



# the Stars of Imilla



tony aerts



the stars of imilla

This translation is own work.

However, because I do not speak English well enough,  
it might be too rough, showing poor or wrong ways of expressing, and errors.

Well, I (or Imilla?) would be very grateful if someone, preferably a native speaker and  
a Dutch speaker, would feel capable to reformulate or correct in this tale the phrases and  
words needing this, and would love to set her / his mind on it, while having time for this.

In case you are such an angel,  
please contact me the author

## **C o l o f o n**

**the stars of imilla**

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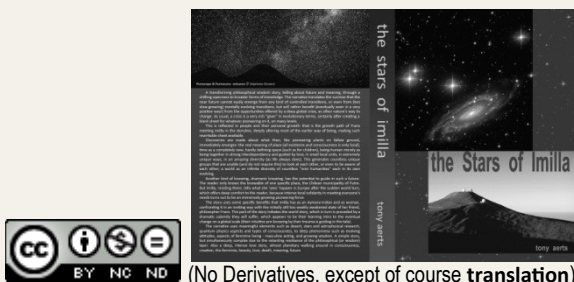
The time frame of the story extends from 1999 to 2002. Some specific elements are nevertheless situated as "spread out" over say 15 years. For example, the Paranal Residencia was already used in 1999, while its construction was only completed end 2001 in reality. Or the Parinacota bypass road, completed almost 10 years later. Or also, some mentioned books read, which often were published only several years later. As said, a "spread out" time frame with regard to those details. Just as the writing of the tale itself had been. Just as also the 15 years work on my evolving website *h e a v e n w i l d* had been, in its reading of books and in its creation of miniatures.

# the stars of imilla

*pronunciation of "imilla", an Aymara word, is [imilya]*

an almost naïve tale about non-naïve truths,  
told for who else than for a maturing humanity  
within her heavenwild, living mother-planet

tony aerts



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**tony aerts** (°Febr.8, 1954 Leopoldsburg, Belgium),

The cover design is preferably always kept identical to this original, so in this form  
and those colors, with that black-white-green cosmos, blue sky and brown desert.

## **History:**

1996, story frame partially developed, ... and then forgotten,  
2015, story frame found, resumed, preliminarily supplemented,  
2018, December 21 Solstice, story finalized for the time being.

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# 1

Cerro Paranal, Chile, early October 1999

The look at non-infinity. The black velvet sky veil shows itself as the base for countless diamond stars. It is more like a foreground, he thinks. The real distances are much farther, and unreachable for his eye. Only accessible for those huge Very Large Telescope or VLT mirrors behind him. His eye looks for the vaguely visible silhouettes of the massive structures, within which the 8.2m large telescope mirrors are hiding. They only see afar. Although.

In a quick leap of thought he situates the connection between seeing and knowing. What he knows he can visualise or remember. So he actually sees a lot more, in rich imaginative suspicion, than the largest telescope will ever be able to show. Spirit fills in, wants to fill immediately the available sensing areas, just as air does ensure that there is no vacuum in its vicinity.

He puts his weak red flashlight back on, never letting the bundle shine too forward. Almost straight down, barely ahead, enough to illuminate a few steps far.

Seeing at night is a challenge. Provided sufficient eye accommodation and therefore time, there is even a minimal grip by the crystal-clear starlight, and the remnant of scattered light that plagues our planet so much. Good eyes, he was once told, still get something useful out of extremely low light. But he knew all too well that this applies to young eyes, which still have a real dilated pupil. His fifty years of age had already reduced the tensile strength of those tiny muscles. He even almost reached Magnitude 5.5 as a teenager, but now? With difficulty magnitude 5.0, almost no more.

The effect of the years as unstoppable stream of time flow, time as an endless space. Not to buy for cadastral control like that other space.

“Didn't get cold?” asked the service astronomer, somewhat absent from behind his terminal. Frans noticed this, familiar with such habit of distracted distance. It was, as the astronomer once explained it himself, as if he became

aware of it suddenly, not a lack of interest but an ordinary consequence of intense concentration. A correct explanation. Of course, he himself knew this phenomenon all too well.

When Waldo, the Chilean service astronomer, did not receive a response to his own absence, there was no immediate effect of that silence, until one minute later. He had noticed the lack of communication. It released him from his terminal and he looked up now with a new and this time not distracted question.

"Hi, Frans!" it sounded in a playful manner, "you haven't suffered a sun stroke out there?" Frans remained absorbed, wandering for a few seconds in indefinable gaps.

"Sunshine Waldo? Under the night sky?" he reacted suddenly, with an intonation that betrayed his own distance. "You know," he replied then, as awoken, "I was still thinking on your opinion."

Waldo frowned fast but noticeably, signalling that he didn't follow him. "Well," Frans explained, "your view concerning the meaning of quantum entanglement."

Waldo immediately replied that he had not yet delivered the promised article about Whitehead. "Completely forgotten, if you will pass by the canteen at six? I'll deliver it, but first I'll bring those files to the digs."

Frans came up with the funny thing about 'the digs', what a description for those nevertheless quite luxurious flats in that wonderful local mountain residence. Paranal Observatory, where in the world you could stay more remote and desolate, and still stay in such charmingly elaborated accommodation, including a swimming pool next to a tropical garden.

So, the digs. He had always understood this jargon of many astrophysicists as an expression of hidden fear for professional arrival. As if these scientists, often in their thirties or forties, unconsciously would wish to manifest themselves as still a university student. As if in this way they would implicitly be justified in their sometimes precarious experimental theories and associated research programs. A young developing person can risk a lot, while an established fame has the risk of damaging its authority.

When Frans entered the canteen of the night owls in the morning, Waldo was already sitting at a table, with a bound pile of paper next to a hot coffee. He was in conversation with some of his colleagues, and since all of them

looked equally dull and tame, Frans did not expect a profound professional dispute. He had no outsider reflex or other reserve to talking about the weather, and he joined the company.

That company turned out to appreciate this. Not Waldo, but his three colleagues wanted to be informed, not devoid of some entertainment.

"Your writings, Frans, when will we finally see something of it? We hear that they are impatient in Germany, and as you know, we are curious!"

Frans knew this genre of questions, had a kind of standard response to it. He knew from a few physicists and technicians that they were deserving musicians. That is why he referred to them, noting that they would refrain from putting the libretto in the making on music, so that they should not insist too hard.

One of them went a little deeper and inquired about the inspiration flux as he described it physically. Frans replicated that there is certainly pollination for the spiritual fruit, that it couldn't help but that this fruit will then grow. "Because pollination will precede fruit growth, doesn't it?"

That is how it went back and forth without any depth. In the meantime, Waldo was looking in his cup of coffee for things that clearly had nothing to do with the chatter. Frans had noticed it, and used it to address him.

"And Waldo, is this the mentioned Whitehead text here?"

Waldo emerged from his coffee. He was clearly tired.

"Yes, take it. I'm glad that I've brought it to Paranál. It really makes sense to consider, for someone like you anyway. And when you've gone through it, let me know. I'd like to discuss this further, really, I can't wait."

The others at the table had made it clear in the meantime that they wanted to get off, time to go to sleep.

"Now that we want to start talking about important things you have to leave, how is it possible!" Frans raised his voice exaggerated. It didn't help, which wasn't his intention of course.

In the meantime, the sky colour seen through the south-east windows was so intense that it shone almost brightly inside. The sunrise did not take long it seemed. Waldo was apparently thinking aloud, for he looked at those south-eastern windows far into the morning light.

"It is still a mystery to me," he mused, "how do you do this, to be satisfied with such a life. A few months, or yes, why not even a year. I could still do that as well. But those seven years of yours! "

Frans knew that this was indeed challenging for Waldo. Well, finally it wasn't that simple for him either. Not in the ripening of the wish, nor in convincing the organization. But certainly not in the fulfilling in reality, which has now lasted 5 months. A contract with ESO, staying for seven years on Paranal, terribly remote in the Atacama desert in northern Chile. The nearest town, Antofagasta, was nearly 130 km far along the north road.

When Frans knew that he had to do this, as if it were an inescapable goal of life, or a fate, he was able to consult with some good friends. They could understand the meaning of his commitment. And they then compared the practical interpretation to the withdrawal of Christ in the desert. Frans did not really like such comparison at that moment. It is remarkable however how it has become an often used expression he used for himself and others nowadays, if he wanted to describe his mission.

It was funny, thinking how the ESO management in Garching-bei-Munchen had laughed. Both the content of the "mission" and his contractual proposal. Seven years of living for free at Paranal Observatory, and even a modest salary in addition, eight hundred Euros per month, a kind of students support. This in exchange for a philosophical framing of the meaning of human activity, with an explicit focus on fundamental scientific research, and more specifically astrophysical research at the European Southern Observatory. Moreover, the "paper" would be delivered without his ability to undertake any publication or distribution. It would become an exclusive ESO property.

It was particularly remarkable that ESO contacted him less than a week later and accepted the proposal. What was then applied as their decision-making ground had almost made him abandon the adventure, but all right, it was accepted, while the week before... The half-indignant, almost haggling, smiling attitude of the management team could be summarized in their statement "we are a community of serious scientists". The meaning bothered Frans. A serious scientist implied possessing true insight as a god. Exactly what he came to advocate, to be concerned about 'insights' because those serious scientists seem to have no time for it.

Frans remembered his surprise about this intense discussion, and their decision. His refutation of their spontaneous reaction had resonated, because in addition to the rejection, at the same time the positive consideration also

sounded. And then the embarrassing moments later, when it became clear how he had underestimated the philosophical background and passion of one of the directors.

That is now almost half a year ago. It seems like yesterday. Again he got that special feeling of time acceleration, almost a waterfall. Could it be the dead desert landscape? The view, from a height of 2,635 meters, on the Pacific Ocean 7.5 miles away? Frans knew very well how the environment can determine in which direction the bed of thought flows will wear out. And the environment here, yes, it was unearthly, almost on Mars or god knows where. He knew that he had to deal with this without a frame of living green, he knew that cosmic nudity would present itself.

That is precisely why he wanted those seven years, because they would eventually shatter the inevitable tourist-looking, as an outsider. He would be forced to confront, he should go deep into it. Cosmic nudity ...

Waldo always appealed to the latter formulation. He understood in his own way the challenge of a confrontation with it, it even fascinated him. This was maybe a partly base of the nice friendship that had grown between them.

Waldo was one of the few who were here on a semi-permanent base. Most physicists were here between a few days and a few weeks. And were barely able to waste time on discussions outside of their project. The Observing Blocks succeeded each other very efficiently, data processing started immediately after the observation session, and the interpretation by the scientists, formerly after their mission a home task, was already intensively done here on the mountain.

All this did not work for Waldo. He was committed as an astrophysicist to take on the role of service mode operator. He then consciously changed the official function call "service mode astronomer" into "minister-servant." "Minister-servant Waldo speaking, what can I do for you?" was his typical start in numerous PC responses when his intervention was requested.

The job of being such minister-servant required a great deal of knowledge, you had to be able to immediately understand both the entirety of each type of research as well as the going into details. And this in countless, sometimes far apart fields of research, whether it concerned complex spectral analysis of double stars with mass transfer, or statistical surveys on gravity lensing by distant quasars. He almost had to be a specialist in every area.

At the same time, he was "only" the site manager of the remotely ordered observation programs, the use in the so-called "service mode" of the four 8.2m main telescopes of the Very Large Telescope.

Moreover, this kind of job meant, what was so meaningful for Frans, that the service mode astronomer would no longer develop his own research programs. Doing your own science yourself had to be said goodbye in that job. Waldo the minister-servant.

Frans was intrigued by that semi-funny description. He took this with him during his wandering around in the field of the deep sense of being human and of human activities. And the discussions that both of them had exactly about this, yes, that had become the real base of their friendship. From different perspectives, indeed, it became clear more and more how much they were companions, or almost fellow-sufferers.

Frans has become a permanent member of the night shift for two months now. That's how he wanted it. Active at night, go to bed shortly after sunrise, with the alarm clock at 5 pm. It had been a difficult transition. He had met especially much trouble with the mornings. Watching the sun rise, tired or not, is a signal of activity, or at least a symbol of curious expectation. The new light overcomes the darkness, he had so often attributed this aspect to it.

Now he had to integrate that expectant moment as the ultimate moment of letting go, the small death that fallen asleep means eventually. That was not easy. Letting go, going to sleep, that mortal exercise just after the beautiful sunny dawn. Paranal had beautiful blue skies almost every day, on average 345 of the 365 days the weather is clear and cloudless. That too was quickly evolved to an unearthly frame for him. Being a bit in space, very far away from tender rains over lushly rich biotopes.

He had a small desk corner in the computer centre on the mountain top. He had often peered through his western window during the day, toward the Pacific Ocean.

Usually the ocean itself was not even visible, only the top of the cloud cover, as an ocean above the ocean. The realization that the sea was hidden from view beneath that cloud cover increased the unearthly feeling. As if he was looking down from being in orbit around the earth. Astronauts are also

detached from their blue home harbor. And not the real distance would play a role.

The astronauts often testified of the unreal, unpleasant sense of distancing themselves from something that nevertheless comprehensively constitutes their identity. He had read statements from those people on several occasions about bonding to mother earth. They suddenly turned out to attach great importance to loving care for our unique residential oasis. Some were found to realize their bodies as part of our earth.

Apollo 14 astronaut Edgar Mitchell, the sixth man on the moon, even witnessed an extraordinary deep vision during his return trip to earth. It completely changed his path of life, which then gained momentum with his founding of the Institute for Noetic Sciences, to investigate the power and the not understood aspects of consciousness.

In the meantime it was 7:30 in the morning, so time to go to bed. However, Waldo's text intrigued him. At least, what Waldo promised him about the remarkable insights that would be offered. He doubted, would he start reading now? He knew the risk that he would be still reading till the afternoon, which would translate in a real revenge tonight. Experience had shown how tough fatigue can strike in this strangely unreal, eidetically explicit environment.

There was a knock at the door.

"Strange," he thought, "who is coming now here, to the sleeping quarters?"

It was almost an unwritten law: people in the sleeping building were never bothered. If urgent contact had to be made, there was always the telephone, and that happened sometimes. Frans slid into his sandals, took on his sweater, and opened the door.

"Ah Waldo, something wrong?"

Waldo seemed a bit bothered.

"It's because of the Whitehead text," he said, somewhat pretended airy. "I know I could talk about it next night, but I suddenly thought that you might already start reading today, and I wanted to be in time."

"Ho ho," replied Frans, "what a mysterious talk. At least I am fully awake now, tell me."

"Well,...". Waldo smiled as an announcement for what came, but it took a while. "Of course it won't hurt if you read through the article, but there are errors, I'd like to explain what where. Errors that I feel as annoying, maybe

you too will find them, I don't know. But those mistakes are in fact completely irrelevant to his arguments, you see."

In the meantime, Frans grabbed the bundle of texts, and said: "but do you mean philosophical errors, or is it about his physics background?"

"In his physics background indeed," Waldo explained.

"And what specifically? Surely not about the uncertainty principle itself? "

"In a way," Waldo said.

Frans in the meantime was watching the index on page two with half an eye. In a glimpse he saw two chapter titles in which the term "uncertainty" appeared. Heisenberg's principle was at least explicitly addressed in the Whitehead text.

Of course, Waldo's reaction sharpened his curiosity even further, but he blocked his hesitation.

"No," said Frans nevertheless, "today I will no longer start reading. A matter of enough sleep you know, because I do know myself. "

Waldo responded slightly surprised: "But you can organize your days the way you want. If you continue to read a few hours during the day, well, why don't you just sleep a little longer this evening?"

"I know," muttered Frans, "but I don't want to lose the regularity rhythm I've finally found in the last few weeks."

"Okay, let me know when you start reading, then I can point out those errors to you," Waldo concluded. After which he once again, for the umpteenth time, fished for the manuscript, but Frans refused to give anything, replicating that he wants to continue working on it for at least another week. What he would have then, he would certainly present it.

Waldo laughed, holding the door handle in the meantime. After imitating a giant yawn, he also wished a good night's sleep for Frans. He closed the door behind him - and quickly opened it again. And with only his head in, he made a laughable as-if serious face, emphasizing the silly level of a joke with appropriately misshapen voice colour: "And don't float away from our little blue planet, ESO has no resources to fish you back up!"

For some seconds, Frans mused about the moment before, not so much what Waldo had come to tell, but the effort he made to come and say something about it. Apparently he was really intrigued by that bundle. And he considered it as important that he would read it. Well, it would be shown what



was to discover in it, and who knows, maybe there is indeed inspiration in what he is writing nowadays.

But he would start reading later.

As usual, he nevertheless did use his special different kind of reading. Indeed, before he lay down to sleep, he often took up his very bulky but compactly designed, richly illustrated book '*The Goddess Image*'. An advanced standard work, in a handy paperback version, about Palaeolithic Figurines, Rock and Cave Art, human image, cosmos image, source image, from all over the world during more than 40,000 years.

That book was rich in detailed and in-depth explanations by about 25 specialists about meaning and context - with the necessary variation in their visions, but especially striking similarities. Some offered very surprising, deep insights. Especially those of 10 transformative thinkers, including two friends, the Jungian psychoanalysts, cultural researchers and spiritually advanced thinkers Anne Baring and Jules Cashford. And between the authors were even a few shamanka women, including Barbara Tedlock, a renowned researcher as anthropologist and shamanka.

Diversity but also oneness spoke from the insights. Such as cosmology and culture itself, phenomenally diverse, but above all there was much that appears to be the common thread connecting diversity in being human and connecting meaning. Fascinating.

Frans had been watching lots of pictures, and reading lots of rich meaningful texts in this bulky book for several years, over and over again. He longed to feel deeply into the way or nature of being of evolving humans and their consciousness, so late in the evolution of humanity, so far matured.

Late in the evolution but then called 'early human' by us, because it's felt like long ago.

Long ago, no, recently. Frans realized that discord.

He then consciously remembered how recently it was, 'our' being ancestral 30,000 or 40,000 years back in time.

Not a problem for him anyway, he was used to think in astronomical terms. Then a time span of less than a million years, for example in the evolutionary path of a main sequence star, was named and even experienced as an ultra-short moment. As in experiencing geology.

The wonderful meaning of context.

And his perception glided along images and text fragments. The power of liquid realities and a comprehensive spiritual life from '*The Goddess Image*' did its job. Fifteen minutes of contemplation was part of it, as usual.

Then, while continuing the musing, he set the book aside, and rested his eyes, without effort laid down on the ceiling.

Seen from the bed, the ceiling colour did not have the same cool, soothing value as when entering. He often thought about it. When he entered 'the digs', he sometimes imprinted the emotional value of that colour, so that he could make the comparison in bed a little later. Lying flat then, he saw the reflection of the solar screen at the window more indirectly than standing. Then why did the colour shift to so much warmer?

Is indirect perception always warmer? The indirect, the warm magic of the veiled, the source of emotion, emotion reflecting paradise.

So musing, he fell asleep.

## 2

Where the Pacific plate is pressed under the South American continent, there is mountain formation, the world owes to this the mighty Andes mountains. It results in phenomenal tensions in the deep rock masses, such tectonic confrontations are associated with that. Every tension begs for relaxation, which will inevitably follow one day. The tension discharges, the feared earthquakes, are thus familiar along the South American west coast. Here in the Atacama desert, the earth is very restless. Moreover, the statistical analysis also shows that one very brutal shock is to be expected per century, reaching or even exceeding 8.5 on the Richter scale.

When ESO prepared the plans for a VLT, one of the premises was that the location had to grasp the ultimate for atmospheric favourable conditions. Numerous places were sampled intensively for years. Cerro Paranal was the only one to satisfy with *summum cum laude*, the best that could be expected on earth. It even exceeded all expectations. The number of cloudless nights was 95%, the importance of which was obvious.

Nobody thought the extreme drought the atmosphere was showing as even possible. That drought, in turn, was of great importance for the observations in the near infrared. It is just through that wavelength that one could dive into the deepest distances of the universe.

After all, the visual light at enormous distances was shifted far red, even into the infrared. An effect of the expansion of the universe, which causes galaxies to flee from us faster the farther they are. The known Doppler effect then plays in the optical area. So redshift.

Then there was the extremely stable atmosphere. The measurements from the second half of the 1980s had amazed the scientists. The thermal atmospheric turmoil causes the star points to dance violently in most places in the world. The smallest angle under which one can then observe sharply is often between 2 and 5 arc seconds. Here at this desolate desert summit however, close to the ocean, that smallest angle turned out not to be a few arc seconds, but less than 1 arc second during almost 70% of the observation time. Moreover, during almost a quarter of the observation time, the air disturbance

decreased even further, offering a resolution of less than 0.5 arc second. Time span of minutes were recorded that fell below 0.3 arc seconds. ESO was impressed. Using extremely good optics in such circumstances, preferably of giant size, and they are ready for groundbreaking research.

The scientists went even further. In their plans they not only provided four gigantic telescopes with a main mirror of 8.2 m in diameter, the optical quality of which was always kept optimal via active optics manipulation.

Neither did they only foresee the phenomenal power of adaptive optics, in which the light path in the telescope passes through a smaller mirror controlled by piezoelectric crystal, which deforms itself a hundred times per second to literally keep track of the whims of the light front again and again caused by air distress, to compensate this in real time, thus approaching the ideal sharp view, as if it were a space telescope high above the atmosphere.

No, they went much, much further. They also designed a grid in which those four telescopes, together with four smaller and mobile 1.8 m telescopes, would do interferometry. They called the VLT in this observation configuration VLTI, Very Large Telescope Interferometer. Then interference patterns could be caught, analyzed and put back into a real image. The maximum distance from one side of a telescope mirror to the other side of the mirror that is furthest from it, had become the diameter of an imaginary "synthesis telescope."

Such interferometry would make observations, via an ingenious detour, with a telescope diameter that could be as much as 200 meters. The resolution power had thus increased to one thousandth of an arc second. The precision of the technology to phase the distant star light from a very small angle diameter, keeping all light waves in line, was crucial.

To achieve this, they reached the extreme limits of what was technically possible. Continuously shifting light path distances, an optical trombone, had to be kept constant, up to a few millionths of a millimetre, by means of mobile mirrors, floating over 60 m long tracks. But they succeeded. A huge success for the advanced space technology, applied here on earth.

Frans was very proud of this as a Belgian Europe citizen. The optical trombone system that made interferometry possible was something that even

ambitious American engineers shrank back for a long time. But in the low countries it was realized. The Dutch company Fokker had achieved it. "The historic Dutch world discoveries through the water ocean resume through the cosmic light ocean," he had written shortly after his arrival in Chile.

He was always fascinated by the technical aspects of this advanced research lab. And he loved it to tell friends enthusiastically about those things in the time before his mission.

But, there remained a disturbing 'but'. The extremely suitable observing site Cerro Paranal had one major disadvantage: the seismic growling unrest of Mother Earth was eager to be heard, earthquakes ... Of course, many engineers had also reached their limits for this. The entire complex system that the VLT was after all, was teeming with facilities that would absorb the shock energy of an earthquake. Various types of safety devices would come into effect, up to and including optic airbags. The special foundations would dampen the worst vibrations anyway.

The parameters were focused. Once per century 8.5 on the Richter scale? Okay, they said. And everything was provided for. The one brutality of the earth's crust would put the VLT out of use for a few days at most, some time to repair the calculated "minor damage" here and there.

Already during the early construction work in July 1995 there was a very energetic quake of 8.1, and look, the structures that were already there had not suffered even the slightest damage. The self-confidence was already high, and now it was affirmed and sealed.

Now Frans was just a little worried about this. He always saw the self-confidence of the engineers mirrored in an opposite: uncontrollability of the unknown in savage power of nature. The Titanic syndrome, the hubris.

Whatever it was, Frans had his doubts. He had wondered several times what it would be like if the violence was at its fiercest. If the seismic needle were to tip to 8.9. He knew only too well that this scale had to be understood in its logarithmic logic. A shock of 8.9 was very much more powerful than one of 8.5.

He also knew that statistics had to be understood in their own logic. Why should a local shock around force 9 only occur in the year 2300, and not now around the year 2000? But at the same time he trusted nevertheless. Yes. Somewhere, an animal trust was hidden, telling him that a devastating shock

would only occur if it was no longer of interest to him. For example, after the VLT has accomplished the most important part of its mission, or after it has been written-off.

Perhaps Frans fell into that strange trap of self-confidence. A primordial trust that unconsciously tells you that it's only others dying in a car crash, not you of course.

This functional survival trust did its job. Frans turned out to be so curious about the results of various research programs that he was able to radically remove his sometimes emerging seismic doubts. What you did not grasp in attention, did not exist. How reason can be fooled, once came up in his mind. But even that reflection only lasted the time of a wink.

There was once a remarkable coincidence. He and Waldo were talking about the seismic risks during a relaxed chat in the cafeteria. Frans had gone into the statistics, while Waldo investigated the psychology of "not wanting to know."

And just while they had been chatting for a while about earthquakes, the earth suddenly began to shake, lightly. Attentive Paranal people recognized it flawlessly. They both looked at each other with a certain wonder. An earthquake, just during their mulling about the problem.

Coincidence can show strange capers.

### 3

The sun moved faster and faster to the horizon, as if it were in a hurry. The view was simply breathtaking. Also the sky above the ocean remained crystal clear, and by exception the ocean was cloudless and therefore visible. There was such a wide and prominent swell that you could just notice its structure, looking at it from almost ten miles away. Due to the extremely low humidity, the altitude and the virtually dust-free atmosphere, the colouring of the zenith sky was already deep indigo blue, although the sun was not even gone. It just started her omega shape, sticking on the ocean.

That strip of cloud-free ocean apparently made itself available specifically for Frans to transfer that sticky solar contact to his retina. At least, that consideration briefly slipped into his feeling world. Moments later, the sun had completely sunk away, extraordinary fast. He raised back towards zenith, and was surprised by the already available sky depth.

Not even the colour already hovering between indigo and deep black and nearer to the latter. No, it was rather the very special relationship that he observed, the relationship of the moment of seeing with the perspective of knowing. He saw the depth of the sky as an opening of the cosmos, offered by the suddenly dissolving sky blue.

And there was more, well, he knew a lot about that cosmos. Such relationship, knowing and sensory stimuli that interfere with knowing, that was an interaction he had often suspected as an essential source of understanding. This interaction always encouraged him to imagine all kinds of astrophysical facts almost sensually.

His endless urge to feel the absorbed, had given him numerous images that made it possible for him to imagine the gigantic distance of for example five million light-years. The perception then somehow became so accurate that it made him dizzy.

Frans had a whole range of perception tricks available in his feeling drawer. He often used the latter term when talking about it with others. Feeling drawer, to open when you need something out of it.

Of the thirty astrophysicists with whom he had occasionally consulted, three were sometimes deliberately busy with perceptions during their research. Apparently, therefore, 90 percent knew themselves so well at home in the abstract research paths that they had narrowed the concrete aspects behind those objects or structures to their applied paper aspects. They had abstracted realities in an indeed abstracting fashion. Of course, inevitably anyway.

But were they not interested in the way back? The other 10 percent, however, do. Performing their "lost" time, as they sometimes put it.

Waldo was in that 10 percent group. Frans chuckled at the description, 10 percent, while it concerned only three men. That's to say, two men and one woman.

The broad interest of those three people stood out. They were happy with other things, and philosophy was always there. They were apparently immensely eager to learn. And modest too, realizing how little they know - at least, Frans had that impression anyway. Because he wandered in the field of impressions, feelings. And how then can the concept of "objectivity" survive? He cared about that, he who swam easily in scientific thinking. But there seemed to be more revenue from what was felt. And that's why it was worth the risk, he vaguely surmised.

Frans had nice memories of his nocturnal discussions with Anke, the Dutch astronomer, the lady in that group of three. She was very charming, and extraordinary ... ordinary. As if it were the cleaning lady on duty at the observatory, with whom you were chatting.

And by the way she had indeed become friends with the cleaning lady, a Chilean woman who was responsible for maintenance. Imilla.

Yes, also such an extraordinary 'ordinary' person, this Imilla. She was an Aymara Indian, from the Andes in the Chilean north, where native Indians traditionally work on the land or are a shepherd. Often on the Altiplano well above 3000m just below looming Andean giants.

So Imilla. Anke had often told to Frans how she was again and again contacting this Imilla in all sorts of ways. She was a bit fascinated by her, particularly struck by her sublime way of being within herself, worthy, not pretending, childishly uncomplexed. At the same time, Anke had said, she was testifying a highly mature and really intriguing wisdom.



Only later Anke had begun to notice that Imilla's stories about her origins had moved her as much as the most beautiful music. For example, how her family and those high-altitude Indians handled the soil and what grew, there above 4400 meters. It was something she could have read on in a book. But the framework of respect and wholeness within which Imilla spontaneously placed those facts could not be learned without the special intonations of her lovingly telling. And Imilla was really a master in it, Anke said. Yes, Anke seemed to be very touched by her.

Actually Frans only knew Imilla by seeing, occasionally passing and a friendly word but never talked through. He had suggested that it might be obvious for wiser women not to let themselves be known to men, while that reserve to other women is less needed. Anke opposed that thought, she was sure that Imilla was sufficiently fine-tuned - Anke had said once "even like clairvoyant" - and that she would certainly not know any principle of unnecessary reserve.

And yet, why could Frans never have made contact with Imilla after Anke had talked about her like that? Frans surmised that Anke had enough wavelengths in common with Imilla. And that he himself was too complex, not enough natural, what Imilla would feel then.

Finally, Imilla could not have missed that he wanted to start once a more in-depth conversation. When she had subtly avoided that at the time, at least he thought he was noticing this, it surely meant that she felt a resistance to it. Probably with good reasons. Frans had resigned himself in this, feeling himself somewhat inferior by it.

A while later he caught himself with the hope that Anke would return, especially for of a possible bridge she could realize for him, so that he could eventually speak once in a more thorough manner Imilla.

The Dutch Anke had been back in Europe since two months ago. She had stayed at Paranal for about 3 months for an observation program in the context of her postdoctoral research.

Despite the heavy workload, she had taken a lot of time for conversations with Frans. She had also been surprised in a special way about his "mission." When she met him and was informed of his task, she had giggled like a silly

adolescent girl for three seconds. But then she started thinking aloud and stated that it certainly made sense that space had been found for such things at the observatory.

Later she even expressed the hope of being able to commit herself to such a task. She even said at that time that she was quite envious of him. To which Frans responded by expressing his appreciation for the value of her reactions to wider discussions, and for her humour.

The extent to which he understood the critical reflections of Anke became apparent when, for the third time during the three weeks after she left, he had referred in a discussion with Waldo to her view in a specific point of discussion. Waldo had then reacted, somewhat irritated, that Anke was not the gospel.

And indeed, Frans turned out to have been somewhat prejudiced affectively. Waldo always went deeply into discussion matter, and always constructively. While Anke did that too, but in a very playful way by colouring her reactions personally. On closer inspection, Waldo said, her view is sometimes somewhat superficial.

But Anke was certainly allowed to come back as far as Frans was concerned, of course for herself, but not least for her bridge building to that special cleaning lady, that Aymara woman, Imilla.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week ago Frans was confronted with a strange coincidence. It kept him so busy that he couldn't quite find the thread in his writing. It somehow made his thoughts worthless.

He had experienced something simple some weeks earlier, that was an almost meaningless event, rather a trivia, ... until Waldo accidentally started telling him about an anecdote, related to Imilla.

It was around seven pm, in the early evening, Waldo said, and it was almost dusk. The activity in the computer centre increased, everything was checked according to procedure for the observation programs that would start within an hour.

As usual, Imilla stopped at seven o'clock. The last part of her tour with the buzzing, fresh-smelling cleaning machine was always on the first floor, at the

level of the pedestrian bridge to the underground platform corridors. These corridors connected the cellars of the four large Unit telescopes.

Waldo had just returned from Unit 4, where he had checked the CRIRES instrument. As he said, a signal had come through at his terminal, warning that the cooling unit of that instrument was not realizing the temperature drop. However, the site visit indicated nothing abnormal, local readings were correct. So it was probably again an annoying software twist, an error message due to non-deleted parameters from a previous observation session.

Waldo felt foolishly wasting time, so he hurried to his terminal. Finally, he had a few settings to finish, while only one more hour was available. Loss of nocturnal observation time due to stupid mistakes was received poorly, and always required the writing of detailed reports.

Economically, the entire VLT had cost more than half a billion Euros. With the operating costs over a life span of 25 years, in addition again this amount, that became a high hourly cost, so every lost hour was obviously an expensive loss.

It had always made Waldo nervous and somewhat cynical. The machine had to "produce discoveries, that's hard business," he said. So he was in a hurry with a reason.

When he left the underground and walked through the pedestrian underpass to the computer centre, he crossed Imilla. The floor was still slightly damp and therefore slippery, and he immediately began to slide. Keeping a balance, he thought, but that turned out differently. He slipped alongside the polishing machine, but his elbow hits the shoulder of Imilla, causing both of them to fall to the ground.

Imilla always had a bag hanging around, reason why people sometimes jokingly called her the post woman. It contained all of her detail items, for example separate wipes with a special product to keep the monitors dust-free. As she hit the floor, her bag hooked onto the machine and the entire contents were catapulted away in a wide arc.

Waldo, the kind and gentle scientist, was embarrassed, he apologized and immediately began collecting the bag contents. And he saw a book among all the conveniences. Professional deformation of the booklover, he thought in a flash, looking at the title. It was an English book by a duo, Davi Kopenawa & Bruce Albert, entitled "*The Falling Sky, Words of a Yanomamö Shaman*".

"May I have a look?" he asked but without looking up, and apparently without waiting for an answer, because he had already learned from the back cover that it concerned a study of a French anthropologist about the Yanomamö. Waldo knew the name of this Indian tribe from the Brazilian jungle, "become famous" because she had been studied by anthropologists before. But here, everything he knew about it stopped.

Then Waldo glanced at Imilla. She was fully filling her bag but noticed his fleeting glance. Immediately she said it was a problem, the first few minutes after the cleaning machine passed. Then the floor was very slippery, that was annoying, wasn't it? Imilla had looked up as she said this, and looked into his speechless wandering eyes and felt she had no choice but to respond. She immediately referred to the book.

"Do you know those Yanomamö?" It sounded.

Her voice did not reveal anything about what she would like or could do with that question, and yet it was not a pro forma question. Waldo remembered Frans' explanations about her, in a timelessly long flash. The conversations that Anke had had with Imilla. Anke's conversations with Frans about that, and what Frans had told him about it.

He had simply interpreted Frans' increasing interest in Imilla as a great sympathy. Perhaps some kind of falling in love.

When he had put it that way, Frans had bounced it away. "No way, it has nothing to do with it," he had said. He admitted finding her a charming woman, and he also thought she was very beautiful. "Yes, Waldo, it's a very handsome appearance, this Imilla, she has a warm and pleasant face, and a depth in her eyes that would drown you, oh yes, indeed. And her figure may also be so nice, right? It is a pity that she is so always wearing those dirty baggy trousers, and then such silly cleaning clothes. As if she wants to hide her beauty in it. Well okay, a beautiful woman. But that does not mean that I feel anything more for her, you know."

And to top it off, Frans added: "I am actually looking for her thoughts, but not for that person."

Waldo had found this a strange twist. How can one seek to trace thoughts without engaging in the richness of the thinking-feeling being? Thinking, feeling, expressing it, and being a unique person, is that not the same, or at least the extension of each other?

The dimensionless fraction of a second that Waldo had awarded himself, had passed. So her question was whether he knew these Yanomamö.

"Yes, I've read once something about. But that's all. But apparently you have a real study of them Imilla. Does it fascinate you then? "

"It is true that the Yanomamö people fascinate me," said Imilla, this time with a voice that had absolute recognisability for Waldo, "and certainly what the Yanomamö shaman tells, not the thoughts of the anthropologist."

A human person suddenly spoke to him there, focused and with intense empathy. How different from the previous question. "Do you know that Yanomamö?" That question was aimed at a distant world, interested, but without expecting an answer from him, Waldo. However, what she said just now sounded like he and Imilla had been intense soul mates for a long time. Another endless second fraction that confused him.

He did not know such empathy, such a spontaneously surged wave of involvement, which came to him in such an ordinary and passive way. He immediately returned to the concreteness, to the safe exterior side of things.

"Well, well, interesting, if you can read about other cultures that way. That really fascinates me too. If I have time once, please tell me about it, Imilla. Do you want to do that? "

Waldo knew that his reply was well beyond the issue. But in the meantime he did say what he wanted to say, adding that he should hurry now. There were a number of problems to be solved, and, he added, the telescope domes would open within a few minutes.

A few seconds later, when he slid behind his terminal and looked at his watch, he saw how it was almost an hour before those domes would open. The same hour that he had while running back from Unit 4. Had he come down so intensely next to Imilla, that this minute felt as the time volume of an hour of emotion? Only now did he realize how much that it was indeed that way. But, what the hell had happened?

He had always found that woman sympathetic, but he found so many people sympathetic. He had indeed found her a special someone, but he thought such things quite often from others. And in fact he knew her as beautiful, not as a fashion model, however beautiful as she was in that sense, no, it was rather her intelligent and warm, authentic expression. A confidence

dimension expressed by that face, so strong that it made you almost shy. And yet, Imilla had never especially attracted his attention. He did not remember that his thoughts had once been specific with her. A bit embarrassing, he thought then, as if she had only been a piece of scenery at the computer centre until now.

But what had suddenly happened then, in the crash? Was it that surprising confrontation with that book? In fact, Waldo didn't even know if Imilla could read at all. It often happened that unskilled workers, not least those of native Indian origin, turned out to be illiterate.

So Imilla not, he knew that now. She was fluent in English and spoke even a very pure and beautiful language. Yes, and then there was her answer around those jungle Indians ... "Yanomamö fascinated her, but not the thoughts of the anthropologist" A strange statement.

Waldo picked up, somewhat prickly, because he was daydreaming here as a teenager full of puppy love while time was running out. As a ... no, what did he suddenly think? Damn it, puppy love, come now! Stop, done! I have to replace those parameters now. And me suspecting Frans of it!

It was a week after this incident that Waldo was telling this incident to Frans. That's exactly how he called it: an incident. By the way, it certainly was almost an accident, crashing in that way. "It is fortunate that I have not compromised my ankle. Or bumped into that cleaning gear, I would have been adorned with a bruise from here to there!"

Frans did not respond immediately to Waldo's story. He was deeply musing about something completely different, it seemed, and Waldo noticed it.

"Hi! Frans, do you actually hear me?"

And then it was Frans' turn.

He began to recount an event that happened a month earlier. How he had then experienced an almost identical incident, down to the last detail. Unbelievable. Well, he didn't walk out of the underground, it wasn't at the passerelle.

He paused for a moment, as if to let his surprise sink in.

Then he continued talking.

It was an ordinary day. He had continued to write on his desk after sunrise. It was already well into the morning when Imilla appeared to be finished with

the Unit telescopes, and picked up some conveniences in the computer centre, and then left with her cleaning machine for the interferometry lab. Frans went to get a bottle of soda in the kitchen at the end of the corridor. He came back, sunk in thought, when Imilla entered the corridor, stepping backwards at the same time, steering the cleaning machine carefully and full of concentration through the doorway. He and Imilla then bumped into each other.

So she and Frans too.

And then too, her bag was swung up, causing the contents to flow into the air. Then Frans as well had helped with the gathering, and he too had picked up a book and looked at it with fascination.

"And what book was that?" Waldo asked, like a toddler who hears an exciting story read by his teacher.

"No no, not that Yanomamö book you saw."

Frans answered this with a serious and drawn face. He was excited actually, deeply impressed by what Waldo had told him a moment ago, impressed by the unexpected similarity with what he remembered from a month ago.

"No. It was a book about Antarctica. And when I asked if she was interested in that cold continent, she replied that the life of that continent fascinated her very much. I then said that it is not exactly bustling with life there. Do you know what she answered? The biological life and its death, she said, is only one aspect of life. That continent itself lives, and nowhere is Mother Earth as pure as there. And then she asked if I could see it that way. I can assure you, Waldo, I just didn't know how to respond."

As he said the latter, he also remembered the other things. He had asked her why she carried that book. Imilla then said, with a delicate warmth that he had rarely been able to hear from anyone, that she always had the books she was reading with her, for lost moments, and during the lunch break hour, and also the fifteen or thirty minutes rest time halfway the morning and in the afternoon.

Do you read so much? Frans had asked. Yes indeed I do read a lot, she had replied.

But after finishing a book she didn't read anything for a day, she had said, so that the essence of what she had read could descend into her soul, pure and without resistance. She said that literally with those words.

For some reason totally unclear to himself, Frans did not want to tell Waldo the latter.

\* \* \* \* \*

This chat with Waldo about their two encounters with Imilla was two weeks ago in the meantime, but what he got wrung on paper since then was nothing. He was lost because of the distance Imilla took from things apparently important to him.

While Frans tried to get his thoughts on paper, he got the feeling that Imilla was reading over his shoulder, and thus commenting on his insights. As if she would inevitably say, "Yes, Frans, you can say it that way, but actually you don't even see what it's really about ..." His own truth seemed to have been destroyed in one way or another.

However, with his rationality he knew all too well that Imilla did not say anything about him or his thoughts. Was he starting to suffer from the desert effect? And yet he knew that his reason could argue this a hundred times, but that what he experienced emotionally was at least real. Although with his mind it was not exactly possible to think of a reason for it. He was indeed not in love. And yet such a spell? Desert effect or not, or ... Imilla effect or not, why was it that his feelings were so deeply confusing? And by the way, what feelings?

His thoughts went again about the conversations with Anke. She had spoken with so much fire about the home of Imilla, Parinacota, at 4400 m height. A home harbor that, just like Cerro Paranal, was situated under bright deep blue skies and crystal clear diamond starry skies.

According to Anke, Imilla once told how she and her family looked at that cosmic vaults. She had even once observed, with caution, that apparently the observatory did not look at the cosmos, but at an image of the cosmos. Where the hell is the difference! An image of? So. And she would not see any image with her family, but the "cosmic soul itself," or something like that?

Well. Then she sees it.

In fact, Frans had responded very ambiguously to Anke when she told this to him. He wanted to wave it away, but at the same time he wanted to find out more about Imilla, wanted to ask her questions in depth about her "wisdom."



To Anke, he had mainly highlighted the "wave-away" pole, he now remembered.

But those two weeks have meanwhile been full of confusion of mind. He was getting tired of it. His time just flew on, not only without any work results, but also without his reflections at sunrise or at sunset, or under the harsh blaze of sunlight in his beloved steel-blue sky ocean. Or, among the cosmos diamonds at night. None of that, just acute doubt about his own way of looking at things.

Of course he found Imilla to be very attractive, a bit more than was apparent from the weakening of it against Waldo. But he was certainly not in love, what a foolish thought.

Anyway. He will finally put things right, Frans thought then.

And he decided to ask Imilla to come along once with him to the edge of the mountain platform. It was up to her to choose whether it would be at sunrise or sunset. He would suggest that she just watched and admired the universe with him. Peering in the light and absorbing, and musing.

And then, he would ask her, how differently she looked at that sun and that earth and that ocean and those stars than the scientists here. If she avoided, he would refer to her chats with Anke. Yes, he would really pull her over, to explain her way.

After this decision, Frans had finally regained some peace of mind. He had already started writing fruitfully a few days ago. The fact that he was not yet working on his planned Imilla appointment, or rather confrontation as he had expressed it in his mind, was not even relevant. It would come to pass once ... And by the way, it didn't matter, in the meantime he could work properly again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yesterday he actually started, finally, with the booklet he had received from Waldo a month earlier. The lyrics about Whitehead.

He had now understood that he had not grasped something about Waldo's explanation. This was not a philosophical work by Whitehead himself, but a series of articles inspired by some Whitehead insights. And those insights were then applied to quantum physics.

What he had already gone through was almost staggering. From his own philosophy education he remembered something about the continuity that Whitehead considered essential. As if an electron is a meaningful contextual event, which still takes place in this way from memory a moment later. An electron as a speckle of a sustained meaningful happening. Strange philosophical ways, he thought then, and after cramming it for the tests, he had never been confronted with this again.

What he read now put it all in a different light. The text was about relationships and feelings, fields of awareness and fields of feeling. Whitehead's world of thought was thoroughly explained but went further, while the points of contact with Rupert Sheldrake and his 'morphic resonance field' ideas that arose almost 60 years later were never far away.

He read that electron way of being applied in large, in the biological. In its long evolution, a cat has developed into its typical cat-existence, and the embryo will be forced to develop teleologically its 'full-cat-being', because the whole field of feeling from everything around it leads to this, from earlier happening, and thus wants to push all physico-chemical processes to this. Material manifestations at all levels would lean in the direction of 'typical cat-being' information. Cat consciousness, the experienced, would direct chemical processes to *translation* or *condensation* of this consciousness.

Relationship, empathic events, event routes, and fields sprouting from them, which have the physical processes as an observable effect. All this, the matter, the forces, the natural laws, what we see or measure, would be the result of "feeling fields", "consciousness fields" or "information fields", matter as condensate or crystallization thereof. Far from the mechanistic worldview.

He had intuitively always criticized the reductionist materialistic and linear scientific view of life, somewhere deep in himself, but he had repeatedly felt obliged to accept it nevertheless as inevitable.

What he reads here breaks with that, fortunately indeed. It takes other things into account. But ... all this would then fundamentally withdraw the actual knowledge ground of all existence from our current way of looking.

Frans felt uncomfortable with such thinking developments. Nevertheless, he could be very accommodating with the formative causation of Sheldrake, with for example the approach of Lovelock and especially later writers

concerning Gaia as one autopoietic organism, and so on. Incidentally, the whole holistic thinking was not at all strange to him. But he could never satisfactorily tie the multitude of aspects together. So many saw so much, in just as many ways.

He thought for a moment about the wealth of Palaeolithic people in their conception of a fluid reality, his thoughts involuntarily went to '*The Goddess Image*'. And then he thought for a moment about the Tibetan "*Book of the Dead*", which he had once read some twenty years ago.

And the testimonies of Carl Gustav Jung that he had once read. And in particular his deep discussions over more than twenty years with one of the quantum physics pioneers, Wolfgang Pauli, regarding the apparent link between consciousness and matter.

What Jung then saw as a striking correlation between quantum physics regarding the physical singularity of a Black Hole, and psychology regarding the mental singularity of the Self.

Which, in the bargain, was later judged to be realistic, based on spectacular developments in cosmological *string theory*, showing the ultimate holographic nature of reality, as an inevitable consequence of quantum physics and singularity and speed of light.

And then, what he had read about an at light speed arriving space-time-expansion on the horizon of our inside-out black hole universe, and the unbelievable special nature of that horizon.

A horizon namely, where all past and now and future is present in two dimensions, and is emitting, by means of 'strings', the 3D holographic movie being our so-called reality.

The falling together of much in this matter, as seen by frontline physicists such as Greene, Susskind, 't Hooft, Verlinde, Currian, Hawking and Hertog, ... it was all extremely tantalizing.

And poor Frans, he was a little scared. Yes, he was afraid of losing foundations that were best kept under your feet.

By his reading of the Waldo text, he was suddenly even more motivated in his own writing.

This was his own, safe mind. He knew that. He knew intuitively that his way of viewing could not be an unfounded talk, that was impossible. And,

after all, he exposed a great deal, which might well be exposed. Period. Whether it would suit the ESO management or not didn't matter to him.

And he also wanted to talk to Waldo about his own writings. Surely not about these dangerous thinking ways of *what-is-his-name-again* based on Whitehead!

Waldo Waldo, anyway!

He perhaps saw it all just a little too simply. Understandable. When he went himself through the articles, and certainly the first one, he also was fascinated. It was an aesthetically successful philosophy. But therefore not necessarily valuable. But he, Frans, looked beyond his nose.

On the other hand, okay, if Waldo wants to be accommodating in the twists and turns of his favourite reading, well, it's up to him, it's his affair.

And so here we are, he thought.

In this way, Frans had finally dealt with all his ambiguities.

He would surely question Imilla once, and if he could learn something from her, the better, isn't it. He would soon ask her to come with him for a walk. He would get rid of his mysterious confusions of feelings. And he would simply return Waldo's Whitehead stuff, asking to forget this, and to study, at last, his own first texts. Back to peace.

To the seriousness of the essential, as it presented itself to him.

As a result he immediately took the decision to descend tomorrow morning the mountain eastwards, in solitude, into the very early twilight, to the round hillock 2/3 of a mile away, and a mile walking distance.

Via the '*Star Track*' walking path, then leaving it to cross the access road for cars, then continuing over the brutal desert slope, and then sitting quietly, there on the north-eastern side of that hillock.

In that way he would like to see the sunrise once again, emerging from behind those distant volcanic Andes silhouettes. Greeting the purple-white dawn gleam.

It was high time to be lonely again.

No Waldo interventions, no worrying about bizarre coincidences with stumbling Imilla's and books that swing into the air!

\* \* \* \* \*

That next morning, Frans was indeed that long way east of the observatory peak. He felt himself as his namesake, Francis, that of Assisi. He understood him. His Canticle of the Sun, that was something. Loneliness, connectedness with nature. And so he sat where he sat, in absolute peace with himself. Finally, in that regained undisturbed peace of mind.

His astonishment was all the greater, his dumbfounded facial expression all the more laughable, when he suddenly heard someone approaching behind him and saw the glowing image of Imilla walking towards him. Glowing in the still pristine, subtly tender embrace of a glassy shining sky a while before sunrise.

Like an angel.

She was in a half-long white dress.

The near breaking of the promised sunlight shifted its meaning. The colours he saw on the mountain flank glided in a swooning purple-rose, with a white-hot Imilla somewhere in the middle of the enchanting close-up that reached him.

He watched as she occasionally glanced at the ground in front of her feet, carefully choosing her cautious strides on the rough stony desert slope. It gave her slender body a graceful suppleness, like a ballet turn sinking in silence while the relaxing orchestral sound is put to rest.

Her white reflection was so delicate that Frans did not know whether he would or would not stare at an empty rocky ground a few seconds later. Without a shining Imilla ...

But she remained visible, and in the meantime he had come back to himself so much that he observed with some sobriety how she was indeed getting closer. Slow but noticeable, in his direction. In the meantime, it seemed that the face he assumed in that floating haze did not look at him, but at unfathomable distances.

Straight into the love-promise of softly swelling pastel morning light. As if, by her love view of the Andes, she were cherishing an entire living planet.

The cosmos of day blue and night depth had already produced many impressions, from which Frans could draw insightfully. Usually his philosophy could then be tested against the expressiveness that came from the living nature itself, and what it had to offer us, in its fullest manifestations.

And very occasionally Frans had found inspiration in a third source, of a completely different dimension, in the very nature of the interpersonal, the human dimension. He apparently did not know that the latter was his weakest side. However, a side that is very necessary.

With Imilla approaching, Frans suddenly realized the order of those three categories of inspiration, and realized in a razor-sharp moment that he was not particularly talented in recognizing what makes a person human, what being-human really creates, and how this begs for interaction in being-human in togetherness.

It was as if something ominous hung in the air, actually he was overwhelmed by the anxiety of confrontation with the unknown. Yes, that was what he felt.

With every step that Imilla got closer, the unknown approached him closer and closer.

Not just the mere unknown, no, rather the ultimate version of it, the version by whom you unmistakably feel beforehand how this will enter into a confrontation with yourself. That you cannot even make a detour around the challenge that you will meet.

Intriguing, disturbing, besieging the old familiar essentiality.

## 4

A sort of elusive time stoppage later, Imilla turned out to be a few meters from Frans. She was now so close that if she would speak even very softly, she would be at a hear distance. Perhaps that's why Frans started speaking at that moment, not looking at her, but in a played careless manner looking at the ground just before her feet.

"Hi Imilla," he said, and coughed, surprised by the crop that had sneaked into his throat.

Just arrived in his fifties, Frans still gave a sporty youthful impression. His face, however, had not followed that body expression. His face had the drawn weathering of someone who was often in a bad mood and had a lot on his mind. The wrinkles above the eyebrows as well as the corners of his mouth, more suited someone from the age of seventy. The poor remnant, as with elderly widowers who have been lonely for many years after being married in a well-behaved manner for many years and having worked in a well-behaved manner for many years, having lived the implanted illusion of polished conforming customs.

The dull chimera of widowers who are spiritually hopelessly poor and no longer willing to hide the accompanying embitterment for meaningless existence.

When he stood in front of the mirror, he noticed some impetus towards such an image. The image of ugly pupa after beautiful butterfly, the seemingly wrong but damn right miserable direction of the time arrow. He saw an old fogey in the making. At least sometimes anyway.

But he just wasn't like that. He was, after all, the lively, fascinated detective nose who, like a child, remained fascinated by thousands of facets of this worldly and inspiring life. What brought him to that mirror impression? Was he deeply hidden yet embittered? Had he cleverly concealed repressed sides of himself? Wasn't there even a hidden signal in his life career as a confirmed bachelor?

However, people had told more often that he looked so fresh and young. His sister argued last year that he was apparently allowed to stay forever thirty years, while oh poor one, she with her fifty-five years thought she was

discerning the old folks' home in the distance. But never mind, he didn't have the feeling that his sister really knew him. His handsome, respectable sister, she was so ... petty-bourgeois, so hopelessly well-integrated. Was she not ordinary stupid in substance? If he thought about the things that could be important for her!

But not only his sister, others as well had pointed out to him his young appearance. He was quite comforted by the fact that he kept showing youth aspects to the others.

His face in his mirror, it would probably be some imagination.

But no! Not at all imagination! His cough was not over yet, or he knew with razor-sharp certainty how Imilla's eyes looked in the face of the old man. Imilla saw his hidden hopeless fight to give meaning to his life. She saw his deep-seated ultimate despair. She knew better ... And there she stood, looking, while he could say nothing but "hi". Not even that, because his vocal cords appeared to be rusted.

"Sorry to come and see you, Frans," it then sounded. "I had noticed that you hadn't come to watch the sunrise in recent weeks. Now that I saw you passing by the exit in the direction of the '*Star Track*', it seemed that way, I was glad you did this again. I quickly changed my clothes, and then I wanted to ask you if I could walk along. But you turned out to be so fast a long way further."

Frans was again flabbergasted.

Angels who say ordinary things? Even better, angels who do not see that old fools are what they are. She speaks to him, and then even with that special, enchanting oceanic warmth. Compared with such warmth the sun seems only lukewarm.

"Or would you rather stay alone?" Imilla said, with kind and sincere restraint. She would indeed have left immediately because he would feel disturbed.

"No, no, sorry," Frans repeated. He suddenly realized that he must have radiated a sense of stiff inferior value, and that she responded to this.

"I was just for a moment, ... well, I was just a bit scattered, sorry. No, no problem. I'm glad you're here with me. I mean, don't get me wrong, I mean I like having you come and look at this beautiful environment."



He suddenly hovered between recklessness and the feeling of abyss just before. He grasped for middle ground. He realized that he had to say simply something quite normal.

"I wanted to ask you once," he said, "to come and have a look, one evening or one morning of course, just as you would wish. You know, when you said that about Antarctica, that living continent, well, I heard then how sensitive you must be to the earth, to nature. Therefore, you see."

Imilla sat down on a small protruding rock hump, a few meters diagonally in front of Frans. They both looked east while it remained silent for half a minute. Frans was busy calling himself to order. He was appalled by the terrible, unimaginable uncertainty that had just brought him down. He absolutely wanted to fall back into the normal fold. And he was well on his way, his pulse was moving in the right direction, was already slowing a lot.

He was about to prepare for an ordinary, simple, and innocent conversation with the woman next to him when he heard himself cutting off the pass.

"Are you a peaceful person, Frans? Peaceful like the things you look at? "

And then this became too much for Frans. He suddenly began to react prickly; actually overreacting, doing self-protection as he understood all too well moments later. Sadly wrong. But things get their course, growth is a way of obstacles. He suddenly decided to refuse to answer Imilla's question and to ask a direct counter question. In terms of content, it was just about the most foolish and brutal question he remembered to have asked ever.

"What kind of person are you yourself, Imilla?"

Imilla looked him barely briefly in the eyes, but this said enough. She expressed more disappointment with her glimpse than Frans could handle. That look was the pain of Jews on transport to an abolished being-human. And there was no chance for Frans to fix this, the course of things went too fast. Imilla started talking almost immediately.

"It's not that easy for me to speak with you, Frans. You are one of the scientists here, while I am a cleaning lady. But let me just say that I have more faith in you than I could have in all the Chileans and Europeans that I have known or know here on Paran . You know I talked a lot with Anke de Wever a few months ago. Well, that is a very pleasant woman, and yet I will never have the faith in her that I feel with you, because you are a truly authentic

person, Frans. But, ... now it seems to me that you doubt that yourself, or am I wrong?"

Bang. There sat Frans, as struck by lightning.

He sat perplexed on his rock, as if stuck. He looked dazed at the eastern horizon, but just didn't see this anymore.

"I don't really understand what you're saying now," he released a moment later. "You don't know me, do you? At least, I thought so."

Imilla stood up softly and took two steps towards Frans. There she sat back, her legs raised sideways.

"Of course, I don't know you very well, Frans, in the sense that you mean. However, I had read that book '*Forest Vision*' of yours a few years ago. And meanwhile, I've been seeing you doing what you do for almost half a year, here at Paranal. I can get to know you a little bit then, can't I?"

Frans had been surprised several times in the last few minutes, completely insane. Emotions unknown to him had made it pretty difficult for him.

But what he heard here, ... that really broke all records!

"Imilla, but ... how *could* you have read that book!" he reacted in astonishment, "this '*Forest Vision*' has only been published in Dutch and has never been published in English or another language! Don't come and tell me you speak Dutch!" The consternation had involuntarily made his voice to sound a little higher and louder.

At the same time Imilla had immediately begun shuffling her fingers in the gritty sand, her eyes and gaze now slanted downward. And she didn't answer for a while, as if she had suddenly become a silent part of this hypnotic desert landscape here.

He stared at her, not knowing what happened to him. For a while his thoughts wandered to what was happening on his retina. There was an exceptionally attractive young woman there, sitting beside him. How old would Imilla be? Thirty? Thirty-five? Then the retina image mingled with all of his feeling world, with his past, his hobbies and passions, his quest through life. And then, he saw how this beautiful woman was at first a very beautiful human person.

But he found her a beautiful person. So not the other way around! Then why did she talk about him like that? Because she meant it, Imilla couldn't

help but being honest, that was a certainty. She found him, Frans, the most authentic person she had ever known at Paranal. How the hell is that possible!

And then the Dutch book that she would have read. A native Chilean, an Aymara Indian. Okay, she was fluent in English. Otherwise she would maybe not have had this job. But how on earth could she have read a Dutch book? By the way, what kind of person was Imilla, that she reads so much, and then as diverse things as anthropology and biology? And now apparently also philosophy?

He realized that he did not know anything about this person. He suddenly grasped how much he wanted to know everything about this wonderfully miraculous Imilla. Everything. But the disbelief of his reason hindered. There is maybe a lot seemingly impossible that could be real, okay, but this, this cannot be true, that this beautiful, intriguing, wise woman would find just him a highly valuable person?

One after the other, he thought then, not all at once. And he asked her about the reading of that for her foreign-language book.

"Imilla, are you mastering the Dutch language?"

She looked back at Frans, seriously but with a deeply loving warmth, took off a sandal, shook off some grains, and looked at him again.

Then she started telling.

"You maybe know, Frans, that after the coup by General Pinochet and the death of President Allende at the time, quite a few people fled in many directions, including to Europe. Well, I happened to be someone like that.

It's a quick told story.

The poverty of the Aymara people, where I come from, is not really problematic, they are not poor in the western sense. But of course it was seen that Westerners could do things that they could not, also with regard to ease of life. An effect of cultural encounters. Sometimes some wanted their children to meet some of the magical ease of life, which they thought to see for those Germans and other strangers who were working here in the mining industry.

My family was like that with me. I was the firstborn, and I was privileged in the eyes of my parents to be able to enjoy it, and more important to get to know the wide world.

Actually they also had another and quite deep reason for it.

When my parents had their second child, and I was 8 years old, they found an interesting place for me with the aid of a friend who was an executive in a copper mine, and who had many connections. That was with one of his friends, a consul, at the Belgian consulate in the poetically colourful city of Valparaíso, you know, on the Pacific coast 50 miles west of Santiago.

I was then a kind of cared for child, in order to get more chances in life. Then I went to school with the 2 children of those people, 2 cute girls, twins, who were 6 years old at the time. And there was also somewhat to help in the household, just like their own children, but it wasn't really much, though.

Well, that consul and his wife had a lot of books, and they suggested their children to read books. They also gave me lots of books. And the longer the more, because they had noticed that I was reading easily for my age, what they did not expect, and mostly they had noticed that I liked very much to read, with passion.

I had learned to read before going to school, from an immigrant in my childhood, who saw it as his life's task to teach as many Aymara children as possible to read. That was reading in Aymara, in Spanish and in English.

Well, when I arrived at that consulate, I had been reading for three years, and really various types of books, I really enjoyed reading.

And yes, apparently for those people I quickly became as their own child, a daughter among their other daughters. I myself could not notice any difference in their warmth to their own children and to me.

Now, I was barely there for 4 months, and then, all of the sudden Pinochet's Washington-instigated military coup took place. It was that gloomy day of September 11, 1973. And the very same day, word went out that President Salvador Allende was already dead.

Coincidentally, the Belgian consul was very close friends with the family of the President.

Salvador Allende was a warm, socially engaged doctor from Valparaíso. And his mother, that was Laura Gossens Uribe, who had passed away at the end of 1962 at the age of 84. Well, she was of Belgian descent, a lady from the upper classes in Brussels.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> miniature 1773 <https://www.heavenwild.be/ze-kunst-001773.html>

Hence probably the consul's friendship with the Allende family.

But, Pinochet as well lived in Valparaíso, just like others from his clique. And so they were only too well aware of that friendship. As a result, the consul, as a close friend of the president, was now in personal danger.

So he had no choice, he immediately returned to Belgium with his family. He had no chance of having me return to my family, that was after all thousand five hundred miles to the north. And everything went fast.

The consul then simply took me with his family.

He had immediately communicated this through his channels, up to the municipal authorities in my native region, who could reach my family. My family wholeheartedly agreed, without hesitation, and he would then arrange for me to have the dual Belgian-Chilean nationality. And soon, they were than legally my adoptive parents.

That is why I grew up from the age of eight in Belgium. In Flanders, in the neighbourhood of Kortrijk.

They were well-off, my adoptive parents, money was no problem. They let me study like their other children, I was like their own daughter. I have studied biology. Not only that, by the way. I had the opportunity to study music. Those were real music fans, those people. For example, they had a piano in a separate music room.

I was quickly fascinated by that instrument at the age of eight, and in addition to biology I also went to the music academy and afterwards the conservatory, I studied piano, and I have always met an extraordinary amount of loving beauty with it.

And then, when I was almost twenty-five, I wanted to realize what has always been simmering from the start in Belgium, just go back to my native Chile, despite the alienation in the meantime. And despite my eternally warm relationship with my adoptive family.

Through the essential connection between ESO and Chile, this eventually worked flawlessly. I had applied at the ESO headquarters in Garching near Munich. My expressed wish to be able to go back to my country of birth finally persuaded them to accept me. Well, they couldn't do much with a biologist, but the place for someone responsible for the cleaning task became vacant. After applying and separate recommendation because I was Chilean at the same time, the job became mine.

Since 1990 I have worked here, first at the ESO observatory at Cerro La Silla. When afterwards the brand new Paranal observatory in the north had started, this became the new workplace. Not long before first light in May 1998 I started here, at the end of 1997 more precisely.

And here I am.

So, Frans, you have now in a concise way the story that you asked for. At least, you now understand how I've got that knowledge of Dutch."

"Woow," Frans said now, elongated but quietly, spontaneously expressing his genuine surprise at her story. Which made her smile sweetly.

During her brief explanation, he had let flyby almost all the colours and shapes of the desert before his staring eyes. Each image with corresponding hue had semantically absorbed an aspect of the story through his associative unconscious. So intense that during the silence that now prevailed, he immediately recognized the associations of certain rock shapes, with the matching elements from the story while his eyes glided along those shapes.

Imilla remained silent in the meantime, looking into the distance, just waiting for a word or a silence of Frans. It spoke from all of her presence that she could not force anything, that she let emerge what was ready to come into being.

Frans felt this very sharply, he didn't know how, he just knew it.

And he hesitated.

Another issue lay on his tongue, but not sure how to ask a decent question about it. Finally he started anyway, he would see how it would work out.

"Your way of looking at nature and life, Imilla, what is it that's so different for me? I ask this because it intrigues me how you responded to me about that living continent of Antarctica. And Waldo, he also told me how you answered him in connection with that book about the Yanomamö. I mean that you found those people so fascinating, but not what the anthropologist said. And I also think of what you told Anke. What you told her about how you and your family looked at the starry sky and how you see it, while the ESO people don't really see it."

Imilla looked at Frans with surprised eyes. Her wondering was intense, not dramatized, but unbelievably true and real, the archetype of wonder in its

fullest content. Frans was impressed by her eye language, he became a bit shy again. And wandered away a bit. What was it we were talking on? Yes, that wondering. Strange. Why is she surprised for that question? That is precisely the question that makes him not understand Imilla but finding her so intriguing.

The answer penetrated his running thought flash.

"Frans, that so many scientists here look at things that they do not see while they think they see, that is clear. That is clear to me, but also to you."

Frans stammered awkwardly, as shocked: "For me too? You want to say that I see it the way you see it?"

"But of course, Frans!" was her reply, friendly but with emphasis.

He felt a small muscle or tendon crack somewhere in his neck. He felt that, but also had the impression that it had to be audible. The ordinary pleasures of his life creaked, he thought instantly. He got a panicky feeling. His course of thought got into a rapid pace. 'For god's sake Imilla', these thoughts shrieked, 'you are not naïve at all, but you say things that I do not expect at all. Things that I would normally find very naïve but I know all too well that naïveté has nothing to do with this.'

It seemed to him that this wonderful woman knew things that he himself could not know. She knew what could not be known for people like him. It concerned nevertheless ordinary things that she knew, not bold facts or thought structures. Simple things. How foolish he must be, Frans the seeking thinker. The simplest things about Imilla's knowledge are beyond his comprehension. She looks at the stars differently than the ESO scientists, and she knows that he is sharing her way of such viewing for that matter?

He went astray and felt lost. And worst of all, he couldn't just shake it away. He believed her without understanding.

It occurred to him to ask how she was so sure about his way of looking. And he asked it, literally and simply. And again she looked surprised. Her response was not exactly the sort to make it easier for him.

"Don't you know, Frans, that you as well see essential things, do you really have so little self-knowledge?"

It seemed that she did not understand that Frans was so surprised and could not follow her.

But then, Frans began all of the sudden to perceive a strange fleeting realization, like an unexpectedly looming, surprising view after a long climb. A light came on. A shadowy glimpse.

Moreover, that light of insight caused a certainty to falter, somewhere in the confusing far distances of his selfhood. There was a vague sense of “well, this is the first time in my life that I've met something of myself that expresses a whole new level of realness, something very real about myself ... vague, indeed, but unmistakable!”

And in a flash he suddenly felt an indomitable breakthrough from so much that he had ever seen, read, felt when reading ‘*The Goddess Image*’. It was as if a shamanka 30,000 years ago were abruptly interrupting her deep and ecstatic concentration while applying a cave painting, to give to this Frans of her future an encouraging nod.

And then he was suddenly back on the desert ground, the flank of Cerro Paranal in a sunlight ocean. It was as if he heard his voice say what not his self-awareness, but his unconscious, hidden, grounded Self had to say. He listened to himself, surprised by the words he heard uttering and the intonationless, almost uncommitted sound that accompanied them.

"It is true, Imilla," it sounded, "I know myself very little. I am suddenly so embarrassed. I've been fifty years old, you know. Anyway, it's true. I don't know myself that well, and you catch me with that."

Silence.

He didn't look at her, he had no idea whether and how she was looking at him. He put himself flat on his back, he suddenly wanted to lie flat. As if his life depended on it. Then the voice he heard from himself continued:

"Do you want to help me, Imilla? Please, do you want to help me discover how I can find out who I really am and how I really think?"

Apparently Imilla must have been very touched by the sudden dam breach she heard, from someone she appreciated so much. She bounced straight out of her crouched position.

“But Frans anyway!” she spoke emotionally, “You’ve come so far already, much farther than most others. Only, I suspect, not far enough for what you are capable of, when I hear you like that. If you ask me to help you, but of course! It would please me so much, with great pleasure and with all my heart.”



And she sat down beside him. And suddenly she acted in a completely unexpected way. She opened several top buttons of his shirt, grabbed some grainy desert sand and scattered it over his chest.

"Earth ..." she said quietly, "you know how much we are exactly this, Frans. And at the same time we are meaning, a miracle of meaning, your inner self also knows that. Yet you seem to be forced to hold back some of the meaning. If I may grow in this together with you, my dear sweet Frans, it would give me so much pleasure."

That very sudden intimacy and proximity in acting and speaking was completely new. Yet it was by no means embarrassing; on the contrary, it had the form of the age-old that continues, as if they had known each other since prehistoric times. Frans no longer felt the slightest excitement or uncertainty, just a generous and great gratitude.

Because of Imilla.

He smiled at her, at her beautiful look. He sat up a little to open his shirt all the way so he could shake off the sand, saying that he didn't know where he was, but that he was infinitely happy for her, and that he would like to spend a lot of time with her. And talk a lot, and learn a lot from her.

They were now sitting straighten up a bit, in easy comfort. Both knew with certainty that they needed a small silence, looking together into the distance. In a meanwhile intensely blinding eastern light-horizon, indeed it was now a few minutes after sunrise. Like that sun, time shifted intangibly.

The newly created day embraced that time, full and glorious. What wanted to emerge as new, shone beyond measure.

Their little minute of silence seemed to have lasted 3' to both of them, and slipped into a new starting now-moment, begging for even more expression of close involvement.

He cleared his throat for a moment and went a bit nearer to her. She turned so that her gaze could meet his, and smiled. He smiled back, and like a clumsy teenager he sat down still closer to her, then he gently moved his hand until it touched hers with tender caution.

Imilla was not at all upset by this. She responded immediately by placing her hand in his, and then sliding her head sideways against his, moving slowly back and forth, causing her mid-length black hair to caress his cheek.

“Can we hold on for another hour, in this desert tranquillity here?” she then asked. Frans nodded in agreement, with a warm smile. And he now fully realized how immeasurably happy he felt. Because of who Imilla is, because of that extraordinarily beautiful miracle that she is. Because of her apparently sincere attention and warmth to who he himself is. Because of love.

And a little later they both started chatting pleasantly about that sudden, unexpectedly shared knowledge, about their apparently common Belgian origin. A knowledge not been available to Frans, until now. A knowledge on the contrary that Imilla did have had meanwhile, ever since that Belgian Frans had arrived at Paranal, but that she had kept quiet. As well until now.

What a twist!

And indeed, there was immediately a sparkling, even funny enthusiasm in what they suddenly had to tell each other. Even in Dutch for a while, but... Imilla's smooth West Flemish accent felt so alienating to Frans, from Limburg origin, that he preferred to jump back to their also very fluent English.

After Frans confessed his preference for English as their mutual means of communication, and why, Imilla soon made some funny jokes. That proverbial quasi-different native language of Limburg and West Flemish Belgians, albeit both Flemish Belgians, that had always made people laugh.

And therefore, English. Their only remaining option, since Spanish was doable for him, but not fluent. And Aymara completely impossible.

And now, they just kept telling and telling. Both of them had now suddenly become happy, easy-going chatters!

Moreover, in this way it now became clear, to both of them, that a kind of silent history had taken place here on Paranal. Both Frans and Imilla had developed a very great but also silent attention to each other. An attention that could mature in the peace of hidden silence, for months.

Until now. The energy of such great attention, this impulse of universe formation, had sought its way. And had found it.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was already after 10 am, when they started the walk back. It was a tough fifty minutes walk though, that mile to the VLT platform, because 160m of a height difference had to be overcome. And they were unprotected, in a blazing hell of merciless solar power. Such cosmic violence simply forced you to the

nearest shadow. Imilla also had another problem. It would be at least 11.00 am before they were back upstairs and she could start her cleaning round. Although she could start her eight-hour working day as she wanted, she had to finish it before 7.30 pm. And so this meant, that she could no longer afford some longer breaks today. And it was difficult for her to go and work in her beautiful white dress, so she had to change first.

She explained this to Frans, and suggested going a bit faster. Frans agreed with a theatrical sigh, joking that he hoped that the First Aid team would receive him immediately, up there, and save his life with 10 litres of drinking water.

Then he came back to the item of changing her dress: "Imilla, what if you did your round like that, in that white dress?"

"Why?"

"Well, because you are beautiful, why do you always hide it that way?"

Apparently Frans had asked for something in which Imilla saw a problem, according to her brief silence.

"Imagine, Frans, that would seem silly. Actually, a cleaning lady should present herself as such and not as a beautiful woman, shouldn't she?"

"I really don't know why," was his counter-move, "unless in the sense that you've always been rather disguised until now, and the people up there will wonder why you are suddenly doing it differently. Yes, in that regard ..."

"Would you like it, that I will work as I am now, Frans?"

"Honestly, even very much indeed!"

"What does that mean again, do you want others to like me as attractive?"

Frans hesitated for a moment, and then repeated: "Actually, that is just a side issue. It's true, I think your inconspicuous presence is a bit a shame, after all, you may really be seen, right? But I think I'm referring to another aspect, Imilla. You never let yourself be known to the others ..."

"I know that, Frans. But I prefer this. We will talk about that later. But you know, I will indeed work in this dress. Then I can exhibit a turning point for myself, namely that we have met. Purely for myself, an introvert show that everyone sees and nobody understands."

While she said that, she threw some quickly grasped sand at Frans, and teased: "unless of course you are going to explain the others the why, like a young brat, so don't do."

"Now you do not mean that you want to start a sort of secret relationship with me?" Frans was indeed confused for a moment.

"But no, of course not! Oh Frans, of course I would love to know you very well, really very well, and spend a lot of time with you. And talk a lot with you about the things in life and about ourselves, and about what we've read. Oh my dear sweet Frans, but yes, of course a real full-fledged and loving relationship, and that is always regardless of what others think, isn't it."

Frans smiled deeply happily at her, while he let out a warm sigh. And then he said that he feels exceedingly happy about her answer, and that he is so happy about her, so glad and grateful. And a little later he would say, laughing, while playfully winking at her, "And as for others, well yes, maybe I'm indeed a bit proud of my beautiful sweetheart, though".

"Oh, my lovely Frans, anyway!" Imilla cried happily laughing, it sounded touchingly lovable and radiant and cheerful. And spontaneously they jumped now to each other and gave a small warm kiss on the mouth.

Their first kiss.

They immediately stepped on, now silent for a moment.

But then she suddenly accelerated her pace to a few meters past Frans, and turned around in a quick move, lowering herself to the ground. A moment later she was lying flat on her back, and asked him what he saw now. A beautiful woman flat on her back? Or a soul mate who looks around breathlessly curiously to gain more insight into all that is?

"What do you think, Imilla, both of course. Well, the second I see a thousand times more clearly, more obvious, your beautiful being-human I mean, and your intriguing wisdom, which I am so looking forward to may discover a lot of this. But on the other hand, that you are such a beautiful woman, well, I can't ignore that either.

And do you know that also Waldo once told me how beautiful you are? And he had already made the same thought, that it is a bit of a shame that you always walk around with that boring faded work clothes."

Imilla apparently forgot about the hurry she was in, and stayed laid down, her gaze straight toward the zenith blue. As if she wanted to offer her thoughts the course they were supposed to get.

## 5

In the computer centre on the Paranal summit, there was a small office corner available for Frans. The west sun shone in from over the ocean, and coloured the paper works on his table in warm tones. Next to his PC screen was a quite large frame with two handwritten texts, symmetrical to the left and right of a central dividing line. On the left the handwriting of Frans, on the right that of Imilla.

They had been a steady love couple for a month now. The entire Paranal team had made comments on it, but the average tone of this was very positive, the relationship between the two apparently charmed most. What often happens when love manifests itself, as if this would remind us our deepest origin, our highest interest.

The left-hand text in the box was about the ratio, as Frans described it in its limitedness and its unique chances. The text on the right outlined briefly the way in which Imilla got her name, with an appendix on how conscious, unconscious and intuitive elements merged together to determine her life.

She had told Frans how she was born. A story as her parents had often told her. The delivery at her birth had been problematic, even threatened to go completely wrong. Maybe mother and child would not survive this. An elderly Aymara Indian from Bolivia, a clairvoyant healer or Yatiri, who had settled in their area some twenty years earlier, was a beloved midwife.

She had partly received a Western education, but above all she had remained faithful to her great experience and talent for observation, through the countless births she had guided with her people, she had gone through a deep training of her own. She apparently knew how to dose well between many kinds of knowledge.

During the delivery, she had managed to get Imilla's mother to move and to stop and to start pushing again in such a way that the situation changed slightly for the better for both the mother and the foetus. Half a miracle. When the birth was finally over, and everything turned out to be well with mother and child, that Aymara midwife had said that the newborn child must be a very

special girl, and will have a meaningful future for their people and all peoples. She repeated that for minutes.

In the Aymara language the word for 'girl' is 'imilla'. Especially the tender pronunciation and the loving, clear intonation when the midwife again and again addressed the newborn with that 'imilla', and the magical sound of all the again and again repeated words, that had stuck with the new parents.

She kept talking and repeating:

"Ay, uñjapxam kunjamsa aka imillaxa, aka suma imillaxa, mä yatiñani warmiwa, jiwasana suma jakaña Pachamaman sutipxaru, jiwasana ajayunakas sutipxaru, jiwasana pachasa, jiwasana jakawisa sutipxaru, mä imillaxa taykjamawa intimpi, phaxsimpi, uraqimpi suma jakaña, mä imilla ukhama suma ajayunakan ukhamarak suma familianakan taykapa."

And she went on and on telling that! *'Oh, see how this girl, this beautiful girl, will be a wise woman on behalf of our beautiful living earth, on behalf of our souls, on behalf of our time, on behalf of our lives, a girl like a mother for the good of the sun and moon and earth, a girl like the mother of beautiful spirits and beautiful families.'*

And she went on: "¡Ay imilla, suma tawaqu!" *'Oh, girl, my beautiful girl!'*

Then the midwife asked if she could hold the little girl in her arms one more time. And doing this, she suddenly got tears in her eyes, and concluded by literally saying, "that their wonderfully beautiful girl was born with a mission of femininity and love, to help humanity."

Her parents were quick to agree that the midwife was esoterically inspired, and that their daughter's name must in any case be an interpretation of her prophecy.

The prophecy of the special feminine qualities of their dearest child, born with a mission of love. Her name therefore became the immortalization of the love sound heard in this tenderly pronounced 'imilla' word, 'girl', that ultimate expression of the creating feminine principle. Indeed, the name of their child had to be *Imilla*.

Frans had been moved by the story. He also felt a confirmation of what he himself found in Imilla. Although she was special, she was above all a fully-fledged person. And what was that, our mysterious being-human? He had spent his entire life on it, walking the most difficult ways for it. And then Imilla showed it on her own, simply from who she was, in a modest, fluently

natural but sublime way. If he was alone, he could enjoy intensely, simply from pronouncing her name for himself. "Imilla".

She was fullness in herself.

In the meantime, she had also explained to him why her job of maintenance suits her perfectly. Just like her reluctance to 'make herself known', as Frans described it.

"Maintenance of what is," she said, "is so highly supportive and low profile, that in this world of a vast oversupply of Yang, it smoothly mirrors a pure *being-human*, so much less erring in misleading seductive delusions."

"It's pretty much the opposite of the book-writing Yang man who proudly holds his '*Ph.D.*' after his name on the cover, implying that he is worthy of being heard. And betraying that he is adept of belief in control. During university courses, this title pre-eminently shows the career drive. An elite application of the supposedly better patriarchal top of humanity."

"Very often, aren't the wisest and most loving people rather all those *Ph.D.*-less mothers and grandmothers? Well, my intuition always told me," she had added, "that my highest love truth remains purer if I could shield myself from elitist aspects. Perhaps a bit like Jesus of Nazareth washing the feet of others," she had then added with a smile.

"And Frans, I am gradually convinced," she had also said, "that only in this way I could have matured enough into the one who was ready to meet you."

Frans found her explanation a rare beautiful hint to what is important in being human, also a hint to the surprising meaningfulness of a road to be travelled.

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The texts Frans had written or was writing, seemed to him more and more outdated, every day more. And he knew it wasn't just his floating being in love. He knew all too well how this biologist with her remarkable life history was in fact a deep philosopher, one who confronted his old faithful ideas so intensely that anything he had previously consciously or unconsciously applied to half or whole certainties, was awaiting a fundamental revision. In a few weeks time.

There were therefore very direct confrontations. Almost every day they had enjoyed two or three hours of warm in-depth discussions, in a relaxed way. Stunningly clear, insightful discussions about all that is, about meaning. Moreover, this was never a pure theoretical discourse without obligations, it was always applied immediately, always to themselves, often to worldly aspects and science, or to astrophysical research here in this ESO centre.

Waldo joined them more than once, which evolved in pleasant discussions with their three voices. Tasty sandwiches and a drink were sometimes part of it. Those evenings had left a deep impression on Waldo. He had promptly asked if this could not be promoted to a regular ritual. And with the necessary humour he had come up once with a name for their small talk group, "home thinkers". Imilla had laughed about it. She also found it significant.

"Home thinkers, Waldo," she had said, "implies that you see much as homeless or uprooted, at least outside our small group, is it like that?"

"By the way, there is already the distance from yourself to the ESO research, isn't it," Frans got up to speak, "you remember, Waldo, why you opted for that famous duty as a service astronomer at the time?"

"Why was that?" Imilla asked.

Waldo explained to her, about which he had sometimes complained to Frans.

"I had intentionally left my own research," he said. "As a service astronomer, I thought I could follow all of that cosmology research rather as a spectator, so that I could be more philosophically involved, as a kind of life artist.

But alas, the reality does not seem to allow this. My job involves so much the prior study of extensive and diverse research aspects, that I am robbed of philosophical distance even more than before. The perspective that I wanted so badly, yes, in principle it is available. But I just don't get the opportunity to stand far enough and long enough in the corner. The perspective view refuses, so to speak, to come in my picture. And then ESO suddenly employs a certain Frans the philosopher there! Me damn jealous ... "

Their laughing for this sudden joke carried the smell of happiness, a perfume injection into the silence of the starry sky, launched from their desert base, merging into the infinitely heady scent of an infinitely beautiful love universe.



And so this happened more and more, such three-humans meetings full of musing in profound and often lovely conversations.

But of course, mostly Imilla and Frans alone in their privacy, when taking their beloved star walk during the early night. Then they left just before sunset. The transformation of a sunset was simply something with magic, you could get addicted to it. After all, it was an impetus for an almost religious stagnation. It was being without the aspect *busy*, wandering in a now without being on a journey, merely absorbing what presents itself. In a feeling of high gratefulness.

He had already noticed, how slightly differently Imilla spoke about all this, more sensing what her heart was directly communicating about it, and actually *being* this communication, in connection. But there was one aspect of these Paranal sunsets that they both had deeply absorbed into themselves: the sinking of the sun was their mirror moment that reflected perfectly their personal transformation. It could quietly symbolize their own candle that goes out, passing away as deep transformation.

And also the other transformations. For instance the transition from a life without each other to a life together, their started relationship as a spiritual hinge.

Just before Imilla and Frans had prepared themselves for the walk, they sometimes still had their wonderful time in bed, making love, in what they called their sex as a tantric journey.

Of the four weeks that they had been intimately interacting with each other, the last week had been so intense that it couldn't be otherwise, they both wanted to merge together. Imilla had always been so open and pleasantly inviting, effortlessly feminine. It was she who had first begun talking about her wish to lie in his bed. He had first stated that he still wanted to let sink everything, with regard to their relationship, and that he could do this well if he slept still in his own bed.

But a few minutes later he already said how foolish he thought himself. Just like a clumsy teenager. Yes, of course he would love so much to feel her warm physical magic in highest togetherness and utmost tenderness, in an ultimate intensity, as in a divine trance. In lived love.

And so it was that they finally slept together, sometimes in Imilla's room, sometimes in his.

As they physically twisted into each others passion, there was mighty confirmation of what was already present without this. It was delightfully beautiful, how her and his body continued their communication, from within the depths of life and matter. Sex as passion, as the heavenwild pushing for life continuation and love continuation, sex as the gaze in oneness, sex as the little dying without separation as reflected by an orgasm. Being an echo of the imminent deepest transformation in the miracle of our death.

And he enjoyed so much her beautifully flowing physical body wonder, completely who Imilla was. It was beautiful just to look at her at work, or at the table, or during walks or their conversations; her way of being.

But during and after their playful sexual intercourse he could taste her beautiful personality even more completely, then she was surrendered in him, and vice-versa. Her enchanting sensuous, supple body merely interpreted in a superlative way what a sort of natural flexibility was in her. And the way her gloriously falling black hair sometimes moved to a cover of her face, while those eyes pierced through it warmly and wide open, that made him dizzy.

When they then jokingly applied their philosophical witty skills to the size of their tasty bodies, they rolled together with so much smiling heart laughter, that Frans was in ecstasy. They realized together their gratitude, driven to the top. It was as if going higher than so-called pure top experience 'à la Maslow', it felt as the sublunary announcement of *love-as-the-source*.

Recently, Frans had also shared his regular evening reading, 'The Goddess Image' with her. She apparently knew a great deal in advance about those fascinating testimonies of our start-up history, mostly from a long time before agriculture. But most of all she had been simply fascinated by the way Frans dealt with it, his intense, passionately trying to grasp their consciousness, to empathize with the way their sense of existence carried them!

Imilla had taken up the book quickly, and in the meantime had read it completely.

And guess what, they had agreed to both apply this musing. It even proved inspiring for lots of items they discussed. And it inspired even their sex, Frans on his way, Imilla on hers. And after their sex they sometimes took this blissful musing book in hand. Reading passages, contemplating illustrations, saying something softly about it, pondering it together.

When afterwards, after their intense physicality, they tasted the outside coolness of the evening or night, the air seemed to absorb them in the purest form of life breath, the peace of oneness with the surrounding. Almost as if making love to the physical aspect of a physically tangible sensory cosmos.

In that atmosphere they were both, the sequel to their lovemaking, to their peace. They were allowed to experience how living life is. Meanwhile, looking next to death would have invalidated its authenticity for both of them.

They were both indeed philosophical in heart and soul.

Frans rather accidentally, from his education, interest and passion. The biologist Imilla was it from passion and from lots of self-teaching, but especially by nature. Frans knew that Imilla was much more purely philosophical than himself. He wondered if it was her being a woman, or her Aymara ancestry? She had essential things ahead of him.

\* \* \* \* \*

One evening the three of them left for their beloved star walk. They were a little late, the sun had already set for fifteen minutes when they arrived where they wanted to settle down.

Although it was barely 8.50pm, the night had unfolded. They sat on some bench-imitating stones, near the '*Star Track*' path, 200m past the sharp access road bend, south-west under the telescope platform.

While they were gazing in their silence at the faint remnant of light on flat ocean-clouds where the sun had set, Imilla suddenly began to quote a poem with her own warmth of voice, slowly and with a musical, weighted, emphatic pronunciation. Frans was surprised, he recognized it.

He remembered how he had spoken with her about sunset, autumn, farewell, letting go, about fundamental problems he did, and she did not seem to have.

And then she had referred to a poem about the autumn phenomenon, as could be read in his book *Forest Vision*. It was one of those accompanying pieces of poetry in this philosophical workbook that apparently appealed so much to her.

But it was strange how she quoted it now, in her own English translation, here in an Atacama desert night. The fact she knew it by heart, surprised him.

And the sound of the words surprised him and had something uncomfortable, as if it were almost inappropriate. Or unworldly. Also because he was not sure how to deal with shifting and outdated insights. You are who you are, but this is not at all static, what may offer strange effects.

Like an adult suddenly reading things he had written as a 14-year-old teenager.

Nevertheless he listened with much attention.

### *FALL MAGIC*

*The dull green of empty-grown wealth  
is arduously turning to the mild light,  
the sun confirms autumn with pale face*

*and wallows shyly through its track.  
Trees give smell of air that sleeps, and  
spider death weaves web that weeps.*

*Then my animal blood roars a cry of life,  
and knows respite, the slow dying counts  
in riped forest, echoing its imminent end.*

*When light is heavening in yellow leafage,  
my soul will flee to dark shrub date,  
mourning this life's quandary fate.*

"It is simple poetry, and lovely in its expressiveness," Imilla said immediately, "a poem titled Fall magic."

Waldo asked who the poet was, "or is it yours?"

"No no, it's poetry from that booklet of Frans, "*Woudvisioen*", meaning "*Forest Vision*", she answered in a dry tone, with a somewhat comical sound, "a book in Dutch, but I found lots of it so intriguing that I had translated much in English, mostly the poems. Just for myself, actually even with a feeling that it could perhaps be useful some day."

"Uh... which book?" Waldo asked, "a book by you, Frans? Apparently one that I don't know I think?"

"Well," Frans replied, "it is a work from more than 15 years ago, it was never published in English." He was aware that Waldo knew his professional philosophical work, and he understood his surprise.

"It was difficult to translate back then," he continued, "because it's a mixture of well and not-worked-out thoughts in relation with poetry. And furthermore, until recently, I found that booklet rather a sort of experimental youth sin.

But as you know, with regard to the scope of some elements, I am certainly in full evolution. By the way, last week, I changed the last lines of the poem together with Imilla, and added a closing line to it, and Imilla reformulated it in English. May I quote that changed part?

"Ah yes, surely, do it! I'm curious," the response sounded.

Frans smiled, "Imilla, do you want to recite it? You have surprised me that you knew it by heart, so it's up to you to continue, isn't it." And Imilla continued indeed:

*When light is heavening in yellow leafage,  
my soul is smiling in lit shrub while  
marrying life's quandary hub*

*in knowing living love.*

Waldo noticed an almost adolescent embarrassment in Frans while Imilla had recited the latter. He was also struck by a different appearance of Frans. He had never noticed it before. This Frans, 50 years old, seemed much younger again. Or was it that very soft residual light from the western sky?

Imilla continued: "Frans apparently feels the urge to go back to this poetry and make it evolve into new perspectives, isn't it Frans."

"Whether you believe it or not Waldo, I think more and more in different ways since I met Imilla. But not only that. What I'm changing nowadays on the former views of the past, changes almost everything within myself.

It's a reciprocity.

I'm changing my writings and my writings are changing me. And also, those old-fashioned existential sighs in the poems from that time, you should hear it! *My animal blood roars a cry of life*', or, *'my soul mourns life's quandary fate*'. That grieving for dying as a loss, it's no longer on the

foreground in such possessive way, and that surely is Imilla's inspiration. Right Imilla?"

"But ..., Waldo," Imilla intervened once more, sounding again in a dry and slightly funny tone, "I can recommend you only this one way to thoroughly understand the person Frans, if you wish. Simply reading the poetry in this booklet, and then preferably reading well between and behind the lines."

Waldo smiled at Imilla, and replicated: "I will leave it to you to thoroughly search for his soul stirrings. I think you're very good at that, by the way. But I'd like to read those translated pieces, is that possible?"

"Of course," Imilla said, "and because you like poetry, you will probably love it. Not too difficult, comprehensible, but directly indicating half a chapter of his philosophy, that's how you like poems, don't you. And do you know what is important Waldo? In that booklet, Frans actually started to meet some pristine openness for what many call "spirituality". You should try to feel that."

So she had quite immersed herself in Frans' "*Forest Vision*". That book apparently had a sort of place of honour in her bookcase. The numerous pieces of poetry in it appealed to her. Moreover, she had fresh and very deep and sometimes crushing insights in those pieces. Crushing, that's how it sometimes felt for Frans in the beginning. She understood what it said, but understood this ... further. She found the sequel, of which Frans as a writer had hardly been aware of. Or she saw consequences that he had not realized.

She also said that Frans spoke about his actual sources in that booklet. But that it was such a shame, how he managed at the same time, without a concession, to ignore his own sources. According to her, what he did was actually this: bring it up, touch his own essence, and then diligently deny or break down. She did not blame him for this, she just noticed it. And she invited Frans to continue his walking in the longing direction, not to give in to the comfort of the old faithful pattern, if he found out that his heart knew better than that pattern.

Imilla had once generalized Frans' rational abstractive attitude into the tenor of Western thought, and then she effortlessly posed her own desecrating of so much meaningful in opposition to the often value-diminishing Western view.

She had once said that you just had to wait. Waiting for men to see the purest meaning of the feminine principle in more clarity.

Which, in turn, would only be possible once women absorbed their feminine truth more authentically, then standing up again in the awareness of their grounded wisdom, and offering this to be supported by the masculine values. All this waits to emerge, and it will come, she had added then. But that all required patience. Frans did not understand this patience aspect. She then made the comparison that you don't feel any impatient pressure because your three-month-old baby doesn't read books yet, that's just one aspect of so much to come. You only need love and patience and trust for that.

Or another time she said: "Waiting, trusting, being patient, just *being* instead of *doing*. Actually listening to the voice within yourself knowing everything about your true reality as it extends itself far beyond your direct sense of self".

And another time Imilla summarized what she considered as important and found in principle in "*Forest Vision*" of her dear Frans. She apparently knew these things present in him without those texts. That explained her intrigued interest in Frans, the writer of that beautiful booklet '*Forest Vision*', when he arrived at Paranal.

She just sensed this, and at the same time she felt his blockage against further development of that principle, something that hurt her.

Yes, this all had made that after the first personal confrontation with Frans, she was open to him without any problem. She thus read the signal from within her abdomen that she could indeed fall in love with him.

When she had explained this to him a month ago, he had been perplexed, again by the way. Frans knew falling in love as a fatal phenomenon. Not for her. For her it turned out to be a dialogue between her being and the being of another.

This communication would possibly be concluded with permission. A kind of decision from the depths of wisdom. A meaningful decision not only from the abdomen, but also from the entire universe, she added. It's a natural key moment on your way, actually you unconsciously already had known it beforehand.

It was a new world for Frans, but he "recognized" that world in a certain sense, and the longer the more.

Just as it sometimes seemed to him that he already knew Imilla from thousands of years ago, this area also seemed to be something he vaguely remembered from a very long time ago, from far away, from a distant ever somewhere. As if a remnant shined through of unharmed presence of spirits or souls or higher dimensions and their accessibility by ecstatic openness.

As if '*The Goddess Image*' had started to meet him, instead of the other way around.

"Just hear now," Imilla whispered suddenly.

But nothing followed. Frans and Waldo looked at her questioningly. "Don't you hear it? Wait, there, from the computer centre."

And indeed, then they noticed what she pointed out to them. Music in the distance. After a while following carefully, they agreed what it was. The last movement from Beethoven's fifth piano concerto.

"Well, apparently he is happy with his research, and in the mood to let resound it," smiled Imilla.

But it remained strange at the same time. Frans preferred the deep silence of a few moments ago. The night was now complete, the faint glow of the last light reflection above the western ocean horizon had disappeared. The depth of the desert night without life also demanded a depth of black soundlessness.

He whispered this thought in Imilla's ears, and she agreed fully.

A few minutes later the silence returned. It remained now completely silent again.

The music was gone, their voices were gone for a while, and Imilla now felt herself in a gravityless floating. The cosmical naked dimension of the Andes, as she knew this deep down into her fibres from her early childhood, it did its work.

It embraced her, and sang about her soul-being in a universal resonating, in an infinite love.



## 6

And then it happened. Barely three months after the soul marriage between Imilla and Frans had begun, there at Cerro Paranal.

It was around the time that several research programs by all VLT colleagues were felt to be very exciting, and the answer to exciting questions, already known for Paranal people but still kept under embargo, would be made public to the world within a few days. Also Imilla and Frans were enthralled by this fascinating exploratory stream, and they felt indeed very surprised by the unbelievable result. By a huge, deep research program, in collaboration with the Space Telescope Science Institute using the 2.4m Hubble Space Telescope, there was found an amazing result.

For many years astrophysicists had been searching for an eventual answer on a fundamental cosmological question, by determining the parameters expansion speed of the universe and density of the matter—energy content. Due to gravity the expansion rate of the universe has to slow down, but how much? It could result in an infinite universe with an always lesser density, emptier and emptier by the decay of always more and more and at last actually all elements, after an extremely long time even every proton.

Or it could have such a value that the universe will once ever stop the expansion and will then start the contrary, the contraction towards an eventual collapse, far in a distant future, in the so-called “big crunch”, after which a new big bang, and thus an oscillating universe.

Well, the answer was found. And that proved shocking. It was neither one nor the other, the expansion of the universe was not slowing down at all, but appears to be accelerating, totally unexpected! And this implied enormous consequences. The most striking was that the ‘known’ universe with its understood mass and energy comprises barely 5% of the entire universe. Wow, how is that possible! As already realized from a dramatic “visual” mass shortage to understand the rotation curves of galaxies, most matter, 85% even, turned out to be simply invisible, only detectable by its gravitational influence

on the known mass. This enigma forced the researchers to call the 85% simply "dark matter".

And now it had to be concluded that the lion's share of energy in our universe was completely unknown as well. It worked against gravity, it was completely unknown and it was deeply enigmatic. And that was then called "dark energy." Moreover, this mysterious dark energy happened to make up 2/3 of the universe content, while the sum of "normal" and "dark" matter makes up only 1/3. Astrophysics, cosmology and quantum physics were challenged.

An article and a press conference were being prepared, and the Paranal community was looking forward to it. Paranal knew the smashing meaning, the upcoming news had a spectacle content. The management had been clear about this: it had to reach the whole world, and it had to sound festive in all keys. After all, it was beautiful! And spectacular research results are always presented with great ostentation.

The euphoria had been haunting the mountain top for days, the Atacama had been promoted to a window on the cosmos, with the best optical lab in the world. ESO had surpassed itself. The world press was going to highlight this very well, the European astrophysical research would once again be lauded.

Then, just then it happened.

What was thought unthinkable. An atrocious and horribly devastating earthquake.

An exceptionally massive earthquake with an epicenter in the ocean barely 65km west-southwest of Paranal, with a magnitude of 9.9M<sub>w</sub> on the Moment magnitude scale, has swept such brutal horizontal and vertical acceleration forces through the familiar Paranal environment, that spectacular landscape distortions were modelled.

The drama took place in the morning, shortly after the break in the early daylight, under that typically bright blue sky dome that is so common above the observatory. The drama occurred, while the blue remained unapproachable itself, just as the sun did not shrink, in the greatest indifference.

The toll was extremely heavy for the Paranal residents. Everyone was awake around that time, both night and day shifts were finishing tasks or starting up, or they needed a break. At the start of the sudden violence, many

were in full conversation somewhere in the cafeteria or in an office. Most were thrown so hard at something solid, that they had grave injuries as a result. It was worse for those who were struck by objects catapulted away. Just about everything that had a fixed mounting in walls or ceilings, was already torn away within the first second.

Some were horribly crushed by falling steel structures, loose cladding panels, and even huge pieces of rock that crept up gruesomely from ground cracks. Large parts of the perfectly horizontal VLT platform on the Paranal summit suddenly showed the most bizarre slopes and curves, on either side of an abruptly manifesting giant crack.

In the unreal aspect of the event, no one had any idea of the total destruction that was taking place here. They underwent this violently labile rock modelling of the earth's crust as the usual earthquake tale. Only now the violence was so uncommonly severe and distorting that there were life-threatening effects everywhere and for everybody without exception, but the awareness of that was not clear.

Each for himself underwent the event in his own way. Anyone who was confronted with something terrible, decided in fear that it was he who suddenly had brutal, stupid bad luck. Nothing gave signals that someone else could also have such bad luck. The general view of the catastrophe couldn't seep through into awareness. At least not while those devastating waves still washed through the rock ocean.

Once the worst shock violence was over, after about nine minutes, a looking around started to get some effect, it could start an imaging, at least for those who could still see and hear. And that imaging took place in the haze of the unreal. So much so that those who had seriously bleeding open wounds, did not give attention to it, if they already consciously noticed it, because pain did not immediately fully penetrate. Whoever looked around or listened was more concerned with the strange change of rhythm ... just before, the world was turning, and now he wasn't turning anymore? What happened and why? What made it so quiet after so much noise?

Anyone who broke through the silence and once again approached his partner, colleague or interlocutor from before the change of the world, had the vague feeling of wanting to move through a non-passable time barrier. After

all, his interlocutor had been banished forever from the other world before the rhythm change. While they were now in the irreversible post-period.

However, the feeling of unacceptably breaking the barrier was deliberately violated by many. It was an attempted flight. If it did work out, one would possibly be back to just before? Then perhaps it would turn out that this special sense of drama was only an unexpected side effect from something ordinary that had taken place. Perhaps it turned out to have been just a brief illusion, or even a dream.

People started conversations in such unearthly unreal feeling. They were slow and soft at first, as in a trance.

The only ones who were quickly sucked back into the more ordinary reality were the ones who could move freely while noticing others who couldn't because they were trapped. Badly injured? Dead or alive? Especially the last question started to play for the mobiles, from what was seen and not heard. That death-life question could arise after all, because it concerned the death of those others.

Then there were the non-mobiles who noticed life-threatening body effects. For example, that they could no longer breathe. They were the clearest or most aware of them all. They knew that they were dying, and had signed a pact for peace in a very fast and almost euphoric way. Peace pact with whom? Perhaps with themselves? They already knew with the utmost certainty that they would no longer call, no longer formulate a question such as "*hey come-on help-me-out-this-shit*".

That realization was accepted in a very neutral way. A neutrality specific to what is very common, what is the most obvious thing in the world. Being outside of oneself, not by pain or fear or sorrow or whatever but in a complete in-se stand, as in a leaving depart from the body in a near-death experience, considering the self as a specific, almost strange she or he, experiencing everything in a new way of meeting consciousness, shifted from "I-am" into "she or he-is", it was amazing. And it all took so long, as if they had been lying there for years, or rather timeless.

Of the 150 people who stayed at Paranal, around 30 were with the latter group. Usually crushed by a heavy object, or hit and knocked out with a terrible blow.

Frans was one of them.

He was trapped. He knew that his head was hit, but especially that his chest was not moving up and down. Breathing, that precious ordinary breathing, was a thing of the past. He felt that he had now entered a new stage of his life, the phase of the breathless.

Frans was amazed, therefore, when he noticed that a bleeding Imilla next to him was pulling as a madman on the steel beam under which he lay. More particularly, the effect that arose was astonishing to him: there was movement, the steel beam shifted bit by bit, causing his chest to move again, threatening his newly acquired phase of life. The breathless phase, it was taken away from him. Quite strange. "Imilla, why are you taking that away from me?" he thought. He had an idea. "I'll ask her."

And that was the last thing he remembered.

\* \* \* \* \*

Imilla had been in the "*Hospital Clinico Universidad*" of Antofagasta for two weeks now. Still waiting for the approval of the doctors. They had to give their approval for the planned and desired repatriation of Frans to Europe. She knew that Frans could only survive if he had to undergo a very complex brain operation that would gently pulverize and remove the deep, bulky and scattered blood clots in his brain. It was so complex that they didn't even want to start it here.

And in any case they had their hands full with the excessively heavy overcrowding in the hospital, due to the massive onrush of seriously injured people from the earthquake. The sports hall had also become an emergency extension of the hospital.

Imilla had insisted. Was communication not useful with colleagues elsewhere in the world who wanted to take it? And the head of neurosurgery had accepted that. Hearing that Frans was a Belgian, he had contacted top specialists in Leuven, and sent them the entire file digitally. And one Belgian brain surgeon gave it a chance, if Frans could be transferred to him, he wanted to operate.

However, his unstable condition made the doctors to consider a flight as probably fatal. If spontaneous return to normal blood pressure and normal rest were to occur, he would have at least slightly more chances to survive, they had said.

Imilla talked to Frans again and again. She told the most ordinary things, she played nothing, what she told was direct and came from her heart. She told it not to a comatose patient but to her dearest growing, human, evolving friend Frans.

Sometimes she did not tell but ask something. Normal things. Occasionally, however, with a certain boldness she had asked questions that could challenge him. She had asked him several times why he was so restless. If he could not choose for life, he should be calm, that could not be otherwise. She knew that for sure, and she told him too.

But if he wanted to choose life, then such turmoil was not exactly the right way. She told him that too, and then she asked why this unrest was there. If there was enough rest in his mental field, his blood pressure would naturally respond to it, so much more powerfully than the Logimat that he was given to stabilise it.

Frans did not respond to her question. And indeed, Imilla did not know whether Frans was in control of that choice. She knew about that choice, but such a choice was perhaps so difficult for Frans that he could not handle this. It depended on the true nature of the coma. And coma was very difficult to interpret.

Imilla instinctively suspected that there were so many types of coma as coma patients. There were often similarities, but were the differences, and especially the different meanings, not of greater significance?

Imilla realized very well the possibility that Frans would give up. In principle he could survive. From a technical point of view, his condition was very serious but possibly open for improvement. He suffered from the combination of a heavy internal bleeding at the top of the left brain hemisphere, and the fact that his brain had been deprived of oxygen for a few minutes, as with a drowning man.

She had listened to and accepted the technical explanation with the greatest care. That medical constitution was the fact, the framework within which the rest took place. But the doctor could never tell anything about the rest.

The remainder was the pure essence of being within Frans. The unconscious does not suffer from the damaged body. The unconscious, which is brimming with meaningful creating consciousness, could then steer subtly.

Or even not subtly but instead deeply redesigning, as was often witnessed from a near-death experience.

Redesigning to what? What was the source of Frans currently working on? It might have had to do with his apparent unrest.

Imilla wished he had enough strength somewhere deep within him, to maintain, not give in to despair or fatigue. She felt she still had to learn much from him.

Maybe she could do this in case he would die? The physical Frans would be gone then, but Frans in her life was by no means gone.

Conversely, it was different: if he died, she as his soul mate would be no longer an evolving seed in his becoming. The intriguing poetry of Frans begged for the further completion of what was just a beginning. And she could have invited him to go always deeper. He himself was the one that had asked for this, his wish to see deeper and his question if she could help him with that, and she had accepted it.

And wasn't it running anyway?

Occasionally Imilla took up '*The Goddess Image*'. She had put that in her hand luggage together with '*Forest Vision*'. And she thought again on its emotional recovery.

While the seriously injured victims on Paranal were still being transported, and Frans had already been flown away with a helicopter, she had crawled into the ruins of the Residencia in great astonishment. She had felt the need to situate where more or less was his room, in that incomprehensible unreasonableness of entropy.

Then she had suddenly seen part of their possessions. Also their books, '*The Goddess Image*', '*Forest Vision*', and many others. She had picked those two and still three other books in a wild rush and clenched it in her hands with deep emotion. Clasped. She had felt it as an elemental need. She absolutely had to save those five books. It felt like she was saving Frans.

Each time she chose a part of '*The Goddess Image*' here in the room and read it to Frans, she hoped that this could somehow play a role for his insusceptible comatose existence.

From the third week without change in Antofagasta, Imilla began to nourish her hope and faith, and her need for presence with Frans, by re-reading

some of his poems. She read it as consciously as possible. Then she withdrew, the hospital was located on *Avenida Argentina*, barely 1.2 km from a nice stretch of sandy beach.

She then walked a few hundred meters south along *Avenida Argentina* until she could turn right onto *Avelino Contardo*. That's how she ended up straight on that beach. She found a lonely spot with some rocks and sat there, as close to the ocean as possible.

The surf sound efficiently drowned out the omnipresence of passers-by and workers. Even the typical, loud noise of the somewhat more northerly situated harbor became friendly. The surf was then soothing music that tied things together around her.

In this way she could feel herself sufficiently in oneness with that very large, comprehensive world full of events. Feeling this was necessary. If this oneness wasn't there, she lost something of her heart. And she never wanted that.

The surf did its wonderful forging, and absorbed the turmoil within Imilla. She knew it, and only then did she feel sufficiently harmonious to be able to delve into things outside of herself. And she wanted to delve deep into fragments of poetry from Frans' intriguing "*Forest Vision*".

Time and again she went back to a special poem about someone who had suffered a brain thrombosis and was paralyzed.

That poem was quite a matter of course. She couldn't ignore it. As if she wanted to take the prophetic aspect out of it in order to be present at the decision-making field in the unconscious of her beloved Frans. And she read through it again for the umpteenth time, now loudly spoken out, as if steering it into the endlessly absorbing ocean:

### *THE THREE IMAGES*

*The world slowly walks from faithful  
horizon, when a stately tree image  
enters gently the hospital window,  
and shares its musing silence.*



*A benumbed gaze from glasses steals  
a part of the image on which its  
pondering was so intensely fixed  
that idea got relentless reflexion,*

*for a while musing is ebbing away  
to elsewhere, while glance dissolves,  
after which the thought resumes  
by clue of form on which it grew.*

*And so, the tree recalled a gasping  
thinking on moment of panting  
body that fell to its origin earth,  
an embolism mistreats, daunting,*

*haunting body-moment vomits  
a never ending consequence,  
time and faithful world creaks  
in seams of ominous end-bids,*

*indecently disturbing agenda,  
the stroke did just not fatally skip  
the thirty years always been seen  
awaiting in beckoning future.*

*- His gaze then slips to averse branch,  
recalls him by this second image  
the crisis, stubborn discomfort,  
his ego was vastly deprived,*

*a crossroads choice has disappeared,  
he must get peace, he knew,  
with paralysis without speaking,  
in silent staring, an infinite wailing,*

*he had to chew unpalatable  
raw questions, while wearing  
complete lack of control, wanting  
its fatal attack on his Self.*

*- But miracles seem real, and  
offered him a road, slowly  
dawning from mist, after months  
now timely laid out in the Self,*

*recognized after being pushed out,  
being hunted for years, that view  
screamed for clarity after too long  
an injustice: love view is the clue.*

*This view shifts into window frame,  
carrying higher cosmos sight, this  
third image, love-truth claim in  
brilliant light, it's right, it's bright.*

Imilla was intrigued by how Frans, in this writing, shattered the adherence to concrete facts in a very direct way, but did not really address the real, wise insight that was concealed in it.

Typical for Frans. Just feeling something of value, touching it from there, but then he cannot continue. Too threatening? Or was he too attached to concrete facts? An impetus for integration of a higher meaning was nevertheless there, the base for an ultimate re-ligare from what's authentically carried, the source connection in the Self, the soul.

That's why she really wanted him to stay a bit longer in this world. She could not help but wish him to penetrate further, they could make both themselves grow out of their love into more and more.

And it could make him as well happy and full of peace, and so he would give much to the universe.

\* \* \* \* \*

She had been back from the beach a while ago, when a short double knock on the door made her look up.

A figure appeared in the dim doorway that she immediately recognized. It was Waldo. He slowly came closer, a short smile to Imilla, immediately followed by a somewhat dejected stare at Frans.

"I heard about it," he said a little later, "it doesn't look good, they told me, is that so?" Imilla nodded affirmatively, and then asked about him.

"Well, I've been very lucky, like you. Just a few bruises in my legs, and a limp, but all in all it turns out to be not too bad." And giving it a funny twist:

"I hang on between the cripples for a few weeks, Imilla, and let me spoil nicely. So I certainly can't complain."

Imilla remained silent for a moment, looking at this tough, well-built, dark Chilean man. At first sight, he showed no signs of confusion that could refer to the event. The limp was not visible when he didn't walk. He looked so normal, as if they were three weeks back in time.

Waldo was there, oh well, it comforted her, meeting his friendship. He was one of the group only suffering lighter injuries. They had been brought to Santiago by bus. She asked why it was that he had come to Antofagasta.

"What do you want," he replied, "I just knew that Frans was in bad shape. I wanted to come as soon as possible, but it was but yesterday that I've got permission from the doctors to leave hospital. You know those people, don't you?"

Imilla suddenly thought of the business side of the catastrophe, the situation within ESO, the observatory, the damage and the prospects. She didn't have a clue.

"Do you know anything about ESO's plans with Paranal? Can the damage be tackled? "

Waldo frowned at her. "What the hell you can still think about, my god!" it sounded. He waited a moment, meanwhile Imilla kept looking at him silently, and then Waldo answered anyway.

"I have heard a few things indeed. Do you really want to know all that?"

"Yes, of course, Waldo, why not?"

"Well, last week in Santiago, I already had a working meeting in the hospital with the ESO management and a delegation from the industries involved."

"The experts already started three days after the disaster with an accurate analysis of the devastation. You can hardly believe it. Paranal is one giant scrap heap, the industry is not even interested in picking up parts in order to possibly be able to recover."

"The destroyed computer centre can be demolished as well anyway. The main mirrors and also the M2 and M3 mirrors of the Unit-Telescopes are in thousands of pieces. The 4 Auxiliary Telescopes are badly damaged, and their optics are cracked, of course also the main mirrors."

"Only the 2 Survey Telescopes came out pretty well. No, not the telescopes, but at least their main mirrors have not been cracked. Of course, all pistons of the active optics are broken, and their structure is entirely for scrap heap, but recuperation of those mirrors would be a possibility."

"That is now being studied. But that is by far the only thing. Anyway, to summarize the conclusion of the meeting, Imilla, the VLT doesn't exist anymore, period."

"And what does the management want to present to the Council as plans for the future?" Imilla asked.

Waldo was surprised at how calm and concrete Imilla was in her questions, as if she were an American journalist who briefly came to inquire things, a question of knowing what she had to write by tomorrow. She was not at all there like the Imilla from before the drama. What went on in her? Instead of answering her question, Waldo suddenly asked about her situation.

"But Imilla, first tell me how you stand. What do you actually experience? It is not insignificant, the way that Frans is there. I really don't want to hurt you, you know, but ... do you do know actually what I know? About where he stands?"

Imilla smiled warmly at Waldo and nodded. And now Waldo suddenly recognized her again. It made his anxiety about her instantly disappear, and he already regretted asking his question that way.

"Don't worry," she said, "I am well aware of the situation. But I really wanted to know those practical things, because we are not alone here. What you have to tell, the news about the VLT, may perhaps penetrate in Frans. I would like him to feel some kind of caring for those practical things in one way or another. They can draw him back to this world much more than anything."

"Because, you know, his coma is currently only evolving according to what his unconscious intends to do with his essential self. That unconscious can possibly be fed by impulses. Impulses from the concrete world may perhaps bring his self back in contact with this world."

“But ... you look surprised or shocked, Waldo? Don't you understand what I'm saying about that?”

Waldo had experienced a lot. The shock had been terrible. The extraordinarily violent natural disaster had caused many, many victims. As always, this concerned people in built-up environments.

The coastal village of Taltal, with a population of 15,000, 90 km south of Paranal and only 60km from the epicentre, recorded nearly 200 dead and 1,000 injured. In spite of the fact that the vast majority of the buildings there only have a ground floor, as is the case in all those tiny barrack towns in the Atacama. Similar figures for the equally large coastal village of Chañaral, although even 105 km further to the south than Taltal, and still further from the epicentre. And east of Chañaral, there was Diego de Almagro with its 18,000 inhabitants, with a similar sad fate as Taltal and Chañaral. Just like in the even more eastern mining town of El Salvador with its 7,000 inhabitants.

The toll was heavy everywhere in the Atacama.

And more than 80 km further south on the coast than Chañaral, in Caldera, also a coastal town of around 15,000 inhabitants, even that far, there were still a few dozen fatalities, in addition to many injured. 30 km further south than Caldera and a little further from the coast, lies the much larger city of Copiapó with its 160,000 inhabitants. Although already 280km from the epicentre, there were still dozens of fatalities and a multitude of injured people.

Moreover, as in the other direction, towards the north, in Antofagasta, already 150 km from the epicentre. Here as well, several hundreds of fatalities were counted, and many thousands have been injured.

In addition, there were many victims worldwide due to a huge tsunami. Despite numerous timely warnings, what had surprised the world. Finally, the epicenter was just in the ocean, 45 km off the coast of the Atacama Desert, beneath the continental side of steep submarine valley flanks next to the more than 7,600 m deep Peru-Chile Trench, not far from its deepest point, the more than 8,000 m '*Richards Deep*'. An undersea valley depth, actually more than 10 km lower than the nearby Paranal mountain peak.

This trench environment was the highly active culprit - nowhere in the world is the rate of tectonic rock creation as fast as in this part of the Pacific, rock creation via oceanic floor spreading, from the East Pacific Ridge 4,000 km further in this Pacific. The resulting high subduction rate near the Chilean

coast translates into huge force build-ups and stress-relieving shocks, which had given that immense thump to the ocean waters.

And so that horrible tsunami. And so much more dull misery.

And then on Paranal itself. 25 people died at the observatory or at the Residencia. Most of the others on Paranal were injured, a few dozen were in very bad shape. And the VLT no longer existed.

While he was familiar with all this, the real proportions nevertheless did not penetrate at all. He vaguely realized of himself that he was at least confused, that he still remained in a kind of trance. Fortunately he could feel very concerned about the suffering of others, of many good friends. That talent had continued to work. But his selfhood was out of balance, and he slept badly and often felt a bit depressed.

As Imilla suddenly started talking about the background to the coma in which Frans was lying, he did not understand that. Moreover, something like that made it difficult for him, it was all too powerful for him, and then ... such floating ideas when Imilla had spoken!

In the meantime Imilla had already noticed that he was indeed really astonished by her explanation. It was clear to her now that he didn't understand a word of it.

And Waldo, while she'd been talking like that, had even gotten a weird and very curious afterthought. He had suddenly looked at her as a silly and simple primitive Aymara Indian. While Imilla was such a valuable rich personality in the time before the drama. Had she changed so profoundly as a result of the calamity? Or, was it his own confusion that troubled him, and was it he himself who saw Imilla differently?

Waldo was an honest person. That meant that he no longer knew what he could say or think.

"I'm going to take a walk along the beach, Imilla. I really need that. To get a breath of fresh air, to refresh a bit all those tired windings of my brain. I'll come back to the hospital early in the evening, OK? At least, are you here then?"

"Waldo anyway!" Imilla said startled, her eyes looking up at him from almost non-worldly depths. "I'm so deeply sorry I confused you with talking about the coma like that. I won't do this anymore. Just try to forget this, okay?"

Above all, remember that we are just the same as before the shock, we may be troubled but we really are the same. Your walk surely will help you to know this. And when you get back at six, we can eat something together. There is a cosy eatery a little further here. Agreed?"

Waldo was relieved by this turn. The ordinary Imilla had addressed him with the warm recognition that is typical of her, her empathically embracing of another's interest. Just how she immediately understood that her coma explanation was difficult for him. Could that woman really read thoughts? Anyway, she was there as he knew her. That pleased him so much, it was such a good feeling.

"That is a good proposal, so I definitely will not refuse that offer, Imilla," he said, smiling intensely and broadly. "See you tight! And I will convey your greetings to the ocean." And so he left the hospital room.

After musing some 10 minutes about Waldo's reaction, Imilla's thoughts found Frans again, she got up and stood beside him at the bedside. She squatted and stroked his cheek, asking him whether he had heard Waldo. Whether he had heard that it apparently was really over for the VLT on Paranal. As usual, she sat with her face very close to his face, in an intense physical and mental presence. And she just talked, and talked.

"Waldo was here, he came to see how you are doing. He said he met with the ESO management. It's a big hilarity, you know, Frans. The VLT no longer exists, can you believe that?"

And then it unfolded.

The unexpected yet hoped. Of course no doctor would have dared to predict. Frans' head nodded, barely moving but unmistakably, several times in succession.

With her eyes wide open, Imilla felt her heart fall to her throat. Hadn't she seen it right? But yes indeed, or not? Yes indeed, she has seen it right!

"Frans, my beloved Frans, you've heard what I asked!" she shouted impulsively. And Frans' closed eyelids seemed to move slightly, and his head gave again a yes-nodding.

Imilla exclaimed his name, stared at him, suddenly shivered and began to cry. Her tears rolled, they poured out weeks of hope, weeks of worn out resignation that had bended by a heavier than normal weight. The tears kept flowing, surrendering abundantly to driving emotions of surprise and gratitude,

steered by love. They could not be stopped, like the flood of the sea that follows and externalises its tidal forces. She wept for minutes, while she sobbed and softly laughed. In the meantime, she kept pronouncing his name and kept holding her cheek very close to his face, which also brought tears to his face.

"Frans, did you indeed hear that Waldo was just in the room?" she sobbed. And it happened again. Frans nodded again, quietly, again that small yes movement. It was a yes to that question, but also a yes to the question of wanting to live. At least, Imilla thought this, spontaneously, almost unconsciously, but not entirely unconsciously. Because that life question seeped through her emotions, and then suddenly made her ask a question:

"My dear Frans, do you really want to live on, do you really want to stay with us in the living world?" And again Frans nodded his affirmative movement with his head.

Only then, after that last nod, did his eyes open.

Imilla jerked internally, from deep in her abdomen, she was so emotional. She looked at him full of intense expectation, right in his eyes. His eyes, so closed for weeks, they had expressiveness, Frans watched directly and meaningfully, his eyes carried a message outside.

Imilla did not get her emotions listed, but effortlessly captured that message. That look, that was a look of pure expression of the joy of life, even with passion. His eyes closed suddenly again for some seconds, and then opened again.

Then Imilla realized that the light in the room was probably quite intense. It was late afternoon, and the sun shone inward, not even to the bed, but the reflected light power on the white walls was still intense. For those eyes closed for weeks this had to be too much.

She went straight to the window and closed the blackout blinds. She came back to the bed, telling him carefully that the tempered light would be better, isn't it.

But how special, Frans shook his head intensely right and left, with an amazing refusal in his eyes.

"Do you want me to leave it open, Frans?" she asked in surprise.

He looked Imilla very directly in the eyes and clearly nodded yes, while his eyes radiated an unimaginably powerful warmth.



For a moment Imilla was thrown off balance. She had often heard from him how he enjoyed the warmth in her gaze, how he was sometimes taken aback by it, but now it was she being surprised. Not only was it the warm glow full of vitality in the viewers of this patient, they were also beaming with grateful love, love for her, for life, for the impending. Yes, Imilla now understood that he wanted those slats to stay open. He wanted to drink from the generous sunlight, he wanted to receive fully what was available in abundance.

She immediately went back to open the slats. While she was a bit nervous in struggling to tie the worn-out pull ropes back, she suddenly saw Waldo walking outside on the street. She didn't understand that he was coming back after fifteen minutes, but that was a side issue. Like an enthusiastic child, she yanked open the window and shouted to him as loudly as possible that he had to come immediately, that Frans was back to consciousness.

Waldo had clearly understood it, he stood still for a moment, and then waved as he went forth as fast as he could, in a sort of desperately limping marathon pace.

Imilla was immediately back with Frans. "Oh Frans, my dearest Frans, Waldo will be back in a minute, he will be there immediately," she said, stroking him softly down his cheek. She began to cry again, it gave large, rolling, living tears. "I am so happy Frans, you make me so happy, I love you so much, and your eyes tell me that you also want to be with me. I am so grateful to you for that, my dear boy."

In the meantime, she kept weeping, it was a soft and wide-eyed crying, with widely receiving eyes.

Frans also got moisture in his eyes. His mouth muscles moved, with small spastic shocks, but no sound came. But it turned out that this resultless attempt to say something was of no great importance to him, because his eye language remained radiant with pure gratitude.

When Waldo came in a moment later, Imilla noticed the expression on his face. She couldn't help but smile. It was the most stupid astonishment she had ever read in a face.

He quickly glanced back and forth from her to the bed a few times, and indeed noticed how Frans had his eyes open. He went to him, making eye contact. And that was there immediately.

Waldo's voice almost echoed. "Frans, oh my boy, are you really back with us, do you really hear us?" he exclaimed. And Frans answered the question, nodding affirmatively, softly with his head and fiercely with his eyelids. A faint expression of laughter on his face, his face tended to tense up due to the clumsy participation of muscles, but his eyes glowed, his eyebrows moved slightly up and down as if he wanted to add force at his nodding.

"God, my god, Imilla, what's that," Waldo almost bellowed. "Frans is back. And just now, while I arrived here today. And do you know why I was back from my walk so soon? I had decided to talk to that comatose Frans, I suddenly didn't care anymore that I didn't know whether he heard me or not. I absolutely wanted to chat to him, for hours I wanted to tell him about everything we had experienced together before the earthquake. I wanted to tackle him, he would get to hear quite a bit! And look at that now, our Frans is awake, man, man! And tell me, how are you now? How the hell is it possible, you are back among us, you are there, completely. You were joking isn't it, to let us think that you were out, but you are forgiven. You are back, that is so phenomenal, so amazing, so good of you, fellow! "

Waldo continued his shouting from contentment, like a little boy who can't handle his joy. Imilla could not help but joining the same expression of enthusiasm with him, and with the same amount of decibels she shouted that she would immediately be eating Frans with the passion of pure love. Her spontaneous laughter sounded almost childishly sweet through the room, and she rushed back to the bed. She kissed Frans on the lips, stroking him with a shivering tenderness through his hair next to the bandage.

A moment later she calmed down a bit, and the soft eye contact returned to the foreground. They were smiling at each other, she in its completeness, he with his eye language, his eyebrows, the light movements of his head, and his very limited facial expression right through the remains of rigidity. But for her and for him it proved to be equivalent, just as complete. And again she began to cry. She noticed how also Frans' eyes became moist again.

Minutes and minutes passed that way in silent weeping and laughter, and meeting by looking at each other.

"I would rather leave that dinner out now," Imilla said after a while, turning to Waldo with her tearful eyes, "I want to enjoy my dear Frans too

much, and I think he is too happy to be with me, that's what he wants. Isn't it Frans? "And Frans nodded, always with those bright eyes.

Waldo, too, stood now somewhat calmer beside the bed. He was no longer in a tizzy. And while quietly watching his friend, he spoke to him:

"My dear Frans, may I ask you something? Did you perhaps hear what I told Imilla about Paranal earlier? Half an hour ago, before you had already opened your eyes? "

Frans did not respond for a few seconds. Waldo got a bad feeling for a moment, a yes or a no move, it doesn't matter, as long as there was at least a reaction. But then it came anyway. It was a calm, clear yes move. Imilla and Waldo looked at each other for a moment. She then spoke to Frans, gently caressing him:

"But that is no longer important, the living world is there and it doesn't need really a VLT, isn't it."

Again it took a while before Frans responded. He then shook a small no.

"What do you mean Frans?" Imilla asked, "do you mean that the world does need the VLT?" But Imilla now saw the immediate response, clearly negative! Frans agreed, the living world was needed, the VLT of course not.

But then Frans did something special. He suddenly shook a small yes, an immediate no, then a yes again, and again a no.

Imilla looked at Frans, she was surprised, and thought very quickly about what he could mean by this. Her intuition was strong, she knew that, she had to trust it, and she said what she felt:

"Are you saying that you know how to put the importance of that VLT in perspective, but that you are so sorry that it has been destroyed, that the earthquake has destroyed it all?"

Frans now nodded affirmatively his eyes and head, intensely. He was clearly happy that he was understood.

Ten seconds later there was suddenly another series of small yes-and-no movements. Again Imilla responded immediately.

"You don't think the answer is sufficient yet. Are you saying that you want some more information about what happened to whom?"

And again the intense eye and head affirmation and a manifest being glad that he was understood.

And thus Imilla had to explain the circumstances of the disaster.

"That is not so favourable," she began.

"You are one of the thirty or so seriously injured, while there are more than fifty lighter injured. And there were also deaths. Twenty-five people did not survive. The six people from the kitchen were all killed, the restaurant has taken the heaviest toll, of the thirty people who were there, the half has died. It was an earthquake with its epicentre 65km west-southwest of Paranal, 45km far in the ocean. An extremely heavy one, heavier than the May 1960 record quake of 9,6M<sub>w</sub>. This one had 9.9M<sub>w</sub> on the Moment magnitude scale.

You yourself were hit by a steel beam and got stuck under it for a while, so that you could not breathe for several minutes. And you have a major head wound, and an internal bleeding behind that wound. You will have to undergo surgery there. But we are here at the Antofagasta hospital. Here they cannot perform that operation. The doctors are waiting for a stabilization of your condition, after which you can handle the flight to Europe. You will be operated in Leuven, which will make you better again. And of course I stay with you everywhere and all the time, my sweet, beloved Frans."

"The doctors Imilla!" Waldo suddenly exclaimed. "Isn't it time to inform the department that he has awoken?"

"But of course you are right," she agreed, while she directed herself to Frans, stroking him on the cheek when she spoke to him. "Hey my dear Frans, I'm going to ask the doctor, I'm going to tell him squarely how beautiful you look at me, I'm going to explain to him that I've never seen anyone look so healthy in my life. Are you staying and waiting for me? I'll be back as soon as possible. And then you can be busy with Waldo in the meantime. See you soon, my lovely dear living man." In which she gave him a tender kiss on his cheek with a sweet content that surpassed honey.

And so Imilla left the room, singing inwardly like the nightingale she had heard a few times in distant Belgium during her puberty. Life could be like a stream with destructive whirlpools that rearrange everything, she knew this. But life could also show itself as a small source that wells up in springtime, intimately resplendent with the joy of being present on a living planet. She was aware now of that nightingale and of that spring. The world, her world, sang it out like Schubert's purest music.

All the unity of insights she had once collected, the emotions from those insights, it imploded within her, as if she were an internal lightning ball of intense love energy.

A small moment of introspection shot through her, telling her that she was actually very happy that she could have been born as an Aymara and as a child from her parents, that she was thereby somewhat closer to the deep things of life. And that her wise mother had explained to her that she had a destination to serve the world, that she was therefore literally sent into the larger world at the age of eight, it was simply just and right. She felt an intense and humble gratitude for the ways she had been given.

This reminded her of the Altiplano starry sky, such as she had known this as a child at the foot of the majestic Andean massifs. The all-embracing starry skies from her youth, so naturally and rightly continued in the same starry skies where she was allowed to meet Frans.

She wondered how she would feel when she were soon back in Europe. She was curious. She would go back to interacting with those busy, daring merry-go-round, where old myth and new mind were mixed in such an unbalanced way.

In her eyes, the old continent was a co-source of the future. Right from the nowadays start of the third millennium, she saw European contradictions unmistakably as a catalyst in growing up to that future. The human puberty started to gain momentum there. Early human maturity or a maturing being-human was in the offing. No Hegelian syntheses from earlier forces, but the creation of the pure new, as a mutation that is found suitable by Gaian wisdom to hold. The worn-out Europe of the promising changing future, she would re-enter it.

The happy child in Imilla radiated and sang, without decibels, but clearly tuned to harmony, as if she were co-creating the most beautiful love universe.

After signing the doctor's certificate, agreements were made with Garching, where the crisis centre was still activated. A passenger plane with extensive medical equipment would arrive at the regional airport of Antofagasta within 4 days. So not even a flight to Santiago. Directly from Antofagasta to Brussels, about 30 patients under ESO contract would be repatriated to Europe, including her dear Frans.

The reasoning scientist in her was happy about it. The specialized equipment and personnel on the plane gave her a comfortable feeling. There was great uncertainty about the further course of Frans' medical condition, this remained a fact. They had clearly told her that. The structure of his brain damage was complex and had continued to evolve. It was said that she could have hope, but she had to take into account a possible turn for the worse.

Europe, a turn for the worse? Something in Imilla knew that in this situation Europe would ultimately be better. In the end.

What was happening now felt like a repeat of a long time ago, when she fled the Pinochet coup at the age of 8, also to Europe, to Belgium. She had always realized it as a valuable and good turn in her life.

She fathomed the unconscious in her, with some diffidence, with much margin. Nonetheless, she clearly could not ignore a constantly recurring and effervescent interpretation, and that interpretation concerned the repetition of positive things. How could she have understood that differently than that it would end well with Frans?

\* \* \* \* \*

After Imilla left the doctor and wanted to go back to Frans' room and their beloved friend Waldo, she suddenly felt an irresistible urge to retire, into the silence of being alone.

She did this, and quickly went to the nearby courtyard where no one ever sits, as she had noticed for so many days. And indeed she was immediately alone there, on a bench between a cluster of semi-tall green shrubs and a sand circle with carefully positioned ornamental stones. She sat in the shade of the bushes, and wanted to open herself as sensitive as possible to that urge, being alone here for a while was now her need and duty.

At the same time, and that was extremely strange, a completely different feeling had suddenly begun to manifest itself, abruptly. She suddenly felt a huge discord, without warning.

She had never known such dissension, as far as she could remember. Trusting in her intuition, as well as trusting in human organizational approach, that was not at all strange to her. Both directions had their place in her worldview, as usual, without any contradiction.

Why then did she feel a sudden and intense lack of confidence, very unexpectedly and without reason, and even a deep confusion? So suddenly? As if the reconcilable in oneness would imply a deep irreconcilability. How could this? What was happening? She didn't understand this.

The minutes moved on. But it stayed in that manner, as a stubborn wall. It worried her very much, and had immediately put her out of balance. As if her normal balance was wandering away. As if her peace in the things of life suddenly has fallen from its foundations.

She was very happy however, thoroughly happy, deeply and deeply grateful for her dear friend Frans who had returned. And yet! Exactly now, she seemed suddenly to be challenged by something that she did not understand at all. Just her very uncomfortable feeling at a kind of split between the human control and the intuition,... this seemed to her an extremely unpleasant background. She mainly knew that something else had to be involved here. And she wondered what. Was something wanting to shake her awakened, something that insists to emerge in her consciousness but that she could not recognize?

"Oh my god! What a restlessness is that, in me!" she said aloud suddenly. And again she said it a little later, now a little softer.

Maybe she was collapsing emotionally in an unknown way. And that just now. Exactly now, now that she realized how the return to Europe could only be promising and positive. My god. So strange!

\* \* \* \* \*

Imilla said goodbye to Waldo shortly after sunset, he went to a hotel a few blocks away. Frans had been thoroughly investigated. It was judged that the importance of a restful sleep was high, especially that rest. And he slept. No longer coma, just sleep.

In her visitor's bed next to Frans, Imilla was unable to find sleep that night. She was very restless. Though she was happy, full of expectation that he would be fine.

And yet she was totally out of balance in a sharp and painful way, as had never happened in her life. She persistently tried to find peace for herself with the realization that she was emotionally overstrained. She inculcated that, after all it was entirely in line with what one might expect.

But it did not help. She did not believe her own rationalization at all. What happened here anyway? What did it mean that she had suddenly released her original basic peace?

It was well past midnight when a powerful, clear thought pushed into her, saying that she bumped into a series of omens, which she knew but would not admit. Unrest, a deep unrest, about what some aspects of the future would bring.

And then it dawned on her that it might concern so important things that it demanded its work to become clear, that it had to be part of a required growth en route to that clarity. Recognizing the meaning itself could only be the result of something that still had to develop. Whatever the case, its lack of clarity may have its own meaningful reason. Being able to make it even clearer is likely to come, she thought, as soon as she and the time are ready for it in one way or another. Or, more correctly, as soon as she herself has completed what is on her way to this end.

The mere fact that she really wanted to understand was a forcing on her own, that was not good, she decided.

Indeed, a deep sense of peace descended on her, together with that idea, which confirmed that she was right. Actually, that peace was suddenly even so deep that she would turn on the night light in complete relaxation and grab hold of '*The Goddess Image*'. She leafed through some chapters here and there, and wandered more carefully through a few passages. Her eyes lingered, sticking to the image of a Palaeolithic shamanka holding a figurine in her hand resembling the Venus of Dolní Věstonice.

She now allowed space for a little musing, put the book back to the floor, and let herself be pushed away in complete surrender in a moment of trance. She enjoyed the image of the woman, the shamanka who danced and sang in ecstasy, thus offering the group around her a desired balance, allowing the almost magnetically moving force of spirits in order to support such desired balance.

Imilla was invited by her own ecstasy. Her own body awareness now moved into hallucinogenic rhythms and tingled to feverish heights.

She smelled ground, the rooted soil of her childhood in Parinacota, while her belly heard the music of her fellow villagers resonating, shimmering in the



cosmos of her body and of the distances around it. Beating and driving like Andean heartbeat, hunted down with a vibrating pulsation. Steaming from intermingling with vast melting lakes and Andean landscapes in what she saw and tasted and heard of them in worlds, and simultaneously in the molecules of her body, as well as in their planetary counterparts and in wide-open galactic dimensions.

With closed eyes and open vibrating lips, the frenzy of Imilla's feeling developed into a hot swirl.

Until it finally wanted to return back home, then it rounded up and laid down. That quenching fading whirl then flowed smoothly into the most perfect rest. A calmness that shone through every corner of her body with what had presented itself in images. This absolute, deeply loving calm settled in her heart.

Deep in that tender peace she finally fell asleep.

Exhausted.

It was three o'clock, in the depths of the night in a never dark Belgium. The hospital, UZ Gasthuisberg at Leuven, stayed even visible in a myriad of lights. It breathed day and night, like a brooding mini world of misery, happy expectation, relief, pain, birth and farewell, life and death. A complex with many visitor streams. Visiting mobile Westerners leave their car in the car parks, closing it in the realization that they only let go of for a while the umbilical cord with the large outside world. Soon they will be back here to restart the engine, their engine of participation in the busy world running.

Many stepped into this complex with a portion of awkwardness, feeling sorry for those who would not go back to the parking lot like they did. Pity for the residents, the unlucky ones that had to stay, hospitalized in this microcosm full of contradictory feelings, where people could be afraid of losing. Loss of all that was familiar, the colleagues and the work rhythm, the home environment, the beloved children, the beloved partner, the ordinary of their own way of doing things.

Imilla was in the familiar room. The complex operation two weeks ago had helped Frans surprisingly well. The result was more than satisfactory, she herself assessed it that way, and the medical explanation confirmed it.

He could talk again, his senses were available again. Or rather partly, because he was paralyzed in the limbs, he couldn't walk anymore. His legs no longer responded, and his arms were okay, be it in a slightly limited manner. According to the doctors, this might be permanent, though change for the better could never be excluded. Sometimes rehabilitation and stimulating massage do fulfil real miracles.

The last few days Imilla and Frans had had many conversations. When he had awakened from his coma, he had reacted normally to the drama that had taken place.

Now, however, after that operation, now that he could talk, he began to resist the catastrophe. Was the calamity only now beginning to be felt? He especially had trouble with the end of the VLT. More than the human toll it seemed, more than his own being paralyzed even. That was something he

found difficult to place. It was apparently for him a large part of his desired world that was gone. He went through a grieving process, strangely enough mainly based on the material aspects for scientific understanding.

Frans had received a wheelchair yesterday. They had toured all over the hospital until late in the evening, went down five times to the visitor's cafeteria. They had been sitting at the window, looking at the ponds outside, at the trees around them, the birds when fluttering back and forth, the sparrows in their bickering, even the first spring swallows that skimmed across the water. Later that evening it felt against his immediate desire, he didn't want to leave this, to go to bed and let go of this looking around, when he nevertheless followed Imilla's advice to go into the night anyway, to sleep. The consequence of that reluctance was that they were still talking in the middle of the night. Softly whispering, so as not to wake others in nearby rooms.

He had expressed how much he regretted that they hadn't slept together during the first four weeks of their relation. What sort of heaven they entered, and what a fool he was during those four weeks of holding distance to that. And also, he could perhaps partly reconcile himself with his paralysis but how would they make love with those paralyzed legs? For that he would most desperately curse his handicap!

Imilla had heard his bitter expressions, trying to understand, patiently, but with great sorrow.

After all, she was just happy that Frans was there, alive and speaking. They have their bodies, after all, and they are vibrantly living. How can you be sad, she thought, about something that is not there, while so much is there that makes you happy?. How is it possible! Regretting that they had slept together for two months and not three months, it was such an absurd negative thought.

Can't he feel the absurd aspect of such negativity? And with regard to his disability and their sex life, this didn't even play a role for her, they stayed together, this with their bodies, it would always remain a wonderful miracle.

She had taken the trouble to think along with him, to think about what could no longer be done. She would have paid careful attention to emphasizing how much fun it could be to play in ways that were available. She had begun to request information, had made an appointment with the psychological

service of the hospital, and had asked whether there was literature about the sex life of the paralyzed, or meaningful guidance or instruction. She thought all this unnecessary, but she did it in the hope that this could be helpful for him.

And indeed, a psychologist had come to talk to him about this. She had made it clear to him what testimonies she had ever heard. Testimonies that mainly showed that a life with physical limitations turned out to be incredibly rich in possibilities, unexpectedly rich. And most impressive: so often such a life is richer than with those who are supposedly unhindered. Frans was indeed a little more hopeful after these explanations.

But an hour later he suddenly started to delve into the pale misery of the disaster, and how sad it was that such a magnificent instrument as the VLT has been destroyed. He focused then on the loss of something that he considered as nevertheless still needed for humanity.

At such moments Imilla felt a certain anger rising.

A refusal to accept that Frans reacted that way. She felt it as a sort of sacrilege, each time that he was completely devoted to the negative. A week ago it was still of small proportions. But apparently it got worse by the day.

"But Frans, look, do you see those clouds floating in that sky, do you feel how you can suck that air in your lungs? How wonderful, you said that so often. Then why do you always fall back to the negative?"

Imilla said this, even though she knew that pronouncing this was almost adding fuel on the fire. Frans would react resentfully and pettily to that objection, and thus sink even deeper into the protest. But she couldn't but say how she saw it, she could not beat around the bush, anyway?

It wasn't completely strange to her, this kind of damnation in which Frans was turning. She understood that it was a different face of some remnants carried by Frans. Give meaning, which works pretty well as long as everything goes well, as long as the appearance in its concrete rhythms can keep you asleep.

A weakened ability to give meaning to reality in its full nakedness stays a bit hidden – and is exposed when frames are changing.

Imilla nevertheless did not know that his negativity could have such an intense impact on her. She went out of her way to remain calm, to exchange ideas with Frans as reasonable as possible.

But she became increasingly angry about it, an anger that she didn't want to show. It was already eating at her, although this was a problem of ten days ...

She was surprised about that. Had she ever been so impatient before? And indeed, her anger had everything to do with impatience. Frans had to stand further for her. She demanded something.

When she gradually discovered this as an insight, she was alarmed.

Why did she do like that?

Then she thought on to the day he awoke from his coma. That night she couldn't find sleep, the unrest she couldn't explain. It was as if she was connecting some of her unrest to his awakening from his coma. What how? It might be that her lack of patience, and her demand of his changing, has to do with the same unrest, she felt. Again: what how? What is this all about?

She found it deeply confusing that she could not see clearly.

Moreover, she mirrored Frans in the meantime. She reflected his inability to want to taste their ostinato rhythm of '*The Goddess Image*'. She didn't grab it anymore in the last few days either. Not at all. She no longer had the space for it, the need for it no longer existed. The existence of that book simply did not even occur to her, let alone the meanings or comfort or guiding or invitation it could bring.

During these last days, Imilla sometimes found a fleeting peace in reading about current events in one of her beloved independent non-mainstream world magazines, to which she had long subscribed.

While Imilla read it, as usually only about half an hour, the realization struck that she was in Europe. Why? She mused again about the turmoil - right through her immense joy after the awakening of Frans in Antofagasta.

She had gradually realized that this unrest was an extremely important element of her life. Only ... she didn't understand. And why Europe? Every reflective moment around that unrest did something with her groping attempt to understand it, she moved it a little further in one direction. Even though she didn't know which direction. She just felt a shift.

She also felt how the shift became more and more intense, and not only more intense, but also more meaningful.

The proportions of her turmoil squeezed wildly, they just seemed to be increasing, and signalled to her that, for her, really important things were brooding.

It's crazy.

Sometimes she wondered if such feelings were familiar territory for women during pregnancy. As analogous to the impending birth. Her childlessness, she knew, could not make her wiser in this matter. That is maybe precisely why I have wondered about this, she thought then.

What she also found so strange was that the peace she met in herself while reading about current world scale problems, inevitably a little later offered her always its complement, restlessness. But she still did it, now about those new conferences on insect decline, ecological degradation, the search for pesticide-free agriculture, inequality in the world. She already noticed this for a while. Rest when reading. Put aside. A bit musing on it. And then guaranteed all the more turmoil.

Such current events had an unmistakable effect on deep, homeless feelings of dissatisfaction and unrest, she understood at least that. And she kept missing the real meaning.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the first time, she decided to talk to Frans about this.

Why, by the way, would she be left alone with it? He was conscious again, they could talk now, how wonderful wasn't that after all! And finally, that was also a beautiful basis of the very nice relationship with him, that they could talk all the time, and about so much. And it would be good that it was now not concerning his worrywart inclination.

They could apply their trusted philosophy to their own fieldwork. Funny that she called it for herself like that, fieldwork. Well then, Imilla thought, I offer my unrest to Frans as "our fieldwork". Why not.

The right moment for it soon came into view.

The morning after these considerations was wonderful. A lovely sun, a gentle playing breeze in the birch crowns around the ponds. Birds underlining what sort of paradise our world house is. The tingling of pure expectation coloured the room.

A morning as a source of promises, as Frans had described it so often at Paranal, promises that stimulate the vitality and could give birth to the wildest possibilities. Especially not by going to sleep at such a miracle moment, which was typical of his rhythm at Paranal, at least during the months before they had

started their relationship. Frans expressed suddenly to her exactly that as something positive. "Smell that blissful morning air, and taste that total atmosphere, oh god, isn't it to be happy," he said, "that I'm no longer entangled in that absurd pattern of going to bed in the morning and its sunrise?"

"Hey, Frans, nice!" Imilla replied with pleasant cheerfulness, "that pleases me."

"What do you mean?" Frans groped for more explanation.

"Just that you realize this as well, that you appreciate it," Imilla made it clear.

"Ah, well yes, indeed, but that's not hard to appreciate. It was so terribly opposing against what the body automatically provides us. In the end, isn't our nature that of diurnal animals?"

Imilla nodded.

She saw an opening. Here she was given a moment to use, in such a positive atmosphere it seemed possible to tell him about her own situation, her unrest. And groping for the best wording, she told how she had lost her balance for three weeks now, and, what she surmised as possible insight into it.

And she referred to this as both their 'fieldwork'.

After this five minutes explanation, Frans was completely upset by what he had heard.

He didn't know what to think anymore.

Of course he had behaved rather sullenly in the last 2 weeks, he knew that. Of course Imilla was experiencing hers, and he had indeed noticed that it was really not easy for her, to deal with his stubbornness.

But what she is telling now, oh my god, oh my god! These things about that gloomy dark restlessness, that was something else. And, most of all, the disbelief for what he heard! He couldn't believe his ears! Extremely surprised was he!

Because what she was telling him now reflected an almost identical deep black feeling for himself! Identical to his.

He himself had been shocked deeply, when he awoke from his coma. Shocked by an immense terrifyingly cruel blackness. But it could hardly be understood. An immensity that he had felt but did not receive consciously, it was too elusive.

Frans started now a sudden trembling in his shoulders and arms.

"I'm feeling dizzy ..." he suddenly said in an uncertain way.

He was, while he said that, with a quick leap of thought passed by her special wording of "fieldwork", what a strange description. Yes, now he had his own fieldwork! What's happening here, that's all so incredibly weird.

"That disconcerting blackness that I had experienced myself, I must tell this immediately," Frans thought. "Inevitably, she needs to hear this."

"You are dizzy? What do you mean Frans? What is happening?" Imilla reacted anxiously.

"Imilla," began Frans hesitantly, "when I awoke from the coma in Antofagasta, but even before I could signal anything with my head and eyes, I apparently brought along with me a huge kind of negative feeling or story from that coma, with a huge unrest. It must have been because of that, that my eyes remained closed for a while. It is so difficult for me to stick anything on it, that's why I had not said anything about it until now. At least it was also about something that meant a terrible, oppressive, agonizing restlessness, at that moment anyway. A huge unrest, horrifying, now that I think about it, it makes me shudder."

But Frans had barely spoken this out, when he suddenly got a whopper of a déjà-vu. As if he had already mentioned this before to Imilla in identical circumstances, a grand, crystal clear déjà-vu.

And then, seamlessly following that déjà-vu, or maybe in that déjà-vu, or stuck on it, a fantastic perspective dawned. Or actually, it struck him with immense violence in the face, with an astonishing brutality.

"Oooh no Imilla, no! No! Ooooooh no!" he roared suddenly.

"Oooh no!" The last exclamation went downward from sound, was much longer but less loud.

"Frans, what's wrong?" panicked Imilla, and she was deeply shocked to see how Frans trembled and had turned away completely pale while he let out those no-exclamations.

"Say something Frans! What is it? Why that "no"? What is happening?"

Imilla was shaking with pure panic. What was this? Did Frans mentally collapse? Help, oh God don't let it be true, she thought in a flash.

"Imilla, as far as the unrest is concerned," Frans stammered, still very pale, and he had now also started shivering his head, "...that turmoil!"



"What, say something Frans, what about that unrest?"

Now her panic feeling got an additional colour. She suddenly thought she might have overloaded Frans with her story about her unrest. Perhaps he was indeed mentally unable to concentrate on what others are experiencing. Should she not have told her problems? It very rarely happened that she felt guilty, but now that feeling at least forced its own place within the panic.

Frans kept shivering and shaking all the time.

"Oh God, it suddenly dawns on me, Imilla! Suddenly I see what happened when I came out of my coma, when I first kept my eyes closed, what happened then! I suddenly see it all over again! It is as if it had been hidden, and now it has come back again! "

He kept trembling and shivering, remained very pale meanwhile.

"I saw a huge black dark calamity, like that at Paranál," he continued, "yes, I saw that destruction from Paranál in great detail, but it was not Paranál. It was just *nót* Paranál, not the VLT, but it was nevertheless that annihilating destruction I was seeing."

\* \* \* \* \*

Imilla listened to her trembling shivering Frans, ... and all of a sudden her life skipped a giant count. All of a sudden she couldn't respond anymore, nothing at all anymore.

Or *something* nevertheless, after all, her body did respond! She realized how an immense contracting weakness dragged through her body. Very acute. She also knew in a very thin moment why the weakness was there.

Faultless.

All of a sudden it didn't matter anymore what Frans would say after that, because she suddenly knew what he would say. She suddenly knew perfectly what he would say. He would say that it was a comprehensive calamity that did not concern Paranál but the whole world.

He had seen the image of a huge calamity that devastated the entire world.

"Imilla," Frans said with a trembling sound, simultaneously with or immediately after her last thought, "it was not Paranál that I saw, no. It was a huge wave of an immense black damage that spread throughout the world. The whole world was in devastation! I saw that."

The words were spoken out.

Frans still looked very pale and kept trembling. His attention to what was happening outside himself was very limited, but apparently just enough to notice that Imilla was very flat and slumped in that hospital seat.

And suddenly, with compelling priority, this placed itself at the front in his field of attention.

"Imilla, you look so confused, so flat," he told her, "that's certainly because of what I'm saying now, isn't it. Is this the reason?"

"Frans, no, not just for that reason," she responded. "That unrest with me, and what you say now. That is the reason. That is really the reason for my unrest or your unrest. Just before you said it, I suddenly knew, I knew what you were going to say, I really knew that you were going to say it was about the whole world, and I suddenly recognized this blackness as what has made me as well so restless, for weeks now. What made me disabled is exactly that."

"And you are pronouncing this now!"

Frans was completely lost, and fell silent.

Moments later, his living participation in the world revived a bit, and he almost stuttered, "wait Imilla, what do you say? You want to say ... so you knew what I said, did you know that already? Already in advance?"

"Yes, no," Imilla sounded dizzy, "not really in advance, just a moment ago, yes so, just beforehand indeed. It suddenly dawned on me exactly what you were going to say, and at that moment I instantly recognized exactly that as the reason for my unrest! At the same time I see that now. That it's just that, it's an image of a world calamity, giving the dark turmoil that undermines me as badly the last weeks. And ... you had met it as well."

The sudden deeply confusing course of their conversation, the enormously broad area that reached their awareness, the paralyzing, heavy emotions that this involved, it not only made Frans dizzy, trembling and turning pale.

They were both pale and extremely flat and dizzy. Frans still shivering and trembling, and Imilla continued to feel a very weak flatness in her body. As if her feminine strength and her open-heartedness were leaking away out of her material body, out of her natural worldly foundation.

Just now a cloud moved briefly in front of the sun.

The sudden shadow gave the room an ominous gray aspect, as if to envelop them both in deep enough darkness.

Then it became dark silent. They both slipped into it.

Both entered a haunting, eerie, leaden silence.

They occasionally looked at each other, then at the window, their feet, their hands, the bedspread, the bed frame, the curtain rails, the light fittings. Whatever could come available to lay down their eyes for a moment, it was used involuntarily.

Time went on.

It was already ten minutes after the last word.

That wonderfully promising morning no longer existed.

They weren't in that room anymore, they just didn't know anymore where they were.

They were aware of a shocking black hell image, and they were both aware of the same realization. Yes, there they were, in that awareness. No sunny morning, no pleasant tingling room, even as if they were no longer breathing. They were of course completely unaware of their rich scenes from '*The Goddess Image*'.

Finished. Those representations of being-human, this encounter with highly sensitive Venus figurines or resonant cave paintings, arisen after hundreds of millennia of growth until the highly mature presence of multidimensional being human. Able to produce a shamanic wisdom and its spiritual expressions for so many tens of millennia.

Everything was completely gone.

Even their selfhood, it seemed.

There was only that appalling realization from their awareness, like as were it echoing a huge disastrous planetary cave painting in their own ecstatic experience. A breathlessly black and heavy image.

The sun did not change anything on this scenery, and refused to interfere. She kept pumping her light without meaning. Until the receiving side would shift. Meaning was not her job, it was up to the receiver and giver of attention. And so the world kept on turning, undisturbed, regardless of which connection out of attention would present itself, or regardless of the lack of it.

Until some oppressive fifteen added long minutes later, when something suddenly woke up.

Thanks to Frans.

Now it was Frans who manifested himself as the first to start landing again, and awoke to the rescue of Imilla. Not the bleeding Imilla on Paranal after the earthquake when freeing Frans from his being crushed. No, now it was the paralyzed Frans who wants to get a weak, pale Imilla back to this room, wants her back to her normal vitality, wants to push her into life.

"Imilla, you are still without expression in your face, that is really not good. Wouldn't you just lie down in bed?"

But she didn't respond. However, Frans did not give up.

"Imilla, you know, I really don't know what the scope is of all this. And that we both come across it. I have no idea. Damn I don't understand anything anymore and I don't know anything anymore! Except you, Imilla! I know with certainty that you and I must pick us up again. We must be able to take a short walk to the cafeteria, for example, or to the outside. Yes that's it, we just have to feel the sun and the breeze, we have to hear those birds, smell the shrubs. Really Imilla! Really!"

Imilla had apparently turned out to be sensitive to Frans' awakening words, she responded by grasping their value. Moments later she said it precisely like that. "That's true, you are right, Frans. Yes, I think it's good that we don't wait too long to have a walk outside."

"Our fieldwork," Imilla said suddenly. And there was an uncertain smile on her tired face.

Frans wanted to ask her for putting his wheelchair up against the bed, but interrupted that intention. He looked at her.

"What do you say? Fieldwork?"

Now she looked at Frans very directly, and much livelier. Frans perceived it, her flat pale skin had pulled away as if without blood, and this was diminishing, the usual and familiar colourful expression of her face was noticeable again.

"Our fieldwork," Imilla continued, "it's no longer looking for a why of this deep unrest, but for explanatory interpretation, for understanding the deep black hellish image we share."

"Oh no, you with your fieldwork Imilla, why do you say that now, please let us go outside first. First breathe, feel, just live."

Frans did indeed show restraint with regard to Imilla's thought, he felt it immediately to be really ad hoc, but ... too quickly. He was not yet able to deal with it.

Yes, first of all we have to live again, he thought, the ordinary things. Especially the ordinary, as normal as possible, and as alive as possible.

And so they were in the early morning air twenty minutes later.

Frans was intensely struggling to embrace the ordinary and the good of vital experience, despite the anxiety as met earlier, which he really wants to keep outside now.

And Imilla with her open, absorbing heart, incorporating what she knows to be alive, but at the same time absorbing the anxiety from the massive image. Could a heart driven by the feminine principle absorb so much more simultaneously?

Both were nevertheless here now, very clear, and with their full, returned attention. They shared this, they now pointed each other to the smells and colours and sounds with an almost unworldly gentleness.

Acting almost over-enthusiastically, exactly like a weeping child who had just stopped crying, as if to forget those tears.

And then, impulsively, Imilla asked if they would not soon take up '*The Goddess Image*', and yes, Frans responded to it. Even with enthusiasm. And she too, she was already looking forward to it.

The sensory living matter, being alive and knowing and feeling and realizing, was more or less recognized again as a party, and enjoyed. Still uncertain yet, but it was there, alive and kicking.

Despite the vastness of that as apocalyptic understood image forcing itself into their consciousness, that shockingly black image of world destruction that even - unbelievable – had happened to them both, together.

## 8

It was now three months after Frans' surgery.

He was remarkably mobile in his limitations, and that was due to wonderful evolutions that had been on his side: more and more life had come into his arms, they were now usable almost normally. Only his legs remained dangling without control, he would probably remain wheelchair dependent.

When Imilla and Frans had both fully realized what had been shown to them both as a gigantic image, they had come to the conclusion quite quickly that, after all, this was not at all strange.

They were both competent enough, she in her own way, he in his own, to grasp the signs of the time in any case. And that was mainly the totally untenable story of the human planet, a track of dismay in deep separation from source and real truths or real potential. They read effortlessly this bold growth story of man in his explorative expansive solar culture, with his torrent of inappropriateness, inauthenticity and getting lost.

What a contrast, they knew, with the compressed equilibrium of a lunar culture that had grown hundreds of millennia, as strikingly shown in '*The Goddess Image*'. Like today still readable in the numerous tribal peoples, who still manifest the remains of it.

Both Imilla and Frans could read the global human planet, especially since the rise of agriculture and domestication of animals and the emergence of property and patriarchy, as a masculine dominance in a testing challenging of the lunar culture. As if wanting to leave the womb of the goddess, or of the shamanka.

As a richly exploring, but always more afflicted being-human.

Far too weakly grounded. Deeply lost actually in an indefinitely wandering. With tens of thousands of violated aspects of connection to sources. With denial of the naturally giving nature of the living planet.

The much needed sacred marriage between Yin and Yang, lunar and solar culture, had gone missed. Yang was in a runaway mode outside its meaning and goal, and had been turned into a master of stupidity. While the feminine, and therefore the earth, had been suffering for much more than 6 millennia,

deeply hurt, deeply raped. Resulting in a naked overstrained black lack of balance, resulting in its horrifying, toxic, lethal realities. In an atrocious distance from the natural way of existence within Gaian nature – while humans nevertheless *are* this nature. Gone astray in Koyaanisqatsi.

It gradually culminated in them in a heart that weeps. And a heart that knows. A razor-sharp knowing that more mature options are no fantasy at all. That those possibilities are felt and heard and read in the heart language, so waiting and pushing to be allowed to arise in such sacred marriage.

Imilla had developed a view on this from her own background, Frans from his, and they mixed both vistas. So often they had talked on Paranal as well as afterwards about their worldviews.

They also realized that their fascination for '*The Goddess Image*', as a sort of healing ostinato or a daily rhythm in their relationship, had started to play an intriguing role in their lives. That was their reflection screen, like a distant mountain flank offering an echo to their calling sensations.

When the shocking image of a completely collapsing human world had manifested itself in the Gasthuisberg hospital in Leuven, it would not last long before they both acknowledged this as self-evident. The way of manifestation was very strange. And then for both of them, simultaneously. That was a bit thick! It kept them very surprised.

But their astonished and wondered questions were also a pollination of imagination in open innocence, which then produces the seed of clear knowing. Such wondering then asked in rhetorical response sounds.

Had the enormous disaster at Paranal induced a triggering effect for this? And was this coma for Frans like a crack for precognitive awareness that wanted to seep through, as if it were a near-death experience which had spontaneously offered grand crystal-clear insights? Had Imilla unwittingly, in her unconscious, felt and read all that crystal clear but dramatic precognition, during his awakening moments? And as such internalized, absorbed and copied all this material?

Well, during the first days after their joint experience, they both had the strong suspicion that all these aspects were more or less the real frame of what had happened, it was so obvious. And indeed, in the meantime, so many weeks later, this insight had even matured into a completely clear certainty.

But they were hardly still concerned with that.

They had been all the more involved with meaning since then. In any case, they were able to better situate a content. Also simultaneously, and apparently together. The content was at least a compulsory birth that stops a previous existence, the fetus must end its existence as a fetus if the child is to enter the world. The metamorphosis of the caterpillar in becoming pupa in becoming butterfly. Or an apocalypse in its basic meaning, as the known but outdated story that disappears, allowing the already blossoming, waiting new replacing story to find its meaningful space to exist.

In their conversations about this, Imilla had often referred to many who had written their views on this. As a biologist she eagerly quoted her two colleagues and wise women, evolutionary biologist and futurist Elisabet Sahtouris, and biochemist, genetics – and evolution specialist Mae-Wan Ho.

Sahtouris, with her delightful book *Earthdance, living systems in evolution*, and Mae-Wan Ho with her numerous advanced articles on the "real" physics of water and of life, as discussed in lots of her books, and in her last overview book *Meaning of Life & the Universe: Transformation*.

She enjoyed Sahtouris, who grasped so well the contextual holistic depth of life, understanding that a whole is so much more than the sum of its parts, that the autopoietic, non-mechanical pulsation of life is at least a creation from 'infodynamics' laws of information. She understood scientist Kropotkin, who so rightly corrected Darwin with his observations about the overwhelming importance of mutual cooperation, togetherness and benefit in nature, - just like our body, miracle of dizzyingly intense info-relationships as true love-relationships.

And then she enjoyed just as immensely the clever and poetic Mae-Wan Ho, who sharply saw the numerous dimensions of science in need of thorough resourcing, containing in their old dogmatic reading deep errors with many sad consequences in terms of image of being human, worldview, vision on life.

But also other thinkers.

So many inspired her, each sometimes an own special and wonderfully inspiring point of interest. Jung of course, who was often a kind of starting point. Or intuitive esoteric seekers like Alloya Huckfield, or esoteric and practical thinkers like Jude Currian, Tom Kenyon, and others. Such directions have become a kind of accompanying driver of her latest growth.



She had also met a specific help at the same time, the grandmothers! She had explained it all to Frans, who was pleasantly surprised by it.

North American Hopi Indians, those of the *Koyaanisqatsi* understanding, had once uttered a powerful prophecy: "*Only when the Grandmothers come from the four directions and speak, the world will heal.*" And that exactly happens nowadays, now, in this very era.

In an esoteric way, a council of grandmothers expresses their higher, helpful knowledge through recipient Sharon McErlane, who has literally translated this into four books so far. What an enchantingly strong guideline! What an appeal to immerse our highest truth in its source of love!

As can be heard, equally enchanting, in impressively pure messages from the young Kiesha Crowther, who is initiated into "Little Grandmother" by wise elders of the Sioux Indians - in accordance with her destiny.

And previously there were also the two books by Claire Heartsong, in which Anna, the grandmother of Jesus of Nazareth, passed on profound consciousness information, again rich teaching.

And then there was also a moving, fresh love manifesto about the feminine principle, the rich consciousness information given by Mary Magdalene in her account of her relationship with Jesus. In the book by recipients Tom Kenyon & Judi Sion, *'The Magdalene Manuscript'*.

Imilla had read all those books and was effortlessly open to them, since she already knew about this. Those insights had taken her further on that knowing-path. She had written a little poem about it that Frans had read with pleasure:

### *THE TABLE*

*Round table and meeting are a  
traditional nursery for decree,  
fetus growth was never in control,  
the fate of nurslings all the more.*

*Round table and decree festered  
in tragic wounds, limited psyche  
swirled in blind-foolish power and  
kneaded the many beyond the table.*

*Hear! an imminent endlessly distributed  
governance of less separation, by yin  
full of wisdom, it sings, it is emerging  
in many hearts far beyond the table.*

*Table welcomes in rewarded patience  
the grandmothers who are inspiring,  
who invite to do less, to be more,  
to free this lever for grounding,*

*who speak in the power of the sacred,  
who speak the language of love,  
who guide to authenticity, who  
are sowing for wiser humanity.*

"This is clearly a very recent poem from you," he had suggested. After which she stated that it indeed dated after her period of "muritis and projectitis" inflammations.

Frans looked up in surprise. "Uh, what? What kind of infections do you mean?"

"Well, don't you remember?" she smiled, "that night at Paranal, that I dived into my own old poems? I had come across forgotten phrases then, including those terms 'muritis and projectitis', as two rampant inflammations of truth, which I had once used in a series of poems.

Muritis, then, was an inflammation of truth from our obsession with control and property, to provide boxes in which the other must fit, or walls behind which he must belong, fundamentally as seen from each person's own periscope and inane tunnel view. *My* idea and *my* property, just like *my* copyright by the way, are such poor and above all loveless illusions, you will quickly discover this if you look around honestly. Muritis has always provoked a lot of violence, going deeply sadly against our heart's conscience or heart's knowing. And it makes us crying. Which is what we do when, for example, a book or movie shows such violence as heartbreaking from the victim's perspective.

And that other inflammation of truth, projectitis, I saw that as Yang energy being sadly lost in constantly doing and realizing projects, endless projects that

ultimately pump up our own ego. And the miracle that we are as humans is crushed flat in oblivion and improperness.

Which finally provoked a non-sacred economy, and thus also the Anthropocene. Because the gigantic Koyaanisqatsi wheel spins on in its endlessly progressing blind projects, through Yang energy getting lost without its much needed embedding in an implicitly guiding Yin. Projectitis is an inflammation of truth from this oblivion, which has infected almost all men.

But apparently also an extraordinarily large group of women.

And it is downright painful to note that many women could have entrenched themselves in their own patriarchy. Tragically imitating that bad male disease.

After all, these are such pitiful and superfluous inflammations. Which may possibly become transparent to us at the time of our death transformation. But if so, then in loving gentleness towards the miracle of our Self. "

A beautiful clear smile unfolded at the last sentence, while she nodded, emphatically affirmative.

Frans showed a happy smile, "you used spicy words then, but indeed, they describe the essences very nicely, and very adequately."

And he was radiant, he was deeply happy for her loving essence. And then he gave her an endlessly tender kiss on the forehead, intimately and gently caressing her fair and lovely truth in a honeyed sweet wording, " Oh you, my spirited and so cute and wise, clear feel-knowing little heart-poet..."

For Frans meanwhile, he fortunately had his own important transformative thinkers.

He could meet much in the writings by Eisenstein, Laszlo, Levy, Lorimer, Luke, McGilchrist, Paine, Plotkin, Tarnas, Vaughan-Lee, and oh so many other seekers regarding future, transformation, meaning. And yes, they were both curious seekers, they shared that. Philosophers in the source meaning of wisdom lovers. Reading what other wisdom lovers had to offer, never mind how, that remained part of their lives.

Since their deep experience of an announced world-changing event, they had been working through their personal growth even much more intensively. Coincidence is often no coincidence, they both knew. It is not that a person walks a way, it is rather that he has a way to walk, as a planned path for

development, as foreseen by the universe, and as accompanied by synchronicities.

They both knew this actually.

And so they tied together more and more elements. They were, as Imilla once expressed, more and more applying an authentic re-ligare, literally re-connecting, as the Latin word *religare* means, reconnecting with sources.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a mild early September late afternoon. Soft and clear late summer weather offered a pleasant incidence of light in their small apartment in Leuven, which they had rented immediately when Frans was allowed to leave the hospital.

As so often they were sharing feelings and thoughts. They had just joked about the difference between the Belgian light and the desert light on Paranal. The question of where the word "enlightenment" was most applicable had provoked a playful, funny back and forth of reply.

And then the earthquake returned once again.

"What continues to amaze me, Frans," Imilla remarked suddenly, "is that you spent the first month after your operation on your mourning for the destruction of the VLT, for that long. Why could this have taken so long?"

He let his mind wander over it for a moment and reacted groping.

"Well yes, indeed, it was quite a mourning feeling then, wasn't it. Are you implying that something more vital was at play for me?"

"No, actually not," she responded, "but if we know at the same time that the future must inevitably be that deep metamorphosis ... does that mourning not get a comforting pat on the back of that realization? The story is bigger, isn't it? How intrinsically promising is it, such a drama, because, wouldn't it be the almost inevitable way to let evaporate a mire of wrongful aspects?"

"Naked Yang without Yin embedding emerged 12 millennia ago in its run-up to Göbekli Tepe. Sedentary existence by agriculture and animal husbandry also birthed property. And so control, so patriarchy, so slavery.

Which became the beginning of 12 millennia of oppression of the wise-feminine creating dimension, of a goddess image of love and gift. Which

became the beginning of the wandering, arrogant, rather stupid, loveless man. His obsession with control would blow away all sacredness from now on."

"And so," she clarified, "if this needs to be corrected, doesn't it require a good and, above all, essential shake?"

Imilla got up while saying this, and sat on a little stool against Frans' wheelchair. She needed it to fondle him.

He leaned aside a little, giving a short but tender kiss, and then he reacted: "Fortunately, my dearest Imilla, as individual little people we don't have to decide in this, God beware us from that. Anyway what you say remains true. But, ... much misery," he said, "and loss of what was innocent in itself will be part of a collapse of our great world stories, won't it? Say a lot of confusion about the loss of billions of VLTs so to speak. Oops, that sounds weird."

"No, not a problem," she refuted, "you articulate part of what I suspect. A collapse with many effects, much misery and confusion. And loss of innocent, good things. But then I don't think the attention goes towards that. It will spontaneously go to everything that comes in its place. The basic needs as steering, by the way."

"And only the essential as steering?" Frans suggested.

"That is a certainty for me. Really." Imilla expressed this emphatically emphasized, which made Frans look at her a bit astonished.

"Actually, to me, rather something that I hope, instead of know, uh ... I think," he said carefully.

"Although, indeed, it must be inevitable. The essence of what being-human really means and needs, that's the only possible thing that will be searched for. It seems that your certainty is justified, Imilla."

"And also," Imilla added, "the spiritual dimension. One may not underestimate the speed that can be achieved in the ripening of many layers of essence."

He was increasingly involved with such insights, and also that spiritual dimension.

And, he was utterly surprised how he had remained stuck in narrowed images within the story of restrictive causal and linear reductionist thinking. In addition to the causal, also the teleological principle seeing in so much, and then nevertheless denying. Or acknowledging consciousness as more than just

a brain-bound effect, and then still walking around it. Or realizing the deep heart language and yet in the meantime ignoring it.

Deep in himself he knew so much better, why could that only come to the surface thanks to his meeting with Imilla?

Mostly he was surprised about the appalling ease with which Western thinking in particular could have ignored sacredness in everything, and so deeply!

And he understood now, how a runaway immaturity of a male-dominated or Yang dominated world had also brought stupidity to fruition. How such unguided Yang energy actually had made this aimless and blind masculinity to invent even a dead cosmos concept.

In the meantime, Imilla was sharpening her wonderful talent to look efficiently through her intuitive multidimensional soul existence, sometimes literally transporting herself to elsewhere in the world, to other people, situations, needs and opportunities, which she could then read. Like a thoroughbred shamanka.

Frans stayed surprised about this.

She was always remarkably strong with her both feet on the ground, he noticed. And he thought that it is precisely that rich balance of hers that benefited the development of her shamanic talent.

As if she were a wise priestess, with her feet in the earth, with her heart in her body and the universe, and with her eyes wide open in lived attention to all what is happening in the living and the human world.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following day the mild late summer weather continued to offer its pleasant colour light. Imilla combined a long walk with a visit to the bookshop, and the purchase of some fruit and vegetables. Frans thought in his alone-silence meanwhile, how much that mild light reflected how he had felt himself, for months already: happy.

Endlessly happy, and deeply peaceful.

And that wants to be expansive, he realized, he now wanted to share it with everyone. He understood very well, that it's only a life in the interest of the broader picture, thus the other and the universe, that makes existence meaningful. Because guided by love as the essence of being. That also applied to Imilla, she was very clear about it.

And while he was musing about this, he realized that she had been writing until late yesterday. But she hadn't said anything about it yet. He decided to ask her about it, it piqued his curiosity. When she came back in, he put his book aside in an exaggeratedly solemn gesture, announcing, with a slight chuckle, that he had a big question to ask, which he then did in a sustained irony.

"Ah yes, Frans, that indeed, well, it was a worded impulse from what we were scanning yesterday. About metamorphosis, global crash, the old story, essences that want to be addressed, mourning, and things like that. Well, I tried to write down in simple words what I think it would mean in its true essence, ... such a deep transition, I mean."

Immediately he was very curious, and he saw how Imilla had meanwhile taken a printout from the desk drawer. She played that he could read it, but only if he solemnly promised not to go berserk on the content.

"Certainly I will!" Frans laughed with a wink.

And he read it. And re-read it. And then wanted to read it a third time. He told her he wanted to read it again but now aloud. "That text requires resonant sound", he said. And through their small and sunny living room the sonority sounded of what was written:

*"A deep black episode would be considered closed in countless parts of the world. Or even more so, considered as worked through for the better. There would be so many signals that the transition itself could not even be interpreted as a deep black period. No, quite the reverse, there would be the realization that the old story left behind and thrown off was the black one.*

*The total collapse of so many aspects of that old story, of a destructive economic and social madness, increasingly forgetting what life and what being-human really is, is imminent, such collapse would suddenly announce all this by itself. And all in all, apparently, it could have unfolded at lightning speed. Not unexpected, but simultaneously unexpected too. Because what is unexpected for one is not at all as such for the other. And then there is the concreteness of completion, that is something else, that is always unexpected for everyone, and is especially very unique.*

*What happens, and what seems to stay and develop, would be surprisingly local. Intensely local, existing by virtue of the local.*

*The well-known mass media, in their work of an impoverishing smearing out of the so-called conscience, over an entire human planet, would very quickly become a non-existent phenomenon. The global, although definitely*

*established forever, would have been given a whole new meaning. As a background awareness, the global was only a part of the universe, of the fabric, but life would take place deeply locally as never before. Just as the uniqueness of one person is the premise and building block for larger relationships, as family, or a larger living group or village, or at most a slightly higher scale context when supporting the local.*

*Similarly, the local way of life of a people group was the premise and building block of the whole of humanity. That was the guiding core of human life, without unduly interfering eyes on other living groups elsewhere, or of those others elsewhere on you. She would become the reservoir of the known. The scale of existence, of life.*

*There would be no need at all for that old media scan with its sad muddy lens, gossiping all over the planet. In North-western Europe it was not necessary to know what was happening in Central Europe, let alone Southeast India. Or in the so-called United States. It would feel strange to use the appointment of places elsewhere in the world in the same way as before. There was then the awareness of huge diversity, but there it stopped. Every living group, every distinguishable living group of people, in its uniqueness, would have no message to the other uniqueness of a completely different living group elsewhere on the planet.*

*Why would it? Life would be lived intensively, and it would probably be incredible how quickly that new discovery could start to glare. The uniqueness of small groups in certain places had a logical analogy with the indigenous tribes of which many remnants had made themselves known during the later days of the old story. With an impressive, comprehensive oneness, but with a staggering diversity. Like all life by the way, in oneness and uniqueness.*

*People would always share an awareness. The realization as if the vital heavenwild life had been forgotten more and more during millennia, and as if, after suffering so much from eutrophy, it would eventually have been rediscovered suddenly. Until even that would have been forgotten, and there was only life left. With a blistering vitality, a naturalness that came from the heart, with much suppleness simply present in the Now, what felt like being a maintained child. And, as if it never really had been gone.*

*Indeed, it would be surprising how deeply this talent always had maintained its availability, one would grasp."*

"You know, Imilla, I'm impressed by this;" Frans said after that third reading, "and I think that your wording is very valuable, it touches on many essential aspects, and it is deeply hopeful, you know. I will occasionally re-read that. Let's say, it will become my private prayer," he smiled.



"But I may be an unbelieving Thomas," he went on, "when I read this, I feel like one must suddenly keep silent about the terrible misery, the absolute confusion during a deep crisis. And most of all perhaps the inability of many, to stay alive."

"Okay," replied Imilla, "but what does the world show you today in its non-collapsed story, for that matter?"

Frans almost felt caught.

He immediately corrected: "You're right. Of course! It's exactly what our old stories offer. Shock doctrine logic. An inhumane abuse of economics and the dominant money story - no matter how desirable and necessary the completely different money concept would be, which expresses and cherishes our love essence. But no, a dominant money concept prevails, which in bleak negativity sees humans as brutally selfish beasts. Economy and money as torture tools for brutal rape, selfishness, abuse. Pushing man into the darkest misery, in terrible difficulty to survive. It crushes a human into a worthless object, satanically bombarding him with hatred or indifference. It simply desecrates him."

And he went on: "The old story is warped with inappropriate fallacy and inauthenticity, essentially being understood as source separation, by all, even the wealthy if they look beyond their delusions. Lives, lived within our unfolding civilization paths, turning out to be all too rich in tunnel vision. Lives, lived as if portrayed by Koyaanisqatsi actors, as polished adapted civilized people. They wander, chronically affected by an insight impairment."

"What has led to the fact that an obvious economics of happiness, that is, a household of happiness, is tragically seen as a silly fairy tale. It's how diabolic darkness is at work, the retarded voice from the patriarchal matrix of elitism, control, abuse, slavery, deception, lies, lovelessness."

Imilla nodded, with a serious, barely audible 'indeed'.

A crash of such known way the world turns, they both knew this as the start of an imminent metamorphosis. Yes, they ... knew.

They didn't knew a secret. No, they just knew of an obvious reaction of the non-linearly understandable life, a reaction to a terrible out of control imbalance.

A tilt, a crisis that wants metamorphosis. Probably without mildly anointing pity, which would be meaningless in such an event. With planetary

power, as if a mighty Jupiter hurricane had mistakenly chosen the earth. That was the heavy image that they had received, that they wore.

During the last few months they had both mastered a calm, accepting attitude in regard to this realization. While feeling resigned. They used that word themselves in their conversations. After another surprise by the way, it turned out that they both had once worked through Heidegger's in-depth booklet "*Resignation*". And how this fitted in with another book, a grand one with great implications, they had both devoured, Iain McGilchrist's "*The Master and his Emissary*."

The latter revealed how the attention of the right hemisphere absorbs in unharmed wholeness whatever, before the left places this through 'handy' and therefore impoverished representations in the mirror palace of the already known and manageable - after which the corpus callosum influences the availability of such 'map' version, by dosing mysteriously its transfer intensity. The contents of that book helped Imilla and Frans; they wanted to feel maximum openness in a learning attention. Resigned, waiting, seeing nothing as doom, and remaining realistic!

And remaining practical.

Imilla in particular could be surprisingly practical. She had suddenly asked Frans where he would rather spend the rest of his life. Staying here in Leuven, Belgium ? Or elsewhere? After all, there might still be a chance to settle there, she said. Who knows that there was no longer a choice in the very near future, if they now failed to execute desired movements.

"Wow," Frans said, "you are indeed correct in dealing with our insights. Of course we have to act gradually on where we want to be eventually. Of course. Well, I actually know where I want to be for the rest of our lives. Where I think you want to be as well: Chile. Indeed Chile, and indeed the northern Andes, the Putre region. Isn't it Imilla?"

"You are not mistaken about what my silent wish is," she said with an intimate smile on her radiant face.

And immediately after they had suddenly expressed this for months unpronounced aspect of their lives, they would realize this fast. And yes, it was indeed quickly arranged. Three weeks later it would be their time. They would then take the plane to Santiago de Chile, and from there a local flight to the extreme north, to the port of Arica, close to the border with Peru.

From there it was another 140 km drive east to the Altiplano municipality of Putre, the village surrounded by austere meadow terraces in the far north of the Chilean Andes. In a beautiful greenish valley at 3,550m altitude. The whole municipality has about 3,400 inhabitants, including its scattered 8 smaller villages, and its 16 tiny hamlets with their own names, with much fewer houses, sometimes barely 5, but usually with their own small church. Putre itself is home to almost half of the 3,400 inhabitants.

Parinacota is one of those 8 smaller villages. And this unassuming village, at a spectacular 4,430m altitude lying on a swampy plain, well yes, that's the tender and almost intimate Aymara birthplace of Imilla.

Parinacota, ... it made Frans dream.

As small as Parinacota was, with its barely 30 Aymara inhabitants, it still had an almost sacred appearance over the Altiplano. And in turn it received the appearance of the nearby, powerfully dominating twin Andean volcanoes, in what the Aymara called the Payachata complex, the "two mountains complex", or "twin mountains complex", being the 6,342m and 6,282m high and impressive Parinacota and Pomerape volcanos respectively.

Her family and acquaintances of long ago, however, as far as she knew or surmised, would live all in Putre itself.

Unless perhaps her mother, there is a good chance that she was still in Parinacota.

Putre, this was decided now!

There they wanted to settle, permanently.

They both knew that they would normally stay there for the rest of their lives. And above all, they knew this was good. It felt like it were being tailored precisely to their meaning of being.

There might be, at most, an occasional trip to the port city of Arica, possibly as a link with the large outside world if this were to present itself as a possible and desirable aspect. Maybe, maybe not, they would see. But especially a life in Putre and surroundings was what they saw and now wanted to start.

Like a tree that grows where its seed had germinated. There they both wanted the tree of their new and eventual life to sprout. And that it would be a profoundly new life, they understood this in the most challenging way that is conceivable: starting to live beforehand in a completely different future, even

though this has not even remotely come into being. That future that would like to unfold from an impending extremely thorough transformation, with attractive yet unknown positive aspects. Filled in with the still very limited image available to them. But a future received with an open mind.

Frans already had a love for Chile. His fascination for Paranal, the desert and the Andes, had already helped in that. But of course he had developed a more in-depth knowledge of that Andean landscape and the human activities there, since he knew Imilla. For him, it was above all self-evident that he would permanently stay where Imilla's holy birthplace was, because it was the location of the condensed feminine principle, as this presented itself through Imilla in her and his evolving life.

A principle, of which Imilla sometimes stated how much this could be available for everything and everybody, and could thus become the guiding force for the maturing of an emerging real humanity. As the spiritually wise Swiss writer and sexologist Maitreyi Piontek had expressed somewhere in her *'Feminine Manifesto'*, Imilla told enthusiastically: *"the feminine potential is an unmistakable indication that women are destined to bring something new into the world."*

Imilla told once, that she herself could have written this book.

"Well," Frans argued to her, "this feminine is in any case already obviously present in who and how you are, isn't it, my sweet Imilla?"

And he added then, it was exactly this that made him all the more eager to let unfold their lives in Putre, in her holy birthplace, as a sacred universe plug-in, glowing by the condensate of the feminine principle.

In the meantime, it had become typical for him that he wished to delve into Aymara, Imilla's native language. And then he could speak to the Aymara Indians who were still a majority of the population in Putre and surroundings.

Anyway he was already fascinated anyway by some specific aspects of the Aymara people.

Such as the language and body designation of the future! As far as we know, Aymara is the only language that explicitly lays the future behind you, and the past before you. An Aymara who says "next year" points behind his back while his face looks at "you in the past" before him. And Frans sometimes felt that this had meaning for qualities of the future, he could not

explain this at all, it was an impression and a surmise. By the way, the whole and extensive Pachamama cosmology of the Aymara people was very rich in deep interpretations, which were just for the taking, and could be meaningful for the near future, he suspected.

Early in October it was their time to leave. Winter approaching in Leuven, summer approaching in Putre. They now made the final move, plane tickets had already been purchased, appointments with airport logistics for boarding a wheelchair passenger had been made.

A move with surprisingly little luggage. It seemed logical. They had even made a selection from their many books, which they did take with them and which could go to the second-hand circuit.

And then they left.

How smooth that went in their feeling.

After long, long hours there was the landing in Santiago. Overnight. Back in the plane. And then the landing in Arica. They had a long journey and a good number of flying hours, but then still followed by some days of searching in Arica. Because they wanted to purchase a sort of modest second-hand van. Finally a successful purchase.

The garage mechanic had mounted two extra supports at their request, so that it was much facilitated for Frans to pull himself into the cabin. This purchase took almost a fifth of their saved start-up capital. No problem. After all, this modest van would serve the start up of their agricultural life. Because that should just be a cornerstone of their lives. Realizing food and drink, and sharing this with others in interdependence, finally the quintessence to be able to live as a human being.

The last trip from Arica to Putre was therefore perfectly achievable with that van. At last quite strange, Imilla thought. Against her will, she had obtained a driving license in Belgium on the advice of her adoptive parents. Not heartily, because she had troubles with the many negative aspects of the car phenomenon. Now that skill turned out to be useful, she had to accept it. And they rode. And they looked around.

They both enjoyed the trip so much. Their entrance into the future. They did not, however, feel euphoric about this. No, they just knew they were exactly right. And then the world may collapse, so to speak. Not only so to

speaking even. Let it be, let it unfold, let the future offer its necessities, they both thought.

They could experience the magic of this environment, looking with a wondering sense of the future, at the dry and sometimes wet parts of the often enchanting, breathtaking Andean landscape they crossed. And they shared this sense of magic.

Frans, meanwhile, was becoming less and less the old Frans, he had passed many entrance tests to that future, or so he stated when they left Arica that morning. He was ready for this future.

Just like Imilla. On the plane en route she had said that the Andes around Putre will be a perfect setting for her to mature into a skilled soul cosmologist. A term of her choice. It's a simple wording that covers the load nicely, she thought. Frans nevertheless did appoint her as a shamanka, also because he had developed a certain admiration for that profession.

And, that he drove through this landscape with his shamanka, that realization made him jump up high in his Andean sky.

For Imilla, the passage through this landscape was also an approach to her origin. She had observed this. Her circle searched and found a meaningful conclusion. As they approached Putre, she became quieter and quieter, and radiated this. Frans responded by following that silence and locking himself in his watching and musing.

Then she left the road for a break at a beautiful viewpoint. A new silence formed. She descended to grounds of existence that no longer know distance or time. She involuntarily got rid of concrete facts and slid along with good spirits to her mother's world.

The spiritual world of her gifted mother, who had produced the strangest imaginable choice, relinquishing her daughter to the world, because that world would need this.

The spirits told Imilla black on white the justification of her mother's choice. And right through her spirit passages, Imilla learned that her mother did not know how close her daughter was now, that this knowledge that she would normally have had intuitively, was briefly withheld from her and made available to her daughter.

Imilla knew this now, and knew what to do.

Once arrived in Putre, they agreed to a month's rent at Hotel Las Vicuñas, to have time to look for and buy a modest house. Imilla's Chilean nationality was very useful, it facilitated everything. Within two weeks they had bought a little house with stables, close to an as well bought fallow meadow.

And then they realized wheelchair accessibility, and strong handles for Frans' mobility in the toilet, bath- and bedroom, dining and sitting area.

Their introduction to many residents was smooth. Imilla's relatives who still lived here were very helpful. Just like some classmates from long ago who still remembered that sweet, smartest girl in class. They had been thrilled at her arrival, and happy that she would now stay forever. And, a bit funny, they enjoyed her '*exciting*' life story!

On many fronts simultaneously, their new start quickly took shape, in a very pleasant and simple way.

After several months of quiet presence in this completely new life here, they could not help but confirm a realization to each other. The realization of being right. It felt as if they had simply answered and accomplished what was intuitively known, since long ago it seemed sometimes. Both knew this was a foundation for their calm bliss. And their feeling as if they had lived here for centuries, they both expressed it that way.

And so they lived there within this native land of Imilla in connection with her feminine meaning of love. Effortlessly, and both of them in high attention and with their fullest consciousness. Deeply present in the slow breath of their heart knowing and of Gaia.

Deep in their love and peace ...

\* \* \* \* \*

...And then,  
then the whole human planet quivered.

As if it concerned the fulfilment of a prophecy. It took place when Imilla and Frans had been living in Putre their lives of love and peace for barely six months.

Unannounced, a broad and comprehensive human drama suddenly bit its way through realities. And the omnipresent cosmos sang a restrained, hesitant

recitative, as if from a passion of Bach. But in a very unusual status: following an elongated, millennia long, erratic and often very dark coral, that had immediately stopped in deep black silence.

Then the silence breaks and the groping recitative resonates back and forth in this vibration, uncertainly wandering around a harmonically sounding suggestion towards a far future somewhere. Looking for a possibly completely new and enchantingly clear coral.

The vibration throughout the planet was like a cosmic shimmering with a sound range of 20 octaves, sounding like an earthquake of 20 on the Richter scale, before deemed impossible. That vibration was breathtaking in nature.

It was experienced, and it was briefly communicated. Via media.

The media suddenly presented the world the most eerily oppressive signals, first from Europe: a gigantic mess began to unfold there very acutely and at an almost explosive pace. There was, inevitably, a huge amount of sudden pain and misery, fear, total dismay, a deeply god-left feeling.

Nevertheless, the germs that could have pushed through at lightning speed to what is new, for immediately taking place, were numerous. Perhaps apocalyptic, but in the good sense, the emerging of new possibilities, as from waiting flower buds.

Europe was outdated and had so many senile aspects. At the same time, that gigantic European retirement home was peppered with the young-hearted spirits, wanting and being able to unfold bold experiments, following the heart having its dreams about essences. And they could have attracted less fresh spirits. Or, it could just be brave older ones who could have radiated their inspiration and dreams to the young and thus to the future.

There were many ways. Even in a huge crisis, diversity could be quite impressive.

But this was nevertheless hardly experienced now. The acute immensity overwhelmed everyone and was initially paralyzing. Signals of germination were barely experienced, let alone communicated. The sounds of the media, those first messages, were of course not about what was new, and outlined what happened to the old.

They could only show a horribly steep ravine depth that relentlessly sucked those who had not yet crashed in this deep.



The sudden chaotic messages that Imilla and Frans heard when this hypercalamity unfolded, were still very much based on the old style in an unusually contradictory way, literally as usual. Those remnants of the old media that, even during their own collapse, still want to show the drama of disasters outside themselves in identical style.

Until here and there at least a raw fear for the own media existence was still expressed. And that was perhaps even worse. If you did not look beyond your nose, you would think that the end of the world was there in a literal sense. As if a misplaced anthropocentrism, bulging from hubris, could not see another future than an earth drilling itself directly into the sun, because without its piloting mankind.

Barely a few hours after the start of brutal and acute horror reporting from Europe, rapidly increasing in drama and panic, equally brutal and shocking analogue stories from the United States crept through. Shortly afterwards followed by similarity from China as well as India. Then it couldn't be stopped any more: Indonesia, Japan, Australia, Brazil.

And yes, suddenly, the people in Putre heard the same about Chile.

Imilla and Frans, together with many fellow villagers in Putre, were following the so-called world media, as they transmitted very bizarre signals of sliding horror with appalling abruptness. And so they suddenly heard reports of such sliding horror in their own Chile. The Chilean situation.

It made them all dead still, and it made them listening in the utmost concentration.

The classic wording came back perfectly comparable: catastrophic collapse. Every kind of money or value metal had gone super-fast to completely worthless. All economic activity collapsed spectacularly, as dominoes, because suddenly there could no longer be offered any return in monetary means. All supporting systems really got paralysed, stopped and felled faster and faster.

Structures almost suddenly evaporated, as if it were the implementation of a super order.

Nothing worked or was still available. Total chaos. Panic-like hoarding reactions, which raged like a massive, foolish-blind tsunami, but they were just

as quickly noticed as definitively disappearing in the past. Immense unrest, but surprisingly quickly followed by an increasingly uncomfortable feeling too calm.

After all, there was no *somewhere-to-go*, as a potentially feasible flight. The world of movements became more and more silent. Those who were still moving somewhere, usually had to fulfil that most important of all goals: getting to their loved ones or close friends.

Nothing was still like it was once. Nothing, nothing at all could fit into a supporting story, because it was, after all, the supporting story itself that saw its collapse in a sliding disappearing.

Here and there were ancient story fragments such as from bad disaster movies: military reactions. But the stories were not really great, as they turned out in a spotty way from some news fragments. The military machinery also disintegrated together with the rest; by the way, what was the enemy to be controlled, everything anyway, and thus nothing.

And finally, there was no prospect of payments for soldiers and police either. The evaporation of money seemed to have drawn activity and future into that evaporation.

Energy, another thing like that. The media remnants who wanted to inform something of this, did not even list anymore. They simply reported that in all visible places of the industrialized world the roads were increasingly abandoned, that most stocks had already been hoarded and that supplies were no longer replenished. That this certainly applied to fuel.

The old media remained wonderfully loyal to their old style with this type of reporting. The more and more abandoned status of countless roads was then described in its sensational nature of a deeply ghostly aspect, characteristic of absurd aimlessness. And they reported that the regions where there was still electricity seemed to become increasingly rare worldwide.

Till a bit later, when also for those media the raw reflection on the self occurred.

They expressed the uncertainty of how this would be within the immediate own future and within their own region. They immediately said that it was highly unclear whether they would be reporting any further within a few hours.

It was, above all, a huge sliding on a global scale that could be deduced from it. Just about everything was shifting. Down. Away. No more or less than evaporating.

The stagnation of millions of activities worked like fatal dominoes on many tens of thousands of other activities whose sudden abandonment was always thought impossible, due to eternal need.

Not so.

It felt increasingly absurd to notice that the speaking media themselves, due to the ample fact that they were still speaking, considered themselves as if protected by a divine guard against disintegration.

Such split was so intense for the hearing or reading or watching side, that what had been brought, was coloured to meaningless: what was said could no longer be of value. Maybe it was right, maybe it was wrong.

It seemed that the news had lost its guiding status of a hold on brains, that status was disintegrated even before the disintegration of the megaphone itself took place.

But at the same time, the hearing or reading or watching side knew that being never stops being. New is ready to start when old falls away. The existing was old and disappeared.

The old would therefore also make room for non-yet existent new scenarios, but those scenarios could impossibly, absolutely impossibly, tap from old kegs. In the end, just about all old kegs were evaporating away in this global sliding.

Human talent, a sense of essence and above all a deep local solidarity, this all became at breakneck speed like a field of richly growing pioneer plants. Fallow grounds do not exist for nature: what is left fallow, will immediately suck in pioneer plants.

This is not different for people.

The latter was narrowly already traceable in some of the last news fragments that came through the third day.

The last fragments, which also just signalled an increasing and vibrant solidarity. Of course this was so. Of course no self-destruction. That old dumb stupid-movie image of course did not apply here. This was real! So nothing at

all from "everyone for themselves", quite the contrary! And then, eventually, the last splashes of media signals disappeared completely.

And it all became quiet. All the way planet-wide there was hyper-silence, as if even humanity had evaporated.

That silence crept into everything. The deepest conceivable silence.

Except in meaning.

The meaning of a blank sheet that has set in motion an echoing world-silence to give birth to rewriting.

A reverb that also reaches the Andes in deep, slow sounds, and there confirms the existence-heart in its tireless living beating in a highly expectant positive way.

Tailored to the long Andean winds over the Altiplano, where spirits and dreams are living at a pace of one moonshine heartbeat per night, and people at one new sunrise per day.

## 9

Two months had now passed since the rapid-fire total collapse of the world economy and all its sustaining systems.

What had happened?

It was an ordinary boring Monday, that April 2, 2001, ... but falling in the middle of the activity maximum of *solar cycle* 23. On that day, a stunningly violent solar storm hit the Earth amidships. Just snappy behaviour for the sun. That bombardment of extremely energetic particles had damaged enormous numbers of power stations and digital communications equipment so badly, that even some minimal functioning of large parts of the economy proved impossible. Everything groaned under the unexpected, worldwide.<sup>2</sup>

It was not until later that week, however, that it became apparent how fear and self-interested impulses, from too many people at once, had worked like a fatal shot in the neck. That Tuesday, the world of people appeared to be staring in amazement, uncomprehending, waiting for normal to resume.

But then that Wednesday! It had started brutally noisy with a massive and planetary spreading bank run, crushing itself very quickly into non-existent, since meaningless. While this *in itself* had resulted in an explosive panic. Causing massive and widespread looting. Also planetary.

Within those nasty and frightening days of panic, the entire economy, together with its monetary system and its complete range of activities, had collapsed like a pudding and seeped away like waste into the sewer of history. That booming week of noise had thus ended in a comatose *nothingness*.

That *nothing* certainly did not indicate any rematch. None of the occasional messages, in surprisingly trivial ways, gave the slightest hint of this.

Finally, there could hardly be room for a next chance of what had been terminal for so long, of what still wanted to maintain itself in a catatonic cramp with enormous doses of sterile artificiality, at the expense of everything, absolutely everything. Not least everything of value.

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<sup>2</sup> <https://www.hemelwild.be/media/Biggest-Solar-Flare.pdf>

Ultimately, at the expense of what the heart says. A deafness to the heart that had realized a giant slavery and control matrix. And which now, completely torn apart, had finally died its death.

No repechage at all. The very scarce testimonies of this only came from those who had moved in great hope over long distances to realize their top priority, being back together with loved ones or family. And those movements were extremely improvised. The testimonies then expressed what had been seen and heard along the route that had been taken.

Again and again it became apparent that the previously obvious frameworks had disappeared completely. And the groping finding of other ways. Everywhere people were busy with the most original base of existence that is thinkable, offering food, and drinking water, and shelter and care. Because this too, turned out to clear: no one could have a meaning other than being a fellow sufferer, there seemed to be an almost mathematical equality.

And something else was reported: being a fellow sufferer had apparently translated itself surprisingly fast into a spontaneous sharing behaviour from stocks that resulted from the buy and plunder rush. The old everyone-for-themselves reflexes seemed to evaporate, and after a few weeks an emerging attitude felt as if the former "everyone for themselves" had never existed. As if everyone was suddenly living on a different planet now, and as a result had been moulded into a different kind of resident, no longer like the often cynical ego human of the past.

Witnesses who could provide such stories found that such change was self-evident. They didn't feel the least surprise for it, it was natural and obvious. But they also witnessed the enormous difficulties of providing everyone with at least what could cover basic needs. It kept everyone busy.

There was a depth of existence, created by all the change, which was completely unknown and unsuspected. Everything that happened now was dizzying; in a sense, people lived in a kind of trance. - So, the start of this enormous planetary world turn was meanwhile two months ago.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was early morning.

Northeast adjacent to Putre is the huge and very high volcanic Taapaca complex. Just south of that, above the much lower eastern mountain

silhouettes there, is the familiar area from which Putre's morning sun arises every day.

The sky now lit up very intensely there. And a moment later that early sun climbed out from behind those lower silhouettes. And always again, that was promising. Now the already awakened Sun could pour its radiant and generous bounty on the still awakening Putre.

As usual, Imilla and Frans woke up early.

During their early morning, within the gift of the newborn creative sunlight, they had just finished their faithful ritual, welcoming the new daylight, in a manner as pristine and genuine and grateful as possible, as if it were for the first time ever.

Followed by that other ritual, their small breakfast with herbal drink. They enjoyed the taste of this breakfast in the same pristine and genuine and grateful way. It was inevitable, they actually lived their gratitude for the miracle of being. Such dawn awareness made them to understand each day more consciously as more or less newly being re-born. And as such they could remain more easily in each Now moment.

In the meantime they had started talking again, yes, about the world of humans. They had talked again for a while about the possible feeling of being completely lost for many.

And they wondered how many consciously dealt with an image of the characteristics of what had collapsed.

How many could position themselves in relation to the fundamental characteristics of that social turning? So many immature qualities, such as deeply insane, unreal, alienating, life-denying, distorting, enslaving, which inevitably multiplied itself into a cascade of billions of problems. And most importantly: that tragic characteristic of the pushed aside solidarity. Solidarity which had been denigrated to almost inappropriate, ... the pathetic effect of the ego premise in the money economy as it had been functioning.

The ego as a huge deception, and matrices of elitism, control, slavery and abuse in oceans of delusions, resulting from this.

Frans expressed again the profound significance of that bank run.

He saw the satirical ridicule but also the ineluctability of those absurdly high acceleration forces, and panic, as if it were an explosion, as a result of

which the idiotic foolishness of 'each-for-himself' had massively dumped itself into the fatal economy ravine.

Economy, which means housekeeping for the good existence of the loved ones, was not worth that name for a very long time. This vain bank run, and its resulting panic, were the fate of truth.

Exactly like the deadly trail of cancer, when cells lose their deep sense of togetherness, their *passion-to-connect* as highest life-essence, their reciprocity and cooperation in solidarity, actually their expression of love. - Moreover, like any disease, being a denoting signal or manifestation of high truth, of synchronicity, of the meaning language of the universe.

And then Frans wondered.

Wasn't economics actually a delusional patriarch's invention, brazenly doing the opposite of what life itself has been doing for more than a million millennia?

After all, the billions of cells in our body, as all living cells, each have for so long their many hundreds of mitochondria, like wise life banks hyper-intelligently and precisely taking care of monetary or energy needs of tissues and organs. So of course never, to benefit ego profiteers, and of course always, to meet the needs of everyone and everything, amply and flawlessly.

"Which shows us", Frans concluded, "what real essence of a housekeeping actually means, isn't it? Isn't it a part of Gaia's love story?"

Imilla agreed wholeheartedly, and then suddenly used crystal-clear black-and-white wordings.

She expressed that obsession with consumption and power and control is the *coercive symptom*, that patriarchal ego fixation is the *cause*, and that a distorted view of human life or world, as seen without any feminine principle, is the *fatal spiritual root*, of our tragic loss of a tribal sense of ubuntu.

Each self took care of itself, the raping economy system was the route through which. Like pastime convenience, never ours, no, it was always mine! For it was not your but my spare time, my effort, my money, my beautiful wife, my wise decision, my I'm worth it, my life.

With a massive overdose of Yang who lost himself in blind action, through lost masculinity that proudly boasted of game-playing ego builders in utmost control, who as gods of rationality was controlling reality and was elevating a



cosmic dead meaninglessness to dogma. They build a colonial civilization of an economics that was a brutal patriarchy-application. Carried by lost masculinity, and guided by the dumbass man who missed his truest purpose of being embedded within feminine energy, which would have appreciated him just for the reason of his support of her guiding feminine principle.

We were undergoing a world consummation that, down to the smallest municipalities, was everywhere almost exclusively planned by conservative rulers.

Blind to wisdom, essence and signs of the times, they are like weird, comic caricatures, like retarded progress idiots who continue to fight maniacally every turn for the better. Their path to this was indeed their dominant economics story and money concept.

Actually as an inhuman dogmatic religion, as a neurotic hassle.

After all, we did not experience a *human civilization* at all, we only experienced a morbid fragment version, a shadowy *patriarchal civilization*.

Purely inspired by the paternalistic patriarchal man showing himself as jackass. Aimlessly roaring like a mentally ill bull, while he continued to rape sacredness and feminine value and Gaia, beyond measure. So that feminine value had been hurt deeper and deeper, for 12 terribly long millennia now since the germination of property and associated control urge, since the run-up to Göbekli Tepe.

This feminine voice now realized itself as exhausted, and indeed, barely spoke.

- "Until the deathbed transformation", Imilla would suddenly add, "where the delusion, of being distorted, will dawn on all of us in a sparkling way, and where the loving truth of the real *Self* quietly looks behind the delusion ballast. Spontaneously re-founding us into our true nature of love, in universal loving awareness."

She let a small sigh turn into a short pause in speech.

And then she continued.

Still in her indeed somewhat harsher language.

"How many," she concluded, also staying in her self-questioning mode, "could be aware of all this distorted being-human? How many could thus also find some comfort in the sudden, indeed enormous challenge of the confusing

fall back on bare existence, but then full of available space for correction towards essence?"

A difficult issue.

Imilla's talking became like thinking out loud.

She suspected that above all very unconsciously, and from deep in the heart, a redeeming dimension could be sensed fairly quickly by everyone, but still,... nevertheless,... could such hidden knowledge rise to consciousness at all during such extremely harsh circumstances?

Finally, she knew only too well that our embedding in a money economy with its induced slavishness and profound violation of heart knowledge, had strong parallels with the Stockholm syndrome. She knew that sympathy and even fanatic belief had arisen for the prison-way of being, for what was actually torturing us and holding us hostage, we suffered a Stockholm syndrome blocking the needed perspective view from the outside.

Perhaps a transparent awareness of all this could arise very quickly? Or ... maybe not so quickly? She couldn't get out.

Whatever the case, she decided, in the long run the heart wants to speak. And so it would come, sooner or later. It would emerge, such a freeing realization, now, since the essential surfaces in sparkling fresh naturalness. In accordance to this heart's knowledge.

Frans had then referred again to the intriguing research work of Lynne McTaggart in her book *'The Power Of Eight'*, it was Imilla's last Belgian birthday gift for him, and of course they had both read it.

He repeated how this scientific inquiry had revealed that the power of a specific, positive and focused healing thought when shared within a group of eight persons and jointly sent to another to help him in this specificity, worked as pure healing magic, and how this became manifest in tangible realities.

He suggested that many shared thought flows of people during this revolution will be oriented so deeply different from the old past, that they will, as it were, conjure up positive and essential things.

Imilla smiled happily for his consideration, she totally agreed with it.

And she immediately applied that to the horrible, painfully devastating consequences of rampant elitism among nearly all the powerful and their meek following blind crowd of believers.

"Elitist thinking," she said, "has created, during too many harsh gusts of spiritual desert wind, the millennia-long rise of the inhumane, where another human would not be like you or your own child. A very grim delusion that had left endless numbers of horrifying scars, and had given birth to our sheepish bleating "each for himself" ego-economy, which has ultimately inflicted the mega wound of the Anthropocene."

After which she added that differently oriented streams of thought during this world turn certainly causes the evaporation of all these toxic elitist reflexes, which will be deeply healing. Like the evaporation of that other toxic reflex, she concluded, that of belief in illusion - after all, illusion has been the best-selling good in modern civilization.

"Being human," she went on, apparently in the mood of sharing deeper thoughts, "that is a co-fluid, is a deep contextual embedding of consciousness in the matter of one's own body and world, embedded in the sacredness of the other and of life."

"You know, Frans", she said, with a voice suddenly sounding even fresher, "this reminds me of what I once read, it was perhaps in that Yanomamö book 'The Falling Sky'. It was told that the ultimate, very rare punishment in their tribe was an exile. The shaman who told it had experienced this twice."

"Well, he added that the person was found dead two weeks after the exile. Imagine, those people are masters in survival, from the age of 8 they know the nutritional value and the medicinal value from hundreds of plant species. That quick dying after forced expulsion from the group therefore means that their being-human had literally stopped."

Frans responded immediately: "That's striking. It clearly shows that a human outside his group is a *contradictio in terminis*, isn't it."

Imilla agreed, and she was on form, she went straight on. "And where does this anomaly, that loss of the tribal nature of being human, have its roots? Well, the wise psychiatrist Ian McGilchrist, in his '*The Master and his Emissary*', has clearly exposed the danger of the stupidity from sterile left hemisphere dominance. But,..." she continued in an articulate voice, "he did make a grand detour around a crucial domain because too insecure. And he was honest. Thus he remained silent about masculine and feminine."

"Well, as a woman I'm convinced you can simply reformulate his deep conclusions as 'runaway Yang'."

“And so, salvation of our tribal nature will come from Yin revaluating itself and showing this from the lived life. Finally, as the wise Pakistani writer Ramla al-Aalam had once emphatically stated from her deep, intuitive understanding: ‘a woman is a guiding beacon, a woman is a tribe’.”

The early morning seemed to inspire them.

In their talking. And in their equally rich silence. Their silent worship of attention, during the speechless nature of a conscious existence. In a silence, as essential as in rhythm of enchanting music. After their talk a moment ago, their pace of life now slipped into such a universe-creating *silence-attention*.

They both sipped their herbal water, musing in that silence on the last worded thoughts, and on whatever. Through the two small windows, the still early tender daylight kept painting a picturesque cosy home feeling, there in their sober, oh so sweet, lovely small living space.

Moments later, Imilla added some sound to their silent attention.

"Look at this cute morning light," she then suggested softly. "That tells me that everything is simply as it has to be."

And Frans smiled at her, and added an affirmative nod, and with his typical warm smiling sigh he confirmed his eternal happiness.

They were still sitting together at their table, he in his wheelchair on the short end side as usual. And she, sitting next to him but on the long side of this table.

She kept staring dreamily at that warm light as it poured in freely through their little windows. Frans meanwhile was as in a kind of playful trance. Slowly moving an old piece of colored glass, guiding the reflected sunlight beam into a very calm and careful, slightly wiggling light spot, on the wall under the small windows.

As if this small light circle was caressing in an endless tenderness the sacred magic of their beloved little home space.

Actually they both felt intensely happy about all their very ordinary ways of being. They hardly had any needs it seemed at times, they *were*. And that was such an incredibly beautiful and simple reason for satisfaction. They were simply happy about the most beautiful gift imaginable, being allowed to live this living love-existence. And intensely happy for being allowed to breath. That ordinary but miraculous breathing.

Imilla had shifted again somewhat, now leaning very close and intimate against Frans.

And then, after he started kissing her neck, very sweetly and with a longing warmth, she gave him an equally warm hug that lasted for several minutes, and another deep kiss. During the ensuing peaceful silence of their slow mutual caresses, they now gradually resumed their soft talking. Their equally tender, musing, dreamy conversation.

And in this way they reflected, once again, on the concrete changes in their immediate environment, in the Putre region. Over and over again they tried to sense the many hidden meanings of what is manifesting.

The effects of the collapse in Putre, while very deep indeed, were not terribly dramatic.

For a long time, living here was traditionally deep local, with a surprising amount of resilience. The dependencies on materials or foodstuffs elsewhere were at least lower here anyway.

Of course there were many deeply spectacular aspects. Suddenly there was a world without electricity, that happened at the end of the third day after the collapse. And in general, the EROI, Energy Return On Investment, has shrunk immediately to barely above 1:1.

That was a very strange adaptation, on an extraordinary number of fronts at the same time.

Fuel for example, such as for their own van. A thing of the past. Their own last refueling, from military fuel reserves at the Putre barracks, was the week after the collapse. Siphoned because without electricity, a group of strong villagers had dug a pit, right next to that underground fuel tank there.

It became clear for everybody, that it would be rather foolish to have an attitude of waiting for so-called recovery.

Or rather, of course a get well, provided that it would be of a completely different and in any case not yet known nature and order.

Money, anyway, had been less supportive in the essential necessities of life. Especially for the Aymara Indians. It was a well-known fact, their average family income in the late sixties of the 20th century was found to be the

equivalent of only 37 US dollars a year, which would imply absolute poverty, but not so. Their way of life simply avoided money to a high degree.

Water was no problem in Putre. The pure melting water rivers that flowed down the Altiplano had never been without their flow even during the longest drought period.

And even though the snowfall on the Andes had been noticeably lower for years due to the early aspects of a dramatic climate change, that lower melting volume had at least never been extra burdened by the massive use of water for other purposes.

This was an advantage for this region.

But food was problematic. They knew they were in a difficult transition period. They had to handle the scarcity and shared rations with the utmost care and superb organization. There was no life-threatening hunger, but the food supply was almost at the limit. Increasing the supply by slaughtering more animals was not a good choice, and could only be seen as a desperate act if a life-threatening deficit were to arise.

The expectation of everyone in Putre and the surrounding region was that recovery would occur from the following year, as soon as numerous small crops and vegetables and fruits could have been tailored to the needs. That was not the case in the sudden new situation that had arisen, it could not have been.

Imilla went again in their musing on what she saw often.

How she, apparently especially in the evening, could feel present in other places in the world. She sometimes saw enormous amounts of misery. But just as strong, there was something comforting to see at the same time. She saw a tidal wave of being together.

It was striking, surely in the big cities. Suddenly there were no more lonely people there, everyone was part of a search to prevent people from falling out of the solidarity boat. The massive amount of energy from those who could support others, wanting to avoid, at all costs, that only one person would suffer from malnutrition.

There was nothing left of old governing systems, what came through as weak signals of this, didn't have the slightest serious response. After all, this only had been supported by an underpinning system and underpinning being concept, that simply no longer existed now.

Of course not. The basis for the patriarchal principle of the decisive *possessor-of-power* had completely evaporated, there wasn't but all-embracing servanthood in an all-embracing deep equality, the feminine principle. *As always as such active in all that lives.*

And meanwhile, there was all the more government, more even than ever before: the essence of sharing and distributing between fellow sufferers, an endlessly subdivided and spontaneous bottom-up administration by almost everyone who could do something. Almost perfectly answering what the questions and needs were. *Again, as always as such active in all that lives.*

They searched to the smallest corners, as if looking with an high efficiency radar, for possibly not yet noticed fellow people who seemed left to their own. This new government, being an endlessly distributed acting tailored to a shared fate.

Fulfilling a shared destiny of being human, so of course including meeting the needs specific to what being human implies for all of us.

Being human together.

Eating and drinking together, not having too hot or too cold together, taking care of young children together, or of people with health problems or with any kind of disability.

Together caring for ill people, together encouraging them to heal if they were open to it, together accompanying, supporting and comforting the people who were dying. Together burying who had died and comforting who was mourning. Together taking care of any need, whatever or however, that could suddenly emerge. The quality of the self-regulating organization to distribute food and the mitigation of essential needs, and enjoy this together, was impressive, and on what scale!

Imilla saw what she already knew from the past, in other situations during the old story: then this could also happen every time a sudden disaster happened, be it strongly fragmented in space and time. An earthquake for example. One never asked the buried living fellow whether he could afford his rescue, or had an insurance, or could give something back to you. Of course not. One tried to help that fellow person. Easy actually.

A fellow human, a need, as everyone knows needs, and another human able to help, would respond.

Nobody can without giving. Nobody can without receiving. Give and receive, receive and give.

Actually, she noted the reality of a sacred economy of the gift, she knew. Exactly as she knew this from remnants of well-balanced tribes of indigenous peoples around the world.

Through that pioneering solidarity, Imilla saw something else, as cut across it, absorbed in it, or rooted in it. Something extremely powerful. And she saw it grow, but with great subtlety. She saw how a subtle shift occurred from masculine acting or manipulating, to being according to the feminine principle, Yin. To be. Outside time, full of absorption of what is. But then in a highly inspired way.

This deepening was rapidly strengthening in women in particular, but it also turned out to be clearly noticeable in men. She saw very clearly that the old concept of 'care' was only a superficial exterior. The in-depth interpretation of what she saw was much broader, richer, larger. While she told Frans about it, she didn't know at all what word could be used for it.

Then the simplicity dawned on her. That old-fashioned word where giving and receiving coincide effortlessly, that is of course 'love'. You have love for the richness of life, and for the other, you give to it, you receive from it, it simply coincides indeed.

She expressed it to him, apparently still thinking about it aloud, with a digression, and an open question: "Maybe that notion of love has long been a carrier of unification, non-duality in the heavy duality matter world?"

"That can even be expressed in new money," she suddenly added, "valuable for all our loving activities towards ourselves, fellow humans, the life planet. Another money that expresses our love truth."

And musingly, she immediately explained this, "for example, ... as an estimated number of negative '*grief*' units, as a measure of lack of love, on the one hand."

"And especially on the other hand, as an estimated number of positive '*gift*' units, as a measure of love and happiness. Affirming human truth. Allowing a wise-human world, which longs to let this living existence be what it wants to be: a real *love feast*! Of course thanks to increasingly higher '*gift*' levels and lower '*grief*' levels. Wouldn't money in '*gift*' version then become beloved to receive but even more to give?"



“Well,” Frans smiled, “that’s a nice idea, Imilla, wonderfully beautiful! You make me dream.”

Now they looked at each other with a pleasant smile.

Oh yes, indeed, all those fascinating mental shifts, globally, and the grand truth they saw in them, it kept them both intensely busy.

But their sincerity gave them many vantage points. And so, Frans soon felt his questions cover the full breadth in practical terms. The whole world is completely flat, nothing works the way it used to be, everything is one gigantic ignorance and chaos and frighteningly being exposed.

No hospitals, no relocations, no electricity, no food transport, no utilities. Completely new and urgent finding out of how to extract and distribute food, how to prevent hunger from becoming life-threatening. So many new ways to find a basis for existence for everyone.

Can this all work out just like that?

He now continued aloud what he was thinking.

“Oh my god, Imilla,” he sighed.

“Sometimes I think then, help!, what a huge problem in so many places, what a chaos, how many sick people without technical help, or hunger victims. How many people would be extremely struggling with a critical deficit in ways of staying alive right now, or have died in the meantime? Or will soon die as a result?”

“Would humanity not be halved soon, perhaps within a year? Maybe barely a quarter? And yes, that could well be, Imilla. We don't know at all, but isn't it in line with what you might expect?”

He sighed again deeply before continuing.

“But then you see what you see in the pioneering attitudes in European cities.”

“And in that far-reaching new solidarity you see how the old word *love* becomes a driving force, guiding the new still existing human groups into an intense together-in-group. How impressive. Damn it, Imilla, I am touched by all these developments, what an unexpected evolution.”

“But also this thing,” Frans put forward, “this very different aspect, Imilla, is there actually no important role for sensitive seers? Shamans? I mean, just now, while people everywhere are inventing their existence?”

“When I think about what you told me about your father's death... How you had felt that he was dying last year at Paranal, and how you accompanied him from there, offering his soul peace and calmness and love during his dying?”

“And yes, you said it often, we all in principle have the opportunity to develop it. Well, okay, but not everyone will easily be talented in it, in shamanism. Now, Imilla, you appear to be growing strongly in that talent. Well, isn't that important in what's happening worldwide right now?”

Imilla was pleasantly surprised by the clarity of what Frans said, and expressed this. She definitely wanted to go further on this.

“The soul dimension, what a shamanka or shaman can notice, will become more conscious and important,” she suggested, “in those countless groups of pioneering people, that are now developing everywhere. Shamanism was already going on for many tens of millennia. But it found its way always more difficult during the last ten millennia, in that increasingly mindless patriarchal developing world. There was too much at the same time that was improper. Disconnected of the sources.”

“And as a result, the talent was increasingly used incorrect, or clumsily due to one's own immaturity. Often in a wrong or downright harmful way, by much not understood own baggage, or out of a desire for power or control.”

“While it requires deep acceptance of the meaningful individuality of the other. And that requires a lot of integrity, wholeness, insight, wisdom, and matured love.”

“Anyway, now that being human is faced with an immense field of open possibilities, the essential takes on the greatest role. Shamanic guidance then becomes important. You could say that it completely replaces the old global media. Yes. Shamanic guidance as a source of information.”

She asked Frans whether he could see it that way or whether he felt this as exaggerated.

“No, I agree,” he nodded. And then he dreamed away.

He couldn't help but thinking on their Paranal time.

That often happened. Their time at the observatory was a warm-hearted memory for both of them. His thoughts went back again at that lovely moment when they had met as soul mates. How right she had felt that he was holding back much of his truth until then. And how obvious the new and real is, as

soon as you let go which blocks unnecessarily, as soon as you can also let evaporate stupid dogmata.

And again his thoughts jumped back to today, the actuality of human existence, with no news except what's known of one's own location, and the awareness of what clairvoyant people could feel or see from elsewhere.

And the staggeringly unknown practical dimension.

The enormous danger that this huge metamorphosis entailed, especially with regard to drinking water and food, teased him. Finally, he thought, it can turn out very, very dramatically, solidarity or not, love or not. Dying can also prove to be a joint path. Dying of very many. Maybe, maybe not.

Then Frans started talking about this out loud again.

"You know," he began, "sometimes I think that on some level, it might just make sense if this is how it turns out? Yes, that sounds dangerous, what I'm saying now. But, I only grope for meaning."

"Dying, that is anyway as being born, as progress, as a prelude to the singing of the soul in her way over dying. A transformation, or a pivotal moment. Well, reincarnation if you like to understand it like that, or let everyone name it as they feel it."

"But anyway, for the greater holon of life, the planet, all that is, yes, for the consciousness-rich universe, it might just be a meaningful event that will happen if here and now an accelerating transformation of large numbers of people would occur. And whoever stands in front has no comfort - unless perhaps exactly that awareness, but then in a broad and meaningful perspective?"

Then he paused a while. Looking quite uncertainly at her.

Imilla observed his gaze and came to him immediately, in silence. She squatted next to his wheelchair, grasped him tenderly, and kissed him as she bended toward him, leaning against him. She stroked him with slow, gently shaped movements, walking tenderly from the upper part of his shoulders to his back.

She sighed.

Then she smiled at Frans, and in an almost whispering way, as if it were intensely private between them and not allowed to be audible for the ears of the world, she continued.

"Death," it sounded, "hardly differs from birth anyway, it is the transformation on the other side of life, like birth. Death is rich and is not dead. at all. It is all part of the same large-scale miracle within a multi-dimensional universe."

"And yes, I think it's right what you said. If that miracle requires large-scale turns, possibly an accelerated transformation of many souls, then that might be seen as part of the powerful birth of a new humanity in a non-violent mode. More following the cosmic breathing."

"Or following the planet or Gaia in her love-expressing contractions, open to what wants to be born."

"If this global metamorphosis implies an accelerated death of many, then this must be more than that apparently mundane fact. Then perhaps that is a meaningful manifestation of ways of animated essences that are dormant in many, in our DNA. If so, then I finally have faith in ultimate meaning."

And now it was Frans, who pulled Imilla closer to him to hug her warmly, while he spoke as softly as Imilla, in the same almost whispering mode: "But you are a pure miracle in your being here on earth, you know! Oh I really want to be aware of that every minute and be grateful for it."

Imilla slid onto his lap, and so the wheelchair had to carry the weight of both for a while, during their tender embrace. And they were quiet, embedded in musing silence. Until a few minutes later when her voice coloured this silence while she added, still in whisper mode, "All people are miracles. All that is, is a miracle."

\* \* \* \* \*

When that evening Imilla and Frans lay comfortably close to each other in bed, she could not fail to find a connection with their talking, in her own way. She stroked softly Frans' cheeks, her eyes very close to his. Meanwhile, he held her smoothly in his arms, gently massaging the warm curves of her Gaian body.

"Do you know Frans," she then said, "I have the strong feeling that in most places in the world people are not only reinventing their existence in a unique way. I think they also want to complete a kind of resetting in what it is, to be a woman or to be a man."

"Yes, yes, yes, ..." Frans reacted comically, "do you want to say that we should do the same now? Going to reinvent us?" Imilla burst into a juicy laugh.

"Yes," she said, "we have one week to study, and then the exam. No, of course not as if you decide about something you're going to do. No, just in what you live and are, naturally and without thinking. Simply because we live in this situation, and on this planet, and today, uh ... I think."

"I also think," Frans said slowly, cuddling her more and more intensely, "I think ... on your blissful breasts, your beautiful eyes, your beautiful hair, oh and those lovely buttocks of yours!, yes I feel more and more like that reinvented man!"

Imilla laughed warmly. She then kissed him very deeply on his mouth in a generous and even warmer and deeper manner, hugging him ever deeper. "Well, that's what I meant for instance," she whispered, "just like that, just so good."

"And, imagine once, Frans, sex that is even better, more enjoyable, do you know when? If men as well as women integrate their opposite enough. If the masculine *raison-d'être* has a deep sense and adoration of the sacred feminine, and if the feminine *raison-d'être* has understood and absorbed fully the sacred masculinity of purposeful and life supporting handling. So to be fuller man and woman. Isn't that obvious, Frans? The more natural you are, whole and complete, the more powerful you make life to pulsate, don't you?"

"And they both lived that life now more and more intensely from its sparkling depths of life genius."

Frans in his handicapped but wonderfully lavish way participating in their tantric heavenly ways of making love.

The next day, in the early morning, when they quietly returned to their chat of yesterday night, Frans said: "Actually, in the end, ... I am hopeful after all, you know."

"Finally we find our ways I think. And in the meantime, the horror scale falls away from more Gaia rape, more destruction of ecotopes, of soils, of climate, much poisoning falls away, or being slave, or abuse, or disturbed self-image, or addiction to absurd ego-drama, or the male sexism as had been swollen for 12 millennia, a contraction that requires love-healing. Or the culture of gross manipulation and lies and deceit and lovelessness. Or

whatever other sad delusions of imbalance. And then, we can really hope for better, better than expected even, how natural developments will continue from now on." Then he smiled at her, saying, "We'll see." And he added the thought, "Or maybe our descendants will see, won't they?"

"Nicely said," Imilla smiled, "what you are saying now, about that hope for a good essential future. And you know, it reminds me of our dramatic morning in Gasthuisberg."

She continued now whispering, as from a dreamy thinking. "We were both heavily perturbed and shocked by the black dark dimension, by the enormity of the world shock as we were feeling this. But why? Why we were that shocked by what is a metamorphosis? That is like being in panic and calling for help because you are pregnant and know therefore that you'll be meeting painful contractions."

Frans laughed juicily, a generous, sweet laugh with a kiss.

"Yes, Imilla. That could only be a statement from you, isn't it. Do you know that I sometimes wonder, whether our childlessness doesn't have more weight for you than you always said so far? "

She gave him a warm look.

"Of course I place that in a quiet way. But also, of course that has its small weight. That's why it's so good, Frans, so satisfying to me, that you say this. Just saying that you think of the possibility that I would be thinking on it a little more than you hear from me, well, that is a blissful embrace of our childless and lovely togetherness. Thank you, my dear sweet boy."

"You're welcome Imilla," Frans responded, solemnly leaning over to her from his wheelchair, with a great smile, and rounding off his reaction with a warm kiss and a tender hug.

Imilla reacted, she pulled him out of his wheelchair towards her while passing him the sliding board of his wheelchair, and a moment later they were snuggled together on their primitive but handsome double seat.

It was, as often, that they allowed each other the translation of their soul warmth, it was a need for sharing, unclaimable but constantly being given again.

The festive of loving in the most ordinary embodiment. And those bodies, they followed the cosmic heartbeat of continuation by the genius of the living,

and those bodies wanted to fulfil this genius in a very intense and passionate hugging.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hugging until just 1 minute later.

A sudden double knock on their front door. And because they knew that knocking was sometimes enough to open that rickety door, they released each other instantly. The door did indeed open, with a strong silhouette marked in the bright opening.

"Frans? Imilla?" asked the silhouette.

They looked at each other with disbelief. They recognized that voice. Yes, Waldo's voice. How is that possible? Almost at the same time they called his name. And indeed he came in, taking an uncertain step forward due to the sudden darkness, not seeing much when you suddenly leave the blazing bright sun.

Imilla got up straight away, and for a moment without any time to help Frans back in his wheelchair, she immediately pulled away the darkening curtains hanging in front of the two windows. They suddenly saw each other and Waldo much better.

Waldo! Imilla and Frans didn't know what happened.

"Good heavens Waldo, be welcome, that's really a miracle, you here!" Frans blared in a mixture of joy and stupid astonishment, while Imilla quickly helped him in his wheelchair.

"Waldo, my good friend," Imilla said immediately, "welcome! How did you find us? How did you know that we live in Putre?"

Waldo was smiling with joy, just before he spoke in his typical direct style: "Oh my god, Frans, Imilla, I am so content that I got here, that I meet you again! What does this feel good, oh my god!"

And then he gave Frans and then Imilla a giant cuddle, seconds long.

"Yes," he continued, "I had known for a while that you had moved here last year in October. I heard it from your sister, Frans. When I wanted to contact you both again and did not find you, I had at least found her information, and had contacted her. I wanted to come to Belgium to visit you both, but that was no longer necessary, I heard, you were back in Chile. Stiff guests, both of you, just like that, moving to Putre, phew!", he laughed.

“And of course, when I had got your new address, then of course I wanted to come by as quickly as possible.”

"Great, Waldo, that is a good thing, dude," Frans called to him, "but come and sit down here, and then we are going to have a drink, hey, what will it be, water or water? Okay, coffee or tea is also possible but that has to be hot, for a cool drink only water."

"Unless you want to manipulate it yourself cold with some herbs. Just look at that rack, the names are on the jars, you never know, maybe you see something that you like, and I think there are smells you do like. Have a look."

"And, is that real Altiplano water that you offer me?" Waldo chuckled.

"You're thinking right," Imilla intervened, "melt water from the Andean heights, which is enriched in its way through the Altiplano with minerals from young volcanic deposits."

"And young minerals are healthy for old people," laughed Frans.

"Especially healing for my giant thirst!" Waldo replicated, emptied the glass in a short gulp, got it filled again immediately, and then continued: "You know, Frans, of course I was gossiping bravely when I contacted your sister. So, I already knew that your arms were okay, of course I had just seen it too. That's so great, isn't it? And what I also heard from your sister is that you both started a small farm here in Putre, I heard already the slogan: food, drink and sharing".

"That's right," said Imilla, "not badly guessed isn't it, given the new world situation soon afterwards."

Waldo looked at her a little more closely, then said, "That is so wonderful, Imilla, you are completely the same. However, it has been more than a year since we last saw each other, there in Antofagasta."

And he then added, with a broad smile: "By the way, I did get a year older though."

Frans responded immediately, "Well, it's different for me, I got a year wiser." Imilla and Waldo laughed.

"But tell me, Waldo," Imilla continued, "the world is now completely flat and different, everywhere in all ways, how did you get here in those circumstances? At least if you come from Santiago, you still live there?"

Waldo emptied his second glass, and asked if he could get some more water, reporting how great his thirst was.



He said that, in order to answer that last question, he had to tell something more about the reason for his visit.

Of course it is a friends visit that he definitely wanted to do, he said. But there was more. "I'll tell it,..." he said, and he unfolded his story.

Just after he planned to visit Putre, the huge global collapse had started, he could actually just take a flight to Arica, but suddenly he didn't dare it any longer. It was just too unclear whether or not he would get stuck in another place, or could not get back, or whatever.

But because of that he just stayed at home. Waldo now briefly continued how he understood this collapse. Like everyone else, he was a paralyzed and choked observer of himself as part of a humanity in shock, undergoing the toughest transformation since man had started to understand his living planet as a finite planet.

And he did realize that the global living world that underwent the invasive aspect of an unripe humanity was convulsed and wanted something else. Everything would probably change till its foundations. Staggeringly deep. That hit all of us in the face, he understood, we stay behind without any hold, almost shivering we appear to be nude.

Imilla enjoyed the way Waldo had expressed these things and was glad for it. It showed that he could understand the world change as an eventually good transformation.

And Waldo continued.

In the meantime, he was sitting there, in Santiago, a metropolis that only surrounded him as a mystery. What did he, the scientist, the single, have to do now with his own being human?

And he explained that he suddenly got a grip on how bizarre his anxiety had been about that flight to Arica, when she was still possible. And not to take it. Why not? There was no reason for concern. Wherever he would be, there are always possibilities, and there are always fellow people, and the cohabitation or the living together has always to be done.

He was thinking that way. And so he arrived at the choice of Imilla and Frans, which he had heard from Frans' sister. Being engaged in basic care for food, drink and sharing. What was more the cornerstone of being human than

just that? The base from which everything starts? Without a together you can't. You cannot do without eating or drinking. Without giving and receiving is not possible. And then he wondered how Imilla and Frans got through their work. More specifically, he thought of Frans' handicap, as a wheelchair person. That was probably a reduction in the possibilities of nutrient care. And so he thought, maybe I can join them, to contribute in their essential work? So. The idea matured, and he wanted to discuss it with both of them.

But alas, he was at a distance of 1600 miles from Arica, even worse, 1,700 miles from Putre.

Without the old familiar means of transport in this paralysed, completely silent world.

He then said that he had brooded about that problem for exactly ten minutes. It was perhaps the toughest challenge of his life, which he suddenly grafted into the deepest transformation of the human planet that could have been imagined. But he wanted to tackle it.

With his bike.

A solid bike with a storage box in front, not exactly a sporty speed wonder. But yes he would. Even if the route largely involved the extremely dry and hot climate of the Atacama desert: by bike! And he could maybe exchange that bicycle cart from the children a few houses further, those people no longer used it, he knew, their children had grown out of it by now. And he had all sorts of things to trade with them, that would work.

Well, that cart would be something necessary, surely for the water reserve, that could perfectly serve his journey.

He had estimated that he would be able to reach an average of 7 miles per hour, well loaded, and thus to move some 55 miles a day. Somewhere halfway then say one or two days complete rest, and then it should be realistic to overcome the distance in just over five weeks. And that reality is what he wanted, what he would accomplish.

Imilla and Frans didn't know what they heard, they were speechless. From that bike ride. As a bike ride with a cargo bike already pretty hefty. But that route above all, a full south-north passage, the longest possible, of the vast, gigantic, endless Atacama desert, by bicycle? How could that be? No caravan

with a group even, or with beasts of burden? Frans was thinking like that, and he was just about to inform, but Waldo went further.

"You know," he added as a kind of own consideration, "there are many dimensions to that journey. It has become a huge pilgrimage, you could say my Putre pilgrimage if you want, but with really many aspects, ..."

"Imilla, Frans, the last three weeks of the trip I had more and more the impression that it is a metaphor for myself and yes, for the small and medium-sized and very large world, too! It has incredible facets."

"In the last three weeks I actually thought that I could do no more than write all that for myself. And it is so much, that I think this writing will be a time-consuming process. But anyway, there is no deadline waiting, why should it. I have the time that I want to take for myself, so simple."

"Hey, your bike Waldo," asked Frans, "is it standing here against our hut?" And while he asked this, he rolled his wheelchair through the door, immediately with a surprised cry.

"Waldo, that bike, oh boy, that's a mini caravan in itself!"

Frans was astonished at what he saw there, indeed a cargo bike, with a fully loaded container at the front, but, with that child's cart behind it, which, like the container, was fully loaded.

Meanwhile, Imilla was standing next to him, while Waldo was asked to give a little more explanation.

"Well, yes," he said, "that was also literally the toughest challenge, that I had to carry so much luggage, and around two thirds of the weight was often drinking water. If I could top up on the road, it was that ratio again."

"I can assure you, the average of 7 miles per hour was a nice target, but I have only been able to fulfil this at around 5 miles per hour. However I think you can understand that when you see it."

"Ah yes, it has not become 5 weeks, it took finally a bit more than 12 weeks to arrive here. But mostly because I have taken much time, again and again, to have long conversations with lots of people I met."

"The world situation, man! You are amazed how much ordinary hope there is among all of us, even though we are brutally forced to let go of so much? Wow, I've heard quite a few examples!"

"But that hope about new and different and ultimately better, it lives! Everywhere. For everybody! And ah yes, almost all the time I was just invited to eat something with people and to rest with them and to sleep there. It is all part of the wealth that I have met. Oh, I'm actually eager to start writing it all out."

"You know, even what I have already been able to note on the way, that is really intriguing."

"On that entire journey I counted 61 trucks that crossed me or passed me by. Fifty of them were during the first 10 days, thereafter they were quickly gone, and forever. There were about 40 who had stopped, and where I could hear extraordinary stories from those drivers, what they were still doing, where to go and with what, how they felt, what if the last bit of fuel from their supply had gone, and so on."

"A phenomenal disturbance or being lost, yes indeed, but not for long, not at all! And the way in which this desperation evaporated, was of a kind that makes it clear, that there will soon be hardly any depressed people left. People have suddenly become 10 times healthier everywhere, it seems. But really, I have to write it all down."

Imilla expressed that she thought Waldo was in any case very capable to persevere, a real stayer.

"Yes and no," Waldo replied.

"Yes, well, to begin with, Frans, Imilla, the Atacama is of course not strange to you both and to me, of course. Our Paranal past has taught us something about drought and climate in that extreme environment, remember? Sometimes I almost had *fata morgana*'s of the Paranal time. I'd talk to myself in the Paranal time atmosphere, as if I were still there with both of you."

"But that was actually less important."

"What was really important, was a joint aspect."

"In essence, it wasn't my own journey, and that is precisely why I was able to maintain so well."

"Believe it or not, but it was the gathering with you both that was the engine of my energy. One of the lessons I discovered, you can't do anything without others. There is only being together, being human isn't but a being together with others." - "Yes, Imilla," he suddenly grinned, responding to her wonderfully empathetic attention while listening, "that comes from my mouth, the mouth of the eternal single, the eternal bachelor."

"And *whàt* exactly was that, what was the meaning of this being with you during that trip in the desert?"

"You were indeed the ultimate goal of the journey, but more important you were primarily the motivation of the journey, and so there was always your mental presence. *Thàt* made it possible for me. It was as if I were undergoing together with you both that endless desolation of the Atacama all the time, that's why I could defy it."

Imilla immediately said that she is very happy about what Waldo says, and that she really appreciates it as a wonderful gift that he wants to settle in Putre to join them. That they could now figure out how to make those possibilities into something strong.

She turned to Frans and asked what went through his mind about this.

"I'm moved by emotion," Frans responded immediately.

"Waldo, what you are saying here, is such a beautiful translation of our slogan, '*food, drink and sharing*'. Of course you can be part of it. Quite naturally, you know that! And then how you have already prepared it for yourself, what you are telling here about that, of that meaning of being together! It makes me silent of emotion, man!"

"Philosophers with working hands," Waldo replicated with a generous laugh, "I always knew we would reach that level, Frans!"

They laughed together at that comment. Frans and Imilla felt all too well that this so fundamental basic aspect of being human, in their specific interpretation of it, was given a very nice expansion in terms of a small group, thanks to Waldo. And Imilla said it that way.

Something strong indeed happened here.

A new mini-group about life as a human being, germinated within the larger evolving Putre group.

Imilla involuntarily felt suddenly the shamanic power of women from '*The Goddess Image*' who hold their group spiritually together, since many tens of millennia ago, in embracing their good way of being alive.

While those women in supreme concentration and in a sparkling trance experienced their flowing connection with the world of souls, and from there applied their extatic cave painting.

Imilla suddenly noticed something more. She realized something, she thought of Lady Brassempouy, that ivory statue from 25,000 years ago with the checkerboard pattern on her hair. With face. The earliest human face ever found. She realized how that Brassempouy woman had presented herself in her identity for the future that she and Frans experienced today. Offered with the flashes of wonder that this woman had experienced 25,000 years ago, just like the creator of the figurine.

Lady Brassempouy and the sculpture maker injected awareness into the soundlessly shimmering cosmic realms, executing this as a subtle quantum entanglement clinging to the endless always-everywhere of all ever-somewhere, full of endless being.

Full of potential, and full of invitation.

Lady Brassempouy and the sculpture maker spoke, and were full of their invitation to the future still unknown to them. Just like the current invitation that Imilla felt, an invitation to her epoch to be formed, from each here and now into her longing existence, longing for enriched universe creation and sowing for new futures.

This feeling melted its way into her feeling with '*The Goddess Image*', as if it were an added paragraph.

Her fleeting flashy musings were interrupted acutely as Frans suddenly began to weep. Imilla read him rightly. Waldo was surprised of course, and sounded out carefully.

"Oh, just like that, I'm so touched," Frans said in tears.

"There is so much happening in the world, so much happening with myself. It is that unimaginably new, the richness of it, that is coming my way. And it's all so endlessly meaningful, oh my god! I am so happy for a lot, for much, oh so much!"

"For Imilla. For the world around me, the existence. For so much."

And in his tearful face, he would add, with a broad radiant smile right through that sobbing: "And now you're suddenly emerging out of nowhere, Waldo, till here with us, to join us. Oh I do appreciate that immensely, man. It is all very, very moving for me, it makes me so happy!"

And the three embraced each other.

# 10

In the meantime, the non-cadastral space that we call time became the strongest companion of the countless groups of pioneering people. Precisely because that time lost its old dominance of jagged applications more and more. Time had lost countless meanings, and turned itself into a broad spacious place of existence. Exactly like when you are still a child.

In a way, many pioneering groups of people let themselves evolve into big children.

Imilla had expressed this as follows: “Time has lost a perception of being that was wronged for so long, and now no longer fell into that trap. The stupid foolishness that forbids life to be lived was not only exposed nakedly, but has even simply evaporated. Gone was so much self-deception, or self-loss.”

Imilla wondered how Frans did it in the meantime, being more vital than ever. He had acquired a unique place with his wheelchair in their small farmhouse and community centre and by extension in Putre. That magic effect of the wheelchair, she sometimes thought. But of course she knew that it was much more the strong evolution that he went through. Actually just like her own evolution.

And then Waldo. Soon after his arrival he had been able to ‘buy’ for himself a very small piece of land with a derelict hut in Putre, some 300 meters from them. A bit like she and Frans had done. The hut was very modest. A place to be inside. Decayed but good enough to be able to top up to the miracle of being-home.

He had made the deal without money of course, that was stupid paper without meaning. He had meant his cargo bike as the exchange thing for it, although during the exchange it was clearly known that it would stay available to everyone. After all, property stuck on the ego had evaporated so far, for everybody.

Nevertheless, the act of ‘buying’ was understood as an act of gift and return gift, so the return gift for Waldo became something much more valuable: a declaration of intent. He would bear the concern for the welfare and wellbeing

of the 'owners,' and apply that, for example, through a part of what they could grow.

Or winning from animals, because that would apparently be his main choice, he had expressed. The older people, that couple of grandparents, whose dilapidated hut he had received, had literally on their turn received his responsible attention concerning their livelihoods and wellbeing. He soon became very good friends with their entire family, even as a sort of family.

Imilla and Frans had still bought their house with money, just like the fallow ground 100 m further on, it was still before the collapse. They had already planted many fruit-bearing trees and shrubs on that 2,5 acre site. And they processed more than half of the surface in a kind of perm culture logic, but tailored to the specific environment and its specific climate there at 3,500m. The family of Imilla had been very helpful to them with their knowledge of tillage here, and what exactly could be grown.

That ground work was something Imilla had done so far alone. But since the arrival of Waldo it suddenly became even less work for her, the work could be divided somewhat. And finally it wasn't very much work anyway, it was an oh so ordinary, quietly, lovely co-steering what life did with it.

In the meantime, Frans did wonderful homework on what was grown, he immersed himself in species and in the individuality of crops. He also searched intensively for possibilities to convert the extracted food and the fruits into more variant preservable forms. Or also to new combinations of very tasty meals. And he was glad to be assisted by the people from Putre who shared a lot of their knowledge.

Moreover, and that was really nice to see, he was actually evolving into a spicy craftsman in many areas.

What he made were sometimes surprising gems. Sometimes very useful tools, very useful for whatever. And sometimes what could be call art, sometimes in terms of a spiritual life begging for forms. Or he made fun shapes, simply for their decorative value, or toys for the children, whom he already knew in the meantime.

And Frans continued to delve fanatically into the language and cosmology of the Aymara people. Their language has effortlessly survived the Inca realm of more than 5 centuries ago, Frans knew. Moreover, Inca dignitaries used a



secret language in ritual matters and secret administration, but it remained unknown which language it were. Well, recent research had shown that in all probability this simply must have been Aymara. This intrigued him.

Just like the 5 centuries of attempts by the powerful to make that Aymara language disappear. The 'Aymar aru' language. Spoken by the "*Lupihaces*" or "*Lupaca*," the "*shining beings*" or *bright* beings. That's what the Aymara Indians were called then. At least, the Aymara who lived in the vicinity of Lake Titicaca, somewhat northeast of Putre. Just as close to the 3-country point of Southern Peru – Western Bolivia – Northern Chile as Putre itself, which almost borders it.

Attempts to eradicate their language failed spectacularly. On the contrary, the number of Aymara who had Aymar aru as their native language, and continued to speak, kept increasing throughout those centuries. This was all just as intriguing.

Just like the naming of those Aymara people, the beings who are bright or luminous! That was even more intriguing. As made palpable in Alan L. Kolata's book, *Valley of the Spirits, a Journey into the Lost Realm of the Aymara*.

They had both read it with great fascination when they were still in Belgium, shortly before their departure.

In terms of the magic Frans observed in Aymara, Imilla felt he was more at home in it than she was, who had absorbed it through her childhood as a child. Or rather, he was familiar with all this in a different way. In such a way that it was easily communicable with others.

She sometimes thought that this was inherent to the masculine aspect of being human. She *was* that culture, by whom and how she was, and Frans *used* or *wielded* that culture, or at least searched for manageability or control.

It was pretty much the definition of the cultural preponderance of manipulation that had been evolved to such a degree of rich and fascinating experiment.

A genius way to unfold the universe language!

But at the same time it was also shot out like a water sprout to such an extremely high degree of immature and uncontrolled and stupid running away in dumbness, for more than ten millennia, so much, that humanity had become

able to not only threaten the other human, but even threaten the sacred life itself and the sacred living planet in general.

The drama that is now unfolding is that of an unguided masculine solar culture, who had forgotten to intermarry with the lunar culture. Who, on the contrary, had arrogantly thrown away this lunar culture of a guiding, embedding, creating, life protecting feminine principle.

“This sad history...,” Imilla thought suddenly. With an almost intimate, softly radiant smile, as if resulting from her very deep inhalation and following exhalation. ...

“... Fortunately this sad story is eventually coming to an end!”

“Fortunately! Now that women are eventually allowed to rediscover their feminine source, and will regain this.”

“And then men can rediscover the magic of this wise and guiding feminine value, fulfilling as such their delicious and oh so necessary arriving-home, their sacred masculinity then eventually embedded in feminine values, as such supporting in valuable talent the deepest goals of life.”

She wanted to share this thoughts with her sweet Frans; but only later that evening, embedded in the magic of the starry sky silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time went on and on, as it has never been otherwise, as the living earth and the universe wants it.

Much had changed since Waldo settled here 3 months ago, meanwhile almost 6 months after the collapse. Not only did he participate efficiently in growing food on that 2,5-acre field of Imilla and Frans.

He had also made a deal with the “owner” of a piece of land farther away, which that owner found too difficult to cultivate. A 3 acre terrain, a terraced, 30° sloping cut-out between other terrains of a valley slope of the mountain river.

Waldo had meanwhile planted some groups of fruit-bearing trees and shrubs on its borders, in addition to the older ones already existing. And he had realized a small but slowly expanding herd on the other half of this gardenlike meadow.

He had started a herd of paco vicuñas, a breeding cross between the well known Andes alpaca and the vicuña. And a few lamas, these wonderful lamas. Recently he wondered whether he could populate a part of his pasture with Andean deer, possibly mainly by breeding them for their meat. But that was not at all clear yet. And he knew that he had to learn in much attention, learn a lot. He had to learn about the animals themselves, who, in the end, had to enjoy their peaceful, pleasant existence.

A learning that could facilitate a more smoothly living together, for human and animal.

With the addition of Waldo, Frans had the feeling that space had been created to develop a new activity for him: sharing knowledge. After all, it was so obvious. Not just sharing what has been grown as food, of course there is much more to share.

When he discussed this with Imilla for the first time, she was enthusiastic. She herself would like to play a role in this. She knew this. She knew that building on her heritage would be part of their new future, that this would make sense.

What Frans was discovering in the Aymara culture, of course, she already knew it in its full depth, from her origins. And using such inspiration, here in Putre, was valuable food for the open waiting futures.

And she knew that her knowledge of the culture was more feminine, lived through much deeper, than the way in which Frans dealt with it. She would surely add of her own richness, in particular an ever deeper insight into the spiritual life, into the soul in its many dimensions.

Music, singing and dancing, that would also be Imilla's own contribution, which is part of the spiritual life anyway. Of course there was no piano here for her, but was that necessary? Of course not! Here was the zampoña available, a pan-flute-like instrument that most Aymara people were able to playing. This should stay prominent. And the non-Aymara could be intensively involved to express their hidden musicality, and thus enjoy the marvellous language of music and dance!

Imilla wanted to get involved in it, together with others. But not at all in performance terms, certainly not. It has to develop naturally, as her simple and playful way of being.

Imilla and Frans also wondered what the practicality of transferring knowledge can actually entail when dealing with small children, and talked a lot of this to others. The principles were discussed, teaching children to read and write?

They were not so sure. Reading and writing has profound implications to consider. You could say that it inevitably has a channeling effect on the ultimate initial openness of the child in you. The freedom of the receptive, right-brain talent in its absolute openness to all that is before it is represented in a map version by the left, is then secretly tamed, like a wild horse that must lose its wild state.

Did they want to see a subtle impoverishment, a pair of filtering glasses, as added value? Of course they realized the marvel of written knowledge sharing, and yet! ... Did they simply want to endorse that Western passion for virtuoso and uninhibited abstraction? Thus essentially accepting the lubricant for that runaway obsessive machine of control, that had after all moulded 12 millennia of patriarchy-civilization? Control that also tends to erase awareness of sacrality?

Well, they didn't know yet. For themselves, they placed that matter in the hands of wisdom that the near future would bring, as they often suspected when they mused on the quantum nature of the universe.

But they already agreed that knowledge sharing should at least be an oral process. Narrate, storytelling. Passing on what has traditionally been man's most useful channel of knowledge. Along with singing and dancing and any kind of creativity.

Imilla sometimes told Frans that she had finally found a wonderful rhythm of life, and that she was very happy to maintain it.

Frans agreed immediately, he perfectly recognized what she was saying. They shared that. Their activity was extremely smooth and easy, they did not feel that they were working. And what you could really call working, in terms of their food production or making things, was actually a modest way of living in a passion, and, finally, took surprisingly little time.

In fact, they played their lives in an absolutely spontaneous way, again, almost as if they had restarted their initial being a child. All in all, they had

most of their time at their disposal, so much that countless periods of time, without a trace of boredom, were spent with "being there in oneness." Boredom as a phenomenon evaporated, and it gradually became so vague that it became difficult to remember what this word actually meant.

In that so-called free time they were there, and sat, and mused, and exchanged ideas with the known fellow people from Putre and surroundings, or simply between them both. And they told different kind of stories, often a kind of implicit lessons. And they took care of each other. And they played. Or they had their form of prayer, or had contact with what they had both appointed as the spirits of the Andes.

Some of the objects made by Frans already played a pleasant accompanying role in the latter.

And there was the darkness. Once it was dark and the sky clear, their joint 'high-mass' took place time and again: the starry sky. Which turned out to have an immense force. At an altitude of 3,500m, the Andean atmosphere was particularly dust-poor, and because nowhere the least artificial light source of any strength could disturb the night depth, those starry skies were completely like in Parinacota when Imilla was a young girl.

Staggering, so much more impressive than the Andean giants who carried it. The starry vault spoke in an echoing silence, with a comprehensive expressiveness.

What Imilla developed most intensely for herself in this new way of being, was her cosmic depth. Her language to wander around in her receptiveness to receive and to connect, thanks to her clairvoyant qualities, with many possibilities including her increasing healing capacities.

She knew that the word that exists for it is shamanism. She knew how much she could see through so her channels. The channels of the multi-dimensional souls were increasingly familiar to her. She was becoming a true shamanka, that was clear.

Helping others effectively in this way, guiding them in their most true individuality, possibly releasing them from ballast or trauma, offering them protection, it all became available. Or she could, as it is called, help "ground" others if necessary.

Or she could sense how the heavy matter world would respond to intentions, provided they were lived through. In this way she could guide the

community of Putre, along with other sensitive people, in the good course of what was essential to life, or to food.

She was able to make this talent available to everyone in Putre, which also happened more and more often, as the recognition for it grew. This was a development that appeared to radiate throughout Putre. And that was also very inspiring for others who could perceive such sensitivity in themselves.

A learning from each other had actually started in this subtle matter. And Imilla gave what she could give, it could only flow smoothly, for the benefit of the miracle of life itself, that is how she experienced it.

Sometimes she thought that this must be an inevitable part of every miniature humanity that was developing everywhere on this planet, in this so special transformation time. Immensely diverse, those newly forming human communities, but one in the clear soul life.

And then Imilla wondered if a new globalization could eventually arise from this, of a completely different and unknown nature. Being human within one living planet, in recognition that each human group is extremely unique but still shares in the strongest conceivable togetherness. A guiding common thread of globally shared awareness.

She had once expressed that surmise, and Frans didn't know at all what he could think of it. And indeed, this was a reflection on the future, with little support from within nowadays reality. The reason why she was silent about it afterwards, even though she liked much to muse about such things.

Meanwhile, Imilla found much learning in her contacts. The native medicine of the Aymara people, partly herbal and symbol medicine and healing from spiritual connection, was practiced by a Yatiri, as a spiritual Aymara healer was called.

This had been officially promoted or at least respectfully accepted here in Putre in recent years. This had been highlighted, it had even been the first place in Chile where this was done formally, and the municipality had been proud of it.

There were four Yatiri living in Putre and its small hamlets. This was self-evident, after all, 80% of the population in Putre was of Aymara origin. Imilla had a very good contact with these four Yatiri, it was with them that she had a growing exchange of soul knowledge. And they all learned from each other.

And those Yatiri brought sometimes others together who were already developing their talents in this.

Also young people, especially young girls. Imilla was very pleased by this. And soon, guiding the shamanic initiation process of girls who have reached sexual maturity, at least when showing an early talent for it, that was almost becoming her specialty.

It was her contribution to the unique role that awaits full-term accomplished, mature femininity in this transformative era.

Imilla sharply understood that the clearly authoritative stillness of such regained highly developed femininity is an inviting and an urgently needed track. Needed to let descend the man into depths of his grounded masculinity, so that, in man-woman togetherness, mankind can grow up to much more maturity from within such man-woman feast.

After all, this transformative time, she knew, has an inevitable sequence or order: after evaporating *her* ballast, the woman regains and lives her feminine fullness. After which the man follows and evaporates *his* ballast and, finally, lives his gratefully adoring and passionate and correctly controlled masculinity.

Now it was just in this initiation area of adolescent girls, that the first function of their modest community house had emerged.

An unobtrusive hut-like annex to their simple house was it. Perhaps it had once been just a shed with storage, possibly a shed for maybe a few donkeys or vicuña's.

Frans and she had adapted the room a bit, delimiting two half-open but slightly more intimate smaller subspaces, with no connection to the outside, and the third and largest subspace being kept half-open towards the outside, so that it effectively worked as a half-covered outdoor space. They had placed 2 tables and some benches in it, and the two small and more intimate spaces, which were more closed off anyway, simply covered with dried Altiplano grasses, a kind of hay to lay there.

There Imilla with '*her girls*' in training increasingly experienced her intensely inviting growth moments, meditations, conversations and many kinds of teachings, sometimes with dance and singing.

And soon this community space was known in Putre as being available to everyone, and it did its job as Imilla hoped and intended. Everyone could

always go there, and that happened in the most normal and modest way. As a result, calling it only multifunctional would still be an understatement.

Frans and she often had relaxed and pleasant chats with people from the village there. Sometimes children came to play, sometimes an older person came to take a nap. When people came to her, who already started to know her in her talent to help with healing or otherwise, they also sat in that room. And when she and Frans liked to immerse themselves in a lovely silence or connection with the wider, that was also the place where they usually sat down. Sometimes it was suddenly between children arriving to play here. Apparently that didn't matter, the moment simply renewed, enriched and coloured by this, and was full of its own potential.

A few times a young couple, just living together, had already entered it in the early evening. Imilla knew them. She knew that they lived with the girl's parents, and knew that the couple had used the value of this small, almost closed room to caress and enjoy their being together with wonderful sex, the girl had told this to her. Imilla was just happy about it.

Also Waldo had spent some time there, to write. In the middle of the day, or when he returned from his pasture, or before he went to Imilla's garden to see if he could help, or sometimes in the evening. He retired then in that soothing space-in-time-and-meaning, to entrust to paper what he wanted to entrust. Indeed, in that space.

It was the space itself, by guarding what was allowed to take place, that was increasingly offering its gentle meaning. You could draw off good values from that space by simply being present there. In short, multi-faceted and rich in its modesty. As if the space itself were a gift, or perhaps a blessed well-earthed place? She and Frans named it as neutral as possible: a small community corner. A micro world, a universe connection.

But Imilla understood that it was a small sacred place that was still becoming more holy.

Because there were so many in Putre feeling themselves more and more as lucky to live here, the global transformation here was evolving quickly into a new future. The positive feeling was indeed needed.

It was underlined by the ease in which the old worthless money had disappeared and made way for a deeply valued economy of receiving and



giving. That worked, that could work because Putre was already Putre, at least the people who were there. After the collapse they had understood quickly and easily the original meaning of economics, a running a household. And they did it playfully and smoothly.

Sometimes it was a marginal case, in a way Putre was actually too big. But the awareness of that was clear, and the pitfalls were usually properly estimated in advance. Still it felt as too big. As a result, a steady spatial spread was started to the small existing hamlets a little further away. So, people from Putre resettled then in these hamlets around Putre, where only a few families had their residence until a while ago.

The spontaneous feeling that people wanted to carry the community where they were at home, what demanded to be in contact with everyone and giving – receiving from everyone, gave suddenly new life in these slowly disappearing hamlets. It became indeed a kind of rescue.

A while later, a sort of local Putre coin had suddenly been thought of, a big word for something that was not at all a coin or money, but a simple addition to interactions of giving and receiving. Absolutely no substitute for what money was before.

It had started up as a kind of memory aid, everyone in Putre who first heard of it spontaneously realized that. Just something that could occasionally serve, just as a bundle of hay can occasionally serve.

And funny, it concerned just the kind of strings that were used to tie bundles of hay. This string was then knotted in a small loop with a simple name tag attached.

If someone received something from another, the giver gave the recipient his name-tab. It was given as a reminder signal, so that the receiver would not forget that a return gift to that name was considered as plausible.

A real reminder indeed.

After all, there was so much gift and reception interaction between so many people that most of them had become worried that after receiving something, others would simply overlook it out of oblivion.

Those who lived in the much smaller centres did not need this at all, the group of sharers and receivers was simply well manageable.

There was so much that was sucked into changes.

Everything moved very clearly in the direction of deep togetherness, an awareness of deeply needing each other. And so - out of necessity by the way - the evolving economic actions reflected this. An economy of reception and gift. Completely. Achieving in such a way that one could be admitted to live life here as a human between humans, in the normal way.

Imilla and Frans were often talking about the scale of what was happening around them. Of course everything was very local, but that was the world indeed, purely local! And it was good that way, deeply inevitable, but most of all good.

They were often pleasantly surprised by it. For example, there was such a high degree of public domain and interest, instead of the old ego, dictating the private, that they wondered whether such appointment still had meaning, since there was no longer any really existing complement against which the word 'public' could position itself meaningfully.

In the meantime, a '*Putre life project*' had been started...

It concerned one of those fine interpretations of the common interest for everything and everyone, namely the continued and even growing effort to expand Queñua forestation on the hill slopes.

There was a modest hydroelectric power station in Putre, on the edge of the small hamlet of Chapiquiña. In the last 2 years before the collapse, the electricity company had been given a concession of 150 hectares by the Chilean state, with the commitment to install Queñua forestation there. The terrain was situated near this power station and its pond.

A green project that had been fully started, but had stopped since the collapse.

Like everything related to utilities and thus also activities in the margins. But in the service building of that plant there remained still this large stock of Queñua seeds, ready for cultivation.

The people in Putre knew very well that the unique Queñua, the *Polylepis rugulosa* as Imilla knew, an in the high Andes unique indigenous small tree, had been harvested too much and for too long. They realized that this must be an extreme disruption that continues or avenges itself in hundreds of other ways, regardless of what people knew or understood. And, it was considered an almost sacred activity to continue planting those self-grown trees. It

expressed their desire to save, a kind of passion to let evolve the world to more alive and vibrant than ever.

And indeed, most of them accompanied this growing up and planting with a kind of pure love call to life itself. Again something that was not felt as working, but as a pleasant and festive act, festively embedded in life. Delicious. And this was felt by both the Aymara and the non-Aymara, children and adults.

In the late evening Imilla and Frans were in their party mood again! How clear, that sparkling starry sky that opened itself when the twilight moved away. They expressed to each other the size of their feeling of gratitude for the celebration of life. Again a feast. Not a fleeting mood, but their way of being.

They could not fail to remember ‘*The Goddess Image*’ during such moments under the stars, citing strong passages here and there, or referring to images. They felt the connection with those early meanings as meaningful and important. As a context that helped with all that is.

Or as she told him once: "as a coastal strip that stayed in sight while they dared to sail far, because they knew themselves absolutely safe." That safety was apparently part of their realization that they are celebrating, as a reborn child, the amazing and festive life.

"In fact, a different kind of safety had become available," she would suddenly say, "since the early 20th century, when the quantum nature of the universe was discovered."

Frans asked for an explanation.

And she described this almost poetically.

"Well," she began, "far beyond the busy beach of the *deliciously-practical* mathematics of quantum physics, there stretches an immensely vast but promising ocean. The ocean of the quantum implication, or the quantum meaning."

"That ocean is called ghostly - although on the contrary it is heavenly. That pitifully stubborn refusal to be curiously open to this seems like staring at frontline science that merges with frontline spirituality, while at the same time refusing to admit that you see this, ... and so everything is reduced to silence, literally silenced, or at most referred to as ghostly."

She paused for a moment, looking up at the stars, then continued.

“Then it sometimes seems to me as if the quantum universe shows itself like a big raised middle finger, to get that arrogant patriarchal Western person back on track.”

“Well, anyone who comes back to their senses and encounters this heavenly quantum aspect as a tender invitation, knows that they are sheltered, invited into endless security within the poetry of the whole of the universe, in unity with the All.”

“By the way,” she argued, “this rightly takes the place of the dead stuff cosmos of depressing existentialism. The quantum wants to see us as part of its cosmos of poetry, and of connection with other dimensions, and above all of meaning. With us as the poets who see and create meaning.”

And both of them now looked at those stars even more lovingly. Imilla in particular felt deeply embraced by the starry vault. And now they both remained very, very calm. Very silent. Just like during their Paranal walks, they had so often enjoyed the silence, that reflection of the blackest velvet among the stars. But after fifteen minutes, also just as then once at Paranal, Imilla suddenly broke the silence by quoting something. This time not a poem by Frans, now it concerned a thought spoken out a few weeks earlier in her musing with him.

She felt the need to repeat it, and it sounded almost magically under the protecting starry vault of the universe:

*“Time has lost a perception of being that was wronged for so long, overly articulated. Now time is thankfully freed from it. The stupid foolishness that forbids life as to be lived, was not only exposed nakedly, but has even simply evaporated. Gone was so much self-deception, or self-loss. Gone the pathological civilization craving for the illusion of control.”*

It was strange, they were living in a new awareness, as if they had discovered that they could go back to the time when they were children.

It felt as if planet earth had modelled a new human in a new life within a new space-time. But in the most ordinary way. Incredibly ordinary. And incredibly true, and real, and loving.

### pole star Wega

*Thanks to precession (a tolling oscillation of our quite fast rotating earth shaft) in its 25,770 years period, within 12 millennia will the star Wega (the summer triangle's brightest star) be a very bright Pole Star when it will be positioned at less than 5° of the celestial pole above new-humanity.*

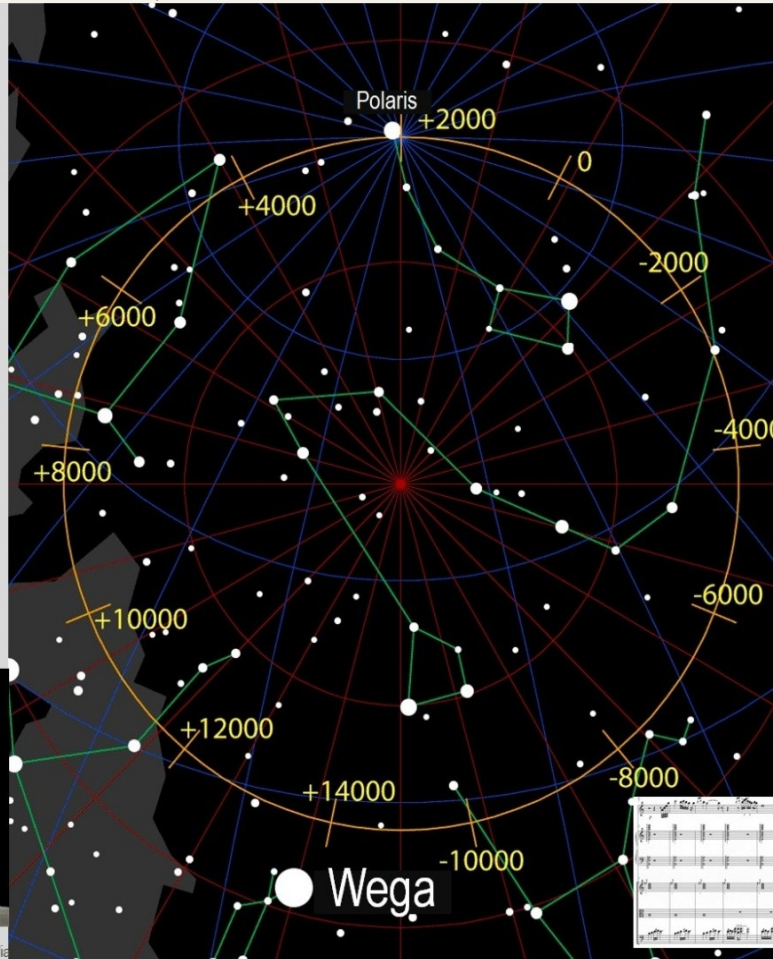
Wega as Pole Star will guide the riped lunar- solar culture humanity, twelve millennia after today, just like she had done before already 13.7 millennia ago when the temple of Göbekli Tepe saw its very slow, tender start. Humankind then did not know yet about a greater threshold than hers. Precession feast 26 millennia later commemorates this.

Pole-star-Wega-humanity 12 millennia after today remains in the aftermath of her shamanic and magically supported restoration while Gaia sings an octave higher joy song and radiates from love sowing in her ever higher frequencies.

It's a sacred consciousness flux today, it's the suggestion from rare rich NDEs, it is Divine Will reaching us abundantly as in the work of loving grandmother's essence, it is a measure in crop circle silence-sound, it is all of this, that tells about the high festivity of an existence scaled on Gaian humanity, then, under the guiding bright-light pole star Wega.



Foto: Earthrise, NASA, Apollo 8, 24 december 1968  
auteur kaart = Tau'olunga, creative commons, bron Wikipedia



Then the morning came, eleven months after the revolution, that Imilla had woken up from a very strong dream. It took her an hour to let the dream sink in, to feel and absorb it. After which she told Frans about it, in a calm and careful choice of words.

It was a dream in which her mother played a powerful role and had communicated something to her.

During the first months that they lived in Putre, before the worldwide collapse, they often drove in their van to Parinacota, located 27 miles from Putre. Indeed, a number of Imilla's acquaintances and family from her childhood, so up to her age of eight, did live in Putre. But her meanwhile 62 years old mother had always stayed in Parinacota. So remote, but so tenderly absorbed in the dry and wet Altiplano, and in a delightful connection with the volcano giants of the Payachata complex.

Her mother, like the other Aymara people, could easily spend a long time further afield in the Altiplano, but the sacred site of the native site Parinacota remained for her the relapse base, to which she wanted to return again and again. What she had continued to do during her life. She turned out to be more sensitive to it than many others around her.

Imilla had always known how her parents had never said goodbye to her, but literally had given her the space she had to be given as the first-born girl with a special mission, imprinted in her name, Imilla. It was their gift in love for the universe and in respect for Mother Earth and the good spirits. And, most of all in accordance with what they had realized about their daughter from the moment of her birth.

Her mother in particular, in her strong spiritual talent, had been guiding in this. As parents, they had to respect what their daughter's mission was. And that is why they had never seen that as a farewell, and never felt simply unhappy about it.

Their daughter remained after all in their hearts and in their world, and was just about to be intensely involved with that world, and was therefore not at all gone. Her mother and father had also made this clear to her as an 8-year-old

girl before she left for the Belgian consulate in Valparaíso. And Imilla had cherished those words as well, she had always understood them as a message of supreme love.

She had always embraced the love with which her parents allowed her to enter the big world, so that she could learn from others and by this teach others. That had made her stay in Belgium for so many years almost self-evident as well, a change of destiny that was tailored to her meaningful path.

Now that was precisely the source of her hesitation, to reconnect with her parents, when she was back in Chile since the early 1990s. She wanted this so much. And kept hesitating. She remained reluctant, wondering whether or not she would inappropriately violate by meeting them again a highly natural desirability.

But now there was suddenly a completely different fact: Frans.

She now absolutely wanted contact with her mother to enable an introduction, a meeting between her and her son-in-law. This was impossible to feel as a violation of her mother's path. And so that contact finally took place, that day of their arrival, right at the start of their new life in Putre.

With respect maintained, she thought, and with great caution. Finally, 'giving up' your daughter had to be a very deep aspect of a mother's life. Regardless of the meaning.

Emotions are what they are...

... and during the memorable first meeting, her mother was so deeply touched by the sudden reunion, that she had wept for hours, again and again, straight through her happiness. Just like Imilla herself, of course!

And for many of the following days the older mother stayed in an almost surreal, intensely happy mood, she once had told her dearest daughter, a few weeks later.

She interpreted Imilla's arrival as the most beautiful gift that the good spirits had ever had in store for her, unexpectedly. Unexpected because never estimated as a possible added part of her later life. Indeed unexpected, but naturally received with the most heart-warming and dazzling joy.

She also once said that it felt, as if she had given birth to her dearest daughter Imilla a second time, it was almost like an immense and never ending waterfall of love.

Oh she was so happy and grateful for being allowed to feel again her dearest little daughter, so near, so close to her heart...



The fact that her father could no longer experience this in this life was a special color to it. Imilla then told her how 2.5 years ago at Paranal she had realized that he was dying, and had guided him in this, and that their mutual *father-daughter* love had flowed intensely at that time.

This made her mother again to weep, which, as she explained, was weeping from happiness for what Imilla had said. Both expressed to each other how much they knew that his soul now shared in this reunion of love and joy, around this *mother-daughter* love celebration.



Imilla's **mother**, then 35-year-old, in 1973, just before her 8-year-old little daughter **imilla** was to leave for Valparaíso. In the smoke she sees herself, in March 1965, while lovingly holding her then just **newborn baby girl**. (see *in and behind that smoke*)

*Picture Jaime Ramallo Camacho*

Frans was so intensely touched by the warm depth he saw, that he held that older woman in his heart even more than he already did because she was Imilla's mother.

And, of course, also because of the wonderful qualities that she showed as the wise shamanka of Parinacota. Because it turned out that she was exactly that, indeed. It was from family and the other people in Putre that they had



clearly heard it, that noon upon their arrival, that first day. Yes, she seemed much respected in Putre as a strong and deep shamanka.

And Frans wasn't even surprised by that, he almost seamlessly saw aspects of Imilla in her mother. He suddenly understood a little easier that special warmth and wisdom that was so specific to Imilla. As if he suddenly saw where those beautiful qualities of his dearest Imilla came from, the family line of it.

It was immediately decided, from the great warmth that Frans so quickly had for his mother-in-law. And of course, especially from the deepest possible warmth that Imilla herself felt for her mother, and which she wanted so much to develop into a fuller presence. Hence that decision, that they would maintain much and frequent contact from now on. And so it happened.

Moreover, her mother was indeed, from this moment on, one of those 4 Yatiri, Imilla would stay in contact with.

\* \* \* \* \*

But this morning, now almost a year and a half after their arrival in Putre and almost a year after the collapse, there was this extraordinary and strong dream, the dream in which her mother had sent her a message.

In that dream her mother was a rider of a lama, a very strange image, and she drove towards her daughter to deliver her a bag with bundles full of lovely smelling healing herbs. There were cards with explanations attached to those bundles. It was written to whom they have to be delivered. But every little card showed the same recipient: *"to everyone from Putre and everyone from elsewhere than Putre."*

And, having delivered it, her mother told her that Imilla should deliver this bundles very urgently, and then her mother embraced her, holding her in her arms with the deepest and warmest recognition imaginable, with a heavenly power of love intensity as only dreaming can offer. When her mother wanted to leave, however, she had lost her llama, because a cougar from the Andes was startled by a snake and, while running, had passed close to the llama, which, in turn, had run away from her.

Healing herbs, urgently to be delivered to everyone, here and elsewhere. And her mother could not get back home in the way she had come. The

symbolic dream language herein was clearly suggestive in certain direction. But at last she remained uncertain about interpretation. And the dream was so powerful!

She had felt the depth for hours, the depth of the warm recognition in the highest love, and the urgency of the need to deliver the healing bundles to others. Healing herbs.

Bundles annex the message to deliver to everybody, a mission given by her mother, ... and it had been such an extremely powerful dream.

Frans mused, "It has to do with your birth and your mission, and our post-collapse situation, our existence in Putre. And your feminine clarity, to offer to others. That goes without saying. But why exactly it's dreamt in this way? Why delivered by your mother? Why she loses her llama? What is your mother telling you by this dream?"

"Well," Imilla replied, "the fact that I dreamed that dream so unusually powerfully is meaningful in itself."

"And what if you told it your mother?" Frans asked.

"Yes indeed, I had thought this as well, not long after awakening," Imilla replied. "I suspect that together with her I will get out of it faster, and also, perhaps she herself has dreamed a complement to this dream. Who knows, highly sensitive people sometimes experience this, and because she is deeply clairsentient after all... maybe she could help indeed."

"Okay Imilla," concluded Frans, "then we will immediately talk to interested parties who want to join in, and then we can leave for Parinacota as soon as it appears to be possible for them."

And so Imilla and Frans decided, for the sixth time since the collapse, to cover the 27 miles to Parinacota the day after, per bicycle.

By the way, they would not go alone. They had promised her mother to come next time with six. Imilla's youngest aunt being her father's youngest sister, then Imilla's 8 year younger brother as well as his wife, and then Waldo. At least those four would come along now.

They had visited everyone already an hour after this morning conversation, to ask whether and when it was possible, and for no one there was a reason why it would not be possible immediately.

Which of course meant the day after, because it was a pretty tough trip. The distance indeed, but even more the soaring till 1000 m higher than they already

were. So in a much thinner air, a very significant reduction in oxygen that wants to temper any effort.

Now, the building of the former Banco Estado in Putre was abandoned since the collapse, of course. Just like the school buildings of the Lyceo de Putre. Just like the military sheds of the Ejército de Chile, which formed the entire west side of Putre. All abandoned, since nothing of any activity or structures any longer existed. No army, let alone its activity. No education and therefore empty schools. No money and no banks, and therefore abandoned bank buildings. In addition to many other types of utility buildings or community buildings that were quiet.

Most such buildings were still quiet for many months after the collapse. Here and there, however, needs were becoming apparent, which could sometimes grant a new use to some of such quiet spaces.

For example, a few months ago seed preservation was started in the former Banco Estado building. It had thicker walls, and was clearly a cooler building in full sun. Dry and cool and dark.

That was just perfect for this task. And, not long afterwards, the Putre community had expanded this storage destination, the former bank had also become the cool storage space for common food.

Of the 21 military sheds, one was used as a bicycle garage. It soon became clear that the bikes in Putre and the surrounding area were useful things. It was much easier to bridge the slightly larger distances to a small meadow or a field for cultivation. And certainly, to bridge the wider distances to the familiar nearby centres.

The residents had thought about it for a while, and then fulfilled their wish. The majority of the bicycles in Putre, before the collapse of course strictly private, were collected. Whoever, for whatever reason, did not want to share “his” bike, had the freedom, but usually felt for himself whether his reason was a weighing reason or not, which could sometimes be self-evident, for example those already biking every day to their fields at a farther distance.

The collection of centralized bicycles had the advantage that maintenance could be executed for all the bikes at once, with the scarce resources that one still had, or sometimes already had in a new way. Such as the lubrication of the chain, which was done now with lama fat.

Another advantage: everyone without exception, who needed a bike, could effectively have a bike. And the bicycle shed was of course permanently open and freely available to everyone. There was of course no organization for this, it wasn't a question of hiring.

And another nice advantage: most bicycles were parked in Putre, in the shed, but there had been also bicycles stored in the outer hamlets, permanently. For example, the more distant centre of Parinacota, already 27 miles away. There were 3 bicycles parked in the now silent small primary school. For the 20 families living there, maintaining relationships with other small groups, or with the larger Putre, was easily available when desired.

Or in Socoroma with almost 75 inhabitants, 15 miles from Putre, the people there also saw this as a welcome solution that would even be used often, there had been left 5 bicycles.

Just like in the centre of Belén, already 44 miles away, where the barely 25 inhabitants became somewhat orphaned by the excessive vacancy and abandonment and therefore decay during the last 30 years, around 150 people once lived there. The 75 inhabitants of Socoroma, incidentally, shared that fate, they too had seen a depopulation for decades, with a resulting dilapidated supply of houses and vacancy. In the meantime such villages fortunately had a positive chance of absorbing the tendency to more spreading as was felt in fairly populated Putre.

And indeed!

With a bicycle the mutual contact and the mutual migration could develop with great flexibility. It turned out that those bicycles generated a pleasant feeling everywhere. Moreover, coincidence played a role in this. In recent years, before the collapse, the phenomenon of cycling had seen an unprecedented growth. The green approach of commercial, educational and tourism initiatives such as La Bicicleta Verde had inspired countless other initiatives, cultural organisations and also the schools.

There had almost been an explosion in the sale of solid and affordable bicycles. As a result of this development, the number of bicycles in Putre itself had spectacularly increased to five-fold during the last 5 years before the collapse. And so there was, thankfully, a large supply available today.

Those weeks of delivering bicycles to the small centres in the area had meanwhile been imprinted on everyone's memory as an impressive youth

event. For example, if one wanted to deliver 3 bicycles, one rode 6 bicycles. Three of them had to be driven by 8 to 15 year old youngsters who were still quite light. After delivery, those 3 light youngsters could then get back to Putre on the back of the returning bicycles. It had become the memorable period of the vibrant light girls and boys. The adults in Putre continued to emphasize this playfully as a tribute to being young.

The four hotels that were in Putre had of course preserved their accommodation capacity, and this wasn't an hotel any longer, but a capacity of room to spend the night. This served perfectly people from the outer hamlets when they were cycling to Putre, so that they did not have to return the same day. Or other people needing another space to spend the time whenever. By the way, the same thing had started in the outer cores. In Parinacota, for example, that was the same small village school for the bicycles, which was also used now as a capacity to stay, play, eat, sleep, ... The space was laid out rudimentally in such a way that some 15 persons could easily spend the night there. In Socoroma and Belén, too, this had been foreseen, just like in Chapiquiña and the many other hamlets.

It was amazing how such things were arranged quickly, once again with the same calm, practical approach and self-evidentness that always emerged to meet the needs of fellow people.

Waldo was a strong man. With his considerable strength, he was in any case obliged to join the trip to Parinacota, almost a necessity. After all, he didn't have too much trouble making the move on the bike with its trailer, his mini caravan in which he had arrived once in Putre, ... with Frans in this trailer. Indeed, Frans in it. He could hardly do that distance by wheelchair if the others did not go on foot but wanted to cycle the distance. Of course.

For Frans, this would have felt problematic in Belgium, he knew that. But now here in Putre after the world collapse, everything was evolving to such an extent, to such new righteousness from essential ways of acting, that his self-image could not suffer at all under such temporary dependencies. He sometimes thought about what exactly caused that difference, but in any case he experienced it that way. And it was a nice source of jokes between Waldo and him.

That bike with children's wagon had, by the way, often been used for all kinds of needs in Putre, it was the only bike that could carry so much. It was

often used for older people with limited mobility. It was probably even the busiest used bicycle. And, the necessary bike for all farther distances for Frans. Where it concerned medium distance joint journeys, which could also be done on foot, many others turned out to prefer the bicycle, so then also Frans had to be in the trailer.

Frans' wheelchair went along in the most obvious way: not folded at all. Staying open and rolling backwards, fastened behind another bike, Imilla rode with that bike. Frans himself had been the responsible engineer for that attachment, the principle of a rigid triangular frame with only a hinge on one attachment point on the bike itself, and two fixed attachments on the left and right on the axle of the large wheelchair wheels. So a triangle, like a trailer used to hang behind a car. After all, he suspected that this would be the most stable and comfortable solution for Imilla, who, after all, would always pull the wheelchair. And indeed in reality it turned out like that, it was manageable for her.

And so it was, that they left together. Frans, Waldo, Imilla, her aunt, her 8 years younger brother and his wife, and also two children who had heard of it, and wanted to come along. With the bicycles they had collected in the shed. Equipped with the necessary filling in luggage bags, and for two of those bicycles also in a container at the front side. That luggage was at least a bit of food and enough to drink during the journey. That was really necessary.

The luggage also consisted of foodstuffs for Parinacota. Certainly also those foods of which was known that the small hamlet had met a shortage or an imminent shortage, and that Putre could still offer. And, of course there were gifts, beautiful tiny works of art, or absorbing books that someone had loved to make available, and so on.

Waldo had in his bicycle trailer, besides Frans himself, also another burden. It was a very special gift from Imilla to her mother, a young, recently weaned lama. It had been a challenge: Frans had to hold the animal all the time in the cart, on his legs. To make it a little more feasible, the young animal, with its weight around 12 kg, would have been attached to the frame with some improvised ropes and trousers, so that there was no danger that Frans would drop it. And in this way it became more feasible for both Frans and the animal itself.

They left at 7.30am, 10' before sunrise. It usually took 8 hours, this bike climb to Parinacota. In theory it could be faster. But the slow pace was a result of the very demanding first 9km, a tough long 7% climb. Followed by a very thin air at heights reaching above 4,500m, with a peak of 4,580m and later a second one of 4,550m. It kept the pace at a very limited level anyway.

And to make it worse, the second time that this maximum height was reached, the effort was at the end of the journey, in complete fatigue, within the last 2,5 miles, just before a fairly steep descent to Parinacota at 4,430m. Avoidable via the old, unpaved A181 road, a shortcut that is even 2,8miles shorter. But... there they broke their tires too quickly.

And so that asphalted main road climb to 4,550m, with subsequent steep descent.

They might have been well adapted to the 3,550m height of Putre, but the much thinner air 1000m higher immediately has a very strong impact.

They would stay at least a few days in Parinacota, they had already mused about that together. One would see, probably at least spending three nights, but that could also be extended to longer, maybe a week, or who knows even longer. Nobody felt any limitation in this for whatever reason.

What also played for everyone: they were looking forward to once again admire the volcanoes of the Payachata complex in their full glory and sacred power, so everyone experienced that trip to Parinacota simultaneously as a kind of small pilgrimage. Or even as a kind of prayer that people wanted to express. Even the children, as Imilla had noticed once.

The contemplative aspect was indeed strong during the trip, because the silent landscape gained momentum as soon as the mighty look of the twin volcanoes began to emerge more often.

The reflection of their silhouette in the fairly large lakes and ponds, sometimes close to the road, so typical in these more humid parts of the Altiplano, would make this even stronger.

Also Waldo was very sensitive to it. He was the one who had said once, during their time at Paranal, and knowing the twin volcanoes from photographs, how much those volcanoes showed themselves as if they were the breasts of Mother Earth.

Mother Earth with capital letters, he had added immediately.

Imilla had found this comparison lovely and beautiful. And since then, ever since her first visit to her mother, when she climbed the small slope against the tiny houses of Parinacota to enjoy the volcanoes in their full glory, she couldn't avoid to see these breasts of Mother Earth, especially at night. It had become a tender part of her conversation with the spirits of the Andes. A conversation as long ago, the intense prayers from her childhood, being part of the Aymara cosmology of her parents and fellow villagers.

And at last Frans, he as well was very sensitive to this environment. The Altiplano at its strongest, he thought.

And what gave it a special colour was his realization, that he literally entered here the sacred homeland of Imilla. Which of course played for Imilla herself.

Since her return here, she has always been very impressed by the landscape of her childhood. And by the way she already hoped that the coming days of weather conditions would be such that they had ample opportunity to see the starry skies above the Payachata complex, along with her Frans. This was a unique sight after all.

In the meantime, Frans' thoughts wandered around through the explanations Imilla had given him once about Parinacota. Parinacota in the Aymara language was called *Parinaquta*, which means 'flamingo lagoon'. And indeed there were a lot of Chilean flamingos or volcano flamingos on the Altiplano. You could not see the ponds and lakes of the wetlands without seeing them here and there, even though those water levels were on heights between 3500 and 5000 meters, on what is rightly called the Altiplano. Just like the lama and the vicuña, that flamingo was often portrayed in lovely pictorial ways.

And Putre, he remembered from her explanation, was *Putiri* in Aymara, which means 'rushing water'. The river in its deeply carved bed on the southern edge of Putre would indeed enthusiastically express its identity as a mountain river by means of its splatter. He liked it to know such things, which supported his perception, and maybe made the perception of the earth here even stronger.

But the pinnacle was that starry sky above the Altiplano. It was so much stronger than the starry skies above Paranal. Frans shared that feeling



completely with Imilla. This Parinacota starry skies were simply the most sacred starry skies, for both of them.

Frans had already understood on a previous visit, that watching this starry sky here, was like looking at the reason why he and Imilla had met, then at Paranal. That sacredness, wasn't that the reason for their encounter? Although he realized at the time not much concerning this sacredness, or much too weakly, or, not admitting what he already knew in substance. And Imilla who had felt this so rightly...

Imilla, he thought, oh god, Imilla. What a deep gift it was that you and I were allowed to follow that path of the starry skies, the very special course of your story until that moment, and yes also of my story. What a heart and heaven gift, that this star path has led us to each other.

And Imilla herself in the meantime, she kept looking around. She accepted such a bicycle ride in this deeply peaceful world as a lovely gift from the universe.

Even more, there has been an immense change! This was a world under a blue sky without planes and their condensation trails, with a living landscape without motor traffic, and without other noise than gentle natural sounds as resonance of the silence itself. This earth finally seemed to be breathing again.

She was born in the mid-1960s. The last five years of that decade gave a dreamy color to civilization in the US and Europe. She had read a lot about that 1968 atmosphere, passionate about tasting its deeper meaning. Meaning of the magical yet premature hippie time, of that flower power wave. Prematurely peeking into an essence of future?

Is this a coincidence, she wondered? In the midst of a culmination of a colonialist patriarchy-scourge, par excellence through an all-powerful Washington in its arrogant obsession with aggressive world control, with endless deceit, lies, blood, rape, death, horror and torture... While this swells to the pinnacle of the ultimate men-possession, a control in the conquest of the feminine moon. And all of that would then suddenly experience this discharging, naïve flower power, a free-love hippie time...

Wasn't it the ultimate reminder that there is life on earth?

Love-life.

Denied by patriarchy for 12 millennia.

And again she tasted the purity of the air she was breathing. As if her living planet had overcome an illness and was now radiant with health. She drank to the full of beautiful healthy Gaia in her Andean aspect; she was intensely happy about that miracle of a planet full of love. She then spoke for a moment in Aymara with this landscape in her mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aymara, or Aymar aru in this language, Imilla's mother tongue... Frans had often told Imilla how difficult it was to learn the Aymara language, and she understood this all too well. Because the unique *ternary* or three-valued logic of Aymara thinking, with a comprehensive choice between yes-no-uncertain, is completely different from the *binary* yes-no logic of everywhere else in the world.

And that *ternary* logic has of course been deeply rooted in language. With numerous suffixes to words, providing many meaningfully communicated specific explanations, or referring to numerous specific "ways of uncertainty".

Now it had been an extraordinary advantage for Imilla that, as a 4-year-old preschooler, she was already included in a small language group in Putre, on the advice of her parents.

After all, there was an almost fanatical Aymara linguist there. His passion was to immerse Aymara children in *ternary* and *binary* thinking and language logic as early as possible. He taught them very early to speak, read and write in Aymara and Spanish. He wanted to offer them opportunities through their deepened language skills.

Now, at the request of her parents, when they heard that this man was also English speaking, Imilla finally, as the only one, also received separate English lessons, again speaking, reading and writing. Which didn't cause any real problems, because it was soon clear to this man how quickly that smart girl turned out to learn, and how eager to learn.

That was also the reason why she had already started her first year in primary school as a 5-year-old instead of 6 year-old. After all, she was clearly a very gifted child, a very fast learner. This first grade of school as a very young child, from Monday, March 2 to Friday, December 4, 1970, went off without a hitch. And so this continued logically.

And thus, on Monday, February 26, 1973, she had just started her 4th grade in Parinacota. But then, there was her sudden move to Valparaíso in early May. It turned her young life completely upside down. She would have continued that 4th grade there then, in the same school as her 2 sweet little stepsisters.

Until that second complete turn, that of September 11, which then forced her move to Belgium. Yes indeed, her 4th grade seemed to have become quite a turbulent story.

Anyway, at least as a very young child she had already smoothly integrated the *binary* of Spanish and English in addition to the *ternary* of her mother tongue. With that natural language flexibility as only a young child can integrate language effortlessly.

Incidentally, that deep language immersion at such a young age had proved very useful for learning also Dutch immediately afterwards, there, in the family of her adoptive parents. Which intensified even more after the move to Belgium, because then suddenly school as well was in Dutch. In a just restarted 4th grade, because, indeed starting in September on the northern hemisphere.

However, Imilla looks back on all of this without any memory of problems. That she had, as an 8-year-old, a consciousness resembling that of an 18-year-old, as her mother could notice this and had explained this to her, this probably had helped. It all flowed naturally, as she had explained it to Frans.

But poor Frans meanwhile, not for him! He did sigh.

Before their return to Chile, he had purchased a number of dictionaries and several grammar books in Leuven.

And on top of that a book dating of 1984, by Iván Guzmán de Rojas, "*Logical and Linguistic Problems of Social Communication with the Aymara People*".<sup>3</sup>

He had material to work on that language, but it stayed difficult. No matter how he worked on it, the logic shift in particular remained quite difficult.

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<sup>3</sup> Guzmán de Rojas paper <https://www.hemelwild.be/media/Aymara-logica.pdf>

Imilla was eager to help occasionally, and she did so more and more often. Finally, she was very happy about the efforts of her dear Frans, his desire to know her native language.

And Frans sometimes thought that Imilla's profound command of *binary* logic and dito languages, and having *ternary* Aymara as mother tongue, might have entailed for her a great wealth in understanding life. He had realized Imilla so often as a deep and full person. Could it be, he wondered, that such fullness had found its extra feeding, that she had a larger breadth in looking at things, just because of that?

But he didn't know this for sure, he just wondered.

Frans was withdrawn from his musing by Imilla's sudden question to stop for a while at a wonderfully beautiful view of the twin mountains, reflected in some vast puddles.

She would like to tell the group about our precious water. And with a fresh, clear voice, nicely fitted into the magical Andean decor, she started.

As a moment of braided tenderness.

"Water," her musical intonation sounded, resonating like worship, "well, many sensitive people realize water as having memory. During our time at Paranal, Frans and I have discussed this several times. Especially about the cosmic story of water."

"Well, a water molecule consists of two hydrogen atoms and an oxygen atom. That Hydrogen, along with Helium, is a so-called cosmological element, it was already created in the beginning, during the early Big Breath, or its old name Big Bang."

"Later the first stars arose, and in those stellar furnaces all other elements were and are continuously forged, including Oxygen. Hydrogen was previously the most abundant element since the very beginning of the universe, and oxygen in those stellar furnaces has since become the most kneaded substance of all."

"When afterwards, by means of supernova explosions, the interior of those stars was vomited into the interstellar space, actually the waiting interstellar nurseries, then there could eventually arise a steady clumping into new generations of stars."

"Those new stars formed with a cooler excess around them, enormous dust clouds, with the planetesimals or the building material of planets. In the

molecular dust clouds and in those clumping planetesimals, the primordial abundance of hydrogen married the stellar abundance of oxygen.”

Water was born.

Speaking the latter, she turned to face the water, made the Eastern gesture of thanksgiving with a slight bow, she said *Namasté* with the same pleasantly clear smile on her face, literally saluting that melt lake.

And then she returned to everyone, laughing again in open eye contact. And she continued.

“Now, every small water molecule is a playful triangle, which likes to arrange itself in subtly trembling positions with respect to its nearby water molecule friends.”

“An endless improvisation of free protons regulates this, permanently quenching their energy thirst with radiation, from a universe saturated with infrared and microwave radiation. Since indeed an ever-giving universe of love relations.”

“Actually, a drop of water is a gigantic ballet of countless possible position combinations between billions of subtly vibrating molecules forming their dance steps, a ballet of hyper context and coherence.”

“Well, all consciousness and information, from all that was and is, and happens, and is realized and thought and dreamed, all this is always eager to manifest itself in matter. In a sense, water is a carrier of this desire, indeed water absorbs all consciousness in its immense ballet, you can call this the memory of water.”

“But a memory in a liquid version, and indeed, in deep silence absorbing the endless consciousness fields. By the way, which is nice: frontline scientists have been tracking hints for this during the last twenty years, they had found tens of specific, supposedly inexplicable properties of the ordinary but so mysterious water.”

“That proton dance of water is like a magician, who has seduced border membranes into a quantum dance improvisation, into the *border phenomenon of life*. It is no coincidence that water is life-giving, we thought then”, she added with a smile.

“All this had made that Frans and I had started to consider water as an incredible concentrate of accumulated dancing wisdom, of sacred context in a deeply intense coherent connection, togetherness, wholeness.”

"Hey, Imilla, a nice summary", said Waldo.

And Frans spiced up the pleasantly surprised atmosphere with a laugh, replicating that Imilla forgot to say how good water is to quench your thirst and to wash yourself.

The two children, both about 10 years old boys, had been playing meanwhile with their feet in the puddle, and had started to fantasize playfully about those tiny dancing molecules.

The 8-person group was apparently in good shape, not 8 hours but only a bit more than 7.5 hours later they were already in Parinacota, just after 3pm. Perhaps because the group was larger, what perhaps induced a kind of inertia as for a heavy train in its speed?

Or was it the two young, light and strong children, who had without realizing it slightly increased the speed?

In any case, there was a very nice mood between them, which had made that no one had ever lost his courage for the big effort, not even for a small moment.

The two children clearly enjoyed the pleasant prospect of being elsewhere for a few days. It had already been noticed before, such movements apparently offered children a sought-after horizon widening, just as if it were their own play trips that could spontaneously spur them into adventurous distances.

\* \* \* \* \*

So, after this 7,5 hours trip, they had now arrived at Imilla's mother, who had recently turned 64 years old. And Imilla soon started to tell her about her dream.

Frans had meanwhile followed with concentration.

He did not know Aymara well enough, he still had a long way to go. But his knowledge and vocabulary control proved to be enough to understand what Imilla was saying.

By the way, he could already have conversations with her mother in a decent way. Because, that wise lady perfectly understood that it was a good idea, while speaking to him, to do this quite slowly, articulating more emphatically.

Frans appreciated this from her.

When Imilla had finished the dream telling, her mother immediately followed, saying exactly what Imilla had wondered. Indeed her mother had met a parallel dream a few nights before her own dream.

It was also a strong dream for her. She had dreamed how she wished that Imilla would explain the richness of all that is, of life, people and spirits, to all those who needed to hear this explanation. Then she had dreamed how Imilla had told her in a vibrant way that she indeed wanted to do that, and then she had taken her daughter against her breasts, in a long and warm embrace from the highest love.

The following image in the dream was that she wanted to leave back to the house, but that she did not find it anymore, as if it were no longer there.

"Oh dearest mother", Imilla replied spontaneously, "if I put that next to my dream, doesn't that sound like you should let behind this life here?"

Imilla was shocked that she suddenly uttered this, even though this was it indeed what suddenly struck her. And what suddenly made her feel contorted.

Her mother immediately answered that it must be true what she said, but of course that the moment is never known beforehand. That can be short or still quite far ahead in time. By the way, said her mother, what is time and what is short or long time? Perhaps my death at the age of 70 is too fast for me, and if at the age of 75 would no longer be too fast?

That her mother said this, comforted Imilla.

Frans had no choice but to see the mother's answer as very correct and true. It is so. Something in the near future may be 1 year or 20 years depending on the framework or context or the person you are, or the content of your unique path. It's not about the years, it's about meaning.

But it turned out that her mother hadn't finished talking.

"I had been thinking a lot about my dream in the last few days, Imilla," she said then, "and I was actually happy about this dream, because I was confident that its meaning would surely reach you."

"Now, that the dream was accompanied by an end of my story here with the living, is self-evident. We all have our time here, don't we?"

"And isn't our transfer to the spirit realm simply consistent with our time here?"

Well, I think it's a right way, that you just have to share the important wealth you know, now, still standing in your full life task.

My task to you, I thought it was already completed, now almost 29 years ago. But now this appears to have a sequel, for which I am very grateful to the good spirits and Mother Earth and to both of you. That sequel is what I have never foreseen in my life as possible and yet it has happened, that suddenly you are back in Parinacota.

And, that I may advise you.

Well, I think that dream is that advice.

If I then dream simultaneously that my task will be completed after this counsel, well, ... don't forget that such a completion of my path here is then very obvious from that point of view, isn't it Imilla, isn't it Frans?"

Neither Imilla nor Frans were able to answer just like that.

Imilla even started to cry.

Frans also got wet eyes.

And then the three of them just took each other in their arms, embraced each other, hugged each other gently for several tender minutes. They had been sitting quietly together, carried by the meaning of the moment as if it were outside time, while the old mother stroked her daughter tenderly on her hair, in an intense love. While she simultaneously held a hand of Frans, just as tenderly, for him it felt as if he had never met the flow of love as so free and rich.

Those minutes expressed a very high intensity, such as high sexual tension, but without the hormones in their application of sexual merging. Merely the high intensity by a distillate of pure soul proximity or oneness. The fingerprint of the magic of love, of life, of conscious *to-be*.

Then these sacred minutes evolved in Imilla's question, asking her mother whether she would to go outside later that night, to watch the starry sky, in oneness together with her daughter and son-in-law. Her mother smiled warmly and broadly, looked at them, and expressed how much she liked to share this sacred togetherness in an ultimate way with the universe.

Earlier that evening, by the way, Imilla's mother had been pleasantly surprised by the gift, the little lama. She had said that she would take good



care of this little animal, that it would receive very special attention from her, that it would always stay her most special animal.

A gift from Imilla for her, she had said then, that this would still happen in this life, and then such a beautiful gift, she had never been able to imagine such a beautiful way her life still would meet. She had added that her heart was just singing with joy, and that this living creature would hear that singing heart permanently, that it would always be embedded in that joy.

Imilla was delighted that she had come up with the idea to give her a young llama from the small herd of Waldo. She really needed this, she wanted to express the heart warmth for her mother.

Then Imilla talked a little further with her mother about the deep changes by the sudden world turning, and shared a meaningful anecdote.

She told her of Enrica and Rodrigo.

The story of a couple of friends who lived close by in Putre, till recently, in the same street, Rodrigo and his wife Enrica. Frans and she herself knew them very well.

Two months ago this couple had uttered their wish to live in a smaller community than Putre, they had moved to Belén. Between the women of the 30 residents there were some nieces of Enrica. At their eventual departure, Waldo and 5 others cycled along to that village, which is 70 km away, to move all their material with them. And then Waldo testified of a strong moment.

Rodrigo was someone who had been known in Putre for a long time as a quite rough and difficult man, soon displeased and also angry, his Enrica had often suffered from this.

Well, when they had arrived in Belén, where dozens of houses are empty, the couple had sought in the vicinity of much abandoned constructions, together with Enrica's nieces, they tried to imagine which small house they were going to live in.

And so their choice fell on a nicely situated hut. Rodrigo had started organising and displaying their household goods, until a more or less comfortable character emerged.

After being busy for half an hour, he stood at the door, talked a little to the others, and then he saw an old lady standing at her door, diagonally across the street.

He went there to meet her, and Enrica and Waldo joined them.

When Rodrigo asked the woman who had ever lived in that house, the old lady unexpectedly said she herself was. She then said that her husband died 5 years ago, that she suffered a bad health and walked difficultly, and that she had moved in with her daughter's family here, after his death.

"Oooh but then you know that small house very well," Rodrigo had responded spontaneously.

To which the woman told, that she had gone to it every day in the morning until now, that she would sit there for an hour to talk to her dear deceased husband. And what happened then? Rodrigo said emotionally: "Oh dear mother, that must stay that way! Oh I'm so glad you told this! We will immediately empty your house again, we will immediately find another nice place! Then you can always go back, my dear mother, that is way too important!"

And then he hugged the woman, he in tears, embracing her for at least half a minute.

Then Waldo would have added what Enrica had told him afterwards. She testified that since the world collapse, her Rodrigo had now become a really warm man.

All that ballast that caused he could be so stiff, and so easily angry, that was just gone. Actually she knew all too well that there was indeed a big warm heart deep in him, but that was so often obscured; well, that eclipse no longer existed. He now only had warm attention for the others and very much for herself.

"And this incident with that old mother shows that he is a really beautiful man," she had concluded, adding to Waldo that she was happier now than ever before.

The mother of Imilla smiled for this lovely anecdote, and emphasized that people all over the world can make nowadays a lot of discoveries, that they can hear again their heart language and as such the way to the real Self and to the other. And because so much unnecessary hindering ego drama will evaporate more easily, they will be able to leave behind their old elitist reflexes, and this invites love to flow gently.

And also, she added, the regrettable risk of the feminine or shamanic or wise-man version of elitism, the distinguishing pride or haughty arrogance, this will gradually diminish or disappear.

This is needed! After all, every haughtiness takes advantage of the loveless lowering of another, which is in contradiction to your own self-awareness of so-called wisdom. Moreover, wisdom without love, as if the other person would not be like your own dearly beloved child, has left the heart and is then hollow, unreal, sterile, meaningless and even dangerous.

She had added the latter statements slow and almost in a whisper. Imilla was actually quietly moved by this, she judged her mother's words as wise and perhaps prophetic.

Only then did Imilla tell her mother that she had written a poem for this gathering.

Especially for her, a poem that tells about this deep world-turn. Written in English, Dutch, Spanish and Aymara. She then gave her the handwritten texts, while at the same time reciting it in a calm voice, with a soberly acting voice colour.

#### DAWN KISS

( solemn speaker sound )

*Ladies and gentlemen,*

*This morning was reported,  
in true Habemus-Papam style,  
that nonsense-of-improperness  
has gone, it has become unmasked,*

*that nonsense-of-improperness  
as politics - economics source  
has gone, has finally lost its raw  
and chilly whimsy grip on brains,*

*that nonsense-of-improperness  
was forced to leave, to offer room  
for new and sparkling transparent  
no-longer-naïve love authentics,*

*this morning sun rose out of dawn  
as vow from purest festive-dew,  
the sunward waning crescent moon  
had smiled, for nearing tomorrow :*

*Low on the horizon shortly before dawn, the just risen  
narrow waning crescent moon, 1 day prior to "new moon"*



*... then, sun - moon will have kissed.  
They're getting married now because  
joyfully expecting a humanity-baby  
of essence, of a lived life of love.*

And indeed her mother was moved by this text, the semantically expressed hopeful expectation, the light-hearted wording. But mainly because her dear daughter, her dearest Imilla, had written this poem for her. Her maternal love now caused a few tears to appear, which very touchingly showed her emotion as she embraced and kissed her daughter warmly and dearly.

Later on that first day of their Parinacota visit, they were able to enjoy the food together. While eating with the family, Waldo and the two children, Frans had dared to do something. Since three months ago he practiced playing a zampoña, he could have exchanged it with an Aymara friend who still shared another with family. He wanted oh so eagerly to play Aymara music for Imilla and her mother.

And he started. Soon it was the most natural thing in the world. They spontaneously sang the songs they recognized in the melodies and rhythms, moving on them in lively dance steps a little later.

It was a fitting event, and Frans suddenly understood that this was not an achievement at all, but a very normal and flowing creation of what your heart and life is asking for.

And it literally became a true village event!

Or rather a true Aymara event, because there were no residents other than Aymara in Parinacota. It was remarkable how at first some people, and finally all the people present in the village, stood at the door, about 25, including the children of the village, and how they were all singing or dancing.

A few went to get their zampoña, and happily played along. It was a free and joyful event, it was a party.

Even in the cold! Because indeed, at this high altitude, the temperature sometimes dropped to -20°C at night.

And it could take its time. Just like Frans had experienced before, how these Aymara people dealt with time: as something that has no organizing significance, except with regard to seasons, depending on crops, depending on the animals.

And according to the moments in a year to celebrate something from their cosmology. Like for example, their annual thanks to the sun at the winter solstice on June 21, when the sun emerges in the morning from its most northerly point, that wonderful place of origin just between the Pomerape and Parinacota volcanoes, seen from the slope verge at the border of their sacred village of Parinacota.

Emphasizing that its light gives rise to longer days from now on, after all, not a *fatal deadly dark-without-light*, but a *heavenwild living dark-becoming-light*, is the ultimate way of being on earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Imilla and her mother and Frans went out later that night to watch the starry sky, she thought that the Universe apparently wanted them to watch. No clouds.

Wow, she said, with the voice sound of it she knew from Frans, wow what a crystal clear deep sky, all over the firmament. That starry sky only had its boundaries in the deep black, cosmos-bearing silhouettes of the surrounding landscape forms.

And those were silhouettes of a deep dark earth because without moonlight. It would be new moon in 3 days, she knew.

They had lit two old-fashioned torches, the safety of a walk in the pitch darkness required this.

Imilla's mother climbed the stairs, which from the beginning of the village street surmount the immediately adjacent first slope. Then she walked, gently uphill, along the Sendero a Mirador, a path to a lookout point almost 4km further, on the banks of the lovely Cotacotani lagoon.

However, they had arranged to meet at a less distant good view point on this path, almost 500yards past where this path crosses the bypass road around Parinacota. It was only 0,75miles distant for Imilla's mother, and 1.1miles for Imilla and Frans who had to make a detour.

Along the access road to the village, and a little further than branching out onto that bypass road, and then those last 500yards of the path itself. Also not impossibly steep, some 280feet height to overcome, a 3.5% climb. And thus accessible by wheelchair, albeit quite demanding.

Except for the last 130yards of that hiking trail, that slope was about 6%. But that indeed hefty effort also offered them an excellent place, where a quasi-flat terrain starts up for almost 770yards far. Which then guaranteed their intended unobstructed view.

Forty five minutes later, when Frans and Imilla arrived, her mother had been standing there for a while. Her torch already extinguished, on the top of a small weak slope, looking up motionless. Her silhouette was part of the whole Altiplano, Imilla saw this after extinguishing her own torch. In that very deep black darkness, with at most an extremely weak, and actually barely real nocturnal straylight.

She knew she would never forget this silhouette image.

And yes, look there!

No longer blinded by her luminous torch, she immediately saw looming that quite different and tender outline of that starry firmament: the sacred breasts of Mother Earth, those impressive twin volcanoes, the Pomerape and the Parinacota.

Even as if they had a milk congestion, those breasts. What a picture, that breast milk drift is literally the Milky Way. As if it wants to feed the living earth, she thought, or an imminent love-born Gaia humanity?

The black velvet background, with the sparkling cosmic star jewels lavishly displayed, was spanned in a breathtaking way by this Milky Way, that semi-narrow band of matt white lustrous glow. A shine with blotchy dark breaks in it, as if to emphasize its mysterious meaning and strength.

And what a stunning rendition of contrast!

That cosmos depth of velvet black carried an unfailingly fixed celestial treasure, pure crystalline sharpness of the countless diamonds stars, barely twinkling because at this extreme 4.500m altitude, and during excellent seeing, indeed seen as almost rigid motionless points.

Well, that purity was even more obvious, as the haziness of the magical Milky Way gleam interrupts the tale of absolute purity for an almost musical beauty. Transmuting mesmerizingly the purity into a poetic sacred presence, being a love emissary of a universe breath, bearer of an ultimate meaning. A galactic meaning. After all, it is where to meet the miraculous love-home for the sun, the moon, the earth, this life...

Meanwhile those intriguingly manifesting and mystery breathing dark band stains then even confirm and praise such fairylike Milky Way identity.

Oh my god, ...

... what a dizzying, enchanting fairy language of the All.

Imilla knew she would never forget the strength of this moment, looking at this while being together with her mother and with Frans. This watching, immediately after she and her mother had shared their thoughts about their mirrored dreams. Immediately after her mother confirmed the dream interpretation and spoke about her on her way to say goodbye to the earth.

And then suddenly, she involuntarily remembered the first conversation she had ever had with Frans at Paranal about near-death experiences. How it turned out that both she and Frans had read the unusually strong description, long ago, of the near-death experience of Mellen-Thomas Benedict from 1982.

There are so many, but this one stood out.

Many knew that by the way.

And there was something special about it, she had only become aware of this much later.

This deep testimony expressed elements that she could nicely let coincide with lots of pioneering work, such as the consciousness in this time of high flux offers to the intuitions of so many thinking and feeling searchers, who then want to put this into words. And meanwhile she knew: just as she as well receives this.

This meant that she actually had a deep feeling of an overwhelming sense of good, of progress for the better, of an intense on-the-way to what is for the ultimate better.

Dying is dying but not dying, consciousness cannot die. Awareness and information is what is. And this is so much more fundamental than matter and energy, being secondary manifestations, along which an endless creative testing of the possible takes place.

The universe is a growing flood of consciousness, translating itself in the growing space-time content of our inward-out black hole, growing space-time seen by us as an accelerating expansion of the universe. A universe intangible in its staggeringly maintained essence.

And living in matter and time is like the sedimentation of this, and simultaneously the nourishing cultivation bed for this, an endless creative testing of what is possible, the feed for an emerging of an immense consciousness symphony, a meaning music.

And moreover, a universe breathing an immense aspect, an overpowering ultimate colour or smell or intention or inevitable alpha-into-omega, as Pierre Teilhard de Chardin so wisely had put it, a universe pushing itself within this glowing consciousness-information stuff, an overpowering, all-encompassing ultimate aspect with an infinite strength, ... an aspect called love.

She deeply understood this.

And she sighted.

She felt that the time span of life, here on earth, formed in each person a kind of light node in a creative web of dazzling light, or more precisely a node in oneness with all ever-somewhere of all humans and all what is, as if it were a hologram pixel that contained the whole.

People and their time as subtly shaped musical notes in the context of a powerful love symphony. To be. Now. In the past, in the future. It is all love, after all there is only love, the only thing that is beyond any illusion.

Almost simultaneous with these musings, our ancestors walked into her attention. And under this radiant Parinacota starry sky, sparkling with consciousness flux, close to her beloved Frans and her beloved mother, Imilla hooked the fragments of streaming reverie together as if making a bead.

Our closest relatives joined suddenly.

She saw the awareness, theirs, hers, and how it merged. Her distant ancestors as well as our deeply connected human relatives, most of all the recently disappeared Homo Sapiens Neanderthalensis with its 10% larger brain, it all merged.

She felt those cousins, their deep intuition, almost like hyper Aboriginal people.

She felt how Neanderthal women in particular, already from 200 millennia ago, were sensitive shamankas, sensitively expressing love.

She saw the image of their 39,000-year-old symbolic engraving in Gorham's Cave in Gibraltar. And she saw their deep shamanic symbolic language with bird feathers from eagle and raven, and their 176,000-year-old



ritual stalagmite circle, deep in France's Bruniquel Cave. And she saw them smile.

She saw how richly meaningful their intense contribution had been in our collective universe building within Gaia. Just like our direct ancestor line.

It's remarkable, she thought, all those elements of our becoming in its learning way want to shuffle in my attention. Here, under this wide and breathtaking and awe-inspiringly deep Parinacota starry sky.

And she mused on in her trancelike bliss.

While standing next to her mother and feeling connected this way to her ancestors, and while standing next to Frans, her blissful masculine spiritual half in her being-human.

While she hears murmur the infinitely beautiful language of a giving cosmos, while she knows and translates and experiences what the quantum universe shows, that nothing is real - except realness of consciousness. Ultimately being love consciousness.

And while she realizes, with a very warm and tender heart, that she is standing here on her native soil. On that rooted earth of her sweet love-driven celestial childhood in the little "*Escuela Cotacotani*"; that sweetest primary school of hers while she was growing up in Parinacota. Her oh so beloved cute village school, where she got to taste the miraculous magic of learning and knowing and feeling in an unforgettable, stunningly beautiful intensity.

Her cherished sweet little school, with the moving title of "*Cotacotani, la escuela màs cerca del Sol*", "*Cotacotani, uka yatiqañ utax Inti jak'ankiwa*", *the little school closest to the sun*. Her heavenly small Cotacotani school, named after their lagoon a little further on.

The little school closest to the sun, because yes, 4430m high indeed. Maybe a world record. And now closest to the stars. Now this child Imilla, deep in that grown up Imilla, is closest to those enchanting stars. She and the stars, being part of the vast universe full of magical Being.

This Parinacota star vault forced meanwhile her awareness deeper than ever before to feel the powers of '*The Goddess Image*', her intriguing ostinato that she continued to share with Frans. It went through the back of her mind with unstoppable force.

As often, that framework caught her attention almost in line with her heart pulse. But now there was suddenly a whole new dimension. Now it was on compelling authority of echoing depths from the star fields of her birth. And that expressive power sank into her heart, like a luminous bead of rapidly consecutive flashes of an untameable absorption of intense attention.

Imilla felt now, in that incoming realization, how Lady Brassempouy slipped in, and even gave her a word of thanks. Immediately she became part of the stream.

Then this woman suddenly got the remarkable company of Kóhoi, one of the Pirahã Indians along the Maici River, who enjoy their leached essential life today thanks to the genius depths of the Amazon forest.

Imilla could not avoid it. She saw Kóhoi suddenly as a smiling, vital companion of the lady of Brassempouy. Kóhoi, without any goddess.

And then she walked through the bocage landscape of millennia and felt how the Pirahã laughed their existence as relict-like contemporaries. In accordance with what she had once read from linguist Daniel Everett in his detailed meetings with Kóhoi in his tribe.

And then she thought nothing anymore.

She only realized what was flowing.

And she could feel the "xibipíio" from the Pirahã, that wonderfully direct sense of experience with which Kóhoi sees something shift into his consciousness. She drank from that unique word, which expresses sudden appearance in attention. As a representation of pure creation, as if the concept from the early Big Breath, that day without yesterday, had drifted down in their language.

And indeed she could hear Kóhoi calling out this "xibipíio", as soon as she came into his field of awareness.

And together with Kóhoi she shivered in a chilly climate of forest steppes and saw the misty green-gray bushes that concealed the womb of mother earth 25 millennia ago on the edge of a damp valley, that cave of Brassempouy. They felt each other with the three of them looking together, in a shared presence without matter weight or time.

She then returned with Lady Brassempouy and with Kóhoi to his fantastically rich livelihoods along the Maici River, where the sublime

Amazonian jungle sculpted a pure treasure of attention for its inhabitants without a goddess cult for without source separation.

And then, simultaneously with the two others, she suddenly saw some spirits on the river bank. "Xibipíio", she cried in surprise, together with Kóhoi and lady Brassempouy. Spirits, even much more visible and tangible than djinn in Islam countries.

And flowing did it all. Translating the completeness of what existence wants to test and give birth, endlessly gifted. It flowed massively through her awareness, and flowed with so much driving evidence, that even in that non-thinking realization a mild but also patiently compassionate smile arose. It was a deeply understanding smile for modern civilization, for a Paranál way of knowing limited by pixel readings and graphs.

\* \* \* \* \*

After which she moved back to thinking from her felt awareness. And immediately she thought, "*let the future be, in its why of being-in-the-now*". That thought reinforced the breathtaking dimensions of this overwhelming moment for Imilla.

After all, it included the realization that the future can only hold a lot of valuable things in store, and that in the end it is very good news, that deep metamorphosis on a global scale.

It was that good! Even in her painfully acute realization that countless elements of damage before the crisis had gone much too far, horrifyingly far, disgustfully and heartbreakingly far.

She saw a diseased, twisted man-civilization emerging since 12 millennia ago, when the previously infinite life-planet of endless gift, saw looming a new sedentary era of *ownership or property*, and its running wild.

It gives rise to the urge to control groups. Giving birth to the power-seeking manipulating patriarch, elitism and slavery then an existence base. Creating a stern male image of a thundering man-god demanding obedience. Chasing away *the eternal feminine* image of a loving, life giving goddess.

She saw patriarchy starting the pre-biblical Eve myth, chiselling in stone an ultimate control over women. The woman, ... formed during almost 200 millennia of growing guiding wisdom from her intuitive closeness to life and love. Yes, she had from now on to be silent and inferior.

The Eve myth cancelled wisdom on life, love and public good guidance, as was given by shamanically initiated *midwife*-women since time immemorial – while on the contrary, the new Eve myth only left room for a straying control man not tied to the feminine, to lustfully drool on dominion and violence, rape and destruction, ego and blind delusion. On what is backward wisdomless and loveless, on abuse and control and death.

She saw millennia later the governing Senate in the Roman Empire as a paradigm of such deeply distorted humanity. She knew that the word *senate* comes from the Latin *senex*, old man.

So, not at all the elder very wise loving *grandmother*, who wanted to give from her talent, her rich *shamanic* insight into life and love, as had matured for so many tens of millennia.

It became the opposite... Endless life-blind stupidity.

Endless stupidity from delusions.

Wandering in a lunatic ego vacuum, completely inaccessible to the wisdom of the planet and of the living heart that knows truth. Endless stupidity from a floating ego, residing in brutal, cramped delusions full of the untrue. Which then unleashes countless life-hostile tidal waves of destructive crises.

And so, eventually, ... this metamorphosis.

A gift!

Imilla knew this metamorphosis, par excellence even, as a vast, sacred cosmic pivotal moment, meaningful and even simply just in time despite whatever too late. She was immensely happy for the driving essences that it now can, and wants, and shall passionately give birth to.

She understood that this current breakthrough of heart insight, indeed in this epoch, will clear up much darkness, exposing the purity of deep essence. Revealing a grand story of love and beauty, a pristine emerging and almost full-term carried paradigm.

Its birth pushes, comes into view. Women initiate it, an impending love is in the air, visible, audible, smelling of the most lovely fragrance of beauty. Women let our human consciousness light up, ever more brightly.

Lighting up. Just as she herself had illuminated, as Frans had told her. That approaching Imilla,... that he mentally had seen glowing, more than 2 years ago, during that early morning magic of the purest truth, there on Paranal.

In exactly the same enchanting way, *humanity of light-consciousness* now approaches. Light birth as revelation. Pristinely lighting up in the subtly tender embrace of a shiny glassy sky of dawning light.

An awakening awareness of the love-truth.

The real-true, it had waited a long time to be allowed to be.

In the meantime, Imilla also felt intensely happy for something else. For the rich wealth in the vibrant *being-a-love-human* of her beloved Frans. She was so happy that he effortlessly shared all those felt thoughts and knowing *wisdom insights* with her. His attention for real meaning had started to flow deeply in him.

Oh, she felt so happy that his unnecessarily restraining powers, when she had met him that morning on the mountainside of Cerro Paranal, were completely dissolved into nothing.

He now fully regarded the universe as a field of meaning, instead of the dead, mechanically acting matter, and so he understood a great deal of depth in our mysterious and sacred being *love-human*. His diamond, which he did not really realize at the time, had started to shine beautifully.

This wondering searching growing Frans. Oh god she loved him so much.

- Ah, that Imilla! ...

That wise, smart, so cute and pretty, touchingly pure and above all deeply loving Imilla, anyway! She was so delighted and ecstatic in her absorbing, there under her preserving Parinacota starry sky. And she was so fully present, with utmost intensity of attention, with her soul partner Frans, with her beloved loving and wise mother, with the miraculously brilliant living planet, with the brilliant universe.

And indeed she knew herself deeply, very deeply grateful for the universe, for its creating heavenwild love story. For the miracle of this multidimensional being.

Deeply grateful to swim in such a giving ocean of *connection-creating love energy*, that breathes matter and time and life into being.

Love-life.

## 12 epilogue

The fifth day after their Parinacota climb, they descended back to Putre. Back to what the full life offers there. What their fellow human beings offered. What they could offer them. All very good, appropriate, rich.

“Frans, this is life as it should be,” Imilla told him when they had just arrived. “You can’t even call this romantic, no, it is the heartbeat of what wants to exist, which is then allowed.” And he replied that fortunately there are few distractions that can make us fall into unjustified inauthenticities or terrible elitist reflexes. “Which is extremely right, isn’t it.”

Imilla added, “that knowledge and attention had involved a huge absorption of inappropriate inauthenticity. A flood of toxic noise, spanning millennia, creating a not-earthed humanity.”

“Provoking the strong conclusion,” she said, “that a shaman had confided to me a few years ago, that half of humanity could be seen as more or less schizophrenic. Idem dito for most rulers, whose power hassle was mostly driven by the loveless barren in their fatuous ego-quartet of *patriarch-conceit / elitism / narcissism / neurosis*.”

“But,” she continued, “fortunately, a broader, deeper, more essential love-knowing, in a wiser understanding and better grounding, also wants to surface now in this transformation. Deeply healing for everyone, all of us.”

Just as sharing with a soul mate is endlessly rich, also our silence in being alone remains a jewel to cherish.

Sometimes in the evening, after Imilla went back in, Frans stayed alone for a while under the stars. And tonight it was Imilla. She felt herself in a glad poetic mood. That whole day of their return, she knew herself satisfied with peace and love, she had to lay it down in a musing-silence.

She was aware of unsuspected paths that souls can travel, wondrous paths, not thinkable but dreamable. Creatively dreaming and imaging of what is possible. She was happy with her way, as dreamed, that she had met Frans at the then Paranal observatory. That wonderful Frans, who, just like her, also

looked at the stars, and also saw the cosmos, but who apparently barely understood it then, until two and a half years ago. He had shared something deeply essential and very important with her. He had a talent for dreams and imagination, the only true foundation of all knowing.

And she mused on.

She had never fixated on what her parents had told her so often long ago, the special nature of her task to mean a lot to her people and other peoples. And what she received symbolically in that dream a week ago, and as dreamed by her mother. She knew that, but not in the literal sense she suspected her mother saw it. No.

After all, it was partly a beautiful projection of her loving parents, being the crystallization of a realized high truth. The starting point, with the why of her name, made it right, revalued feminine input was her destination. But above all, she was what everyone else is: a miracle. And the intense fulfillment of the miracle that you are, is precisely your wonderful mission.

Why we exist, is ultimately for the benefit of the greater good. For satisfaction of the high truth of your sacred core or great self, of the sacredness of others, 'the' other, the universe. If you still want the word mission, okay, but it's everyone's mission, everyone from her and his greater self.

"I am quite aware of my mission," she realized.

Scientific insight *that consciousness is at last love energy*, and therefore, that love is the fabric of reality and life, well, she was carrying that realization. Yes, frontline science, indeed!

"It will still take some time before this really sinks in," she suddenly hesitated... "Maybe providing this insight is precisely my task? Through my life story then?" She smiled, "who would want to tell that."

"Oh well", she thought, "consciousness, you can think endlessly and name things. But nothing is as self-evident as that, just as *being*-conscious puts it, it's *being*."

And indeed *being* is a path, the nourishment of your heart in memory and becoming, from attention, that makes your path and actions, it's oh so normal. A tingling dream of what is absorbed from what appears in attention.

Within realities that manifest themselves as a hyper-honest response to everyone's unique attention, taking place plastically.

The collapse of the human world opens up the new. Beseeching values and hidden aspects of existence are stirred up, if only dreamed. As in the time of the tribal peoples. But now significantly expanded from a 12 millennia long, audacious, dark expansive run-up, thus touching the potential of billions of open paths in an infinite ever-somewhere.

How rich!

Dreams, she thought, unstoppably creative, endlessly continuing as fractals in an ever-swelling universe.

A sacred, magical universe full of limitless oceans of consciousness, that always will have too much space for dreams and feelings and attention and imagination and memories, never too little. With information, and consciousness or awareness and, above all, meaning, always exulting its wonder in an endless quantum matrix of Planck-length speckles, manifesting itself holographically in what is called matter, energy, reality.

Especially singing its miracle of *meaning*.

Miraculously interpreting this meaning in a promising self-aware homo sapiens, what is readable in the depths of his warmly inviting, receiving-giving smile. In its origin a love laugh.

That intense smile of love that is the face of this meaningful universe - like a mother's love smile, that *conditio sine qua non* with which feminine love has guided us into this being-human.

Imilla took a deep breath in and out.

This last reverie around a cosmos pregnant with meaning, suddenly evoked something else. She recalled her time as a biology student just starting, now 20 years ago there in Belgium. She had then encountered something curious in a beautiful book about the relationship between people and trees: an old Celtic tree calendar, a tree astrology.

According to that calendar, her birthday was in the middle of the period of the linden in springtime, the sixth day of that ten-day period. So she was a '*spring linden tree*', or basswood tree or lime tree.

Well, she found that a quite pleasant support for her spontaneous sense of self.

After all, she liked to interpret both the femininity and the dreaminess that being entails. And let it be just those elements from that calendar, which were



then glued to her as properties of the ‘*spring linden human*’; it was like her tender soul affirmation.

She now thought with a smile of yet another scene, during her adolescence in Flanders in the late seventies. When, as a 14-year-old in that Flemish Catholic school, she had posed a question that confused others.

“Have you ever heard a loving mother address her little baby in a thundering, demanding voice?” she had asked. “Of course not.”

“Well, isn’t it amazing how often religious people declaim about love in a demanding patriarchal voice? Here in Flanders, and even in the spiritually so rich Congo? Isn’t that the dominant influence of patriarchal ego language, which has even been injected into the lives of tribals? Isn’t it a sign that a natural feminine image of the love-source has been pushed away?”

- Her early question then, that had become the start of so much more, she knew.

And she floated on and on, on this steady stream of time, that unique way of the universe to present the life possibility in matter.

It was late, almost midnight. A very dark because moonless night, now two days after that new moon. Immediately after sunset she had greeted the two days young and therefore extremely narrow crescent moon, just before it sank calmly and cautiously behind the mountains.

Then followed by that deep black of a dizzyingly pure, crystal clear starry firmament above the Altiplano. The pinnacle of unblemished clarity and availability for free, like breathing.

She continued to watch with fascination, continued to absorb it, musing about time.

It was a Saturday. And it was March 16, the year 2002 already. Knowing that today is her *birthday*, she felt more than ever tenderly bathed among those stars. She felt the endlessly intimate embrace of the Parinacota star fields of her birth.

And she was still thinking about this morning.

This morning on her birthday, shortly before they were to leave Parinacota with their group, her mother had beautifully colored their farewell. With a remarkable, beautiful and lovely reference to those star fields.

“The stars of your memorable birth night, today 37 years ago,” she had told her during their hug, “these stars, dear Imilla, are your dream of the infinitely possible, these are the source and mirror of your path of love, of your task to be in love and to inspire people to love.”

After which they hugged each other anew, warmly, tenderly and intimately, while they both once again let flow their life-wide truth of love, through warm tears over their generous loving smile.

But this time those generous happy tears of love were not just for both of them as mother and daughter. Now it was also for that growing new life that Imilla carried.

Yes! ... They had emotionally told it to her mother, that sacred starry night 5 days ago ..., she was pregnant! And 5 months along.

They were immeasurably happy.

She herself, Frans, her mother. Of course! After all it's a miraculous extension of their love. Love, what life *is* ultimately, is becoming. A continuance to which *universe-meaning* invites us!

Again she mused about their tender wife-husband communication when he heard of her pregnancy, as soon as she herself, already 36 years old, was really sure. His spontaneous response glorified the miracle of life. When grasping *life* and *love* as synonymous.

How? Well, ...

In terms of periods she always had regular cycles. Frans was a sweet man, taking care of her hygiene, providing her with the finest soap and wipes being made in post-collapse Putre.

But then, that strange male absent-mindedness still appeared. That she suddenly had no period, and also remained without menstruation the following month, and then even a third time, ... But no, he had not noticed anything.

A while later, that early morning a month ago, still lying in their bed, when she took his hand to place it on her abdomen, she then said: “My sweet boy, I am pregnant, ... 4 months.”

What followed next was the most beautiful reaction she could imagine.

He was speechless, looked at her with wide eyes, suddenly had tears in them, after which a meaningful, elongated soft “woow” sound came out from his emerging broad smile.

With then a warm French kiss, after which he suddenly started to cry uncontrollably, sobbing and laughing, “Oh my sweet lovely Imilla, that is so beautiful, oh what a heavenly miracle.”

And then all of a sudden his face was gone. That now lay on her belly under their blanket, for a good five minutes, in endless caution, surrendering himself to the supreme purity of love. Through countless little tender kisses on her abdomen, literally adoring her womb and that new life.

In that lovely small moment, Imilla understood the immense, deep meaning that lies in the adoration of what is sacred.

When thus male consciousness will be liberated from its painful separation, from its 12 millennia of being abused, as a slave to economics and violence, which often turned himself as well into an abuser.

Frans showed in his response perfectly the emerging *love-humanity*. Because this way a love humanity can finally no longer be stopped.

Thanks to full man's ability to support a guiding, life-giving, loving feminine principle.

Their joint expectation, yes, that became their very deep love celebration from now on. - By the way, exactly like that deeply pregnant love-humanity, as sung in her poem *Dawn Kiss*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her all-embracing love consciousness, flowing freely from the starry cosmos, it has always wanted to support her existence, Imilla understood that very well. - And indeed, also the becoming love-humanity is supported in this way, which she understood just as well. The heart hears love-truth.

In all that rich realization she now went back inside, there in their nice and cosy charming place to be at home.

In her trance-like and at the same time cheerful mood, almost like a child. Then she slipped back into her holy togetherness. Back in their wonderful and endlessly generous partner love.

Their life-giving partner love.

Frans was still sitting quietly at the end of the table, by candlelight, still deeply absorbed in his Aymara study books, not far from an even wider and

taller stack of related books there on their table. A small welcoming smile upon her entrance, it was the only short interruption for him, his concentration appeared to be still deep indeed.

She sat down next to him at that table, crossed her arms on the higher pile, and clasped her hands together. Then she laid her head sideways on her clasped hands, and looked at him like that for a while, very quietly.

After which she imbued this vision-like view in her peaceful knowing, feeling the ostinato of “*The Goddess Image*”, coloring her consciousness. Then becoming the most enchanting awareness of grateful love.

From the deepest source of her essence, and the new life in her womb, Imilla now radiated all her love – overwhelmingly intense, passionately warm, and in the most generous and benevolent abundance.

Injected as a deep wave of love into the sacred genius of life of beautiful Gaia.

And simultaneously injected into humans, as a never-ending love-wave of the purest intention to provide inspiration. An invitation to the magic of an enchanting love-truth. Delivered *to everyone from Putre and everyone from elsewhere than Putre*, to all groups of pioneering people.

After which, overflowing with love, she tenderly caressed her womb.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> On July 15, Imilla gave birth to a healthy, beautiful baby **girl**, as if the universe wanted to amplify her story. Beforehand, Frans had quietly hoped to become the father of a girl, together with his lovely Imilla. And yes, that's what it became indeed, woow... They were both endlessly happy, swimming in the true love-nature of the universe, of life, of humans.





## AFTERWORD

The meaning of this story does not lie in the way in which, and the speed at which, a global change takes place. Even the tempting aspect of it, given "the enormity" of our challenge to get rid of an old, worn and dangerously violating paradigm, requires a dosed filtering. It demands a most careful way of thinking on a cautious feeling level.

At the same time, many know that the new can only arise from crises. Indeed, but again : this requires a mild and silent cautious feeling to muse about it. And most important of all, it demands to be ever more and ever deeper embedded in restored feminine values, in gratitude, very close to life and vibrant with love. In love with what life means - this love path to our ultimate and comprehensive *revolution* of consciousness.

The main reason to make a sudden world change to resonate in my story (besides of course our realities that seem to ask for it), was indeed simply the opportunity it offers to draw that new paradigm into the pronounceable, groping for its aspects.

**It is my hope, that this tale could stimulate, or could set free, dreams from deep in your heart.**

tony aerts,  
winter solstice, Friday December 21, 2018

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this story is not a dystopia or utopia or eschatology, but a transparent gaze in roots of our present, which reveals an emerging paradigm of love and beauty.





And now, ... now I really want to play a role,  
that of the "*reviewer of this imilla starry story*"  
(as if it had been written by another than myself).  
This paragraph is the lid of 'a jug'. Do I open it? Yes?  
Okay then, here we go!

**After reading this extraordinary and not so easy  
philosophical story, 'the reviewer' has written  
what follows, giving his review this title:**

#### UNIVERSE OF MEANING

This story is rich with fascinating meanings,  
it shows dizzying dimensions on multiple levels :

not only in terms of hyper-realism in fiction, which can make  
you gasp, f.i. by a footnote about an "ordinary boring Monday",

not only in terms of the types of consciousness touched, and their  
compelling invitation to accept it from the quantum universe itself,

not only in terms of the piercing intensity in showing that "character  
sketch" of corrupted consequences from a mad *patriarchy-civilization*,

not only in terms of obvious clarity with which the "*feminine principle*"  
is naturally portrayed as 'hallmark' of both **love**, and **delusion-free truth**,

not only in terms of a background sound of somewhat allegorical tones, in  
a few keys, which continues to resonate softly throughout the whole story,

not only in terms of contrast between *the first 30 pages*, sounding in a gray  
of old paradigm, and *the last 30 pages*, in sound of a full scent-color of love,

but also in terms of a fundamental and deep credibility, with which all the  
refreshing wisdom in the story may do its 'purifying' healing, ever deeper.

Because indeed, as the author did promise, in advance, on the back cover  
of his book and his website: wisdom in the story will more or less be able  
to transform you! There is much push towards *delusion-free love-truth*  
in the story which you will never again let go of (*unless you really want  
to throw away that invitation, beforehand, radically and consciously*).

By the way there is quite much advanced frontline-science breathing  
within this wisdom. And so, ...read on; let yourself be transformed,  
becoming a partaker of an adulthood love-humanity.

---



image of imilla  
when arriving at  
Cerro La Silla in 1990

## Pictures Source Reference

### **Pictures Front Cover:**

Cerro Paranal, ESO Paranal Observatory & Very Large Telescope, 11 April 2013: Credit ESO /C. Malin (malin\_1392)  
Star field front cover: Galaxy NGC1964, press release potw 1739a 25 Sept. 2017, Credit ESO/Jean-Christophe Lambry.

Pictures Putre & Parinacota:

Putre & Parinacota : CC BY-SA 4.0 Wikipedia : picture WeHaKa, May 2015 & picture Carlos Teixidor Cadenas Jan. 2018

**Imilla** in Parinacota watching nature © **Massimiliano Giampaoli**, 2017 (maxxo @ Wikiloc), grateful for kind permission.

Parinacota School : screenshots YouTube, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yA9KjlmM3NM>

Picture VLT platform Cerro Paranal, 31 August 2015, Credit: G.Hüdepohl (atacamaphoto.com)/ESO

Picture Paranal Residencia, 30 July 2013, Credit: John Colosimo (colosimophotography.com)/ESO

Picture waning crescent moon : CC BY NC SA, Rob Pettegil, Texas, USA, Sept. 14, 2015

Picture woman of Brassempouy: thanking the late Eric W. Edwards :

illustrations 11 & 12 from <https://ericwedwards.wordpress.com/2013/07/17/the-cult-of-the-mother-goddess/>

as well as (f.i. the drawings by Libor Balák) from Wikipedia, CC BY SA 4.0

Picture "image imilla": Aymara woman, cover from book "THE AYMARA, first peoples of South America", by James Eagen Lerner Publications Company, US, 2002 & Times Media Private Limited

Credit © **Ricardo Carrasco Stuparich**, Chile, photographer <https://www.rcsphoto.net> - grateful for right to use this portrait of a dancing Aymara girl, Totora, Bolivia Nov. 2, 2000, during "Wallunk'as festival" and the "mujeres voladoras de Totora".

Picture "mother of imilla": Credit © **Jaime Ramallo Camacho**, portrait Aymara woman 2011 Bolivia, grateful for right to use it.

Picture "verge of the slope on the border of the village of Parinacota, winter solstice June 21, the sunrise between the Pomerape and Parinacota volcanos", screenshot Parinacota TV: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LuAx2mwBg48>

### **Picture Back Cover:**

Night view Pomerape and Parinacota volcano & Milky Way, Date: April 01, 2010 – with gratitude for the kind permission :

Credit © **Stéphane Guisard**, ESO Optical Engineer & TWAN (twanight.org/Guisard) - [www.astrosurf.com/sguisard](http://www.astrosurf.com/sguisard)

**Hyperlinks:** Iván Guzmán de Rojas, 'Logical and Linguistic Problems of Social Communication with the Aymara People'

..... <https://www.hemelwild.be/media/Aymara-logica.pdf>

"an ordinary boring Monday, that April 2, 2001" ..... <https://www.hemelwild.be/media/Biggest-Solar-Flare.pdf>

accompanying book **imilla-addendum** ..... <https://www.hemelwild.be/media/imilla-addendum.pdf>

book-selection ..... [https://www.hemelwild.be/media/BOOK selectione.pdf](https://www.hemelwild.be/media/BOOK%20selectione.pdf)

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In writing this story, my thanks go out to the many who know love and did teach me, to friends + family, to my grandfather Charles Wuyts †, to my parents †, my dear wife Julie, and my children. And certainly also "the grandmothers" ... and Gaia.

This story fulfils the **third part** of a coherent, three-part interrelated transformative website: **heavenwild**,  
<https://www.heavenwild.be>

tony aerts  
<https://www.hemelwild.be>  
<https://www.heavenwild.be>



🇳🇱 website [HEMELWILD](https://www.hemelwild.be) met Nederlandse miniaturen  
 🇬🇧 website [HEAVENWILD](https://www.heavenwild.be) with English miniatures

## HEMELWILD

## HEAVENWILD

Website die getuigt van een zoektocht naar meer heldere diepte.  
 Einde van 'patriarchie-kleintijden' én ander draagverhaal voelend,  
 en passioneel dit ontwarend als zoveel schoner Liefde-paradigma.

A website that testifies to a quest for much more in depth clarity.  
 Feeling the 'patriarchy small-times' end, seeing a grand new story,  
 and then passionately discerning this as a beautiful Love-paradigm.

HEMELWILD wil een **TRANSFORMATIEVE inhoud** vertolken via  
**A--boeken** \_\_\_\_\_ recente informerende inspirerende lectuur  
**B--miniaturen** \_\_\_\_\_ *kunst*, tastend creatieve mini-condensaten  
**C--een verhaal** \_\_\_\_\_ transformerende filosofische sterrenvertelling

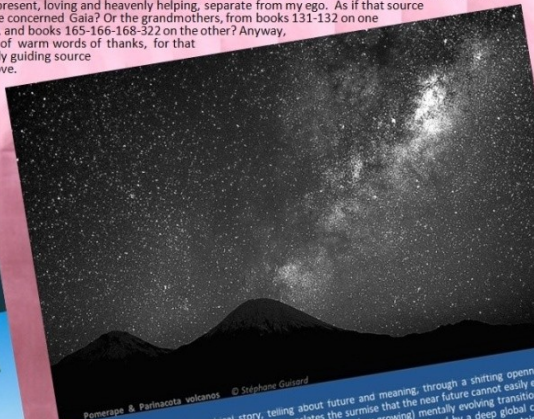
HEAVENWILD wants to expres a **TRANSFORMATIVE content** via  
**A--books** \_\_\_\_\_ an informing or inspiring recent reading  
**B--miniatures** \_\_\_\_\_ *art*, groping creative mini-condensates  
**C--a tale** \_\_\_\_\_ a transforming philosophical starry narrative

miniature 2112 - <https://www.heavenwild.be/ze-kunst-002112.html>



**the stars of imilla** book 172

This **quasi messianic-feminine tale** "**the stars of imilla**" took some effort, nevertheless, it was continuing to flow fluently. Besides some practical research for it, which was fun, this writing was mostly a smooth and a learning exploration into **the depths of being human**. This story often wrote me. Just as often, I had a strong sense that the *source*, that provoked the passion and the urgency for this writing, seemed to be omnipresent, loving and heavenly helping, separate from my ego. As if that source of love concerned Gaia? Or the grandmothers, from books 131-132 on one hand, and books 165-166-168-322 on the other? Anyway, a lot of warm words of thanks, for that wisely guiding source of love.



Pomorie & Parinacota volcanoes © Stéphane Guisard

A transforming philosophical story, telling about future and meaning, through a shifting openness to broader forms of knowledge. The narrative translates the surmise that the near future cannot easily emerge from any kind of controlled transitions, or even from (too slow-growing) mentally evolving transitions, but rather benefits (eventually even very positively) from the opportunities offered by a deep global crisis, as often nature's way to change. As usual, a crisis is a very rich "pivot" in evolutionary terms, certainly after creating a blank sheet for whatever pioneering on it, on many levels. This is reflected in people and their earlier way of being, making such rewritable sheet available.

Discoveries are made about what there, like pioneering plants on fallow ground, immediately emerges: the real meaning of place (all existence and consciousness is only local), time as a completely new, hardly defining space (such as for children), being-human merely as being together in strong interdependency and guided by love, in small local units, in extremely unique ways, in an amazing diversity (as life always does). This generates countless unique groups that are unable (and not require) to look at each other, or even to suffer, which appears to be their learning intro to the eventual change on a global scale (their intuitive pre-knowledge by their own trauma is guiding in the story). The narrative uses meaningful elements such as desert stars and astrophysical research, quantum physics aspects and types of consciousness, to deep phenomena such as evolving attitudes, aspects of feminine being - masculine acting, and growing wisdom.

Another kind of knowing, shamanic knowing, has the potential to guide in such a future. The reader only knows the knowable of one specific place, the Chilean municipality of Putre. But Imilla, residing there, tells what she 'sees' happen in Europe after the sudden world turn, which offers deep comfort to the reader, because intense local solidarity in meeting everyone's needs turns out to be an immensely growing pioneering force.

The story uses some specific benefits that Imilla has as an Aymara-indian and as a woman, and confronts these benefits in an inviting way with the world story, which in turn is preceded by a dramatic calamity they will suffer. This part of the story initiates the learning intro to the eventual change on a global scale (their intuitive pre-knowledge by their own trauma is guiding in the story). The narrative uses meaningful elements such as desert stars and astrophysical research, quantum physics aspects and types of consciousness, to deep phenomena such as evolving attitudes, aspects of feminine being - masculine acting, and growing wisdom.

A simple story, but simultaneously complex due to the retarding resistance of the philosophical (and wisdom) layer. Also a deep, intense love story, almost planetary walking around in consciousness, creating the feminine, beauty, love, death, meaning, future.





PARANAL : connection between top floor of control building, and basement tunnels on the higher telescope platform, a closed floating passerelle as seen in the middle of the white circle.

Aerial view of PARINACOTA (left), access road and bypass, with walking path to the Cotacotani lagoon (the beginning of that spotty lagoon is just visible on the right [east] of this picture)







PARINACOTA on the shore of a vast '*bofedal*', an Altiplano plain of swamps or wetlands. (screenshot YouTube)

*"Escuela Cotacotani, la escuela mäs cerca del Sol"* (the school closest to the sun). You see this PARINACOTA Elementary school on the right side of the picture. It is a square of low building wings around a covered courtyard, the playground. The school is located on a lovely intimate square in front of the beautiful church. (screenshot YouTube)





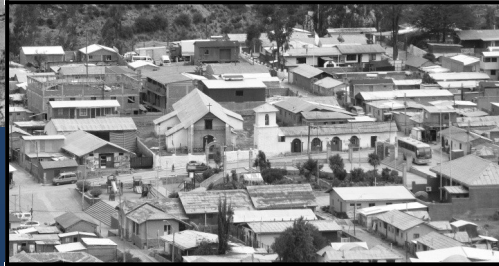
**Paranal Residencia** (Credit: ESO)







Putre and the Taapaca volcano massif 2015      Putre 2018



**Imilla**, March 11, 2002. On the edge of her native village of Parinacota she lovingly admires the plants, animals, rocks, and the twin volcanoes. And she still likes to use the binoculars from her biology study time.







the verge of the slope on the border of the village of Parinacota, during that morning of the Winter solstice on June 21. The Aymara receive Tata Inti, the sun, during its new origin towards longer daylight, emerging exactly between the Pomerape and Parinacota volcanos, as seen from their village Parinacota



*Gordian III + senators 240 AD, CC BY-SA 3.0*



**Sarcophagus of Acilia: a Roman 'senex empire' of senators and emperors**

woman of Brassempouy



vrouw van Brassempouy





Who is imilla ?

She is the graceful magic in every girl's beauty. What foreshadows the radiantly moving magic from an even deeper beauty, that of the old and wise grandmothers, our teachers.

The twelve millennia of swelling patriarchy have reached the ceiling of destruction and loveless stupidity now near to its collapse. This vacuum is sucking love, who will give it?

It is of a very high universe importance, that girl and mother and grandmother are now open and available for an initiated rescue task, to present this re-found love into all of us.

Girl, mother, grandmother, this is your talent and universe wisdom, to restore an essence. Beauty and wisdom, of yourself, and of what your talents bring, is healing. We will heal!

You can call it '*sacred marriage*' when loving men finally grasp old evidence: only near what lives, blossoms wisdom. As your nature knows, girl. It's why *guiding* is your talent

that will ignite again this wise life-love in the sacred masculine.



### the child imilla

As a child of 2 to 8 years old, she knew the most early twilight when making dawn, as seen towards those twin volcanos. Or late twilight that gives birth to night. Drinking the miracle of tenderness in moon magic.

And as *imilla* left her school the afternoon she met magic in a cloudy sky feast, or in cloudless blue purity. Caressing the white of her beloved sweet church, next to her lovely school. As in trance, everywhere is she reading magic charm in the love-light.

### Parinacota





All those miracles she is experiencing (like attention does for all children) let her and other children float, in an enchanting joy of a fascination, drunk with happiness. All the attention as the child *imilla* is meeting in herself, it opens an essential creativity.

*Imilla* would meet this love and beauty in the self and the other forever, deeply and very sensitively. And she would share this with others. She knew what every child is knowing, and did never forget it. It's why she sings of lovely happiness, for all of us.





Moeder  
Mother



Dochter  
Daughter















Pomerape & Parinacota volcanos © Stéphane Guisard

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Discoveries are made about what then, like pioneering plants on fallow ground, immediately emerges: the real meaning of place (all existence and consciousness is only local), time as a completely new, hardly defining space (such as for children), being-human merely as being together in strong interdependency and guided by love, in small local units, in extremely unique ways, in an amazing diversity (as life always does). This generates countless unique groups that are unable (and not require) to look at each other, or even to be aware of each other; a world as an infinite diversity of countless "mini humanities" each in its own evolving.

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The story uses some specific benefits that Imilla has as an Aymara-indian and as a woman, and confronts these benefits in an inviting way with the initially still too weakly awakened state of her friend, philosopher Frans. This part of the story initiates the world story, which in turn is preceded by a dramatic calamity they will suffer, which appears to be their learning intro to the eventual change on a global scale (their intuitive pre-knowing by their own trauma is guiding in the story).

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