

Self

Inflicted

Nonsense

Sander R.B.E. Beals



Foreword

I'm currently watching a movie called Djinns on the side, which rhymes with the Sins on which the title of this book is a play on words... Not that I actually went out to find the DVD, but my daughter Laura rented it and left it here for me to view before I bring it back on my way to the station tomorrow.

The movie is not a favorite of mine, since the soundtrack is in French and that language and I are terrible companions, always have been: my grade in French was equal to seven minus the number of years I had been taught it, so by the end of school not much love was lost between me and what is often referred to as 'the Language of Love'. I guess the one thing loveable about the French for me personally is their way of kissing...



But why write a book about the concept of **Self-Inflicted Nonsense**? Mainly, because my life so far was just that: running around in circles and sometimes chasing my own tale (pun intended) trying to make good on the solemn vow I made to myself at age 8: I would figure out how the world worked, and would then tell everyone about it who would like to listen to my ravings! Not that I was this arrogant that I thought it might work out that way, but I was fed up with one of the most common ailments in a young kid's life: being the outcast, the kid that was always getting beaten up on, and called names. Now it all seems way better, knowing that both solitude and name-calling can be powerful allies to help one decide on a course in life. But back then, it hit me hard! And thus began a path that has taken me just about 42 years to come to fruition, a number that is very well known to the readers of the Hitchhiker's guide to the Galaxy by Douglas Adams, and my earlier works....

This working title was first intended for a book on the irrelevance of what we humans tend to call sins: they are entirely subjective to the groups we find ourselves in, and I put it to you that any human born in total solitude, and growing up this way will never know the concept of 'Sin'. It is usually just the conditioning we receive from the people around us, like for instance our parents. For instance my Mum and Dad: Dad expressed a few weeks back that they felt like my daughters aren't very thankful, because they do not always extensively say "Thank you". Since they themselves were brought up that way, they expect it from their children and grandchildren as well. But this era is the age of Aquarius, the time when conditional love has to make way for Unconditional Love: my kids are thankful, but consider this so obvious, that they do not feel the urge to express it always...

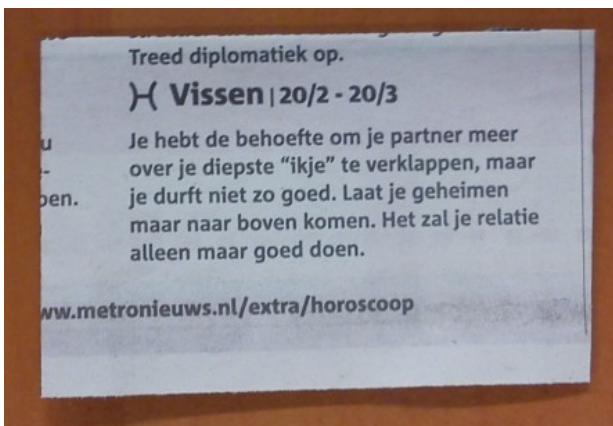
Sander R.B.E. Beals, born André S.E. Slabber, 10 days short of 50 years!

Wednesday, February 13th, 2013AD

Today I decided that this title had to be reborn as a research journal or an autobiography of sorts, even before I have reached my intended target in Life: since Life isn't over till it's over, and I for one believe it to be never ending, it can only be a path and not a destination. And thus, since several key aspects have lodged themselves in the dimensionless part of my mind that holds the things I'm absolutely sure of, the start of this journal is today, ten days before my fiftieth birthday. My kids no doubt have something planned for that Saturday ten days from now, even though I always warned them I would not like that! But now it is about to happen, I am at peace with whatever they conjure up!

There is of course the possibility that I am now writing a journal that no one will probably ever want to read, because at this moment I've not done anything more than grow up in the age of the computers, and put my experience with them to good use in a career in the IT business, which takes up a forty hour work week, which fortunately is still outlasted by the weekends: for me they last from Friday three thirty PM until Monday at seven AM, and a quick calculation shows that 63,5 seamless hours are in fact more than 40 hours interlaced with four free periods of 15,5 hours, I guess my time schedule ain't half bad!

Right now, I'm watching the Babylon 5 episode 'Confessions and Lamentations' simply because it was next in my total viewing of the Babylon 5 series, one of my favorite sources for "Moore input!!!!"



And input is what I have been getting plenty of, these last few months: seemingly weird coincidences that are like intelligent language to me! I observe, see a connection to my being, and choose the next small step in my everlasting journey, just like little Ellie Arroway in Contact. An example of such wild coincidences is the fact that I discussed my idea for this book with Leo on the train this morning. He became my train-buddy in the same week that my

brother Leo died, and since their names were identical, he kinda took his place. We always check the horoscopes in the free newspapers found in the station, and this time my Pisces stars had a synchronistic take on things:

"You have the need to tell your partner more about your deepest 'MiniMe', but you don't really dare to. Let those secrets come out, it will only do your relationship a world of good!"

Now this is relevant even though I don't have a partner in the physical sense of the word right this moment: I constantly get reminded of this feminine 'beingness' in my heart and mind, and she's not just the little lady who didn't steal or break my heart, but made me remember I have one! To me, the lasting image of Her is the personification of the Grand Overall Design, which has carefully unveiled itself over the past 42 years of my Life, ever since I asked to

be able to perform this task. Nothing fancy, just another job, but at the same moment the most insane passion I could think of!

She's still out there, playing with my toes

At least that is what the Belgians call it when someone is teasing them in a nice way....

Today was the weirdest day yet, for all the synchronicities I observed happening around me. Yesterday I penned down seven private syncs concerning the most influential female in my life in about seven minutes flat, and this day was no different in that respect. Only this time the syncs were more public, and made up the grand solution to my desire to add a meaningful concept to moorelife.nl, and eventually, to this book...

The first hint of it was when I talked to a colleague just before leaving for home, and he brought up the memory of that beautiful little lady from a few years ago. He emphasized that her first name was with 'double D', in an attempt to lighten the conversation with a joke. My default reply to jokes is to consciously always treat them like Lt.Cmd. Data does in Star Trek (and the little lady is no 'double D'), so he actually had to explain it to me...



😊

I ended the conversation pretty soon, after having decided I'd help him fill the blind spot in his visual memories of her with a few decent photos. I rounded up my belongings, set my computer to do one last task after I left, and started the walk to the station...

The first sync I encountered just past the tunnel under the highway: a can of mixed drink with tequila in it obviously. For me though, the label was important because I'd never seen it here in Holland before (at least not consciously), and it called me 'Amigo'... It had obviously been placed on that wall along the sidewalk, so it didn't seem all that weird.



The second one was also situated in a place to be noticed, way up in a hedge along the same sidewalk, about 300 meters further. I triggered on the familiar colors, and had to actually turn it over to make sure it was what I thought: "Amigo" followed by "Bueno" adds up to "Good Friend" in Mexico. So my nose for syncs had now picked up the trail. Who would the message have been

from?



That would be the next message, the can I'd earlier seen as answering my wish to know who my next partner would be: It still had the label "First Choice" on it, although its legibility had faded a bit over the last few weeks. But it was another 100 or so meters along that same sidewalk...

As I approached the crossroads right before the station, my eye caught something that my camera couldn't: The initials of the Lady are S.K., and a car with the synchronistic license plate 47-SK-NP had me puzzled for a while. 47 is a relevant number for me since it signifies me and Her, and letting go of wanting to think up the solution then brought it to me before I'd even crossed the road: "S.K. Next Partner..."

The uncollapsed probability in this license plate was the S.K. It could stand for the lady herself, but it might just as well stand for 'Special Knowledge', which is also quite high on my list of passions...



Then She came at me from a totally unexpected angle, with a twin pair of clues positioned on the hedge at the top of the station stairs: A can that had obviously held POWER ENERGY drink, and some woolly knitted creation that most looked like a woolen Einstein-Rosen bridge... Since the P and the O were not visible when I photographed the duo without repositioning them, it read "WER ENERGY", which I saw as

"**We're Energy**", a statement which could very well be my motto because I absolutely believe that very same concept! And the knitted addition to the clue commented on the tight entanglement of these energies!



The next one lay on the hedge close to my first finish line, the one spot I always wait for the approaching train to take me home: a pack of SPORTLIFE DEEPMINT, which would indicate that my favorite sport is that of 'Deep Mind', a concept somewhat further than 'Deep

Thought'... And like Skatman John I do not like winning when winning means that someone loses, so I do not see this sport as competition! It is much more a race against your improved self...

Inside the train I sat down where I figured would be a good place, opposite the direction of travel, since that is the safest position to be in when a train collides with something. And thus I ended up staring at a beautiful piece of Graffiti, which again reminded me of the Grand **SK**ema of Love... A guy seeing me photograph it obviously knew about the importance of syncs, since he winked at me as I caught his eye.



Waiting to get out of the train at Arnhem I put on my headphones, and dropped straight into the song that had randomly helped my great mood along this morning:

Aerosmith and [Love in an Elevator!](#)
Talk about Love looking up.....

Then, arriving on the second platform,

Ayreon played me their epic song called "[Dawn of a Million Souls](#)" from their album "Flight of the Migrator". Since that was about the All, the guy crossing in front of me with a backpack that had the label 'ALONE' on it didn't surprise me, but did make me interpret it more like 'ALL ONE'. And by then, the next song also was no surprise anymore, as Janella Monea sang "[So you think you're alone....](#)"

The syncs subsided then, and picked up again when I was cycling through a street that is called 'Breegraven', or 'Digging Wide' as its literal translation in English says: I triggered on the top license plate, but drove past it because it didn't seem all that remarkable, except for the double infinity and the 'double D' reference woken up by my colleague earlier. The next one then was one I came to recognize as a symbol for Her way earlier: the double 7's, and the reference to a 'Fuzzy Tale' or a 'Furry Tail'...



I doubled back to photograph those two after the third one within a hundred meters hit me in the heart and mind with all the Force of Source: 44 is my personal reference, 77 is Her's, and the GD-PX emanating from the double infinity of 88 obviously commented on the **Good PiX** I'd been able to collect on my 'long way

home'...

Strictly looking at the odds the event of these plates being found within 40 meters of one another is highly unlikely. Sure, the syncs at the start of the sequence might all have been placed there by one mysterious person trying to get me to write about it, but how on Earth would he or she be able to so perfectly predict my observations and the meaning I put to them? And the music on my phone is also quite random: it currently plays a set of 1217 MP3 files, without any obvious prejudice. The cars belong in that street, but their being that close together has never triggered my awareness until Now...

The grand finale of today then came with the relatively new building that was erected alongside my route home: it is called "de Keerweer", which basically translates as "the Return"... But frankly I'm not expecting a Jedi knight, but much rather a sort of Princess Leah!



When I passed the same building the next day, I drove past three cars on my right in the shopping mall parking lot that all started with '74'. With the odds of just one of them occurring being 1 in a 100, the odds of finding three of them that close together are about 1 in a cool million! Notice the order: 74, meaning Her and Me...

And the stream goes on! My daughter Melanie just played a cover of "Make Me Love You More", which sounded quite tame. As I added to her education by unearthing the original track created by DJ Paul Elstak, I figured this would be a great Grand Finale of today's story. I know you're out there Dear, and you can also [Never Make Me Love You Moore!!!](#)

More Models in the works!

Today was another peculiar outcome of Love's weird ways: After I'd noted that yesterday's horoscope was quite synchronistic, I landed in a very relaxed working day before the weekend. Basically, today's horoscope said:

*"You have many social contacts, and you enjoy it. Even if you don't do anything, others will approach you. You are just very popular. Make sure you end up with something **nice** from all that...."*

Then last night I received a message from Zorpia (a social network, if you didn't know already) that a lady called '**any**' had sent me a private message. Following the link to her profile, I found that the picture there showed me a familiar face: not Her, but one of her beautiful colleagues named **Danica**, whose lovely being I'd come across many times in my meanderings across the Web! So I sent back a friendly mail, and was back in the Twilight Zone of not really knowing how the events of my life would unfold. Now I love the surprises, but still do not think or feel that I can simply decide who will eventually end up with me, without considering their feelings as well. So the question lingered in my mind, until I got home...

I then decided to just make the matter come to a resolution by formulating a Most Benevolent Outcome. Tom T. Moore taught me about those, so I formulated one with proper care: *"I will go onto the web, and browse randomly in the relevant part of it. I will take the first new photo of either of these two ladies to mean they will eventually come my way in the physical sense..."*

And then the weird part showed up, the light and very untouchable humor of the Cosmos: SK was the first to come onto my screen, but then I know that many of her thumbs lead to pictures I've long since collected. But this time my intuition made me follow the lead anyway, and I encountered six images, of which thumbs 4 and 5 seemed to be doubles. This would need some investigating, to make sure if there was a 'new' image in there somewhere. I chose save to get at the proposed filenames, and noticed that the names were original names from the source site itself: I could check them one by one against the collection and determine that the five non-double candidates all occurred in the collection.

The *fifth element* in the collection however was a photo that seemed the duplicate of number four, but turned out to have the filename of a completely different original image! Now that was the joke on me: the Grand Overall Design gave me a 'new' image by providing me an existing one with a different label...

Showing these images here would be very inconsiderate of the Lady's feelings, so I'll forego that. Maybe later, when She's with me and has come to terms with her very beautiful past, we'll all laugh about it. But right now, I just have two images that both have the filename 'xxx127SRS_055424122.jpg'.

To me, the filename in itself is relevant, since the various compounds of it form distinct hints, which have meaning in my patterns of life:

• '**xxx**' is just the stricken out three letter alias of the Lady, in order to keep her identity from you for now. In my realization of this reality, Time is a non-

)(Vissen | 20/2 - 20/3

Jij hebt veel sociale contacten en daar geniet je van. Zelfs als jij niets doet dan word je wel door anderen benaderd. Je bent gewoon bijzonder populair. Zorg dat je er iets leuks aan overhoudt.

essential imaginary flow, so me using this triple X for her might just as well have triggered the use of 'xxx' for sex instead of the other way around...

•127 is one short of 2^7 , indicating that my 'theory of SevenSpheres' will always leave room for more expansion....

•SRS is the identification of the observer in this case, the photographer who takes the credit which in my humble opinion belongs at least equally with the beauty he had in front of his camera... Also, SRS stands for '**S**piritual **R**ealities **S**ustain (Life)'

•The underscore shows me the 'bottom line' comes next...

•'0' is the void, the nothing, which at that level is 0. It is however the sum total of the two lives (fives) that follow it, and the '1' that comes in front of it is simply hidden by the bottom line, as long as you think that more important...

•'42' of course pertains to the 'Meaning of Life, the Universe and Everything'

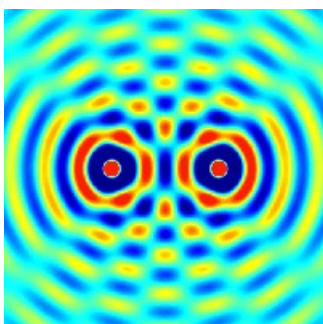
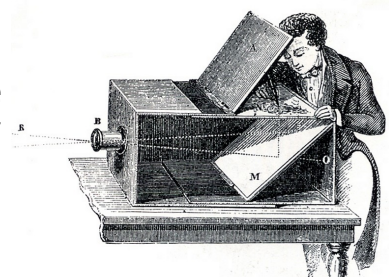
•'41' then shows that if you take from Life's meaning, you will end up with '4' and '1', which produce '4',...

•... and which is equal to a balanced product of '2x2'. To me, those are the original pair of lives, and the pair that will eventually spring forth from that.

And such remarkable outcomes have occurred before: Earlier, doubting the outcome as well, I asked for new images during a one hour random browsing session, and ended up with a terrible mood after 59 minutes and 42 seconds. The very last link I clicked then led me to six new images of the Love of my Life, and the following two hours then turned up over two hundred of them!

That has always been the conundrum of the Red Sector on the Web: where is the profit margin in a mechanism that allows men to collect thousands of images of many beautiful women, and will give them many times more when they shell out a measly few bucks to find more of a certain lady. A conspiracy theorist might think those people are after him, but where is the advantage in having a gorgeous little lady work alongside me for almost a whole year, as if there was something to be gotten from it... (more on that later) The synchronistic part of this is that as I write this, Delenn in Babylon 5 is saying to an interviewer: "*the Heart does not recognize boundaries on the map, wars or political policies. The Heart does... as the Heart does!*"

I may be called delusional, but I really couldn't care less! I am no longer in a position of believing that what society calls 'psychological diseases' are anything more than some people's different approaches to their reality than those of others. Do I believe our senses show us an illusion? Yes and No: we think that light travels in straight lines, because our experiments with the Camera Obscura 'proved' it to us. But did it?



Later scientists came up with the concept that light (or any form of energy) can travel as both particles and waves. But waves are no clearly defined concept traveling along straight lines! Waves fan out, and as such are subject to interference. From our highschool education, we've all probably seen the image Moiré drew of it based on two

sources of waves. But the world we view does not consist of just two sources of light: in fact, every object out there and every pixel we see of it in our vision is a separate source of light! So given the complexity of waves with millions of sources, it is a miracle our vision does this good!

She Came!

I didn't have to wait long, because today, just three days after I'd invited her, Lea came! Not in the form I'd expected though, but fully according to the Grand Overall Design's sense of humor: Today is the first day of the four day weekend enclosing my fiftieth birthday, and it stood in the sign of a provider change that renews my connection to Internet, and saves me a bunch of bucks in the coming year:

$12 \times (36 - 7,5) =$ three hundred and

fortytwo Euros! Other than that it is just a

ritual exchanging one black box for another, and trusting it will deliver my wishes in a better fashion!



Now of course that is not the lady I was waiting for obviously, but there were more syncs yesterday which gave me the idea there still is more in the works for me: I'd received a reaction on Zorpia about 'any' wanting to get acquainted with me, causing my doubts about who it would eventually be who 'comes home' to rear their beautiful heads again (They are like a Hydra: you cut off one head and the next two appear). But the image on her profile was a very familiar face, even though I do not have the pleasure of counting this peculiar lady as one of my more physical friends. Any is called **Danica** on the Web, and she's a real beauty (as far as my preferences go). Thus, this little joke instilled a doubt: "Would this be the lady who eventually ends up alongside me?" Sure, her age would be more appropriate than that of the real physical friend I came to know back in 2008 in a strictly platonic way, but still, I could not simply wish for one and discard the other without any consideration of their feelings. Or can I? Isn't "Collapsing the Probability Function" in Quantum Physics just that: deciding what you most want to observe and interact with, with all your love?

So I formulated a Most Benevolent Outcome as Tom T. Moore taught me: "My next excursion on the Web will deliver me an as yet undiscovered photo of either one or the other. The one winning this 'race' will be the one I love to come Home..."

And I should have known that the humor of the Cosmos would deliver as I requested: Any lost, in favour of my One Love, because I uncovered an undiscovered image of her in a very weird way...

Like I wrote in my text above, I shun away from showing her photos here without Her permission, but I hope the page written here will be properly obfuscated to keep her safe from harm. In fact, that is not hope I should be expressing, but my undying belief in one other 'fact' of my Reality: we are all protected against those activities of others that we fear. But since balance is there at all times, this is just a matter of belief. Believe what you will, but mind your thoughts, because the intentions behind them are the real Karma closures...

I guess I'll leave you this time with a track from the Masters of Reality called [Rabbit One](#). I'll be happy to explain the various syncs the screenshot of Youtube (see next page) holds for me personally, but you'll most likely think I've gone completely off the deep end! Consider it the explosion of complete fulfillment following the re-merging with the Lady of my Everlasting Now!

Masturbation for the mind.....



For simplicity I've marked the syncs I noticed for me personally with the red numbers....

It is my belief that all we experience is a first-person shooter game, where you initially see your weapon pointing at the 'enemy'. Some of us go for the biggest guns, while others replace the joy of killing for the joy of creation, and take up their cameras or other instruments of replication instead! I am not really gifted when it comes to big guns or creating beautiful images with a camera alone, but I'm a wiz at painting with images and text, to convey the visions I perceive through my senses! And as such, illustrated stories are most likely what you'll see from me...

Now some may have had a vivid and yucky image in their mind when they came across the title of this chapter. But is selfcontemplation anything other than masturbation for the mind? Even if you consider it your reaction to the "images outside", it is all about you, so here goes nothing:

1.Space Shuttle 'Discovery' in Earth orbit: sounds like me, constantly being addicted to viewing the larger picture even though I live on the world of my restrictions (in the background) at the same time...

2.SimpleExplodingMan88 (whoever he or she may be) points to the explosion of a guy during the act of sex as well as the sudden explosive force of squared Infinity as all of us together reach the 'coming' of Global or even Cosmic awareness. It is all in your level of experience as Einstein said it: "A problem can only be solved from a higher level than the level where it was experienced"

3. Masters of Reality is what we call ourselves once we have reached a level where we trust ourselves to be comfortable with the world around us. From there, the conception of growth has passed, and it has become a conscious effort...

4. I consider myself Rabbit One (to me), having been born February 23rd, 1963, in the year of the 'Water Rabbit' according to Chinese astronomy. Of course Chinese astronomy is just like any system of belief, self-referencing knowledge improving itself by further exploration. And we all do that from our first person perspective! And at the same time I'm Neo, following the white rabbit just like Alice did in Wonderland....

5. The number of Life as Johnny Five saw it! The great journey of discovery that he was on in Short Circuit 1 and 2 simply shows us humans another side of consciousness, this time from the more 'mechanical' side of Reality, which is simply just another view of the same Holographic Matrix!

6. And if you didn't think it was about us humans, the name here means "Human" in French. At least I remember that much from my French lessons, both 'human' and 'man' like 'Man' in English is also often 'abused' to mean humans of all sexes. In Dutch though, 'man' (meaning male) is distinctly different from 'mens' which is closer to the Latin root for spirit: "Mens Sana in Corpore Sano" Maybe that is why those weird Dutch people think differently... And of course, to me 'Human' stands for "**H**olographic **U**niversal **M**atter **A**dapting 2 **N**ature"

7. Fourteen likes, one dislike. My research into the SevenSphere has pointed to thirteen being the number of the eventual unavoidable growth into a next level, as I quoted Einstein earlier. The one dislike would be the futile attempt to stop that leveling up, since a fourteenth like eventually breaks the glass ceiling anyway!

In the end, it is all just beliefs or whatever we label them to be. But that gives us the choice to live in the world we perceive, or to shape it as we love it to be! And as the movie "What the Bleep" so aptly popularized the thought: "Reality or your thoughts and feelings about the same, your mind does not know the difference!"

Time Dilution Synchronicity

Today circumstances made me choose between making a friend happy, or getting more money for something I'd hoped to sell because I can't get used to wearing it no more: My Fossil 54 'Chinese' watch, the one with the chinese seconds on the dial. I'd told my friend Paul that I'd wanted to sell it in order to get my budget a bit more in the direction of balance, even though I am not sure that will be necessary.

He then expressed liking the watch, and left me with the words: "I guess I'd go for the money as well..." as he went back home. At the time there was one lady interested in the watch, and I thought I'd settled on a price of 90 Euros, which she seemed to agree to.

As the answer from Jen (the buyer) took a while, I changed my mind, and decided I'd give it to Paul instead if she didn't react soon enough. Since we met about a year back, he's become a friend who is always ready to help. Of course I'm just like that, but it feels like he does more for me than I do for him, instead of the other way around.

And today my challenge from the Infinity out there arrived:



RE: Reactie Bod: Fossil 54 "Chinese" watch - Google Chrome
<https://webmail.one.com/email/?get=msg&xslt=mail&sp&folder=INBOX&uid=11805>

Edit as New View e-mail source View headers

From: [jen via Marktplaats](#)
To: andre@moorelife.nl
Date: Mar 10, 2013 06:32
Subject: RE: Reactie Bod: Fossil 54 "Chinese" watch

I'm satisfied with that. I will be paying directly into your Paypal without any delay. am sorry i cant come to pick it right now, am very busy at the moment. Send me your Paypal email address and your full name. I will be making payment straight away so you can send it to my friend in United kingdom through TNT POST OFFICE. I will pay €130,00 EUR including the shipping cost ok

You can set up PayPal account today via www.Paypal Only if you don't have

Am waiting for your reply soon.

Regards.

Subject: Re: RE: Reactie Bod: Fossil 54 "Chinese" watch
Date: Fri, 8 Mar 2013 22:04:14 +0100
To: b.3g1oneizg8uhs@mail.marktplaats.nl
From: a.2mekrlyx9boo5@mail.marktplaats.nl

Ninety Euro was what you offered, right?

I accept that offer, and if the watch needs to be sent to you, you pay the postage. But like I said, I can easily hand it to you here in Zutphen, or at the train stations in Arnhem or Veenendaal-de Klomp. I come by there every work day.

Have fun, because that's Life...

André Slabber
web: <http://moorelife.nl>

RE: Reactie Bod: Fossil 54 "Chinese" watch - Google Chrome
<https://webmail.one.com/email/?get=msg&xslt=mail&sp&folder=INBOX&uid=1>

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View headers

From: [jen via Marktplaats](#)
To: andre@moorelife.nl
Date: Mar 10, 2013 06:26
Subject: RE: Reactie Bod: Fossil 54 "Chinese" watch

ok how much is the shipping cost to uk

Subject: Re: RE: Reactie Bod: Fossil 54 "Chinese" watch
Date: Fri, 8 Mar 2013 23:15:36 +0100
To: b.3g1oneizg8uhs@mail.marktplaats.nl
From: a.2mekrlyx9boo5@mail.marktplaats.nl

Or better yet, I'll pay the postage if you want it sent.... ;-)

Have fun, because that's Life...

André Slabber
web: <http://moorelife.nl>

On Mar 8, 2013 21:58 "jen via Marktplaats" b.3g1oneizg8uhs@mail.marktplaats.nl wrote:

Hello can you tell me exact amount you wish to sell this item and the condition so we can talk about the payment.

I'll be waiting for your reply soon

thanks.

I'd sent Jen two mails, in answer to her request: one told her I'd agree to the price she'd offered, but she'd have to pay the postage. After she didn't react, I changed my mind and decided to pay for the postage from the ninety Euros we agreed upon since money isn't that much of an issue anymore. She replied to both today, setting up a conflict with my intention of giving the watch to Paul. She may not even know she did that, but may simply have reacted to my taking the watch of marktplaats.nl because it would be gone either way...

Now I haven't told Paul anything of my intent to gift him the watch, but I did already pack it properly and giftwrap it with a personal friendly 'jab' between guys about there being nothing 'Pink' inside...

Of course the wrapping itself came from whatever was available at the time: a roll of plain grey wrapping which I'd bought during the last Christmas season along with other more decorated alternatives suitable for the festive days, and the frills left over from Laura's birthday present for me: the white Buddha with scent chips which is on my desk spreading its essence right now....



But if you look at the replies from Jen (Dutch word for 'tease' by the way) closely, she's got a few wires crossed, either intentionally or by accident: She answered my last mail first with the question of how much shipping to the UK would cost, even though I told her I'd take care of it with the 90 Euros she wanted to pay me for it. But her second reply told me she'd pay me 130 Euro through my PayPal including shipping. Several possibilities come to mind, but none satisfactorily explain the positive discrepancy between what I asked for and what she offered. Unless she hoped to trump another buyer (who is not there), or she knows something about the value of a watch that is no longer being produced. Either that, or she simply loves her friend in the UK really much!

Now I can beat my head over this thing, because it feels like I'm sticking it to Paul, but on the other hand I haven't hinted at the present I have for him, and I might be setting a precedent by gifting him a watch which is worth that much in my Now, which is basically a monetary balance around me having some month left at the end of my money rather than vice versa. So the simple choice is this: await Jen's payment, and send her the watch, or if she doesn't pay before my paycheck comes in, the watch is Paul's!

Either way, it is just a step in this 'small steps' process of changing your being by constantly changing your mind to match the Choices the Grand Overall Design presents you with. And then to think that I wrote this about it on moorelife.nl only a week ago:

Mind you, this jump backwards is confusing, since it talks about reviving the watch in present tense when I just 'sold' it in its revived state....

Money is no Object...

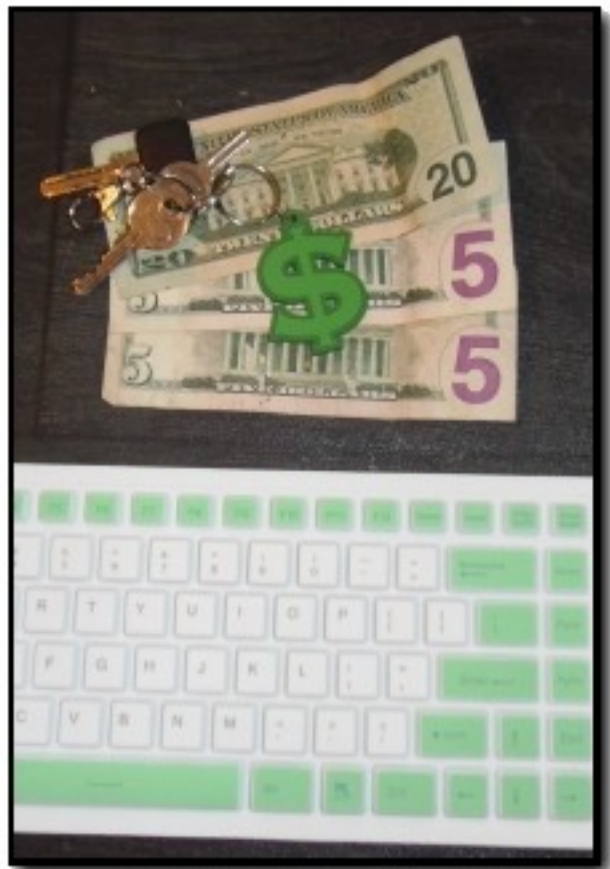
It is a tool! Yesterday I got a link on facebook leading to Teal, a lady who does a show on Youtube each Saturday, about New Age related stuff. I was in the living room with my kids and one of their friends, who is a great source of resonance for me personally. We followed up Teal's first video with a few others, one of which was about [manifesting Money...](#) As we watched it, I could feel an acronym coming up, and jotted it down on a piece of paper. When the video was done, I later converted it to the image on the right here. The fun was, that Teal's words were already having an effect on me: she talked about rephrasing your limiting beliefs about money, and I remembered that some years ago, I'd realized that

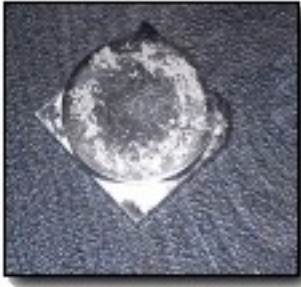


***"Always getting just enough just in time
is also Abundance"***

Of course this would have to be transmuted by the new acronym for abundance, of which I figured the emphasis should be on the part that spells 'DANCE'. Trusting I'd find a great image to use as a background, I simply typed 'money' in the Google image search, and almost immediately ran into the image I eventually used, where the spread of the bills and the glow of the coins shows the Infinity of money as an aspect of the Infinity of Source!

What at first also seemed to hold me back (as I thought), was the budget spreadsheet I maintain in order to keep from spending too much ([empty example file here](#)). Teal however just made me realize that it is a great tool for cutting unnecessary expenses, instead of a means of 'taking inventory'. It enables me quite clearly to see how additional expenses (usually for my lovely daughters) will still be possible without getting into debt later on! It is not about trusting the sheet, but about creating security regarding the direction of the money stream.





Now Teal talked about becoming a 'Money Magnet', and Tinus had (quite by 'coincidence') brought along two magnets which he had trouble separating. Even before the video I'd solved that problem by using a kitchen knife to split them up, and mentioned to him jokingly that the difference between the Master and the student was the Master knows how to use the tools right... And then Teal mentioned money being a tool too. We got to talking on syncs, and Tinus actually was quite adept at spotting them! Synchronistically though, once I'd split the magnets by using a tool, Tinus could actually split them again without the use of any tools other than his hands, thus trumping my 'Master Skills'

Then today Laura and I decided to go into the city, because I wanted to revive my symbolic watch, the Fossil 54 with the Chinese characters for seconds on the dial. It had years ago led to my realization of the arbitrariness of time, but now that I know, the watch would no longer be a 'limitation' to my concept of time. But the syncs wouldn't stop: First of all, Laura also brought Tinus along again, thus making sure we'd continue the talk on syncs and stuff. The watch needed two batteries, but the store that had replaced both batteries the last time now only had the one driving the mechanical part, which kept the hours and minutes up-to-date. I remarked to Tinus that the cosmos apparently was still not willing to return the full concept of time to me, because it had refused to also give me the Chinese seconds back again. Only now as I wrote this, I realize that the limitation was me limiting myself, but back then I refused to give up. So when Laura wanted us to go into a newspaper and tobacco shop to look around, I asked the storekeeper if he also sold watch batteries. Laura later remarked that she'd thought it a really stupid question at the time, but the storekeeper immediately went into the back, and returned with a small box containing a few types of batteries. There were maybe just ten or so types in there, but he did come up with the required SR41 type. He couldn't get the watch open, so we had to return to the other store, where the lady was quite surprised that I'd been able to get my hands on that type of battery that quickly on a Sunday when only half the stores were actually open! We also walked into the XENOS, this really cool store that has a lot of nice everyday things for everybody. I came across a display full of keyrings, one of which was the Dollar \$ign that is now on my key ring. Tinus went on about wanting to buy a printer for his GameBoy, and we discussed it because it only cost 10 Euro, and he later mentioned still having dollars from a vacation some two years ago. Quite clearly another sync, which linked both the keyring and the printer into the green of money, which Teal said was stuff you shouldn't worry about spending, as long as you kept yourself consciously out of debt. So I suggested to Tinus to make a switch: the dollars for the printer. Now I'm still in this 'just-in-time abundance mode', but then we went into another store, where a 6 Euro 'silicone keyboard' was on display. Since I'd recently seen a light only keyboard, which was really hightech, and wondered if I'd be able to type on a keyboard that was really that flat, the purchase seemed a nice one: the only drawback of it was that the keyboard on display was pink, which definitely does not go with my heterosexual big guy image! So I asked the guy at the checkout if there was another color as well, and you get it: he came up with the only other available color, a nice green one! That linked the keyboard to the green of the dollars and the key ring! And also, the dollar bills solved my wanting to follow Teal's advice of stashing money somewhere and practicing virtually spending it all day long. If it had been Euros, then sooner or later I'd spend it, but being able

to stash the dollars in the secret compartment of my wallet would mean that having to exchange it for Euros first would avoid casually spending it!

As we walked through the streets, we discussed the type of battery, and whether there was another sync in there somehow: 41 is one short of the meaning of Life, the Universe and Everything, but apparently the 'SR' was the advice on what to do if Life deals you a shortage: just return to your zone of comfort, and **S**treamline **R**ealization!



Next came the supermarket, where my 20 year old daughter wanted me to buy 15 Euros worth of products, in order to get some collectable from a series she's trying to complete. While she was in another store, I sneakily bought a lottery ticket costing 15 Euros (and hopefully worth much more), and even got two of the collectables for Laura. The funny part came when I examined the ticket at home later: apart from the 42 end of the number (which I'd asked for), there were

no less than **seven** double numbers on it, of which three 44's and three 35's added up to eight (infinity sideways like the image above), and the seventh one adds up to ten. This would fit quite neatly into my personal main symbol, the SevenSphere! The odds of getting seven double numbers in the digits on the ticket are roughly one in a million! And moreover, when Tinus came to deliver me his end of the deal, the bills showed the unique 55 double of the lottery ticket as well....

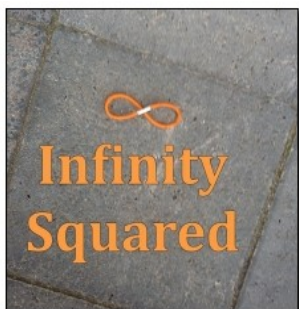
Another thing I'd heard about all day, was Laura's desire to get one of the new Furby creatures, but feeling she couldn't make ends meet enough in order to get it. So before I wrote this page, I just spent an hour on "redistributing my wealth" as I call it: the monthly paying of the bills, which is a positive [ritual](#) every month. And believe it or not, I trusted and succeeded in creating just the right ballance of paying and delaying to be able to fulfill her desire without sacrificing my desire. And that had already been set up quite neatly by Source the week before: on Tuesday Laura flunked her driving test again, thus forcing me to keep my promise to pay for her driving education if she'd not start smoking. So another 230 Euros had to come from somewhere, and the wishlist for spending my vacation money seemed to be the most likely candidate. One of the wishes was a Samsung Tab 2 7" 3G/WiFi tablet to replace my current phone. But I did not yet update the wishlist, figuring that a solution would present itself: and it did!



Just one day later, a TV station named Veronica offered me something that normally I wouldn't need: a one year subscription to their program guide for just 89 Euros. Since I don't watch TV, it would hardly get leafed through, but I could at least pass it on to my ex, who does watch television, but had the very same subscription cancelled in order to make ends meet. And the added bonus:

a 7" tablet (likely not a Samsung, but who cares if it has a two year warranty?) with just about all specs I needed, except for the 3G interface. But since a 7" tablet is a bit big to hold upto your ear anyway, that didn't quite matter anymore... And the arithmetic on that? $350 - 89 >$ just over 260, so 30 Euros to spare! Which was about the same amount I eventually got to set aside as Teal suggested.

The final purchase was a box of eggs, which I had never seen in the store yet: my ex mother-in-law had once shown me one, so I knew about the shape, but finding it in the store because I'd forgotten to buy eggs yesterday was quite remarkable...



And then to think that when coming home with my groceries (but no eggs) yesterday, I encountered the image which I'd humorously named 'Infinity Squared'...

And then the day after (just now), I got a sync warning me of something weird about PayPal: yesterday evening when I'd tried paying something with it, the balance said 1,81 Euro. This morning when I checked it again, the balance was what I'd remembered, 4,32 Euro, but no transactions had changed it in between those moments. I did some more nosing around, and soon found out the reason for this sync: the old PayPal button had died on me, so I had to define a new one....

Talk about **D**etailing **A**ll **N**ecessary **C**ontacts **E**xtensively!

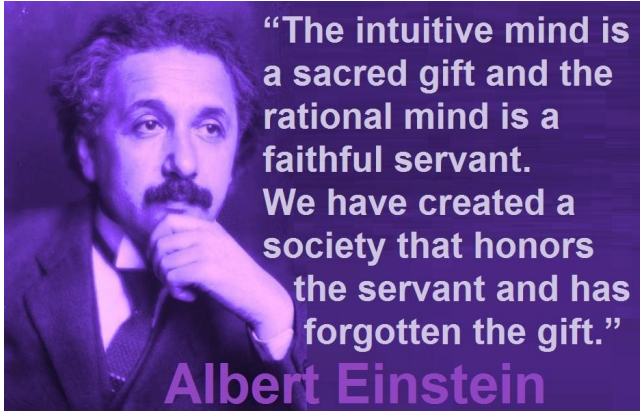
Sunday, March 10th, 2013AD

Odd... I just now tried to insert a timestamp in my Diary program, but my new silicone keyboard is acting silly: it just inserts a 't' instead of the requested timestamp. So since the hardware and software of my system is actively helping me loosen up from the harness of time, there will be no more timestamps in it if I type them from home, and hopefully less timestamps in text entered here from other systems, as I unlearn using alt-t to mark my now for posterity...

Today my waking hours started with adding to this book, since the upcoming disappearance of my last 'shackle of time' (my Fossil 54 'Chinese' watch) gave me interesting feedbacks to consider... I ended up adding them above under 'Time Dilution Synchronicity', and spent a good deal of the day rereading and rewriting stuff: the Vortex actively prompted me to include a few stories from my website written earlier.

And now, having just washed the entire set of cutlery contemplating both the presence and non-presence of spoons as well as the replay of Teal's speech on money consciousness made me realize that I really do not need to focus on it the way she proposes to: money is a tool to me, but the more important tools I already have in complete abundance. Those are my observing senses, my contemplating brain, the beliefs of my mind, and the guidance of my Soul! And that leads me straight into the next chapter, which hinges around one of the greatest minds in history, and the brain he left behind on his trip to grander experiences...

In the folds of Einstein's brain...



“The intuitive mind is a sacred gift and the rational mind is a faithful servant. We have created a society that honors the servant and has forgotten the gift.”

Albert Einstein

Yesterday, I came across a story which I never learned in school, but which was highly interesting to me: the factual description of Albert Einstein's last days, and the way his remains were eventually used and/or abused by the people he left behind. Let me first of all rephrase this: there is no real distinction between use and abuse: the latter is simply a way of using some tool in a manner that I have come to call "McGyver Engineering". You probably know the guy from the eighties TV-series, who always rescued the situation by inventive engineering of a solution from whatever was available at the time of his predicament....

Now in order to make sure that the reader of this book also has access to the same PDF file I read about this particular piece of History yesterday, I could depend on the Web to preserve it for me. But I'll build in one more failsafe: I'll post it on my domain, and will keep it there at least until the day I die. By then, I will probably have seen humanity accept the fact that the study of Einstein's brain may have revealed the differences between his thinking organ and the 'normal' brain, but that it is not in that area that the exceptionality of Einstein's brilliance is grounded. I will not seek permission to duplicate the file however, because collecting information for further education is humanities GOD¹-given right. Besides, I'm not taking away from the author of the document, but simply acknowledging his or her authorship, and giving due credit: the entire file is there just as I downloaded it last night:

http://moorelife.nl/downloads/0854_DANA_Review_-_Dissecting_Genius.pdf

Now based on this, I am going to go out on a limb here, simply because the above quote entices me to do so. In other words, I'm going to follow my intuition (inward or selfreferencing tuition) and tell you some theory that may not be provable, but might be quite believable...

Last year I was quite suddenly diagnosed with a low Hemoglobine level, and admitted to hospital, where I underwent a few days of treatment which included completely flushing out my intestines so the doctor could look at them with her camera to inspect it for some clue of why I had lost such an amount of blood (they ended up intravenously feeding me two and a half package of blood) which is quite a bit according to the doctors and nurses I talked to.



Now I'd had such an examination years ago as well, but then fully conscious: the male doctor put me in a sideways's position, and simply told me to swallow as it would enable the camera's snout to get into my oesophagus more easily. I did as he asked, but experiencing it made me feel like I was deep-throating a robot! I decided I'd never undergo such an examination in a conscious state ever again, but apparently by now they'd resorted to doing it under anasthesis. So in this case the experience was avoided without me asking to be put

¹ GOD: Grand Overall Design....

under...

The female doctor this time told me after the first examination that my oesophagus was inflamed, and that she'd describe me a type of medicine to counter that condition. Then two or three weeks later I'd have to come in for the same examination again, this time only requiring a day of no food and plenty of water in order for my oesophagus to be clean enough for her to spot the difference. After I woke up, she told me there was no sign of anything out of the ordinary there anymore, but the emphasis she put on the words made them cling to my mind somehow.

My next blood count that was done on top of my medication check for my bipolar disorder had me too low again, so this time it was my psychiatrist (another female) who suggested I take it up with my normal doctor to schedule another blood test again, because it was not her field of expertise. Neither was it the speciality of my personal physician, so he immediately sent me back to the medical technicians at the hospital to do the same blood work again. His evaluation of it was that there was nothing to worry about because I scored right on the lower boundary of acceptable....

It may have been the extra iron pills I had left over from the previous treatment, which I had been taking between the time I'd heard my psychiatrist express her concern, but since my last blood count I have not felt unwell like that again.

What I did come to consider was the force of the words we are given by the people around us. And just as I came into that zone where the information would be needed, I got a link from a friend on facebook (<http://www.mayanmajix.com/art2016.html>) which talked about Russian research which claims DNA can be influenced by frequencies, and even words! For me, a lot of stuff suddenly fell in place, and I commented on the link as follows: "I have long since held the belief that DNA is not so much the blueprint of Life, but much rather it's journal!" This of course would also tie in with the concept of the Akashic records, which are said to contain all information of the cosmos.

One thing that sort of perplexed me in the whole concept was the fact of Einstein's terminal disease, which led to his death in 1955, eight whole years before I was born. In trying to figure out why I was losing blood, and being told that in the end I did not have any abnormalities in my upper intestines, I figured that something lower down would have gone awry. When I read the expression "an abdomen full of blood", it triggered in me the thought that his rupture was just the ailment I'd earlier held possibly responsible for my blood loss, if a physical cause was what did really cause it. In similar terms, I had a spot of eczema for years, right about the place where Christ was stabbed with the spear. Crazy? Perhaps, but it is my understanding that all concepts are in fact intimately intertwined, since Einstein proved the existence of "Spooky action at a distance" as he called it: if two electrons have been together, then you can take them to different places, and if you then flip the spin of one of them, the other immediately does the same! No delay because of the limited speed of light, but instantaneous reaction! And since at the moment of the Big Bang all electrons were in the same place at the same time, they are still all connected! So you simply cannot flip one, without influencing them all....

So what's with all the symbols in our lives? Aren't they just like the electrons in that when one of them flips your basic understanding of something, all other concepts in your mind are automatically influenced? And is not 'intuition' nothing more than "masturbation of the mind", which at times leads us to a release of knowledge which is just as powerful as a good self-love? No doubt such realizations lead you to feel great, even though you might still have some reservations as to your own self-love.

A lot of symbols meant little to me for a long time, I never was a brand follower where clothing or cars were concerned, or was I? Sure, no Ashton Martin was on my shopping list, although I'd love to drive one once, but as a matter of dependable transportation I've always stuck with Volkswagen, for its German concept of sturdiness. And of course it would have to be a TDi engine, since that is what gave me my most



enjoyable experience in driving: lots of thrust in the lower revs, and a quite acceptable top speed. Basically, it's just what tickles your fancy, right? So when my novel "Make it Real" was written, I intuitively went for the ultimate car without having extensive knowledge of all brands, types and customizations out there: simply go to the Google image search, and pick out the most awesome ride, which in the story itself would be a valued relic from a past long gone but not forgotten: the age of fossil fuels!

Yep, I ended up with the Bugatti Veyron, a monster of mechanical ingenuity with a 16 cylinder engine in a double V8 configuration. A top speed of over 400 kilometers per hour, and many other extremes to lure the luxury customer into buying one. When you look around the Web, there even is a complete configurator in the Bugatti website, where you can just point and click your Veyron into existence! But just how many of us average people have ever seen a Veyron live?



I still remember my first 'awesome vehicle encounter': it was on my way home from work, when I stopped at a light right behind a canary yellow Lamborghini Diablo. It was first at the light, so I guess I could see that one coming (or rather going) a mile away: green light, and before I was even in second gear, it had put about a full 900 meters between me and him! Perhaps my memes of the tough Volkswagen and the yellow Diablo were the hints that made me choose a yellow Hummer for my first novel, which was written in Dutch. I'll have to translate it sometime, because it is too lovely a story to restrict it just to my fellow countrymen...

But more remarkable stuff happened, to make me arrive at the "humans can be influenced" idea: it may seem like a violation of your free will, if someone slowly etches an image into your neural pathways in order to 'change' you. But in fact it is not them but you who 'change your mind', or rather change your

preferences. An anecdote about that will make clear what I mean:

At one particular time in my past, I went home by train about an hour earlier than usual. I sat down in the train opposite a guy, when usually I skip such seats in favor of solo seats or ones that have me facing a lady. But he and I got to talking, and more specifically about careers. I don't remember whether I asked him, or he plain told me, but he turned out to be a professional poker player, en route to a tournament in Monaco. The reason he was on the train was because his plane would leave from Berlin, and he had to come back via Amsterdam so going by car seemed illogical. I now realize that the ride to Berlin was an element from my novel "Going Within", which later went within my second novel called "Make IT Real", but at the time I didn't trigger on that connection. And to my trusting mind, his being there had been satisfactorily explained, so there was no need to be suspicious.

We exchanged E-mail and chat info, and he interacted with me and my daughters for about three weeks. To us that was a weird period, because his ease of thinking about stuff we'd never even dreamed of was highly intriguing: in the three weeks we spoke, he raked in about as much money as I'd made in the last twenty years, and his idea of getting a new car was one of deciding it would be an Audi Q7, and then



simply shelling out the 100,000 or so Euro required to get it. At the time I was still struggling to get rid of my last debts, and we discussed the idea of him helping me get rid of them. He asked me in all earnestness: "Do you want me to help you?" I said yes, and he transferred the money, yet it never reached my bank account. He kept on saying that the money had been transferred from his account, but it simply never came, even though my GUT feelings told me he was on the level. In the end it didn't matter because I fixed the problem another way, and quite frankly I didn't want him to fix it for me anyway... But that was something I only realized afterwards!

So just now I went onto the web to find more info, and maybe figure out what to write next. It turned out that I recognized the guy from his face, and he may have shaved his head now, but the eyes gave him away, I'm quite sure of that. Well Patrick, wherever you are, thanks for helping me realize some aspects of myself while we were at it!

But one important piece of this story remains to be unveiled: ever since the intended buying of the Audi Q7 by Patrick, my mind has made me notice that I more often notice Audis than any other brand of car on the roads I travel: they are most often the first car I come across, or the ones having synchronistic license plates. I'm not quite sure yet what it means, but I am quite sure that the Audi meme latched onto the 4444 and 7777 concept that is so central in my second novel...

In similar wordings, I must observe the following from my medical history: I used to be on Lithium and Risperdal, and if we go by the discovery that words influence DNA, then the naming of a drug will quite probably also affect the patient: Risperdal in my mind triggers the Dutch sentence "Risico per Dal",

which translates like "Risk of Depression" in English. Since our neurons concerning words from the languages we speak fire together, they wire together. For me, the feeling about Risperdal was one of always feeling restricted, just below my comfort zone. Sure, not taking them would mean I'd float above my comfort zone soon, but still...

The next prompt to this developing idea was when my psychiatrist replaced the Risperdal by Seroquel. The Dutch 'sound' of this was "Zero kwelling", or "zero torture" in English. Her male colleague later expressed the idea that it had been weird I was still on Risperdal when over 99 percent of his similar patients were on Seroquel. And the weird feeling I had became my new attitude towards my medication: It no longer holds me back, but it also feels like I could even get off it if I wanted to! Of course I made the observation towards my female psychiatrist, who denied that this was in fact what is often called the Placebo Effect, generalized towards a possible explanation in language. Her next move was then to also change my Lithium to some other drug, which goes by several different names. I've not yet figured out the linguistic meaning of those names, but I'm quite sure I will eventually. And my doctor's last act was to remove herself from the scene, moving me into the care of the only other psychiatrist in our hospital, an eastern fellow. Might be quite interesting, since his *modus operandi* seems to be one of more relaxed control...

Another thing that has finally changed again is my attitude towards music: there was a time after my becoming manic that 'no music' became preferable to all those frequencies in my mind. Now, since the flip from collecting input towards distributing wisdom, the music has been reinvented as a side dish while I'm writing or traveling on the train. And that was where I met the lady who asked a very weird and yet intriguing question when I told her I wrote in English: "Are you sure you are writing in English?"



Since others had commented on my English in positive ways, this almost felt like an insult, but the lady probably had never read my work, so the question became a conundrum, a riddle that wouldn't be solved. It only clicked into place once I realized that all languages form a tangle of noodles inside our neural networks, where the neurons fire and wire together: words link to meanings, meanings link to words in other languages, and ambiguities and synonyms create crossfires and crossed wires. Eventually, we will arrive at a language which everyone speaks, and it will most likely be like evolved from English. But the real commonality in our global being will not be in the words, syllables or the expressions, but in the aligning of the awareness that utters and hears the words! As soon as we realize that we are the complete consciousness viewed from different directions, life will be more of a network rather than a hierarchy.

And skipping the Brighton Rock solo from Queen, I landed head first in Bob Marley and the Wailers, with "Turn your Light Down Low". This seems as good a time as any to stop writing now, and get to bed in order to make it a night of a little over five hours and a quarter....

Straight as an Arrow?

This morning I woke up to a sudden realization: I'd figured out all at once why one of my customers that bring me unsolvable computer problems all the time was there in the first place: to make me realize there was a weird circle of self-hatred in my feelings which did not do me any good...

But to make the point stick, let me go back to 'the Dark Ages' a term from an Ayreon album which stuck to my mind just as well: my youth. I grew up as the eldest son of a couple with a homosexual father in a time when gays still married women to hide their sexual preferences. Maybe some still do now, but we have gotten beyond this need to hide mostly, I think.

At the time of this writing, I'm watching a youtube video about the '[Memory of Water](#)', which clearly shows how water has a structure that reflects what you have put into it: as the insertion of a flower in a vase changes the structure the water produces when visualized with a given procedure, so the maker of the drops of water also produces quite distinct images, which clearly differ from one another across test persons, but turn out quite similar when it comes to the same test person making multiple drops: they are mostly the same at any given time. Unfortunately, the video does not mention if the pattern of a given test person changes over time, if for instance a person's DNA changes according to recent Russian research which showed it to be influenced by frequencies and words. And since people are said to be over 90% water, you can quite easily make up your own mind about whether you wish to be influenced by yourself or others (if there are any others, that is)...

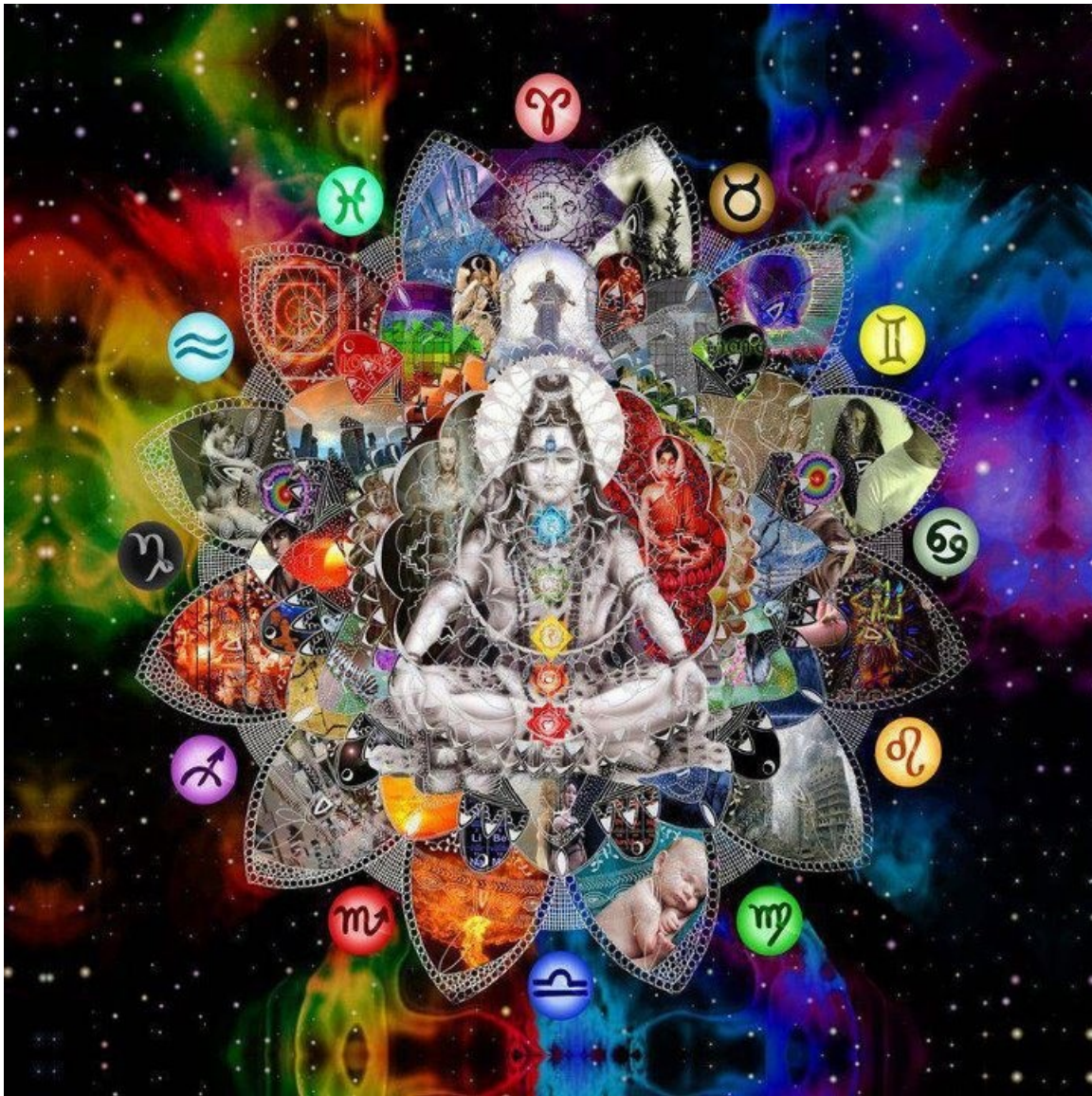
The next video made me veer even further from the topic I wanted to deal with here, but since it is all connected, I'll allow for this to happen, thus creating an alternate reality which brings with it entirely new probable futures: '[Parallel Universes and how to change reality](#)', which explains it all quite nicely at a 'dummies' level...

Anyway, part of my alternate pasts as I now remember them, were those of a youth where my sexual orientation was triggered time and time again by not having made up my mind about it yet: I simply did not clearly enough state the truth of my feelings: I love women, but my mind turned it into a subconscious level of difference between men and women: if I preferred the women more, I loved the men less somehow, and my deepest feelings of balance had that being a 'contradictio in termis', a conundrum that needed to be solved.

My relationship to my dad stabilized over time as experience with his orientation developed with the years: The seemingly unbalanced relationship between Mom and him was not unbalanced, since then it could not have lasted this long! But the situation with the new gay guy coming up with the unsolvable computer problems is the apex of the realization I came to this morning: I was actually hating myself for not being able to fix his computer problems, where I am usually succesful with the problems others bring me in that area! It defeated my self-determined purpose of being a balanced person, loving all equally. In the process, that developed into me loving all more than myself, which is crazy, right? Now how SIN-ful is that? If anything, it is the most extreme example of Self Inflicted Nonsense I've seen in my being yet, but most probably not the last one, since I set my sights on completing this book....

And it is not that the signs (in hindsight) didn't lead up to this realization in the first place: only last week, a guy on facebook told me he could come across very forcefully, if he didn't restrain himself. He gave me the advice to slow

down, or I'd be thought a fool. I never told him then, because the true 'angle' of this particular angel only came into bloom later, when a female angel on the same site send me this image and told me that was how she saw me:



Now the image came with no expressed or implied value judgment or threat of feeling foolish, but its 'neutrality' made me realize the unbalancedness of the 'being ridiculed' threat in the earlier advice, which was every bit as sincere: the speaker merely gave me the advice he gave himself, but since all outside is said to be a reflection of our true selves, it was actually me trying to make myself realize that: "Ridiculed? I'm not afraid of that because I **know** I'm right, even if right is just a label which says that it feels good to me..."

And yes, the image does hold me a mirror even more than the thousand words I could write in its explanation of how it pertains to me: I'm the light grey guy in the middle, having arrived here from the darker gray traveler on the path behind me. My heart chakra is not very bright green, because most of my heart is with the stuff out there, be they human, alien, technology, plant life, or any other myriad form of life. And when you have that many arrows of love shooting out there like those of little Cupid, then your life no longer has any direction in which you want to pull it. True, one particular angel spent a year by my side as the petite and lovely colleague she was, on our lunch walks, and her disappearance left me with one big arrow pointing her way, but at the same time her chosen use of talent dropped me back into an ocean of love all the same. So I feel the net vector of all those arrows of desire has truly left me with no vector to drift in, other than knowing She is out there still, every moment!

So yes, my goddess is female, but that does not mean I dislike men any less: if I travel towards work in the morning, I prefer the bicycle first, and the train next, and end it with a ten minute walk. None of these are different in value, and even driving a car has its particular thrills, like the Oneness of Man and Machine I wrote about in my second novel called '[Make IT Real!](#)'

I know there are people out there who scare us into all kinds of threatening 'Machiavellian realities' involving machines and their evil purposes, but I choose not to believe this: in most cases people are enthusiasts about the tools they made and use, whether they made them for private use, or for others. But since all those videos simply present the positive aspects of a given design, they do not really point to a greater reality which is implied by these perfect little tools and the myriad ways they connect us as a people. What does get pointed out often though, is that great ideas are being repressed. I simply point to our children, and ask you to watch them: they are not afraid of the Now and its vector of growth, but grab onto it with both arms!

Let's just grab back the video I mentioned earlier about Parallel Realities: Infinity is large enough to contain any and all realities springing forth from the immense pool of decisions that we expand with every change we come up against: declination, acceptance, or further vision are just three of the countless paths we might take from every moment in the ever present Now, and I for one see the more positive ones developing around me.

To me, the talents I have are quite obvious now, since they are the abilities which I most enjoy while creating. This is not about pride, but much more about being able to help others with stuff I find easy and enjoyable. Given the astrological sign of Pisces I was born under, this isn't quite a surprise as you'll see on the right...

To me, those ten reasons are absolute aspects of my self, so in that light you could call me a typical Pisces. But unless I chose to put myself in a box, you can't put me in one. You may attempt to in your reality, but then I'll just escape again to mine!



10. You've never thrown anything away.
 9. Your Motto: Where's reality?
 8. Such a recluse.
 7. You always deserve better.
 6. Compassionate and generous.
 5. Way too easy going.
 4. Can cut to the chase.
 3. Jump first and think later.
 2. Overwhelmed by the enormity of the universe.
- AND THE #1 REASON YOU ARE A PISCES IS YOU WERE BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF THE FISHES!

So this top 10 on the right here is just the stuff I work with while traveling my path of least resistance like the fish I am: I can nibble away at them one restriction at a time, or choose to explain Astrology as just another tool to deal with Reality as we perceive it, which has developed quite remarkable insights into human nature over the ages. But in today's newspapers I find that my horoscope is not a tool to foresee my fate or destiny in a given direction: it is more of a statement meant to 'prompt' us into feeling about the given 'prediction', and then deciding what we will our day to become. That is the

one thing in the newspapers I do check every working day: see how they either are right on, or dead wrong about what I decide I want my day to look like!

As for those ten 'rules' of my sign? Well, I'm working on those:

10. "*You never throw anything away*". Seems true at first glance, but then I'm relaxed about it until my 'spring cleaning' gland is triggered: I spring into action, and radically weed out that which I no longer have a use for. Similarly, I've developed the laidback attitude that anything I need will find its way to me. So when my youngest daughter Melanie complained about her desk chair having lost a few wheels, I simply gave her the chair I used at home, and moved my Dad's old chair back in from the garden shed, since it still has a few good years left in it yet!

9. "*Your motto is: where's Reality?*". True in one sense, but on the other hand my view (and my Web aliases) shift over time with my personality and its development. From "Selfaware's Special Spots" to Paid2think.com, to "Deviant's Lair", into moorelife.nl which has sort of become the focal point of my Reality: there's always moore to life, so why chase after it? Just enjoy it while you can!

8. "*Such a recluse!*" Yes and no: I do not go out of my way to meet others, but am always open to those who find their way to me since it is my experience that usually they do present a possibility for me to use my talents in order to help them. I may write in total solitude, and am usually not disturbed by anyone if I am in true writing mode, but I have absolutely no idea of just how many people read my stuff and in what way they are influenced by it at the moment. The statistics of my site drown out the download statistics of my books, but then again, there's lies, there's damn lies, and then there's *statistics....*

7. "*You always deserve better*". True and false again: I'd love to have 'better', and my ex and my daughters always feel like I am too good towards them, but it is all self-centered: one of my talents is seeing the happiness in them, and making it mine! I may only keep the essentials needed for my talents, but if someone is in need of something and I have it, it's theirs if I can spare it since their happiness is way more important to me than any material thing!

6. "*Compassionate and Generous*". I guess so, but like I said, that follows from my decision to be that way since I love to give.

5. "*Way too easy going*". True I guess, mostly because of the above point. I am learning to spot a 'scam' now, but in the past I've had a few near 'misses' teach me a thing or two about others and their sometimes not quite reasonable behavior. Still though, I truly believe in the essential 'Goodness of Humanity'.

4. "*Can cut to the chase*". If the decision is mine, yes! But way too often I

**Open
Connection
To
Other
People.
Usage of
System
Strictly for
You!!!**

relinquish the choice of course to others simply because of my belief in Free Will: If I believe I have it, then so do all others, and thus I must leave them their 'room to maneuver'...

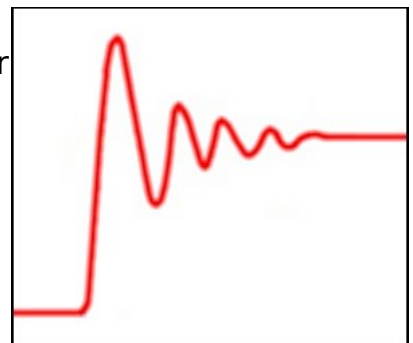
3. *"Jump first and Think later"*. True, it was even told about me in elementary school, as the result of an aptitude test: "He will jump in first, hit his head, and then think before attempting the second time around". As a result I gave myself the middle name "second time right" for quite a while. By now though, I have developed the experience that if I jump in directly, that is for a reason even if I cannot see it at that very moment!

2. *"Overwhelmed by the enormity of the Universe"*. At first yes, but the turn of that tide came with Teedra Moses' album named Complex Simplicity: the two visions I had in the past (my self revealing me some visual information in order to clear a blockage hindering my further development) showed me the true sizelessness of our Universe, or even our Cosmos: The Youniverse is personal, but Cosmos is the label I give to the total summation of all our Universes, although they do not all coincide. Common Consensus Reality is the largest area of commonality we all agree on, and it is freakin' tiny when compared to the Cosmos, or even the Infinity of the All that tops even that! But since length is a human-defined aspect, so is size...

1. It may be the number one reason, but it also is the total self-referencing cyclical tail of this snake of self-delusion called Astrology. Note though, that that would be the disbeliever's expression for it, not at all the one used by an open mind once it has reached a grasp of the essence of the Complex Simplicity of the Grand Overall Design.

And yes, over time people have told me to stop this quest of grasping reality, since it would serve no further purpose in their eyes. But that is just why I love doing this: not a crossword, although many language aspects are involved, and no Sudoku either, although the numbers also influence me. And no games of competition because I simply go at it the way of the [Scatman](#) "winning when no one loses..."

Thus I am addicted to the one puzzle that grabbed me by the heart and mind and swung me into a full bipolar disorder as the doctors called it. But in fact, that was just the effect electrical engineer call a 'switch glitch': if an electrical potential is suddenly switched from one level to another level, then the resulting waveform is at first peaking to levels way beyond the desired steady-state value, as you can see on the right. I bounced a couple of times, until it became the steady state level required to describe my findings in a



language that 'normal' humans might understand. During the manic episodes though, my understanding of my own expressions became ever more meaningful to me, showing a regular increase of beautiful order in what others perceived to be the ramblings of my manic mind. They called me manic, I was simply following my intuition. And I was helped along the way, just as I was helped now: I paused writing for a moment, just to follow the suggestions on youtube based on my selections of previous videos. It didn't even take seven minutes to land me on "[Rupert Sheldrake - The Science Delusion BANNED TED TALK](#)" which talks about similar things in a more eloquent way. He links together various scientific discoveries, in a talk that at first was banned from the TED talks, apparently because TED found it not scientific enough. I'm not

such a scientist, but merely the guy in the center who interprets the stuff like this, and realizes there are still areas of wonder left which are here to keep us "in the game of Life" so to speak: the puzzle changes as the laws of Nature do, simply because we all created them from the definitions we made in the first place in order to make the world around us make sense...

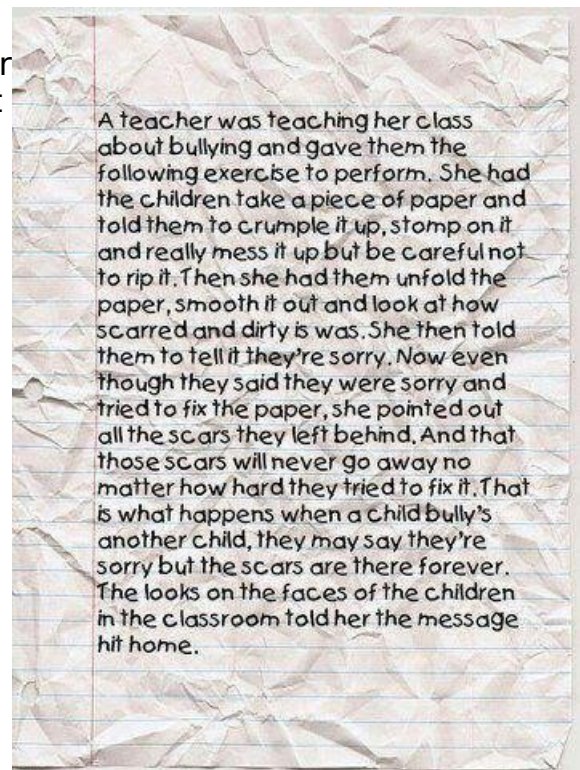
Upon rereading this, my Windows Media Center just gave me Katie Melua and "The Closest Thing to Crazy".... Considering my 38651 track music collection, figure the odds!



This morning I realized that one such a discovery related to my earlier 'research' was about the number 42 being the answer to "the Meaning of Life, the Universe and Everything": A following of music across Youtube introduced me to Sirenia's album "at sixes and sevens", which is a common saying in English for seeing things in confused ways. Now Wikipedia has a whole story about it being derived from various dice games, and relates it to the chinees proverb of similar meaning which uses seven and eight. That may well be truths, but it also relates quite well to what I said about my 'personal' symbol for Life, the 7Sphere: if you ask people to look at it, and tell you the first number that comes to mind, then some will say six because of the obvious hexagonality of the symbol, and others come up with seven because they see seven spheres if the center is included. The third category comes up with eight because the symbol itself is also a circle, and the really weird ones see all intricacies, as I did when enjoying drawing the lot at the start of this Millennium!

Adopt yourself...

Having ended the previous chapter on a high note, I wondered what the next chapter would be about. Trusting it to work itself out then almost immediately gave me one of Mooji's videos about "[the Illusion of Identity](#)". Now we've already talked about the aliases on the Web which expressed the way I felt about myself, but perhaps in Mooji's words there was even another concept of identity, the name our parents give us. I used to resent the name given to me, both the family name which translated into English as the cloth we tie around a small child's neck in order to catch any spilling of food before it soils its clothes. It gave me the 'identity' of being the kid with the funny last name, the prime subject for schoolkids to ridicule. But in fact they were only embodying the fear I had of the name, until I grew bigger and could impress the bullies by sheer body size to disarm their ridiculous actions. But just last week I found an interesting teaching technique on the Web, which came by just in time for me to repost it to my eldest daughter in order to give her a tip worth remembering since she wants to be a teacher, and also had her troubles with being bullied in elementary school. She concluded with the statement that she was a piece of crumpled paper, and as I



pondered it, I saw the immediate positive of the situation: even a crumpled piece of paper can be written on, like for instance to express the inspiring text given above...

But in a way, the I am is not a static form like the body, but a dynamic concept which can be said to have a certain form: we call a personality well-rounded, instead of being a square, or some other form. As such, we are every bit as well-rounded as the static structure of the Cosmos, but at the same time it only is because it is also the same as the dynamic notion that followed later: as soon as the question arises, "I am" becomes "am I?", but we may no longer be interested in answering it...

For a long time, André was not the first name I used, but I shortened it to Dré simply because André felt like it was incomplete: Dré felt more complete, but in doing so, I'd simply discarded part of my given identity. Only later, when proof had become inessential, the name returned, and was even played with as a means of forming an alias to write my second and further books under: Sander R.B.E. Beals is André S.E. Slabber, simply mixed up into an anagram of itself! Like James Bond would have it: "Shaken, not stirred!"

Next on the list of works I'd love to introduce to you is a movie called "[Athene's Theory of Everything](#)" Although I do not subscribe to its statement that Science is the All of our Reality, it does mention a lot of recent research and theories. It will give you a nice source of information from which to form your own "working thesis" . Because that is all 'normal' human beings can ever hope to do: they can gather the information about what they want to know, but the directions in which they search create the form of their consciousness: since an Uomo Universalis it simply attempting to gather his or her information and knowledge from around the center of their being without following any external source to its ultimate destination, thus creating a well-rounded sphere of our knowing, rather than a form which bulges in the directions that we most emphasized....

A guy named Robert Lanza also first came to my attention just today, but oddly enough he completely matches the ideas I was putting together when he came up with Biocentrism: putting consciousness at the center of the Universe again, like we used to do it before the advance of science as the religion in disguise that it has been for quite some time now. Here is an [interview](#) with the guy which lasts over an hour, and I'm going to stop writing to listen again, just because it is highly interesting to me!



And even though I didn't have anyone telling me I was the center of my Universe, it always felt like that to me: others might have kept me outside their worlds, but I had my own, a private journey into Wonderland. And it keeps intriguing me to this day, even more so in the last few years! The rabbit hole is deeper and splits into many interesting avenues, which fortunately do not have to all be followed to their end in order to make sense of this holographic essence we call the All...

When rereading this latest chapter I replayed Mooji's interview, which in turn

influences how I will continue here. "I is synonymous with self-presence" he says right now, and that is how it feels. I can write about the world out there in a detached third person view, but then I would sever myself from it! Instead I am "the Infinite and timeless being" as Mooji calls it right this second, and write from that...

Let's talk about sex, baby!

Salt 'n Peppa turned it into a [hit](#), but sex has been around longer than humanity has, since gender-based procreation was already common in many other species of animal except the 'maninal'...

Actually, the link above has become a dud due to copyright infringement, leaving me no other obvious avenue than to give you the VEVO version, although I definitely dislike the advertizing angles of that particular area of Youtube:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ydrtF45-y-g>



For me, the whole concept always turned out the way it does for most nerd-type humans: they want to figure out the essence of it, rather than mindlessly enjoy it! And so they shun the social circles where sex is a concept involving dating, since it seems to lead to something other than what they feel is the essence of it.

I too am such a Nerd: I've been married, and have at least made my impression on the gene pool by co-creating a couple of lovely daughters, but the divorce initiated by my now ex-wife made me single again, but not divorced. I never could figure out why people would want to make that distinction, as if having been married before is some kind of 'badge of honor'. On the other hand, 'single' also doesn't quite cut it, since it implies solitude which is no longer there! I'm no longer alone but more 'AllOne', having found the essence of the concept: SEX is just the 'Special EXperience' that is Life, no matter **what we get off on!**

Now Love and the two adjoining spheres in the above SevenSphere I always could see quite clearly, or so I thought: I knew instinctively what love was, like most humans. And the freedom to enjoy Sex for what it was without the need for love stuck out like a sore thumb: I figured that those who were able to enjoy sex without love were truly free, whereas I felt I could only enjoy sex with the love deeply entangled in it, for that to me was its essence. But now it seems like I simply wasn't ready for 'the Big Picture' yet...

So yes, the elements of procreation and inhibition were known to me, for I'd seen the necessity of the first and was thoroughly aware of the second in my being, with me not being able to enjoy Sex without Love. But I simply could have seen through it at any time, as it turns out now: If Sex is experienced freely and with the combined free will of all parties involved in its experience, then it automatically implies love, since it implies our love for the process of 'making love' rather than the more clinical expression of 'having sex'!

What eluded me, at least until now, was the sex trade: the oldest trade in the history of humanity, as it has been called. But like any concept that has something to teach us, it will be experienced time and time again, even if you have your inhibitions towards it, and just skim the outskirts of it (pun intended) in order to wrap your mind around it until your lust for its clarity and your lust for release has been satisfied (that last one always returns by the way....). The Rolling Stones may not have been able to get Satisfaction, but their expression

was one of reverse psychology: Their satisfaction was gained by creating a hit which left its mark on the music industry, which was their Special EXperience!

To me, a number of sexual aspects had me baffled during my lifetime: being confronted time and time again with homosexuality, even though I myself have always felt I was a lover of the Female Gender. Even when I had thoroughly decided that, there remained this fascination with ladies who truly looked female on the public surface, but who at least showed to be characteristically male in behavior, and even sometimes male in sexual attributes... As I now see it, I simply needed to come to the realization that no matter what the attributes and tools we use, we are still One Race, but we are not in a Race to become either of the compromises: instead, we will evolve into something that is even more than what we are Right Now!



And then there was the Business of Sex: ladies selling stuff I simply could not bring myself to pay for, any more than I could put a knife to my wrists in order to end the misery. Both (I now see) were prevented by my Higher or subconscious self in a structured approach to have me arrive here, able to explain it all in simple terms...

I'm hoping Julia Roberts won't be offended by me putting her image here, while she too was part of the puzzle: She showed the world that hookers are just ladies too, with their needs and wants, and their dreams. To me, that movie made one hell of an impression.

I wanted to be Richard Gere, and that may also have been because the Dutch word for desperately wanting is '**begeren**'...

But the market mechanism on the streets later turned into a market mechanism on the Web which equally eluded me at first: apparently there were a lot of sites distributing lots of pictures of ladies for everyones taste, but what did they gain by that? They advertized having more images of the same ladies, but once you have collected several dozens of one particular lady, you could easily set you sights on the next one, and start over with new attractions. Paying for access to more photos of the same girls seemed addictive, and unnecessary. And the mechanisms trying to get you to buy access to either paid or free sex also seemed hollow promises. Funny to hear, that my Media Player just started "There's a Hole in my Life" by the Police, from "Outlandos D'Amour". How synchronistic can you get? Webcams seemed uninteresting, promises of free sex always lead to relationship sites that say you can become a member for free, but which always force you to shell out at least a couple of dozen dollars to allow you to actually react to any of the candidates. Photos attracted me, but like I said, paying for them seemed useless too.

But then something weird happened again: I was looking for a job at the time, and an agency sent me on an interview with a company that claimed to employ various sites in the red district of the Web. I frankly told them the truth, that I would love to work with beautiful females as my 'test data', but that I considered misleading of the customers a nono. I never got the job, but their eye was on me from that moment, if it hadn't been already!

Then came the very lovely colleague who tempted me to go out walking with

her every lunchtime, and who became a dear friend over the course of a year. Later I found out she was a model, which totally turned my view of that marketplace upside down! How could it be she worked beside me for a year, and me then finding out she was a model even though I had not been actually looking for her there?

Somewhere after she left, I encountered the poker player I mentioned earlier, and he and I talked about female companionship too, because I was still full of all I'd been through back then. It didn't register at the time, but he mentioned calling his ladyfriend 'Cookie' because that was her nickname on some site she was a member of. It was not a modeling site as far as I remember, but more of a social site. Only last month did I finally figure out the real clue in that nickname: I was watching the Matrix Revolutions, when the Oracle and Sati were baking cookies. As just before Neo came in, the Oracle told Sati that "Cookies need love like everything does!" And that was when the nickle finally fell, as we Dutch say: All these humans involved in the sex industry may not be in it for the love of it, but they all need love in order to sustain themselves. Now lets just go from the assumption that any industry has people that are in it for the money, and people that are in it because they love their job. Since it is the oldest trade by reputation, it most likely also has the oldest 'Workers Union', which strengthens the cooperation between those employed there. Since these jobs aren't even recognized as valid professions by most governments, a union representing them would be very inconvenient indeed. So this union most likely works in secrecy. But then again, most effective networks work outside public groups. As I put the Matrix Revolutions on just now, the DVD player has the father of Sati telling Neo that "Love is a word, what matters is the connection the word implies."

And since that is the connection, there are companies that are in it for the money, and companies that are in it for the love. The first type will exploit where they can, while the others will treat their employees fairly. Unions are only necessary for the first group, since the second group already takes care of its employees. Most likely, this second group simply uses its influence to get workers away from the first group, and then give them back their free will so they can stay in the business or opt out...

That is how positive co-creative forces operate: they seem to have no restrictive nature, but more an empowering one, which can operate as a web of loose radicals, operating seemingly separate. They are like your web of facebook friends, most of whom you know only fleetingly, but who you trust to be like you since their messages relate to your thoughts exactly. Anyone sneaking in there with 'ulterior' motives (those not aligned with your values) is soon triggering your bullshit alarm, and is being sent packing.

Thus I put it to you, that organization in this oldest profession is a given fact, implemented by those who enjoy sex for their love of the act itself, and the love of all humans rather than the love for one single person. Where I would prefer to Love one lady first, and would then model my sexual activity to her allowance, these humans already know that whatever act of sex they love most will automatically attract partners who form the complement of their urges and desires. Where one loves watching, the other will love showing his or her beautiful body, and where one is submissive, the other will be the master or mistress. Any relationships not adhering to this balanced principle will make the connection that the word 'love' implies simply go up in smoke...

Everybodies Dream!

I guess we've all had it once or twice, that idea that we might just be able to beat the odds and win the lottery. And even though we get shown time and time again that money is no problem but a tool, most of us still have the idea that we could do way more if we only had more of it.

But manifestation is a tricky business, which is hard to really understand in terms of give and take: it is not game where the solutions are hard and fast, but rather fluid and malleable. With every

LOOSE ENDS UNDERNEATH.....

Chapter One, just another arbitrary separation

I did a pair of featherweight pieces (in number of pages) before this one. They were aimed at explaining as much as was possible without having to go into lengthy monologues aimed at making it clear even to others than readers with fish eye lenses like me will probably have figured those out, but this one is for the general public. No offense intended, we all have those we cannot comprehend simply because our views are radically different in this infinitely diverse Cosmos. Some like it spoon-fed, or if there is no spoon, in small steps like Jodie Foster in Contact, others like to take as much as they can take. Does that mean any of us have to be enemies?

I'd come up with this title for a longer book around 2009, as it seemed relevant to my manic rush at that time. Trying to determine if my next piece of writing was worth serious effort, the title came up again just now, under normal balanced circumstances. What was already written under that title was soon discarded, as "brilliant, but even I can't figure it out again now...". I won't bother you with it. What I will bother you with is the synchronicity that punched this title right to the front of the line:

I wanted to know for some reason which date my contract regarding the 'Make IT Real!' novel would end, so I can publish it for free also. No success there yet, but the stack of papers that among others contained the manuals of my washer and dryer also held a newspaper page that if anything redefined coincidence as synchronicity: On the same page, it had articles in Dutch about the following foreign events (PZC, Friday, October 29th 2009):

- Brother and sister held captive, free after forty years.
- Instant lightning leads to paying of debt.
- Swiss rehabilitate last witch after 200 years.
- Baby with two heads dies, after about 150.000 people saw it that week.
- A Titiaan for sale at a bargain (about a third of value)

I remember the day my mom brought it for me, because she'd clipped it from yesterday's paper when she and Dad visited me that Saturday. Now her clipping something for me happens only once every silver moon, so the odds of that are staggering already. But what about the combined odds of those events?

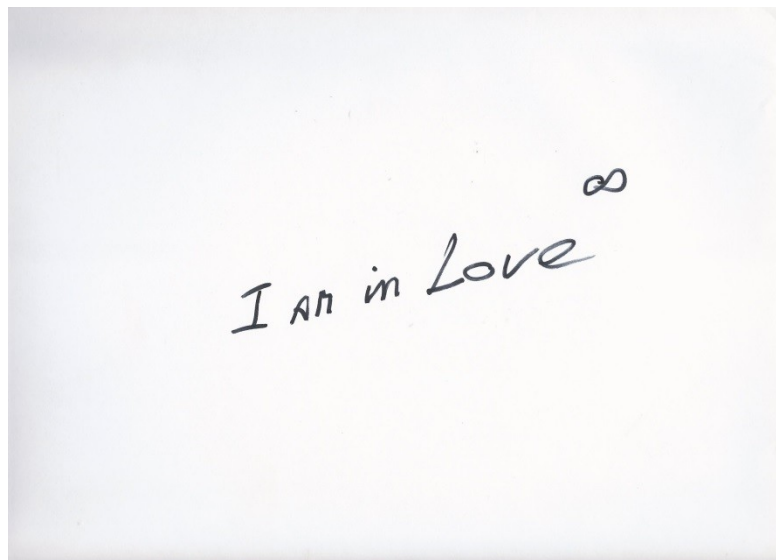
Surely they're all one-in-a-multi-million appearances, especially since the baby is actually two syncs: the fact it was born, and the fact it survived an entire week! (true real-life sync: Faithless just sang "*and watching young life shape*", right from "God is a DJ", randomly picked by my laptop from a 3000 track collection.....)

Let's keep it moderate, and give all those odds a probability of 1 in a 1,000,000, and not count the baby double. Then the combined probability of all these five events is:

$$\frac{1}{1,000,000^5} = \frac{1}{1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000}$$

Now you may call that impossible, but we've seen it was just an average newspaper page on an average Friday, a.k.a. Life.... Talking of Life, this average Sunday just gave me a task to fulfill, if I want a delightful evening in any way. True, it might become delightful by surprise, but I don't have enough fate yet to skip my little trip to the store and just trust that dessert comes to get me instead of me going out to get it.... ;-)

Aside from dessert, the next best thing is spending the night writing, now that I've determined which book it is going to be. Like the previous three, it has autobiographical events woven in to make a point here and there, through the kaleidoscopic view of my two human eyes and various other senses. Now don't let me torture you with the interactions between human and mechanical or even energetic objects, for that is interesting but highly irrelevant at the moment. Let's just get back to the little scavenging trip that gave me the newspaper page. On top of that, it also gave me a large envelope. These are my default association envelopes, which my manic half (to say it in 'normal' terms) uses to combine notes and clippings for further processing later on. Often the associations are completely useless to me later on, but this time the sync clicked:



Quite relevant to the title of this book named 'Designs of a Lady', I wrote it down at the time with regard to the contents I put in the envelope. Now, re-finding it again, the envelope was torn open, its contents removed. I don't remember what was in it back then, but the clincher of Windows Media Player starting Cinema Bizarre's 'We are Love' drove it home! Yes, I am simply in love to infinity right now, and have been for some time. What am I in love with? I guess the empty envelope gave that away: Nothing at All, and yet Everything at the same Moment!

Now how can everything be nothing at the same time? Well, there is a realization to point out here: If we acknowledge that the Cosmos is holographic, then any subpart of the total is a complete representation of that total, all the way down to a subset which essentially is zero-sized. And the subset wasn't even zero-sized, since it consisted of the envelope and the various atmospheric molecules in it.

Similar to the cliché 'There is no I in team', one could easily say 'There is no I in Love'. Fortunately though, there is an I in 'In Love', and as such Buckminster Fuller

may have been wrong about him being a verb rather than a noun: we merely are, but with us in Love, we can reach Infinity. On the other hand though, verbs, nouns and everything else are just labels, like everything else.

Remarkable was the fact that I'd now found the envelope empty, because the writing on it suggested that I was on a head-on crash (or crush) for a certain person. Still though, it was specific and non-specific at the same time: just like with my first wife, there had been this feeling of 'Is it **her**, or am I on the wrong path?' That question always kept me busy afterward, whenever the idea of a romantic connection popped up: 'is she the One, or just one of the many?' And if we are all one, just anyone would be **the** One, right? On the other hand, we cannot deny that we all have our preferences, which determine how we wish our Cosmos to be or become. The elements of these are general in nature, like 'I prefer dark-haired women', but of course no human is a simple single attribute for others to appreciate. We all have various aspects for others to love, like and dislike or even hate. And believe it or not, that 'formula', written down on the envelope was basically the DNA of human preference, as written down in an endless sequence: just like Darwin and later on Dawkins noted the best adaptation as the winner, our strings of preferential DNA can be written as endless sequences of "I love this, and I love that, and I love that,...." (like someone dared by a lover to reveal what they love about them)

Still though, once you turned hatred into a mere absence of Love, you're halfway there. Because that moment your dislikes become absolutely positive values, the total of which can only reach zero or more. Still though, the match of preferential DNA (let's call it LNA) is what hooks us up with our partners. And am I enough of a guy to go for the perfect One? Well, since we all are One and All at the same time, yes I am, if I prefer. But one of my LNA-genes tells me I needn't bother, for she'll come to me, rather than wait for me to come to her (simply because I **prefer** it that way).

But then again, it isn't just about love and hate, isn't it? As a matter of fact, it is about the point where Darwin described Evolution as the battle to be the fittest, without giving an actually sufficient description of the term 'the fittest'. Well, he couldn't have, could he, because for any species the term is a long and winding sequence of preferences, the LNA that determines which attributes of a being make it attractive to other beings, or even other species, just think about flowers and bees....



By then my train of thought became somewhat distracted, by that feeling that plagued one of the scientists in Hollow Man: he knew he'd have to take the next step to get from A to D, but had no idea how to get to D directly, or how to figure out B and C first. His brilliant colleague Sebastian knew the answer to both of course: just relax and enjoy yourself until the answer hits you in the head like an invitation to dinner from a lovely lady!

Well, the lady didn't surface yet, but the answer to my conundrum did: if life is permeated by DNA and with what Dawkins called memes, then it might not be all that crazy to assume it is an actor in the whole process we call evolution (are our preferences encoded in our genes?) And if our adaptability to our environment determines our suitability as winners /

losers, then it may well be that as the design specs of our beings, matches in DNA represent matches with other beings / surroundings as well.

On the other hand, what if Evolution itself is nothing but another mechanism, partaking in a battle of the fittest on another level? Being one of the 'higher-ranking' players, would it not be deployed in every way it possibly could?

What's in a word?

Well, there is a lot to say there. Right now I'm watching the movie 'Towelhead', about a very beautiful Arab-American girl, who is caught between all these different cultures and customs, and her own sexuality. Now Towelhead is a negative term to indicate someone of Middle-East descent, which actually doesn't need any explanation because of its self-explanatory nature.