

The guy who ended up naked in front of the police



By David Indigo

Before I start I want to say thank you from the bottom of my heart to all the people I met until now in my life. I met many different kind of people in my life I and I am happy I had the luxury to have such a diversity of friends and people around me, and this made the journey until now amazing. A special thanks to my parents, because I am aware that for them my process was far from their bed story, so I am even more thankful that they could remain the peace in themselves to continue in life. It must have been a terrible moment for a parent to see your child locked up in small isolation cell standing naked in front of them and shouting stuff. Therefore I am really thankful for the support my parents always gave me. Although we know we have different ways of seeing things, always supported me in the way to go. Without this support I couldn't have make it until now. And that is the wonderful childhood I had with my parents, sister and brother. Because without my brother and sister I wouldn't have been here where I am now. We are so the same, but at the same time so different, that is what I like about us. I love you.

I want to thank my family, and the openness how they received me in times that were turbulent for me. I am happy I had the honour to reconnect to a part of my family where I was never imagining that it would ever happen, and especially the reconnection with my cousin. We met again last year after not having seen each other for a long time after both our grandparents died and the family got divided. I am so happy I reconnected coincidently and in such a beautiful way that it gave me the power the continue my journey in life. We talked days after days when we met and the irony of the story is that our stories have a similar element but at the same time completely different.

A thank you of another level goes to a beautiful soul I met in the first time I went to Portugal, where I was sitting alone at the beach after arriving at a camping during my holiday by that time, smoking a joint and drinking a beer. I saw at a distance a girl making photos of the sunset. Just a girl I didn't know by that time, but by now I found a soulmate of kind I never met before. She gave me the confidence that I was not crazy, because she had crazy thoughts too, she was always interested in the things I was making and so I was in the art she makes, and we shared a lot of art and conversation in real time and via the modern technology. This happiness of sharing this with a beautiful girl and soul is for me something that makes me stronger and keeps me believing on continuing my journey outwards. She is the one who made me start writing, I always made paintings but since I met her and saw the beauty of her writings I started to do it a s well and this really helped me to digest all the turbulent times I went through. From the first day I met her I was amazed by her photographer skills, she is a born photographer from the soul. The photo's used in the book we made together in the times we saw each other last times in the material world.

Another level thank you goes to another soulmate of my, the connection we feel is of a kind I never experienced with someone else before. She knows who I mean when she reads this. Thank you strong girl!

Besides that a big thank you to all my friends that always supported me, and spoke with me from person to person and message to message.

Who knows we see each other in the future! From my side, I hope so.

This is an open book, I say, I shout, I express, no words are meant to offend someone, believe me I rather die today than tomorrow, but since life is so beautiful and mysterious I cannot ignore to discover more and more. The emptiness inside me will always be, but I feel fruits to be taken to who knows one day I will come without emptiness. I find the happiness inside to continue on a beautiful journey of life. Life in its fullest power, diversity of people, teachings and celebrations. I am ready for my deathbed. I had a beautiful life until now where I had the honour to see myself in many kind of different settings. I feel a fulfilled man that I had the courage to walk towards this direction, maybe in a setting of confusion, but it kept me always going. I am ready for my deathbed because I decided in which direction my place to die will be. Everyday experiencing another day not dying can only be an extension of a beautiful life on this planet, and a beautiful life I had until now, although I shout sometimes towards things, I love that everything is there. In this book I will do the same, I will be open and without any restriction on the words and connection I lay. I feel no need to proof that what I am telling here is true or wrong or whatsoever, for me it has something that needs to be shared to inspire other people, with a similar background or not. It is just the openness that can create space for something new, again my purpose is not to offend anyone, I am just open in the things I hear, see, feel, smell, taste and absorb and transform in a fantasy story where I slowly start to see signs that this fantasy may be useful for other people.



I feel a need to write, to write about my experiences, my experiences of seeing life from another perspective. But why should someone be interested in a story of a random Dutch guy walking around on this planet. Why I don't know but some of the visions I had in life were profound and difficult to ignore after a while. These visions were telling me a story, a story of myself and the world around me. This vision escalated in one point in my life a few days after I received it. I remember this escalation very well, it was when I was standing naked in front of the police in the city I was living in the south of the Netherlands. I remember so well, the visions were so strong inside me that I took the first way to handle this new vision. I got over enthusiastic the confrontation with the police and me being naked also made me realize later that this step was not the most realistic way to spread the vision I received some days before. I got hospitalized and labelled psychotic, that was it, my visions of the days before were destroyed in every sense. I was in a locked white little room in a mental healthcare institution where the doctors at one point nailed me down with emergency medication, because in their opinion I was going mad and they decided to apply emergency medication. The day I woke up in that cell, what the fuck is going on here. I was disillusioned and walked to the door and shouted and smashed. Soon they opened to see through a small window. I saw a woman, I didn't know her. She said wait I'll come back soon. There I was, naked in a white dress in a white cell and a small pot with shit of me from the previous day. I got some flards back of the days before and in some time I realized this can take a bit longer than expected to share my vision of the day before. She came back with another doctor and they both guided me towards a new room. Did you have a good sleep and how do you feel the doctors asked. I was ok, I was alive and awake, but at that point in time there was more confusion going on in my head about what was happening around me. The doctors brought me in another section of the healthcare institution, they gave me the room with the highest risk, I was locked in a separated area where I shared the area with another guy who was not even allowed anymore to go out of his locked section. Luckily I was allowed so I could join the communal room where around 8 other people were hanging around. It was still a prison but at least a living room prison. By the time I saw the new cell and place I realized that this is gonna take more time then expected to come out of this place. From the inside I was hungry to go out of this damn place, what the fuck are they taking this so seriously. From the outside towards the doctors I was open about what I did in the days before and in the years before. The visions I had and why I ended up naked on the streets. I saw them listening with eager, because yes it must be an interesting job to be a psychiatrist in a mental healthcare institution, the stories you here must be amazing. Especially for them it was interesting because I had my visions still clear in the days after I just changed environment. I was in a mental healthcare institution locked up because the guards of civilization decided I was a risk for the public safety. I didn't really know why, and in this way I explained the visions I had, the drugs I took in the years before. Ow yes I am psychonaut, and especially in that time there were many substances I took in the years before. I like to discover new drugs and experience the mind altering states of consciousness with substances. I always take responsible. Responsible drug use is for me educate yourself, learning from the effect and start with one drug at the time and never combine in the first trips you are making. Let it flow and enjoy. That was my visions towards mind altering drugs. I was never the speedy guy, so coke and speed were substances I don't take much. Yes offcourse when it is just the thing around ok lets go for it, but somehow these drugs never crossed my path so much in my life. Only speed in Berlin, coke I just did once when I was 18 but I didn't like it, I did again a few good sniffs last year and still it think why would you spend so much money on this drug, but ok pure my own vision in the medicine box of recreational drugs. I was more the spacey guy, X, M, mushrooms, truffels, LSD 1 x, 2CB, yes that were for me the things I used in the years before. It opened a complete new world for me. A world of the psychedelics. And yes when you

have a conversation with a psychiatrist about your visions and the substances you took in the years before they made a quick connection in my medical diagnosis. In the days I got the visions I was smoking hasj, some days before I had an evening on X. In the months before I visited many festivals. So it was a time for me with lot of X and mushrooms, because we got our first harvest in the months before my visions which led me in a psychotic episode as diagnosed by psychiatrists in that time. In that time I was always on hasj or weed. It was smoking at a daily basis since 3 months. The short background of my drug use in the time I received a visions where I got hospitalized and diagnosed. Every time psychiatrists came and talk to me I was happy I could tell my story about the visions and escalation. At the same time I was frustrated that they kept me locked inside, because for me it was so innocent what happened, I got a vision of free energy and tried to hand this over to the world. My story ending up naked in front of the police was also a kind of innocent story, I never got aggressive, I never wanted to bring anyone in danger. I just talked a bit strange to some people maybe. I got a visions that somewhere in a house in the city old energies were withholding the flow of free energy. I got the visions there were children being raped in a physical or mental sense, i am not clear, but it was clear for me that children in this house needed the help of police or institutions to safe them from their captivators. I never told this vision to anyone, I just walked to the house and a woman came outside and I asked her kindly if she has time to speak with me. She was feeling uncomfortable and ignored me. I went away for some hundred meters to watch what was going on around the house. I saw the children inside. After a while the woman came back to pick up the children I went again to her to ask if she has time to speak. Then she got a bit disturbed and afraid and went in the car and drove away. I was not aggressive or disturbing, maybe my eyes looked a bit psycho I don't know but I was quiet and easy to the woman. No she went away I needed attention so I smashed with a flat hand on a random parked car, by that immediately a police squad arrived around the corner. In my experience this all went really fast, how could a whole police squad show up immediately after. Ok never mind, that was the disturbance of a woman and my first confrontation with the police. They asked me what I was doing, I told them that I felt that something is wrong inside the house, and that they should have a look for the children. They ignored my words in every sense, they started to push and shout at me, that I have to leave the place, I said I don't want to receive credit for this but please go inside there is something wrong there. They were around 5 police, one woman. She was the only one who tried to hear what I was saying, but her male colleagues were already pushing me so hard away that I decided to turn and walk away. Go away here, they shout at me. This was the time I met the police for the first time when I received a vision of free energy. By that time with clothes some hours later I will meet them again naked, the time that they arrested me and put me in the mental healthcare institution. Where my vision of free energy was smashed down to the bottom.



The doctors concluded in official diagnosis that my psychotic episode started after I took amphetamines. And because of that I had hallucinations. They talked in a letter to my huisarts that I was lost in a relativity theory.

Since I was the experienter of what happened to me I see this as a misdiagnosis in every sense. I understand the diagnosis, from a perspective of flards of information you receive from the experienter. But this was a misdiagnosis in a profound sense. It was creating the illusion that amphetamines were the cause of all the hallucination I had. Holy Jesus, no I was already skyrocketed before I even took amphetamines. The reason I took amphetamines was a more ritual thing in my ways to transcend the free energy in the world. Ofcourse this intake of XTC, as they called it amphetamines in the official letters, had offcourse an effect on my journey in these days. But you miss the whole story if you didn't listened to the things I told you before the time I took X in my trip of free energy.

For me this diagnosis was a fail, I am not saying I wasn't driving crazy. But for me this doesn't do good for the situation of both, from my side, I feel as not being heard, and at the side of the psychiatrists they don't really learn from their patient, they just make easy diagnosis if they hear some flards. I went through the whole cycle of psychiatry, because I also didn't know what was going on with me. I refused medicine from day one, they just tranquillized me with emergency medicine, but that was against my will because they hold me with 5 persons to give me a hit of drugs from pharmaceutical paradise in my ass. No after I woke up the day after this hit, I refused to take medicine. The doctors were ok with this in the way I was moving around. Why is this diagnosis a fail for me, for me this whole psychiatry thing was new I never went to one before. What I saw there behind the scenes that the ways of analysing are old fashioned and not willing to learn from patients. They never took a word from me, they didn't really ask about the visions I had, my visions of free energy. It was all dumped down to a diagnosis of psychotic episode, all the treatment is built around not experiencing this again anymore. I am happy I experienced this treatment in the mental

healthcare institution and showed me the Freudian way of psychiatry. For me this is a bit sad and dogmatic. They really try to do their best, but the people from the Freudian school are not willing to change, they got stuck to old ideas. And I am not saying the Freudian way is a bad way, no it is a way in the realm of many possibilities what could have actually happened at the time of my psychotic episode.



Since I had the vision of free energy at the point I received it I was so full of enthusiasm and willing to create this into something that would transfer this vision in one way or another. It was the internal force of energy to do something with the received visions. By then I didn't realize this vision was more a message for myself. At that time I went too much outward what for me is the reason why I ended up naked in front of the police. In the last three years analysing and experimenting with the possibilities of what could have happened in the time of my psychotic episode I started to take the experiences with me and started to experiment in my own way, out of the conventional way. Because for me the conventional way got stuck at a point where they try to label experiences of different people in life under one name, one label, like we do with words. Which breaks away all the learning elements of individual cases and why they experiencing such a profound mind altering state at the time of an episode. Analysing symptoms and labelling towards one name and apply general treatment on preventing another episode takes away all the mystery and unanswered questions where the patient is left behind with. As a patient you are left behind with you are psychotic, no deeper diving in the experience of the individual. All visions of the individual are dumped down to the fact that he feels crazy and should act upon standards of treatments. In the conventional way of treatment the patient walk in a direction of subtle blindness, feeling good he takes up his old life again, but what is the old life if you use medicine everyday to maintain this subtle blindness your whole life. I am not psychotic anymore, but I have never used medicine, and believe me I have some times of peak the years after but I learned to deal with it. For me this is the sadness of nowadays psychiatry. It is dumped down to the point where we start to see it as common to use drugs everyday. I tell you I was smoking pot every day by the time of my episode but I was once in a while

on X in the time before my psychotic episode but never was on a daily basis using chemical tablets to transform my mind altering state. That is why for me it is fascinating to see that the common accepted value of taking medicine your whole life after having a psychotic episode has no sense at all. It is maintaining the old believes of what is good for a patient. Believe me I never took medicine after my episode and I am 3 years after ending up naked while writing. That point was a learning point for me, it showed me that I have to be aware of the energies I am receiving and how to transform them in a way that it makes you going in a good flow in life.

Why am I sharing my experiences, because I feel my case can be an inspiration for other people dealing with the doubts about what is a good treatment for psychiatric issues in life. Besides that I extent this towards people dealing with doubts about what a good treatment for them is in nowadays society. We all get biochemicalized by the way science is approaching psychiatric issues that it became more a chemistry project in the brain than it really got to the visions and mystery behind these experiences. Besides that our treatment in society is also based on chemicals and oil. It is the treatment that should make you happy, but is that so? Since I went on my own way of analysing my vision of free energy I came to a point that it all makes sense in the end, why I had my episode and what I wanted to do with my life. I started to embrace the visions I kept receiving, it were for me guidelines to make decisions in life where to go. It brought me in many different places and environments. It showed me a kind of irony which is hidden inside all of us. The irony that we already live in a world of free energy but the way to go is your individual choice, which makes life beautiful in every sense, it is the explosion of beauty of the possibilities that lay in front of you. I am not here to show that the doctors did a misdiagnose, no not at all, everything that happened was necessary to receive raw data from visions I kept receiving. I never lost receiving signs about the free energy grid. It made me do the most irrational things you can imagine, but it was a journey of fun for me. It was a ritual where I was lost in sow now and then. I never closed my mind for the visions I was receiving. For the feel good of people I maintained a story that people are satisfied to hear. In my case this was leaving the words around that you still smoke pod so now and then, it is so closely tight to my official diagnosis and how my friends and family are informed by the mental healthcare institution that it was for me clear that I should leave out the openness that I smoke a joint so now and then. I saw that it made people feel good to see that I didn't 'smoke' 'and do drugs (except alcohol)' anymore. Believe me I smoked on the most crazy places before entering conversation with a certain silent around topics. People are so easily satisfied if you tell them you are not using cannabis anymore. You see you look way better now when you don't smoke anymore. Believe me I was stoned when I received all these fake ways of saying that I was getting better. It is and it will always be a certain story because for me I don't see the reason anymore to point a innocent plant as the cause of visions I received of free energy. Cannabis is for my parents the most sensitive topic related to my psychotic episode. Believe me, they never smoked a joint, they don't even know what a coffeshop is. These older people are telling me that this was the reason. No I discovered already soon after my psychotic episode that cannabis was not the cause of my episode. I was a bit more than a month released after being hospitalized for 5 days in that time I followed all the orders from the doctors, I quiet cannabis and just drank a bit of alcohol. That was not something that could cause harm the doctors told me. But after a month being semi sober I took a small drag from a joint and I felt wonderful and in peace, this was the first sign for me that the doctors were talking shit. Ofcourse at that time I was not saying a word about that I tried again, just some friends who were there saw me doing. It was a kind of adventure for me, an adventure on trying to see if the fruits the doctors forbade for me were really that dangerous for me. No the first time after not at all. I decided to keep my sober period, and just stayed on some alcohol occasionally. In that time I smoked a bit again I was back on my job I wanted to quite from after I received the visions of free energy in my psychotic

episode, but the doctors told me it was better to keep rhythm and structure. So I decided to go back to work 10 days after my psychotic episode. I didn't feel tired, and had no problems to work 8 hours a day again. I didn't want to be the person who was more than a week 'sick at home' for work. No I wanted to become the old Dave from before the episode again. So I put everything in work to show I was fine and there is nothing wrong with me. Try to keep the fearful surrounding in peace with themselves. Believe me it is not an easy task for someone who is open to explore the realms of the psychedelic mind. Because I never really saw something harmful I did, I just end up naked, but for the rest I was just fascinated by an idea of free energy. The first year after my episode I was in the face of exploring other explanations of what happened to me, in this time I end the treatment with my mental healthcare institution because I didn't felt heard in my story, and since I am the one who was forced to go in this treatment it was easy for me to say thank you and goodbye at a right time. It was the year I started to read more by myself about other science behind psychotic episode it lead me in the world of transpersonal science of Stanislav Grof. This guy brought peace back in me, he showed me that I was not crazy as I was diagnosed but that I may go through a transformative state for me as a person. It made me feel confident again, it made me realize again that I was not the one who was just crazy, no this transpersonal science made me see my case in a different way. It opened for me a trigger in myself, I felt that this all was happening to me for a reason, a reason to follow my heart in the directions I go.



What I don't want this book to be is a judgment on the paradigms of nowadays psychiatry. It is my exploration and analysis on my own case, I wouldn't ever want to give it as a copy paste example. My intention with the book is to share my experience and see underlying connections, which may inspire you to look your life from another perspective. This doesn't have to be a good or bad, it is a tool of exploring the realms of existence. I will talk directly in this book, but this is never meant to be blaming someone, or any institution. I am a psychotic mind, so my flards go from one way to another, there is a bi polar sense in the way I try to transform the free energy vision.

This book will be a mix of created text and past poems and other stuff I made along the way. It is pulp in any sense, it is not about order, this book is not from page 1 to end. It is something in between all this, a dose of pulp digested by the psychedelic mind. It is merely a constellation of thoughts and art around the visions I received. I don't even know I received them, I at least was aware of it one time on a full moon in august in the year of my 27th. And I am Bull.

At the moment of writing I have a bike, nationality, weekly expenses around 40 euro on tobacco and hasj, I learn about farming and permaculture, learn about chicken, learn about sheep, learn about ducks, besides that I am picking and eating oranges if I take an eye on the animals. At the moment I am writing I arrived at a place where I was inspired by 2 years ago, in the year I got the confidence back to walk in a direction where I follow my heart after being in a downhole in the year after my psychotic episode. Where I was confused about what happened and what people told me to do to prevent it. Believe me I did all the opposite, not to be against something, pure taking it as another hypothesis on the diagnosis. At the moment of writing I have 20 euro cash and no savings on the bank. I allow my bank to go minus 1000 this is the credit I have to pay rent over each month. It is around 5 euro per month. At the same time I have investments generating more profit than the cost of the rent each month by the bank, basically I live on my investments, and how they will transform over time. I am without any money on my bankaccount since 6 months. It is for me an ethical thing, I don't like the policy around the current state of currency. I am at a bank who invests in oil, I bothered of changing but in the end the banks are all in the same machine. The machine of debt. It makes people sit in one place on this planet for their whole life working to live in a house. So I decided to do it differently instead of changing bank I took all the money out of my account and let it disappear. I left it minus, it was the opposite of plus, so with this I was not participating in the oil investments of the bank, I didn't need to change towards another bank to get all not necessary paper and plastic work. No now I made a decisions I don't like my bank invests in oil I take off all my money from the bank and let it in debt. It is the service they are providing me. It is a fair deal. With the investments I can liquidate money at any time. So here I am 20 euro in cash for already 1 week in my pocket. I am writing my experiences because I feel a need to share. From the last money of the bank I bought a second hand bike where I cycled the Camino Santiago over 2500 km to the south of Europe. The rest I put in investments. Investments not through banks, but through trusting the spirit of innovative new currencies. I travel now since 6 months without money possession. It feels good. I travelled fully on the new spirit of the investments, and I see the horizon rising. It is not about money, no it is a new way of constructing the possibilities you have in life. I loved to learn more about farming, animals and gardening, besides that I want to learn more about essential oils and car mechanics. I am learning so much at the moment that I couldn't have imagined before. I cycled the Camino the Santiago in winter with no more than the cash I had in hand. It was not much, I lived on nothing because all the other investments I had were purely speculation and so was the banking industry for me. So I didn't feel the need to give my money to institutions who invest money in oil and other destructive materials to continue the destruction of the planet. This is my opinion about banks and industrial corporation. I worked in this sector and it is big and blind. I had the honour to be a cost engineer in the petrochemical industry. There is well oiled machine going fast, but in my opinion blind at the same time. By the moment of writing I do everything I what comes by and feels good to do I have time for myself to invest time in writing a book about my experiences of free energy.



It will all be a bit flards, flards of my wondering why am I actually writing. But I feel a need to so a push material in a direction with no specific guidelines, it is just pulp. Pulp in a dream of wondering.

Why I still have the weekly expenses mostly on cannabis and tobacco, because I love it. The cannabis plant is for me the most discriminated plant on this planet. With its beauty and power can transform all shortcomings in nowadays society. It can replace plastics, clothes, oil and medicine, no need for oil anymore. And it is not only that, I love to smoke a joint, believe me I love it. In the morning, afternoon or night always time for a joint. I like to have my periods without where I had in the last 3 years. Periods without taking any substances. From periods of 1 till 9 months without I love these times, they give me time to see my distance towards my love for the cannabis plant. You know it is not easy to love a forbidden plant. In the Netherlands it may be legal to buy, but at the same time the image around smoking is more for the non-working class, people in suits wouldn't openly tell they smoke a joint so now and then, no the image behind marihuana is dark, and in my opinion not respectful towards the plant. The plant has the ability to grow everywhere, it is not for a reason it is called weed. Weed everywhere, it takes all the dirt and cultivates the soil and creates a beautiful plant that can make clothes and plastics, besides that it is a powerfull plant protein, it has lots of medical treatments and the capacity to heal cancer. The oil can drive machines and cars. It is a plant that can make everyone independent. For this reason it is silly to me why in the world everyone is so paranoia about a beautiful tiny plant, the cannabis plant. I started to embrace the plant. It became part of my life, so you are an addict? No this is not how I see, I drink less alcohol, I stay calm, I learn about farming have almost no possessions. Addiction is a world strongly mislead in nowadays society. Addiction the need for a certain substance how it is generally spread around. Addiction would make you be more lazy or whatsoever I don't really know why addiction is such a bad thing. Everyone is addicted, look at the cars, houses, and stuff we don't need, we buy it. We pack ourselves with just more stuff, if that is not an addiction I don't know it anymore. Maybe I am addicted to cannabis. I am happy, I don't have all that oil consuming money material around me, I have my bike which gives me the opportunity to cycle, I have some clothes and a tent to sleep. At the moment of

writing I have a chalet for my own while writing on a farm where i learn about animals and farming. Eating good meals everyday enjoying the sun coming up everyday drinking wine and beers so now and then. I have nothing left then my laptop and some clothes and paperstuff to write and draw and paint.



I will now throw text I wrote in my time I was in Berlin 1 month after I was living without any money on my bank account. The time I wrote this I had no plan I was on my way to Italy via Berlin to visit a friend, I wrote this in a time where I shared time with a beautiful woman and friend I had the honour to meet in my life. In the time I was with her I wrote many stuff, I didn't know where to go I was just shooting stuff till the day I entered the Krsna temple via a friend, I closed my writings and went for a month of singing, meditation and dancing serving the holy ground of Krsna in Berlin. I never looked at these texts again but when I read again I feel the need to drop some here. The front of the book says 'there is no trial, like smile'.

Anno 2016

Communist spirit in a capital world

Share possession

Discover your skills

Gain infinite

Through the wall

Berlin, what can I say

Its good to be here today

The magic is on the wall
Where old politicians had their funeral
People have the spirit of revolution
Although still the world full of pollution
Inspiration in this city I am here for
Although I know I will leave with a penny or four.
Innovation is not for the old
Its like the old men blue suit, ice cold
Currency with no value
Only with courage we can bring the rose to the new avenue
What can I say, I will leave the same
Hopefully words remain
Its time to go in another direction
That will give us all satisfaction

Be another brick in the building

People sometimes forget,
The television is the way we are fed.
Complaining is in its essence useless to do
Because only stress come in a day or two
The secret to change is within you
It will make you shine like a diamond so blue
Gold is already in your pineal gland
But Fluor through toothpaste let us believe that we are slaves on demand.
Corporation of industrialization got you by the balls
And that is where the glory falls.
Time to let go of destructive behaviour
And you will be the next saviour
It is not about being a hero
Because we all know we rather die then live in a world of zero
Who knows one day it will turn to one

And we are the one who won

The wind of change

Some people don't follow me,

My reason flip flopped.

Like on the beach you know,

Just a day of sun, sand & water

The basic elements of life

How the seavoyagers find new land

New land to build dreams

I travelled the sea with big waves

It was scary sometimes

In the end I lost gear in the storm

But I am happy I kept my soul

The soul I see through my shadow

Cause the sun reminds me

Reminds me of light helping me on the way

I lost my flip flops in the storm now I am barefoot

It feels good I walk through the sand

I feel the crystals through my toes

Reminds me of the possibilities to build something new

There are just trees, sand, sun and water

Nothing more, but it's enough

The trees give me oxygen

The sun lets me see

The water makes me clean

The sand makes me build castles

It reminds me of the old days

Where nations set sail to build something new

The symbiosis of land water and sun

Give the fruits

I am thankful I arrived and god gave me a reason to live

Who god might be

Its up to god

Cause who AM I to judge who is god

I walk around and build a hut

I slept for the first night on the new island

If it is an island I don't know

At least it feels like an island

I wake up look over the horizon

And feels like come on people join

I have the skills to build castles and huts

But in the end we share

Share of love

Share of experiences

Share of skills

Share of food

Share of goods

Celebrate the sun

Celebrate the water

Celebrate the land

Celebrate life

Celebrate god

Celebrate with sea travellers

Celebrate with families

Celebrate with homeless

Celebrate with children

Celebrate with the death and fallen

Cause here is land for all,

Together we create dreams

Dream in freedom

Dreams in prosperity

I unload my ship
What is left is no more than a bunch of notes
A bunch of drawings
A bunch of letters
A bunch of blueprints
I have no money
I have no gold
Its all in the wood
Its all in the blueprints
The wood to build the ship
The blueprints of my dream
I am homeless but I find new land
It feels like home
My reason flip flopped
Feel free to follow
Feel free to ignore
Present is only time
Time for building dreams
Hopefully one day you will join us and turn this paradise into pinael gold
Much love
Anonymous
On the corner of Karl Marx Strasse,
Can I get a coffee please,
Thank you

I heard a German telling that in Germany they raise the oil prices after 10 in the evening because they have to keep the gasstation open the whole night. Oh Jesus, is oil corporation really running out of money? I didn't knew that the minimum wages are so high in Germany.

I am without TV more than 3 years. Best decision ever made. If you camp with stress or other kind of psychiatric issues, turn off the TV, believe me it is total chaos coming in your brain. TV is marketing, TV is money, since oil corporations maybe running out of money because the oil prices raises in Germany after 10, all products we buy are made of plastics, and all our food contains chemicals, it's the petrochemical industry, where I had the honour to work for 2 years. I was done with it in the end, therefore I dropped, but I never showed it to anyone on my job I had ethical issues, I always was the

eager learning young cost engineer. As a big industrial corporation you want the youth to stay, all knowledge straight from university are the brains that we want in the machine of big industrial corporation. So it went for me, in the first half year I had the honour to see my projects I was calculating for raising from 30 million to 300 million. Yes offcourse I was well supervised and stuff, but even then, it were the cherries of the pie that were flowing to me in my 2 years in the petrochemical engineering where I had the honour to work for an American Engineering company. An American Engineering Company in the petrochemical industry. Since oil and the petrochemical patents, the transportation and the need to use it has its origins from the Rockefellers in the States I was happy that I had the pleasure to have a look in the kitchen of an oil, petrochemical and pharmaceutical engineering business world. Dupont, Total, Shell, BP, Esso, Monsanto and Pfizer, even though the projects were different and the amounts of money, but I had the honour to see the money flowing between corporations who have a big influence in nowadays society. I worked for the big boys in the world, and it was not necessarily that I was having big projects or so what, no I started to see the culture in a world of petrochemical engineering. I am not against anything, so I am also not against the petrochemical industry. The only thing I saw is that money is the driven factor about producing stuff we keep consuming, but not always better for the health of the planet and oneself. I see that we are using too much plastics and chemicals. And I was in the middle of this industry and saw this happening. I avoid talking about projects I did, because I signed for in my contract, and since I broke the contract I keep silent about the things I saw inside. What I can say about it is that it for me is not ethical the way decisions are made on projects in a world of oil and petrochemicals. It is too much blindly focussed on money, there is no long term vision on sustainable alternatives. It is a machine at full speed without knowing where it is heading in the future. I was sick of keeping a double life about my ethical ways of seeing what was happening and at the same time I was exploring sustainable ways of living a life and at the same time pretending to be an interested young cost engineer.

ELEVADOR



I am at an oil investing bank, since I was a kid as I can remember and there was always money available for me. I worked hard for it but I realize I got a lot of support from my parents where I am really thankful for. But still, I have a bank account at a bank who invests in oil. I am not gonna ignore it, I don't want to be the sustainable guy who tells how we should act. No I am since my teenager time at an oil investing bank in the Netherlands. The same bank got saved by public money almost a decade ago. Yes I know a lot of fancy blue suits talk about that things are necessary to keep the economy and stuff. For me it is simple, the answer is we got all our hands on banks who decide to invest in a resource that we see is destructive for the planet but we keep doing it so lets save the bank with public money. No offcourse not, if it goes down, it goes down for a reason, not meant to be saved or whatsoever. Do you really got saved if you are a father of child and you are not allowed to see your child anymore because the mother is telling different, are you saved by the government in this case? I don't think so, you have to go through the dust the whole fucking way. I don't care if it is good or not, its just the simple fact that in life you will never be saved, you have to swim by yourself. And if banks are not able to keep them save, let them down. That is why I didn't change towards another bank, because in the end all banks are the same. The make money without having money machine. You see, if you take 1000 debt they are allowed to take 10000 debt to cover the risk of you not able to pay it back. It is chain over chain. It is the illusion we have valuable money, but we haven't. Debt upon debt are making a blind spot in the world, the blind spot that we ever ever gonna pay back all these debts we created after 100 years of war and destruction. It will never happen, and everyone knows. But at the same time we bring all the money we earn directly to a bank because we still show trust in an industry that lost its essence to be part in a civilization, and that is for me the banking industry. The machine of pretending we have money, but we don't. And we all know, some families know. So therefore I would never turn on a television if whatever you see on this technology is that all programs are bought by brands to expose you towards brands in a way that you start consuming, one way or another. It is a mindgame, the Freudian psycho analysis applied in the industrial corporation. It is the tendency to move towards endless consuming and economy. We all know there is not, and still, we keep continuing. It is a paradox in our civilization.



I had the honour to do 2 studies in my life, first construction management and a master Innovation Management at the Eindhoven University of Technology, which by that time was one of the most highly ranked studies in that field. I am happy because my studies opened me for other nationalities and spending time abroad. I did my master in English and it made me confident to go abroad. With a well set of brains discovering what is possible for the future. By then I had no clue at all where it would end up. I never knew which profession I wanna do, I had a dream to become a football player as a kid but after starting taking the fruits of the teenager time I moved towards an intellectual challenge on high ranked university in the Netherlands. Where many people from all over the world come to study. So I had the honour to do this study innovation management. But during this time I never knew what the profession would be as an outcome. I don't know I never had a connection towards any specific profession. I was interested in the dynamics and the knowledge I received and played with but I could never imagine myself working in a specific job in a specific sector. After graduating I had quickly my first job in the paperindustry, but soon after followed my 'dream job', it was cost engineer for me, I figured it out for myself after my study. I evaluated all the courses I had during my study but one was blowing out for me the most the course on project and processmanagement. In a part of the course I saw that computerprograms can do all the calculations and riskanalysis. This was the piece in my study innovation management that triggerd me to search for a job a cost engineer. Because what I saw there was that many effort can be replaced by the computer. I had this connection because in my first study Construction management at the university of applied science in Tilburg I had to do the calculation by hand, because you needed to understand what was going on. I loved and hated to do calculation. I loved the designing part of a spreadsheet. I love the formulas behind, I love the fact that you can program a computer by coding. I am not a programmer I just love to play with the spreadsheet. But I don't like to think about what the number really means, if it is 500 wood or concrete, for me that was boring and random guessing, but I liked the formulas in the spreadsheet. When I saw during one course in my masters that a computer could do risk analysis it was for me mindblowing. Because also in my first study construction management making the risk analysis was the most difficult thing to do, how to include all risk about a project that you didn't even start building. And in this course during my master I saw that risks can be calculated by computers. I was amazed by that. Fascinated in a way, it even worked out well I got 8 out of 10 for the project. Yes actually that is the reason why I decided to search for a job as a cost engineer. And yes I received one I signed my contract 6 months after I was graduated. I was a cost engineer in an American Engeering company in the petrochemical industry. It is maybe the furthest away from innovation, but I was there because a single course in my study inspired me to choose a profession. A single course in my master guided me directly towards an industry who was using the power of the machine. The machine run by people, and I was one of them. I was one of the lost souls who kept making up numbers and applying risk analysis by computers and after a while I realized it doesn't really matter what I am doing here, they are building anyways.



You know the feeling of feeling completely useless in the profession you do. I was sitting there completely against my ethical values, receiving the cherries of the pie my colleagues even got jealous at me, realizing that nobody really does give a fuck, it is built anyway. They call it longbased partnership. I call it a cartel making up a story. I cannot say more about it, that's why I threw out the TV 3 years ago. If the public channels are financed by governments who are in the hands off and exploited by the banks who invest in oil. I don't want to spoil my brain with that kind of interest game. Believe me, no I rather keep this clean for inspiration that triggers the mind of learning and creating new things. It is not that I never watch a television screen, no many bars and other kind of entertainment places have loads of them and most of the time football. And I was a TV addict before, I watched many TV during my student time, always information and discussion programs, and just public channels. I felt most interested in politics and everyday news, I always wanted to be up to date around politics and news. I had my rituals of programs I was watching always. So really I loved the TV, but I started to look through this box of technology. It is not that I consciously decided to quit TV, no I was just not watching it anymore for a long while and therefore decided to quit to spend any more penny on TV 3 years ago. It was a special thing for me, because I grew up with the TV, spend many time behind that screen.



I loved my job as a cost engineer, I was working with my favourite spreadsheet where I could make formulas. But in the end what was my slavery loan compared to the millions the top of the industrial corporation was earning. Believe me if it was real money it made some sense, but by the realization that this all was built around a fiat currency I could not take my job seriously anymore. No it was pure fiction for me. It had nothing to do with being valuable as a person. And it think life is meant to be built around that. That you valuable and talk with friends, and not necessarily colleagues. Only do it when you can enter the office and tell you had a good trip on psychedelic mushrooms the day before. If you work in this kind of companies I see more value in the work you are proceeding, but no I was in an American petrochemical firm where I even told my boss about my psychotic episode and that I took X in the episode. Believe me you should have seen his beautiful Belgium openness and at the same time completely conscious about the fact that this should not spread the office. He told me after listening carefully and with eager, you know Dave do whatever you feel good with communicate it with me and he said you know we have a Belgium culture so it is not really accepted to talk openly about psychotic episodes and that part of the X you can better leave out at any time in this building because you know American company and drugs is not the best combination. I agreed totally. He was a beautiful person, he was a great mentor for me in my 2 years of cost engineering. The irony I never told him, but after a long day the whole office of 300 people was empty and we were working over for a project deadline the days after. I loved to work long days on pressure and time constraints. It was once in the 4 weeks in my job and I loved it. Me and my mentor were doing the last calculations for a project and as he was it was already 8 in the evening and we fixed everything I was packing my stuff and he started talking. Yes it was even a Friday. He started talking, and If Bert starts talking he can never stop, I loved his ways of speaking, but not at 8 in the evening on a Friday so I was packing and he started talking. He only talks about cost engineering by the way and his house and children and the walks he does with his wife on holiday, and the talks were only one way but I loved to listen to them. He started talking about the future of cost engineering and he was seeing him imagining all kind of things that could be in 20 years. I was sitting next to him

listening and looking at him and seeing that he was really believing he was saying. I was sitting there seeing myself in the middle of all the money in the world and seeing that they really believe the story what they were all being told. It is amazing to see how people are driven by buying a house, having a car, and having a wife and children. Sure, sure, all nice, but can you imagine that all the work you invest in your profession is only there to let you pay for all these products. You don't have a house when you buy it, no you have a deal with the bank that you can live in a house as long as you pay them money for 25 years. The money that not even the banks exists because it is all being done by debt calculations, it is the world of the machine, it is the world of Fiction. A world that doesn't exist but is kept together through propaganda on television, the propaganda of marketing, marketing to buy and to see war and destruction on television. But yes the government is there to give this kind of paradoxal irony in the whole scene which is unfolding at the moment. The story I heard from a German that the prices of oil raises after 10PM with 30ct per liter in Germany makes me smile, it makes me laughs. It is the irony upside down. Are the prices up because they have to pay extra for the lady who gets a minimum slavery loan. Is this really the propaganda we still believing. Are these kind of economical dynamics really so economical or is It pure stupidity and insanity. We all know that there is a huge clove between rich and poor in the world, and is it really necessary to keep up a story by taking more and more money from the people. I am sick of it, really, it made me sad sometimes but at the same time it makes me laugh, yes maybe it is just me who is seeing strange dynamics going on in nowadays society. Maybe I am the one who is crazy, please tell me that it is not true, and I am wrong in any sense. But these kind of stupidity is for me a sign that something completely different is starting to unfold on this planet. The younger generation is sick of this old boys network, the old boys will die soon. I know we still have to pay for their pension but we will show them that we are brave enough to drag their shit they created in the last 100 years. Because you know, we are left behind with a lot of nasty shit they left us behind with, they even feed us with going in the same direction for the future. Honestly I think they are scared as hell not receiving their pension anymore because also they realize that this machine doesn't make sense at all anymore. The older generation see as we see that we are left behind with a overpopulated completely exhausted planet earth. Yes but we all wanted children, a house, a car, on holidays, and spend most of the time in a place where you do repetitive work 40 hours a week for 40 years of your life. Repetitive, because in the end I always hear from people about a job that after a while it becomes a bit the same but I have nice colleagues and got well paid so I am good here. A complete acceptance that their brains keep quiet, don't seeing new things anymore, surrounded with the same people years over years. All keep feeding a death machine, a machine that doesn't exist. A machine that is completely made up, a machine that is the fiat currency economy. Almost all products we have around are oil related. Oil refinery is the destruction of the planet. We all see it, because if oil companies can raise the price of oil after 10PM by 30cts this means total destruction on this planet. If this is happening in the country were the allies made Germany a beautiful company to play with at a distance, this is for me a sign that the world is in a destructive illusionary state.



I love the stress of people in the supermarket if someone in front of them is going to slow and they are in a hurry. I love it, I love it. You see someone stressing, because in the whole day he had no time to go for food to eat during that day. Can you imagine the hunters and gathers arise from the death and see this happening people stressing in a row of the supermarket. Really getting food nowadays became so fucking easy. Don't talk about what kind of shit you are exposed to, but supermarkets all over the world made it so fucking easy to buy food that even in the row of this kassa you see a stressed person getting angry because he has no time to go for his own food not even in the whole time of daylight. What was he doing the whole day would the paleo ancestors have asked, being lazy, sitting in front of computer screens and paperwork. Can you imagine the faces of the paleo ancestors by showing this situation of a guy stressing because even by this easiness people have the tendency to stress. The ancestors would say interesting, even stressful in convenience. And that is amazing. It is amazing to see that people get stressed nowadays. If you are stressed you quiet the things you don't like and move in another direction. Leave everything behind, or not, but you see why stress. Trauma's this and that, come on don't be so poor. Do you really think you are the one with the biggest problems, do you really think that. Always there people where you cannot even imagine how many problems they have and they smile. So come on don't stress out. Stress is the sign you need to change. No sussy buzzy talk with the psychiatrist who has as an endgoal to make you economical profitable again so the end game is getting a payed job. This end goal might not for everyone working. And since the oil is running out of this planet, the prices of oil in Germany raises after 10pm in the night I think it is reasonable to question this endgoal as the best station. Is there something like a station in a world of possibilities. You cannot imagine how much money you have compared to many other people in the world. You have no clue, but you are rich. Rich by the realization that money has no value at all. It is one big theatre play. Some people blow themselves up, others make cabaret, the other sings music, the other writes a book. The theatre play will always exist in a way, since information is spread in a way. Some with interests some without. Information is guiding us everywhere. So is the story of money. For me it is amazing to see I have no fiat currency anymore,

just 18 euros in cash. I know in the end it is worth shit, you can wipe your ass after shit but I prefer to use toilet paper for this, since it is cleaner and more hygienic. But yes I keep this fiat currency in the less possible amount, because really why should I keep more from it if it doesn't have any value.



This whole get rid of money thing inside myself really opened a lot for me. I see things completely different at the moment, I see things coming to me without expecting it. Friends, good meals, good drinks, good teachings, good weed, good hasj, I see myself now in places where I got snits of dreams I have. Ofcourse I have investments in another currency, the crypto currency. Because I believe in the value of a currency in a society. I am not the one who is against money or whatsoever. Money has a beautiful character to maintain the goods around the world and exchange products and goods. The crypto currency is for me a beautiful new way of doing money transactions. It is open and transparent, it is a closed system without inflation, so no need to worry you money is less worth over the years. No it is the trust in the Crypto coin that keeps the value alive. But I only trust openness and transparency. The banks are not open to me, therefore I feel happy I decided to go towards something new. I don't care how the crypto develops, but I hope it will become a new way of openness and transparency of a well spoken topic in nowadays society, money. From my side, I believe in bitcoin and ethereum, all other crypto's are for me one and the same hackers paradise until now, but I am still new in the scene. I am not propagating start using cryptocurrencies. For me it is simple the banks are not transparent and the crypto technology is open. Offcourse there are hacks and people buying the power, but at least it gives an overview where in the world all the money is. And for me this is a question no bank in the world can ever answer in my opinion. They can but will never do openly. So since the day I live on my crypto investments I feel that I took care of my financial well being and until now I am amazed by the feeling of completely floating on a new currency. I have just a few possessions and some cryptocurrency. I am not the fancy crypto millionaire from the early days. No I jumped in this technology a year ago soon after I got back from the first visit in South Europe. From the day I saw it I was convinced of the power and transparency the innovative crypto currency. I really wonder since the day till now that I never heard anything

about cryptocurrencies on my master Innovation Management it was in the time the first bitcoin millionaires appearing on the planet. How can it ever be that a study innovation management on a highly ranked technological university in the Netherlands oversaw major changes that was going on behind the scenes in society around internet currencies. I never heard a word about it, in this way you can see that university contain old knowledge, it is purely based on the successes of the professors giving courses in university. I really wonder why no professor ever named the word bitcoin in my time of seeing the first bitcoin millionaires coming on this planet. I never heard it, never, not even the students. Were we all so fucking blind. As top professors and students on a highly ranked technological university were overseeing the bitcoin while we were in the master Innovation management. I really think we were blind and stupid. That students are blind is not a problem, a student is there to learn. Blindness by professors is dangerous, especially in teacher-student relationships in highly ranked universities. It is spreading a blindness by overseeing real innovation in the world, the innovation of solving our planetary climate problems by changing towards cannabis. Maybe the highest professors might be the most blind leader of the group. Blind is not good or bad, it has nothing to do with anything of that but you can realize you were blind a point in time. Blind not necessity to light, but realized being blind in seeing your situation from another perspective from another point in time.



I don't know why people are so paranoia about the crypto market. Yes offcourse there are hacks, it is in the start up face. It is not meant to work perfectly from the beginning. It is a game of internet money where people, corporations and governments slowly take an advantage on, because they see here is something going on. It is an open white paper left behind on the internet by Satoshi Nakamoto in 2008. The bitcoin went from 0 to 1200 dollar in 9 years. How is it possible that it comes from 0. It is the chicken or egg story. Who is Satoshi Nakamoto? Who is Satoshi Nakamoto? This is the reason why it went from 0 on, Satoshi Nakamoto turned mental into gold, he took its anonymity and disappeared, because he sees there is no other way. Whoever Satoshi Nakamoto may be.

What do I mean with paranoia about the cryptomarket. I saw my dad immediately talking about hack and a kind of agitated reaction that he will never goes into that. I saw friends from my childhood where I shared my return on investments and they all kept silent. This is so amazingly strange to see. It is like people are so death. Really if you tell your friends where you kept in contact with because you come from the same village although you don't share the same visions anymore you keep the contact you even start to share your financial investments openly, just to tell them that it is wise to invest in and they just keep silent and don't say a word, or get agitated. I don't know where I ended up in my life, but the people are so amazingly stupid or people just don't believe anything anymore after my psychotic episode, so they think whatever that crazy guy say it must be crazy. I don't know why people react like this on topics that all keeps us busy, money. It is a topic so sensitive in a cultural sense that it is for people not imaginable anymore to live a life in prosperity. It all got down towards money through the banks. People even safe money on bank accounts. Can you imagine, a bank that doesn't have money they see people bringing the money to them and say they can play with it. Jackpot, you don't need money, you just need the story to be told over and over to the children and suddenly whole generations start to believe in this money machine. I am not against money, I don't believe in the fiat currency, I believe in money in its economical purpose of trading. That's why I like the crypto currencies, the easiness of transferring money from one person to another, no banks and other tax consuming institutions, no inflation. No just you and me, and offcourse we will tell the government we possess some just to keep them happy. But in the end we don't like to pay tax, we don't like to give our money to institutions who saves banks who invest in oil with public money. So no we don't like to pay tax you know, and all politicians receive money when they are in the parliament for the rest of their lives. That is an easy pension bro. Even if I start to make bullshit in the parliament I receive money till the end of my life. Happy pension. For me these are just naïve people who are too lazy to work, and built a kind of intellectual blabla around topics they know they will never solve because they have just 4 years, because we need to give the people a shot of 'we have an influence' once in the 4 years. So this makes the circus even more ironic. So behind these walls of politicians in the parliaments they create different kind of orders on specific topics on society. In these buildings they hire the most intellectual and innovative persons start talking about new ways of organizing society. All these ideas and visions are blurred everytime a new president will be there. But in a way everyone get well paid in these buildings and people kind of agreed upon each other ok if we can brainstorm here freely and let our minds writing plans for the future where we know most of it will die by the time it should be realized in this way. So it has always been with politics and so will it always be in politics. It is theatre, but not with beautiful clothes, no with all the same suits and grey hair. Offcourse there are young politicians, but you know in general it is grey.



I love grey, I love the old German Nazi suits and how brainwashed the people were at that point in time. It is amazing to see that you can let yourself be brainwashed down so much, that is why Joseph Goebbels was such an important figure in Nazi Germany. Goebbels was the guy who played with technology, film, and cinema to create a certain image around topics in society. Goebbels as the right hand of Adolf. A German symbioses of two people with a vision. I don't agree with any topic the nazi's were talking about, except one, the fact that Hitler had the ambition to reintroduce Cannabis as a factor to make the third reich independent of oil related products. For the rest the whole Final solution of the Jews was something I didn't feel in line with, for me it was blind propaganda to let people have a drive again in a nation after being smashed down after the first economic crisis in the 20s. Adolf made the mistake to be overenthusiastic. He got addicted, yes Hitler got addicted to more and more. Because more and more would mean less and less enemies, and that would transform the Third Reich to another level. As we all saw it was no more than 12 years of ambition of a German politician. Although 12 years is arriving at the teenager time, so just a small part of our lives, but Hitler was the one who made it to the front pages. Although I only like the nazi's political point of reintroducing the cannabis plant after the war on drugs was declared on the world by our American governmental friends. For the rest the whole Nazi agenda was stupid and blind. I have to admit that

the politicians had a certain charism over them, the saviour charism. If you looked Adolf passionately speaking, you saw that he at least liked his job. If the stories go around on internet that he even got a big boner of doing speeches, and that he got injected with speed to get his dose of speedy. I don't really care if this is true but I can completely imagine myself Adolf speaking with his German brutal sound, getting a boner and got injected half an hour before the speech. Wow amazing. That is why I love grey, it is nazi Grey for me.



Because the world didn't really change that is the funny part. We still keep receiving information through television and cinema all financed by governmental and industrial corporation. Isn't it amazing. How stupid people still are. It are not the Jews this time, no they are caged in Israel, this time it is planet earth who got the final solution. The final solution to continue using oil resources as we have at the same time a beautiful plant cannabis that can replace all the oil related resources. And in the end it is not for the planet. The planet will survive anyways, but the children who are born nowadays cannot be guaranteed that they become 50 in the current state of the world. Climate is changing nature is working towards a climax of craziness all around. The final solution is already put in place, propaganda is telling the people where to go.

I love propaganda. It is amazing how beautiful a mind can be manipulated. That's why I respect Josheph Goebbels, as all in nazi Germany they were workers for an ideology, as nowadays we are all working for the capitalistic ideology. You see amazing craziness happening around this ideology. Trump nowadays is amazing. I see the people in the Netherlands speaking about the upcoming elections that we not should make the same mistake. Really amazing all this theatre around theatre. It is a game, but people in the audience really act passively watching and talking about what is going on stage. If you don't like the play, change, but don't start talking about the theatre play itself, because with all your money you bought an entrance ticket for this play so at least respect the directors show. You can do audition as well to become part of the stage, yes ofcourse you can do audition, it is like Idols for politicians. It is not about singing, dancing or whatever form of art, no it is

about linguistic mind games. It is the idols for politicians, but as it goes with idols in singing in general just a few years, and all the idols who start the auditions of politicians all had the hope and illusion that they could play and really change the scene. No in the end it will not be an Idol star who change music. No that are the legends who made music a long long time ago. From the gramophone and before. Everything that passed by afterwards was influenced on the American dream of creating popstars or at the other side the counter singers who's life contains a certain sadness because they see what is going on. Politicians make the same mistake as in the Roman Empire. The Romans were addicted to pepper from the oriental. They import more than they could sell. Since we live in a debt based economy and all nations in the world are full on debts, we see the same mistake happening as in the Roman Empire. Nowadays it might not be only pepper, but we buy all the goods nowadays on credit. We buy stuff with money we don't have. This civilization is meant to fall as the Roman Empire did. We all see it and we all feel it. It is a situation we cannot hold anymore. If countries and by this the people who live in these countries are packed with debts that can never be repaid, so all nations in the world are direct slaves of the bank. Since I don't believe the bank by themselves will openly come in front and start open the discussion on how to do finance and be transparent in all the money flows in the world. The transparency of money and how it flows between people and organisation should be open to all citizens in the world. It is not about budgets, no an open currency that can give you immediately at every place in the world give you access about the current state of the currency where you are always open to see where all the money goes from the tax money. We are more free in the information we have, so we can decide by ourselves to make decisions and don't watch a television screen to watch what an everyday life is meant to be.



No believe me, life is not built to work a whole year in the same office building and go on holiday 4 weeks a year. No that is the pure sadness of the concentration camp where you end up. We work in the concentration camp and the animals are in the deathcamp. A kind of human animal experiment. Joseph Mengele would love it. It is a scientific experiment that showed already clear what the outcome is gonna be. All resources for a few and a planet in destruction. The planet in destruction is

often overseen by the busy politicians worrying about economics. It is the sad game in the work camps. The only difference of the camps in Nazi Germany and now is that you have at any time the possibilities to step out of this camp and start to explore your potential and creativity. To start search for you inner calling, a unique capacity you possess where you can heal yourself and the people around you. It is the choice we have at any moment in time. This is what free energy is for me. An energy inside yourself that is eager to explore yourself and the world around you. Solve old trauma's, explore new countries, learn new things, see new people and places, change your environment towards a direction where your body as an engine start to run on full power and you love the thing you do. It is possible for everyone therefore I am wondering why people have burn outs and depression. Off course nothing comes for nothing, there are challenges to be faced, there are insecurities to be shown, but this makes you grow. Everything what doesn't kill you let you grow, so you see it can always be worse. So stop this ironic burn out symptom. Offcourse you get burnout in nowadays society jobs, the pressure that is on all responsible bureaucratic ideology and the need to register everything. Offcourse you get a burnout in nowadays society. And I can imagine you get a burnout if you already bored of your wife after 15 years but you keep the relationship because of the children. It is the most stupid that exist. You show your children a complete theatre in pretending everything is well between mom and dad. You create the illusion that this is the way to go for the child as well. And a child sees you are not happy with your life. You are a goddamn loser to be fucking burnout because of these kind of reasons. Quit your marriage and take responsibility for the well being of your child, take all your money losses, because in the end it is just fiat currency, so even if it costs you money you know that it doesn't exist and no reason to stress about that. That is for me the most stupid thing that exists on this planet parents who are pretending a theatre in front of their children eyes. It is like telling them that you should be acting towards standards instead of being yourself, happy and free. Please, and if you have a marriage, tell your wife if you fuck other women, please be open if you do. Guys who are desperately searching for some love outside their contract, should never put the contract in danger. It is like a contract in business you know, if one partner fails on the contract things should be openly discussed and find a way that both partners are interested in continue the contract. If not break the contract and pay back all the things you owe the other person. And don't complain about the expenses for children, you decided to have a child with someone and even have a contract on that, so yes you are responsible that your child can grow up in safe and learning full environment. And that is not always the primary school that is close to your house because you would like to live there because it is close to your job. No your child is way more complex than this easy analysis on your own world that it can effects your child wellbeing and knowledge about what the possibilities are in life. You have the responsibility over your child that he at least grow up in safety and prosperity and that he or she doesn't make the same mistake as you. Because if you are stressed about a relationship you give the worst example to you children. So cheer up, quit your marriage and take your responsibility. And if you love your marriage keep going, but let your child be free in pushing him to participate in something that he maybe doesn't like at all but sees it happening around him. Because dear father did you ever really talk with your son what drives him in life what his dreams are?



Since I got the vision I maintained my previous job for 15 months and then I was really sick of it, if free energy exists why should I spend another minute in this office building contributing towards the destruction of the planet. No it was clear for me but I cost me 15 months after my psychotic episode to get the confidence to openly say that I quit with that shit. Believe me it was the best day in my life by that time. It was amazing, I felt free, I decided to quite immediately. In the night I was writing my second book and when I was finished I looked at the clock and it was 1:11AM since I already had the plan to quit one month after, but that day was special for me it was 11-11, a day in Belgium of the remembering of the death and fallen of the first world war. When I looked at the clock and I saw 11-11-2015 1:11AM I was like tomorrow I am gonna call my boss and I am not coming back anymore. This sign was so clear for me that I shouldn't spend any time more in the office building I was working. 11-11 was a holiday in working Belgium, so I had still a day off before I had to call my boss. I was convinced it is going to happen, during that day I was getting the convincing more and more, and the day after in the morning it was there I took the phone. And Bert my mentor pick up the phone. I said Bert I am not coming back anymore I am sick of it, I never told Bert about my doubts of continuing working there. The opposite was there we were in a dialogue where he was in the illusion that we should talk about my loan and evaluation. No I called Bert that morning and I said I quit immediately. Bert was surprised, in the beginning he kind of tried to tell me that it was not possible, but when I kept quiet and told him honestly that I couldn't handle this shit anymore, he was in compromise. He understood me, we hang the phone, and that moment was amazing for me. I was free, I was free to go wherever I wanted to go. I had no obligations during the day anymore. Amazing, just amazing. I decided to celebrate this to have a walk through the city and park where I met a gipsy guy who was letting his dog out and having a beer. He offered me a beer as well, we talked about his dog, he was in love with his dog. He was talking about her as it was his child, it was beautiful to hear. After some time I continued in the park and said down on a bench. I light a cigarette and looked over the water after some time a guy passed by and we started talking. I offered him a cigarette and he said down next to me on the bench. We started talking about the craziness in society. He told me

that he slept in the park last night because he has no place to go. I immediately told him that no one should have to sleep on the streets in nowadays society so I told him please join me and sleep for some time in my place where I will help you with searching for a new place because in 1,5 month I a moving out here. I was moving out because I already planned to go travelling. Marcel and me were smoking a cigarette and having good talks. He was a beautiful man, with a beautiful face. He was the giant type, beautiful hair he was around 50. The only thing you saw that he had no teeth left anymore, he lived for 10 years on the streets. Marcel and me walked back to my house. On the way I went to the supermarket to buy some beers and a good breakfast, I was free so everything was possible. I was free and the first free morning I decided to bring a homeless guy to my place. When we arrived I opened the beer and I rolled a joint. Believe me Marcel was the alcohol type, and also weed but you know more expensive. He had an addiction to alcohol he told me, but for him it was the only way to forget all the misery that was around him. I understood him completely, I would be an alcoholic too if they took everything from you. Marcel and me were the crazy type. I have to admit at the time a quit my job I was in a high arousal state. Lots of different energies running around me, and times I got enthusiastic. We shared many stories Marcel and I, but there was always a kind of mystery between us why we met each other so coincidentally and at such a specific time of my life for me. We drank, we smoked we talked the whole time till in the afternoon the first signs of friends and family arrived that something was wrong with me. I call it the psychotic alarm for people. These are times where people take seriously if you post a joke about that the royal dutch shell is no more than a bunch of psychopaths on Facebook you know. People take shit seriously from Facebook, amazing. You know people take this blur of expression so seriously that they start to call one and another. One friend contacted me directly, and I told him I am fine I just quit my job today so I feel wonderful. My friend who called is close with my parents when it comes to psychotic alarm, so can you imagine how fearful my dad was coming to my house that afternoon. After having good conversations with Marcel I went for a small walk and after that I laid down on my bed to enjoy my freedom. I had a small apartment, just a livingroom and bedroom. So I was back from the walk and spread out on my bed. It was amazing the feeling of being free, no obligations, I had the time to slowly sell all my stuff before the rent will end at the end of 2015. It gave me space for slowly moving towards the point I wanted to start travelling.



There I woke up, my dad and a guy from the mental healthcare institution. Marcel the homeless guy opened the door already for them, really kind of him. Can you imagine the faces of my dad and the mental healthcare guy while a homeless guy opens the door for them. My dad came almost crying inside my bedroom. I was like what the fuck is happening here. I said immediately to him, grow up dad, we are both grown ups so we can at least talk as grown ups. He continued grabbing my hand and going over my hand the whole time and crying ow Dave it goes wrong with you, you take drugs again and now this. I said come on man I just quit my job today I am fucking happy and yes I smoke a joint but dad if you never tried it and I do this doesn't mean it is bad for me. We just have different opinions on life so stop crying and grow up boy. Ok lets go to do living room I said, because I felt this guy from the mental healthcare institution needed some attention as well. That guy was completely silent in my bedroom seeing my dad crying in my arms and me telling my dad that he should grow up and talk from man to man, open and easy. I said down in the livingroom and Marcel was on the couch and didn't say a word, the mental healthcare guy said down on his chair and opened the laptop. I started to role a joint, because I don't know what kind of software they use in the mental healthcare institutions but it is slow, the guy told me as well. He said yes I am sorry it takes a bit longer to start up with this old thing. We laughed about it I said Yes they try to safe money on everything nowadays he. I started to role a joint, my dad goes panic if I even talk about cannabis. So that's why I decided to use this moment to show my father how to role a joint. Can you imagine his face when he was seeing me rolling a joint where he heard that morning I quit my job without telling anyone. It was his whole point that this was the cause that everything went wrong with me. My dad always supported me in all the decisions I made, but it is his fear of the unknown that makes him so fearful. He can't even talk about cannabis, its for him something so evil what it does to me. But the guy just doesn't have an experience at all, so I cannot blame him seeing it like this. He sees something in me that is completely out of his story and the way he is being told what the effect is of cannabis on psychotic people by the mental healthcare institutions. They are completely paranoid about the idea everything goes back to the last episode where I met my parents naked in the police

cell after the police arrested me. Believe me I learned from that lesson, that I should take another way. So while I rolled the joint the computer of the healthcare guy was started. The guy started speaking that he heard things about me, that I quit my job, and that he heard I was acting a bit strange. I agree not everyone is crazy enough to take a homeless guy in his house, yes offcourse I was a bit outgoing in that period, but who cares, it is the freedom of speech. Yes and some people take Facebook messages to another level. They start to look on facebook to see if someone is well or not. The only thing I do is put more messages about stuff what I feel like that need to be shared. It were never personal stories, all related outside of myself. Ofcourse I loved to post that cannabis is a new medicine to replace petrochemicals. Yes I loved to repost some cheezy conspiracy about the Rotschilds connected to the oil industry. I love to share this on Facebook because I see people really take Facebook too seriously nowadays. I only repost stuff with my own comment to inspire and to shock but never for personal affairs. That was for me so interesting to see judging based on that kind of posts. Amazing isn't it? But this stuff was the reason why people in my surroundings got worried. You see, I just had one friend that day who called me to hear my story, for the rest no one. And everyone was worried. It must have been a total miscommunication and gossiping created around. But yes I was there lightening the joint in front of the mental healthcare guy and the guy started talking in a very mental healthcare institutional way. He started to talking in a way, and I answered all his questions with honest answers. I even asked my dad if he wanted a drag from a joint. He started crying again. I love these kind of jokes, people are taking it so seriously. So then the guy was asking questions and in one point he said to me an important sentence. He said to me 'you are not a danger for yourself or your environment'. I was so happy for the guy that he made the right diagnosis this time. I didn't even realize this sentence so clear after Marcel pointed this sentence towards me after my father and the mental healthcare guy left my house. I heard this importance sentence boy Marcel told me that you were not a danger for yourself and your environment and ill be your witness in any case. He said they are nasty motherfuckers so please behave yourself as a man how they want you to be seen. Don't start rolling a joint in front of these people, you know I have a history and they take you down to the ground, and I can tell you boy Marcel told me with a great speech. He said go and shave your beard and do your hair, make you look like them. Just smoke your joint when they don't see, don't drink in front of them. Always behave yourself to their illusion they want to see. For the rest do whatever you want and go and follow your dreams. This was a shortcut, but it was in a beautiful way how Marcel took his mentorship and told me as a pupil to take these guys seriously, because they can make your life bitter. And he also pointed towards my father. He knew he was my father, but he didn't say a word about him but with gestures and signs he told me that my father was also a nasty motherfucker. And actually I agreed at that time, why should that guy come and cry and shout at me without even listening to me. But ok it is my father and I love him.



Marcel was a great guy, he was crazy like I am, he had his problems, but he is a good father, he was not allowed to see his child in his whole life. We communicated in the crazy way. We both were telling our stories in a crazy way and somehow we had many connections. It was amazing. He liked a beer, he liked to smoke we drank together we smoked together and sometimes we got a bit drunk and a bit more stoned, but who cares we had a good time. We had great conversations about everything, because he saw all the craziness going on around me and he had experiences with the craziness around him. He saw friends coming over to my place because they were worried that something was wrong with me. I was there seeing all my friends coming over in the first week I quit my job. It was a great celebration to share this with my friends, hopefully they all saw that there was nothing wrong with me. Ofcourse I am a bit crazy, and I talk sometimes in my parallel universe about connections that doesn't make any sense at to other people. But I will never offend someone, and everyone who visit me know that I am not the guy who wants to be better than someone else. But yes I talk sometimes in imaginary connection, which are not necessarily something to be worried about. It is something that comes through my whole story of receiving the visions of free energy and how ironically I got confronted with a mental healthcare institution where you see they don't have a clue what is going on with someone with a psychotic sensitive state. I loved to play with this

cuteness, and this fearful approach. I always respected them in any way I always showed the casemananager of the mental healthcare institution I was connected to tell I was doing well.

In the days after I quit my job all kind of psychiatry personnel was at my door, since I had Marcel as a friend visiting me he saw all these people coming to my house. There were some psychiatrists here for you this afternoon said Marcel to me. I was laughing, he laughed as well. Yes he said the name was this one he said. I called the person and yes she was at my door because she was worried that something was wrong with me and if I had any need for help. I told them with a beautiful low voice that there was no need to worry, but that I appreciate that if I tell to a colleague of them a day before that I am well and don't need help. So better improve your communication. She was really forcing in making an appointment at their office because they want to talk with me. I said them honestly that I was just enjoying my free time and that I am busy with packing and preparing my trip, so no if they just come to me to make me believe something is wrong with me I don't feel a need to have any conversation with you institution. On the phone I told the psychiatrist that she should make an appointment with my psychiatrist because I want to quit my treatment before I leave this country. This whole psychiatric treatment is completely forced upon on me in the end I never asked for it, and already after the first year they started to charge money from me because they offered me a service. I never asked for it but at the same time they take the money from you anyways. I never signed to be treated, isn't it ironic? So I wished the girl on the phone a good evening and happy December month. Nice, that appointment was set, the appointment to quit this crazy old fashioned treatment, the old Freudian mind masturbating way of doing psychiatry. I don't need structure, I like to smoke a joint I just go on a trip in Europe, for the rest basta. No need for people telling me that something is wrong with me. I love them, the cute manufactured puppets of the Freudian School. Ich sage Auf wiedersehen



I asked my mother to come with me to the appointment to quit the treatment with my psychiatrist. Because after the obsessive behaviour of them towards me reminded me of the last time I was with them when they locked me up in a white room and nailed me down with emergency medicine. I don't know I like to have a witness with me if I enter this kind of mental healthcare institutions to talk about stopping a treatment they forced upon me in the past. And especially not without agreement from both sides. Because yes there I was sitting in front of my psychiatrist telling him that I want to go travelling and work abroad to get some experience about things I am interested in and since I don't really feel we have a mutual agreement of the well going of the treatment I feel no need to continue this contract, I never signed for this so in the end we had no contract at all. My psychiatrist was in doubt but he couldn't do anything else than exit the treatment. We shook hands, he never wished me good luck on my trip. I like this cuteness, this total illusion of the mind. The Freudian school seeing I have all the symptoms of a psychotic guy for them, I smoke weed you know, they will always connect my behaviour as psychotic because they see symptoms of psychosis in people smoking a joint. Yes offcourse from smoking cannabis you get more psychotic it is true, but is being psychotic really a bad thing?



Is psychosis a bad thing, if I look to the treatment it is focussed on preventing another episode. This doesn't mean it is bad, but it works towards fear upon what happened in that day someone has an escalated psychotic episode. Treatment wants to prevent it, but why? Why is it necessary to prevent another episode. Nowadays psychiatry is focussed on getting people back on track again, back on track in general terms means having a home and have a periodic income. If you go out of this range people become afraid. The psychotic mind in my opinion is not helpful to get back in structure and rhythm. The psychotic mind is for me open to explore new things and digest old trauma's in a free and open way. The patient is not necessarily better off when he got back on a job again. Ofcourse a job can give you fulfilment, but if you are still on meds because without you cannot function at your job, than it is time to take time for yourself, because you are on the saddle blindness of medicine. Because for me it is simple, the mental healthcare are agreeing upon chemical tables every day to 'prevent' the psychotic mind. Ask a psychiatrist what a psychosis is, no psychiatrist will tell you the same, there are some symptoms they collected in their central book the DSM, so they can have a general explanation on what someone looks like and how he behaves, but what is really going on is as good a question mark for the psychiatrist as it is for the patient. I asked my contacts in the mental healthcare institution a couple of times and what I looked in their eyes that they hide between that it is still young research and it is difficult to explain what a psychosis really is, but we are here to help you, so let's prevent it from happening again. This is my general feeling on the treatment I got after my episode. I am not saying it was a bad treatment, no not at all, people were really warm and willing to help, but I speak open beyond rules and regulations. The treatment was helpful in some sense, but it miss the complete point of diving into the raw data someone receives during a psychotic episode. The raw data and the connection the psychotic person lays in this time.



During my episode in the beginning I received a vision of the stars Sirius A and B and that their message contains the origins of our existence, which is free energy I got the vision clear. Not necessarily that energy is available with a press on the bottom, but if you become more free in constraints of the mind energy starts to flow and you attract new kind of energy. Energies that will disturb you, but in the end energies that will guide you towards happiness in life. I won't go in detail about my episode I already did in my first book I only will show some raw data and stories I was dealing with at the time of my psychotic episode, the time for me where I received visions of free energy. Don't take the words free energy literally or seriously, it is my fantasy world where for me this vision is free energy and in this book I will try to hand over a glimpse of what it looks like. In my episode after receiving the visions of Sirius A and B I was transforming it in a painting. I was 2 days full time working on this. During the creation of the painting, more and more data came to me. I saw more and more connection which were a confirmation of the free energy grid. I tried to encode the raw data in a painting which has many coding and dimensions to read. In this time I was full of energy, I couldn't stop creating, it was 2 days in a row without sleeping. I went to bed just to try sleeping, but the energy was intense and since I felt the free energy grid I felt no need to stay in bed. Rock on, work to do. I was 2 days working when I finished the painting. Now it was time to write a

guidance letter with the painting, because I had some ideas to hand it over to some websites and institutions. I was open and free you know, ofcourse it was possible to convince people from free energy. After ending up naked in front of the police I saw this was not the case.



After the letter being finished I was in the celebration phase. I went to my parents to tell them, but I saw already soon that they were afraid about what I am saying. So I decided to quit my story and try to make them calm again. I went back to my home because there was some more work to be done, the message was not clear yet. So I arrived back home and at that time I received really strong visions of friends of my and how we are connected to each other. It was beautiful and all so clear. I had enough raw data to make my painting more clear. I made another 5 smaller paintings to put on top of the first painting. It was a kind of pyramid structure. My idea was to make a photo shoot in such an order I could compile them in a dia show and this would contain all the visions of free energy. I was convinced. After I finished the last painting something completely different occurred. There was a dark energy flowing in my room and around myself. The free energy made totally sense, but I saw the dark energies from my job approaching upon me. I still worked in the oil and this finding must have being watched by others the way I came to the vision of free energy. At this point my paranoia stage of my psychotic came. I was sure people were watching me creating this. I did all kind of rituals that I received through the stars Sirius. This was the period of dark energies, in a paranoia, I was moving through my house trying to prevent the dark energies coming into my flat. It was amazing, I saw signs in all the paintings I had in my living room, they were all made by myself I saw the signs of the free energy grid all over. I was moving paintings from one place to another, I was turning on light in specific ways in different rooms. After the paranoia stage of doing all the rituals to prevent the dark energies of coming in my house the alien phase of my episode arrived.

I already received the visions of the rituals in the paranoia from the star Sirius I was sure about, but I didn't see any alien. Till the moment I was back in my living room and looked at the lightbulb again. There was an alien corresponding with me. They came to tell me that it was nice my ideas of free energy but before putting this in the world you first have to deal with yourself. I received the vision to undress myself. Oh fuck, I didn't like that. The feeling I was being watched from outside and now the aliens wanted me to undress it was getting more scary for me, because until then I was confident I went to do all kind of crazy stuff to prevent the dark energies from coming in. But now it was scary for me the aliens put the question on me. Do you accept yourself? And I knew I did not, I was completely ashamed of my penis. It was a thing in life that bothered me since my teenager. I knew the aliens wanted me to accept myself first before going outwards with my free energy idea. And yes I got them, they were completely right. We didn't talk with words we communicated on a quantum level and I looked them in the eyes. By that time I needed to jerk myself off in front of them. I was uncomfortable as fuck, so this was not really the right time to get a boner and jerk myself off. But ok I tried, but the energies around me were getting darker and stronger. This was not working from that time the aliens left and my meditation part of the psychotic episode came around.



This jerking off was not working, I had to go in the merkaba meditation. I started it off, and there became a subtle silence so I was able to go in the meditation. The merkaba meditation was during my psychotic phase this was for me a shell to go back in silence or transform the dark energies. I remember I started it off well but after some time the dark energies were flowing around me again and I was not able to keep the silence.

Around the Merkaba phase of my psychotic episode my prenatal phase of the psychotic episode started. It was amazing. I received visions of family and I slowly went back to the womb of my mom.

My whole life was vacuumed back towards the womb of my mother. I saw the moment where I was created. It was beautiful.

The dark energies were the whole night around so I at a point I decided to go to sleep, but again not able to. By the time I tried I saw it was getting light again, I came in my living room and then I saw for the first time it was a complete mess there. I had the feeling that the only way to let this free energy idea let work is to go out of this place and leave everything behind. And so I did, I just put some clothes and I went out of my apartment. The dark energies have to be left behind, I saw no other way to go out of this place and not coming back anymore. So then my city ritual started, I was receiving the signs from the sun, clouds trees and nature, where I needed to go. In a ritual in a park where I was inside the bushes there I undressed myself to show I was not afraid to show myself. I put my clothes back on and the rest of the this city phase I won't bother you with but a few hours later I was standing naked in front of the police.



I remember so well, I was standing in front of them. And what was going through me was ow poor puppets from the oil machine. I saw their fear in the eyes when I was standing in front of a bus and the other side the police. Yes I jumped naked in front of a bus, can you imagine if you are going to

work and you see a naked guy jumping in front of the bus, it must have been amazing to see. But yes at that time I knew these guys are hungry to bring me to the police cell. And yes they were, when I did my hands in the air the jumped on me like beasts and at that time I thought I was gonna die, because they were intense on my neck bone, I was full of joy. Even if I would die it would have been perfect, free energy was free. They were shouting and sitting with 3 on top of me. You know I am not a tall guy at all, i only have the length of the dream soldier in the army, I never went to the army but people told me. I believe my length is ideal for war purposes, I am not tall, so you are faster and easier to respond. Never mind, but I have no muscles at all the only thing I do is cycling, and walking. So can you imagine a small guy standing in front of the police who all are bigger than you with the eager to bring me down because I was a risk for society. It is amazing for me, the irony of whole this situation. I was laughing out loud from the inside. When I was in the police van I started talking to the guy who was driving, I was telling him that it is actually a sad world where you try to hand over an idea of free energy that you are locked in a police van. He kept quiet, I saw a car following my police van. I was focussing with my eyes, on the driver, he was getting really uncomfortable, but for some reason he needed to follow the way of my police van. I like to travel by van, but a police van is although it is a van for me not the best way to travel especially not if I didn't really had the plan to spend time on a police office, no I was planning to go to a festival that weekend. I just got a bit out of work with my free energy idea but for me it was clear that weekend I should go to a festival in Belgium, I was already looking forward for a long time. But the police and institutions didn't agree so I spend 6 days locked up in police station and mental healthcare institution.

At some point my parents came to check if it was me who the police found on the street. It was really a stupid situation, my parents came and they don't try to take you out of a prison, no they agree upon that a mental healthcare institution take care of this situations. Yes when you came and check me in the cell I was shouting I have nazi roots, and that I only wanted to speak with my mother. But no they just checked to tell the police that it was me. Offcourse my parents were afraid and didn't know what was happening. But for me the fear of seeing something and handing this over to other people in this case the mental healthcare institution is a risky thing. I am not a child anymore I was 27 by that time, so I never asked for the mental healthcare institution only my parents did. They even start to charge you money for the treatment. Offcourse they play it in a way they have knowledge how to handle this kind of things, but what I saw inside this mental healthcare institutional world that non of that is true.



I had nazi roots in my vision of free energy. Some dark energies were coming from my family. Nazi roots is for me no more than dark energy. As I talked about before I didn't agree upon the political agenda of the nazi party except of the reintroduction of cannabis. The whole nazi thing in nowadays society is for me no more than we still maintain old nazi ways of distributing work and free time. The nazi machine the repetitive behaviour of receiving monthly income regardless if you like the job or not. Kept yourself stick to one place to live, depending how much you are going out but many have from that point on the same people around them their whole life. Although they look to television they have no clue that their behaviour might become a problem for the planet in 50 years. The television only shows the news that confirms the ideology they are working for, the ideology of capitalism. The television provides you with entertainment and news that creates an idea that when you have a job and income on a monthly basis and paying off the debts to the bank you are a well serving citizen. Yes I can imagine the bankers will be dressed as they are and talking friendly and helpful to you, they are the connectors in society where people are at their weak phase. The phase of finding the need to buy a house you don't have, but this bank is offering you already the possibility to live in it before. I am not saying people are in a weak phase when they meet the banking institutions, they are weak because the illusion around money makes it a complete rip off for the people and nature. All this hocus spocus around 'having a house' go in debts before you even possess a house. You just have the right to live in it the whole time, but you don't have it. All houses needed to be supplied and besides the mortgage there is money to spend on the interior of the house. People buy interior of something they don't possess. So many material is in circulation because everyone want to possess a house in the far future, but many don't realize there is nothing from them in the stones in the first years of living there. All the goods are designed to make these debts to the bank so comfortable to live. I am not saying mortgages are bad, no the general idea of speaking about having a house where you don't have it is a dangerous misinterpretation in financial, social, and

environmental terms. No you don't possess a house, and no you are not sure you have income your whole life, especially not with office related jobs. The whole industry got so specific that an office job somehow is the same as every other office job in the world. It is paperwork on really specific topics, so the day you exit this job you are so specialized, the easy and comfortable way is to keep in that industry, because here you have a certain value. But since you build your life around the possession of a house you don't have yet, and put all your energy in a specific niche in the global industry. Because every industry is a niche compared to all industries in the world. So many different kind of knowledge are necessary in different kind of industries, that in the diversity of industries you are maintaining on a high speed really specific knowledge which is useless by the time you exit the industry and especially at older age when you are physically going downwards you slowly start to see that you don't have all the opportunities in life that you had before. Besides this industry there is a whole other world of exploration that you ignored to enter because you wanted to possess a house before you have it. I am not saying it is bad, but from an ecological perspective it is blind. It is the illusion that life is built around this type of ideology.

Ideologies many of them exists on this planet, everyone has its ideology, so it is dangerous in any sense to put all the money and resources on the ideology of capitalism. No it is not the solution for world peace, it is a way, but since the footprints are getting big and more and more wars are taking off we should be open to reevaluate the capitalistic free world. It is free towards trades and possibilities to get whatever you want at any time if you have money. It is blind in the sense that all people realize that this is not possible for everyone. That it is a kind of insanity to live in an illusion to see that everything is available at any time in the world. It is not, because we all know that all the land differs, all the people differ, and that there is no way of ideology. Ideology should be something to be inspired by, not something to blindly maintain. Offcourse we are inspired by new technology, but the mania around having all this new stuff all around you is a way of addiction that might be not always good for the person itself. Maybe we come from nature, where all is hard working and surviving. We are not meant to become lazy, and lazy we are. Food and all stuff in the world came so easily available for everyone that the comfort of this luxury put the mind of the people in a sleep mode. We even got obese and stress. It is the sea of comfort that makes your brain less work, instead of that automatic behaviour comes into place. No thinking, following patterns you are used to for a long time. It is not even a wish to wonder anymore, because it is all set and done, I am there, I got my house free of debts can earn some money till the rest of my life and start being free at 67. This behaviour is destructive because the people are led in the illusion that only saving money till their pension can provide them a better old free days. Be really careful with this kind of behaviour. You have no idea about how your behaviour effects the whole industrial machine in the world. The machine of providing goods and services to entertain and comfort you. It is the role of the mother is taken over by the industry, mommy will provide you with lots of comfort and luxury to make you lazy, not to walk around anymore and wonder where all the roots of lives actually really come from. The roots we have from nature is something that cannot be disappeared in our lives, it can be forgotten, but I am sure the connection to nature we never lost throughout our evolution towards the industrial world. But the realization that our lives are made so comfort that even when you call people come and deliver you food if you have money is the world upside down. Our paleo ancestors would laugh about the illusionary factory of possession we live in.



Innovation is for me openness, openness revaluating current states. The cannabis plant can solve global warming, for what reason we should not reconsider the war on drugs? Is really the addiction of some people a problem or is it the interest of the Rockefellers who found oil in Amerika and decided to change from cannabis to petrochemicals? Is it the patents they possess? I don't even care I would just say ok change to cannabis. Ok Dupont, and other oil and petrochemical companies will fall down in the power they have at the moment, but is this really something to be worried about. Oil is running out, the technology used to do petrochemical distractions is polluting and non valuable for a planetary cause. Or is it the mortgages the people have in the petrochemical companies who are the reasons why we don't change to the cannabis plant. Cannabis can transform the world for the better, for all. I am a graduated master in innovation management and I worked in the petrochemical industry, and I see that the mortgages of the people who work in the petrochemical industry can be the only reason why we didn't change to cannabis yet. Innovation is cool, it is just plain and simple.

Happy free market family

You know the irony

Of a supermarket throwing away food

Poison it with chemicals

At the back where a homeless girl

Sells herself for sex

Because she has no money to eat

Therefore she uses heroine
To find some happiness somewhere,
and doesn't need to eat anymore
Ironic isn't it?

A long long time ago after the prohibition of America

The war on drugs
Irony in a nutshell
It costs police
It costs lives
And we still keep using it
Why not stop the war
And educate people
More efficient
In my opinion

In the Bush Bush

The war on terror
People telling stories
About people they never met
Only on television
I prefer good theatre.

I love to see politicians speaking on television. It so predefined that it has a certain cuteness over it. The speeches of hope and prosperity and at the same time lobbyist drinking coffee behind the scenes. It is amazing, just to see once in a while if it coincidentally pass by. I am so happy I threw the television out of the window 3 years ago. Especially the advertisement, ow man it is so fake, the music they combine with the moves, the atmosphere they want to create to let you fall in love with a product. It is amazing, amazing that it works. That the brain is so sensitive for marketing purposes. I was in the oil, but in marketing you are even worse. You show the oil boys to keep producing these goods. It is amazing, so many stupid useless stuff that exists on this planet, and the oil boys see only confirmation of the good job they are doing for the world. It is like the cuteness of a child to ignore the climate effects, if you are as oil boys just see industries created around your product and patent, marketing and in the end these are the people themselves who destruct the planet with an addiction

to consume without actively participating in procreation of wisdom. Destroying a planet is the furthest away from wisdom, this makes it funny for me why we didn't change to cannabis yet.

I write in English although I prefer to write in my mother language. My mother language is Dutch, and since there are just around 18 million on this planet speaking this language it is for me not the right language to write this book. I would this book to be a global message. Not that I am in the illusion to change something but pure to make it accessible for everyone, because I believe my message contains inspiration for people to look their life and issues from another perspective. I was always afraid to speak another language since the time I went abroad during my master at university. This gave me the first opportunity where I couldn't avoid speaking another language then English and German. It was my semester abroad in Berlin. I slowly stepped out of the comfort zone of my country. My whole master was in English but in the beginning of my master I always hide myself with speaking Dutch as much as possible. Since I went abroad I feel confident to speak other than my mother tongue. This is why I am happy that I had the opportunity in my life to go studying. It opened my horizon, it opened me to go outward instead of keeping comfort. It was the first time I went really out of my comfort zone. From day one on my exchange abroad I saw my English was not bad at all, I even received compliments from people about my English. It made me feel confident as a shy Dutch guy from a small village in the south of the Netherlands. It was a time where I met many people from all over the world. It opened my horizon to hear new stories about people and how they live and what their ambitions are. And it made me celebrating life for the first time with people from all around the world. It was a great time and great inspiration for me to continue in life.



I write this in English because my master innovation management was in English. Since I had the opportunity to be a student in a high ranked study in the field of industrial engineering I can say that my study was purely focussed on industrial corporation. Innovation management is for me broader than the boundaries of the industrial corporation. The master missed an important point to me and that is the social and financial engineering of a society. As I understand I was studying at a technical

university and the focus was on technology and the management around it, so my study innovation management was the study to do management around innovation in a technology focussed environment. Since all patents are in hands of corporations and people with businesses it implies that my study was completely focussed on the industrial corporations in this world. There was no need to include social engineering. It is not that I never touched a topic on social and ecological issues, but the focus was not there.

Since one course in my master inspired me to choose a profession as a cost engineer I ended up in the petrochemical industry. I was inspired because I saw in the course project and process management during my master that computer programs can do the work for people. Not that I was not aware by that already but this was the first time I saw inspiration what computers can do in the field where I was interested in, numbers. I was interested in numbers not really what they meant, but to do calculations with them. I loved to see the computer solving numbers for me. After study I was a graduated innovation manager and I walked around in the petrochemical industry where I didn't see any innovation at all. It made me wonder, I was working for a global American company in the middle of all the money in the world and I saw no innovation going on around me. Yes they had their kind of shows of showing they were innovative. The most interesting one I saw during my petrochemical time on a monthly basis was that engineers got a bottle of wine or similar kind of present when they put in an idea which made the engineering more sustainable. This is all good, and it is a good motivator. But the funny thing is that they always showed just the number of how much money they saved with implementing this idea, but yes it was just a number they showed. As we all know 100 on a project of 1000 is 10% but 100 on a project of 100.000 is 0,1%. But they didn't took the project size and company size into account when they were giving presents away to the engineers who implemented the idea. It doesn't really matter to me why they did it like this or that, probably they have a reason, but for me it was the stupidity to see that the company gave presents to people if they had a sustainable idea, but you had no clue at all what this sustainability meant in the size and order of the operating field of the company I was working for. If you start building a pipeline through the protected space of the native Americans you can give presents away in your office to people who had sustainable ideas for improving the pipeline, but in the end you are destructive anyways. So what I saw was the stupidity of people believing they were working towards a more sustainable world with the profession they were involved with. It was amazing to see this show going on all around me. Week in week out.



The most sad and for me the part I was laughing from the inside the most was the annual raise of the salaries of people, it was just after the Christmas New Year break. You saw people moving around more in the office. It was a chat and chat with the question 'how much did you get this year'. Not really openly but quietly from man to man or in a group of men. Believe me it was maximum 6% per year. I was not involved in this chit chat because in the first year I was hired through another company, but I saw this happening around me and I was really amazed by that. People really were feeling proud if they had more than someone else. I was sitting there with my slavery salary working for millions and billions in the world and people have the time of the year where they can talk about how much money they earn more in the upcoming year. Although they were cost engineers they didn't relate their salary to the millions and billions they were seeing passing by. The cost engineer in me tells me come on man fuck you are a fuckin slave working for these big boys. I felt really sorry for the people, it was a kind of not having anything better to tell toward each other. Most of the conversations I had in the office was work related, since I didn't bought a house, didn't have a wife and children I was not really the person people asked questions to. I had 2 female colleagues close to me, who were luckily sitting next to me where I could share normal topics with. We were the same age, I am happy I sat next to them in my time in the office there, because I needed some female

energy in the money driven machine of the male technology world. I am so happy I had the chance to see all this in my life. It made me completely clear that this is something I don't want anymore. The sadness to just work for a monthly income and people are not able to talk about another topic than projects, projects, projects, and more projects. The money is flowing like crazy around, but people live in the illusion that they can't change anything so therefore they sit on that convenient chair behind the laptop for 40 years of their life. It made me all clear that I needed some time of travelling. Get away from this place! And so I did.

The first day I was without apartment and car anymore, I sold the car at almost the same day that I left my apartment in the south of the Netherlands. I was homeless for the first time in my life. It was an amazing feeling for me, it felt so open to everything at the moment. I could stay at a friend's place for some days before going off on my journey. I said goodbye to my job, house and car and I was ready to leave the country with all possibilities in front of me. Since I quit my job almost 2 months earlier I had the time to slowly sell my stuff and get rid of all the nasty monthly and yearly contracts for gas, insurances and all that kind of stuff. I was slowly feeling to start way more lighter in every sense. You would be surprised if you see how many stuff you integrate in your life, around contracts and stuff. It is a maze of all payments going around between companies and people, but in the end if this is all a fiat currency it doesn't make so much sense in the end. It is not a bad thing that everything became so convenient and comfort but it takes away the capacity of the mind to create something new. Not being a blindly slave of the ideology you are working for. Because at the end of the day when the shit hits the fan, and electricity is off all around the world for more than a week, believe me the office guys are the first to die in this mess. They don't have a shit, only the cash in paper in their wallet to eat, because no electricity no banks, no distribution to supermarkets, happy surviving.

I am not a doom thinker, but yes of course you have to take this into account when you start living. You have to live like you will die tomorrow. In the times of the dinosaurs you saw they were not sustainable enough to survive this planet, so why should we be sustainable enough to survive this planet. A comet can come in tomorrow, or whatever may happen. But for me as a graduated innovation manager it is interesting to see that people become completely dependent on companies around them. Even the people in the supermarket become stressed when someone is going to slow in front of them. More convenience than you have now is not able to get any more, it is a well oiled machine where you have enormously fast all kind of products and food available to you. Since stress is a growing factor in nowadays society it is amazing to see that this is possible at all. We have so many luxury around us and it is so fast available how in the world is it possible that stress exists. It must be something to do with the way of life people have, because it is not the convenience and comfort factors where people should be stressed about. It must be a stress out from a higher order, a stress out of you as a human being, a human being is sick to be handled as a slave by corporation and governments. If this is not the case, the person should dive in its personal trauma's, but in the end all human trauma's comes forth from the difficult situations where people were led into to survive. Parents and children we all have blames and stuff we could have done better, but in the end we were all governed by institutions and corporations. I am not against corporation and governments I don't understand why we didn't change to cannabis yet. As a graduated innovation manager and a lover of cannabis I am wondering what in nowadays society withholds us to turn towards a sustainable future on cannabis.

I see no other way and all the rest is merely blabla bullshit. The world will change yes, but for the better believe me. The plant has such a cuteness over it, it is innocent and beautiful. It shines in the sun everywhere.

I also tried religion to be a way to transform visions of free energy in the world. And again here a complete dogma is ignored by people serving a god. It is again a way of mind manipulating people to strive for an ideology. And religions who start to tell that cannabis and all other substitutes are not in line with their vision of god are the same bullshit as the capitalistic ideology has a bullshit factor inside. I am not saying it is all bullshit, because inspiration is a beautiful thing, but never start to ignore you own feelings by following someone else ideology. Religion is the same, but it is more beautiful, it is more peaceful. But in the end it keeps an ideology. I had the honour to spend one month in a Krsna temple in Berlin. It was a great inspiration for me. It was so warm and welcome that I feel immediately connected to the place. As I go with everything I say I go with everything. So no drugs and alcohol for me if I go in a temple I go sober, because I want to feel the message being told. It was a beautiful time, I met so many inspiring people who were all working in their own capacities around krsna and the connection they feel for krsna. Some were real servants, they really gave all effort to go for krsna, for some it is just a cheap place to stay because they have no other place to go. I came into the temple via a friend of my where I met Ambrisha in the place of the temple. Ambrisha was the old hippy you know, going all the way where he ended up without money in his life on the other side of the planet and met at that point in time someone from the Krsna community. For him it was clear this is my way to go. Ambrisha was for me an inspiration because the first time he told some stories about his life and the crazy stuff that happened with him walking around the globe with wonder why all this is there as it is. His stories made me laughing out loud it was hardcore over hardcore. As he was talking about his younger age so for me this was an inspiration I saw a guy 20 years older than me talking about the same things where I was dealing with at the moment. Why the fuck is this all happening in a crazy way around me. After the first time I met Ambrish we drank a beer in the temple. He said you know just hide the bottles around. It was not really inside the temple but another piece of land of the temple. It was funny the first time I was on Krsna holy ground I was drinking a beer with my friend and Ambrisha hearing all stories that were similar to mine. Just 2 beers than we left to in Berlin to get pizza. We didn't smoke a joint that day, but we all knew that if it was around it was a warm welcome. That is what I like about people who use religion as an inspiration but not as a certain set of rules to achieve a state of example towards other people in the world. No we are not better than anyone else, everyone is the same and moving towards religion is again a new system of dogma's into another.

The week after I met Ambrisha I was still at a friends place and about to move towards Italy. Or that is what I had in mind but a friend let me know she didn't have time because of moving to Munich for a new job. So I was a bit stucked in Berlin, I really enjoyed my time with my friend, but after 2 weeks living together in one room in a shared apartment you feel both that you need space again. Since my Italy plan was not anymore I didn't really have a clue where to go. I decided to go back to the Netherlands and take my bike and go to France working on a farm. But this was all a bit vague and not clear on my mind what it really was gonna be. It was a kind of loneliness you feel after almost a year moving from one place to another where you feel a bit tired of constantly moving again. It is a subtle state of depression, but I knew it was there to let me undergo. 2 Days before I was planning to leave back to the Netherlands Ambrisha called me if I would like to help tomorrow with the house he was building. Since I had 1 day left I said immediately yes.

I went around 8 to the temple, we met at the entrance, first breakfast before working he said. I went in and I saw many kind of different foods. I loved it, all good vegetarian food. I love to start the days with this. After we had breakfast we went to work on the other side of the railroad to built the house and workshop for the temple. It was a nice day Ambrisha told me stories about his life, krsna, the crazy things that happened to him when having too much psychedelics in his life before. His life before entering the krsna temple 20 years before. We were doing some construction work in a small

house he was building next to the workshop that was meant to become a fantasy furniture workshop. To let people play as Ambrisha always says in a beautiful way.

I also told about my story and that I was going to France in some months because I wanted to learn French. At the end of day he said to me 'you don't really in a need to go anywhere if I hear your story, do you?'. No I said actually I don't have a clue why am I going to France. I wanted to leave because I need some space at some time and I was almost two weeks at a friend of mine who was busy with her artwork. So I felt a need to go but at the same time I had no clue at all. Ambrisha told me why don't you just stay here in the temple, there is food you can help me with speeding up the process of the house and you can inspire yourself with krsna consciousness. Until then Ambrisha did almost everything alone with some hands here and there. But you saw he built stuff before. It was the south American way he said, not the German way. And that is what I like about his style. It was just small and perfect, it worked, no need to measure everything to the millimetre. No it was the south American way of building a house. I love this way. So I said immediately yes to this offer. It was if a dream came through. Because 3 months before I was into reading the Vedanta philosophy I shipped many books from India to read more about this philosophy. It inspired me, it was something that made sense. It really enriched me with confidence about a philosophy that fits. Although I was new and just reading I felt a deep connection to this philosophy. I even was at a point that I was searching to go to India to enrich myself and find guru's. I never did, because I saw that the big amounts of money that was asked on the internet was not the way to go towards a philosophy that is beyond money. I wanted to go but I parked this idea in the fridge, but 3 months later I received an offer to stay in a Krsna temple. Vedanta and Krishna are not the same philosophies, they are in a sense, but what I heard about is that the Vedanta is the first or second vedic scripts and that krsna is the fifth vedic script. I asked around there but people were convinced that the 5th was the way to go. It is always attractive for the higher ones or newer ones, because I don't know how they put order in the vedic scripts in the past. But with a western mind I would say the first and second appeared before the fifth. So people tell the later editions are better than the previous one. But for me it is the same with movies, the first are generally having a bigger message then all the others. In the end it got a bit a version upon the original idea. And that is what I felt with the people serving Krsna. It was again a set of rules to obey, and for me Vedanta is the freedom of living from oneself was something different for me. But I loved the rituals in the temple. It was amazing for me to undergo a peaceful singing and meditation around krsna, food and service to Krsna. I will always be in peace with Krsna, because I never lost connection to Krsna, I lost connection to the people serving Krsna. In a way which is not bad but the set of guidelines are also naïve and dogmatic. People really tell you not to take any substance because it is not the way to go. This is spoken by people who are guru in a way from there throne towards people obeying all these words. It is a kind of question you ask when you see a guru who has a wife and child tell you that you should not take any substances because it is not the will of Krsna. Is that so? I ask from the inside when I observe this way of giving speech. For me Krsna is someone who plays, he would love to take drugs when he was still around I am sure. He was the guy who did everything the opposite to just play with the people and their reactions. Because all the people were inspired by krsna. And so I was inspired by the words of Krsna. But the complete soberness as a way of serving the planet I don't know, you ignore the many possibilities and at the same time ignorance towards the point you really think everyone is on this same message when you speak it from your throne. Now it is again the human slavery paradox, the leader tells the other people what is good and bad. It is none of that, I am sure Krsna would agree. All the stories being told were by people got visions at places where krsna met people to inspire them, but he knew as anyone else that he should not show all the fruits he was using to entertain the world around him. It made him flow it made him go, it made him create.

But in the end again, it is just a story you know. I was with Ambrisha everyday working together sharing stories. I saw Ambrisha just applying his own visions because he loved alcohol and to smoke a joint so now and then. In the time I was with him he was on the alcohol everyday mode although he has long sober times. In the morning he went to the liquor store to get his beers and strong German bitters. Secret service with a laugh when he was coming in the house again where I was working. I loved this humor, we both knew we should not take the rules too seriously. I didn't drink or any drugs in that time although I could drink with Ambrisha everyday. No I was in the mode of enjoying to see what was happening around. I was learning more about construction, because I love construction. It also was my first study. But you know with studying you are not really make comfortable with working with your hands. That is what I don't like so much about studying, it is not with your hands. That's why I liked and was always a bit nervous about my internship periods. But I went through well and it all showed me to see how it is to work with your hands, but in the end studying from paper doesn't make any sense at all, it is just for lazy people. Ofcourse you need skills to do all this paperwork, but it doesn't bring you the real knowledge of construction to built by yourself. That is what I started to learn when I left of on travelling, I stayed on farms and communities where I slowly got the confidence to really built something, not the paperwork in the office. It was for me way more inspiring than any other kind of intellectual paperwork what is going on around nowadays. I agree in the petrochemical industry you need paperwork, because the chemical processes are so fucking dangerous that this need to be well engineered. Therefore I am happy that I spend time in this field of construction. But for all the other stuff nowadays we created so much rules and regulation that it has nothing to do anymore with the real purpose of doing things. In the end a house is meant to sleep, to find shelter for the night and create a small home to feel warm and at home. Nowadays construction work and especially the skyscraper mentality is so based on artificially creating homes that it ironic why people study to read this kind of paperwork. Therefore I never was really confident with me going to handle real technology by hand. But I am happy at the moment I feel I am able to built something for myself that fits. In a year of travelling I learned about construction, farming, and community. Because that is something I also started to see, in the end every coming together of people is a community.



A few months after I started travelling I went to a community. It was as it went, no planning, I end up there. It was an inspiring time for me, it was a time how I saw people behaving in a place where there are no rules and regulation, except on the guidance of the people in the community, the anarchist way. It was winter in the south of Europe, and there were around 20 to 30 people in the community in the time I was there. I was there around four weeks. It was amazing to see what drives people, what drives people when there is no real set rules of regulations. It was a free place, people come and go, people stay longer and people stay even longer. I am happy I end up there, because for me after the oil machine of the petrochemical industry where I was working with rules and regulations, and what I saw in society that we work with rules and regulations. In the years after my vision of free energy I was not sure if the rules and regulations always work on people. Therefore I had the dream to live in a community for some time. And there I was in the south of Europe with a beautiful garden and a lot of place around. It was like entering a new space. With the things that had to be done, with the people, with how things are organized. I was so confused many times when I was walking around there, some crazy thing after the other. It was not necessarily crazy in the things that happened but the way people spoke and how they were interacting with each other. It was if a whole spectrum of different kind of people with different backgrounds and intentions in one place. Some are there for holidays and chilling out the other is living upon the income of the community. I met many great people there, but at the same time it was a complete chaos of moments and crazy experiences. It was amazing. I love these kind of places. Although I was in the exploratory phase and after a month I was feeling to leave this place so I decided once I woke up without planning ok today is the day to go. I know I have to go away from that kind of places if I doesn't feel completely in harm with what is happening around me. People are interesting beings, you can't understand shit about how people can behave in situations what is quiet normal to do the opposite, but in some way it let me see how trusty relationships are and how to keep the focus in yourself and enjoy the things that are happening around you. Really it was an amazing time, but completely skyrocketed in my way of experiencing craziness in everyday life. It was a quiet and clean place. But at the same time there was

so much going on between people and situations that it was amazing to experience, but also in a way to keep confident by yourself. Because some people are there just with you because you role a joint every time. That people are not always there to have a conversation of any interest in the person who roles the joint. I call it splitolics.



Splitolics I learned about it my whole life without realizing since I was in the community I started to see what splitolics was. It is an amazing underlying dynamic of people longing for the search towards cannabis, since the dealer was inside it was a dynamic of customers, sharing, and buying. Because yes we are not allowed to grow cannabis in this world so we are dumped down towards cannabis from the streets. Since the community was far out of the city world you get different kind of imports from all over the world. Since cannabis is expensive and you live in a place with a lot of people with no money it can become interesting. The seller knows the customers, the seller sees with whom he is sharing and who buys from him. I love the saying of the dealer of me in the community, as long as the customers are happy I am happy. I loved his way of spreading cannabis, but at the same time he was not a long term thinker, the price of his weed got up, not necessarily in price, but the amount I received. I know he buys Dutch quality I even went with him to pick up the good stuff you know. He was a beautiful person, he had the local spirit that was missing in the community. Not missing because he brought it, but this realization of the essence of maintaining on this beautiful place is made around working your ass off and not smoke cannabis the whole day, especially not if you see that it are not even your customers who sit and do nothing and just smoke weed they brought from a place far away. I can imagine you see a paradox, that is why I loved my dealer in the community, he was a good guy he gave me good quality weed in the time I was in the community. I was alone in my tent during the night on top of a mountain, because when I entered I saw already that I like to take my silence and in the mountain on the area that was a perfect place for me to camp for a month in a community. It was really an amazing time, I was full of wonder and inspiration. I started to learn clay. I made a chessboard and pieces out of clay. I was working in the garden, I was cooking, I was

cleaning, I was enjoying. My most outgoing trip on LSD was in the community. Oh my god I will never forget it was an amazing day, but believe me skyrocketed.

My second time LSD after my psychotic episode, my third time overall. We had pizza night every Friday, it is a kind of working day where we all are somehow busy with creating the party place. And at Saturday everyone is free to do whatever. The rest of the weeks there was always things to be done. This was my second pizza night and I woke up around noon and I went down to the communal area. Hi Dave, we go to the lake and take some acid. I didn't really think about that on this Saturday morning but ok I bought some liquid LSD the week before from another dealer in the community. I don't like to say dealer because it is more a sharing quality stuff. And a dealer sounds negative, and a dealer for me is one the most important man in the world, only if he brings quality stuff. And yes the dealers around me were giving me quality. So I was start to experience my most outgoing LSD trip in my life, outgoing in the sense that I skyrocketed from the inside. From the outside I was a bit drunken stoned, but perfectly able to function and talk and enjoy. But this trip was the third LSD trip in my life and we have a saying in the Netherlands, 'driemaal is scheepsrecht' and so this was for me, my third LSD trip was spectacular in every sense. We went to the lake it was about an hour walk, we dropped the acid soon as we were on the way. I had two highdose bottles. I don't know how much millilitre drops but I told I was used to and want a powerful shot in each bottle. So yes the dealer gave me this where I was very thankful for. On the way to the lake I unpacked the bottles carefully packed with cloth to protect the LSD for the sun. I drank part of the mix and put it back in the bag. I had two doses and a friend of my with whom I came to the community never did LSD and wanted to try, so I gave him the other dose of quality LSD. As it goes with the first time the questions how to handle this kind of mind altering substance. Just take a bit and see how it feels, and take a bit more if you feel confident. So was my advice. We were with around 8 people going to the lake, everyone somehow somewhere arranged LSD so everyone was on track for a good sunny day at the lake. When we arrived almost at the lake the visions of the LSD came, the crystallized perception of reality. The colours are more intense, you start to see more clear. At the same time you are so in wonder that walking starts to become a bit of an adventure. We moved down to the lake and we had to go over some rocks. Believe me that was not the easiest hike to do on acid. It was a beautiful day, and there was one girl with us who didn't take LSD, she was a beautiful German girl. As soon as you heard the talks of the people you started to realize that everyone was going on a journey on LSD so the beautiful German also took her way. I like that kind of things, we set down next to the water, the lake was amazingly beautiful and no one there. And the LSD vision of crystallized reality were amazing to experience, I put my feet in the water and was playing. The nature was amazingly beautiful around and we hiked so long that we were sure that the way back was gonna be a big adventure. As if I don't want to bother you with my whole LSD trip I won't do this here but it was amazing and mindblowing at the same time.



The day after the LSD trip I met the girl with whom we shared time the whole time when we were on acid came to me. I kind of loved her in the community. She had a British sense of humor that I liked. She was one of the few where I shared one to one conversations with where we both were interested in each other. I had a few more relationships with some people, I really loved these small connection in a turbulent environment as a community. I am not generalizing communities because as a German girl said last year when I was in Berlin 'Finding a community that fits is like finding a girlfriend'. It happens but there are a lot of places where it doesn't fit. And so was this a kind of community where I really enjoyed being but at the same time the turbulent energies around of people longing for a joint without really participating in the whole situation is something for me what I feel this was not a place for me. But the day after the LSD trip where I met the girl where I was on acid with she said to me 'I received a shitty mail from my country and I am thinking of stepping out of the system I am gonna talk to Sue about it today' She said it when we were both in a kind of hurry because we were doing things but it was a special moment. Because I think we really had a beautiful LSD trip together and that we somehow saw the same things but this quick saying 'I received an email from my country and I am thinking of stepping out was for me at the same time complete make sense thing, and at the same time it was the mystery. We never saw each other again anymore.

In the days after I was also in the mood to continue my journey so I never had the time to reevaluate the trip with her. Because with her I would have love to because I never really did it on the previous LSD trips I had. I just read by myself, but with the girl it was different it was like we saw the same things but from a male and female perspective. Maybe it was all in my mind, but it was a pleasure to meet her. I hope she is doing fine at the moment. She was beautiful, and British at the same time. I like that combination, she had a purity in her eyes and an understanding about the craziness she worked for in her life. She was slave of the whiskey dealers on this planet. Since the prohibitions of America is almost 100 year ago and the war on drugs is fought at the same time against cannabis and other drugs. I can imagine that the interests in this kind of industries can be shady and dark, because in the end all whiskey dealers survived the time of the prohibition, the black guys on the white market. Yes that what we had in common the British girl and me, I came from the oil and she came from the whiskey. A bit the same but different. It was inspiring for me to say someone stepping out of the system. Nationality and identities are well interwoven with the technological possibilities through internet and surveillance camera. I remember well someone saying around a decade ago, you know in the future you walk in a shop and they see directly what you want because they recognize you with the face through your internet behaviour. Wow it is something what I see nowadays and I can imagine at the time it was all a bit in the starting phase, but nowadays internet and photos of people are spread around like dogfood. It is the marketing machine who is at its full power when connecting identity and internet behaviour. This is for me the matrix, the full operated social engineering. The engineering of consume behaviour, the use of the unconscious mind to choose to buy a product regardless of what the footprint is on an ecological level. This is engineering towards death and destruction and therefore it surprised me a lot why so many people start studying marketing. Please never study marketing, if you want to do marketing you become an internet entrepreneur and you are not gonna bother you with four years study to pay to learn how to manipulate the mind of people for interest of industrial corporation. The internet is the best platform to get all the knowledge around online marketing and trading goods all around the world with a single mouseclick behind your laptop. You see if you really love marketing you would have had the idea to search the internet and find there are many ways to receive passive income to let people buy and buy even more shit. A university only trains you marketing for the old boys network, the old corporational way of marketing, a well spread marketing through the channels of information by governments and corporations. But in the end it is the same it is making people eager to buy a product. But if you really like marketing and want to become rich anyways I should never go to pay for a study or even go in debt to learn marketing, it is the most artificial science on this planet. It is not about science, it is applying the Freudian idea on the psychoanalysis. This is marketing. As soon as you know this all studies towards marketing are irrelevant. Because you are not getting a student debt to work for a corporation to do the marketing for them where you earn so less money that you have to keep working for the industrial corporation. What you do is purely shit. Get some courses online learn yourself internet marketing and create a passive income. But don't let yourself be exploit by corporation to do marketing for them. Really it is a waste of your time. I invested some time in passive income and marketing as well but with the same feeling I have as I had with my job at the oil industry. What is the purpose of shipping all kind of goods around the world if you know it comes from Chinese factories and have no clue what the ecological footprints are of these products because you earn your money and become a billionaire behind your laptop. It is in my opinion again not the way for me. I don't like to have a lot of worries that I have to go online everyday, that I have to worry about customers I never saw via the internet. I bought an online marketing course on the internet because I was interested in passive income, it was a big chunk on the last money I had, but after a few days I was like no this is not gonna be it. But I am sure a lot of people love it, it is a way to use Facebook as a marketing tool, to make people buying the products you ship in from China via the

internet. Search a bit around on the internet and you will find many kind of money gurus around. But in the end for me it is again marketing and since marketing is the cause of over consumption I cannot see myself earning money on the back of the planet. I can become a billionaire with the fact that I was able to do a mindtrick on the internet so people start to buy as crazy beasts.



I bought this course on the internet last year while I was travelling. At that time I was back in the Netherlands and stayed for some time at my parents. In that time I was in the period of going completely sober and vegan. And I was focussing on doing courses online to do something with my life. I am happy I invested stuff in courses on the internet. Only when I bought the second course that was purely based on make you an internet marketing engineer and earn money in an easy way. Really I believe the course work as hell, because the technique use exactly the dynamics I see in society. The dynamics that people turn crazy if things are cheap and for free. It is amazing to see that Black Friday exists on this planet. The most crazy day in the world for me, people that are stepped to almost death because people are entering a shop because it is way cheaper than the week before. Wow amazing.

Nowadays on the internet you have a lot of people talking about an easy way of earning money. It is fancy, it is cool. Doing whatever you want to do travel the whole world. But in the end for me it has to be a bit about being conscious about what you are really selling and what kind of industries and countries you put into action. Besides that I love the idea of being independent. If the world is already crazy why not anticipate on this craziness. The world of the internet entrepreneur, because for me this is a different way of economy because long before we didn't have the opportunity to do this kind of things. We should be aware that we possess many possibilities in many ways to use the internet to share creations, knowledge and stories. It is a great platform that should be entered with a certain pre occupied distance by yourself to see if the internet is really working for you. I am not talking about sharing status on Facebook every day. No using the internet to create something for yourself. That is why I love to have a blog. I have a blog since almost 2 years and I love it. It is my

diary of craziness and thoughts. A pulp of nothing and everything. Just what comes in mind. Because for me it is a way to transfer my visions with the world. I have no clue someone is watching my blog because I erased all the options to see time and visitors, for me it is irrelevant. I use the internet to express myself in a way that I feel as a kind of inspiration and I use the internet for my financial wellbeing. Besides that I don't care about the internet. I am not using internet on a regular basis. I go on the internet at the moment of writing 1 time since 3 weeks. I like to receive an update from friends and search for some information and knowledge about things I am interested in. But I can concentrate it to a low amount. I came from a time I was using internet the whole day, on my phone, on my laptop. It made me a bit crazy all that flow of information about people and things going on with the world. It is a mezz for your brain to digest all this information because most of it you do unconsciously. This makes the exposure to the internet a risky thing for me. I just speak for myself. I am happy I took distance from the internet and just use it for practical purposes and I am happy I am on a farm where I don't have the possibility to go online. It gives me more focus to wonder and write. Away from the screen, listening to grammaphone plates here on the farm on an old German grammaphone player of the second world war is something where I am more interested in. I am a bit sick of all the new technology flowing around, we forgot to see how many beautiful old stuff that exists. The evening on the farm here where we listened with four friends the whole evening old german songs from the grammaphone player was for me an experience where I saw yes this is what I would like to see working in real time. Not that I know it exists through internet or television. The romance of seeing a piece of art in real life and hear it playing old German songs is an amazing feeling. We danced the whole night on old German songs. That is why I don't like internet so much anymore. I am happier to be in nature and to connect sometimes to the world of information. The information age it helped me but at the same time it distracted me. It is so full of power, so full of stories, gossip and speculation. All with their intentions and ways of living a life on a platform where everyone can be anonymous. That it was for me easily be handed over to someone else ego of explaining a global issue from one side of the coin. In the end it is always like that, a coin has two sides. You can project every fact to one side of the coin. That is why for my conspiracy theories are stupid. The can be helpful but in the end they are stupid in the sense yes what you may present can be an option in the infinite other options that can exists why our current state of the world is like fragile and rough at the same time. I watched all conspiracies, and they all looked interesting to me, they showed me projects from a point where I wasn't before looking in that way. But I always kept distance to the conspiracy, it was for me funny to see that there exists such a paradoxal way of existence in nowadays society. At the same time we are taking oil and exploiting animals to live a noble life. I am not sure if the nobles from before the renaissance are happy to see how the burgiously took over noble land. Ofcourse the possession of land was still for the nobles, the only thing is they shift power to the people, the power towards institutions. Institution and industrial corporation are the outcome of the middle class in nowadays society. The rich men uses the middle men to earn money so did it always go and so will it always go. The lower class will always be pointed out as the cause of the problems by the middle men that they should work harder and be more active. It is the third world against the first world. The first world who led this planet behind in destruction. As above so below, maybe we should start listening to old ways of farming and sustaining life based upon the knowledge of our ancestors spread all around the world before the Christian church went on a crusade a long time ago. The Christian church was first institutionalized so the first power in the world that could brainwash and propagate people to destroy the non believers or force them upon the Christian church. I am not against this way of acting, for me it is stupid and blind. But the Christian church started in the world, you see the same again nowadays in the Islam. I completely understand the spirit of al quida in a way. If in the past everything is stolen from your country from the people where you are fighting against it is for me an easy message to spread and to

radicalize people. Let people radicalize and become stupid and fight to fellow human beings. But no, don't show it on television, of course not that makes it way easier to radicalize, the people in the west see stupid people on televisions blowing themselves up so they all agree we should drop more bombs. But in the end if we don't pay attention to these guys they like the media around this. Can you imagine you are a muslim in a foreign country, you earn no or a slavery loan but because you have no way to go to feed your family because your land was in war a long time before. You are a muslim again in the same kind of nasty money problem situation. Can you imagine that you become violent against the people where you see they are just there to buy more and more and we cannot even eat. Can you imagine if it is easy target for al quada if these kids see fellow muslims fighting against the capitalistic ideology. Every energy that is fed by television is fed by civilization, as above so below. It is the old trismegistus who said it already a long long time ago in the old Egypt times.



I like passive activism, keep silent and speak when you feel like to. Why passive activism, because all activism is fed by ideology, and every ideology has a black hole of lacking arguments to just join the opposite. I respect and adore activists, because these are people who speak out about topics against the current state of blindness unfold around the world. Even the Jihad activists, because in the end it is so stupid to believe that killing another person and yourself that brings you to an eternal state of happiness. Offcourse it is possible but as we all know maybe there is none of that at all, or maybe there is, who knows who cares, I don't like to kill animals or humans. So I don't see the point of terrorism and that kind of extreme activism, it misses always an argument to prevent the other side for blaming the activists are stupid. Because with everything you say there will always people who never agree. It is the beauty of life, the diversity of people. I will always support activism, because activism is against the current flow of things. And since the current flow of things is moving towards a planetary meltdown I support every kind of activism that tries to give shape to it in the form they like to go. May they be blow themselves, or just innocent laying in front of a train of animals. I really adore activists and I will always be an activist. But I agree I am a passive activist. A kind of pacifist that does everything on the opposite institutions were telling him to do. And I have to admit I like

this experiment with myself. It gave perspective to a complete new world of possibilities. My travel until now made space for happiness and growth. In whatever sense that may be, in the joint I share while having beautiful conversations with people about new topics of sustaining life or I learn how chickens operate in their daily work and try to provide the ideal circumstances for them. I don't care so much I see happiness and growth inside myself which gave me the confidence to continue this experiment of free energy, believe me it is madness in a way that is ironic and funny, unexpected and undefineable. So actually I write here comes not even close to the feeling of being free in a world of possibilities. But here I am without institution asking if I feel well, no parents who are worried about my state of being because they know I am on a farm now and find my peace in working with the animals. Now I am writing this book I see that my psychotic episode guided me in a way towards a place where I feel more in peace, a place where I start to see myself happy and growing. My life changed in a way while I was doing the camino in winter and it got accelerated by the third time I entered Portugal. The first time by car, the second time by plane, but now I decided to go by bike, the Dutch way.

I have to admit the camino changed my life. I don't know where to start or how to start, but the camino was something for me completely different and beautiful that I started to see the whole world around me from another perspective.



I had the idea to do the camino after the second time I came back from Portugal. I don't know why I had a subtle feeling that I needed to be in nature for a long time. I was on a travel and was drinking everyday for some weeks. It was a bottle or more of wine a day, I love the wine in Portugal amazing. I was travelling and I was seeing myself drinking. I prefer to smoke, but you know to get cannabis in cities where you come for the first time is always a random guess, and I don't like that ways of getting my cannabis. Therefore I take alcohol to amuse myself when I am around in cities. I don't like alcohol after a while, you get in a kind of ok lets buy another bottle again. I met some people in hostels and drinking every day. I like it also when I am alone, so I was travelling for 3 weeks drinking

alcohol everyday after my time in the community where I was smoking cannabis every day. I was on a kind of travel where I was a bit lost in inspiration and don't really had a clue to combine these things in a way to create a path to go for. I was travelling around to move towards a festival in some weeks but in that time I was not sure about anything. I was like why should I go to a festival and get again the same drug experiment, no I want to have peace I am going to walk the Camino de Santiago. I didn't know anymore what I really wanted, I was travelling around cities in the Algarve without really enjoying seeing more and more hostels and moving all the time. I didn't have an address or anything so I decided in the end to go the festival.

This is the story of the most crazy festival where I ever went before in my life. I had many festivals before in my life but this was a kind of combination what I like to see in festivals. It was a circus, it was just a circus. And inside the circus there was the world of the artists and druggies. I heard about the festival via people in the community so during my travel I checked the date at some point in time that I was like I am fed up travelling from city to city. I saw the date and approximate location. It was around a city near the boarder of Spain. I went a week before the festival started to the city they pointed out on the website. I arrived in a hostel with no one there. It was an old Portuguese family who were running the hostel, nice and peaceful. I was alone and actually I was surprised because I thought more people would come to a hostel nearby before the festival start. But no it was me alone till the moment a Belgium guy entered. We laughed out loud both, it was the Belgium guy who I met in the evening after I exit the community, I met him in a hostel after I was dropped by a hitchhike. He was a kind of activist in eating vegan food. And he was allowed to be because he was cycling through Portugal on a vegan diet, and he was full of prosperity of the vegan way of life. Nowadays medicine and petrochemical companies are focused on creating diseases to fix them quickly after. Every scientist know that chemicals are poison for the food. Would ancestors have had the opportunity to throw their food with chemicals they would have said no. It is a kind of believe we all have but we made it towards the point what is the allowance on poison in our food. Ok I believe that some pesticides maybe better for people than others, but in the end we talk about poison. You see as we all know we have cannabis to build everything and at the same time rearrange the soil there is no need for poison and therefore no need for research in this area. It is a waste of money and time. I love technology and the way made it possible to make microscopes and telescopes, and the way we are able to observe nature. But putting research in proofing some poison is allowed to be for humans is in my way a waste of biochemical research. We can use this engineers for better purposes in life. The oil boys have to become innovative if the cannabis plant appear one day as a common trade and use for all. It might be the most innocent plant who can convert the planet for the better for all.



The festival and the Belgium guy I met the days before. The Belgium guy had a contact who send the coordinates for the festival. We took the local bus to go to a village from where we had to walk for some time. It was still a 10 km walk to the festival area from the point where we were dropped with the bus. There was a way going in that direction so we tried hitchhiking. There were almost no people around, just some cars who all went in the wrong direction or didn't want to stop. It took some time so we tried to do it different and walk towards another point in the village, when we moved around the corner a complete bus of firemen appeared. It was a car and a bus, it was the local fireman on a drunken day out on the yearly celebration. We got a lift from them and they were going exactly in the right direction. It was funny they spoke no or minimum English and it was a kind of guys day out you know, alcohol and stupid funny talks. We had a lift and the firemen dropped us near the festival area. We were some days before the festival where it was still quiet when we arrived. Actually there was no one there except of some vans of people. It was still the best time to buy drugs. Fresh and cheap. I just arrived and start putting up my tent before going shopping drugs. Soon after a guy came to say hello and asked if we want some stuff, he had MD and Cannabis. It was a long time on MD and since I was on a festival I like to go for some MD. Cannabis ofcourse if I have the possibilities I was already drinking wine everyday for 3 weeks after a while I get bored of alcohol. So yes cannabis offcourse. The Belgium felt in love with LSD and never wants anything else anymore. He was on the phase of microdosing LSD for a week in a row. I like that kind of fanatic experiments. Because he was disciplined, because he always wanted to know how much millilitre a zegel contains. Because he was experimenting in his way. He preferred to have the liquid drops for microdosing. The guy only do LSD no other drugs and alcohol eat vegan. Since the Belgium guy was into LSD I was willing to go shopping with him around a festival what was slowly evolving towards a starting festival. At the moment of arriving there was nothing just some people arriving. So I went with the Belgium guy over the festival. It was funny he was a Belgium guy wearing an England football shirt because he has it since its teenager time and it is the perfect shirt for cycling, but I don't like football at all he said. I like that style. It was not difficult to find the LSD source because we got the name from the MD

and cannabis dealer. LSD is that van. So we went to ask for some LSD. They started to search in the bus but after half an hour he came out while we were talking with the other people that he lost the LSD somewhere in his van because of hiding for the police because they were coming from Morocco. Amazing how you see this war on drugs withhold the product flow of a market. Without this law the LSD would have been somewhere at an easy place in the van where it is covered from daylight but well aware that being around at some point in the van. I liked to do drugshopping on a festival for the first time in my life. Because it was so easy, there were no guards or anyone checking the people coming in. No it was just normal to buy and sell so therefore you could get information at places where they have good substance to took for the upcoming days and night. Because normally I never buy on festivals, I prefer to take by myself from my trustee dealer. I don't like to be caught by guards if you just try to have a good time.

Internship

Master yes masters

I love to be pupil

So far beyond

Visions clear

Yes crystal clear

De begrafenis met koffie en cake

Dood ik kijk er al naar uit

Vrij van materie

Al eten je ouders zo weer beschuit

Ontkomen doe je niet aan dit leven

Leer daarom als een vlinder te zweven

The mystery of science

Placebo effect works

Its your brain

You see

I couldn't have wished my travel without mentors. My awareness to see a mentor and pupil relationship in the way you start to meet people and the willing to learn from them. I had some mentors in the last year, personally and virtually. With the technology of internet you are able to get speeches from people all around the world. My favourite virtual mentor is Terence Mckenna, his philosophy and the way of speaking kept me strong on my way I was doing the camino with my bike from the Netherlands to Santiago the compostella. Terence also opened the world of alchemy for me. Alchemy and mysticism. Although in the years before I was a bit more in the mythical ways of

the religions in the world and I was really fascinated by that. But Terence opened the world of the alchemical dream. An opening upon the historical teachings, a set back to our archaic roots, as he calls it the archaic revival of the human species. On my way to camino the Santiago and I was sleeping in the tent somewhere in a random place between Santiago and my homecountry. It was winter so basically I had to search for a place after 2PM I had to focus a bit where will I drop down in maximum 2 hours because it was already dark at that time in late November begin December. I did many times wild camping, I love it, just drop you tent somewhere, cook and sleep. Although it was cold, I was well prepared for a winter trip by bike. When I was in my tent at 5 because it was already dark I started listening to my mentor Terence Mckenna. His way of speaking is one of a kind, his philosophy on psychedelics and alchemy is one of kind I am inspired by. He construct knowledge and experience in such a way that it is an inspiration to listen to. I can recommend everyone listening to him for an hour or more. I recommend longer lectures, and not the compiled short one from people who are fan of him as well. Terence has another sound, and his experiences in life shows a way of prosperity of unity in the future. The society who is making a war against psychedelics substances that were widely spread and used all over the world by native people in the past is playing a war that is not fair and economical, for me this is the combination of stupidity. But since the crusades of the past all this knowledge got a bit avoided by politicians who are in hands of the oil machine who has patents on petrochemical processes which sees mind altering and opening drugs a danger for the consciousness of the people. The petrochemical industry is not waiting for the day that we are allowed to share psychedelics and cannabis. It would destroy their whole industry.



For the one who never took psychedelics, why is it like this. Try psychedelics, it is difficult to put in words. It is a tendency towards another way of life, a way of life with more openness and growth for the individual. I love psychedelics, I do it once in a while. Just a matter if it is around I am not really searching for these kind of things. I like to do when around and somewhere available through a good source. For the rest I am happy with cannabis and some alcohol from time to time. Since the day I smoke on a regular basis with times with nothing in between is already from 3 months before my

psychotic episode. I am happy I didn't listen to the doctors who were telling me that I could better not use cannabis. With my parents I don't share a word about cannabis I just tell them I feel happy and I am at a place where I learn a lot about farming. I know they are afraid of the cannabis plant, because this is for them the reason of my psychotic episode, because they never relate me to using drugs or whatsoever, they thought I was just drinking alcohol the whole time I was going to festivals and stuff. But after my psychotic episode lock up in prison story I told them that I used many drugs in the 10 years before. No they heard the first time in the mental healthcare institution that I smoked cannabis everyday in the months before. So for them it is clear cannabis is the cause so I embrace this paranoia about the plant in a way just don't speak about it with my parents anymore it got us disturbed too many times in the time after my psychotic episode. I was in a constant clash with them by the times I said honestly I took cannabis or spacecake again. At that time I was a bit more psychotic but they just saw flards of the ritual I was doing since the time I got the vision of free energy. Part of this game was also to test on higher doses if cannabis was the cause of my psychosis. The day that I went for 2 spacecake in my favorite coffeeshop after a long time not having alcohol and weed I decided to go to a smartshop to get truffels because I was in the phase of checking my psychedelic state again after a long time being sober and vegan. The smartshop was closed still so therefore I decided to go to my favourite coffeeshop in the city were I used to live before, Shiva is the name. I was in the mood to go high today so therefore I decided to do 2 spacecakes at 1 point in time. Can you imagine after being 3 months basically sober dropping 2 strong space cakes. Wow what an amazing day. I went to the lake in the village where I was living at my parents place. I went to the lake to chill down and from that point I received vision of the LSD trip I had on the festival where I entered with the Belgium guy 3 months before. I don't know it was going so far back in time to remember details of a particular part of the LSD trip. It was amazing what I received after 2 spacecakes. I knew I was at my parents place but they were away for a day so for me was the perfect time to do a psychedelic session during the day without disturbing my parents. It were not psychedelics but it was a proper dose spacecake that had a psychedelic element in it as well. After the lake I went back I thought my parents would still be out, but they were at home already. For some reason they went to me to ask if I was wrong and that I used drugs again. I said yes I ate some spacecake this afternoon but I am completely fine. You know I was feeling completely ZEN but I know the fear they have about cannabis and especially if they see their son coming in with red eyes and is a bit quiet because he wants to hide he is fucking stoned and not in the mood to have conversations with people who say cannabis as being the cause of your psychotic state. Yes I was psychotic, I was tripping balls and I love it, but the last thing I was waiting for was crying parents after saying I ate 2 spacecakes this afternoon because I was in the mood to take something. Ofcourse after I said you see the fear back in the eyes of my parents, my father shouting in his way and my mother crying. Luckily my aunt was there so I just moved to my room, but I knew this is gonna be another confrontation next time I see them. Ow man can you imagine you completely having an amazing spacecake trip on 2 of your favourite spacecakes you discovered 2 years before and then meeting your parents and if you tell them you did drugs they still even start to make up stories, while I just had red eyes and not really in the mood to explain why I do this kind of things to people who are not open to it. It is my psychedelic experiment mom and dad, please let me play. And maybe they are right, and I am on a constant psychotic episode while I smoke cannabis, I think it is their illusion of the unknown instead of the plant itself. I love the cannabis plant it makes me silent and active at the same time I love it. Maybe I am in psychotic state while writing this since I smoke everyday since some weeks while I am writing this book. But then again, I love to write and focus, and cannabis gives me the opportunity to write and focus, alcohol is too expensive to satisfy me. Since there is some good stuff around, why should I quit something I like doing. It doesn't make me lazy, it makes me more quiet and observing the world around me and handling towards it.



The part of my story what I will never know is if my vision of the children in the house that were being raped mental or physically by the parents of the house is still a big question mark for me. The police never listed to what I said, instead of that they started chasing me around the city where I ended up naked in front of them. The sad part of my story can be that somehow or something could have been wrong with the children, maybe it is fantasy, maybe not, but yes I have to respect the laws on privacy so I am happy this will something that always will be part of my fantasy story, but I hope the children are fine. And by the time I am writing I feel the children are well, this makes me happy writing a small question towards my story where I am not have any clue if this vision was just blur or was somehow connected to the free energy idea. The funny part is that it led me being naked in front of a police squad as the guards of nowadays society. I love them the police. They are so cute, they are human and at the same time they have to arrange public safety, completely built on capitalistic ideology fed by the war on drugs and the war on terror. The police are slowly becoming army people but when you look them in the eyes this is also not the thing they really want but yes the people in top of the organization make decisions. Therefore I love the police. I saw them in front of me in the time being naked on the streets and in the time I kept naked in my cell. I always called them in the cell for water and then I was standing in front of them naked because I undressed again

because I wanted to show them how innocent this whole theatre was. There was one young police guy a well shaped bodywork type in his cute blue uniform coming to my cell so now and then. And I was a bit joking with them I was talking about the stupidity of their jobs in a world of free energy and at the same time I was showing them my innocence of just a random dutch guy naked in a police cell. How amazing is that. It is the purity in all sense. After some time ignoring my water call, after a couple of times I was allowed to drink and they came with 2 or 3 and I was allowed to go to the toilet for water. I was happy because I was sweating as hell and drying out in that cell. Was already a couple of hours there. But I kept joking with the police. I saw in the eyes of the young police that he was aggressive from the outside but insecure from the inside. It was a kind of actually I am gay I enter the police and no one will ever see I am gay kind of person. I told him you know what you should do go a night on X and come back and we talk again. The guy shouted at me before I was going out of my cell to get water that I have to put my clothes on, I already did and then he appeared in front of me. Were you too afraid to see a naked young guy like you, you naughty police officer. I saw you looking with your eyes. I saw the inconvenience in yourself. The inconvenience of putting a kind of behaviour towards me but from the inside insecure as hell if this is actually the right thing to do with me. He kept aggressive from the outside he even nailed me down to the bottom in a violent way at the time they moved me from one cell to the other. He was like a beast, but I feel sad for him if it might be true he is truly gay, it must be a horrible life for this guy. If my nakedness let him realize he was gay. It must be an amazing fairy tale story. Never mind that was my part in the cell.

I was amazed by the size and emptiness of an isolation cell completely colourless. That people really think that this kind of places keep people more quiet or whatsoever. I never spoke with the engineer of these cells but these cells are far out of bringing peace back into people. Since I was on the edge of willing to die in the cell I didn't really care that they didn't give me water although I was sweating around. I was hoping I would die in that cell, it would have been the ultimate implosion on the free energy grid. But I didn't die in the end, I just met my parents there while they were checking if my identity was the one who was arrested naked on the streets. And yes it was me, after that the police send a kind of officer from the state, she asked me if I could sign to move to another cell. I said no I don't sign anything with your institution because I didn't really ask to come here. She left soon after. Some time later they told me to go to another cell I went out and 2 police men jumped on me and forced me aggressively towards another cell. I didn't do anything I had my clothes on I went slowly out of the cell and even then they jumped on my like beast. I don't know who trains these people, but they are such a bad observers. They are just aggressive newbees. I would like to speak to the guy who train these civil servants, because the police failed in any sense on my case. Come on I was naked and without any weapons and even then the police put violent force if I slowly move out from one cell because they told me to go to another after I just refused to sign for a cell transfer. Or these guys have no clue what they are doing or they want to show me that they are a powerful machine in society and should not be someone where you speak different to. I don't know it doesn't matter, I like it it is cute how the police operates in complete blindness for the situation. Come on a guy with a hobby cycling metabolic structure, just a bit of muscles in the arms to do wood sawing for a few pieces at the time. You know I am not a tall guy that looks really dangerous. But for them I did, maybe the fact I was naked or the way I spoke them in a kind of ironic misinterpretation of the situation way. I don't like the orders policemen around the globe receive. The focus upon finding drugs and dealers, the focus on creating an illusion that we should terrorists attacks all around the world. I even think the police men who are serving this job don't even like this even. Always some does offcourse, they like the adrenaline of having power over other people with a form of authority. For me the police is stupid. If you start as a servant for the police you do first research in what kind of world you live before applying for that job. But at the same time the police has also a certain

childhood in it, the idea of caring about people. I like this child idea, I don't like the police should chase after substances that are not meant to fight a war for and at the same time police everywhere gives a kind of expectations for misbehaviour. This create a current fear in society that is not meant to be there. News and television are spreading so much fear of war on terrorism that police are everywhere nowadays in big cities. But please turn of the TV and see how many bombs will explode, take away the fear and start living.



Again I am not against the treatment of nowadays mental healthcare institutions, the only thing I feel that it is not always the best treatment for people in similar case. What I write here is just open pulp for people who feel a need to be inspired that the conventional way is just one way of many other possibilities. And in my opinion people in a psychotic state are at a weak a strong period in their lives. Trauma's and all kind of underlying mechanisms from the inside and from the world around them are working really strong at a certain moment in time. Yes people lose the connection with reality, but lock up someone is against the nature of the person and therefore I see only a counterforce coming into action. I am living now after 3 years of my psychotic episode. I feel alive and I feel happy the way it all went. Since I did everything the opposite of the treatment I was forced upon I see a total innocence in what a psychotic episode have a person to tell. I started to do my own research. And believe me I read many books on psychiatric issues from the transpersonal perspective and I experienced by myself in 3 years in different kind of settings, and in this way I see hope and prosperity to come over an psychotic episode with help from others. But since I was locked up I didn't trust my doctors anymore, this brought me on a path from my own experience and for me this is an achievement to see myself grow.



I talk about nazi energy but this is no sense meant to offend anyone, these are just the vision I felt sometimes in how things happened around me. I never took this literally, but it gave me guidance to walk in a direction where I feel more in peace. Nothing what I tell here is meant to be true or to be proofed. I am a psychotic guy who has some imagination sometimes, but this become more for me a skill to approach people and ignore the ones that doesn't bring me further in life. I am open to see everyone because I don't see harm in the words I write, although it can be offending relating to these words, but again it is nothing of that I want to do in this book. This is pure openness from my side, and I can only tell my experience in the maze of visions and ideology.

I feel a child at the moment, I live on a farm and I feel I learn many different things. The responsibility over animals and their well behaviour and the everyday life on farm. We have a tendency to do things quick, but everything we do here in the farm with do well prepared and good from the beginning we take the time for this so we don't have to take care off it for the upcoming time, the learning point I received yesterday. As a child when you arrive on a beautiful farm where it looks all beautiful it is for a child easy to lose attention and walk around with wonder how beautiful everything is. This child is in a kind of paradise where he oversees the small things where he has to

take care off. Therefore I am happy to be a pupil and have a mentor on the farm. I see her as a friend but at the same time she is a mentor for me. 20 years older running 2 pieces of land at the same time without a car. These are examples for me, here I see someone having experience with animals and farming for a long time in her life. The beauty of openness as a child is for me receiving corrections in the way I am operating on this farm. I am aware that I am just a guy who is for the first time responsible for these kind of things in life, I am aware that I spend the most time of my 20s in studybooks and earning money on an office job, I am aware that this background for me didn't show me anything on sustaining life on a farm. It is a new world for me, I am full of wonder, but I see I make mistakes. Mistakes where I sometimes think, how can you not see these small things that make so much sense if a person tell this to you. Therefore I am happy I have a mentor at the moment, who shows me in beautiful subtle way new ways of improving my operations on the farm here and talk about all other kinds of stuff I would like to know more about. Besides that the experiences she had in life and how she transformed it towards a beautiful piece of land is for me an inspiration to stay close to my friend for some time.

Ein Freund ist einer der dich mag, obwohl er dich kennt – Postcard in the kitchen of the farm

Die Kunst ist eine, Tochter der Freiheit – Aus Briefe, 1793 Fiedrich von Schiller Stamp in the kitchen of the farm



What I wrote until now came in some flash of time, I had the intention to write when I arrived on the farm where I am. On the farm I started many times before, started writing over and over on white paper but it took me a long time to find the right focus. I left this piece what I wrote for some time to take distance from it and read it over so now and then. I am happy with the outcome, this was somehow my intention to transform an experience in form of a message. I hope my intention of the

book comes over with a subtle smile of irony, because don't take anything too seriously what you read and hear. Trust on your inner power, and see what is possible. I will remain open in the end.

PS. Indigo is the name I used when the police asked for it when I was locked in this cozy small little room in the police station.