

CONTRASTS & COMPLEMENTARIES

Translation by RozaMarijn Rot / Gordon Leonard Symons

Have you ever watched short TED talks? By chance, I once stumbled upon a talk entitled “My Stroke of Insight” in which Jill Bolte Taylor talks about her research opportunity that only a few neuroscientists wish for. After a massive stroke, she was able to observe her brain functions (i.e. movement, speech and awareness) crashing one after another. A stunning story.

98 She describes it so well, understanding that her stroke was located in the left hemisphere as she was having such a hard time organizing her request for help in a logical way. However, the right hemisphere remained intact and she was amazed by the effect. She was finally understanding from her own experience what she had always studied in neuroscience. And now comes the interesting part for me... Jill B. Taylor gives a detailed description of the effects she is experiencing as her right hemisphere, the one that remained unscathed, takes over. Fortunately for me without a stroke, the experience she describes has happened to me many times. I've known this for years, having reached this conclusion by myself. And now I finally find myself with a scientific description in which I recognize what happens to me now and then. Hurrah, what a glory...!!! I always knew I wasn't out of phase when this occurs; I always knew they were mystical experiences. I was 13 and had just started secondary school. The teacher of Dutch (my mother tongue) spoke of the first literature written in the flat lands of my origin. He spoke of Hadewych, a mystic and while he explained what it implied, I said to myself, despite being part of an atheist family : “Ah... I'm like that too...!” For years I wanted Hadewych to be my first name until I realized that the meaning of my own name was already worthy of a mystic... but that's another story. Let's go back to Jill: having her left hemisphere damaged, the right one has free field and she... lives the Unity. She merges with the Divine Dimension, perceives Wholeness and finds it a BEAUTIFUL experience!

I've been feeling the need to share my own experiences for years, but what can I say? What to explain? These special and beautiful moments always burst like a soap bubble when the rationality of the left hemisphere makes itself felt again. At that point I find myself in everyday life, banal, stripped of that miraculous and fascinating touch, full of surprising events where everything seems connected with everything else and where matter seems to have become alive. Sometimes I decided to stop thinking, because what I thought then happened. I experienced so much amazement in those moments, so much wonder and an intense joy for what I saw, for what I was experiencing.

But how to share it? How to find the words? I learned to keep silent during these episodes... I lived in profound solitude, but speaking of what I saw could have passed for a loss of my mind. Later, when I couldn't see anymore, when everything was “normal” again, I didn't even understand anymore what had happened to me.

Once, here in the small village where I live, during a period of impaired perception, cars with AA plates kept circling around me... but galore... and also XX or AX. The symbology is evident: in the X symbolically we find the change, the transformation and if you want, the crucifixion. In the first letter of the alphabet, which as a child I always saw as a sunny yellow, we can see the principle of the One that precedes everything. Isn't the sun the Unique and Only One in our solar system?!

During another of these episodes one day I saw a car with license plate 1111 together with some letters. Not long after that a license plate 2222 passed me, always preceded and/or followed by letters... then 3333 and so on until the moment I said to myself: “Oohh, now only 9999 would be missing and we are complete!” In fact, a little later at a roundabout a big white truck was turning which had this sequence on its license plate. You may now think that I have a big thumb. In my native language fanciful stories get sucked out of one's thumb, but you can take my word for it. You may not believe me, but I swear it really happened.

At a certain moment I decided that I needed proof of these “coincidences”! So I prepared audio and video tapes to record some of these magical moments as soon as the opportunity might present itself. That way I could

prove it was all true. I would have tangible evidence of an apparently invisible and incomprehensible dimension. A dimension that exists in any case and that penetrates tangible matter at all times.

One day the right hemisphere took over again. Every word, every colour, every event took on an extra dimension, everything was orchestrated down to the smallest detail and I saw, amazed, the reasons why. The meaning of everything happening around me was clear. Again, it seemed as if everything and everyone was involved in a wonderful, perfect dance where even timing and sound were part of a breathtaking choreography. At night I could not sleep in the throes of these unusual happenings and one night I got up and settled down on the couch in the living room in front of the tv. I inserted a blank tape into the VCR, already sure that what I saw would be significant. Those days nothing was without meaning! I came across an Italian TV show. I seem to recall that first there was old black and white footage of a war between two opposing armies, one carrying shields with a drawing of the moon and the other with the sun. Two symbols par excellence for masculine and feminine, as are our hemispheres. The right one of intuition and the perception of global wholeness represents our femininity while we identify the analytical and rational left one with our masculine side. After the fight between moon and sun, another program followed, again in black and white. The scene took place on the podium of a theatre. First you see a strangely dressed man next to some tall bins that make me think of garbage cans. The man talks and talks, but nothing can be understood. He produces sounds that seem to be a language, but it's just blablabla without any sense. "There you are..." I think: "This must be symbolic for the One, for God, incomprehensible in what he says. You can only figure it out through intuition!" Then the rubbish bins... I find them so symbolic for Nothing, for Zero. If no one sees you, if no one can really know and define you, then it's as if you don't exist, it's as if you're not there. Poor God, how lonely He is....

A second character enters the scene. A male figure in a white tuxedo appears from the right. From the screen he looks directly at me. I pull my feet up on the couch... I start to get scared. In fact, from the screen the guy

gives me a menacing look. "I was defeated!" he says in a displeased voice as he stares at me looking directly in my eyes. It seems to me that I am dealing with the devil! "And it was a woman who defeated me...!" he continues. I suspect he means me. For years I have realized that when the One begins to manifest itself, opposites are created first of all: Light and Darkness, Good and so-called Evil. In short, what we consider "evil" and reject, carries within it a great lesson that, once understood and learned, makes us feel better. Evil is therefore something good in disguise. Once this is understood, then of course the devil's black robe becomes a white tuxedo. You can't help but love him and be thankful for his existence.

The scenes continue to unfold. Now a small group of 2 people enter the stage or maybe 3, then 4. I don't remember what they did, but everything has a symbolic meaning. In my eyes obviously. Five people appear dancing in a circle and I think of the symbolism of 5. In numerology it means freedom, change! It is said of people with a life number of 5 that they were too judgmental in previous lives. Now they have to learn to be open to differences and accept others as they are. They travel a lot, move often, and in that way they are faced with a lot of different ideas and customs, learning to broaden their horizons and be more tolerant.

A presenter now enters the stage. He has a microphone in his hand and in a firm voice he makes an announcement: "Now let's give the floor to" followed by my surname as a married woman. As a Nordic of my generation, I use my husband's surname. I'm amazed to hear myself announced on TV. Overwhelmed with anxiety, my knees under my chin, I wait for myself to appear on the screen, but from the wings nobody appears at all... All this, I have it on a video tape!

But what proof is that? Proof that around me matter becomes alive?

The next morning I show my husband the recording. His reaction expresses his skepticism. He simply tells me that I heard it wrong. Instead of the R, the presenter pronounced my surname with an initial L and according to him, therefore, it was not referring to me at all! But I have other resources. I show the video to a friend of mine with psychic gifts who always takes the time to listen to my experiences and who has been taught for 11

years by Tibetan lamas in North India at the invitation of the lamas themselves. His reaction: “L or R... it’s the exact same thing! The frequencies of these two sounds are so close on the Hertz scale that they are practically the same letter!” Alright... the Chinese have known this already for a long time! And I? I am happy with his answer.

With this writing I now finally appear on the floor. What audacity! Yesterday at the Varese Psychosynthesis Center I made my way through the Labyrinth, developed by a group from the Varese Center. Around my waist a rope with 3 knots and in my head the question: “What do I need to write?” Step by step, accompanied by my competent and dear friend Patrizia, I was able to untie the knots. It’s a story for another time... maybe, if I ever find the time and feel like sharing. Now I have to have the content of this old video cassette put on a flash drive or CD so that I can watch this TV show again in which I’m announced on the stage!

And you... if you want to watch neuroscientist Jill’s experience, and I recommend it, you can find it here:

https://www.ted.com/talks/jill_bolte_taylor_my_stroke_of_insight?language=it



THE CREATOR

Translation by Gordon Leonard Symons

How much has been talked about, for some time now, about creativity! It seems we can’t do without it; it seems to be more indispensable than air; yet for how many millennia the word was not even known, nor was it known what it was.

Then, a lucky few are recognized as creators, and the somewhat sad definition comes: “creative is someone who invents something new and useful”. Yes, fine, but: useful for what? To be produced, bought? Now finally the great intuition: we can all create. Create, but what? What to pursue when creating?

And here the heart responds: not utility, but Beauty. Beauty that takes our breath away, makes us bright and light, takes us high and far away. Beauty that is sense and measure, and patient, loving care.

*Going light, and white and long
fingers like butterflies that from branch
to flower stem grass, trunk stump
consoled by mosses,
go hovering – at the dawn of each day
so the world finds me: blessed
with a crystalline gaze, and awake and ready,
ringing with ancient wonder.*

*And with pebbles and sticks and branches
of secret beauty transparent
is dear to me in silence to remain
to weave pride of flags,
fix warps and knot wefts
of stories and tales
and songs
and of vivid colours to trace
the paths of meaning and bewilderment
that guide our step, our remembering
about me, us, everyone -*