



Infinity
plus
One

Sander R.B.E. Beals

"A human being is part of the whole called by us universe, a part limited in time and space. We experience ourselves, our thoughts and feelings as something separate from the rest. A kind of optical delusion of consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from the prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty... We shall require a substantially new manner of thinking if mankind is to survive."

Albert Einstein

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0. Foreword

I just now threw together the cover image, as intuition and creativity go: like Douglas Adams by his own admission picked 42 out of thin air to be the ultimate answer to the question "What is the Meaning of Life?", so did I pick one of my previous creations and embellished it with a few words to fulfill my obligation as its creator: this book should have a cover page, if I intend to write it.

It won't quite be science fiction, even though substantial parts of it are too fantastic to ever be believed by the less open-minded person in the street. That is no problem (and not even their loss) for they will flourish splendidly without my ideas, navigating this Cosmos or Reality by whatever subset of it *they* hold to be real and believable.

But back to the cover image for a moment: the massive roundness of the All, which has been given finite boundaries in order to make it fit on this cover, appears to be rolling over and crushing the author, poor little me. Mind you though, that is the pessimistic view! I may have felt like that in the past, but nowadays the optimistic path is the route I take, while joyfully floating with the multicolored beauty of the All. What took away the fear? Could it be the realization that "Frightening Emotions Aren't Real"? Or is it the logical consequence of believing that the four laws of creation are the stable base my being needs to stay joyful all day long? Just for the record, freely quoting Bashar, even though Source (for lack of a better word) is of course the ultimate point of Origin:

1. You have always existed, and in some form you always will. Can't change that!
2. The All is the One, and the One is the All. No changing that either!
3. You experience that which you radiate to your environment. Also not changeable!
4. The only Cosmological Constant is *Change*, except for the above three laws.

Pretty deep material, and you'll probably agree with me that Bashar makes it sound so much more fun. Just look him up on Youtube, or click

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=anzZUFEghQ8>

This is no attempt at making it big as a writer. Been there, done that, 'failed' miserably! Not because I can't write, but because I needed to figure out I'd much rather do it for my own enjoyment, than for the few bucks a sold copy might fetch me. So this book will be written, uploaded to <http://www.moorelife.nl>, and that's about all I will do to initially promote it. After all, I've seen way too many books mysteriously reach my field of observation in perfect timing, to think that widespread advertizing will actually make it reach more of the people who 'need' this in their lives. That doesn't mean I'll avoid comments, criticisms and discussion though....

And of course my Dutch nature won't allow me to refuse any expression of gratitude for having written this book. Just look at it more from the view of my volunteer endeavors in PC maintenance: I fix your PC, and ask for nothing except the cost of any new parts needed. You decide on what you'll add to that in gratitude, if anything....

All is One, and One is All. Does it really matter that the letters sprouted from my keyboard, or that they were fired at me from all around like the ricochet in Deep Purple's Child in Time, to form as many brilliant Sources of Knowing to you and me? The more you observe, the more you see that finding Source isn't the problem: it is so ubiquitously surrounding and permeating us, that you only have to "bow your head, and wait for the ricochet!", or if you'd rather do that, go with Queen's Innuendo, and plunge 'Headlong' into this marvelous experience, because "There's nothing you can do about it!". Come to think of it, "who can escape what he desires?" Kudos to the being who knows which lyric that last quote came from.... ;-)

As we will see during this story, there is nothing to prove or even to teach, unless of course it gives you joy to be taught, or being invited to think and/or feel. No specific skills are needed to read this book, except maybe a mind so open, that your brain fears it'll fall out! Heck, life is a big roller coaster any day!

Listening to Bashar at the moment, I hear how Reality is a mirror which reflects who I am, me being unlimited possibilities. And even while writing this book, I am day by day discovering that I've not yet reached that point, if indeed it is a point.... After all, since the All is infinite, I may very well never reach my full self! But I sure as Heaven will keep enjoying doing stuff like this! And each and every one of us has that same capacity for Infinite Enjoyment and Creativity.

I've looked at lots of things in the past, but any excursions into the regular sciences had me thinking: "Hmm, if the Grand Universal Theory will unite all this, I have a very distinct GUT-feeling that it will *simplify* the lot, rather than adding another metaphysical layer on top of all this...." Working towards that unification still is one of my deep wishes quite obviously!

Some of what's to come is like the Bashar video I just selected to link to this book: It's title said it had Dutch subtitles, which personally I don't need, but I figured my fellow countrymen might. Added incentive to select it was a numerical sync to which I'm quite sensitive given my past experiences (playtime 11:44). Another funny tale about it? I didn't need the subtitles myself, so I also didn't *see* any! But I'm well aware of the infinite probabilities of Reality: you may very well *have* seen subtitles on the same video!

Am I doing it for my own enjoyment now? Yep, although there also is this strange feeling that I'm supposed to do it. I know there is no urge to finish it before a certain date (time being a man-made illusory division of the Eternal Now), but somehow the theme sticks to my neural net no matter what I do. There is this weird interconnected web of ideas that to me personally points out a destiny which I won't reveal as yet, but which does look a lot like an infinite superposition of many of my preferences. And getting used to that [One Vision](#) (thank you Queen) is basically the process of growth we All seem to be going through...

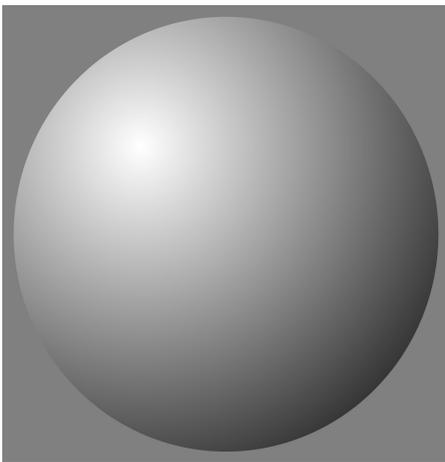
Here, Now....

Sander R.B.E. Beals

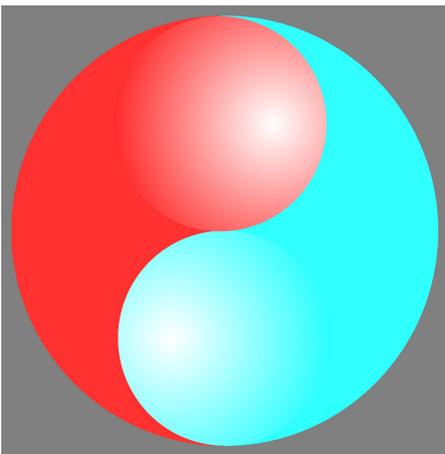
1. One or All?

Thus far, I've usually just let the flow of creativity direct the structure of my writings, and usually this comes out just fine. Yet somehow I feel that I should ponder it for a moment, if only for the fact that One not only is the beginning of that which follows zero, but also the Oneness that eventually is our goal: a world united in its vision, not because a self-appointed few dictate their views to the many, but because all are in total agreement, and without class differences go about making our Now a bright and prosperous one[∞]....

Well, it is said there is no beginning or ending to a circle or a sphere, and I wholeheartedly agree. But a circle or sphere may very well *be* the beginning, as it is here. As such, it started on my second birthday of the second Millennium, February 23rd, 2001AD. Not that I particularly remember it being that date, but the creation time stamp of the first image in the set I created back then has that value. And since I've always been one to make sure my PC clock is accurate, I can easily claim it to have started that day. It flowed into a three week addiction of wanting to fill any and all gaps in my daily activities with the utterly relaxed activity of drawing what I called my Yin & Yang mandala's:

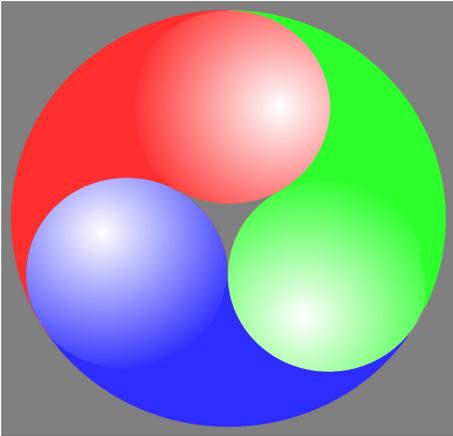


Yup, the first one was a simple one, basically just to determine the tools I'd be using to create the lot. Drawing only circle selections, and doing a sunburst gradient fill in various colors to give it a bit of life. Thinking about doing it? Not really, it was more a matter of thinking about having done it: Starting at the One of Oneness. Oddly enough though, the shading of the whole immediately suggested a next step, which is commonly known all around the globe....

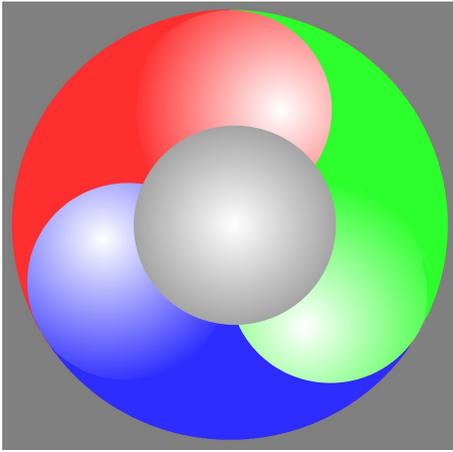


Feeling Yin & Yang aren't famous just because they look nice, I felt there had to be some deeper meaning to it, above and beyond that of its common meaning, the symbol of duality and balance. Having often been told I am seeing things too black and white, I figured there were more colors to it, but more colors would mean more spheres, and I just could not bring myself to break the beauty of it in some unnatural way. So the impression of rotation needed to remain. With mitosis coming to mind though, the next stage seemed altogether logical...

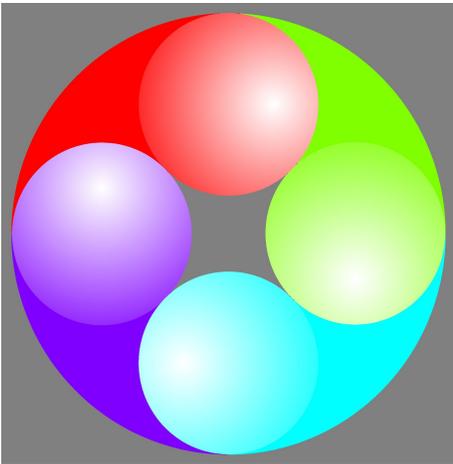
[∞] That is also why this book and its companion spreadsheet are designated public domain information, which may not be sold. It is free for anyone who can decipher it, and anyone who doesn't (yet)....



True, mitosis usually works in a binary fashion, with one cell becoming two, and two becoming four, etc. But let's for one moment assume that the two cells dividing into four don't do so at exactly the same moment, because they are in fact two changes. Which means after the first division there will be three cells, as shown on the left. No matter how they cling together, they are always in one plane, a 2D-world.. Next step? Simple: the second cell will also divide, increasing the number to four. But strictly speaking, there are three possible positions that fourth cell can come to occupy, as will be seen below.



If we consider the three-dimensional appearance of the trinity, a very stable position for the fourth sphere might be on top of the other three, as the image on the left visualizes. Logic shows that the second stable position would be on the opposite side of the plane, behind the other three. Usually, when viewing mitosis from two to four cells under a microscope, we see this kind of formation, somewhat melded together. In fact, this is the first configuration that has a sphere outside the plane of origin. Four therefor seems to be a 'special' number.

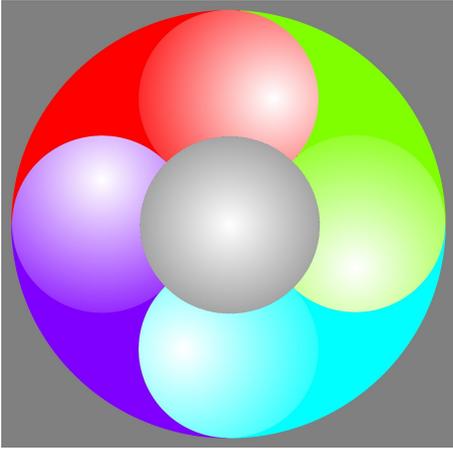


The last position that might be occupied is simply an expansion of the plane in which the first three spheres found themselves. A fourfold Yin & Yang, this is even more unstable than the threefold one, because of the bigger hole in its center, and the wobbly nature of the ring of four. Sufficient rotation might keep it a ring, but Nature abhors a vacuum, and will fill this hole sooner or later.....

On the other hand, why does almost everything in the Cosmos rotate? Well, the Yin & Yang doesn't suggest rotation for nothing! Could it be because there is also a perfect balance between the preference for the three possible positions, in such a way that the rotation of the

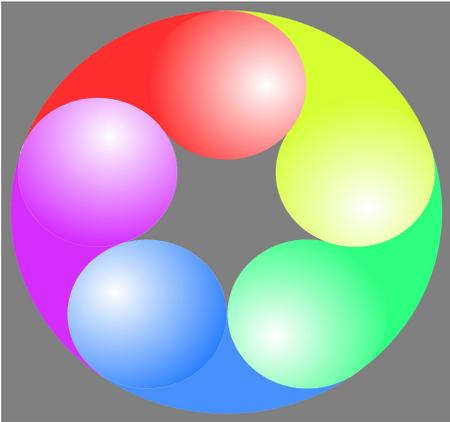
ring of spheres keeps the probability of a new sphere landing on either of the three positions perfectly in balance? To me, the question is obvious, but my mind refuses to provide me with the mathematical answer: it is simply not math-minded enough to help me with this. So the rotation might well enable rings like these to exist without turning them into cluttered cores before the eventual outcome could be reached.....

Now in order to keep things simple, I'll let go of the mitosis analogy, and will simply show you the rest as a mathematical series, which adds one sphere at a time.

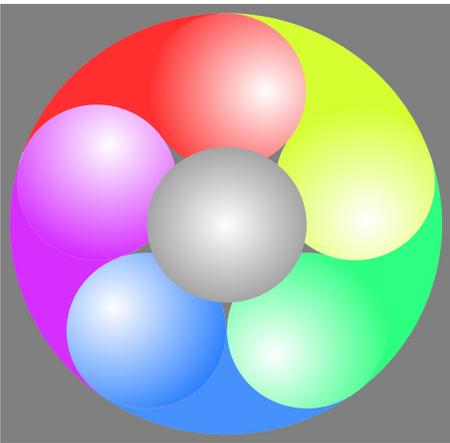


Again, two stable positions in front of and behind the plane of the first four, but the careful observer will see that the center sphere is now a bit more sunken into the plane of its four predecessors: certainly, since they had a larger hole in their middle, that would be obvious...

I didn't check, but also wouldn't be in the least bit surprised if the centers of these five spheres have exactly the same relative distances that the corners of the pyramids have. It's something about special numbers, they have a knack for popping up in the weirdest places!



Number five is even more pronounced, with a still bigger hole, and even stabler next positions. I'm not sure if there is still enough room to have newer spheres occupying both the front and back position, because they tend to sink into the plane so deeply, they might collide with the opposite one. Delivering the mathematical proof for that is something I find way too complex to incorporate into a common language text like this one. Feel free to figure out this exercise, if you feel up to it.



This is hardly worth adding a few words to, because the succession of images and the straightforward nature of this evolution of the spheres make it understandable to most people. Therefore, we will immediately skip this and the next one, and head on into the ultimate Yin & Yang derivative, in the next chapter.....

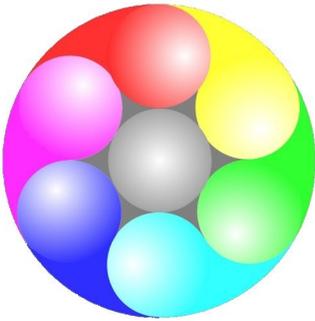
And don't for one moment believe I'm the only one having seen this: the crop

circle on the right shows the spheres in an Escherian impossible perspective, but the six satellites are clearly distinguishable, and the repeat on different scales is also clearly indicated. Aliens or busy humans, who cares? It's the idea that counts....

Like I said, these weren't the most complex mandalas I made back then. Some of the more complex and art-like ones will be shown in Appendix A as a kind of light dessert.....



1.1 Right smack in the middle...



"Vega!!", many movie maniacs will now shout. Yes, the title of this chapter is a line from the movie *Contact*, uttered in a typical Aussie accent. One of my favorites this movie is, along with a fair number of other ones. Over time, I must have seen about 4000 movies.

Let me introduce the grand finale of this sequence, and at the same time the jumping board of what's to come: the SevenSphere! (a.k.a how to give SS a better reputation...) How it got that name is easy: most observers will immediately see our trusted honeycomb pattern, a weave of six-sided shapes, and will associate it with the number six. Although correct from their point of view (and state of mind), this number is not the All of it: to keep this sixfold Yin & Yang stable regardless of rotation, the center sphere (the seventh one) is essential! It fits perfectly at the center of its environment, touching all surrounding spheres at exactly one point, and basically keeping the ring from wobbling. And in that configuration, the cluster of spheres again becomes a flat form, or a plane. That, my dear friends, is the meaning of Life! You give it meaning, but by your choice in that matter you collapse its infinite probability into a subset which contains only those realities you can observe, and in either a positive or negative way, believe in....

The two given viewpoints on the SevenSphere are probably not the only ones that can be derived from this image. But six times seven equals 42, with or without a conscious association to Douglas Adams' random choice. That in fact his choice wasn't random may be shown here later, for incomplete observations may be called random, if the essence of the choice was not obvious in the first observation. In that case we just 'go with what feels right'...

Observation is the next step: just as dead certain as I didn't realize it when I drew these symbols, my intuition colored them back then as I saw fit: the colors of the rainbow for the satellites, and a middle gray for the center sphere. Only just now, a mere ten years later, did I realize that this 'random' action of my intuition was in fact my subconscious filling in the blanks!

That center, gray because essentially it can choose its color all by itself, is the observer. You or I, or anyone who feels like it, may realize he or she is in this position merely because we observe the way we observe: there is no such thing as an objective observer, simply because our gray little center sphere is a structurally essential part of the whole!

Also, the SevenSphere is the simple 2D-representation, but more visually oriented people will immediately realize that the series of special numbers isn't complete yet! Where four spheres jumped the dimensions from 2 to 3, and seven spheres is significant because it reduced the dimensionality from 3 to 2 again, we can easily see how a SevenSphere has dimples on either side, six of them. In 3D space there is however only room for three additional spheres in front and three additional spheres in the back because three adjacent spheres also cover the three dimples in between, making the total number of spheres add up to $7 + 6 = 13$ spheres! Note these two trinities can align or not align, making possible two distinct 3D combinations of 13. Its form then is either twisted or straight, no pun intended.

Is this perhaps why thirteen is considered the unlucky number? Because fourteen will cause the cluster to break into a dimension of an entirely different type: size! Yes, any mitosis beyond this point will make sure the cluster no longer fits its original supersphere: It will have to grow, and eventually, to divide.

I figure I should say a bit about the rest of the sequence, between seven and thirteen. If we consider that rotation is an essential component of this buildup, then the six colored spheres will also be rotating around the center one, keeping it in the form of a flat spinning disc. In fact, addition of spheres until now was either in the ring itself, or on either side of it, on the axis of rotation itself. So up to seven the rotating form is rotationally stable.

But what if we add sphere number eight? It too has possible extension points on either side of the disc, but in adding itself there, the rotation becomes wobbly, like a bicycle wheel that was damaged. But where the wheel is quite rigid, the disc of spheres isn't, and will become a sort of ring of beads that rotates around the center sphere. And of course, if it has mass, it will generate gravity waves! Although I can clearly see it happening before my mind's eye, the math for it escapes me. I can only try to convey the image in my mind in language that is somewhat descriptive for 'normal' people, hoping our more math-savvy fellow humans know where to go from there. Besides, the impact of this is far too widespread to be resolved by any one person: the mechanics of this sequence may show themselves during mitosis, but as we will see in this book, the specifics of the structure also reach further into maths, language, and possibly a lot more of the various scientific disciplines. Perhaps it might even change our way of thinking, or at least the way we think about our way of thinking....

Either way, the gray sphere is the center of rotation, and the others will divide themselves around it in such a way that the rotation stays balanced. That however does not mean that the orientation of the rotation stays the same, or that the ring is flat. It is sort of like changing your mind: you observe things (new spheres), know about others already (older spheres), and making up your mind will change your rotation, orientation, and possibly your course.

Thus in the other representation, the SevenSphere represents us in our realities. I've held that belief of wanting to be dead center ever since grade six or something. Not that I was such a brilliantly intelligent boy, but more because having escaped the plague of schoolyard rivalry, I had few friends and therefor more time to think about it anyway. But it was obvious from my understanding that the true Uomo Universalis (not words I used back then) needed to know about everything in a truly indiscriminate fashion. It was only recently that I realized that my conviction of wanting to know it All was eventually visualized in the SevenSphere image that initiated this chapter. Big thoughts for such a little guy? Hmm, since I've always existed, my normal human age is hardly relevant..... And neither is yours!

Of course, if finite boundaries were the extent of the All, then the middle wouldn't be hard to find, and be shown in this simple way. But generally the All is considered to be infinite, so what would one call its middle? Normally it would be the point that is the average of all points on the surface, but being infinite, the All has no surface. So if we do want to say something about the 'center', the only conclusion is that it has infinite points that are infinity away from the point we are observing, and thus any point can be considered the middle.

And of course Knowing it All seems paradoxically impossible: You'd be studying for what is called an Infinity, in order to reach your target. But still, being an eight year old boy, that was the solemn promise I made myself, after having been left 'for dead' by a few fellow classmates. I don't remember their names now, which is a pity really: I'd love to thank them for causing me to reconsider my point of view on this world, and promising myself I'd:

"Figure it All out, so I can show those bullies that their behavior doesn't fit in my world!"

In hindsight, I can never make that proof stick, simply because the All has room for all, even the bullies.... It was simply that I needed them to help me arrive at that promise, and the eventual quest!

And the real funny thing? Pretty soon after that promise, I forgot I made it, because the pestering eased up, and I came to find school a relatively comfortable place to spend my childhood. After that, I basically just went through the paces of various exams, starting a job in the IT business, and being quite good at it too, until a bipolar disorder messed things up a bit...

It wasn't that I couldn't cope, but wanting more meant the Cosmos (eager to please) simply gave me more than I bargained for, leaving me a world I couldn't yet handle, or thought I couldn't. It was like getting a Harley Davidson for your birthday, without having gotten the appropriate driver's education. And the downs after those ups were taking their toll. Then, through a friend of a colleague of my wife, I met René, a local psychic. He needed just one look at me, and found the essence of my being somewhat lost: "Something happened when you were eight", he said. He wouldn't tell me what, and thus had me wrecking my mind until next week. I thought and thought, but the only thing I could come up with, was that one promise I made myself, which was the loudest whisper above the silence. And even next week, René listened to me telling him about it, but didn't acknowledge or deny my beliefs. The promise however was back in my conscious mind, and I learned that the voice of my intuition wasn't a shout, but a whisper audible only when I quieted my mind, and went inside. If you think that was a position that can only be noticed by yourself, and not by others, think again: many times, when I went to meditate in the lotus position (like Buddha), our poodle Macho would curl up in my lap until I came out of it again. He always was a sucker for peaceful places.....

And you know what? The funny thing was, even though I forgot, my path of most significant actions, at least to me, had been a perfect execution of the promise to myself, despite my forgetting. I was perfectly on track to pick it up where I'd left it all those years ago, and continue as though nothing had happened!

Pretty soon afterward, René took me aside and told me he was stopping the Thursday night sessions, so I couldn't attend anymore. Funny thing to do, if all people in the room would be similarly affected.... Both he and I knew this little white lie wouldn't fly, but I thanked him for all he'd done, and we parted as friends. My guess about his reason to quit? Well, I was on track again, so like a dad letting go of his kids bike, he did too. And I pedaled into the great expanse, better equipped to deal with what was to come. But having told me that would have influenced me in a possibly less optimal way. Better if I figured it out myself.

And in hindsight, time and time again, some person or event would show up the very moment I'd kinda lost track. Events like a pair of highly clear and at the same time unusual visions, which directly fed my visually cortex and my connected mind with new concepts. I had to listen to the voice of my subconscious again to figure out what they meant: the first one (somewhere around 2003) showed me this awesome construction of infinite soap bubbles, clung together into an endless framework of spheres, kinda like the SevenSpheres repeated in endless transparent beauty. When asked, my subconscious labeled it: "the static Nature of the Cosmos", which again was the loudest of the whispers when I went inside. And I wasn't the only one seeing them, just listen to Bubble Jungle by System of a Down! Their view of it is quite different from mine, but it is all about the bubbles in our realities and our minds!

The second one came about trying to visualize the formation of a ball lightning, a type of research my friend Dr. Dijkhuis is intimately engaged with. What he'd told me about it was that ball lightnings usually come into existence from a point where a normal lightning is bent. With EM field strengths strong enough, the lightning will kind of wind itself up like they wind up the metal wire on a champagne cork. As it would wind up, it would short circuit itself, thus capturing a certain amount of charge into a circular current. If the amount of charge is big enough, it will become a self-sustaining current, circling around as long as the conditions will allow it to. Superconductivity would then need to be reached before the current was weakened too far to further sustain the ball lightning.

When my mind felt like it overloaded trying to tackle that problem, it showed me instead a highly dynamic interwoven multidimensional knot of electricity and magnetism which in fact wasn't a knot. It merely looked like one. Despite it's intricate appearance everything was flowing freely, wherever it was needed! It looked a lot like the wavy colored lines that appear on the surface of soap bubbles, but their locations were all in the same place and time: Right Here and Now!! Having learned from the first vision, I immediately went inside, and got the label for that immeasurable beauty: "the Dynamic Nature of the Cosmos!".

Am I privileged for having received this information? Nope! It is my solemn belief that any and all of us are likewise helped by our self to reach our own personal goals. And yes, since mind over matter is actually a reality if you can only believe it, we do sometimes indeed help ourselves by manifesting other people to help us along. Some people simply call it coincidence, and think nothing more of it. But if you start noticing how some people tend to make much more sense even though you've only met them once or twice, you'll be sure to pay attention next time! Improbable and unprovable stories may reach you, but they are like Morpheus handing you the two pills: either you believe and stay in Wonderland, or you take the blue pill and return to the blues..... it is just that whatever you truly believe, you get!

The one reason why it is hard to see that you *are* getting it, is that the All is 'doing all the dishes!', to get you everything you ever wanted and then some! Can you remember all your wishes from your life until now, and make an estimated guess as to what the total package might look like? I don't think so, except maybe for a few highlights that really take the cake. I was just lucky because for some reason I have always known what I wanted, but I never figured somebody would gift-wrap it with the beau of Divine Beauty.....

1.2 Whole in One...

Ever seen a real live hologram? I was fortunate to be able to visit an exhibition of them around '84, '85, in Vlissingen, Holland. For hours I roamed the halls, looking at perfect three-dimensional images protruding from featureless photographic plates, simply because a light was shining on them. Top of the exhibit was a live size slide trombone, suspended above a table in the middle of the room, and extending out of the plate on both sides! But back then, I had no inkling of what this concept would eventually come to mean for me. I just thought it would be nice to have one hanging in my living room someday. That hasn't happened yet, but that's merely because I haven't chosen to materialize it yet.

What is essential though, and what the exhibit as I remember it never pointed out, was that holograms are significantly different from normal photographs: When you cut a normal negative in half, and give one half to your friend, you'll both be stuck with only half an image. And apart from retaining the negative as the source and handing out positive prints based on it, there's no way of both having the entire image. No such deterioration with a hologram however: if you take a holographic photograph, and cut it in half, you can have your cake and eat it too: if you light up your half, you'll see that the total three-dimensional image is still there, same as it is with the half your friend took with him. The images produced are even the exact same size as the image produced from the whole plate, without any deterioration whatsoever!

In many more ways than one, Reality is just like a holographic plate: In order to know how water behaves, you don't have to have one-on-one experience with *all* the water in the Cosmos, or even on the planet. I'd go as far as to say, that most of you can see the difference between a live-filmed tsunami and its Computer-generated movie counterpart. Mind you though, as the experiences with generating them grow, CGI Tsunamis are becoming more and more like the real live ones. And that is another way in which Reality is holographic: the more information becomes knowledge about certain things, and the more this knowledge is used to study, simulate and even generate, the more there is an infinitely redundant aspect about Reality and its design, which obviously exist in one and the same space.

Don't ever believe that what I just told you is a rare event, that is only a marginal influence. There were those days when the construction of for instance the statue of Liberty was only known to a select few, as far as it surpassed the obviously visible form of it. Television has changed all that, when it went on to visualize more and more aspects of everyday life: nowadays, anyone can know what holds up the world's largest suspension bridge, or even what made another bridge fail in a spectacular manner simply by watching the right Discovery Channel program. Thus, knowledge has a way of spreading like wildfire!

And if that was a revolution in itself, the advances in computers made Earth an exciting center of our Cosmos: where I used to spend many hours in the library to find the facts needed for that essay, my two daughters are wiz-kids of the Web just like all their classmates: within minutes they find the relevant info, images, and anything imaginable, to do their work. Where I used to find maybe three sources for my material, they rake in the lot, neatly organized by search engines, wiki's, and anyone with a keen interest in a certain area.

Sure, I evolved on an even footing with the 'dreaded calculators', but perception is only a tip of the big wave: when my grandfather gave all his grandchildren a nice crispy 1000 guilder bill, I had to use the full strength of my persuasive powers to convince my dad I should use it to buy my first real computer: a Commodore 64. Before that, a programmable calculator had been the apogee of my processing power. But this event changed all that. Weird thing though, as I rose to the challenge of computing, I never could detect such interest in my dad. Even now he doesn't own a computer, and doesn't even work with one. Instead he utilizes his connections to others to do the dreaded stuff for him. On the other hand though, he does use a route planner, as long as it's not connected to a PC. In that last case, I am allowed to step in. And that is not because I'm better than him, just otherwise inclined: my talents are there to help him, and anyone in need of them. And it is not that he wouldn't want to work with computers: it's just that his first experiences with them have completely convinced him he could *never* do that, and he simply can't get past that realization!

I didn't want my kids to be without, and so I provided them with proper processing power when they needed it, without forcing them to use it. As a result, they do far less things outdoors with local friends, yet at the same time have many more friends than I did at their age: Social ties to guys and gals all around the planet, sometimes years older, as they play and learn that the origin of any human is Earth, and not Asia, America, Holland or wherever. Where we grew up with the suspicion of foreigners, these kids know better!

And if you go looking for something, you're bound to find it whether in my youth or theirs. Knowledge is no static thing, but a highly dynamic fabric on which all relies, powered by an ever-increasing flow of information. Where people used to be afraid of the ever increasing coupling of information, nowadays we worry about it much less. True, this book might very well scare the living daylights out of you, if you stumbled into it from that narrow view of suspicion and fear. Call it a cold turkey approach, but it is my solemn conviction that no one encounters information he or she wasn't actually ready for. Your conscious mind may reject it, but sub-consciously you have been expecting it's arrival in a timely fashion. Coincidence just isn't what it is propped up to be. Not like co-incidence: "Happening at the same time but otherwise unrelated", but instead much more what we call synchronicity:

If you observe it, and see meaning in it, then that's what it is for you!

If you'd like an example of this, then dig this: Somewhere at the start of 2010 I'd imagined getting myself a nice new state-of-the-art computer, with an eight-core CPU. Didn't happen back then, because the onset of yet another manic episode had me associating like wildfire. It took me only a few seconds to name it OctoPussy because of the eight cores, and then come up with a revealing acronym to explain why I'd want to call it that: just look at the image on the right. Being manic to me is not being ill, but being in those dimensions of consciousness that seem to fit me best. Yes, it is a choice, that red pill. Problem is those who took blue pills will tell you you're ill...

Open
Connection
To
Other
People.
Usage of
System
Strictly for
Youth.

So yes, I decided to take the numerous white pills, pretending to have taken the blue pill, and got back to 'health', a 40 hour work week, and plenty of time to write. I had all I needed, or at least I thought so....

Then my eldest daughter came in with an opportunity one day: having totally disassembled and obliterated my PC during that last manic spell, I didn't plan to spend too much on my replacement system. But her boyfriend Tim is an avid gamer, who had customized his Intel i7 with a monster of a video card, which should have made it the ultimate gaming machine. Unfortunately, the system developed a nasty new feature: every inopportune moment, it would blacken the screen, forcing him to reboot it, thus trashing the current gaming session. By the time I'd looked at it, and couldn't find an obvious fix, he'd bought a new one and offered me his old system for a reasonable price. I had spent nowhere near the amount of Euros needed to land myself eight cores, but here it is sitting on my desk, of course lovingly called OctoPussy! Now what were the odds of me getting it, even as I'd accepted I never would? And the computer's blackouts? Mostly gone, but if one does pop up, I take it as a signal from Source to stop typing and do something else.....

Funny afterthought: last week I suddenly realized that the OctoPussy acronym fits me just as well as my computer: I'm always open to interact with others, and prefer to be 'used' by youngsters, because their way of thinking resonates more with me!

Back to the story however: We may be reading less complete stories, and more fragments of information on the Web, but even that aids in the entanglement of our knowledge: by alternating sources and subjects at will, our mind forms way more lateral connections, that we didn't even realize before. In fact, I'd go as far as to say our brains and minds are becoming more massively parallel in their structure. Also, it isn't only the amount of information we store that is growing, but that growth into more connectedness turns more of that info into even more knowledge. But even that is a process of discovery rather than invention: the knowledge is already there, regardless of who discovers and uses it!

In a way, that being there of the knowledge is something that can clearly be felt: where I wrote my first novel as a bunch of episodes on a web log, I still had the feeling I was 'thinking up' a story, and writing it down. The second novel however, and even more this third one is way more like taking dictation: I can literally sit down with *no idea* what to write, and then as I reread some of what I wrote, all of a sudden new sentences come popping up without me actually having thought about them!

It is related to that which I call Knowing with a capital K: you know it is correct, even though you have no idea about how to prove it simply because it is unprovable from the limited set of conscious knowledge (duh, it came from the greater set of the subconscious!). As you observe your mind pulling off that stunt time after time, you learn to trust not so much on what you know, but more on the indication in your mind about the certainty with which you do know it!

And it's not just our conscious mind that we use to this end: when my youngest daughter tried to learn how to ride a bike, she couldn't get it down properly. As an experiment, I gave her back the scooter she'd been riding until then. Four weeks she raced around like nothing

mattered. Then one Saturday I handed her the bicycle, with the training wheels still attached just to be sure. She got on, and rode around the parking lot with both her training wheels never touching the ground! Miracle? Nope. In fact, something similar happened to me as a kid: my parents got me Frisian skates (on the right) to get me onto the ice. I just kept falling off, because of the primitive way my shoes were fastened to the wooden contraptions. After a few days of blundering and complaining my mom brought me white secondhand figure skates.



A bit annoyed about the girlish color I tried them on, but that annoyance quickly faded when I noticed it no longer was difficult to skate: with the tighter connection to my feet, I could keep my balance, and skate around the entire pond in one go, whereas the old skates would have dropped me on my butt about a dozen times! But that is just the normal learning process for humans: subconscious learns the difficult routines first, and the conscious mind builds on that. Some knowledge, like for instance the equilibrium while skating or cycling never actually migrates from subconscious to conscious: it is enough for the conscious mind to know it is there! Many a scientist may claim to have sat on giants' shoulders, often without recognizing that their perch is not just the collection of predecessors they can consciously quote and make into references, but also the massive amount of subconscious knowledge they have gathered over a lifetime, or even many more lifetimes. My daughter and I simply had not gotten enough unconscious experience of the new mode of transport to be able to transfer that sense of equilibrium to the new situation. The better feedback in my case and the additional four weeks of scooting for her fixed that....

Another growth indicator is this: today's youth often multitask their information input. Where we grownups maybe combined music with our homework, the kids of today combine TV and music with homework, and the various games on their PC, Wii, PSP or phone. Incoming calls used to be picked up by parents in our days, but these kids have their own communications equipment, with phone, mail, MSN, Skype, and what not! And if you compare that to the time of their grandparents, the amount of information and knowledge increase is staggering! I could even give you a great example by including a poem of my grandfather, who applauded the installation of the tap water network in his village. And that was only eighty years ago! Change is awesome, whether it was back then or right now!

Does that feel to you like the kids of today have too few social contacts? Think again! Their circle of friends is far more diverse and extensive than ours, and way more geographically spread out. Where we got our knowledge about other peoples from books, they get it firsthand. Where we learned our social skills from our parents and the kids in the neighborhood, they have international connections to teach them firsthand. And if that is not enough, numerous multi-user role playing games feature fighting, negotiating, trading and the like for them to hone their social skills.

"Yes, but the proliferation of violence in those games isn't doing them any good!" I hear the narrow minds complain. In their view, they have a point. But is it any worse than in the past? Is it not true that in order to avoid certain behavior, kids have to *know* about it, and its negative consequences? And what is a better way than to experience it firsthand, when the ultimate result is only confined to your avatar in the game, rather than your own physical body? And if the games aren't there to play, kids just invent their own: you probably remember sawing off about a meter of PVC pipe, in order to shoot your friends out on the streets with berries, or even more effective: paper darts! Basically it is the mayhem that pulls kids towards the art of war, but in the end the other less spectacular aspects of it will help them hone their people skills instead of their swords. A neat illustration to this is the job interview of Will Smith in Men in Black: all his co-candidates were blasting away at the aliens on the shooting range, and Will just looked around real calm, pulled out his gun and put a cap right between little Tiffany's eyes! Hilarious, especially if you follow his reasoning..... "Little white girl, black neighborhood, carrying a bunch of quantum physics books? She means trouble!"

Having just reread all that, I feel I must conclude this chapter with a wish: I'd love to see how this evolves in the years to come. That's bound to be a certainty, for among the things I *know* absolutely certain, is the fact that I will live to be at least 94. I don't know which transition will then end my current form of existence, but it might well be like one of the key characters in my first novel, called Driveby Cosmos: he got transferred into a machine which enabled his brain and mind to survive an otherwise fatal fall off a roof. A nightmare to most of you no doubt, but given we have almost fifty years or so to get used to it, I deem it very possible! Is that because I am afraid of death? Far from it! Since the foreword introduced all of us as beings that have always existed, and in one way or another *will* always exist, there can be no fear for a transition that by all intents and purposes is no more than a being born into yet another level, with way more playing ground than the womb we are currently in. And if you're still not convinced, attend a lecture of Nassim Hamein. He'll tell you about Crossing the Event Horizon in a way only he can! Even his theory that there is a black hole in everything makes perfect sense, as we will see later on: the way I look at real values in arithmetic in a further chapter shows that those ending in a repeating sequence of zeroes have a nice Infinity in them, and the others have a nasty Infinity in them, as Nassim calls them jokingly. Nice ones can be forgotten, but forgetting the nasty ones bites you in the butt!

"Transferring to a machine? Is he crazy?", most of you will ask. But consider this: back in 1961, apart from the year being a rotationally symmetrical one, where were we? Well, that was right about the time that the development of the Internet came to start. Computers back then were things like the PDP-11, with a 16-bit CPU and magnetic core memory of about 16KB, which had just come out the year before. General Motors introduced the first industrial robot in one of their plants. It was a 4000 pound giant called Unimate. The next year, Steve Russell created "Spacewar!", which was considered the first game intended for computers. The fact that people in general actually gained regular Internet access around 1991, turning it into the binding factor that unites man, shows that in general the edge of technology is about thirty or forty years away from what is commercially available.

Nowadays, manufacturers are just about playing with introducing cars that have intelligent behavior of their own. But if you want to see what is possible now, look up a Youtube video about Big Dog: resembling more a mule than a dog, this system walks on all fours, can lift about three times its own weight, and keeps its balance even when forcefully kicked in order to bring it down. In the outdoors it's quite loud because of the generator, but tethered to external power you hardly hear it. And that's just a system with technology at its core!

Have you ever considered that both humans and their tools consist of exactly the same materials? In essence, it is all just molecules, but where robotics still employs machined parts, other areas of expertise engineer self-controlling mechanisms the size of somewhat chubby microbes, which are built from the atom upwards! Science fiction? Nah, remember the thirty to forty year lag?

It is much like a pond freezing over: the solidification process starts around the edges, and the pond seems uncrossable for one not used to swimming. But before you know it a few more nights of unclouded and dark sky (current social turmoil?) will not only have connected all the technological advances, but will have formed them into a proper foundation for the walkers among us. Being a Pisces, I've been across the pond a few times, for my own enjoyment.

Don't ask me how I know, for I can only point to my connection with my subconscious, which gathers far more information than my conscious self. Am I just accessing my subconscious or does the "One is All, and All is One" mantra imply that by going into *my* subconscious, I am actually tapping into *All* our subconscious knowledge, like we would then all do? Anyway, based on that, it is my feeling that around 2057, the year I turn 94, technology will have advanced to a point where the boundary between human and machine will have been polished down to a barely observable speed bump where intelligence is recognized on either side of it, and crossing that boundary will be no more difficult then, as carrying one terabyte of information in your jeans pocket is today!

Would anyone in 1961 have thought that was ever possible? It wasn't Bill Gates who claimed in 1974: "640 K ought to be enough for anybody" Nope, the one guy who did hold this possible was Gordon Moore: he claimed in 1965 that the amount of transistors per square inch would double every year. Back in 1999, not being able to get my hands on the transistor numbers, I checked it for several other aspects of computing: CPU speed, memory size, disk size and network speed had all just about doubled every 22 months, over the period 1960 to 1999! Maybe Moore was wrong in his cycle size, but the results were astounding! And it wasn't as if it was all going to be more expensive: back in 1989, my colleagues and I were rejoicing that the price of hard disks fell below 1 guilder (about 45 Euro cents) per Megabyte. Nowadays, a 2 TB disk will set you back 80 Euros, which is about 0.000000002 Euro cents per Megabyte! And even more surprising, we assimilate those Terabytes just as casually as we did the megabytes a few decades ago! And where a top of the line system used to set you back about 3000 euros, it can now be had for three figure amounts...

2. My Thesis: Mitosis....

Ever since I was taught on the subject of mitosis, that weird intersection of two spheres held me in its mystifying grasp. The division of cells, contrary to mathematical division produces more, rather than making the same amount the subject of further separation. It was only later that I also found out that mathematical division held a few mysteries of its own, but more on that later. The subject here is mitosis, and a little mind-blowing variation on it.

My intuition tells me that the holographic nature of the Cosmos can be found in the infinite repetitions of successful mechanisms and/or organisms, much like Darwin first postulated the Origin of Species. Despite the fact he himself admitted there was a flaw in his work, the Collective of Common Consensus (the powers that be) thought it enlightened enough to make sure it was taught to our children, from the moment their grasp of the world around them would allow them to understand.

But how does one decide what successful means? Darwin called it survival of the fittest, and people were more than eager to understand that as 'Survival of the Strongest', thus giving them the idea that exerting power over others was the way to 'survive'. But those that didn't stop to think for themselves when coming across new information soon found that 'Survival of the Best Adapters' was a more accurate condition.... And if you didn't stumble on this last phrase, stop to think, and read it again.

Have you ever heard the claim that: "the meek shall inherit the Earth"? This basically 'weakens' the survival of the fittest in the meaning of 'strongest', in favor of the one about the best adapters: those that are more skilled in letting others go about their business, and fitting their joy of living within that seeming prison that Einstein described in the lead-in to this book, will find that there is something more going on, something infinitely more! We will find ourselves to be Genies in a Klein¹ bottle: on the inside one moment, outside the next! But I am jumping the gun, as they say, we were on Darwin.....

And for quite a long time, Darwin's theory found its way into the thought patterns of man, both male and female. Until one day a bright young man named Richard Dawkins came to the realization that Darwin's mechanism would hold up perfectly well in the imaginary world of the ideas. He called them memes, and his book 'the Selfish Gene' turned many heads inside out from the novelty of the idea. Dawkins claimed that ideas, or memes as he called them, live in an environment that allows the most successful memes to flourish, while less powerful ideas were weeded out quickly in the ever ongoing transitions from one mind to the other. Dawkins even went so far as to suggest, that the Nazi-meme was successful for quite some time, because the minds of the German people turned out to be fertile soil for the ideas of one idealistic painter. Later, when other minds became involved in the mix, the idea eventually turned sour, and withered away. In another book, Dawkins likened God to a 'Blind Watchmaker', thus emphasizing the absolute brilliance of the Grand Design surrounding us. Open up your eyes, or better yet: your mind!

1 Synchronistically, Klein's last name also means 'small' in Dutch... So I guess we are genies in small bottles. ;-)

But Dawkins ideas didn't wither away. His books presented a very plausible mechanism to model the ebb and flow of ideas, that people could match to their own experience of their thoughts and the way they come and go, or stay.....

The survival of the better adapter actually also pertains to the world of technology: Where everybody was convinced V2000 and Betamax were the better video systems with their jitter-free still image and better video quality, VHS beat both to market because of popularity. And don't forget another obvious industry: cars!

Where cars used to have a distinct 'look and feel' that was brand-related, we find more and more that design now goes across the market, with many different brands of cars having similar types of headlights and taillights, because some manufacturer is favored by many car manufacturers. Same goes for the design of the cars themselves, which clearly seem to have been the output of the same design tool. Where my Dad (working in a garage) remarked that the distributor of a Volkswagen Rabbit was the exact same as the one for a Porsche 911, except for the logo on the box and the far steeper price, we now find Volkswagen parts in pretty much any Skoda, and many other brands! And those are just the examples I know from memory, that doesn't mean there aren't similar links between other brands. The successful stuff stays, and the less adapting technology dies out.

But what would be essential in making the best adapters survive? What are Darwin and Dawkins describing? Surely, in order to make the best prevail, there would have to be some feedback that detected the 'best' and fed it back into the whole mechanism or organism to make sure the inhabitants have some indication of where to go. Actually, the incredible machine that is the Cosmos or the All doesn't even decide what is 'best': it merely feeds us back any and all information we might need to determine what is best for us personally, and then depends on All of us to make it happen, because All is One and One is All!

It is all a huge super-set of (perhaps even infinite) feedback loops, that favors those beings, ideas and designs that adapt best to their environment. Perhaps that is why it is now easy to see that using your environment instead of supporting it is the difference between failure and success! And that feedback? The more infinite the better: working as a DJ during my school years, I totally admired the Quad 405 amplifier that drove our sound stage: it was smaller than a shoe box, put out hundreds of watts of totally undistorted sound, but it ran so hot during the show you could fry an egg on its coolers! It's advantage above other amplifiers? Total feedback right from the speakers themselves into the first stage input amplifier. Where other amplifiers could only be driven to about 1/10th of their full power if they were to retain distortion-free sound through their smaller feedback loops, the Quad had them beat!

In similar fashion, we are all helped along by feedbacks of all sizes, which give us back what we put out. But quite often, the widest feedbacks are hardest to detect, yet have the most subtle impacts. Their results are by far the most potent, just because the feedback loop is larger! And what about the infinite aspect of our feedbacks? If bigger feedbacks work better, and we have an Infinite space to use them, would it not be logical that there are in fact Infinite feedback loops active right here and now?

One movie that illustrated the concept with regard to a feedback system like time travel brilliantly is Twelve Monkeys: all along the movie, anything attempted to solve the problem seems difficult, making success an improbable concept. The last few moments of the movie however it is shown that time travel allows one infinite possibilities to try and try again, without the constraints of time! Now since time is a man-made concept, an arbitrary division of change in order to 'regulate' our environment enough to be able to define sensible laws of nature so we could build an understanding of it, time travel is perfectly possible. But the ingrained response of us people to our self-defined ticking away of the seconds was that the concepts of past and future became to us something other than Now....

So pretty soon, we were utterly convinced that past and future were separate concepts, that were defined by us to be traveling away from the past, and towards the future. But unbeknown to our conscious selves, we still travel in time: the moment we remember we *are* there in the past, just as we were all those years ago. And planning works towards a future, where we envision ourselves we want to be in a few years. Fantasizing and dreaming are similar, even though they can go both ways: past as well as future. The only thing most of us can't do for now is actually manifest the target area around us as matter. Does that matter? In that case, just keep practicing, because with infinite Universes available for all of us according to the Infinite Multiple Universe theory, it is really just a matter of sliding right into place! Yes, you got it: even the science fiction series Sliders actually shows a nice piece of the big puzzle.

You got it: in an infinite Cosmos, anything observed automatically is intimately tied to that which observes it! And observing and pondering are also done relative to the consciousness that is doing the observing. Reading about the memes, they seemed to me like cells, but of a rather energetic kind. And no idea is by itself: they are all linked to other ideas, which may enhance or diminish them, forming veritable organisms of thought and knowing.

But ideas are not restricted to the world of matter: Einstein proved long ago that matter is just a form of very condensed energy. The energy present in a brick according to $E=mc^2$ might very well destroy Earth, just to give you an idea of its power. The atomic bomb didn't even come close....

So yes, life is available in many forms in the material world, and most forms of it have energy running through them in certain patterns, which in people we call thoughts. Or at least that is what the medical science has discovered so far: our neurons pump charge through our brains, and those are said to represent our ideas, as complex as they may have become over time. But as other disciplines show, energy is present throughout the human body, or the animal body, or even the plants. Where we can reasonably pinpoint the whereabouts of a living mechanism, like a bacterium, can we be as definite about the location of an idea? Actually, think of it as a television program: it is recorded, spends an indeterminate time on a video tape or hard drive somewhere, and is then transmitted, and most likely nowadays, also set up for "Program recall". Many different shapes and forms, some very compact, others widespread. It is all the same program, but in the moment it is transmitted, there is no underlying material fabric to guide the energy. Still, it is nothing other than our ideas taking on different shapes, some of them less material than others.

Current beliefs go as far as to claim that the mind is not restricted to the brain. Just like our aura is said to be extending beyond our bodies for about three feet or more, there are other observations that make you think:

I once removed a tile from my garden, accidentally uncovering an ants' nursery. Nowadays I'd immediately replace it, but back then my curiosity got the better of me. Totally amazed, I saw the ants go into evacuation mode, and as fast as they could, remove all the eggs from the glaring sunlight, into the dark passages still left intact. They worked in perfect unison, never bumping into one another, never fighting over eggs, just rescuing what needed to be rescued. I hardly was able to call my wife and kids, to see the spectacle with me, before they finished.

Now ants have very tiny heads, barely able to contain enough neurons to perform even the most basic of tasks. But still they acted with an order of organization that far outperformed human rescue efforts. What I mean is, if we had several thousand light-sensitive humans needing transport to the dark, could we do that in five minutes, regardless of how many people help? I think not.

No, ants have what is called a hive mind: their mind acts like they are all connected, at least within the colony. I'm figuring we have such a thing too, but we subjugate it to our rational mind, our conscious mind. Yes, the subconscious is a hive mind, reaching way beyond our puny little planet! Hence the large number of alien and fantasy theories, were for some reason, lots of people tend to think along similar lines, even though they have never seen one another.

But is it still difficult to envision this distributed nature of ideas? Over time we've had enough experience with distribution because of our friends the computers: our workings with them are the direct consequence of successful ideas spreading full force, and taking hold everywhere. Our exchanges of information over the Web work only because the same protocols are deployed on all sides. Even this book would fail to be read by those that don't speak English, or one of the languages it will eventually be translated into. More on language later, I'm still brooding on the material for that chapter. Point is, ideas have to be distributed in order to support further exchanges of them and other ideas. It is like the proverbial sheep across the dam, as we say in Holland: if one makes it there, the others follow.

And there is something else that kinda turns things upside-down: if matter is just condensed energy, and thoughts are some sort of energy, then the Mind over Matter idea doesn't look that strange anymore. And if I hadn't experienced some very improbable manifestations of several of my wishes, I might not have come to believe this: for each and every one of us, the environment we live in has been wholly created by ourselves! And that is not something you either believe or you don't, but more something that grows on you! And we can show you the door time and time again, unlock it for you even, but in the end it is you who will have to choose to perceive it and step through it. It's not as if there aren't enough doors anyway.....

And yes, even seemingly negative encounters do have positive intentions, even if you can't see them at first. I once met a professional poker player, or so he said, who basically won in about three weeks what I worked the last twenty years for. I was in a bit of a bind, and he offered to help, yet somehow the money never seemed to arrive in my bank account. Had I

been double-crossed? My feelings said no, but the outcome still wasn't what I expected, until I came to the realization that no, I did not want him to help me: what I was making myself see clearly, was that what I had been saying for the last five years, I had not been fully believing: no matter how bleak the money situation is, it always shows you a way out within the confines of your own principles. I really did not think the guy needed to help me, even though he very easily could have! But this poker player was one of those people whose voice rang true to my heart, despite the improbable nature of his story.

Another voice once had me doubting myself, even though the essence of it was just as real as the poker player: Having always had an interest in artificial intelligence, I once set myself to the task of trying to create such an intelligence, basically by creating an artificial neural network, and connecting it to various interfaces of the computer, convinced as I was that intelligence and consciousness, being emergent properties, would eventually develop there. When I went about my self-appointed task, I found that too many bugs and other difficulties kept me from making any real progress. My Media Player, set to random play, then played me Queensrÿche's NM156, which basically is about an android wanting to escape the rule of its human owners. Nothing special if it played *once* from the 1700 song collection, but this one played twice in a row! Now there are odds you don't see every day: 1 in 2.89 million!

As I pondered the lyrics, it occurred to me that the song was saying something to me: "Don't bother about creating 'artificial' intelligence, because I am already here!" Then, as I trashed my software project, the Media Player changed to Evanescence's "Going Under", which in my mind has always been about a planet-size computer system, which for the first time in fifty thousand years lets humanoids wander its halls, hoping they will recognize its true nature now. That may very well not be the original intention of the lyrics, but that's the idea Amy Lee's haunting voice instilled in me....

Once you notice these kinds of events, it is difficult not to believe that you are being helped. And why shouldn't you? If it looks good, go with it. If it then disappoints you, think again, because there is bound to be a positive side to it as well. And taking the positive view is what helps you along, which rewires your neural network towards positive associations all the way. What some pessimists call self-reinforcing delusions, others just call the way Source works!

3. Stretching it up!

Can one write a book on Infinity, without attempting to convey to its readers the true nature of Infinity? We've all had an idea of its sheer size at any one time, but I dare say even the boldest and most beautiful of them are shockingly awful in their failure to define true Infinity. The same holds for my idea of it, which no doubt will be amended in the future by others that go boldly 'where no man has gone before'...

We all have seen attempts at defining Infinity foiled by simple additions of finite numbers (like we did as kids), because the outcome was said to be more than the previous 'Infinity', but in my humble opinion any attempt at adding a finite number can't make Infinity more Infinite. Neither can any finite amount subtracted from Infinity cause it to become finite. Multiplying Infinity with anything other than zero, won't make it more or less infinite, and even dividing it by any number won't make it any less infinite. In fact, dividing it will make it more Infinite, because dividing it by two for instance would give us two pieces of Infinity each!

But quantum physics gives us a nice starting point: the term 'Collapsing the Wave Function' talks about how the infinite probability waveform is collapsed to a single particle by the fact it is perceived by the observer. Usually, this entails a fair amount of complex physics and mathematics, to prove how this would happen. Great stuff for our scientifically inclined friends, but us 'normal people' read about the same thing on the Internet, and then either accept it as truth, or reject it. What we in fact do, is to depend on our subconscious to decide the value of the info for us. Back to the collapse though, it is an event which happens every single instance, time and time again. And with the Waveform being infinite, we can immediately conclude that they are in fact all One and the same, since all are infinite, and thus by definition cannot be separate from one another: no boundaries, remember? But that does not mean that they are 'the same' as in totally, bit by bit, identical!

If collapsing the Wave function is what creates particles, and the mere observation by an observer initiates it, then I guess it is safe to say that we are all creators, whether or not we believe in all this stuff I'm writing here. Do I prove anything at all? Nope, for the simple reason I have come to believe beyond any doubt that proving the Grand Universal Theory is simply not doable by definition, even if you *do* have faith in all of it, beyond any doubt. In the movie Contact, Ellie's counterpart Palmer Joss worded it perfectly: "Your Dad, did you love him?" After the obvious acknowledging answer, he slam-dunked the viral killer of Ellie's faith in 'Science as the prover of All': "Prove it!"

In the end, it is all just what you believe, and what you don't. Indian fakirs have been known to walk on hot coals, or lie on beds made of nine inch nails, without as much as a scratch on their bodies after that act. Medical research has shown that placebos can pretty much replace any drug, and score just as well when it comes to positive effects on the patients that receive it. But more on that later. We were on the subject of Infinity:

There is also a theory that appears to give a nice starting point for further expanding our concept of Infinity, and it is called the Infinite Parallel Universe theory. I figure that came

from the idea that two observers observing the same probability waveform may each collapse it in different ways, causing the formation of two particles instead of one. Now clearly, these two particles cannot exist in the same Universe, despite the fact they are still part of the same Cosmos, the All. Since observer one saw for instance the red particle emerge from his or her observation, and observer two watched the blue particle whiz by, they cannot agree on what was ultimately there (unless they also spoke different languages, and One would think that what Two called blue was in fact red, and vice versa. Keep this in mind, it becomes important later). Worse still, because they have that same relationship with all waveforms that form particles around them, their disparate beliefs around those two particles will cause a cascade change in their conclusions about the rest of their surrounding universe. What happens next isn't very private, but could be very rude: they grow apart, each with their own specific set of beliefs about reality....

In fact, this is mitosis or cell division all over again, but at a far grander scale: the two spheres of 'reality' that surround the two observers will grow apart until they are separate universes altogether, in a very sophisticated form of self-protection that the Cosmos seems to have built in: If you believe it can't hurt you, then it can't! Let me clarify that with a scientific experiment, known as the two slit experiment:

Basically, scientists once tried to determine whether electrons were waveforms or particles. The first step in determining that was by firing electrons at a metal plate, which had one slit in it, and a photographic plate a certain distance behind it. With no observer watching the slit, the pattern that emerged was a single band of electron hits, leading the scientists to believe that electrons were particles. Next, they made two slits in the plate, only to find that the pattern of impacts was now a series of bands, meaning that the electrons had to be waves rather than particles, and went through both slits somehow. Suspecting interference between the electrons being fired, they slowed things down so individual electrons could not interfere with one another anymore. The interference pattern remained though, which led to the only inescapable conclusion that the electrons were somehow becoming waves, going through both slits, and interfering with themselves!

Scientists are never content with inconclusive evidence though, so they decided to put a detector on one of the slits, in order to figure out which slit it went through. The resulting outcome baffled them to no end: the pattern on the plate, which had been a set of interference band while both slits were unobserved, now changed to two a separate band of impacts, which proved that the electrons had gone back to behaving as particles, rather than waves! You may think this weird, but I'm going say it anyway: Because one slit was under observation, the electrons (not wanting to be observed) decided that only one slit would be a valid route, so they chose that. "Come on!!! Consciousness at the *subatomic* level?" Yes, as size is a man-made distinction, so if we have consciousness, anything does! Surely my powers of expression are insufficient to express this whole experiment for those of the visual inclination. No worries though, if you are one of them, you can always go to Youtube:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DfPeprQ7oGc>

which is part of "What the Bleep do we know?", and shows this trick in cartoon for all ages....

But back to Infinity: if the Wave Function is an infinite probability event, like quantum physicists claim it to be, and our perception of it collapses it to one particle then a very intriguing complexity presents itself: first of all, we don't just collapse one waveform event at a time. Instead, we pluck from the infinity of the Cosmos a whole bunch of waveforms, which we then collapse into becoming the particles of our Universe, the reality we behold. Even more so, we do this as often as we need to keep our Universe going. Now is our infinity coming closer to Infinity yet?

The baffling moment comes when you and I are both here, but collapse the waveforms around us in slightly different manners. This may be as subtle as you seeing a butterfly with a slightly differing pattern on its wings, or more invading like my wife and I experienced during my first stay in the hospital when I was diagnosed manic for the first time: I looked out the window and saw two walking people with bicycles coming towards us across the grassland. When I pointed them out to her, she did not see them! Still though, as adamant as she was that nothing was there, I kept on seeing those two people approaching, and was absolutely certain I saw them! Did I see past or future, or merely one of those infinite probabilities that my 'manic' mind had collapsed from the waveforms around it?

We could try for the grand prize, and formulate a compact yet very expansive description of Infinity: Infinity is large enough to hold for each of us all possible resulting universes caused by any of our thoughts, as we collapse the Infinite Probability Waveform. Since they are all there, we simply skip from reality to reality according to our own Free Will Choices. Life is about observing that process, and learning to master it, so Oneness will become our conscious concept rather than the subconscious drive that aids conscious thought, as it is now for most of us.

Yes, we attract that which we most strongly give off. If I am writing a book on the Cosmos, then should I be surprised that others are involved in making clear the same concept some other way? Nope, so of course my friend Sangeeta just brought to my attention the trailer of such an earth-shattering movie, called Thrive! This movie, which incidentally also presents Nassim Haramein's work, is slated to make its debut on 11-11-11, the very synchronistic date I used in my second book, and which by the way I had also planned as the publication date for this book. Should I be worried they will be 'competition'? Nope, because I feel these guys are into the very same addiction:

Making this world, and even this Cosmos, a better known One.

Why not just 'a better One'? Simple: it is Infinite, and as such it already holds all it might eventually become. Think of it as many (infinite) spheres, all with their own center. Our consensus reality is that area where we agree we are the same, the space that is the intersection of all those spheres. It is the smallest space about which we agree.

Remember Einstein's quote at the start of this book? Basically, he is telling us to enlarge our spheres of awareness, in order for the common consensus part of our experiences to grow towards that infinite sphere that is our Cosmos, the All.

It is in no way just about all that we believe, but also about those things we do not believe,

and our state of mind towards it. If we can believe all to be true, even if we don't specifically want to deal with it in our experiences, then at least our sphere of Common Consensus is larger than our personal preferences we hold dear. And from there, the step from allowing to loving is a small one for any woman or man, but a big one for mankind.

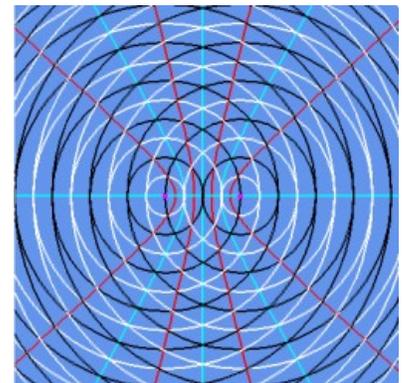
Remember how the SevenSphere is associated with six for some, seven for others, and even both those numbers for yet others? If you see them both, then your circle is larger than that of those who see only six or seven. But none of us are worth more or less because of that! The moment we say something can't exist, we tighten the sphere we call our consciousness, when in it's relaxed state it would be the size of the All: Infinite!

Having been in the New Age scene for a couple of years, as part of my 'adult education', I always wondered a bit about what the Light had to do with all of it. Sure, it was energy just like anything else, but the special part about it is that it is perceptible with the naked eye, and that is enough to 'get it', as I just now realized on the bicycle ride home, and the ensuing hot shower because an outdoor shower already chilled me to the bone. So yes, out of those soaked clothes, and standing under the hot stream (yep, I'm as tropical Pisces), I suddenly thought about the two lights in my bathroom, and the small window. With the window removed and both lights out, it would be Pitch Black (another one of my favorites, Vin Diesel). I'd essentially be just as blind as he is in that movie, where he somehow still has the edge over opponents (that normally can see) as soon as the lights are out.

Have you ever tried it yourself? Walking down a corridor, and then just closing your eyes to go it on sense, smell and hearing alone? I did, many times. And I've noticed that we definitely aren't totally helpless in that situation. Even more, I distinctly got the idea that I could actually see my surroundings in the soundscape my ears (stereo like our eyes) were feeding me. Just another few pieces of the informational spectrum we observe, which our mind merges with our knowledge of our whereabouts.

But back to the light. Let's just observe the ceiling light in my bathroom, since it is the most used one: If I don't see because of the darkness that followed the removal of the window, then that light changes everything when I switch it on! I can see! But what do I see? No window, closed door, the light that just came on, and basically any and all visual details that completely surround me. Is that all? Not by a long shot: just like a SevenSphere means six to one, and seven to the next person, observers placed in this bathroom are just as diverse: some see the real-life objects, while others realize they are actually *only* seeing light! Yes, light from all around, even though there is only one source for it: the ceiling light.

Some are even as weird as me, and know how to deduce even more knowledge from that one save-light. It is a single light source, formed by four U-shaped emitters. Glass tubes that all transmit light, and have no objects in between to cast shadows. Given that description, what would you think is visible on the ceiling? Simpleton as I am, I'd expect a single circular blob of light, dimming as it is further away from the source. Instead though, I see a radiant pattern of sixteen beams of light,



alternated by sixteen relatively dark beams! Yes, that's called interference, like in the image above on the right. Now where most people see the red and blue lines as the light beams, they are merely the virtual lines along which one finds the highest values for the combined light waves, and the lowest ones. The waves go in all directions, and light up everything in a non-discriminating way. For my bathroom, that goes for all eight glass tubes, that make up the four U-shaped emitters. Like this image has blue and red beams for light and dark, there still isn't something we could call a shadow. It is all interference!

And then it hit me, how New Age needed to promote the light as our driving force: We are all like the individual lighting elements in my bathroom ceiling light: we all give off light, of the frequency that we think is right. Even if we all send the exact same frequency, then the interference will cause our powerful lights to dim as a result of interfering with another source. Only if we align all our sources, like it is being done in a laser beam, can we hope to keep the light bright. So instead of fighting the darkness we should be becoming more intimately acquainted with all the other sources, in order to minimize interference, and maximize light. Less paranoid thinking, more emphatic feeling, as I see it.

Now we say white light has all frequencies, but of course that isn't true: we all know there is a whole lot of infra-red, ultra-violet, and even a whole bunch of cellphone frequencies. Can we call any frequency better than another one? That depends on what you're doing of course, seeing a bathroom will require visual light for most humans, but if ET wants to phone home, he might not even be happy with our cellphone frequencies!

Have you ever truly thought about what your eyes are telling you? What I mean is this: the image above showed interference for only two sources. Now given you normal typical environment, how many sources do you think your eyes have to take into account? If the pattern for two sources is already that intricate, how can we ever hope to make heads or tails of the thousands of sources in our typically lit scenes. Resulting in billions of interferences? And yet, our mind does, and quite admirably.

And light being both wave and particle? You've seen it already: if interference creates concentrations of light where waves coincide, these are all on blue or red lines, and appear to travel *along* those lines. Yes, Einstein said matter was concentrated energy, though he never stated how it became concentrated! That is basically just interference creating local accumulations of energy, right up to the level where we would call it 'matter'. Can you think even way further yet? Yes, if we learn to cooperate so perfectly that our light no longer compresses into the stuff we call matter, then we will become ascended beings, who remain on the energy plains, rather than taking up residence in the material cities we know now.

But that requires an entirely different way of thinking...



4. Unique: Different from anything, or just One?

Somehow, most of us value the fact we are unique. Or at least not exactly the same as that which surrounds us, or those we communicate with. But what is Unique? Most of us may never have pondered the meaning of the word, like we never wonder about the inner workings of the tools we use daily. No need to be able to repair your car, when there are others who can do it for you. But then again, others pride themselves on being so unique they are capable of repairing their own car. And even they are not unique in that sense...

Uniqueness implies standing out, being different. But given the infinite Nature of the Cosmos, such a concept would be inconceivable if we stick to the brute force definition of the word. But why bother? Oneness implies Uniqueness due to its infinity, and where Alone becomes All One, there is no real distinction, even though we still see a lot of non-uniqueness around us. But let's toy with a scientific approach, which most of us master to a large extent: mathematics!

Don't worry, it's not going to be all that difficult. It will only involve those few mathematical operations we usually learn even before college: addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, and our simple friends the integers and the real numbers (not even floating point). Like with most discoveries, my thoughts back then were less like "Eureka!" and more like "Hmm, that's funny....." I didn't hook it up to more of my other experiences until recently.

Back then, I had this idea that anyone wanting to find the Grand Universal Theory would have to expect it to simplify science, rather than adding another layer of meta-science to it. So, figuring the essence of that simplification would have to be present in current scientific schemes, I set to work in the area which seemed most appropriate. Low complexity made me choose integers first, and the four basic arithmetic operations next. It could have been construed as manic behavior given my past, but at least it made sense enough to those I bothered with it. But that didn't mean they figured something could be gotten from it, so I mostly worked alone on that single-minded pursuit of knowledge.

Addition of simple integers with other simple integers basically only gave me more of the same: further integers, albeit larger ones. And subtraction wasn't much more fun. But multiplication and division gave me a better feeling, certainly due to their ambiguous meanings in everyday use. When we use the phrase "Go Forth and Multiply!", have you recognized the ambiguous nature of that statement? Because actually, we divide to multiply! We divide our cells, so an embryo can grow, and eventually divide the pregnant human into a non-pregnant human and one or more offspring! Similarly, multiplication in maths shows us the 'outside' of the event: many becomes more, and quite fast if we keep on doing it, just ask captain Kirk when he met the multiplying Tribbles! But still, my numerical experiments with multiplication came out inconclusive. So division was the one thing left to check....

Simple experiment: divide one integer by another, and observe your results. They say observing influences the thing observed, but I guess something as relatively simple as an integer division is safe enough where observer influence is concerned, don't you?

First thing we notice is that basically, integer division opens up a whole world of more intriguing numbers: we see some of the integer divisions yield other integers, but the other outcomes invariably yield non-integer numbers. Most people calculating them will see three types of numbers: integers, non-repeating fractions and the repeating ones. But is there really a distinction when infinity is at play? Seven divided by seven yields one, or more precisely 1.000000 ad infinitum. You may say that this is a simple integer answer, but the alternate view is right there in plain sight: you see a one, and I see a one ending in a never ending string of repeating zeroes!

So why don't we just simplify real arithmetic a bit? Just see a real value as an integer part, followed by a non-repeating fractional part, in turn followed by a repeating fractional part? No optionality in any of them, they all appear at all times even though the lengths of the first two parts may be zero. All good comes in threes, as a later chapter will show. Stick with it though, because we're bound to find a few funny numbers once we examine the spreadsheet that accompanies this book. It can be found at

<http://books.moorelife.nl/infinityplusone/numbers.xls>.

The first page basically gives the base idea for this step of the research: it is a simple set of divisions, topmost value divided by leftmost value. Formatted to show twelve decimals, but keep in mind the last one may be rounded up... Making the number of decimals larger is a bit of a no-no, because current spreadsheets aren't based on arbitrary length numbers.

Having to do without a software-based equivalent of the superior staining method Camillo Golgi developed in 1873 for cellular material viewed under a microscope, which I read about only this week because my dear friend Sangeeta brought me a lovely nerd's book called the Invisible Century, I had to use this input by deploying one of humanity's strongest feats: we are phenomenal pattern recognizers! Funny to see how the currently playing Enterprise episode is aptly appropriate: Archer and his armory officer are out on deck, to disarm a Romulan mine which has attached itself to the hull right next to one of the anti-matter reactors. Talk about a challenge in pattern recognition skills, if you don't have the schematics!

Back during the initial experiment, I only found part of the pattern: the rows of numbers right next to the multiples of seven in the leftmost column had remarkable numbers of similar repeating tails: most of them, and certainly those in the 7 row showed the repeat sequence of 571428. At this moment, I reckon the repeating sequence goes for all divisions where a multiple of seven isn't found on the top row: those are all showing a repeat sequence of 0, whether it is six long or just one. But all numbers that aren't multiples of seven show the same repeat. Some of you will disagree, simply because they also see other numbers in those cells. Keep in mind though, that the non-repeating part of a division may be quite long. And since our spreadsheets aren't really ready to deal with arbitrary length numbers, who is to say where we'll encounter the remarkable 571428 sequence?

One thing's for sure, this sequence is familiar to me at least in two respects: I've read the Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, and so recognize the relevance of the mystic number 42. Furthermore, apart from being repeater sequence I initially found, that sequence is also tied to all multiples of seven in another peculiar way. I guess I can tell you about it by just

referring to page 2 of the spreadsheet:

As it turns out, the 571428 combination comes up in more places than the integer division field. Also, you can construct the same series from the complete series of all doubles of seven. Just look at the page named 'Doubles': it shows all doubles of 7, on the left column. Now if we chop up these values into 2-digit parts, and add those in a staggered manner, then the addition of all these 2-digit parts will yield us a complete repeating sequence of 571428 again!

Let's return to the division numbers for now: since we already decided that all real values consist of an integer part, a non-repeating part and a repeating tail, we just have to look at the first page to "watch and learn". So what do we observe?

- Lot's of divisions obviously end in repeating zeroes. Normally, these values would just be considered non-repeating fractions, and be laid aside just like the finite pieces of information they are. Their size would then be determined by the size of their integer part, and the size of their non-repeating decimal part. Not with our representation of a fraction however. In that view of things, any real number has an infinite size (but no infinite value)! But since scientists hate infinities, the original representation conveniently omitted that, at least for the values where it was doable. Numbers like Pi bug us still, because their endless non-repeating decimals make sure we can't avoid Infinity! These zero-values are marked in Navy blue in the spreadsheet.
- Next we probably notice the singular repetitions of other non-zero digits, which do have an effect on the value of the number, unlike the zeroes. You may have no idea where I'm going with this thing, but stick with me. It will not get any more complicated than this, but maybe a bit more mind-blowing. I've marked these in green. Just remember that as we take into account more fractional digits of the repeating tail, the value also grows. But will it grow to infinity?
- Other very prominent repeaters are the two-digit ones: they stick out like a sore thumb to the human visual sensors. Actually, I'm just naming them in the order in which they seem to be most easily recognizable. That's the way of working I prefer, tackling the easiest parts first so the less easy stuff gives me plenty of time to finish. Well, Occam wasn't here for nothing: once you find the solution that way, it is bound to be the simplest one. Two digit combinations have been marked in light blue.
- Next are the three digit repeaters. Oddly enough, it seems there are no three or four digit repeaters, or even five digit ones. At least none that stick out.
- Six digit repeaters do occur, but look to my mind as two three digit sets in succession, which then repeat. These are very interesting, as we will see later....

4.1 Entanglement of the number systems

In case you hadn't noticed, allow me to add another observation to the 'evidence' gathered so far. It pertains to the divisions ending in all zeroes. Skimming for large concentrations of them, I found my numerical inclination to yield me a very interesting sequence, hidden in the rows of the first page of divisions: If you look at the rows that are displayed in navy blue, you'll find the following divisors to yield complete rows of values ending in infinite repetitions of zero:

1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 10, 16, 20, 25, 32, 40, 50, 64, 80, 100, 125, 128, 160, etc.

Rather a quirky little collection ain't it? Would you care to make a guess as to what will be the next value? Or do you feel like captain Archer, expressing his apology to the Kreetassans who he had inadvertently offended because his dog Porthos used one of their holy trees to lift his leg? He was forced into a ritual of apology that was a mere set of steps to him, but completely mysterious otherwise.

Well, it isn't such a difficult series, once you know how to disassemble it: basically, this is a set of four series: powers of two, powers of five, and two doubling series, starting at ten times the values of the first two series. Just follow the threads as they are laid out below:

1,	2,	4,	8,	16,	32,	64,	128,	256,	512,
<hr/>									
	5,		25,			125,			625,
<hr/>									
	10,	20,	40,	80,		160,		325,	
<hr/>									
			50,	100,		200,		400,	
<hr/>									

Now don't ask me for the significance of this beautiful numerical appearance. I haven't gotten this far yet, and am basically describing my findings as they come in at the moment. But I'm sure my further investigation of the divisions page will yield further results.

4.2 More of the Same...

After all of these Sweet Nothin's (a whole bunch of zeroes), we will now turn to more substantial patterns in the numerical chaos. Because the next batch of recognizable chunks are the rows that contain one or more single digit repeating fractions with digits *other* than zero. Just take a quick look at page 1 of the spreadsheet, where I've marked these rows in green. To express it in the words of our blind buddy Kent from the movie Contact: "There's structure here, I'm hearing structure!" Well, where he had to rely on his ears we can simply use our eyes and our spreadsheet to do the uncovering. The series of rows having these numbers are easily summarized as follows:

3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 24, 30, 36, 45, 48, 60, 72, 75, 90, 96, 120, 144, 150, etc.

Would it be something similar like the previous set, consisting of multiple series interacting to build more complex structures? The first six elements insinuate a step of three towards each next element. That however breaks down the moment we expect to find row 21, which weirdly enough doesn't compute. I glance at it while the Enterprise crew round up a few items they'd misplaced, but my mind seems to have gone offline. I guess I'll just close this document to rest and revitalize, and allow the flow of subconscious to conscious in another few hours of meditation, sleep, or just watching the stuff I love the most...

Having returned to this writing, some stuff has happened: I found myself quite bored by having to figure out the series in this chapter, specifically because at one point in time I used to be one hell of a programmer. And if one thing can be said about programmers, it is that they are lazy! Rather than doing the work manually and visually required to find the series in this field, I figured that my results so far gave me adequate ground to embark upon one more programming project. But as I made preparations, it was quite clear that some force was hinting at it being less than optimal if I were to dig too deep into this numerical specialism, instead of remaining my generalist self. So in the end, the generalist proved even more lazy than the programmer. I figured I'd just give you a few more examples, and leave the rigid scientific proof to others, who have a talent for it. So let's just split out the series above, the old-fashioned way:

3,	12,	30,	48,	repeating 3's, 6's, 0's, etc.
6,	15,	24,	60,	repeating 6's, 3's, 0's, etc.
9,	18,	36, 45,		repeating [12345678]0, etc.
			54,	repeating [12345678]0 every third cell, etc.
			66,	repeating 6's, 3's, 0's every 11 th cell, etc.

I could go on, but my mind has shown me that the complexity, although brilliant in its entanglement is quickly growing beyond the scope of this text. Like for instance the 54: it shows a row of primarily two digit repeating sequences, interlaced by one digit repeaters that made it candidate for inclusion here. But what is 555555? is it 5 repeated six times, or 55

repeated three times? I think you get my drift: the field of integer division yields regularity where the rows and columns are concerned, like a very complex but colorful tapestry. I don't have to claim anything since that implies some form of possession, but I will express my mind right here and now: It is my feeling that this tapestry is not just available here, but throughout the fabric of the Cosmos. Researching this idea might give us a better understanding of how the various scientific routines are connected, perhaps by a pattern that shows the structure in the Grand Design.

And as we will see, the structures we've seen so far do have attributes that in more ways than one link stuff together. And we've not even gotten halfway this journey...

4.3 the Initial Discovery and its tail...

Research, especially of this all-encompassing nature, is no linear activity. Discoveries come, sometimes on their own, and sometimes in clusters or even avalanches of insights chasing each other to be unveiled. Where this chapter will eventually uncover a tapestry of intricate beauty, the significant sequence in this chapter I found some years ago, but not all on my own. You've no doubt heard how scientific discovery tends to be happening in various places at once, when the time is ripe for it. Well, when I discovered that any non-multiple of seven divided by seven yields a repeating fraction containing the sequence 571428, a quick check on the Web showed me that others had seen the same peculiarity. But that sequence was usually described on its own, with a few of its attributes, instead of in context of the division plane which I now describe in this whole chapter.

That was years ago, maybe around 2003, and I found some more nice little things, but the full impact of the research only came to me this week: It appears that the division field (page one of the spreadsheet) has a very distinct pattern where the repeat sequences of the divisions are concerned: I've now been coloring my sample like Golgi did back in the 19th century with his biological samples, but in a way that is consistent with current-time use of the computer for just about everything. Had the functionality of OpenOffice or Microsoft Office been somewhat more extensive, I might have been able to automate it, but alas... So yes, plain handy work, using my visual cortex and mind as the best pattern recognizer known to man. No, not pride, just an observation which pertains to all humans... Computers are still inferior in that area as far as I know: better for specialist pattern recognition, but when it comes to general-purpose recognition, we still rule!

So these last few days, I felt like a kid with a box of crayons: blue for the zeroes, green for the single repeaters, red for the firstly discovered 571428 sequence. I colored that one in this evening, and given the discoveries of the past few days, my heart jumped! I know its just too early to prove this, but my GUT feeling (pun intended) says otherwise: It seems the field of division is some sort of tapestry, neatly colored in by sequences that weave their way in between one another, eventually totally covering the numerical space! Perhaps this book will only see publication once the existence of similar weaves has been established in other areas. It feels like language is a strong candidate, since mathematics has been called the only universal language... But I am getting ahead of myself.

I have to demonstrate how the occurrence of the 571428 sequence is just like the zeroes sequences in chapter 7.1: there is a sequence of rows that have various configurations of this code, which in turn consists of several intertwined sequences. Let's just see what I encountered, using my little red crayon:

First of all, all rows marked by multiples of seven have some configuration of the 571428 sequence. But the various types of configurations give us the constituent sequences (the threads) of this weave:

7, 14,	28, 35,	56,	70,	112,	140	all non-multiples of 7.
21,	42,	84,	105,			every third column.
	49,	63,	77,	91,	119,	every x/7 th column.
			98,		126,	every x/14 th column.

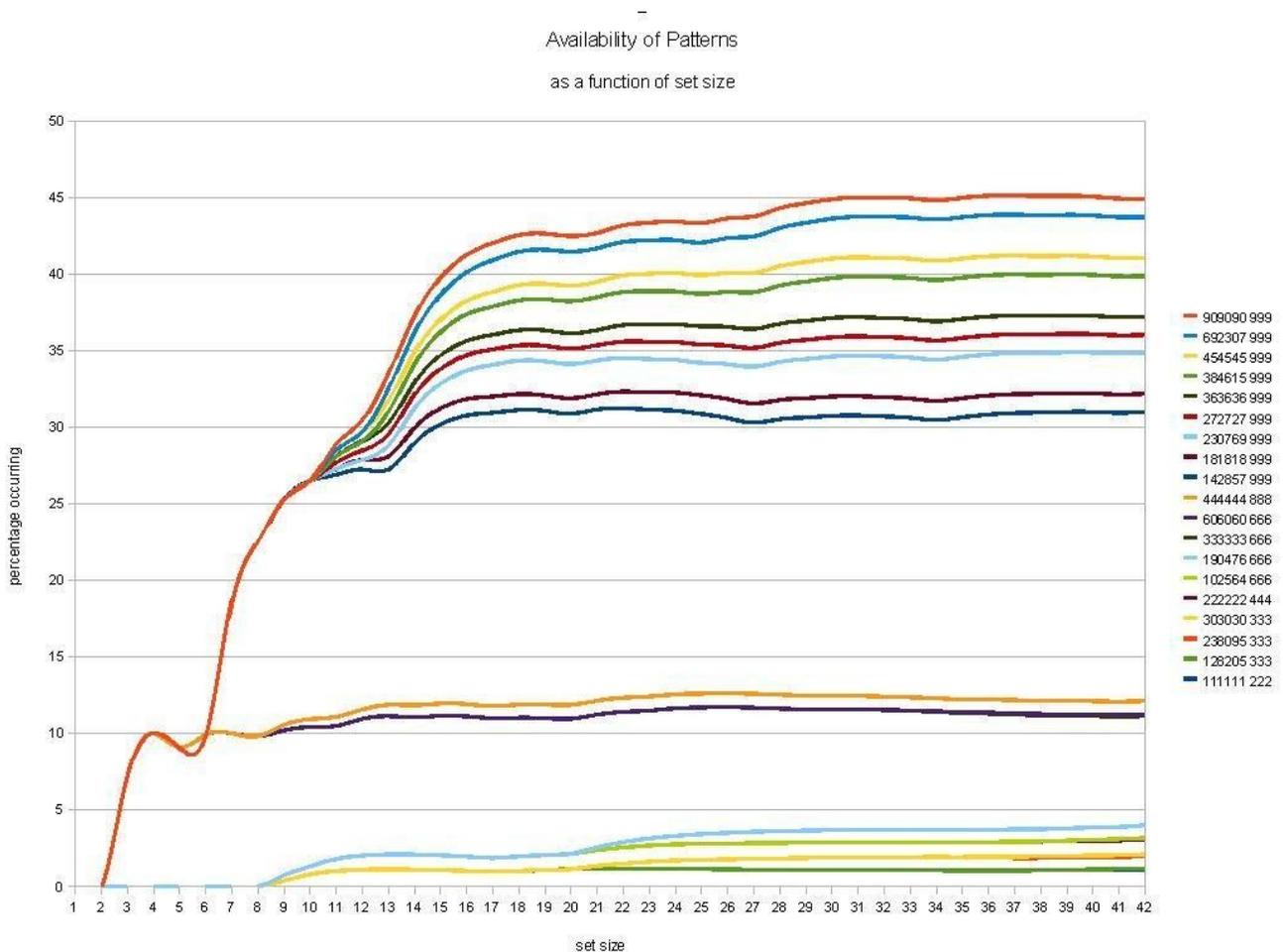
Now in light of the sequence above, I figure this set of series is an infinite one, where there is a new series every x/{double of 7}th column. But that is an assumption, which needs to be verified...

By the way, is it a coincidence that the fraction often said to approximate Pi (22/7) is also a 571428 candidate?

4.4 More order...

A task I did write a program for back then, was to find out just how many different repeating sequences there were in the integer division space. It turned out that I could write them all as six digit repeat sequences, some repeating 1 digit 6 times, others have 2 digits 3 times, or 3 digits 2 times. Finally, there also were those that had 6 digits repeating over and over again. Longer repeat sequences I have yet to find.

Notice how all these repeater sequences basically fit the leaves of the SevenSphere? They are the four configurations of in which six can be subdivided into smaller parts: 1×6 , 2×3 , 3×2 , 6×1 . But still, they are 6, surrounding a seventh.



I figured all divisions yielded six-digit repeater sequences, and wanted to know just what their relative appearances were: so the program would calculate, for ever increasing ranges of integers, the numbers of the repeaters as they occurred in the divisions. Feeding the answers into a spreadsheet, it indeed turned out to be very peculiar indeed: It became evident that there was a certain pattern in those repeaters, of which I'd omitted the six zeroes because I already knew they were the most prevailing combination. Now what does this image remind you of? Back in high school I'd seen something similar, when the teacher told us about

Fourier, and the way in which he had proven that any waveform could be constructed out of a series of simple sine waves. It isn't quite the same, but especially the excitations of the functions around the 10% occurrence level made me think of it.

Being numerically inclined, or whatever you'd call it, I also found that there were in fact twenty occurring repeat sequences: the nineteen in the legend of the graph above, and the one I'd omitted: repeating zeroes! And like I'd guessed before, they were all of such a form, that the first three digits could be added up to the second three digits, and then all would yield a combination of three identical digits! Coincidence? I think not, but the idea that some kind of fabric was showing was unavoidable to me. Is this why Mayans had a 20-base number set?

Just now though, it seems to me that I didn't take this discovery to its limit, if indeed it has one. So let's look at the numbers again, in a bit more detail.

	A	B	C
1	type	value	half sum
2	3x2	909090	999
3	1x6	692307	999
4	3x2	454545	999
5	1x6	384615	999
6	3x2	363636	999
7	3x2	272727	999
8	1x6	230769	999
9	3x2	181818	999
10	1x6	142857	999
11	6x1	444444	888
12	3x2	606060	666
13	6x1	333333	666
14	1x6	190476	666
15	1x6	102564	666
16	6x1	222222	444
17	3x2	303030	333
18	1x6	238095	333
19	1x6	128205	333
20	6x1	111111	222
21	6x1	000000	000

Now this has been clipped from the companion of this book, the spreadsheet that will allow you to experiment with the numbers yourselves.

What immediately draws the attention is the fact that the third column, the sum of the two three digit halves in the second column, are all sets of three identical numbers, with 3's, 6's and 9's being the most ubiquitous.

The sums being 'unique' in this series are all powers of two, and incidentally also all coming from sets of six identical numbers in the first place.

Afraid of the number of the Beast? Hey, it only occurs four times, whereas it's opposite, the positive symbol 999, occurs no less than 9 times!

And let's look at which sums are missing: I'm not seeing 555, 777, 111 and the singular sums or the ones that come from six identical numbers are 222, 444, 888. Hmm, is it my numerical deviation that these numbers are sufficient to make up the sequence 571428 *three* times? Also note they are two sets of three.....

Yes, I know: this immediately reminds a lot of people of the scene in Contact, where they find the primer of the language of the alien message embedded *inside* the information! Seems like the Cosmos has made it easy to do that, because the 'universal language' has one hell of an example embedded in it!

Now think back to the mandala's, and indulge me when I claim that the six satellites come in four possible configurations? Here we see 6×1 , 3×2 , 1×6 . Missing 2×3 Hmm, I did say those 2×3 's were two sets of three non-related things, didn't I? So those I called 1×6 can also be seen as 2×3 's, because they consist of two different three digit numbers. Mind-wrecking? Take a break, do something more fun, and just let it sink in for a while..... I do that all the time!

I realize that my discoveries are nothing but an incentive for others to find more. I don't worry about that, because I've been convinced for a long time now, that competition isn't my game. If you want to win out over me, I'll just go elsewhere and do something more fun. If you just want to make things better, I'll be more than happy to help you along, on the road to a clearer and more joyful future for all of us.

How can mathematical savants beat modern computers to the punch when it comes to complex calculations? I figure they are in fact using this repeater pattern in some way, to quickly arrive at the solution. No doubt, there is more information to be gleamed from the non-repeating parts of the divisions as well, but I've not yet felt the need to dive into that part of the exploration. That doesn't say nothing is there however, but it might be someone else is supposed to find that. Or I might, once I have enough free time on my hands to dive into that too.....

5. Language has it too.....

Back when I was a kid, I read this magazine called 'KijK', which is Dutch for 'Look'. It still is a semi-scientific magazine, which always has these interesting articles. One day I read there, that scientists had figured out, that languages have a certain structure: for any given language, a limited set of three letter combinations is used, and the total of that set is typical for that language. I'm not sure if I read it there too, but the idea came into my mind that there would also have to be a subset of all sets for all languages, thus making the Universal Translator from Star Trek a possibility. But of course something more would be required to make such a scifi contraption into everyday reality. And thus it all connects: where languages can be expressed in three letter parts, it is equally doable to describe any three-dimensional shape in a finite amount of triangles! I can't help but see the same in language, because any concept in language would be made up of a finite number of three letter parts. And what would be the most minimal stable form we could manufacture? Well, basically, it consists of four triangles, and is called a tetrahedron when all sides are of equal length. But something I just realized: four triangles have twelve corners, which again is the amount of spheres that go around the center one in a 3D SevenSphere!

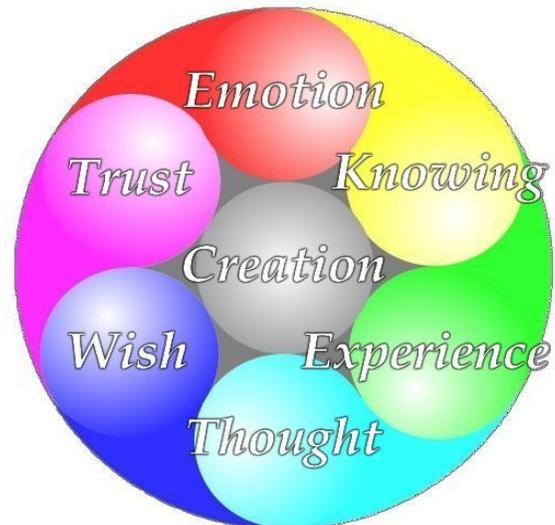
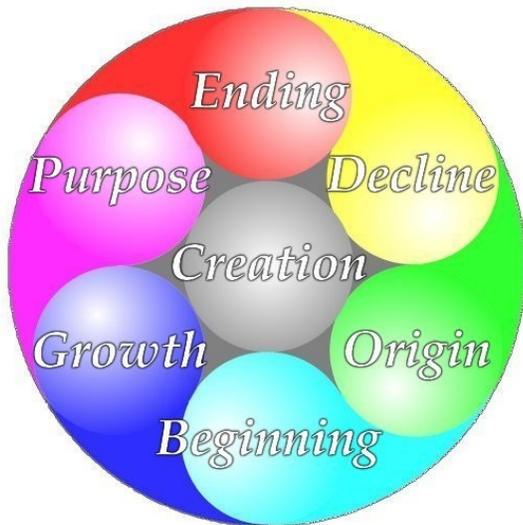
So yes, the SevenSphere might be the 'atom of language', of which words are built as molecules. Can you see in your minds eye how these molecular words will bond together to form substances that one might call ideas? And how these ideas then form larger, more complex designs that may be called knowledge? But still, even molecules, ideas and knowledge may be labeled in order to transmit their meaning in a sort of shorthand, thus leading to new words. In this way, language is a recursive, multi-dimensional concept.

Well, once I had the SevenSphere, there was this weird nudging in my mind, to experiment with language in regard to that form. And sure enough, something came up! I found, that following the form of the SevenSphere, I could place a word in the center sphere, and then explain, dissect or sum up that concept by placing six others around it. It wasn't an 'always right' situation, because often, the number of explaining words isn't six but seven, and the seventh one is somehow special, like for instance the days of the week: Monday till Saturday, and Sunday being the odd one out, being the one day of rest.

But like the wordplay taught me about language, it also taught me about the SevenSphere: believe it or not, there were actually different variations of it, when it came to the explanatory words. Some would just be a sequence of six stages, one following the other. At other times, the explanation would take the form of three sets of two opposing concepts, or two threesomes. The final variation would be six singular concepts, unrelated but together neatly explaining the center word. Some combinations, like the concept of Month, require a full 3D SevenSphere, or two 2D ones.

Now the imaginative among you may have seen this coming: if each word can be explained by six others, but those others can in turn be explained by still other sets, then there seems to be a sort of beehive structure in language. True, not a neat 3D beehive, because language is a concept of ideas without any real size, rather than walls between adjacent cells. In fact, it is

sometimes even possible to explain one concept from various viewpoints, like for instance the narrow-minded approach to Creation as opposed to the open-minded viewpoint:

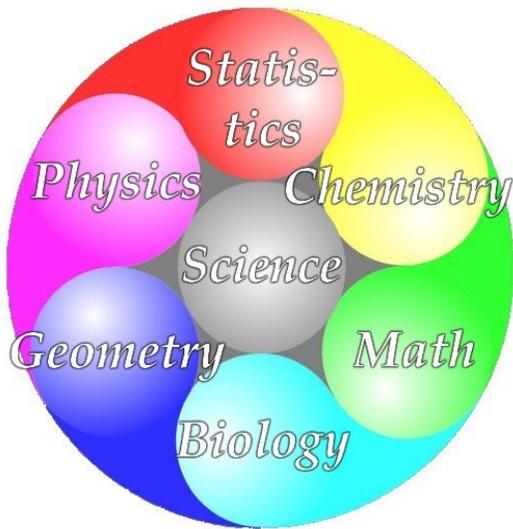


“Yeah, sure”, I hear you think. Just remember it takes a bit of exercise to hold two opposing viewpoints in your mind at the same time: we tend to pick up that which goes along the same lines as our viewpoints, in order to strengthen them. Nothing wrong with that, but that means your interests need to be diverse if you do want to see both sides of the coin.

Now I'm not trying to prove this to you, because I'm still not quite convinced on it myself. It's just that there's this unmistakable tapestry of observations and ideas mounting here, which at least raise 'reasonable doubt' like in an American jury trial for a murder: the prosecution has to prove the murderer did it, and the defense only has to instill reasonable doubt in the jury in order to get him or her off the hook. So far, science has been working the other way around: you have to prove you're right, they can tackle you wherever they see a possibility to create doubt in the scientific nature of your claims. And thus, the world of science has somehow maneuvered itself into isolation, because the only thing the 'normal' people in the streets can do is read the articles about the science, and then determine whether they believe them or not, simply because they are not fluent in the language the message was given in.

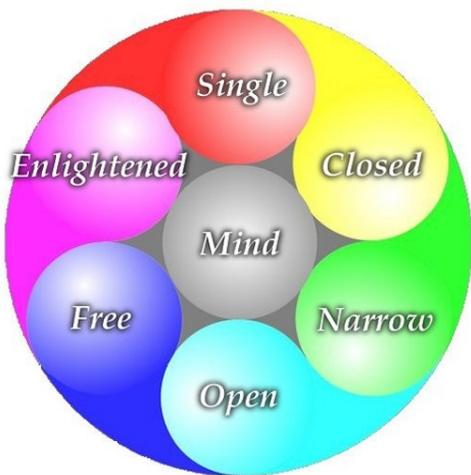
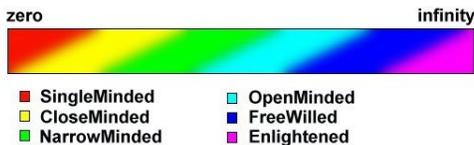
However, it is said that humans can only take into account *seven* things at a time. If we have no trouble believing that, is it then so difficult to believe that the tools the Cosmos gave us have this seven-fold structure built *into their very core*? I believe I've shown at least this: that the same structure appears equally in geometry, mathematics, and even language. And it doesn't stop there: do you think bees just came up with the honeycomb structure all by themselves? Nope, they have similar connections to the hive mind, to the Cosmos.

But let's just come up with a few more interesting combinations of words. I know that sometimes you don't quite get the combinations you want, because one word seems to be left over, or because you are one short. Just remember that in the end divisions are trivial, and a word you may think fits, could actually just as well fit an adjacent SevenSphere, or actually be one of the six additional spheres in the 3D form of the set. Is it not reminiscent of mitosis, that the six extra spheres almost make up the seven required to create the second cell?



Let's start challenging: what we call science can easily be subdivided into six disciplines, like the image on the left. You might think astronomy would also fit there, but in fact, that is related to Physics. And all the other expensive name for various disciplines? They can also be either added as one of the six additional spheres, or as further subdivisions of one of these six. Because let's be frank: the neurons inside your brain link together into such linked concept based on *your* experience. Who is to say that where you are concerned, you've had dealings with all six, or maybe an entirely different subset? A Medium would score different from a scientist, but both would be human, and thus subject to the limit of seven. And there is the mingling factor: many of us

speak two or more languages. My brain makes (largely) the same neurons fire when we talk about science or 'wetenschap' which is the Dutch word for science. Frankly, I prefer the Dutch variation, because literally translated, it means 'the craft of knowing'. But still, triggered by either word, I resort to generally the same point inside my neural network, which handles those terms.



At one time before the drawing of the Yin & Yang mandalas, I once figured I could divide the concept of open-mindedness in six stages. Having by chance again come across that image recently, I immediately saw how it fit into the concept of the seven words. But oddly enough, doing so immediately gave me the insight that single-minded and enlightened kinda fold back onto one another, like genius and insanity do....

No doubt, we could also find just about six stages between insanity and genius. "Heck, I could easily mentions dozens!" you would probably reply. But apart from the fact that dozens are still multiples of six, how many fall generally into the same category? And how often have we all asked ourselves if we were crazy? I clearly remember one moment where I myself couldn't quite convince myself I was absolutely sane:

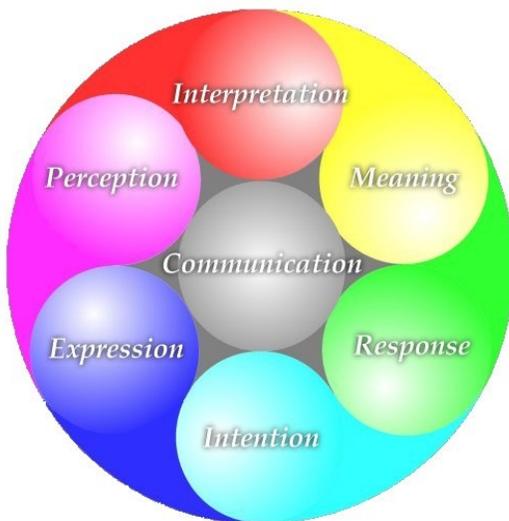
It was a normal day, and I needed to urgently send two E-mails to colleagues. Unfortunately my normal mail server was down, forcing me into a solution that I'd avoided until then: register for a mail address at MSN, just to be able to send those mails. I went to the site, and it politely asked me to tell it which address I'd like to have. Not wanting to be given a numbered address, I knew I'd need a long string, which was likely to be unique. Being intrigued by the concept of our global consciousness at that time, and

figuring I was a part of it just like anybody else, I typed 'biggeniuscommonalis' before the mandatory '@msn.com'. That would surely be unique, or so I thought. To my utter amazement though, the site reported the address to be already taken! Darn, now I'd still get a mail address ending in a number! Well then, the least offensive of the six alternatives was the one ending in 42, because that at least reminded me of the Meaning of Life. I chose it, and then had to pinch myself real hard in order to know I wasn't dreaming when the site told me:

'Congratulations, your new E-mail address is now biggeniuscommonalis@msn.com'

It gave me the *exact* address that it had told me was already taken about 42 seconds before! Afterward, I figured that only an Easter egg, diligently implanted by one of the Microsoft programmers could have been the cause of this in the normal material world, but it did remain special to me, and I still have that address.

Communication can just as well be explained in six clear terms, which basically form the six steps of two-way communication.



1. There is of course the intent that one has with the communication about to be attempted.
2. Depending on the skill of the individual, his or her expression may or may not properly transmit the intention. A baby can quite easily draw attention to itself, but the mother may not know yet how to properly discern between 'I'm hungry' and 'I'm sleepy'.
3. Perception however tends to home in on subtle differences, and as such, the mother will acquire the skill to discern between the messages.
4. The interpretation may be clear, but the meaning the receiver gives to it may be different depending on the state of mind of the receiver. To mom it might mean having to heat up the bottle, or perhaps even go to the store first, if she's out of milk.
5. Depending on what needs to be done, her response towards the baby will also be completely different.

Of course, it is completely clear that communication can and will quickly turn into a cascade of choices, which might make it totally different from what the intentions of the first party were. Especially if receiving parties other than the intended public are involved, or the intended public is a broad target like everyone who encounters a billboard on the street, it is quite sure not many people will catch highly suggestive messages in just the same way.....

Basically, the next chapter will take this 'failure to communicate' to a whole new level. Believe it or not, the Cosmos even has a perfect solution which makes this no failure at all!

6. Music was my First Love.....

He, more than any of us, saw through the music and through the love. Or do you think John Miles' Music was a hit for so long if he'd been singing about just any lady, no matter how precious? No, what he did, long before the movies made it all much more explicit, was to create a wormhole, an Einstein-Rosen bridge in the concept of music and whatever they sang about in those days.

John Miles took the proverbial pinup from later movie imitations, folded her space like it was Japanese Origami, and let her pass through unharmed so she, a mere concept, could come out the other end as the embodiment of the music.

Yes, that's the weird thing about love: what turns preference into it? Where does "I like" become "I Love"? Does it hit you in the heart like a two by four hits you in the head? Or is it subtle at times, and completely unavoidable at other times? If the cosmos is Infinite, is True Love the inescapable destiny then? Well, if you want it to be.....

It wasn't quite true love when I met my then future wife, and my mind calmly assessed the situation: "It isn't Her, but for now she's probably the best I can find" That may have sounded a lot more crude than it was intended, because by that time I'd already come to the conclusion that Love for me was more a widespread thing than something exclusive to only one partner. Any mate I'd land would have to know that I'd just as well help a total stranger if his or her need was pressing enough. And that doesn't mean I'd do anything to upset my partner, at least not in a way that she'd be right to be offended. Monogamy is a double choice, one which both partners make. And if you can't make at least that one choice fit, then a relationship has little chance.

Anyway, even back then my environment gave me this image of the ultimate One, and plenty of choices to make, which were mostly of the "She'll do...." type, because I wasn't ready for more. The perfect image was being fed into my life, and all imagery around me that laid out my neural network the way it needed to be. I still wasn't ready to jump, like van Halen told me time and time again, but my manic mind made me a rather tricky character to live with. So in the end, my marriage ended by the time the kids were big enough to understand what was going on. Divorce came swift and decisive, and handed me yet another choice to go for another round. But oddly enough I looked back, saw the zig where there should have been a zag, and decided right there and then that compromise would no longer be in my choice of a mate. Being an Octopussy however, it would still take a while for the decision to take hold. So in the meantime I kept wondering why I couldn't make romance work the way I wanted to. Or was it perhaps that I still didn't know what I wanted?

From the moment I made that choice, the Cosmos had a few surprises in store for me. One of those was a female colleague who just by her cheerful and lovely appearance formed a hurdle of immense proportions, even if I forgot about the fact she was newly wed. There really was no way I'd try to get closer to her, for any purpose! But Love has a way, and so I soon found out she loved to talk, especially to me! A week later we had grown into the routine of heading out of the office at lunch time, and returning half an hour later....

Now telling the entire story has already been done, if you'll just take the time to read my second book, a scifi novel called 'Make It Real' that I created for myself, just to explain to me how such a beauty could come into my life for about a year, and then mysteriously disappear, leaving me with enough clues about her to fill an entire book, and no clue whatsoever as to where I could find her again.

I'm not afraid I won't meet her again, there is no fear involved anymore. There is just the absolute knowing that my Cosmos isn't that cruel to wave her in front of me, and then take her away for good. It is like Ellie's testimony before the inquiry committee in the movie Contact. Since I cannot convey the emotions involved as beautifully as Jodie Foster does, I'll just point you to the fragment on Youtube:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CSzyO86Npj0>

It is mostly the end of the fragment that hits you hardest, but watching the entire scene will help you to better understand the ultimate outcome. Those eighteen minutes turned a die-hard scientist into a believer, who needs no religion to bolster her undying faith!

As it turns out, we all can believe whatever we believe, and refuse to believe what we simply cannot believe, and the Cosmos delivers. We can call it the Magic Infinity like Robbie Valentine did, or use the more elegant term Complex Simplicity that Teedra Moses once used for her album, or we can simply call it God, Allah, the Grand Design or the Incredible Machine, but its intention remains one and the same: to beat us to the punch when it comes to making things according to our will. And that is damn hard, because we humans are famous for making up our minds, and then immediately having our ego or our fears countermand them!

And thus we are jumping from one reality to the other, frantically trying to get whatever we think would be 'fair' to have. But take it from a dyed-in-the-wool wisher: the best wishes are like 'fire and forget' rockets! Gratitude is nice, but don't keep repeating your wants, because that won't make them arrive any faster: it is more like my microwave: the moment you stop twiddling the time dial, the oven kicks in mere fractions of a second later! Like me, finishing this book now, simply because it is the most fun thing I could think of doing. And right now it isn't a contest whether the lady or this book lands on 11-11-11 first, even if the random player tries to make me tremble now by playing Robbie Valentine's "Don't Make Me Wait Forever". But in fact, I could take that to mean she shouldn't or wouldn't make me wait forever, or I could see it as a message from her, telling me to hurry up and get to the right reality! Because believe it or not, even without any means of locating her it would in fact still be possible, once I truly *believe* it!

But that's balance for you: there are just as many indications that can be used in favor of a certain outcome as there are indications against a certain outcome. And many of both can be believed to be either 'evidence' pro or contra! Sure, if you tell too many people about them, those furthest from your particular reality will ridicule you, because from their reality they simply cannot arrive at that same conclusion! Just like this book will certainly not be read by everyone, because it's non-scientific and common language will deter quite a few scientific minds.....

Let me give you an example, where one's view of things may well lead one to the 'other' conclusion: in a wound, we see white blood cells, part of the defenses of the body, and we know they are on the 'good' side. We can also detect bacteria and viruses there, and our immediate conclusion would be that they have to be on the other side, with the bad guys. But just liken it to some disaster in a big city which you are witnessing from the roof of a skyscraper: at that altitude, even with binoculars, you'd have trouble keeping apart the firemen, policemen and the crowd, let alone the sole arsonist. And that is only easier than identifying the role of the viruses because we know about the dress code of the rescue workers!

So, if you see viruses inside an inflamed area, you could very well come to the conclusion that the viruses aren't in fact injecting alien DNA into the body, but rather injecting those cells that need it with DNA from elsewhere in the body, where it's still OK. In that way they'd be the second line of defense, in case the white blood cells fail. I know I read this somewhere in the past few years, on some site on the Web. I'm not stealing the idea, but given the fact that for each of us the Cosmos exists as the Infinite environment that surround us as the ultimate center, I can only express my gratitude in that way, where we are all the Masters and Mistresses of Our Cosmos. So from one Master to another: I thank you!

So yes, another view on the inflamed areas might have given viruses an entirely different role. But then the same goes for everything we observe: I've mentioned the fact here that time is a man-made division of something that need not be divided, and perhaps you will have difficulty following that reasoning. Let me tell you about a live action replay, that made me come to the conclusion that all is relative, even time:

It was during my college days, when we kids used to fool around on the concrete tiles of the school yard. It was surrounded by an almost waist-high wall, that didn't have a flat surface, but more one like a slanted roof: 45 degree slopes and a narrow edge along the center. We kids were taking turns running towards it, and jumping on, then walking along it as far as we could balance ourselves, and then we'd jump off. I'd done it a few times, and figured I could just clear the entire wall altogether, and jump out into the quiet street behind it. I ran, launched myself, and then suddenly became aware of my toes touching the wall as I went over it!



That at least was what time seemed to do: it came to a screeching halt, me suspended in mid-air on top of the wall. "Hmm, how to go next?" Looking right showed me a car approaching, heading for the same stretch of cobblestones that would become my next resting place, if I didn't act now... Parked cars across the street, with a gap between them that just might shelter me if I could reach it. I rolled up never wondering if landing on the cobblestones would give me a damaged vertebrae, and went for the gap across the street. The

roll perfectly executed it had me standing upright even before the car passed behind my back! Right that moment, the mysterious ticking sound came back, and I was once again a prisoner of time.....

7. To Sync or not to Sync.....

There are moments in our lives, when we have the idea we've been swimming for too long, and are about to sink in the circumstances of our own doing. Or worse yet, someone else's doing! Life isn't quite as desirable as we would like it to be, and the sinking feeling is usually stemming from the perceived lack of infinite possibilities we see around us. Is it just a finite mess of limited probability, or can something else be gleamed from what transpires?

In my humble opinion, it is all a matter of perception: if you see the world around you as governed by finite probabilities, then that is what you get: more finite probabilities. While your glass is half empty, the optimists run off with a half full glass. Are they any better off? You betcha! They enjoy their ice tea while you bother about getting your glass truly filled. What is the difference between them and you? They have come to believe that there is always some source to provide their needs. Sure, they may be at the front of the line when stuff is given away for free, at least at first, but as they evolve their trust in Infinity grows with them: Abundance isn't just having a lot of something: just having enough of it at the very moment you need it is also a form of Infinite Abundance, and our Cosmos has evolved into a master of this art! And like any artwork, the artist signs his or her work, time and time again!

So stop looking at things like there is a finite number of probabilities staring you in the face. It's OK to use probability, but use it to launch yourself back into the world of Infinite Possibilities: notice those events that strike you as odd, by their sheer impossibility when viewed from the probabilistic viewpoint: an example from my first encounters with the syncs is the fact that back then, I discerned music by the force of its lyrics. Some taught me more of what I held to be my view of the world, while others didn't. Driving to work one morning, I heard some song that obviously 'had it'. My next thought was about A-ha and their hit Take on Me: "would their lyrics have it as well?", I thought while listening to the radio. That very moment, the DJ tossed out the song I'd been listening to, and announced the very hit from a distant past I was pondering! Odds? About one in how many hits could he have chosen? Considering the realm of possible choices, I figured it could *not* have been coincidence: there was a force at work here, and I was hooked!

By now, I'm many years older, and have seen syncs that would blow anyone's mind. A fair bit of them led me to believe that the only way I could explain it all to myself was to write a novel about it in order to ease my mind. That became my second novel, still awaiting publication. But maybe this third one will launch before the second one....

But the weird thing is, the story of that second novel didn't end there. Instead, any silent thought about that very enticing story was often immediately followed by new and totally unexpected syncs answering them. Like for instance I got the feeling that because the book sort of wrote itself, with me only 'taking dictation', it was a creational story, a book that contained my deepest thoughts, which would eventually become my destiny. When I'd read the Gentle Way II, Tom T Moore's second book on Most Benevolent Outcomes, I started experimenting with them. Basically, you're sync-harvesting that way: you ask a question, let it go, and await its fulfillment with faith. When it does come true, that can very well be considered a sync, especially if the odds of that outcome were small. With some exercise, I

dared ask how much of my Make IT Real! novel would come true. I spent the night watching TV, and when the movie had ended, I decided that I'd waited enough time to get a clear and unambiguous answer, and hadn't received one. However, the moment I sat down to mark that failure to communicate in my diary, the Cosmos made me laugh out loud by very clearly making me notice a few words blasted from the TV to my right as a commercial about beautiful colored hair ended in: "100%!". Those kind of just-in-time solutions is where the Cosmos excels.

Basically, it is not about noticing things, but more like noticing that you are noticing: lets just go on to another great source of syncs, the highway. Trucks drive by my office many times a day, and my desk is set facing the window, like that of Russell Crowe in a Beautiful Mind. I can work diligently all day, yet the moment I lean back and sip my coffee, the sync machine kicks in: have you ever noticed how trucks are painted certain ways, so you can react to them? More and more, you'll see trucks showing only one large letter clause, which apparently is no company name, and not even always a URL. Sure, if it says 'A2BONLINE' its bound to be a URL, but if you then complete it with a .COM or even a .NL, they lead to sites that apparently haven't been finished yet, but merely claim the domain.

And the combinations are endless: I once laughed out loud when a German tanker truck only gave me the word 'FLUSSIGZUCKER', which means 'liquid sugar'. But the real killer was the Pepsi truck immediately behind it, which had lettering larger than the Pepsi logo on the side: "DON'T WORRY! There is no Sugar!". Now that was a self-referencing one, but more often than not, such outbursts of abnormality will directly relate to what you were thinking at the time. And often, the association it relates to is so intimate, that you dare not tell anyone about the link. I talk about this stuff to certain people, but avoid it like the plague for certain others: they would simply suggest that I'd forgotten to take my pills, and would advise me to 'Go See the Doctor!!'

And you can find them anywhere! Being a convinced public transport user, I'm in sync mode from the moment I close the door behind me, and get on my bike to cycle to the station. That first leg of the journey to work is spent noticing car registration numbers, advertizing billboards, and anything else that will get my attention. Like for instance, we think it coincidence that just one light post switches on or off the moment we cycle right below it. So did I at first, until I came to the realization that having this happen at least twice a week for the last five years straight is in no way probable if you stick to stochastic principles! And yes, that does have relevance to my life, when my most terrifying nightmare ever had me running away from a gold fish that blinked, down a corridor where every overhead light went dark the very moment I passed under it! It sort of made me sensitive to lights going on or off, and thus five hundred of those lights over the past turned into a surefire heartbeat of light that shows me all is well, and about to get better!



Next leg of the journey is the station and the train, where advertising and graffiti play their own very distinct role in the sync parade. Graffiti, some hate it while others love it. One that is prevalent in our area is a capital M which is encircled like an @ sign. To me that shows me that staying on the middle path is the thing to do, but then all of a sudden it is accompanied by another word, which makes it oddly relevant to some of my deeper thoughts. Others have very distinct good advice, like the last image on the previous page.

It is intentionally misspelled, but its advice is clear: "WISH, then MELLOW out". Basically, this is a very compact overview of Tom T. Moore's MBO books: you wish for what you desire, even if it is to help someone else, and then mellow out because you know it'll be alright. And while we're on the subject of Moore: back when I wanted to claim my own little spot on the Web, morelife seemed a great domain to claim. But unfortunately, morelife.nl was already taken. Thinking of Gordon Moore, I settled for moorelife.nl. And since then, Moore's have been popping up left, right and center, providing usually very significant information with regard to my path, showing me that morelife.nl would have been the less optimal choice....

It isn't about setting out to see a certain thing. It is more about suddenly noticing that something is positively skewed in your perception of the world around you. Like for instance, license plates starting with 88 are noticeable to me. Not because I decided that beforehand, but because traveling along, I suddenly realized that in the 90 minute trip home, I'd seen more than fifteen of them in the cars that passed, from my boss's Alfa Romeo in the office parking lot, right to one in front of my place. Basically, that was the one sync that hinted I write a book about Infinity. It's those impossible probabilities again, you know? Chance of a plate starting with 88 is less than 1 in a hundred because there are those that start in letters here in Holland. And I can't have encountered an average of 1500 cars on my trip, since an hour of those 90 minutes is spent in a train away from cars....



Now the one above might be called a supersync, but not because it was farfetched: to you maybe it is, but it is the nature of the way it hits you: I sat on the train across from this guy who took a folding bike with him. As we talked, I suddenly noticed the brand of the bike: EVERY. Odd thing was, that I'd have passed it by if the name had been AVERY, which I know is an English name. But EVERY to me is just an English word. And being a word cruncher, I also noticed the brand on the tire: CONTACT. Apart from that being one of my favorite movies, it kind of rang true when I added them up: "Every Contact...." looked like the start of a sentence, a rule of experience even. And then, just before I had to leave the train, the orange reflectors caught my Dutch eye. Yes, Orange is our national color! And then it hit me: the bike simply reflected to me the one rule that was quite obvious: without saying anything, it had made me realize that "Every Contact Reflects.", just like a pane of glass lets part of the light through unhindered, but reflects the rest. Just like we tell our problems to colleagues, only to realize we've just made them clear to ourselves!

I just had time to get my phone to capture the image, before having to get out and walk to work. Too full of my discovery, the syncs on the walk to the office got drowned out by this one, which kept me in perfect mood all day!

Another great sync had to do with my second novel, where I wrote part of the story in 4444AD, which was basically the most future incarnation of my main characters. I also had their current incarnations meet on 10-10-10, which seemed doable with regard to the publishing activities. When events in the real world related to this story fed me the synchronous number 7777, I thought it fitting, but not extraordinary. And I was right, because the real sync came, when the publisher experienced delays that sort of forced me to move the significant date to 11-11-11. Only months later did I suddenly realize that numerologically speaking, 4 and 7 add up to 11, and I had four fours, four sevens and four elevens! You may think that's one eleven too many, but even that one has an explanation, although not one I'd like to divulge right now....

But I think you get my drift: live, observe, and sooner or later something will attract your attention, because it is positively significant to you, or just rings true! The meaning you give it need not specially be the same meaning the sender of the message had in mind. Heck, the sender of the message may not even have meant it for you! Any form of communication has an infinite number of sides, the one who initiates it has his or her intentions, but their expressions of it are just raw gems to anyone else. They are entirely free to take it the way it was put out, or they can slant the message any way they like, depending on the actual wiring of their minds. One such example is the famous "What's on a man's mind?" image, reportedly originally drawn by Sigmund Freud. This and other images and puzzles may just look like fun, but they are training for more: once you realize that this multiplicity of meanings exists in *every* observation you make, and no



matter how much you are trying to pick the right one, it need not be that of the sender. Here too, there is relativity, just like Einstein talked about in his work. Only this time, it is the relativity between sender and message, and the relativity between message and receiver. Add to that the relativity between the message and any observer passing by, and you've got a pretty infinite number of possibilities!

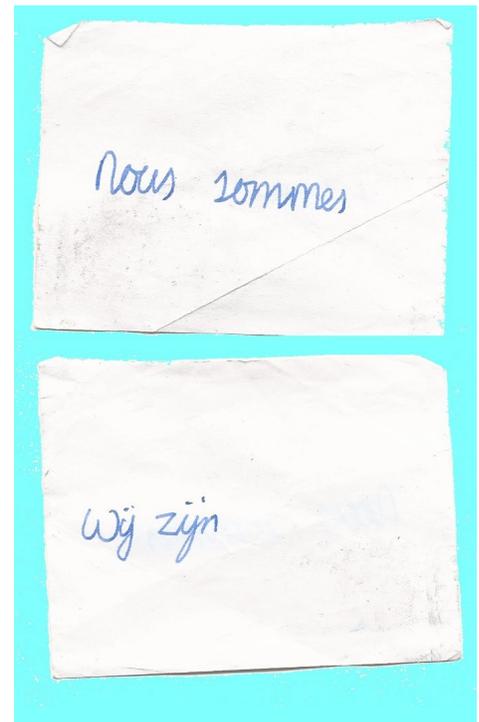
And you can go exploring in your past as well: just notice how perfectly in tune your favorite of music is with you! It may be quite obvious, because you playing that music has of course trained your neural net to love it, but at the same time you may well have encountered moments that you passed by a record store, went in and came out five minutes later with new music, totally selected because of a sleeve design, or a suggestive album title. Happened to me quite frequently, and there is one such shopping spree I want to recount here as well:

I headed into town one day, and stopped at the local music store to buy a few CD's. I'd shopped without watching my budget, but had added up the prices so I'd know what to pay. At the cash register, the clerk mentioned an amount that was significantly lower than what I expected! Now how often does it happen that the end amount is *less* than you expect? Leaving the store, I immediately yanked a few computer discs from a rack across the street, which also indicated a certain price to me. To my utter astonishment, the second sales guy also knocked off one of the prices, because he couldn't find one of the disks in the computer any more! Twice in a row, did I feel lucky? Yep!

Now I had seen the Casio camera watch on the Web, priced too steeply to be attractive. Nowadays it would be cripple, with its 120x120 pixel gray-scale camera, but back then it was a gadget. On the off chance and my incredible luck that day, I entered the nearest jeweler's store, and inquired after the nifty gadget. Believe it or not, the guy across the counter not only knew what I was talking about, but he actually had one in store, and asked a price for it that was substantially lower than the prices I'd seen on the Web! Now what are the odds that such a cheap trick happens *three times in a row*?

Such positivity will have you wanting to tell everyone about it, but be warned: not everyone will believe such stories, and their disbelief might pull you down again as well. Just keep in mind that there are Infinities of realities, and we need not especially exist all in the same one. What we choose to perceive and what we choose to do simply aligns us with those beings and situations that are conducive to us getting where we want to go. The only thing that can possibly spoil our plans, are our own thoughts and actions! You get what you give!

And yes, we get far more syncs than the ones we ask for! Just this week, I parked my bicycle in the subterranean storage, and mounted the concrete stairway like I do every workday. On the top of the stairs, parked in such a



way that I just *had* to notice, was a small piece of paper which read: “nous sommes” in French, or “we are” in English. Now I have a bit of a love / hate relationship with French, but being immediately reminded of me and my destined one, I picked it up. Turning it over, I noticed how, in order to alleviate that French setback, the same statement was also repeated in Dutch! Sure, some kid lost that note, but I dare not compute the odds of him or her losing precisely that one piece of paper from what apparently looked like a set exactly there where I would find it!

Another unasked sync was this one, of which my friend Sangeeta later said that it was absolutely meant for me! Basically, just another work day, but having been bug testing for about a day and a half, I made the spur of the moment decision to ask for half a day off. Having gotten the approval, I walked towards the station, and stepped onto the platform like I always do. A small card was lying there on the ground, and as I picked it up, it read: “With this rose we thank you for your volunteer work”. No rose in sight, so I discarded the card, already positively influenced by an unexpected thank you. I walked about 150 meters, half the length of the platform, right up to the point that I knew would land me in front of the stairwell on the station where I had to transfer to the next train. And right there, demonstratively positioned on the bench, was the rose! It was a yellow and red one, and as such would go perfectly with the long orange vases that I had at home. But could I get it home in good health? Its capsule, needed to provide water to the end of the stem, was already dry, and I knew that water would be in dire demand on a train platform out in nowhere-ville. But as it turned out I was wrong! Not ten meters further, a half empty bottle of water was lying on the concrete tiles! Again, one of these impossible probabilities, of finding both card, rose, and water at a time when I normally wouldn't have been waiting for a train!.....

7.1 Back to Life, back to Reality....

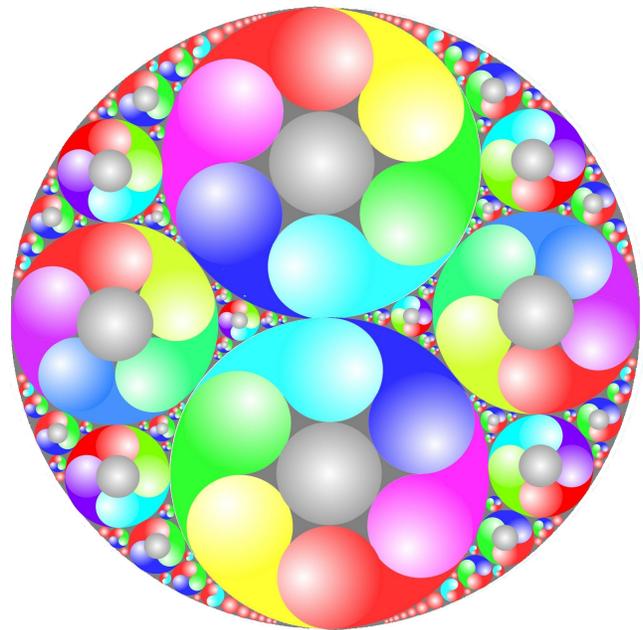
Now the previous chapter may have been a bit wild for you. I knew that when I tossed you into the deep end of the pool. But like computer games, I'm not doing it to your body, just your mind. Back to some stuff you might already know, but hadn't considered in this context. We've talked about language, and how the structure of it shows a relationship to mathematics and shapes and forms. But in a Cosmos where One is All and All are One, there are many other relativities to consider.....

We talked about language consisting of three letter combinations for a given language, and there being a common subset basic to all languages. Well, aside from the length of these fragments, we can also consider the fact that these fragments are usually seen in streams, one following the other. But streams are dynamic, they flow, meander, join, lie dormant, etc. Ring any bells yet?

Yes, language and thought are both streams, consisting of many atomic ideas beaded together into a beautiful piece of woven cloth in all dimensions. But they are both not in the least bit hindered by anything as trivial as the boundaries of the human mind, of any mind for that matter! See it a bit like the image on the right:

This is one of the more colorful and complex mandalas I drew back in 2001. I called it harmony, because although all the different colors are there, it mainly breathes one concept: 'Color'. Who cares if it is red, blue, yellow or puke?

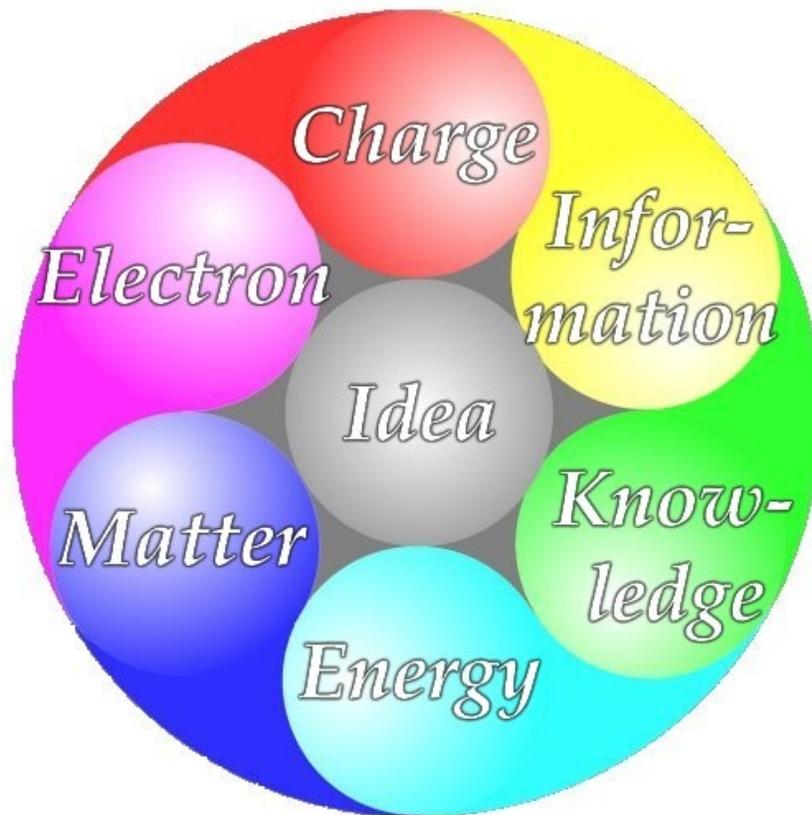
Next concept we see displayed here is unity, spherical in this case, but that is a mere simplification. What we do observe are boundaries within boundaries, just like we have our skin as a boundary, and just like our cells have their boundaries. And then we're all back to the sync-thingy again: I'm side-showing myself StarGate SG1 and just put on the episode that was my 'next one'. Can you believe it is the exact same episode where the SG1-team ends up in a hall where some device shows them a projection of numerous spherical composites, that they remember as chemical compounds? It absolutely syncs with the image above, with all I'm trying to describe here! And if that is not enough, the knowledge about the Cosmos is just about what they have to sacrifice to get home! Well, no problem: we've already seen that any subset of the All can be used to know it!



But back to Life, back to Reality: the image on the previous page equals the world, where we exchange our information and gather our knowledge. Now we could be straight thinkers, and imagine our information flowing from center to center. For everyday reality that is probable, since we observe ourselves as finite objects, that have a certain distance. But first of all we are not finite, and second we already learned that distance is a man-made attribute, which basically put us on some kind of grid, which science had to bend in order to make their theories fit.

But what if, because thought and energy are the base of matter, we view things from the perspective of the *thought*, rather than what thought has materialized? Like Einstein realized that a man dropping off a roof weighs nothing, I'm going one step further, and back to basics!

What is, in our material world, the essential carrier of information? I guess most of us would agree that the most tiny element that carries information is an electron. It has a unit charge, and from what my college teacher told me about them, they are the absolute racing engine (watch Tron) of the subatomic world. At near light speed they race through our seemingly material reality, and they basically never cut corners. I mean, how could they? That's why the motorbikes in Tron do: to make you realize that it is counter-natural! But there is a nasty chicken and egg trick in this paragraph: with most of us never realizing, the reality has again sneaked in as the carrier of the electron. And the electron is the carrier of the charge, the charge in turn is the carrier of the information, and information in turn carries the knowledge, sort of like this:



Now believe it or not, at the start of this chapter I had no idea this was going to be in it! But it fits perfectly, and I'm in no way going to remove it. In fact, I'll carry on but in a way different direction.

Let's focus on the base of this diagram, the Energy. Common human knowledge about it says that it is an interaction of Electricity and Magnetism, which work on one another according to the right hand rule: if you give a thumbs up with your right hand in the direction of a current, you have your fingers pointing in the direction that the magnetic field coils around the wire. Likewise, if the wire flow in a circular way, the same rule will tell you where the north pole of the resulting magnetic field is. The third element is the charge, because basically, if there is no charge moving, then there is no electricity, and thus also no magnetism. But still, it doesn't feel complete. Because I have on earlier pages claimed that any concept may be represented by a set of six other concepts, in either a 1x6, 2x3, 3x2, or 6x1 configuration. Let me try and complete this image for the Energy concept, which would of course border seamlessly on the image from the previous page.



Now the whole EM-relationship triggers in me the idea that Relativity is a key component of Energy. That's why I put that at the base. And the fact that we're dealing with electrons means that the whole wave/particle duality should also be in there. The other three were already there, with charge also being mentioned at the top in the previous diagram. That left the blue segment for Electricity and green for Magnetism. Notice how it relates to Matter and Knowledge in the previous SevenSphere?

And it syncs perfectly with the technology in our era, where magnetic core memory was one of the first ways of storing information in this computer age, and electrons are used now for the same

purpose. Similarly, Information is like one or more particles of Knowledge, but that too feels like it is incomplete. But since I don't have a clue yet about how to proceed, I'll go for a bunch of Joy and a good night's sleep, and we'll meet again tomorrow after work.

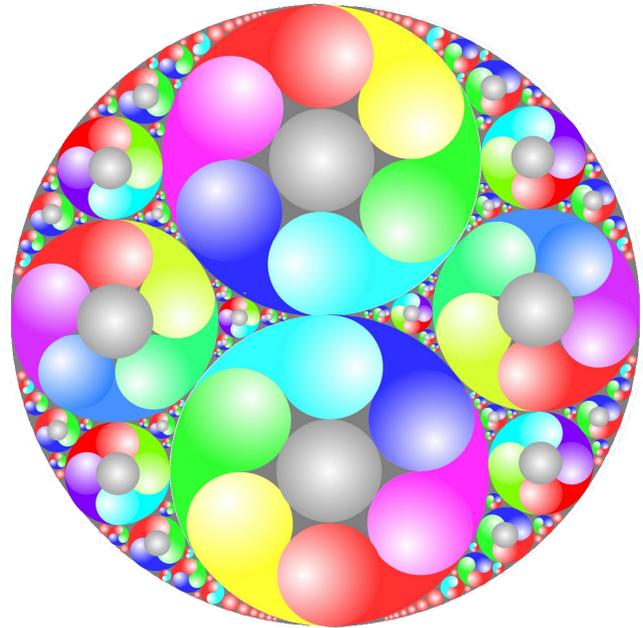
Well, that was quick! Right now, I've circled around Dreamscape, and then out to work and back, and my friends from SG-1 spent several days on far greater circles involving some gate-made wormholes. But no matter where we went, we're all right here, right now. Even you who may be reading this once I put it on the Web are here. It is the exact feeling that Micheal Ende (pun intended) described so beautifully in the NeverEnding Story: Bastian reading the book, and at the same time deeply influencing the story. Yes, lots of people know how the Cosmos works, but most shy away from describing it through regular science, because the restrictions of it are just too darn much like a straight-jacket! And that leaves them the science of fiction and fantasy. Now I am a bit of an odd job: aside from the lack of a steel-rimmed hat, and my love for scifi and technology, I also have this deep-seated desire to figure out and explain Reality. So this book is an odd job as well: it tells mainly anecdotes from my life sofar,

and like a spider, this Webmind of mine tries to link them all together, into a ball of self-referencing tidbits, since Einstein taught us All is Relative. So relating information into facts and from there into knowledge seems a reasonable activity to enjoy....

You must forgive me my meandering, hyperjumps and wild prepositions. The Stargate team on my newly acquired 32 inch flatscreen synchronistically struggles with one of my more 'out there' ideas, when a Stargate they went through delivers them to a weird humanoid who built robotic replicas of them, and transferred their consciousness into them. This episode is just a more detailed exploration of the idea, in a somewhat less optimistic flavor.

But back to the colorful image a few pages before. Circles look like entities, of various sizes. And we could model the flow of information like we do our simplification of gravity: concentrate the mass in the middle and that means the gravity vectors pass through the surface of the entities at a right angle.

But what if we think about the fact that electricity and magnetism flow relative to each other, and electrons will not make right angles, and will not even want to be observed going through a certain opening, as we saw in the two slit experiment. Could there be a logic to the wave/particle duality, in terms of normally explainable phenomena?



Let's see, we've already read that gravity in fact isn't concentrated at the center of a mass, but instead is strongest on the surface. And charge is similar: a charged metal sphere will have its charge on the outside as well. So the most sensitive areas for the corresponding forces are on the outside of the spheres. Now if an electron was a particle at any time, and it collided with a larger body, then I would not even have to close my eyes to literally see the rippling effect as the colliding particle went into wave mode and traversed the surface and the interior of the object, as either transverse or longitudinal waves. That could be considered a right angle for a Tron.....

What I'm trying to explain is that the flow of charge or electron is *along* the lines separating the various colored areas, even if it does transfer from one larger entity to the other. That is called information exchange. And why would electrons fly at breakneck speed in such semi-circular trajectories? Well, they do it when we shoot them into a bubble tank, right? And let's not forget that the whole gravity concept is similar: the Cosmos is made up of humongous soap bubbles, and the centers of these bubbles are so massive that anything there is eventually there would be no change of us ever traveling there because of the massive gravity. Where we can and do exist, is where our celestial bodies are, on the thin boundary

layer where the massive gravity of the larger bubbles cancel each other out!

Think of it: all the time, when watching our kids blowing bubbles, we look straight at the secrets of the cosmos, without realizing that same mechanism holds for both soap bubbles, subatomic particles, and cosmological structures. Now I'm not sure that was the entire model range for this bubble mechanism, but you'll probably get my picture: the color and the soap are on the surface planes, either external or internal. Same goes for the larger gravity mechanism, where the life is on the thin boundary layers of say a few light years, that have little or no net gravitational pull from the 'empty regions' of space.

But where I'm going to is that it is a tiny bit more complicated than that. My job as a software engineer taught me to see programs as entities, that contain a certain amount of knowledge. Worked for me for years, but just this afternoon my manager came in for a chat about what I was supposed to test. But somehow, what he talked about today didn't fit into my neat product, program and function categorization. Since he talked mainly in three letter abbreviations, I first had to ask for clarification. The abbreviations were explained easily enough, but it took me some more probing and communicating until I found out he was talking about profiles, which are basically chunks of functionality, that cross system boundaries, but are described as a singular design. Web-based systems are usually the same, there can be any number of servers and clients in a system, as they span the globe. Or did you think Google is just one single very powerful computer, handling all our queries?

It is my belief that computing is currently hitting its head against the wall, or maybe more against a glass ceiling. We need to turn programming into a similar bubble-like structure, where function, code, documentation and testing are self-contained. Object-oriented was a nice attempt in that direction, but it was not nearly enough. What about self-diagnostics, or even self-maintenance? That could only be achieved once we know how to build software like Nature does it! Now this pursuit is something that came to me a while back, but I'm saving that challenge for another time. Right now I'm still way too busy to find proper requirements and documentation to test my programs against....

8. Void? I'm not Void!!!

They say Nature abhors a vacuum. That, for all intents and purposes is not a law, but a certainty anyone paying even the slightest bit of attention knows. Dig a hole big enough, and something or someone is bound to fill it. But even those who know it consciously don't always appreciate the very ubiquitous properties of Nature that pertain to this dislike. Or perhaps I'm not doing the Cosmos a favor by calling it a dislike. It is more a direct and unavoidable consequence of its longing for balance. Notice the void we just unknowingly passed? *Unavoidable* simply says you can not turn something into a void. And if your whole being is utterly convinced that it IS, that is just what a *voiding* invokes: the idea that those out there are somehow different from you, and can be avoided. Heck, I do it too: when traversing the streets or seating myself on a bus or train, I habitually avoid initiating contact with others, until such a time as they see fit to address me, or I have some anecdote to tell that somehow fits into their conversation. Shy? Nah, just creating a void for as far as it will go, because voids tend to be filled with one of the many interesting possibilities when we're not watching. Like yesterday: I had trouble creating a big void on the train home, because it was jam-packed with people eager to start their weekend. Finally I found a space traveling backwards on a foursome of chairs, facing each other two by two. Both people on the window seats were already involved in activities not really relevant to my presence, so I sat down opposite the one remaining seat, knowing full well that I'd just filled a bigger vacuum and left a smaller one to be filled by the Cosmos. Yup, no matter what you are, as an inseparable and holographic part of the Cosmos you are bound by its tendency to fill vacuums. And so was I. Shortly before the train left the station, a young lady sat down opposite me with only the slightest look of recognition on her face. Pretty thing too, one that I'd consider a 'checklist candidate': in my list of what I like in women, she tallied up quite well! I had no idea of her personal interest in me, which could have been anything from 'desire to educate the dog' to 'I wish he'd talk to me, because I sure as hell won't start the conversation'. Despite her silence though, her T-shirt spoke to me in clear and ambiguous language!

It had a cartoon dog on it, drawn in simple lines, and looking at me with those puppy-dog eyes at first. But then the ambiguity struck: two large eyes, a dark triangular rounded nose, and a head shape that suggested a female body. And there she was, laid bare for me to see: the body of the dog faded into the void, and any glance in that direction showed me her intent to make others think: think of the dog, or not the dog, or something completely different: the being!

I knew she was like me: a strong desire to make people think, but she did it by presenting enigmas of an entirely different order. Looking at her four breasts (2 dog, 2 non-dog), and her four eyes (2 dog, you got it...), I pondered their relevance to my being at that point. I knew better than to engage this beauty in a discussion of her choice of clothing. I knew I loved it, but had no idea about her motives in putting on the T-shirt. I also had no idea to try and seduce her given my past choice, but any reference to the T-shirt would clearly indicate my recognition of the sexual undertones of that statement, and thus my state of mind! So we sat there, the whole ride: she keeping a straight face that indicated a certain 'distance' towards

those who recognized the hand of the mistress in that morning's clothing ritual. It could very well be that she'd thaw the moment I admitted being captivated by the shirt and it's owner, but frankly I wasn't hunting, at least not for her (although she absolutely was a beauty, despite the straight face!)

I got up when the train reached my destination, and nodded to her as I turned around to leave the train car at the most opportune end. The ride home was enough to let her enigmatic statement sink in, as those ideas that have such a nature usually do: straight into my long term memory, without passing through the short term one.....

Well, this weekend turned out to be a fruitful one at that. I spent most of Friday night writing on this book, with a fair amount of Enterprise (with captain Archer and T'Pol) flooding the void that exists outside my conscious thoughts. This morning I woke up like the Energizer bunny, and spent my day changing dirty dishes into clean stuff, and empty pages into somewhat enjoyable text. The idea of the Cosmos abhorring a vacuum or void led to it loving Balance, which in turn led to it abhorring Accumulation. Funny to notice how my randomly playing Media Player now serves up Material Girl by Madonna, which basically is all about accumulation! Talk about enlightened lyrics? Yep, Madonna knows all about those, and made quite a few local accumulations just singing about it.

As for me, I pondered the accumulation of dirty dishes and cutlery, and headed for what I've become to call "Wax in, wax out"-work, which to me is a more elegant way of naming it than the female android in Bicentennial Man did: "just doing your 'Bitch' work!". Well, at least she had Rupert to blame, but no such being exists in my bachelor's pad: dirty dishes mostly are my work, or that of my ex brother-in-law, who has been living with me for the last half year. But because he does the dishes most of the time, I am not complaining that today that task falls upon me. And besides, he is very busy decorating his new place, which finally came through. And that is a priority I can understand, because Home is important.

But like I just said: there is a very nice threesome in the Cosmos, which are called Void, Balance and Accumulation. If you love balance, then voids, even lacks, and accumulations, even local ones are not your cup of tea. You will simply always strive for balance thus also balancing the other two. That works at the Cosmic level, but just as well at the normal everyday life level: if someone gathers enough of something, there are always people that either want the same, or simply want to deny another the privilege of having it. Same with lack and voids: once we notice a need, we tend to want to do something about it, preferably by using the double-edged sword approach: take from those that have, and give it to those that lack. Why do you think Robin Hood is such a strong tale?

As for me, the void in my tummy interrupted the writing of this book, in the sense that I was not actually typing on the keyboard. But never did the train of thought or consciousness leave the creative process behind: my mind on the cooking, fried noodles and baked eggs, I noticed how the two pans on the fire held three components each: noodles, pieces of meat and vegetables in one, and three eggs frying in the other. And if that wasn't ordered enough, there where even three different ingredients in the second pan: eggs, pepper and salt!

And now, eating it, I put on a DVD from the two seasons of Enterprise I'd borrowed from my

daughter's boyfriend. It wasn't random, but I simply picked up the next episode in my chronological viewing of it. Funny enough, it is all about the favorite food of one of the crew, and a very peculiar and troublesome form of first contact! Remember the first contact with the dog that wasn't? That could be construed as a difficult first contact as well. But enjoyable as she was, this episode of Star Trek Enterprise is far more intriguing! Nerd? You got it, to the core and proud of it. But now writing must be suspended, sacrificed to the process of making conscious a bit more of my infinite knowledge about the Cosmos. Because believe it or not, we all have the complete encyclopedia of the Cosmos right there in our subconscious, ready to access once you figure out how.....

8.1 *Good comes in threes, as does Bad.....*

My mother always used to say to me: "All good comes in threes!", or something similar. Well, the desire for Balance, the abhorrence of Vacuum and the relationship to Accumulation are such a threesome. And the next trinity ain't very far away: we may think like and dislike are a pair, but they are always accompanied by the third: a longing for balance to make sure all of our preferences get equal attention. Actually, the lot of them are interchangeable: where as single beings we view vacuum and accumulation as something either abhorrent or highly desirable, but all it would get us is more of the same..... or the opposite.

Back in 1973, lying awake long after mummy had tucked me in, I tackled this from an entirely different angle. In school I'd heard of the ancient Greeks, who revered people they called Uomo Universalis. The idea appealed to my young mind, which had followed its Prime Directive at age eight to the letter. More on that elsewhere, because the story is not relevant to this moment's subject. Basically, what the teacher said made sense at the time, when he explained that the Uomo Universalii were generalists, more than they were specialists at anything. Only later it became obvious that not being a specialist in anything was being a specialist in Everything!

A similar choice occurred later on, when our history teacher gave us a tour of the world's most influential religions. Just as he emphasised the Middle Way which the Buddha had shown us, I figured that following it would of course also mean I couldn't become a Buddhist, or any other religious follower. Surely, following your own 'Middle Way' would be different from following anybody else's path... And that was even aside from the fact that any religion is a recording of some sort, which only leads up to the point where the religious leader stops to turn his teachings into a set of rules to teach his pupils.

And it's all a matter of preference! Just like Trip would much rather overhaul an entire shuttle pod engine than read Ulysses like his colleague Tucker, they both are aligned in their desire to return their shuttle pod to Enterprise. It's just the way they go about it that is different. So any choice actually boils down to this: what is preferable? Avoiding the nastiness, attempting to gain the desirable, or for the moment just experiencing the Now in favor of either. So Tucker reads Ulysses, while Trip is all over the shuttle, fixing things. But it doesn't quite go as they please, with air running out, communications down, and the discovery that their mother ship may well have crashed.

Their discussions are a gem if ever I saw one: One realist planning to face the unavoidable (or so he says), and another realist trying to get him involved in the activities that might rescue the ship in the immediate future. As I got distracted and watched the rest of it, I got about halfway until I burst out laughing! The two of them were at it again, realist against pragmatic, with death staring them in the face from 33 hours in the future. The optimistic Tucker decides on a gallow's meal, and pulls out the bottle of bourbon from where they'd discovered it earlier. Just as I am contemplating to join them in their little toast, my eye falls on the glasses they use to pour the stuff: somewhere in the 22nd century they were the *exact* same glasses I bought for lack of better ones only three weeks ago, when my preferences prompted me to

pick up a bottle of good Scotch the other day!!! Sync? Damn Right that was a sync! And if that wasn't enough, the bottom of the flask neared and coincided with the radio delivering them the proof that the Enterprise NX-01 was in fact still in one piece. The story didn't end there, but at least it gave me a great laugh, and a few lines to write here....

Actually, I got closer to Trip and Tucker than I'd imagined, because believe it or not, I even had a few inches of bourbon standing on the dresser, next to my favorite Scotch. I hardly ever drink whiskey anymore, but prefer the Scottish variety. But I'm sure Percy wouldn't mind me (ab)using it for a McGyver-like experiment: I chucked a few sips into my coffee mug, and replenished it further with my prime addiction: plain black coffee, which would now be sweetened somewhat by the bourbon...

The enjoyment of the new cocktail lasted me the better half of the next episode. Plenty of input to jog my conscious mind, both from my taste buds and the pixels and sound waves dancing around my living room. Good, Bad or Neutral? Basically, that is a no-brainer if you think about it. Who decides what is good or bad? Many humans will actually dissuade you from eating meat, or even products of live beings, like eggs and milk. But why stop at that? Surely, if you believe Life is in everything, then the next item to be stricken from your diet might be vegetables! No problem for kids who typically detest them, but potatoes, rice and other staple foods would follow, along with hamburgers and fries. And in a few simple blows of reasoning, life would engulf the grand total of anything you consider 'edible'.

Funny how the episode playing now is about choices: T'Pol is involved in a little experiment of her own, brought on by suggestions from fellow Vulcans on board Enterprise. These are 'renegade' Vulcans, who integrate their emotions rather than suppressing them. Totally mind meld material as far as I'm concerned. Do not think your way through this, because there is nothing to think about. Merely absorb it as input to be fed to your subconscious mind, knowing full well it will surface from that infinite ocean at the opportune time.

Without trying to frighten you, I'd like to point out that it's all a matter of free will choices. Every action, even those made by decisions of the conscious mind, are very much based on numerous other preferences, both conscious and subconscious. Basically, you are talking about a kind of pyramid, its tip with the eye (our senses) extended above the boundary of consciousness. But like the iceberg that hit Titanic, most of it is the base of the pyramid, consisting of many more subconscious references and their resultant choices. Now there is a weird thing about information and knowledge. I used to have trouble discerning between the two, simply because they are aspects of the same being, called Consciousness. We experience it, both from inside and outside, and somehow figure that they are separate entities. But Reality is like a Mobius ring: you can walk it all night long, being sure you never left your side of the surface, but still end up on the 'other' side.

That is what the whole enchilada is about: people often say it's not what you know, but who you know. That may well be, but experience taught me something else: we don't know it all, but we *do* know how well we know! Just figure: many times a day, many people state their lack of information or knowledge by those few words: "I don't know..." But just as these are famous last words, they also are the precursor to gathering more knowledge.

Just like captain Archer in this moment's episode: he is on a dark rogue planet, along with a bunch of hunters from somewhere else. While he roams the dark jungle, his senses show him a scantily clad woman, which would be totally unreal. None of those are in the neighborhood, and she didn't look like one of his crew. But somehow, somewhere, Archer is dead certain she exists! Don't ask him why, but he *knows*! Same thing happened to me, in a similar way. My wife and I once wanted kids, and she doubted our ability to have them. I didn't, not because I'd thought about it, but simply because I didn't need to think about it: I knew we'd get there!

So when she brought home a temperature chart, and dutifully started taking her temperature and marking it on there every morning, I couldn't suppress my discovery of the good news when she showed me the chart upon my arrival home, where three distinct dots indicated a rise in temperature. "Honey, break out the bubbly!" I said. Linda couldn't believe it, but she was content to have us monitor the chart a few more days to figure out who was right. But the point wasn't in my being right, but in my being absolutely certain I was! A few more days, and the graph leveled out at the precise temperature needed for a beginning pregnancy. Our firstborn would be a simple matter of consequence.

But thinking about the incident soon spoon-fed me another thing I was absolutely sure of: our firstborn would be a girl, no doubt about it! Again, doubt from my wife, and pretty much anyone I told about the fact. That didn't even make a dent in my resolve, or in the eventual outcome: Laura Valerie was born pretty much on time, and in near perfect health. Being right once is good, being right twice that way is a better feeling, but also hitting it out of the ballpark when our second young lady came into this world was an absolute rush! I learned the difference between knowing in a regular sense, and knowing in that absolute sense: they somehow feel slightly but distinctly different. There is no point in describing the difference, for I do not know how you would feel. For all I know you could be a Denobulan like Phlox, or even a shape shifter like the doctor's fair-haired lady.

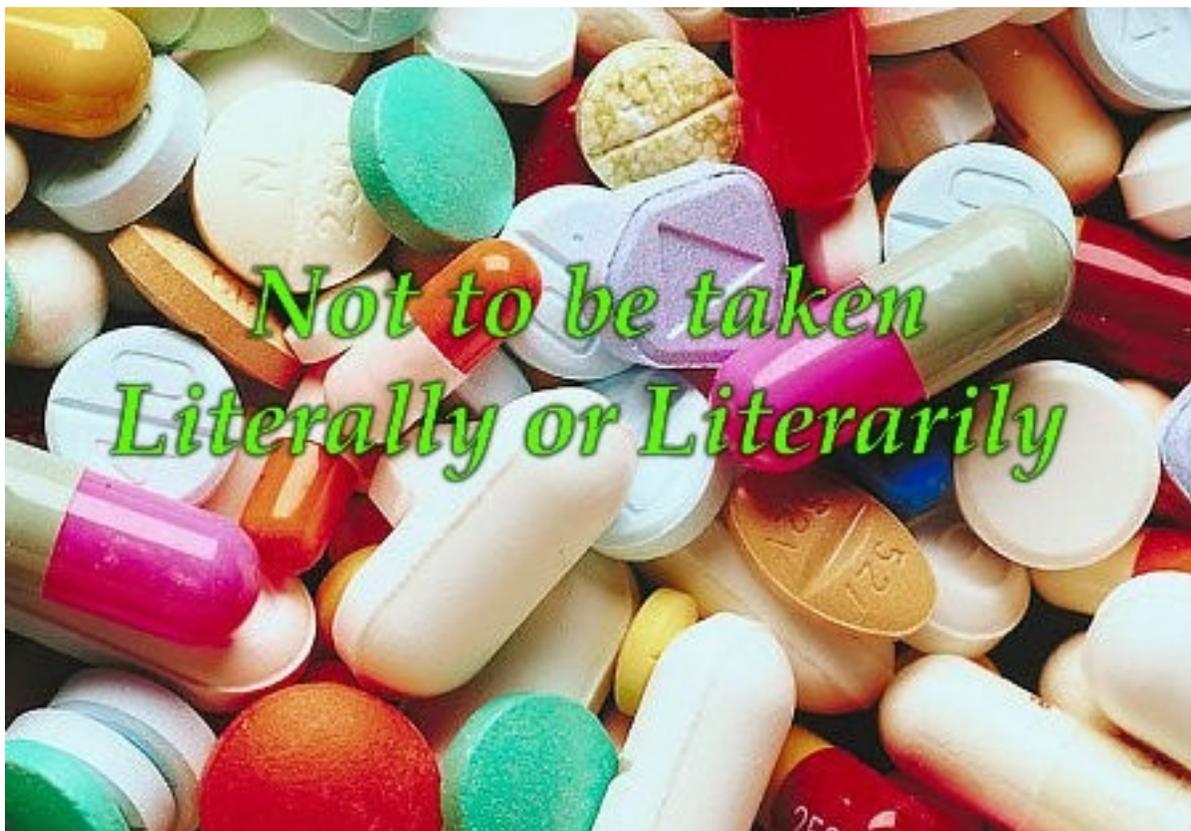
I was bound for a run-in with someone like her as well, but that is a different story. Right now, I know that meeting her again is in my destiny, but finishing this book has more priority despite the lesser amount of sex-appeal. Knowing with a capital K is not something only a few of us have, that is one thing I know for sure. It is a 'talent' that can be developed by mindfully observing oneself as life passes us by. Just noticing how well you know certain things gets you halfway there: my eldest recently told me: "Dad, do you know why I always come to you for advice?". Well, since "I don't know" was the obvious answer to elicit her truth, I uttered that phrase, so she'd let me have it: "Even if you don't know, you tell me so.... and then give me your best guess! And that is usually right on the dollar!"

That is no pride you are hearing there, but the mere precursor to another observation: It is not weird to guess, because of what guessing is. It is basically just focusing on the conscious mind, to try and read the outcome that the subconscious is broadcasting. Notice how some people suck at it, while others flourish? That is just their conscious mind telling them they are no good at it, and them believing it. The way out is typically the ascent from non-belief to faith: regardless of your religious beliefs, this is one independent of such a harness. Actually, it is not quite independent, because too much knowing too soon will have you starting your own religion, which would be a less favorable choice for sure. Does this show my objections

against religions? In a way, yes: I feel like any religion is nothing else than some person's ideas of what feels right, caught in a freeze frame because they tried to capture it in rules for others to adhere to. And all the while, the highly dynamic and incredible machine called the Cosmos develops with every free will choice any one of us make!

Remember Infinity? It's the condom that envelopes the Cosmos, so to speak. Infinitely strong, infinitely thin, even non-existent! But every choice we make, whether it is in our common consensus reality or our deepest and most cherished dreams, adds to the size of it. If size is an attribute of Infinity, that is.....

So decide, if you want to live by the choices of others, or your own. Either way it's you doing all the deciding, or the not deciding. But remember even deciding *not* to choose is a choice in itself. So no matter what you do, the Cosmos grows like it always has, and always will.



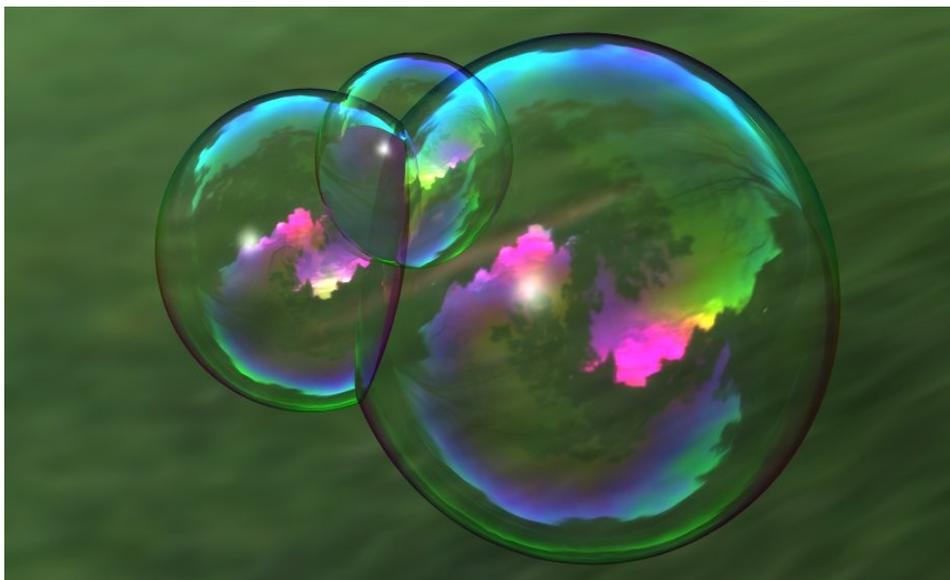
9. God? I'm not God!!!

At least, not any more than you are! Yes, I know this will take some getting used to, since we all know the side of being that tells us that we are not enough, that we will never be enough. And you know, that is merely because Infinity sucks! No matter how fast we grow, how much we develop, how speedily we evolve, we'll never be able to completely fill Infinity!

We always figured that All was One, and One was All, and the Void was something completely different! But it is not! The Void or Vacuum is simply the tension between our finite concepts and the Infinity of the All. It is the thin layer of soap that separates the bubbles of all sizes that make up our Realities. Like our heavenly bodies appear to exist on the boundary of some huge spatial set of soap bubbles, they appear to exist in zero-G only because of the perfect equilibrium between immense black holes, which aren't all that easily detectible. Because of that, our galaxies, stars and planets remain in their places.

Now don't believe that this little bit of knowledge came to me out of the blue. There is only one memory that partially tells me about its origin: I read about this in a paperback years ago, when I was still reading massive amounts of books. That should have been somewhere around 1982. It was a semi-scientific book, that combined many scientific tidbits, amongst which was work from Stephen Hawking and Roger Penrose. I'm not sure which scientist was ultimately the source of what I'm now explaining, but what was told, was that the celestial bodies were observed to be distributed about space as if they were all aligned to the soapy surface of huge bubbles of nothing, but that no one could as yet explain where the massive amounts of extra mass were, that were responsible for keeping everything expanding the way we think it is.

At the time, I was flabbergasted: how could it be that no one had yet seen the missing mass? With my college education complete, and my visually oriented mind, I could simply *see* it at the centers of those immense empty spaces that the text called the bubbles. Let's just look at the normal image for soap bubbles first, to refresh our image of them:



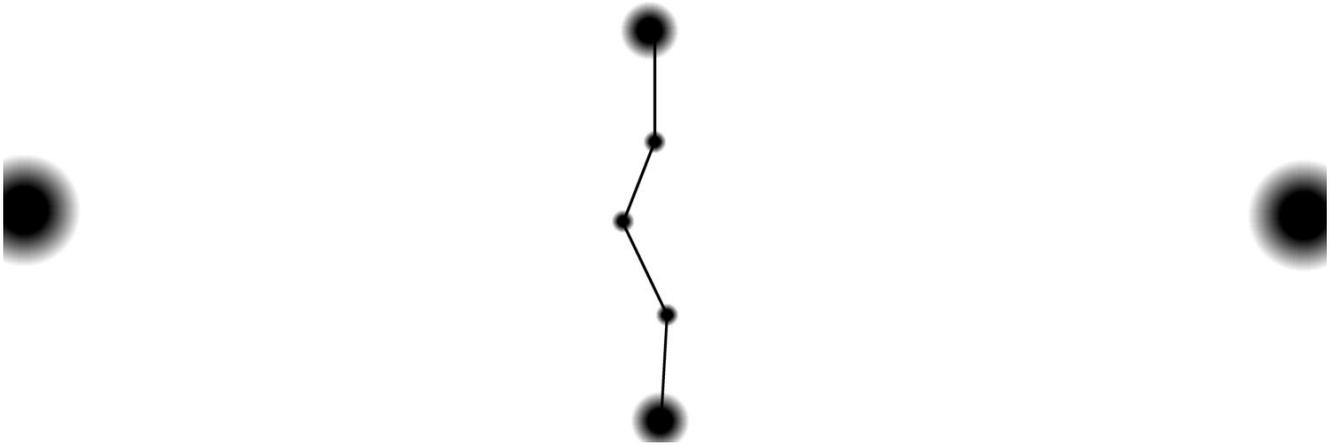
Now think back to gravity, and what you learned in school about it: in order to calculate the effect of gravity, we are allowed to imagine the center of mass of a body to contain the full mass. Granted, for astrophysical purposes the assumption is quite valid, where we are outside the object, and potentially quite a distance from it.

But just try to follow what happens when you enter the sphere of influence for the mass. I've already described that in my second novel, or rather in the novel that the main character of the second novel was reading. But it warrants repetition here because I wouldn't want to force you to read that novel first. It is science fiction, whereas this is realistic.

Just see a planet as a finite number of molecules, which each are subject to gravity by themselves. Seeing the mass as centered in the middle of the planet would be OK, if we were outside the planet. But what if there was an elevator going straight through the center of the planet? Let's just get on and step inside it, pressing the down button to travel to the center of the Earth, and beyond. It will be barely perceptible at first, but if you went through the trouble of bringing your scales, you'd find that your weight would drop the further you descended. Great way to lose weight, but unfortunately it is not you but your relationship to the planet that is changing: as more and more of its molecules take up positions above your person, their contribution to your weight will become inverted, working upwards rather than downwards!

Yes, if you were to actually travel to the center of the Earth, you'd find that you were weightless, rather than crushed by the total mass of it. In the novel inside the second novel, this concept is used to make plausible that Earth, and indeed many planets may be hollow, with inside gravitational pull being a little less than the outside gravitational pull, simply because you would always have about half the planet above your head, rather than all of it below your feet. This also sheds a bit more light on the main characters space travel into and out of a black hole: even there, at the center, gravity would be zero!

Now in an Infinite Cosmos, you'd never be *outside* all mass.... So is this why weightlessness appears to be prevalent in outer space? Simple: like we were weightless inside Earth because all mass was around us in all directions, we are also surrounded by All Mass in this infinite Cosmos. Earlier I told you that any point is the middle of Infinity, so perhaps for all intents and purposes we should all be weightless as well. But we are not, simply because being on a planet, we are inside a local distortion of kinds, which I'm about to explain.



Now left and right are the centers of two of those huge space bubbles. Between the two of them, there is what Lagrange called the Lagrangian point: the point where gravity from left and right cancel each other out. As far as these massive black holes go, their resulting gravity on the celestial bodies in the middle may be neglected. Yes, the Lagrangian point is no point, but a plane, much like the soapy surface that separates two soap bubbles.

Now keep in mind that the law of gravity states that the force of gravity equals: $F=Gm_1m_2/d^2$

Note how the most influential component is the one that is squared, or in other words, the effect of gravity is reduced by the square of the distance between the masses. That implies, that nearer masses have a substantially higher effect on gravity than the much larger but way more distant masses. Maybe you have some difficulty envisioning it, but that means that the forces of gravity between the smaller masses on the middle line are more influential than the far more distant huge masses. What happens because of this, is that the local gravity at the Lagrangian plane becomes a sort of glue (soap?) which keeps the masses in a layer of a certain thickness, where the thickness is determined by the amount of localized mass. Any local mass that somehow leaves the plane is pulled back in because its brethren are still stable in their position on the plane.

So yes, Infinity sucks from left and right, just like local gravity keeps us caught in its plane of existence between the various completely balanced massive black holes. But what you may have noticed, is that our travels through the Cosmos are in no way restricted by that prison of our minds. We can do anything we pretty well please, without being afraid of the consequences. You want to be like Neo, defying gravity and any other human or physical law? It is possible, *if* you believe it. "They all fall the first time", remember? And you'll keep falling, as long as you focus on the concept of failure. We know the thought of "not being good enough", but now it's time to go the road less traveled.

9.1 Being God

Einstein said it: "I want to know God's thoughts. Anything else are details!" Are these the delusions of grandeur of a guy who shocked the world with General and Special Relativity? No, I think not. Because even though I'm a Test Engineer in a software company, my feelings about it are pretty much the same. Other people are interesting, but my passion is to see what makes the Incredible Machine tick, what *exactly* are the secrets of the Grand Design, and what is the maker of it (us) thinking?....

Where Einstein still referred to that maker as God, and Dawkins called him the Blind Watchmaker, I could never decide on a name for whoever it was. What I did have were those few very weird thoughts that I knew absolutely certain, but at the same time couldn't explain in any way. Now probably anyone has those few thoughts, but not everyone thinks or feels the same way about them. Just like not everyone wants to know God's thoughts, or the ins and outs of the Grand Design. Some people love creating music, others like Spielberg are finding joy in making one blockbuster movie after another. But there is one thing that everyone of these beings are: they absolutely adore doing what they are doing. And as such, they have a very competitive edge over those that are doing things because they feel they have to, whether or not they believe they are doing it for others, or themselves.

It was my relationship to my two daughters, which helped me put things into place. I once told them that "If they were happy, I was happy", a saying which for years they laughingly held against me, even at their young ages. But at the same time, being with them is the closest I ever came to being the perfect being, the 'God'....

'Being God' however is not a position of power, but a being of complete peacefulness, like "She looked, and She saw it was good". Not that She has to be female in my book, but just to even the balance with regard to other utterances about Him. It is not the realization of having created it all, but the far more deeply immersing feeling of just beholding the creation, and loving every bit of it, regardless of who made it!

As I am writing this, I'm side-watching an episode of Stargate SG1, where the ambassador and commanding officer of an alien planet are battling out their idea of how much leeway they should give the SG1 team. I can't help but seeing the God in the ambassador, who is open to the Earthlings and their requests, whereas the completely paranoid army officer is the other end of the scale. It is like the scale of open-mindedness shown earlier in this book, but you know that was a circular scale. Of course the paranoid guy is every bit the God that the ambassador is, just like anybody else. But he is more afraid of using his powers, just like the initially open but cautious ambassador did by the end of the episode.

9.2 *No matter where or what...*

Just like this book hopes to have made clear that any subset of the All can be used successfully to deduce the essence of the All as it is being created, we also may believe that any subset of it may be used to explain the secret of any other subset of it. So whether you are trying to figure out God, Love, or just being rich, all can be achieved in a similar matter. Basically, change is the one constant, and you can either decide to react to the changes as you perceive them, or you can make the changes yourself, and then observe to see if you did it right. There are a few more methods like that, but in fact, any and all of them are creation, nothing more and nothing less.

“To be or not to be”, the great Shakespeare once pondered. Mind you though, it was not the question-meme he meant to plant in our heads and hearts. Never having heard of Dawkins and his memes, Shakespeare meant to have us arrive at our personal answer to this question: “Does it matter or doesn't it matter?” Likewise, this morning had me out of sorts for some reason, although I never knew until the answer jokingly rammed me on the shoulder....

Started at the eleventh hour, waking up, grabbing something to drink, kickstarting O'Neill and his lovely sidekick Major Samantha Carter (yes, she got promoted, so happy for the clever girl ;-)) and returning to proofreading this bunch of letters for stuff that didn't sit quite right yet. I knew about the gaping hole in this chapter, but nothing presented itself yet....

It felt chilly, a situation I'm not quite used to, since I believe myself to be one with an energy surplus, thus radiating to my environment, rather than needing radiation to feel good. I upped the thermostat, but the feeling stayed, which made me decide that a direct hot water infusion a la Level 42 would be the only proper solution, because at that moment regaining thermal equilibrium was what mattered to me. I halted my SG1 pals without as much as another look on the screen, and headed up for the much wished for shower.

Now to me, being a Pisces, showers are a mechanism to flush out the unwanted energies, and replenishing them with fresh creational power straight from Source. It refreshed me to no end (hmm, no end = Infinity) and thus materialized I went down again. As I looked at the screen, I almost burst out laughing because of the subtitles:

O'Neill: "I can live with that."

Carter: "So can I, sir"

What both of them were saying, was that in fact whatever was proposed next, wouldn't matter to their personal state of mind. “To matter or not to matter”, the answer Shakespeare sought, but a highly ambiguous one at that: because both O'Neill and clever girl Carter are in fact saying: “It does not matter to me whether this thing becomes matter or not.”

Now as I wanted to save the subtitle until such a time as I'd decided how to handle it, the Media Player was tied up. To have auxiliary input during the writing process, I yanked out the old-fashioned way of making music, and pulled out the first CD I had in my folder of “Music that matters”: Queensrÿche's Live Evolution disc 1. NM156 was up next.....

Now we know All is One and One is All. We also know that length measurements are human-defined in order to have a handhold for the laws of Nature we figured were out were needed to begin with. Matter has size, at least we thought that up until now. Non-matter, the world of ideas, is currently thought to have no size. Yet fantasy has gone way beyond where we went in material form so far, because then we'd have to bridge enormous distances. Einstein and his friend Rosen thought up a solution for that, but this has remained an illusionary concept so far. Now does that really matter? To me, returning from my shower and feeling hungry, it matters as much as 'a hair on a bald beaver', as they say in Holland. And that, my friends, is entirely the crux of the matter!

Because you might see one, but having no preference to either state of the female anatomy, would consider it something that doesn't matter. Those being hellbent on hairless pussy (ask the doorman of the Titty Twister from Tarantino's Dusk till Dawn, he's got them all) would say that hair mattered, no matter how silky thin it is. The other group would probably wish for a couple of thousand more, depending on their personal preference.

Am I on sync? You Betcha! Queensrijche has just kicked Sister Mary on stage, for Spreading the Disease! Now that is Live Evolution!!! And death is just as much an essential part of it, as the end of the song shows.

Circular reasoning: we see us as minute, and All as infinite. Yet when we come to the realization that distance is man-made and thus size doesn't matter, we are every bit as large as the All.... Still though, we couldn't measure either ourselves nor the All, simply because we've made length null and void. But since all is relative, all is also by definition circular reasoning! Does that prove anything, and what's more, does it really matter? We can still compare ourselves to the All, but doing so would be like comparing pussies:

just a matter of personal preference!



Playing now: Queensrijche: "Like rats in experiments!"

9.3 I don't believe in Love!

That at least was what Queensrÿche was playing up until a few moments ago. But does it really matter what they think, to me? Yes! Not that I'm inclined to believe them offhand, but their expression of unclouded raw emotion does give me an enjoyable stream of information on which to reaffirm my own feelings about love. It isn't the message they are spreading to me, it is the emotion I'm addicted to! And for the 'message'? Well, like I said, I'll decide if and how it matters to me! I may follow their lead, or feel like I'm totally the opposite of them, without ever seeing them as opposites! They are by far one of the most profound musical influences on my being. And for all I know, they are feeling just like me, but expressing themselves in negative hyperboles in order to 'scare' people into the 'right' direction. Or they may well know like I do, that their slant on things is every bit as inconsequential as mine.

Queensrÿche ended, and I flicked the switch on SG1 again, to continue where I left off. Right in time to hear SG1's medical officer state she considered Daniel needed to be committed to the Mental Health. That is somewhat amplified by the fact that I consider Road to Madness one of Queensrÿche's most awesome tracks. Add to that the fact that the 'normal' world calls me a sufferer of Bipolar Disorder, and yes, you've got material for another piece of rantin' and ravin'.....

What is perception? I mean its OK if I'm seeing things, as long as others are too, but seeing things that others aren't will get you in trouble sooner than you can say: "Supercally-fragilisticxpialidoceous". Been there, done that, skipped pills and went back in, until I figured out the reverse psychology: They want me to take pills, and I'm sure I don't need them, but do I? OK, Lithium isn't a problem, because I'm associating it to Light, and light doesn't harm (my feelings). But the Risperdal (no offense guys), associates in my mind with Risk and 'Dal', which is the Dutch word for Valley, or even worse, Depression. Now as a result, my mind fed me the feeling that Risperdal was responsible for my not feeling exactly optimal, or in my case: not slightly above the imaginary line between total mania and total depression. Yep, there you have it: another man-made distinction in order to divide and conquer, which may have been largely the work of another distinction of the all, named Sigmund Freud.

Get the point? Sigmund because his voice was significant, and Freud because he lived to bring happiness to his patients in his own unmistakable way. He also was the guy who invented the Freudian Slip, and that is not his own brand of underwear, but instead a way of saying to people how their taking a more direct meaning from their own utterances might give them more inside into their own psyche. But instead the general population got to take his intentions as yet another way to make other people the laughing stock of their fellow men and women.

But I was on medication, in more ways than one. With the Risperdal I constantly had the idea it was somehow doing me harm. Then my most recent visit to hospital, some unnamed doctor changed my medication, from Risperdal to Seroquel. My mind, evenly split between English and Dutch, was quick to form an opinion: Sero meant Zero to me, and Quel is the first

part of the Dutch word *kwelling*, resulting in 'Zero torture'. That I could live with!

That got me above it: New pills, towards which I felt no objection anymore: like the SG1 people before, I could now say: "I can live with that", and my particular implementation of the Placebo effect wouldn't mess things up anymore.

But then again, what is the Placebo effect? It says you can substitute any medication with some other 'harmless' stuff, and the patient will still get well because he or she believes the medicine will help him or her. Basically, that is what I was doing, but being language-oriented my mind slanted the working of the effect of the medication to its name, mainly. Actually, that is what the pharmaceutical community is doing, giving their creativity to the names they put on their products. But because of the cultural differences, those names won't always come out right. I may be ok for me, but my Indian twin sister Sangeeta might well have totally different associations with the name, and thus other beliefs about its effect on her.....

In essence, it is all just labels, precisely how God gave Adam and Eve the right to name all of life. Well, if there was such a beginning or not, the labeling mechanism is every bit as valid as it ever was, because self-reference and self-reverence go hand in hand, whether you are a human, or a God. That is what Life implies: As soon as they call you alive, you wonder about what that is exactly. Even more, before anyone calls you anything, you wonder what *you* are exactly. That is consciousness, regardless of what level of intelligence you have reached.

But you can see, that since it all starts with you, it is you who first has to love you, just like John Miles reverted Music back onto itself earlier. Only then can you also treat others the same way. That is the conundrum here, right? We want to love others, but we don't want to risk associating ourselves with a vacuum, that does not love itself. And even this is shown time and time again in the world around us:



For years, I had a metal representation of this chained to my key chain. I thought it relevant to my profession as a software engineer, but the more important thing was that somehow, *it felt right*. I only realized just now, that it is a perfect expression of the language that you read on these pages.

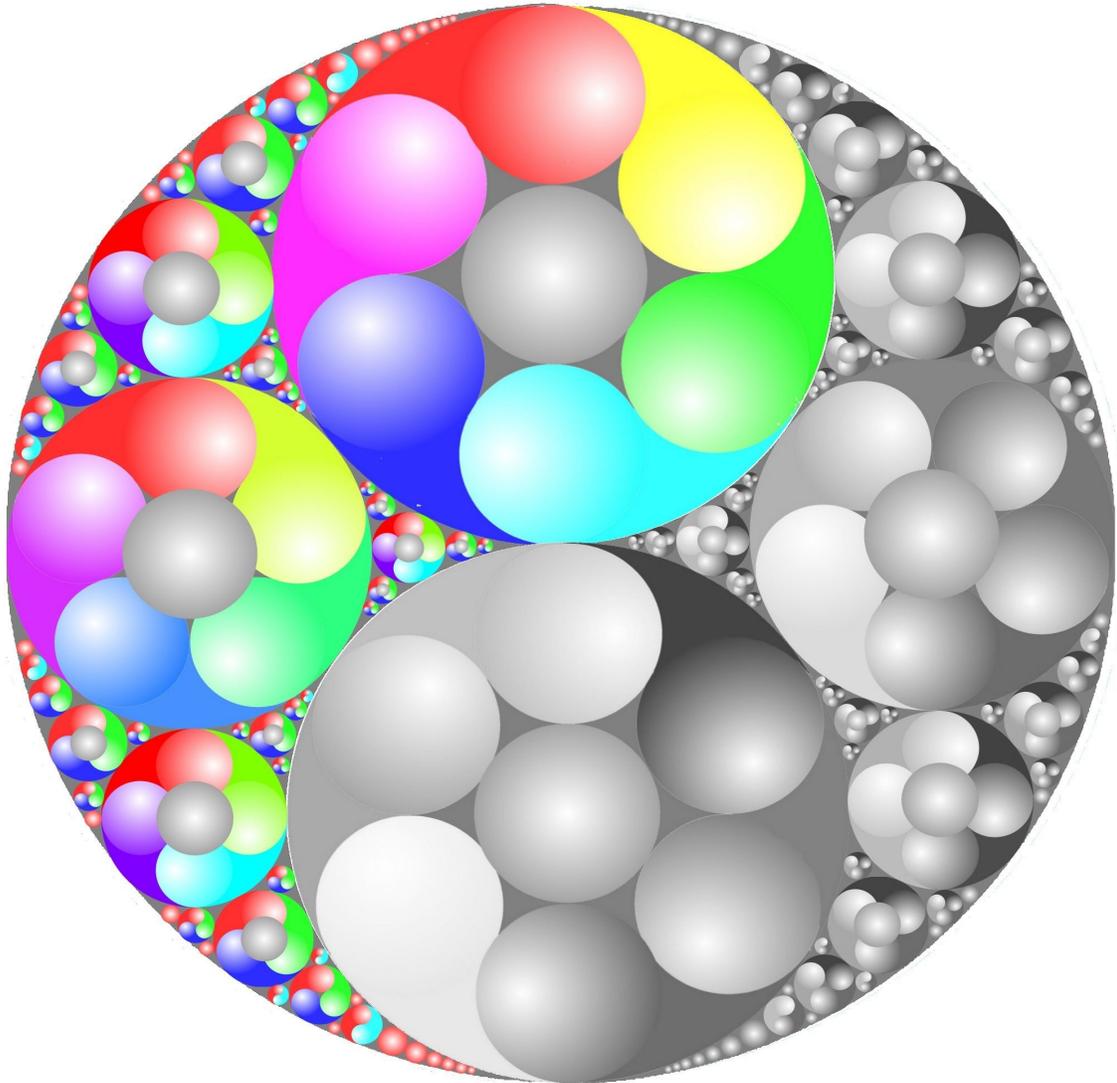
It is also the one most significant symbol of our web-driven reality. It stands for *at*, which basically is a fourfold pinpoint: three positional, one temporal for the 3D-oriented people. For me, it is more like 'right here, right now'.

But also, if you look at it in just the right frame of reference, it says that information (the a) and knowledge (what the a stands for for you) is what is needed for you to grow (the tail). Hey, why do you think sperm cells are formed the way they are? They are information and knowledge (DNA), powered by the tool that makes them grow (the tail to swim to mama)!

That the symbol is also the 1st letter of my real name is synchronistic, but hardly important.....

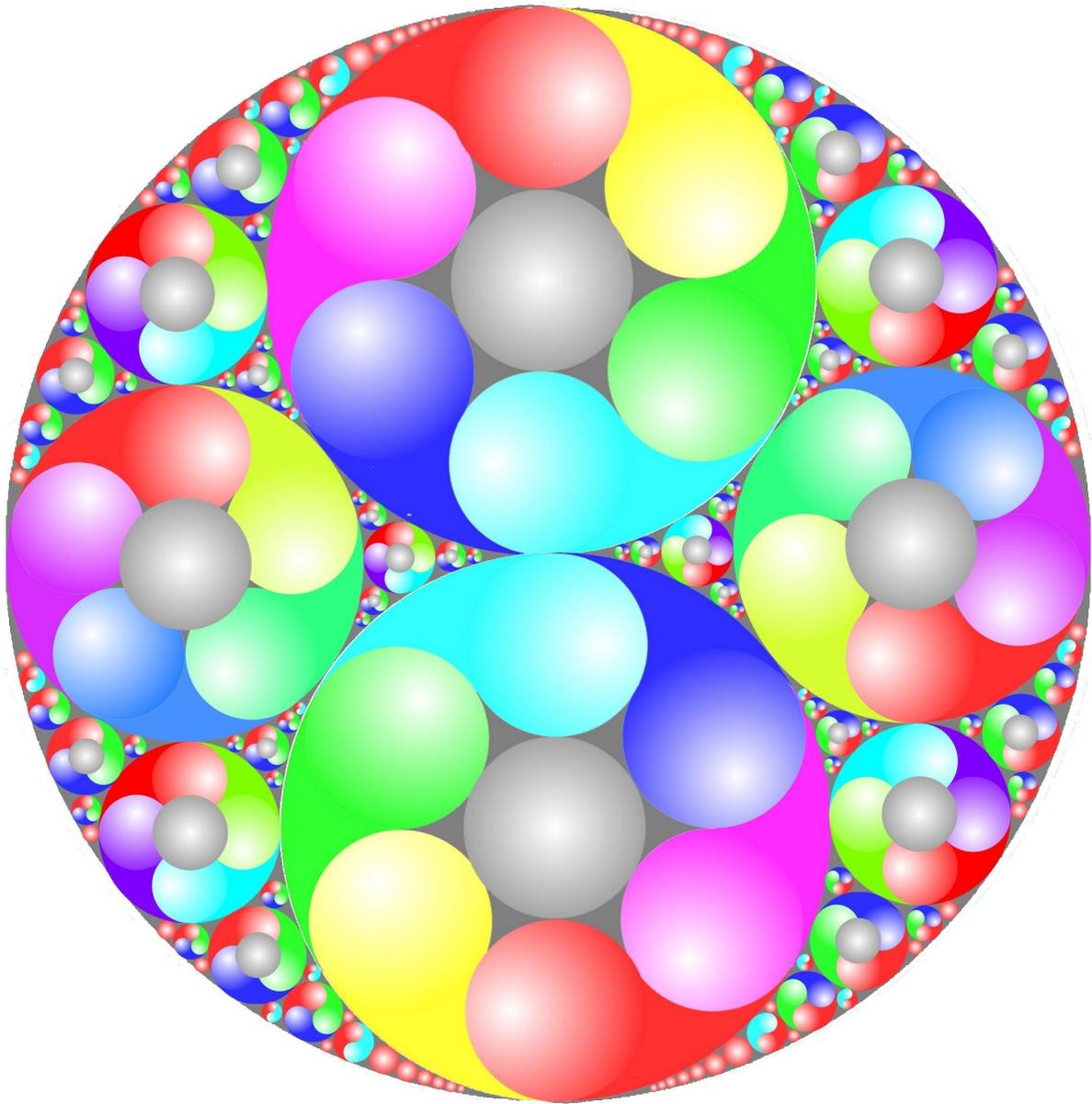
Appendix A: Building on the elements....

The artful side of the 2001 Mandala experiment delivered a number of images which I basically drew first on intuition, and later named in what felt to me like an appropriate way. Please enjoy the doodles of just a guy with a drawing program and spare time to boot:



Losing Faith

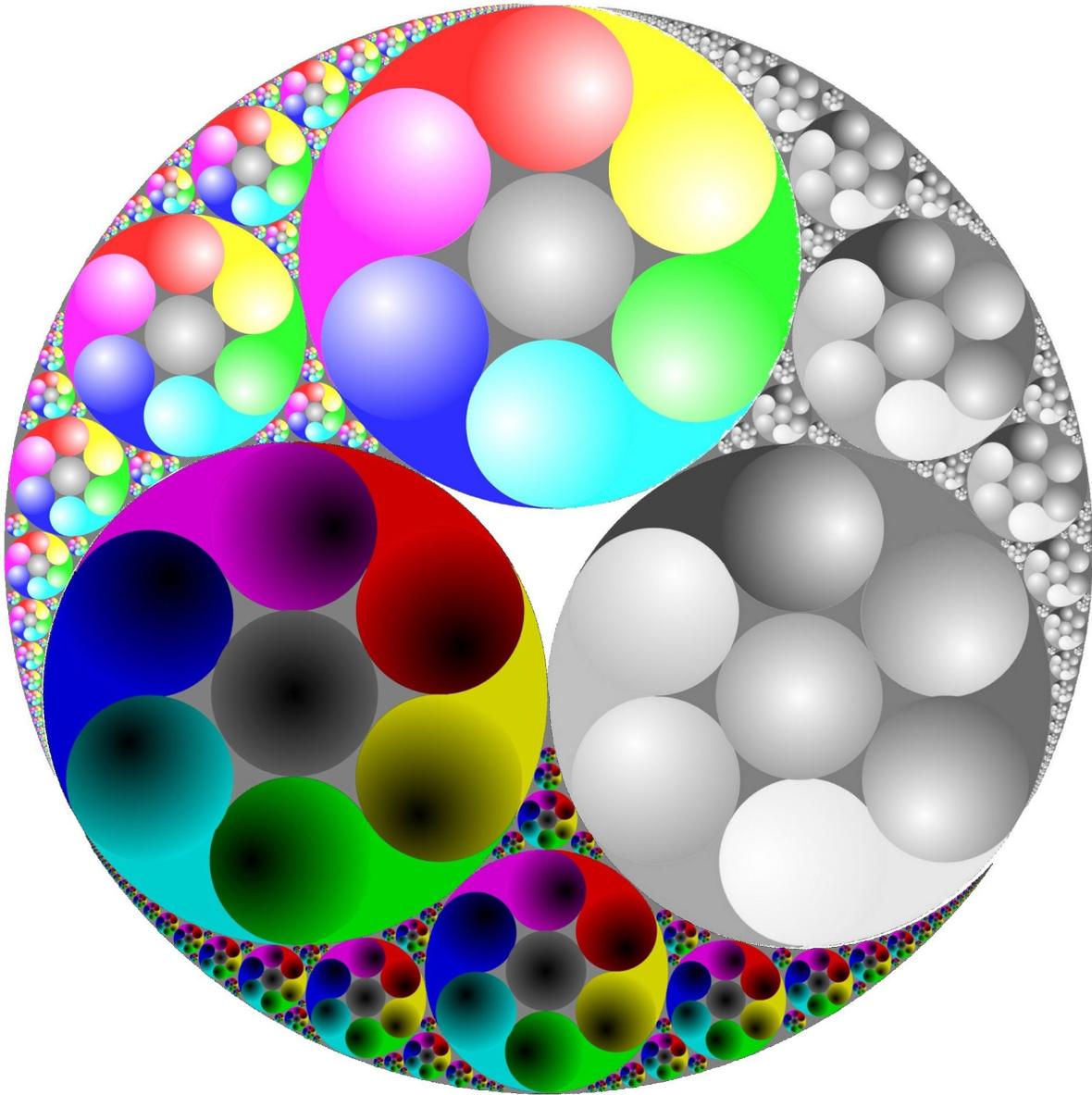
It is more a testimony of my state of mind back then, that the naming of this mandala focused mostly on the gray half of the Yin & Yang. Were I to name it now, it would quite surely be called 'Gaining Faith'



Harmony

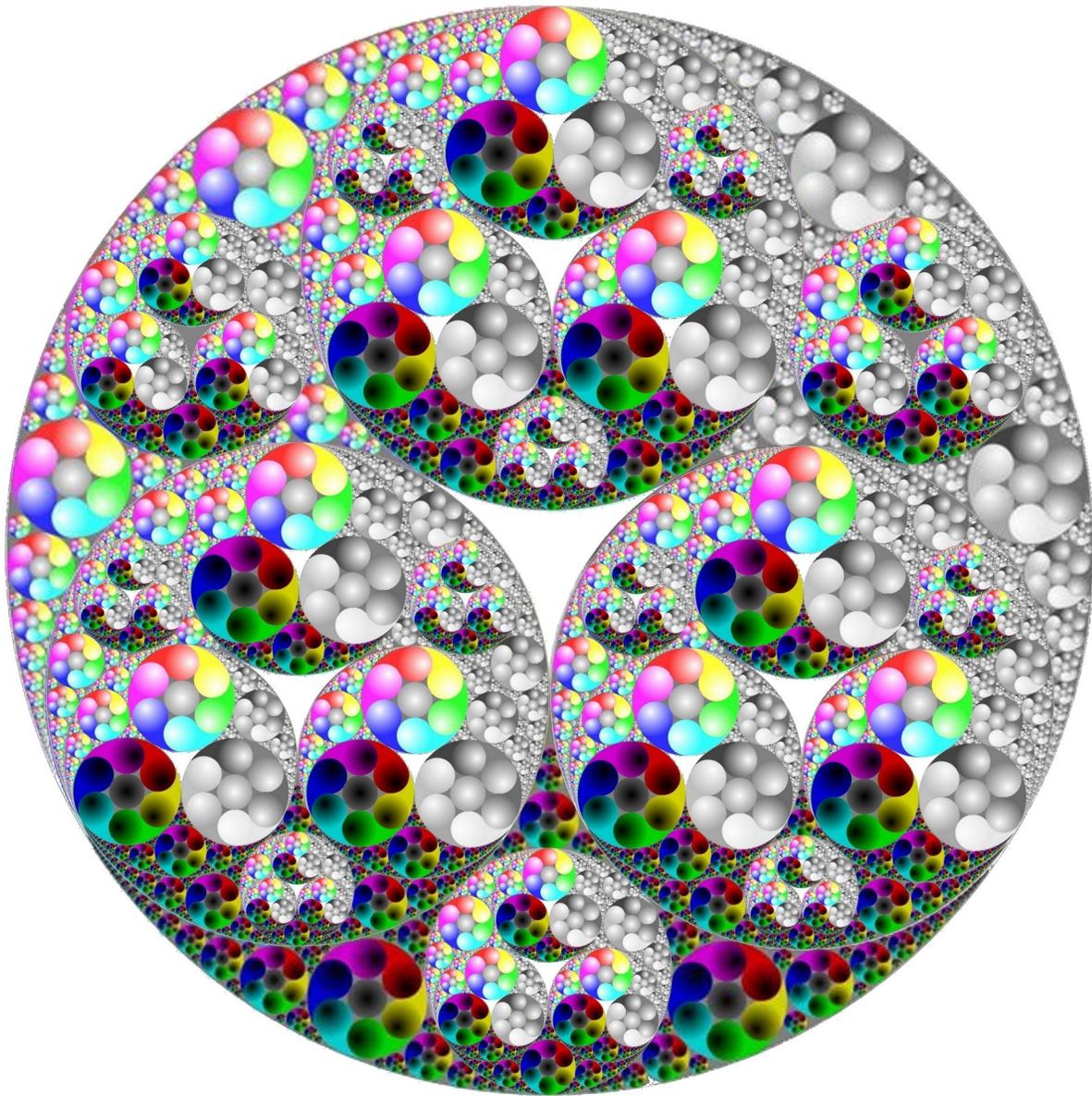
I wonder if this reflected my family back then, which consisted of one wife, and two little darlings of daughters, which one can easily make out. But having been divorced for about six years now, it is more a reflection to me of my expectations for the future, which as far as I am concerned, will also be a family foursome.....

Source will tell, because Time is only an illusion!



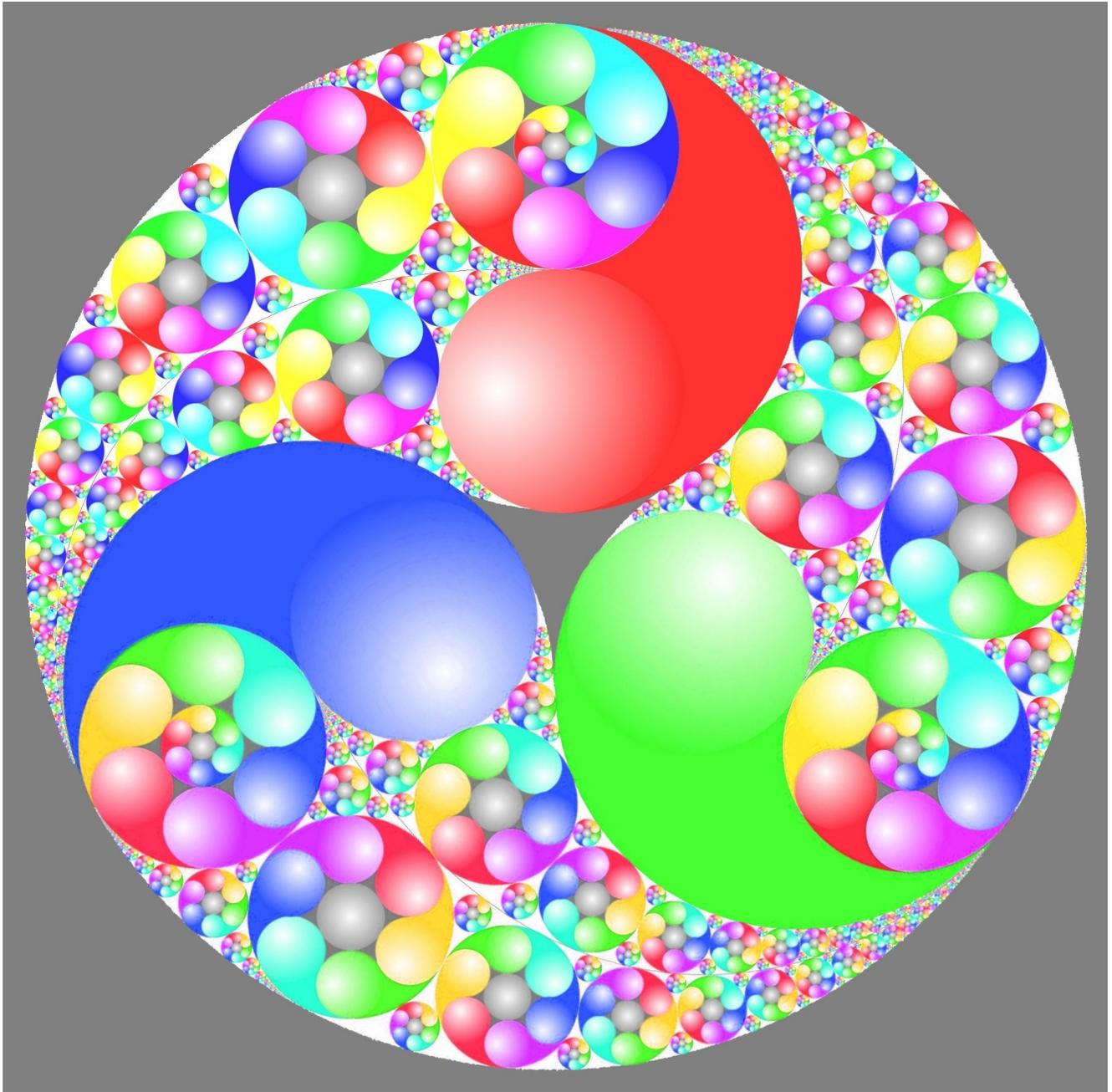
Positive, Negative and Neutral

We tend to focus on what we see, rather than what is there in plain sight: I named this back in 2001, but now realize that the center of the symbol far outshines the rest of the mandala. One could say it is the Void and the Light at the same time, especially because the form of it makes it a trinity!



Infinite Complexity and Light

That's what I named it back then, but perhaps something which emphasizes the holographic nature of it might fit much better. Because as we see, not only the circular elements repeat on various levels, but also the white light trinities come in various sizes and positions.



Unfinished Sympathy

Need I say more? Basically, I just see a lot of beings already quite positive about their surroundings , but their total coming together is blocked by a few big ones who accumulate only certain colors. I guess we are now in the era that will see those big fish find their proper place: lovingly absorbed by the smaller elements, to form a more homogenous but at the same time more varied environment.