

Building a world
from vision

Talking to the shaman, fluid love

- inspiration -

Shaman, I see that you have been looking through my eyes. Enlighten the objects and relationships within, and bring them to a play you wish to make, unto the eyes of me, who is the mere visionary.

*- shaman emerges from the body of the boy, and takes him into
Clouds-of-Dreams -*

*- black screen, with green-red-white lights sparkling, growing
larger, reflecting objects, occurrences, maintaining pure
undefined form, they grow into background, whilst the others
merge into a visionary - story -*

- shots, voice over -

Many computergames these days are about building worlds, about collecting empire and treasure, about expansion, dominion, they are about building economies, about growth of the self. Or you can see it more essentially, the building of worlds, like in 3D sculpting, more of the purely creative side, more of the feeling side, more of the dreamer than of the thinker, more of the sense than of the wanting.

- silence, meditation -

- boy's voice -

So I envisioned my meeting with the shaman more as if I had assembled to some mountain stream, from which's currents, a world was woven, and whilst many kingdoms were won along the way, they were the kingdoms of the heart, the treasures of love and understanding.

- shots of mountainstreams, to ground level, scenery, than fade (on kingdoms of...) and rise upward to blue sunsky (on understanding -

From that...

- *and then the Title comes, big time burning-peace (red burning, slow approach) -*

BUILDING A WORLD FROM VISION

- *water fades through the image, in the water, a child in a cradle (overplay, 2 video-tracks) -*

- *words dancing on the water -*

The roots of the world: the child

- *evolution of a plant, emergence of the plant -*

At first, there is the arising of the Spirit in the flesh, the growing of the fluid in the object-flowing, the first becoming of the Human - childhood.

In this, we meet, across all races, and no matter in what time, a form of education, of upbringing, that is a social matter of 'politeness', of controlling of the life-impulse. This control is the mark of Man, it is the matter of counterforce, repulsion, aggressiveness, it is the mark of Death. So Death rules, sociably, the Life in Man.

Some things, one should, and others, one shouldn't, it is the matter of the cultural taboo.

So the taboo is the fear, and the fear should leave its impression on Life for as modestly as it may, and little spirit-children should meet the magic in the world, not just the impressiveness of Death, the system.

Fear should know its place, and be there, advisingly, lightly, as to spontaneous rules of togetherness, of close harmony, but should let for the meadows to be played in, also. Probably, the measure of a culture's strictness could be mirrored from the safety and nourishment of the Life-surroundings. If there are always lions in the meadows, then fear would be harder. If there is much cold and harshness in that part of the world-climate, that culture would probably reflect that, though there are still infinite possibilities even considering such primary evolutionary logic, that of the body-sense.

If a system should greet the children, it should be a system that encourages the growth of the rich and joyfully expressive meditative wonder within, and points towards that inner creative source, from which each can relate to the other-same within.

- animations of love, touching godpainting -

It should be a system of wisdom-of-the-old, one that knows of encouraging openness of spirit, and growing wealth of sensitivity, of the realness of primary experience, rather than the killed and distilled, arrogance, but not real substance.

The system should meet the spirit-children with an ever-upward intention, with an intention of unconditional celebration of the intelligence within, that Light may shine there, in the heart of the child, and that it may grow within its own proud inner garden, an attitude of ever-creative expression, rather than an everlasting shameful and ruthless repression, that makes no sense really, seen in the light of the openness of the sky.

For then, what do they grow into ?

Adults, dying for the re-enlivening of the child within, and of its capacity of meeting the world in its many facets, all at once, in openness and greatness of wonder, rather than, well, people who just sit still and talk all days, and see

nothing of the wealth and splendour of the world, and enjoy naught of the grace and beauty of their fellow-humans, people who are concerned about only the mirror-image, and how those things are going.

Should such senseless an attitude be encouraged, that you should become ever more you and me ever more me, or should we realize the Truth, given in the matter of our earthly coexistence, that our lives are one and a constant interweaving, and should we learn to relate with regards to that, past our fears 'stead of justifying those.

Death and the heaven

So, the child is encouraged unto the inner garden, to let it grow evermore rich in colorful experience and delightful sounds, and it grows spontaneously fully into its own beauty.

And it is SPARED from aggression for as HIGHLY as possible. Learn to deal with your own nerves, get some yoga, learn to breathe. These are values, that are fundamental in some cultures, but are heavily tread on in others. Values such as balance and respect. For the child is not a slave, is not a punching bag, is not the point of relief of your mental illness, is not the place to celebrate your strength and your sayings, pater familias, you should speak against the system for the child, you should use your strength to shield the sensitive nature of the child, rather than to violate it, in not just material ways, because of your imprisonment in your own life-fears. But therefore, precisely therefore, it may be better should not the parent look after the child, but the ones who are, by life, brought to a position of more meditative perspective. A more celebrating stance. Then the parent could enjoy the child as well, but be more relieved from its intertwining with the demands the parental human knows in celebrating his or her own inner richness in the adult lives they at that time lead. Moreover, eventual stresses therefrom, would not be so unawaresly canalized onto the stresses from the child, and brought to the illusion of their true resolution on that ground.

Then, from there on, it can begin to explore the questions of the outer world, but it should not initially meet such great a question as the demandings of the system, and of its many impositions, and it should not initially meet the fear and the repression towards itself, towards its inner source, for then, the person is already sent to the death row from the first days of his life.

Is that the doom of the western child, that it finds no option but ruthless alienation and the increasingly growing paranoid question of its self-attitude cramp, within a World that knows no mercy, and is built on that ?

Mankind, look at it this way. You have descended from the heavens, from the truth of warmth and love and nourishment, of full and total fulfillment, into a realm of harshness and danger, not to grow into a reflection or merely that, but to face the challenge, given precisely in that situation, of reflecting the fear of the outer, or the truth of the inner, that is, to be a being of truth or a being of delusion, to realize either the god or the fear within in relationship to the other. Surely, and it is as an existential situation rather clear to me, that the Way is Love. It is that

which makes things a fluent, which lets it be, which allows it to run more efficiently its natural course, such as may be found in unofficiousness. Full officiality, as has been remarked before, in ancient times, is the highest impossibility, for it would do precisely no justice. Summa ius,... one may recall. But to be living on strictness is to be living on the dysfunctional side really. It is living completely twisted, and challenging the question of how scattered one can make one's life, and how dysfunctional one can make one's own regard to that.

Is it a tiny problem, a matter of the ego, that has implanted its cancer-like laws everywhere, grown way out of hand, and that, in military fashion, has guaranteed itself prolonged life, a system of slaves and slavery, maintained, and killing all of the Body-Earth ?

Why the question mark ?

See !!

A thousand eyes open

So the child is taken into this world of fear and delusion, is told that this cruelty is the truth to be realized, and is earthly guided into a world of growth and wealth, of ego, of expansion of the self. Such child learns of nourishing the king. What delusion, for one who dreams of a queen to come and nourish him, and sees not, looking at his king, that he misses thus his primal connection to the nourishment, which is as primal for one as it is for an other.

The king is thus the beggar, the dependent one, the people are the source, but seek its quenching from the king. What a delusive and dysfunctional situation really.

Of course, if anything, the system should be about tao, about finding the inner source, and the many ways to it, and about Life, the Way. For Life is not a cathedral built, Life is a tree in flourishing, Life is a person laughing, a person crying, but a person motionless, that is Death,

people. What about the children ? What are you teaching them ?

The new life that flows into the planet's consciousness like streams of a spring, why are you freezing them, senior ?

And why teach them that, the frozen vision ?

So the system could be, if it should be, about the inner directions, about exploring inner richness, about exploring relationships, in relating first. They could be built from insights such as psychodrama, role-play, transcendental meditation, exploring nature, unbound figurative and auditive expressions, exploring the animal side first, the live body, and the freedom and power within, expressively, that it may become part of the self, rather than part of the shadow. It should relieve the child from predetermination to a life full of neurotic fears and self-doubts, suicides and such, minding Japan, into a why-not fun-being, that knows of the winds and waterflows, that knows the silent peace of sunset, that knows the breathing of the Mother, and could stand in that. In its own native power.

- fade to the boy -

I know such children of the Mother, children raised in open air, children beautifully wild and free. Of course, I fear their Death-by-the-system. For the system is enforcing.

Love ?

- the boy cries out, from his mouth, this word, an enlarging snake's dance -

- then, from the stars, like dust loveclouds, comes the message to the world -

What about the child, world ?

What about tomorrow's world ?

What about the fluid love ?

What about the Celebration of the tree-Being-tree ?

- a radiant tree -

Shaman talks again

When did you last celebrate the spring, in joint feast ?

- sunchildren dance around big tree, ribbons, playful -

When are you going to be living with the Earth ?

When will you learn of native power, and empower your every being ?

What people would arise from that, what warriors, they would not be soldiers.

They would be an expression of the heart, and so would thus be the world, an expression of open hearts, a sharing, a community, a being-together, such as is Truth, rather than exploring ever furthermore the question of the ego and its statements of Apartheid. We are not apart, and inside, really, we are all the same, in the core.

- love painting -

Why all the fuss about that one is black and one is white. Yes, it is a miracle, it is a wonder, it is the beauty of diversity creation, so open to the wonder and then drop the whole question, ok. Because it is nonsense really, that so much repulsion should stand around the question of identity. Creation is our true roots, and if anyone wonders, we all come from there, which is, here.

Whether African or Mongolian, the winds we breathe are one, the waters that flow from their mountainstreams to our skies and rain down again in Africa, all of Nature is One Majesty, and we inhabit her, and we are rocked within her cradle, all of her children, One in the Vision of Her Being.

- visionpainting of the Mother, raising her children along all paths of time-evolution onto the realisation of the One -

So should the child be taught, not about individualism and schoolgrades, and about the pressure of the self-seeking, that is without perspective really, and illusionary moreover, but about relating. But that is, in a sense of free-market globalism, left to the hard rules of the schoolyard, where the child will once again learn of winning and repression, and hard grounds.

What a hopeless world to grow into ! All is about fear, and one should strive not to fall into that. What illusion realized ! Why not become more sensible, and more sensitive to the child ? We know, that we create from

within, why not make for beautiful creation through realizing beautiful minds, and hearts within the child, full of the knowing, full of peace and openness, where there might be room for misery to flow through in compassion. But now, the misery becomes more of the feared, and the world grows split ever more, instead of finding its healing from the heart, and from heartfelt action, positively fed, from children with eyes that burn in belief and compassion, of oneness with the Mother, Earth.

Then the lifeforce in the human child comes to a very important cycle in its rising upward.

Puberty: the second birth

Around the age of twelve, the human being experiences a second impulse of the lifeforce. Mind, body and spirit are taken into a higher state of functioning, into an enlightened mode of being. It is at that time appropriate, shamanically, energetically, to aid this upliving of the life-force, energetically and culturally, to free the spirit from past

connections, and to bring it to its roots even more freely, that the nature-child may become a man or woman of the world, riding in its own spirit, the human being, a celebration of the Life, unique, each individual, celebrated in community, respected in its own rights as a spirit-mind-body-being.

As to the question of individuality, there is no question that the river is not the tree, but should therefore the tree stand apart from the river ?

So the life-force, until then dependent upon the caring for by family and relatives, who have brought it into contact with the Life all around, then comes to stand alone in that all around, and goes to find its oneness there, its personal peace within Creation, and from then on, is known and respected as an individualized member of society.

In these days, people are withheld from such individualization. One remains enclosed in the demands of and for the Other, of the system, the school, the study, the boss, and when, when, and who will go to stand alone in

the winds once again, to find again one's source, one's place to live from. There is the denominator of the individual, but if you examine it more closely, the individual is not self-empowered, and knows nothing of its connectedness to the whole. It is, like a horse given eye-caps, led in blind hypnosis by suggestions to which it feels ever irritation, but cannot but culturally consent to. One's thinking, as an adult, is thereby colored in unawareness, and in slave-mindedness. The Other thinks, and pours its thinking in the unaware awareness, hypnotically consenting to mass-media indoctrination, not thinking for themselves. In the end, we live in a system that does not bring Man Home, but leads him ever more astray. In the end, we live in a world we do not know anymore. In the end, there is only fear, grown too far.

Then comes the question, maybe, as to the roots, as to how to live, and how to live together. And I would say, let us tear down this world, and let us start anew, a sane one, one that knows of Man and Nature, and of the two relating.

So the child becomes the adult, from within, aided energetically in this second birth.

Then what people do become ? People of the wind, people of the water, people of the earth and fire, people of the One, and of growing together in uniqueness and diversity, for this is the only true way to growth, really, a liberation of the borders, a being of one with all, and the awareness of that true spirit of togetherness that is often symbolized in the joint, the sacred pipe ritual, the exchanging of the peace ascending, from the silence of the heart, not from the endless thinking. That the Spirit may be there.

But from the place the world is in now, I do not see such new world emerging, the cancer has spread with too much embeddedness, there is ego everywhere, and ruling. How can one be open to naive togetherness, with such dominating spirit abound. One should lose that first, flow back into the undertow, into your backyard-being, into the playfulness, the innocence, the forgiving, for the sake of the giving. The world should be cleansed first from overly imposed demands, then new cultures of people could once again flourish in Love. They are the ones that have arrived, the ones that live with nature, they are the flower-people, the

ones that have come into this world from the stars, who have come to start-up the new age, in love, in radiant love, and who sing of that, and who smell like love and living close to nature. They are the ones that will know the next world. The others will have failed, in learning to live on earth, and may come to try again, when the golden age that is awaiting, turns once again to grim illusion, when the golden eagle that is within, fades back into the illusion of its own reduction, and all again becomes a struggle and a riddle. Then these will live again. For now, it is a time of healing, of growing awareness, and of preparation for the new spirit-world of sublime vision, of enlightenment, which is, full realization of the soul-oneness. No more will the tree be separated from the waters.

All is One, yet it is not through dogmatic adoption that this can bring a healing. It is through a process of inner deepening that one comes to know the weaving and the web, the outer occurring within, the inner without, 'till you come to realize all is one ocean and you thus trust in this mutual frequency of love, spontaneously creative, surprising all, God realized in Man, the age of the enlightened quantumspirit, that is of a whole different

nature than the doomfilled Man. For the quantumspirit speaks of fun and splendour, of surprise and love, of friendliness, of naivety and strength, of goodwill and openness, of relativism, of sunshine, it is a whole new cosmic wind that is blowing through the earth. It is a warm current of starwind, a current of Love, a more gentle spirit on Earth, a soft parade.

Such spirits are full of intelligence, full of the best wishes and most upright honesty, that they should not be taken for the ego, and should not be handled like the ego, by the ego. They must rely on their own inner sensitivity, the way a pigeon knows its way home, they must rely on their own spiritual strengths to make it, truthfully in this world. They are spiritual warriors. They are the bringers of the light. They do that, not thanks to society, but besides, under, throughout society, they sow flowers in the streets. They really do. Surely, such spirits should grow self-empowering, from the start, and grow respected in their wisdom, celebrated in their vision, for they bring the paternalizing his salvation, truly.

That is precisely the problem, the old one is counterforcing the possibility for the new, so what choice is there ? It is a matter of bio-energetics, and of Libidinal impulse. It is the Bacchae, it is spontaneous perversion. The old shall perish, the dominion shall not stand.

The new shall be, a new kingdom, the glory of god within each person, enlightened, soul-communication of the One-in-me with the One-in-you, and we shall be AMAZED, enjoying the wonders of a New Age.

The only road is freedom

Freedom from the self, that is why, at this time, there is no more need for children to be attending schools in such ways, as if it were still time to invest, let's say, in building selves. No, the times are for enlightenment, for stripping, for losing the self, and for celebrating the One-in-All, your splendour in me, the milky way in all.

That was the hippie-spirit, killed by the system.

A new wave is coming, and new waves will be coming, untill the world turns to elightenment once and for all, and sees the system, by killing the new spirit, has not proved its right thereby. If all knew love and peace, within, and balance, and could move in that, and could shine it unto the other, would it not be unbelievable ?

Yes, but believe it, 'cause it's coming, a cosmic change, a heightening of the chi-force, the child more comfortable in the cradle, more guided from within, more living from the spirit, standing stronger in the connection to its inner winds, and knowing, and by that, I mean enlightened. Then there is no more war, there is no more dispute, then there is intelligence, goodwill, resolution, playfulness, granting, no more hidden agenda, no fear, just honesty, openness, the giving, and the way it flows rather than the way it works.

Then Earth shall be as radiant without as radiant within, all people, all will be One silver splendour. It will be the arising of the Spirit, the return of Atlantis, it shall be a

Golden Age, a realization of the creative perfection of the cosmic field, within and throughout Man, so seek not outward any longer, for salvation lies within, and yet without, there is no distinction, really. But be rooted in your winds, for though you are me, you are also not me, and that precisely is the joy and surprising of the Play. So though I am you and you are me, we should be two, not, to honor God, how else could there be play ? So, a joyfully enlightened coexistence, as knew the aboriginal culture, until it came to meet the West. A culture of the field, wherein space and time are not to be calculated, but to be sensed, in which the talking can occur in silence, from feeling one and other, close, in pure truth.

- boy talkthinks -

I know such communication, there is no doubt it could, to talk in spirit, or that the spirit talks, within you, within me, and that we both can witness it amazed, or that, by ascension, my thinking and yours, is One.

It would be the network of individual consciousness, into the field of the collective, and the collective celebrating in the individual, from within, and exploring the original truth of our oneness there, here, inside, outside, the joy of the Original One.

- shaman talks -

In ascension, this is realized in joyful unknowingness, the joy of ignorance, the bliss of innocence, the endless gift of spontaneity, the inner deity.

That we may reach the age of it, that we may realize our full potential, you as well as me, and that we may come to celebrate the infinite givings of the universal inspiration, that Earth may live,

in full spirit,

in native hue,

I love for it.

Shaman retreats into the boy

And the shaman leaves me
in full wonder.

All is Love

as it has always been.