics are more a process of chiseling away those links which don't serve you in a loving way, to sculpt your true relationship(s) by baring them or it to the world...

Right now I'm 'torn between two lovers', because on the one hand My relaxed mind (too much Buffalo soldier) is wanting to finish this story today, but on the left hand there is a shiny black beauty lying on my desk: A brand new Canon Pixma MG5350, rearing to show me her nifty tricks, like printing DVD's. The initial install went fine, but there are a few glitches still to work out. Still, since wayward computers were the scourge of my working day, I decided to let it go, and get to bed early...

Then today, Olena and I chatted again. And the concept of "not knowing what will happen, being lost in the New Real" suddenly became very apparent! And before I even had the time to start on this very enticing story, Premlatha threw in the perfect quote to express the same feelings I got today:

Because no matter how appealing Mariem was, there

was certainly a measure of anxiety about her very persona: the Black Cat image she referred to instilled in me latent memories of 'Cat People', a movie with Nastasja Kinski, that deeply influenced me the very first time I saw it. Subconsciously, Love became something to fear, something more powerful than free will! But with the sudden downturn in Mariem's behavior towards me, something snapped into place: The mirror she showed me was accurate, in that it reflected my self-proclaimed selfishness, of enjoying the fact I am able to help people with what they want my help for. On the other hand, when I no longer see the positive value in their intentions towards me, and thus humans in general, I do drop them like the attachment never was there: no regrets, just cut my losses and move on! But yesterdays realizations had turned that image inside-out! No longer were relationships like mooring ropes that need to be attached to shore, but instead I came to view relationships in general more



Premlatha Rajkumar

8 minutes ago near Seguin, TX · 🌐

If you are afraid of yourself, only then are you afraid of other people. If you love yourself, you love others. If you hate yourself, you hate others. In relationship with others, it is only you -- mirrored. The other is nothing but a mirror. So whatsoever happens in relationship, always know that it must have happened before, within you -- because the relationship can only magnify what is already within you. It cannot create; it can only show and manifest what is already there.

If you love yourself, you love others. If you are afraid of yourself, you are afraid of others. In coming in contact with others you will start manifesting your being.

~Osho



like what they really are: none of them is ever totally disconnected from the others you have! So rather than seeing it as a web of attachments, I now choose to see it as a sculpture in the process of being created: just calmly chip away any connection that does not serve you in reaching your goals, although that in no way means you have to become heartless in that single-minded pursuit of happiness!



In fact, you are no 'single mind', and then again you are: you belong to that global (and even larger) neural network of mixed media, that involves biological, physical, spiritual, technological, physical and any-and-all entities!

The image above shows this perfectly: the center image was on my desktop for quite a while since it fascinated me somehow. The combined picture however only came to me the very moment I went hunting on the Web for an image to "suitably" represent the story given here! It shows what my syncs show me time and time again: "when the student is ready, the master will appear"

But me will find quite often that we are in fact our own masters, because we come to realizations that in turn help us tumble a few more dominoes. This is basically the way I write: knowing inspiration will come the very moment I seek it, and from sources that you never saw coming!

Now I've never been afraid of showing my feelings in my writing, even though I'm sometimes terrified of expressing them in 'real' life. Just like in "Make IT Real", where Selena (let's call her that for lack of a revealable identification) was described as 'checking all the boxes' in my list of what a partner should be like, today something even way more 'unsettling' revealed itself: I was talking to Olena, a very married mother of a lovely 5.7 year old daughter, and who is a real "woman of the world": having been a fashion model, she eventually married a Japanese business man, and now lives in Tokyo.

I'm not even sure why she suggested it, but when the subject of teaching came up, she suggested that a 6 months course would get me a teaching position to help non-English speakers to speak English or Dutch properly, since I speak both fluently! And this possible 'career move' is totally out of my current flow! I am an IT engineer, who dabbles in writing English stories. This concept would turn my world inside-out, and I love it!

For one, I love kids! Even if I never have any more of my own, I totally dig the idea that youngsters will be able to learn from me. On top of that, the information I've read so far suggest a lifestyle for the teachers coming to Japan, that typically suits most of my current lifestyle. It is even a simplification of it, which would make it an almost Zen-like transformation for me.

And my kids would love it! They had this shared Japanese period, where they would watch and interact with anything Japanese: cartoons, movies, anime, and they must have seen the Notebook with

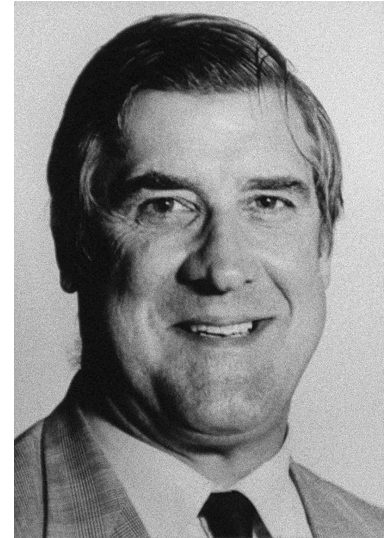


their favorite persona named 'L' at least half a dozen times. They even were totally fascinated that I bumped into a Japanese guy during my lunch walks, and wanted me to ask him all kinds of things. They'd love to visit me on holidays when I move there....

Besides, in my youth I loved the idea also: when Anton Geesink left for the land of the rising Sun, I actually felt envy for the Big Friendly Giant from my country, on this adventure to the land of mystery. And who was to know, that around the turn of the Millennium, I had pretty much grown into the person that was called 'the Big Friendly Giant' by one of his colleagues?

And this does not have to do with physical appearances persé: it is more the kind of feeling the guy inspired in me back then, and the realization that I now feel much like him, even though many people will deny such a likeness. No problem, I don't mind others having other ideas about me, or about themselves even. I simply have learned to live my truth as I recognize it during day to day life, and frankly, that is more and more like the one birthday I had as a kid:

For some reason, I'd been excited about that particular birthday way before it was to happen. I even went as far as snoop around my parents closets, when they were not at home, and eventually discovered a gem that could only be my present! It was an 'electronics experiment kit', that Phillips produced back then.



Back then, around 1971, this was hot! I literally spent every possible moment I could lying in front of the closet, admiring the tiny parts and their elegant modularity! I would be able to do magic with this, once my birthday arrived.

Now, there is no nostalgia involved in it for me, because the everyday high-tech environment has evolved with me! And so has my idea of what constitutes magic!

I went hunting for that one quote which stuck to my memory like superglue, but instead found that it wasn't Carl Sagan who said it, but the writer of the Space Odyssey sequels Arthur C. Clarke. His three laws are somewhat reminiscent of Asimov's three laws of robotics, but then firmly aimed at the entire Cosmos rather than ro-

bots in particular:

Formulated "Clarke's three laws", the third being the most famous and oft cited:

1. When a distinguished but elderly scientist states that something is possible, he is almost certainly right. When he states that something is impossible, he is very probably wrong.
2. The only way of discovering the limits of the possible is to venture a little way past them into the impossible.
3. Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic (to lower cultures).

That last bit is what makes this world magical: we advance at a geometrical rate according to Gordon Moore's prediction about the number of transistors a typical CPU would have over time: Moore stated that the number would double every year. When I asserted his statement around the turn of the Millennium, I found he was understating and overstating in his guesstimate at the same time:

He understated in that rather than just happening to the numbers of transistors per processor chip, the same doubling can be found in processor speed, memory size, disk sizes, and in reverse in the prices. My Commodore 64 initially cost me 1000 guilders, and for about 500 Euros I now have a complete desktop system or laptop that outperforms that dinosaur many times over! Some of our business leaders have been awesomely wrong in their assessment of this development: Bill Gates was claimed to once have said that : "640 K ought to be enough for anybody!", and Kahn (the guy behind Borland) once said: "a good computer will always cost around 5000 dollars". Both have been proved

wrong by the multiple exponential growth of the computer technology, and any “shared human effort” that is based on this explosion of processing power and ease!

Moore overstated in the period of doubling: when I checked in 2000, the doubling rate for the above factors was about 22-24 months. But since we are talking about four and possibly more doubling aspects every 22-24 months, the graph goes up extremely fast! In the ubiquitous nature of computer technology nowadays means that society has become the ultimate “shared human effort”!

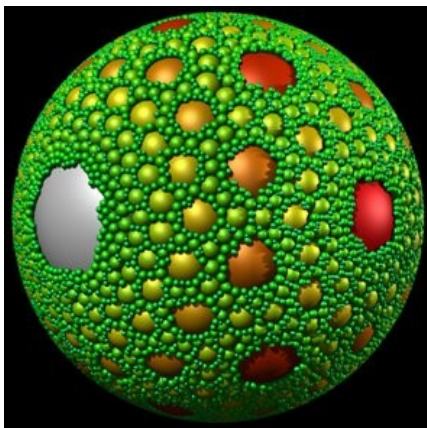
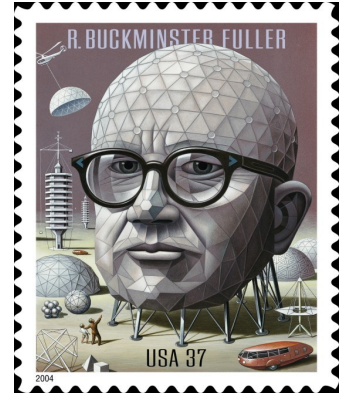
Business, Media and politics may try to stop this, but they will never succeed in controlling enough of the exploding information streams on the web to be able to stop the expansion! This world will be the old system being replaced by the newly designed 'better system' that Buckminster Fuller was so adamantly proposing...

He said that: “One should not fight the System, but rather design a new one within the constraints of the old one, which will then replace it from within.”

Sounds awfully logical, almost Spockish in nature. And a simple example from the world of tight sphere packing might make clear what he meant by that:

The image below is the spherical form of the glass fishbowl that was filled with large marbles. Is it full? Technically yes, because it has a certain percentage of glass, and the rest is air. But let us consider the same thing in a vacuum: then the bowl is only full to some extent, since the big marbles are all spherical, and thus do not fill the entire space between the points where they touch. Now if we add smaller marbles, then the amount of glass in the bowl goes up, but it is still not 100 percent full.

The image below shows that smaller marbles, or other particles will easily fit within the spaces left over by the bigger, closed systems. Not that our society consists of closed systems, because no system truly is: take a company for instance: it has smaller units called employees who spend only part of their lives inside the company. Fortunately, we are not literal prisoners of our bosses, even though to some it may feel that way...



Of course there is always the “bigger fish”, like countries, banks and other 'Evil empires'... We may play the victim role, but in fact it is we who have the power to do the things we feel are right! Recent massive protests in numerous countries have shown this awesome power quick graphically!

But there is still something incomplete with this picture. Any idea? Yes, it only shows 'closed systems', spheres of opaque mass, black boxes in fact. We have no idea what happens inside them, until we actually see the inside of one. And evil or not, television does show us inside many of those systems! Reality shows that show life as a celebrity, or as an almost nameless teenager who just set herself a dream and pursues it with all her heart! It is all system dynamics like I pursued the idea in “System Engineering & Design Architecture, in

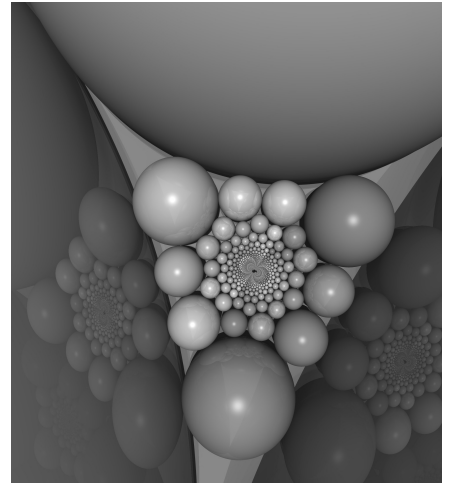
a then still partially subconscious manner. Ideas tend to grow when given enough attention, and an addiction like mine will go a long way towards making these marbles clear glass rather than opaque or marvelously colored ones! But it gets weirder than the image on the right here: Here, the spheres outside the bigger ones, that constitute everything from smaller companies right down to single families or persons, and even devices, are never 'always on the outside': we are like electrons and other subatomic particles, in that we disappear from the private dimension to traverse the social medium, and surface in our places of work to 'do our thing' Some of us focus on work mostly, others values their families or friends more than their bosses or colleagues. I'm a family man, and thus hardly socialize with colleagues or even friends. I have mostly virtual relationships, that last for hours, days, months or years. The intensity in key, either in frequency or in content. Other than that, I'm a solo guy trying to 'get it all', in the most literal sense of the word!

So yes, we may see ourselves reflected inside bigger spheres, because we zip into those parallel realities every workday, or every weekend. A company in that respect is no different from your local pub, even though you might find the latter far more agreeable. But that is where relativity comes in to play!

It has increased over time about as fast as society has embraced the ubiquity of the Web: we carry stuff in our pockets like the pocket lint found in the typical pocket of the Galactic Hitch-Hiker, which in effect lays the Cosmos at our feet, literally! If you don't believe me, just type 'Cosmos' into Google on your smartphone, and see what comes up!

Now these devices are nothing other than the concept Einstein and Rosen theorized in their article about the “Einstein-Rosen bridge”: a theoretical phenomenon that connects two points in space and time in a very direct way, so it has no distance between the two ends! My link to Olena in Tokyo is one of those: we meet regardless of the time difference dictates by the zones, or the flight distance between Tokyo and Amsterdam, added to the two hour train trip to Zutphen, the Netherlands. Heck, even when I'm not at home, she can see my whereabouts from the geotags on the pictures I send her, whenever I feel like it!

And that has untold possibilities, which will be the subject of my next chapter!





# Not knowing is actually much moore fun!

It took me a long time to achieve full awareness of the process called manifestation, which is said to be 'Mind over Matter' basically: if we go from the reference that Mass is condensed Energy rather than that Mass and Energy coexist side by side as a mix, then there we get the marble example described just now: particles zap in and out of existence, in that they temporarily become either pure energy, or matter driven by energy: the last possibility is what we call physical motion, and the first one I call E-motion: thought is just energy applied to memory and intention!



We used to have these spy movies back in the sixties, where small cameras were used for industrial espionage. Sure, microminiature stuff is way more possible nowadays, but let's not over-react: Innocuous cameras are ubiquitously available since most humans carry one or more, and the images can be sent out immediately so the damage is done the moment an employee snaps a Windows serial number from a machine at work in order to use the same code for his home system. In that respect, no restrictive policy on information is truly a closed system anymore.

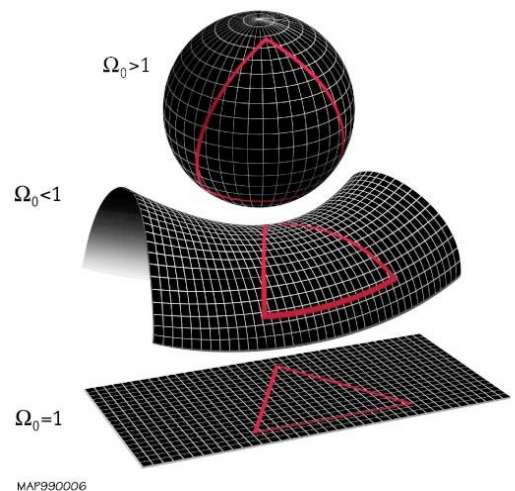
We may hear the conspiracy stories about nanotech insects able to infiltrate our homes, but be serious guys! Why would a big powerful corpora-

tion or agency use these very expensive gems of microminiaturization to spy on ordinary guys and gals like you and me? It would be like shooting a Gatling gun to kill that same microbug!

And lets not forget the 'bigger fish'... I've long thought myself protected by a loose network of one-celled humans, a sort of neural network of individuals splattered across all walks of life! I still stand by that viewpoint, if only from the observation of the known elements of this societal mind: my family and friends love me, and would do their utmost to help me, when something is wrong! Likewise, there is a bigger circle of largely unknown humans, that also have my best interests at heart, since their and my interests coincide in our intentions. If not, then I'd quit my job in 17 seconds flat, and move to Japan to do 'my thang'!

Heck, I just might, but that is not because I don't like working as a Test Engineer. It would be much more a choice of clearly seeing the route to take, or rather the infinite superposition of all the paths I **could** take to arrive at Shangri-La or Tokyo! And tall that has changed because a little Russian lady from Tokyo has turned my awareness inside out by explaining to me the true meaning of 'Kobayashi Maru'...

Remember how Einstein said a problem can only be solved from a higher awareness than the one that recognized it in the first place? Well, my awareness of Kobayashi Maru was that it was the "no win" scenario from Star Trek, even though Jim Kirk never believed in it and thus cheated: he used the higher awareness of the fact that it was a simulation, and hacked the simulator instead! In Japanese, 'Kobayashi Maru' means 'Kobayashi's Spaceship', but its literal translation is more like 'Kobayashi's Circle'. And like most humans, I was caught in this circle of limited awareness from which I wrote about an unlimited phenomenon. It is like trying to describe a circle to a one-dimensional organism in a curved onedimensional space! We see one dimension as a line, when in fact it is a circle given the infinity of the All: we knjow the concept of the Einstein-Rosen bridge as a theoretical concept that connects two points in spacetime so matter can pass through it without passing time or distance, but time and distance are our self-defined and self-reinforcing definitions, that lead Einstein to conclude that space was curved due to gravity.

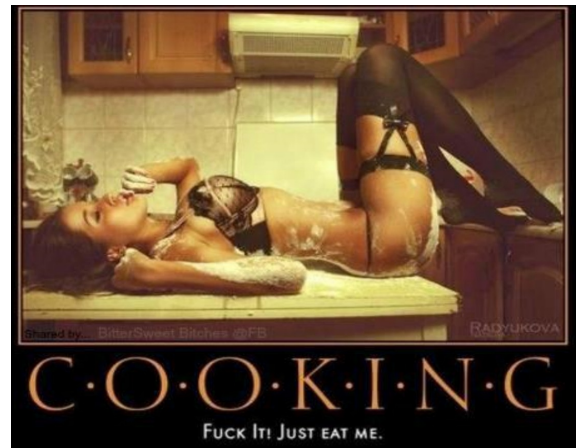


They say it takes a genius to hold two contradictory visions in one's mind, and entertain them both as possible. When we humans take about space we usually see it Borg-like, cubical. What we don't realize is that gravity points downwards simply because we called the direction in which gravity work 'down'.... And thus, any human on this sphere called Earth is actually at a higher point than any of his or her fellow humans, simply because we still think in the cubed mode!

Heck, I even do it myself! I show the SevenSphere as a 'flat' disc of seven equally sized spheres, rotating around their centre of mass. In that, even my virtual knowledge is still restricted by Gravity! Occasionally I add the three spheres in the front and the three in the back to complete the image into something that is more spherical, and can thus more easily revolve around more axes, because centrifugal force tends to be less of an orienting thing in that case, but still....

But like my desktop now says, "Worry is a misuse of imagination". This was almost immediately replaced in a 30-second infinite random sequence of over 2000 images by the beauty on the right since I'm in cooking mode now anyway, but other than a casual bite she'll get no play from me! Why? Not that I don't love her, but I love this all-time high of "Being in the Mystery of the Know" even more!

Do I manipulate these images I conjure up for you? You betcha! But until recently, the concept of just how I did it escaped me. Now it is effortless, since I realized I always did do it without any effort! I just was playing with myself in order to get myself to 'figure it out'. Heck, that is what little boys do, right? If their parents only tell them to "keep it clean so you'll develop no diseases down there", you have to improvise to get it right!



And in that we all are 'little boys and girls', growing in understanding with every little move we make to get a handle on things... We may think fanatics are bad, in any capacity, but fanatics are merely specialists taking it to the limit! I am just as fanatical, but in my pursuit of General Relativity, and the Grand Universal Theory that underlies this phenomenon.

Yes, In that we are all fanatics: we all have certain things we love doing more than others, whether it is doing for others or 'doing others'... But the one most important thing about the Grand Universal Theory I consider this: if you have free will, then you must also recognize it in others, since they are ultimately just your reflection. Any relational concept that unbalances this theme is played out by the inherent balance of the system, since it has had way more experience in living than we physical humans ever had! Once realizing that HUMAN stands for Holographic Universal Matter Adapting to Nature widens your view in such a way that free will becomes an Einstein-Rosen bridge that can connect any two points in your awareness together!



And right now, the Cosmos has sent me another pirate to seduce me: Ilse de Lange sings me "Pirate of your Soul". Its lyrics are enticing, as is her cover image even though I prefer brunette or darker varieties, but the exclusivity of the relationship she proposes gives her game away (as do her eyes)... Actually not, she is 'reverse psychologizing', since the title of her album implies a higher level of awareness than the lyrics of the song. The next song is also Dutch, a band called 'Doe Maar' who were wildly popular in the previous millennium. "Leven met een Zeven" is about living with a "Seven", where women tends to come on a scale of one to ten like Bo Derek popularized the "Upper Limit".

But this "Seven" will take his concepts to the Outer Limit, which in fact does not exist.. women to me, like all humans, do no fit a 1 to 10 scale: the are aligned more along a circular scale from zero to infinity and beyond! Because let's face it: Anything worth doing, is worth doing more than once!

That may have sounded very sexist, but let me rephrase it in the words of my good friend Paul just last night: "I used to say 'Hello Beauty' to my wife, but she initially didn't believe I meant it. Now she does!" So yes, doing it often enough is effective, whether it is a positive word or a "highly satisfying physical activity" ;-)

Keep that up, and soon Earth will look like

*(if only because you 'look' differently)*





# Relativity Revamped!

Let's turn things inside out: The next image on my desktop was this one...



It is as much about that rise in awareness as it is about the reciprocal nature of relativity: When I was a kid I watched as a kid, and my parents were the all-knowing forces of my Nature. They had their good and bad sides, and I learned from both. Sometimes by doing what they told me, and sometimes by doing the exact opposite! As I grew up, with my balloon popped every now and then by this bipolar disorder I couldn't seem to shake, I learned more from my kids than the other way around. But I must of course also acknowledge the fact that children 'WATCHMEN' (great movie by the way!)

Next song is Bruce Dickinson, who used to be more like Bruce Almighty when I was a kid! Judas Priest rocked, and I loved it! But "it's better by you, better than me" is still a song written from the awe of the world out there being better than us! And the next track goes one step in the other direction:

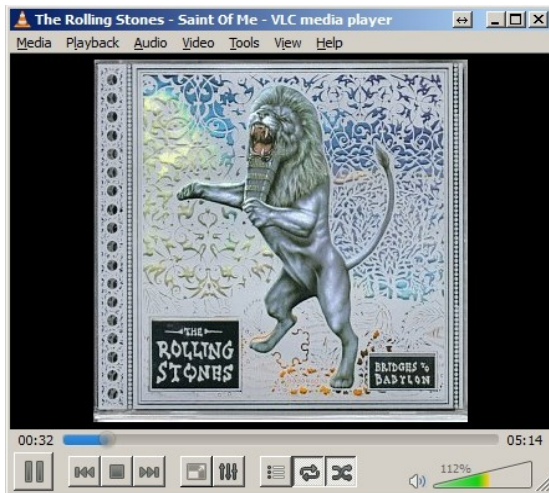
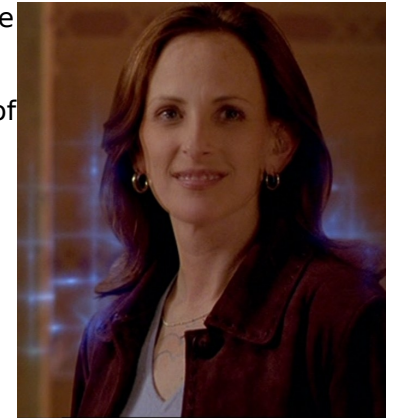
 **01-Bruce Hornsby And The Range - The Way It Is (12 inch).mp3**

Sounds down, up to where Bruce (yes, yet another one of the almighty ones) sings "***And don't you believe them!***"

So this morning I went out for a walk again, and initially took the Olympus camera to make some nice shots. Then, realizing Laura's holiday photos were still on it, and not wanting to 'pollute them' too much, I changed my mind into another MO: Operation "Tag 'Em & Bag 'Em" was invented on the spot from a thought that had bugged me in the past: trash on the streets, in that it influenced negatively my experience of the natural world I saw out there. But suddenly the 'Bag Lady' in me awoke: I went back, came down from mount Olympus, and went out with a garbage bag and my trusted Note II who is capable of geotagging photos, and thus "marking the trail of evidence" as I went on my morning walk...

"Fuck anyone thinking I'm crazy walking around with a garbage bag on the street this early Sunday morning!" I thought, but the one woman on a bike who did see me escaped unharmed as I was "otherwise engaged". The following is a collage of evidence gathered in the immediate vicinity of my "deviant's lair", situated in the Zutphen suburb called "Leesten Oost"...

In about the time it would take to walk the dog of my ex when she is out visiting her Mom, I gathered a bag full of evidence of "wrongdoing", and an equally full bag of way more positive insights, if "only I would chose to see them that way", just like her boss told Marlee Matlin in "What the Bleep".



Still, despite the fact "You'll never make a Saint of Me!" like the Rolling Stones now sing me, the game of "Tag 'Em and Bag 'Em" deserves the attention I give it here, as the exercise in General Relativity it is.....

*"How to remove the trash, teach kids to appreciate beauty, and turn humanity's indifference towards discarding that which they don't need into a long and prosperous relationship with this planet we are only guarding for our children?"*

Sounds like an almost impossible problem, doesn't it? Well, that is only true from the problem space: where we recognize this problem is not where it is eventually solved. That requires Einstein's "higher awareness", or Buckminster Fuller's "design of a new system within the constraints of

the old paradigm".

## Let's just turn it into a game!

That was the Higher Awareness that developed during my trip, and it shaped itself beautifully into a well-rounded solution to the problem above! So let's get on this trip, like the mental exercises in relativity that Einstein did at near light speed. I never exceeded walking speed in physical life this morning, far below that even, but the realizations in mind and heart went faster than light!

With my mind racing to the beats of Status Quo's "Down Down", I describe here a trip with my nose to the ground and my mind in the unlimited expanse of this Universe... Status Quo was replaced by Anastacia's Sick and Tired from her album "Left Outside Alone", which is a clear sync towards this trash awareness...

I gathered picture after picture of 'societal roadkill' on my walk, filling the clear plastic bag like John Feeley talked about [us Dutch](#), in the process of acquiring the stuff we throw out every day! Actually, Feeley is an Einstein-Rosen bridge to my past experience with the delights of my daughters: they brought me Feeley because they loved him, and I could only agree: the amount of self-ridicule he expresses on our behalf is phenomenal to say the least. And he does it with absolute positivity!

So there I was, walking with my 'zakje'. By the time it was half full, the continued views of trash everywhere had gotten my energy down to the point where something positive needed to happen to balance things out. And that was when a flower rereminded me of the delightful virtual walk with Tokyo-based Olena just yesterday:

I'd photographed this flower for her back then, and now the same species came into my awareness, along with Olena's comment that it looked like a water crystal. That brought us to her personal relationship to Masaru Emoto, a guy I only knew from his cameo but key appearance in "What the Bleep do We Know?" and the force of water which he experiments with is awesome, and quite visible in my own experiences with this world around me! And thus the next aspect of this new game for kids in elementary school surfaced effortlessly!.







Let's look at it this way:

Take a win-win situation like the beach glass exercise that made John Clasky (Adam Sandler) a relatively poor man in Spanglish: he'd offered the kids a few cents to gather him pieces of beach glass, glass that has been smoothed into blending into the environment by time and tide, and the constant abrasion from the sand. (Yes, my writer's alias is not Sander by coincidence, as time will show)

He was pleasantly surprised by the awesome pursuit of his challenge that little Christina Moreno displayed to him: she collected 640 dollars worth of the worthless pieces of glass...

See the awesome expectation that little actress shows in her “presentation of the prize”? That quality in kids is easy to access, if you 'Show them the Money':

It doesn't have to be 640 dollars like in the movie, but let's make the game more appealing by allowing kids to choose their own motivation to play along, rather than to give them one 'assignment': give them multiple options from which to choose!

Thus, the game of “Tag 'Em & Bag 'Em” became one which empowers kids by employing the following rules:

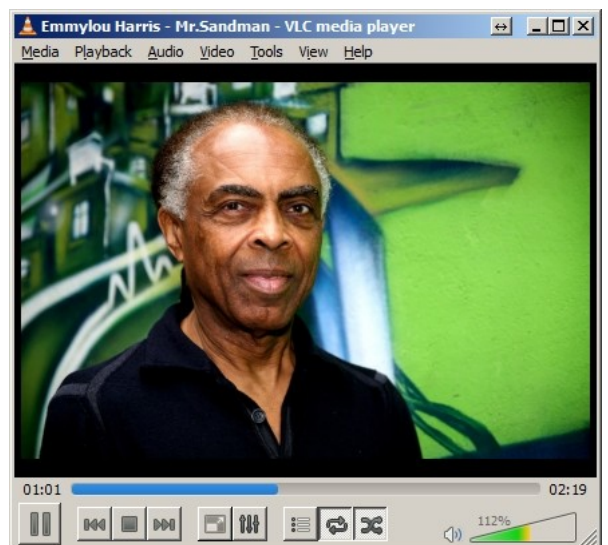
1. Any piece of trash you collect must be photographed before picking it up, along with your own feet in order to 'prove' your presence there. Photos will be geotagged in order to provide an automated trail of breadcrumbs to document your trip back home.
2. Any natural, architectural or fixed subject you photograph should be left in place, and might be checked later based on the geotags you provide.
3. Living animals may be photographed, but obviously cannot be checked to have stayed where you found them.
4. Prizes will be awarded for various categories, which may include (but are not limited to):
  - Most garbage collected (for the cleaners among them)
  - Visual composition (for the photographers)
  - Most ground covered (for the runners, cyclers etc. )
  - Most valuable find (for the treasure hunters)
  - Most usable materials found (for the recyclers)
  - Best quote or caption (for the comedians, or the advertizing adepts)
  - Best travel story written (for the writers amongst them)

Is that allround education or isn't it? On top of it kids get to play with their favorite gadgets in the most positive manner they can think of! And as Emmylou Harris randomly sings me Mr. Sandman (quite an ego inflation for 'Sander R.B.E. Beals'), I end this with the words of Bruce Springsteen, which came up immediately after Emmylou, and which may feel 'pedophile' to more closed minds:

Hey little girl is your daddy home?  
Did he go away and leave you all alone?  
I got a bad desire  
I'm on fire...

Tell me now baby is he good to you?  
Can he do to you the things that I do?  
I can take you higher  
I'm on fire...

Sometimes it's like someone took a knife baby  
Edgy and dull and cut a six-inch valley  
Through the middle of my soul



At night I wake up with the sheets soaking wet  
And a freight train running through the  
Middle of my head  
Only you can cool my desire  
I'm on fire ...

But that is a matter of higher perspective which comes from "looking at things in a different light" ;-)



# Incommunicado!

Juggling the seven wonders of the world like the jester did on Queen's Innuendo, I bounce to the voice of Fish's 'Incommunicado' from Marillion's 'Clutching at Straws' album. Just woke up 3:33, and was immediately given the perfect images to to complete the grand trine of this chapter.

The other grand trine came between then and now, from the realization that "I have been there, done that, and am doing it still": I have been a regular at <http://snoedel.punt.nl> when Gea ruled it, later had the site move in to my home @ <http://snoedel.moorelife.nl>, where leading it proved to be an exercise of expanding consciousness leading into a nuclear meltdown where I said goodbye to close friends, and stepped out of the bar to meet life head-on.

And now it has come full circle: this morning I realized that:

*"After having participated in this concept, and later leading it, I am happy to have returned again here among the Huge Servers like Scotty the Enterprise's Energetic Engineer"*

But that implies a lot, doesn't it? Let's see which "deep psychological profile" we can make of this guy calling himself André "MooreLife" Slabber:

- He does what he does in real life: maintaining servers and testing software.
- He loves what he does, in more ways than one: looking up to and after the servers, both man, management and machine...
- The guy is connected to brands in a way that most people don't realize....
- Like Scotty, he knows the ins and outs of the Machine!

Dang, just did myself a great injustice according to [Russell Brand](#), who told an NSBC talk show host that "talking about people when they are present you should say their name, instead of 'him'".... But since I was talking about me, I'll just forgive myself....

**Where  
Brands  
Meet  
People.**

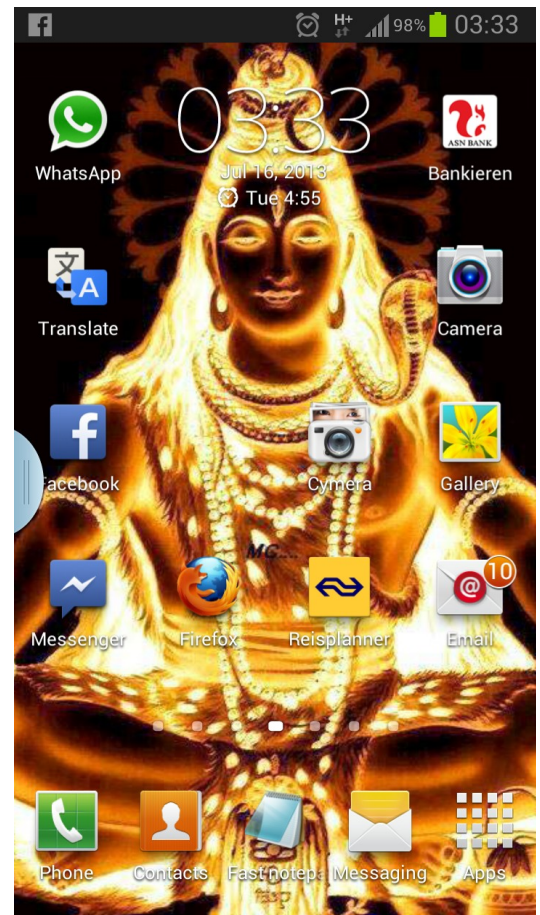
Clear Channel Where brands meet people

was quite a job for [Robert J. Moore](#)...

Yes, another Moore... This is significant, people, pay attention!

With exponentially more data being replicated and migrated through the web connected system (singularity intended) of today, it is remarkable that most people see data as something static, when in fact they are literally bombarded by highly dynamic inter-twined streams of it every single second!

The "spooky action at a distance" that Einstein came to realize earlier is the driving force of this entanglement: it does not recognize light speed as a realistic limit, and rules even our senses: I'm not inclined to back up my claim right now, but any Google-wearing self-aware entity can find it. For me, it



is now time to entangle myself in the daytime machine, to be the cog instead of the clog, the french sister of which gave birth to the word 'sabotage'!

Keep you cogs clean, because even the grain of sand in which you behold a world can stop a carefully crafted watch....

## Finally saw through the looking glass.....

Today was my weirdest day yet! Not only did my 'normal' work go off without a hitch, and me stacking them up where yesterday I'd bumped into the Wall all the time, but on top of that my day was totally immersed in syncs and grand realizations! By now I know of course that absolutely no discovery can be credited to me, since most of it came from unsuspecting sources, that merely reflected the One Source to me either willingly or unconsciously.

Amy Lee of Evanescence is one such a Source reflector, always has been: the name 'Evanescence' means to fade, to vanish. But the "Essence of Eve" (Eva in Dutch) is to many closed minds the eating of the apple...

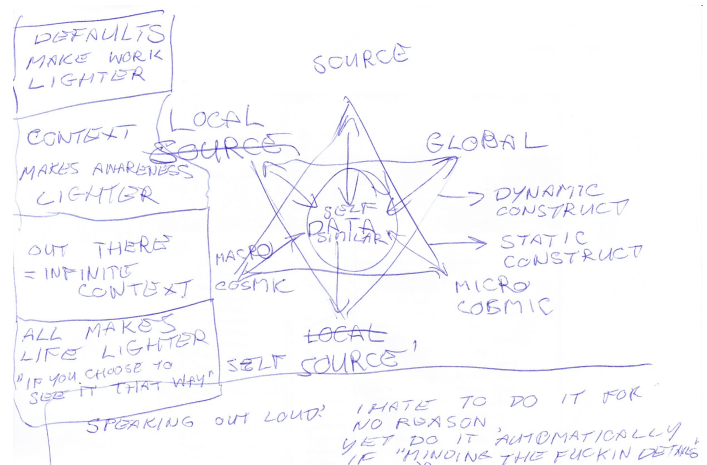
So Amy's cameo appearance just now on my VLC Media Player (VLC: Virtual Life Construct) was not only very timely, but also very applicable to what I'm about to reveal....



The jobs at hand were:

- no dishes and cups to take from the dishwasher
- only a few simple E-mail requests to handle
- setting up of a new test plan, while thinking about...
- the reorganization of the Test Setup we employ.

And then suddenly something surfaced. I let Peter Parker jot it on a sheet of printout that is being reused as fastnotes, while watching my trusted PC loading a bunch of medical data from an archive. You know that computers never stop, do you? Actually, every operating system has a so-called idle thread that picks up all the unused cycles a van Neumann architecture CPU must make constantly by its very nature.



Humans are no different, we cannot stop processing. Sure, we try to meditate, to quiet the mind so the inner knowledge also has a chance to surface, but I never saw the difference between thinking and feeling anyway. Maybe the one difference is that one feeds the other, but we cannot be sure which comes first: medical research has even uncovered that signals coming from the nerves somehow are time-shifted to arouse the mind before the actual sensory stimulus reaches the brain! During lunch I normally work on, but this time the excitement of the moment was too big! In about 7 minutes I drew 2 diagrams, based on my SevenSphere symbol, and a more commonly known linear interaction grid based on the Jewish star:

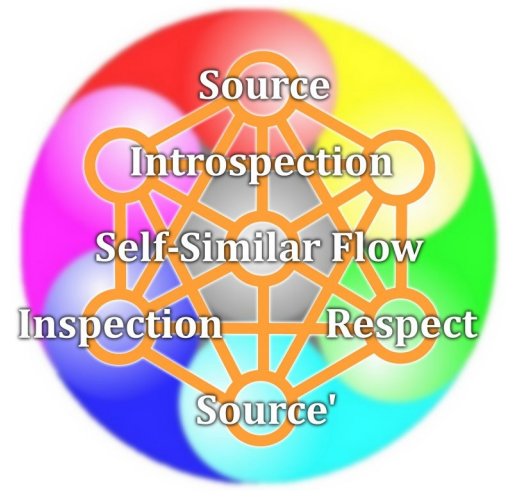
Brilliant but as yet incomplete, because my GUT feeling tells me that at least one other Self-Similar principle needs to be added to complete the Trinity!

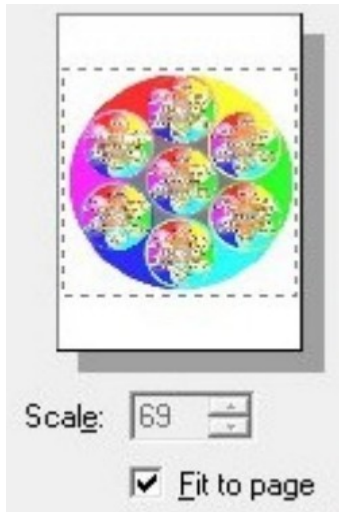
Concepts that are candidates:





- C ommunication
- L ogistics
- A daptation
- R elocation
- I nvestigation
- T ransportation
- Y ou name IT...





During the rest of the working day the data came streaming in, I had the idea that Youtube with it's 72 minutes of video added every second had somehow found an infinite bandwidth connection into my grey matter....

Then as I finished lunch with the creation of a SevenSphere filled with seven aspects of my find, the following two hints gave me the idea I was on the right track, both in simplifying the Complex Simplicity, and in linking it succesfully to the digital world of our silicon friends....

For one, the image I resized in order to be able to place it on a larger template ended up being exactly 1024 x 1024 pixels large! That is 10,000 in Hex, 4,000,000 in Octal, and 100,000,000,000,000,000,000 in the Binary number systems....

Couldn't be a coincidence. You programmers will say that of course it isn't since this is inherent in the relationship the various number bases have to one another, but why then isn't it a nicely rounded number in our decimal number system? (1,048,576) This I just now realized, when flowing the information into this document.

What did strike me as a sync of the simplification type was the fact that when I simply set the total image to fit the page before printing, it reduced to exactly 69%, thus collapsing the SevenSphere back to its original Yin & Yang figure!

And my last "GUT-informed question to self" paid off too: Why did the Mayans use the base 20 numerical system? Conversion quickly showed the value to be 6B18G then... This links in with my idea that the SevenSpheres are especially significant when you can find three linked ones (leading to 3x6 satellite concepts).

These should preferably be related center aspects, that each are further explained by the 6 concepts surrounding the center. See how from the 6B(ase) SevenSphere we can eventually get to the  $3 \times 6 = 18G$ (rand SevenSphere)? This then ties in neatly with the whole idea that flow is both a static reference, and a dynamic vector. Of course, any kid can see that if you are going in a certain direction, you have to have started somewhere? Now Data in our 'regular' understanding is something that feels static. The moment you change data it becomes new data, whether you create it, copy it or modify it. Even when you delete it, it is still data, but of the absent kind....

Our experience with the Web has taught us that no data can ever be totally contained. The moment it is observed there, it is on the system, and every manipulation we do on it increases the chance of it being copied elsewhere to safeguard against humans who are not aware of proper backup procedures. And believe me, a lot of regular users have no idea! Just work on helping them along for a few years, and you'll agree with me fully.

So yes, the whole concept of one file on your computer quickly becomes a web of distributed copies because of automatic backup





mechanisms, or transient systems needing a working copy in order to fulfill their design. Browsers store received data locally to speed up browsing, and allow the user to retrieve something that he needs even while his web connection is down. Lots of users also use peer-to-peer networks, like  $\mu$ Torrent or BearShare. These cooperative networks of non-hierarchical systems are impossible to kill where their content is concerned. Lawmakers try to close down the access points, but they pop up again sooner than they can be eradicated. Essentially, most data on the Web is beyond the grasp of law enforcement, at least where deletion is concerned. Nodes may be tracked down and shut

down, but the entire movement is one big stadium wave, where a police force can never hope to stop the wave by cutting a firewall into it.

Since the Web is a virtual soap bubble, with self-reinforcing checks and balances, any pinprick applied will never be able to cascade the network into failure!

So yes, I've written enough for today, next thing to do now is to make sure this info makes it onto the Web.....

Now it is only a matter of time before we are also able to reconcile the other archetypal symbols and patterns to this construct. But keep in mind, this is a construct like any other. It is just based on finding the razor's edge so eloquently worded by Occam and Einstein:

"the simplest explanation is usually the right one"

"everything should only be made as simple as possible, and not simpler"

For now, this mind needs some relaxation, so it's time for a movie....



Next Episode: Madonna as she ended my involvement with you, and took me to the kitchen for “Yeah, Lunch” like little Mikey said to John Travolta when the guy asked him what he was thinking in “Look who's talking”....

