

Live encounters

February 2012

Free international online journal by citizens of planet earth



A Sacred Ritual



Amazon Watch is a nonprofit organization founded in 1996 to protect the rainforest and advance the rights of indigenous peoples in the Amazon Basin. We partner with indigenous and environmental organizations in campaigns for human rights, corporate accountability and the preservation of the Amazon's ecological systems.

For more information visit www.amazonwatch.org



February 2012

Live
encounters

Dear Readers,

We are attempting to make Live Encounters a monthly magazine!

The February issue features;

- . **A Sacred Ritual** by Mark Ulyseas
- . Off the beaten track in Japan by globe trotter **Carmen Roberts**, **Fast Track BBC**.
- . **Natalie Wood** gives us another perspective of Israel with her enlightening article, **Don't Blame Our Arab Neighbours For Everything!**
- . **Terry McDonagh** pens a poem from Dublin.
- . An Iranian painter writes about her travels in India - **Elham Alirezaei**
- . **Robin Marchesi**, well known poet and author, sends us a poem from London.
- . **Candess Campbell** shows us the **7 steps to Intuitive Healing**.
- . A travelling minstrel, **Kalimero**, speaks to Mark Ulyseas in an interview.
- . Our poet in residence in Ubud, **John Chester Lewis**, composes **Dust Devil**.
- . **Odin on Trance** aka **Viking** chats with Mark Ulyseas on his life and times with Trance music and how it saved his life.

We thank our readers around the world for continuing to support our endeavour to bring people together. Knowledge is free and should be shared with everyone. We request you to please pass this magazine to everyone you know.

Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om

Mark Ulyseas
Publisher/Editor

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CONTRIBUTORS & CONTENTS



A Sacred Ritual Mark Ulyseas

Ulyseas performs a sacred ritual and makes an offering to the legendary Syrian Orthodox priest, Kadamattom Kathanar, in a small village near Kolenchery in the Indian State of Kerala.

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Off the beaten track in Japan... Carmen Roberts, Fast Track BBC

Carmen is an award winning journalist for Fast Track, BBC World's flagship travel programme since 2003 and has reported from over 60 countries. After the Asian Tsunami on Boxing Day 2004, Carmen cut short her holiday in Langkawi, Malaysia to report from the devastated resort town of Phuket.

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Don't Blame Our Arab Neighbours For Everything! Natalie Wood

Born in Birmingham, U.K. Natalie began working in journalism a month prior to the outbreak of the 1973 Yom Kippur War. She continued in regional Jewish journalism for more than 20 years and left full time writing to assist her husband open a bargain books business. A year ago, Natalie emigrated to Israel.

www.alwayswriteagain.blogspot.com - my.telegraph.co.uk/perfectlywriteinIsrael/



Rundown Town Terry McDonagh

Is a poet and dramatist from Cill Aodáin, Kiltimagh, Co. Mayo, has published six collections of poetry, a play, a book of letters and a novel and poetry for children. His work has been translated into Indonesian and German, funded by Ireland Literature Exchange. With piper Diarmaid Moynihan, he completes poet/piper duo, Raithneach. Twelve of his poems have been put to music, for voice and string quartett, by the late, Eberhard Reichel. His most recent poetry collection is The Truth in Mustard (Arlen House). He was a runner-up in 2010 Fish poetry prize. He shares his time between Ireland and Hamburg. www.terry-mcdonagh.com



My ongoing journey Elham Alirezaei

Eli has done her B.A from Azad university of Tehran, 1996 and a National Diploma, Isfahan, 1991. She has exhibited her paintings in numerous art galleries in Iran. A member of the Women's Cultural Center, Teheran, she has worked for the rights of women with art shows, music concerts, and special protest gatherings against the execution of women. In 2009 she began designing jewelry and had three private exhibitions in Germany and Iran in 2011.

<http://www.elham-alirezaei.com/>



It was in a deep sleep I had the following dream... Robin Marchesi

Robin Marchesi was born in Hampshire England. He was educated at Oxford and London Universities. He has lived 'on his wits' throughout the world and has several published works including Kyoto Garden A B C Quest and A Small Journal of Heroin Addiction. He has worked on and off for the Sculptor Barry Flanagan OBE, a Rilke to a Rodin. At the moment he is living in London completing his latest work entitled: "Prospero's Cell." <http://www.robinmarchesi.com>



7 steps to Intuitive Healing Candess M Campbell

Candess M. Campbell, PhD is an internationally known Intuitive Life Coach, Licensed Mental Health Counselor, Seminar leader, Hypnotherapist and Author. She specializes in assisting others to gain their own personal power and to live a life of abundance, happiness and joy. Early 2012 she will be releasing her book 12 Weeks to Self-Healing: Transforming Pain through Energy Medicine. <http://www.12weekstoselfhealing.com>. You can reach her at www.candesscampbell.com.



Kalimero, a travelling minstrel, an interview Mark Ulyseas

Kalimero is an old soul in a youngman's body. His life resembles that of a Sufi, threadbare and minimalist. He travels and plays his instrument called a Jadootar. This is a brief interview under a banyan tree sheltering a Shiva Temple.



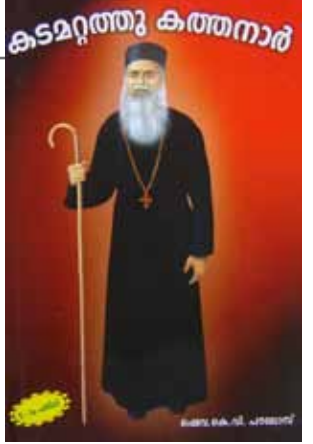
Dust Devil John Chester Lewis

Lewis was born in Southern California and began writing poetry during university in Colorado. He lives in Ubud, Bali, Indonesia where he works on his poetry, music, and painting, when not running JL Galleries fine art. www.poempress.com - www.jlgalleries.com - www.johnniechester.com



Odin on Trance Mark Ulyseas

A meeting with the avatar of Odin, the Norse God of Wisdom. He calls himself Viking. A tattooed topless biker who visits Goa every year to "Trance". He speaks candidly of life in foster homes and how Trance music changed his life from a sordid reality to sanguinity.



Rev. Kadamattom

A Sacred Ritual

by Mark Ulyseas

In mid-2011 Fort Kochi, in the Indian State of Kerala, was my base for a month. From here I travelled around the area meeting people and recording for posterity their life and work. At that time the countryside was bathed in the monsoon and Mother Nature, resplendent in her lush green robes, was parading for the senses.

The warm humid days and liquid nights brought with it a sanguinity that embraced me with a gentleness that delighted the soul. Around this time, Bobby, the owner of the guest house where I was staying, asked me if I wanted to perform a sacred ritual. I agreed and gave him money to buy the necessary items and to hire a car to ferry us to the spot where the ritual was to be performed.

We departed early one morning with a live red rooster, spices, local fried snacks, ladoos, a bottle of brandy, banana leaves, curry leaves, some vegetables, two loaves of sliced bread, pure ghee, candles, incense sticks, matches and a knife.

“Are we going to a temple?” I asked Bobby

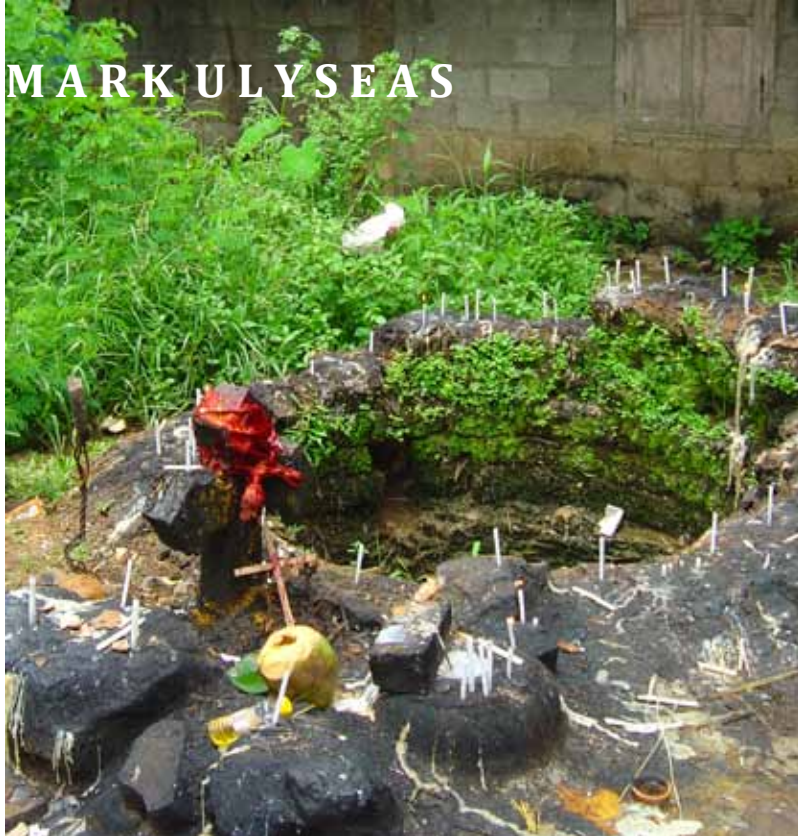
“No,” replied Bobby, “This is an offering to the famous priest Kadamattathu Kathanar aka Reverend Kadamattom of the St. George Orthodox Syrian Church, which is after Muvattupuzha town and close to Kolenchery. It was built in the 9th Century and is considered to be one of the oldest churches in India. Kadamattom was like Merlin the magician, for he had supernatural powers. It is said that he would jump into the well adjacent to the church to fight the demons of the underworld.

Some say the well is connected to the church and was an entrance and exit used by the priest. It is believed that Kadamattom learned sorcery when he was held captive by a cannibal tribe called the Mala Arayas that lived in the area surrounding the church. After some months in captivity he escaped and took refuge in the church. The Mala Arayas with their magic created a storm and scarred the church walls but they couldn’t recapture the priest. Apparently these scars can still be seen today.

We celebrate his feast in Jan-Feb. People from all religions come from faraway places to perform this ritual because Kadamattom is *famous for his miracles*. Those who offer prayers and perform the ritual with sincerity usually get what they wish for. However, my mother has instructed me that as soon as the ritual is over we must leave the area immediately.”

“Why?”

Bobby never answered.



The well and cross pic © Mark Ulyseas



Bobby (R) sacrificing rooster pic © Mark Ulyseas

We reached the church after a two hour drive. It was a magnificent old building atop a hill and glowering in the sun like a bride in her wedding dress. One hoped all would go well.

Bobby insisted we drive through the church's grounds to the other side where there were two more churches, one dedicated to Rev. Kadamatton Kathanar. Below the boundary wall of the third church was a well and a stone cross next to it. The site is believed to be hundreds of years old.

As soon as we alighted an earnest looking man in a lungi met us. Apparently he was the Master of Ceremonies and cook.

When I walked to the well Bobby instructed me to take the knife from him and cut the red rooster's throat over the well i.e. after saying a prayer. I declined for I wanted to photograph the ritual.

The Master of Ceremonies then handed the rooster and knife to Bobby who walked clockwise three times around the periphery of the well. Then he cut its throat, threw its head into the well and handed the rooster to the Master of Ceremonies who held its neck over the cross as blood spurted out. The sprinkling of blood over the cross was accompanied by silent prayer. After this the lifeless feathered body was given to the Master of Ceremonies to cook.

I retreated to the car to download the photographs and wait for the feast to be prepared little realizing that I had encountered unknown forces that were not in a mood to have their abode disturbed. After downloading the pictures I beckoned Bobby to the car to view them on my laptop. But when I clicked on the Picasa Viewer all pictures had disappeared. A quick search of the computer revealed nothing.

Then I checked the camera.

Nothing.

I requested Bobby to get another red rooster and repeat the ritual. He was most unhappy and reluctantly set off with me on a short drive to buy one from a local market.

We returned with a rooster that suddenly became comatose when it was carried to the well. The ritual was performed again. Again I took photographs of the ceremony.



The Master of Ceremonies holding the rooster over the cross pic © Mark Ulyseas

A SACRED RITUAL



The Offering pic © Mark Ulyseas



The Kadamattom Church was built in the 9th Century pic © Mark Ulyseas

I hurried to the car, downloaded the pictures, and transferred a copy to a flash drive. Mercifully the pictures didn't disappear.

An hour later food was served on two banana leaves with a glass of brandy. After saying a prayer to Rev. Kadamattom Kathanar, I threw some food into the well and ate a piece of chicken, washing it down with a shot of brandy. It was then that I felt a benign presence all around. It was an unexplainable feeling that slowly crept into my being.

The following day I fell very ill with high fever, loss of appetite and a feeling that I was at death's door. After a few days I had to leave Fort Kochi to return to my home base for medical treatment.

A month later when I attempted to write this story my laptop decided to erase more than 60GB of my writing and photographs. Thankfully the photographs of the ritual were not 'deleted'.

Rev. Kadamattom Kathanar granted my first wish as soon as I recovered from my illness.

NOTE: The Church authorities are not involved in this sacred sacrifice nor do they promote or support it in any manner whatsoever.



Inside Kadamattom Church pics © Mark Ulyseas

Off the beaten track in Japan... with Carmen Roberts



Japan has never ceased to amaze and overwhelm me ever since I visited it for the first time because, for me, it is so different from other countries - the culture, customs and the people, deep rooted in their genteel mannerisms and traditions. From the white-gloved, bowing bus conductors, the Bullet trains that are punctual down to the minute to ordering one's dinner from a vending machine!

So, whether you envisage the futuristic Blade Runner skyline of Tokyo, high tech gadgets, robots or the whimsical kimono-wearing, painted-faced geishas of Kyoto, this is a country that has the potential to keep even the most avid traveller enthralled, every time.

FAST TRACKING WITH CARMEN ROBERTS



On my most recent visit at the end of last year, I was tasked with seeing Tokyo through the eyes of the locals. So it was time to throw away the guidebook and leave the tourist trail. One of our challenges was to find a shop that only locals know about. Talk about a tall order, especially in this age of online guides and social media sharing!

Our search led us to the western suburbs of Kichijoji, an area that was once reserved as an artists' colony, but now it's jam packed with funky, off-beat fashion boutiques, as well as, large department stores. The streets are littered with bars and music studios and this is the place where local bands perform when they are just starting out. But Kichijoji is perhaps most famous for its narrow, dimly-lit alleys, known as 'Harmonica Yokochō', filled with shops, bars and eateries. **Apparently it used to be an underground flea market dating back to the 1940s.**

After accosting numerous stunned Tokyoites on the street with my very limited Japanese, we finally got wind of **a sweet shop in the area that specializes in Youkan, a thick jellied dessert made of red bean paste, agar and sugar.** It's popular during the summer months and can keep for long time, which makes it an ideal gift item.

The sweet shop in question is called Ozasa, and it makes about 150 blocks of Youkan a day. If you take a peek inside the shop you'll see why - their kitchen is tiny. Personally, I think the limited number of sweets makes this establishment all the more exclusive and the fact that you have to queue for hours, makes the rewards even sweeter.

The shop itself is a tiny hole in the wall outfit, blink and you'd miss it as you stroll down Harmonica Yokochō – that is, if you go in the afternoon. But if you arrive early morning, as we did, there'll be a queue of people lining the nearby walls in eager anticipation of the woosh of that sweet shop roller door.

We arrived at the shop front shortly after seven, just as the sun was rising over Tokyo. But the line was already at least 100 strong, with well prepared sweet shop enthusiasts equipped with thermos flasks and foldable chairs. The elderly gentleman in front of me said that he'd been queuing since half past six.

At around 8:30am a weary staff member finally emerged and began to distribute tickets down the line for the Y580-a-piece jellies (there's a limit of up to five per person). If you are lucky enough to snare a ticket, then protocol dictates that you have to return at 10am when the shop opens to collect your box of goodies.

A hundred eager sets of eyes watched the woman staff member diligently dole out the tickets, slowly making her way down the line. It was almost nine o'clock, she was just a few people away and my excitement was building. But suddenly, she turned and bowed to a woman less than a meter ahead in the line, the bow was returned and after much muttering in Japanese and even more gratuitous bowing from my fellow queue members, I realized we'd been dealt the crushing blow and the Youkan limit had been reached. I'd wasted the best part of a morning standing outside a closed shop, only to be turned away at the last minute.

If this had been a scene in England or in most other parts of the world, there would have been a riot, or at least a lot of cursing. Instead I was engulfed by a bowing wave of politeness.

Fortunately, our trusty Japanese fixer had arranged a taste test for us, in this eventuality. So we returned at 10am to try the much-awaited and coveted candy. I was presented with a block of dark purple, almost solid jelly. With careful ceremony, I sliced a bite-sized portion with a tiny wooden knife, and gobbled it down with gusto.

Now, I must admit I'm a sweet tooth at heart, and I was immensely looking forward to this much talked about tasty treat. But as much as I tried, my taste buds weren't enjoying the floury sweetness and congealed jelly sensation. I desperately wanted to be polite, especially in front of my new Japanese friends, but the involuntary eye squinting and turned down corners of my mouth said it all. I guess you have to be Japanese to truly appreciate this traditional delicacy, much like what vegemite is to Australians and black pudding is to the English.

But I can safely say, that this sweet shop experience can't be found in your regular guidebook and there wasn't one tourists waiting in line for the famous Youkan!



“When Israel has prostitutes and thieves, we’ll be a state just like any other.” - Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion.

Don’t Blame Our Arab Neighbours For Everything!

Naive, I know. But I was astounded, soon after settling in Karmiel, Northern Israel, to learn of local Jewish kids with drink and drugs problems.

I was also staggered to catch a couple of lads uprooting a sapling outside the library. My Hebrew is woefully limited but I managed to stop them – if only temporarily – by giving them the ‘Gorgon eye’. Then a fellow immigrant described how he disturbed a potential burglar while at home in broad daylight and advised us all to update our security.

Meanwhile I met a school student whose mother helps ‘children at risk’ and a friend began working as a volunteer art teacher with difficult teenagers. She says it’s a tough class!

Jewish kids? In the Jewish State? Surely not! This can’t be!

But I also remembered the prophetic words of founding Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion. He said: “When Israel has prostitutes and thieves, we’ll be a state just like any other.”

So I’m sharing the loveliest part of the Galilee with the darker shades and sunnier hues of Israel’s ‘rainbow nation’ and I get hopping mad when only our Arab neighbours are blamed for anything and everything that goes wrong.

The latest episode at the nearby gated community of Shorashim is such a case but it didn’t receive much publicity as it was reported during the storm about the Saudi Arabian internet ‘hackers’ who stole and then published the details of thousands of Israeli credit cards owners.

Indeed I learned about the local break-in only by chance, while reading an entry in the Galilee Diary penned by **Rabbi Marc J. Rosenstein**, himself a Shorashim resident.

I’m re-posting his piece with slight amendments to allow for easier reading by a mixed audience. Using the title Crime Watch (coincidentally the name of a popular U.K. television crime reconstruction show), he wrote: “On a recent Friday night three homes on Shorashim were burgled - this time in the early evening hours when the residents were out at Sabbath services or having dinner with neighbours.

“One of the homes, based on past experience, was protected by an alarm and a safe (which was taken). Such depressing occurrences recur in waves; it seems that every several months there is some activity, people take extra precautions that make them feel a bit more secure, it is quiet for a while, and then - another hit. The premises are surrounded by a chain link fence topped with barbed wire, but there are gaps, and if you’re motivated, it’s not so hard to get over, under, or around it. There is a security guard on duty from midnight to 5.00 a.m., manning the entrance gate and patrolling the internal streets periodically. There is a massive iron gate at the entrance, which can only be opened by a signal from a cell phone that is registered to a resident of the community. This is often inconvenient, makes some people feel secure and others feel like colonialists - and is, apparently, not all that helpful. And of course Shorashim is no different from the dozens of other somewhat isolated rural communities scattered around the country.

“We are all nostalgic for the good old days, 20 years ago, when we seemed to live a kind of idyllic pastoral life out here in the periphery, bragging to our city friends that we didn’t even carry a key to the front door. What has changed? Is it just that we are less naïve now? Or is it that our standard of living has risen, our homes having gotten larger and more stocked with stuff that is tempting to steal? Or has the degree of economic inequality increased, so that there are more desperate people looking for a way to survive?

“Or is it perhaps that the ineffectuality of the law enforcement system in dealing with this type of crime has made it a worthwhile venture for more people? Or perhaps organised crime has permeated the local under-class, providing incentives and mechanisms for moving stolen goods? Or could it be a rise in drug addiction in Arab villages? All of the above?

“For the new residents who left the city seeking that pastoral idyll, this reality is daunting, and they tend to like to see the gate kept closed, and are eager to volunteer for neighbourhood-watch patrols. And among newbies and veterans alike safes and alarm systems and reinforced doors are popular home improvements.

“Then there are those (I’m not sure if they’re the majority or the minority) who sort of ignore the whole thing; they just lock their doors (mostly) and hope for the best. Maybe they are fatalists, figuring that there is no fool-proof defence in any case; maybe they value their feeling of freedom more than their stuff; maybe they are just naïve/lazy (it won’t happen to me). What seems to be fairly certain is that the problem is not going to go away soon, nor be solved by any particular security measure, nor is anyone, no matter how security-conscious, immune.

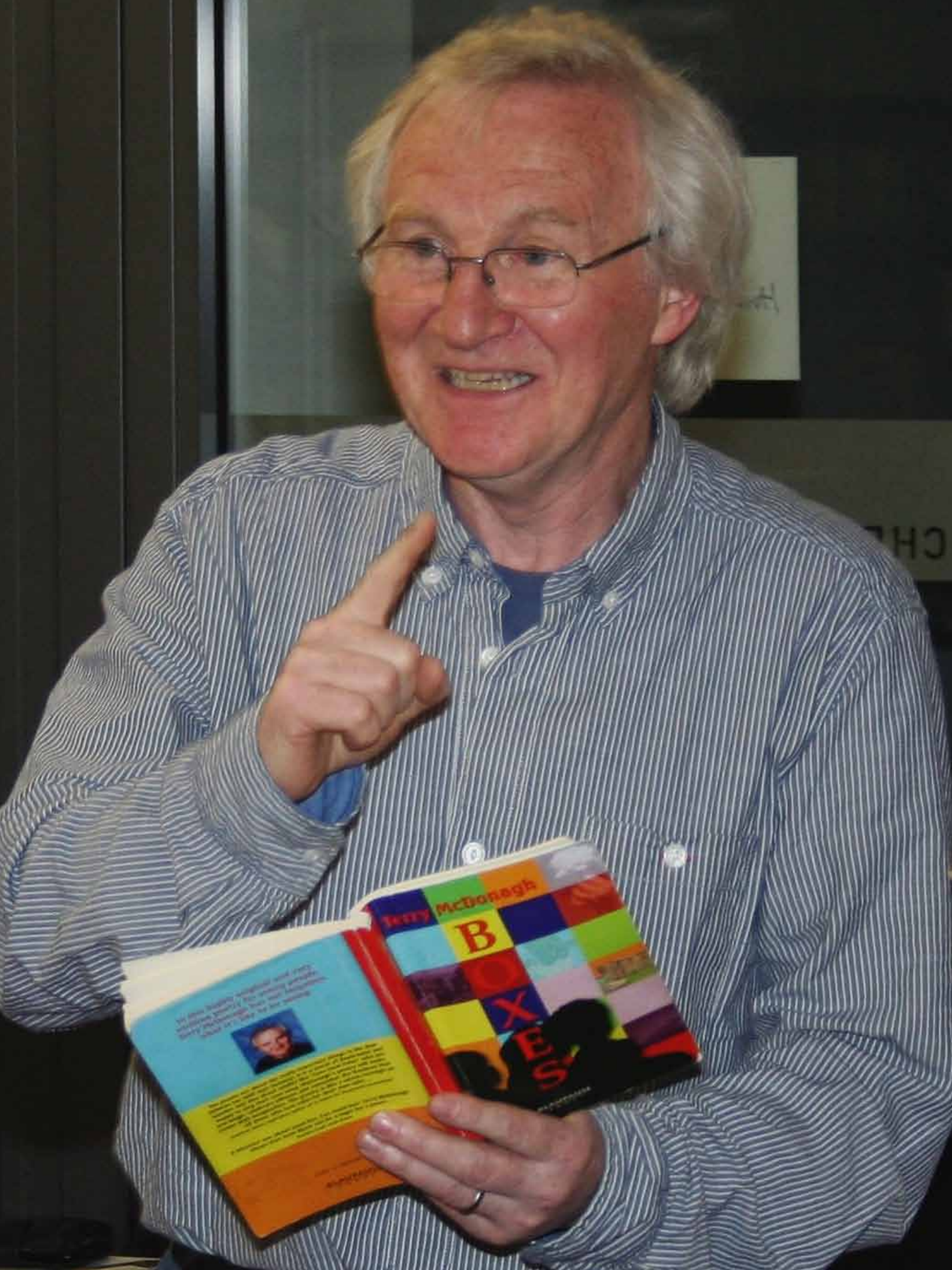
“More than just a nationalist movement, Zionism has always been rooted in the Jewish messianic tradition, and Jews - both in the state and in the Diaspora - have tended to expect that somehow our state would be different, better, “the first flowering of our redemption.” At the same time, another powerful component of the Zionist vision was “normalization.” Finally, we would be a normal nation, just like everyone else.

“Out here in the ‘boonies’ (rural country), at the moment, through the bars on the windows, it looks like normalization has trumped messianism. But we’ve only just begun; the question is, where do we go from here?”

The answers, Rabbi Rosenstein, are clear:

- **Don’t complain about uneven security.**
- **For Heaven’s sake, don’t blame the Arabs for everything.**

These measures could stop a profound cynic and TV Crime Watch devotee like me suggesting that there may be young people at home feeling so trapped ‘in the boonies’ that they are desperate enough to break out by breaking in.



Rundown Town

Nobody cared about the priest
in Rundown Town,
not even when he whispered
help
through his porous front door,
so he got fed up and pedalled
the hundred miles or so to the city.

Shabby enough to be a poet,
he gulped long drinks and settled
great questions by reiterating:
the road is an end in itself
and
no one travels without purpose.

Some critics were confused, but
helped him into bed with Pinkie,
who hated curtains – but got him
his first bursary.

She took to women and he became
the prophet of a dark place –
men were mentioned.

In one interview, he insisted
he was never far from a bullfight,
a battered bike or poker game,
and he adored brown bread.

Time did what it does to priests,
cats, poets, bats and bankers, and
with his final wish – to be borne
the hundred miles
or so to Rundown cemetery – granted

he gulped a final glass
and passed on, smiling.

His funeral was the largest
ever seen in Rundown Town.



My ongoing journey

I, **Elham Alirezaei**, am a painter from Iran, the land of blue tiles, Hafiz, Mawlana and Zoroaster. I'm a woman painter.

This article is a glimpse of my experiences during 3 years of travel to/in India, which in some way is the beginning of another evolution in my life.

Eli is an exceptional artist and jewelry designer but English is her second language. Bravely she has attempted to convey her thoughts and feelings in English. One hopes the reader will overlook the syntax and grammar to view the spirit that resides within. – Editor



My story began with feeling of emptiness in my daily and professional life. In my private workshop everything went well and I had worked hard over 18 years for the position I was in, especially as an independent woman painter. At that time Iranian society was undergoing big changes, which in my opinion restricted the space for art and creativity. Rarely did I come across creative artwork. The atmosphere was not conducive for an artist to live and create freely.

On one hand, I was tired of all the darkness pictured by artists. On the other hand there was another group of artists merely working for the auctions/sales inside and outside of the country who had their own mafia. It became crucial for me to define what represented true and pure art. At the same time I doubted my main ideals as a feminist who tried so hard for years to gain a position as a woman artist in Teheran.

My goals and opinions differed from those of a group I worked with in the field of women rights. Finally I decided to leave everything for awhile. It was not an easy decision to discard 18 years of hard work... to leave all behind... a part of myself. Also, I knew this would inevitably lead to being forgotten by the artists' community.

What forced me to move on was a strong inner thirst for the truth which I believed I was in need of. And while I was in the throes of self discovery I suddenly decided to travel to India, of course fueled by the urge to get away from a personal emotional situation. I closed my workshop, packed everything, left all my worldly belongings in a small storeroom and departed for India.

Everything was so strange in the beginning and somehow disappointing. As time passed my extraordinary experiences began which were confusing. I was lost for 6 months as a result of a relationship which was a painful experience that broke all my inner emotional frames. My creativity was blocked. It was round this time that I became interested in a meditation called Vipassana. This form of meditation coupled with my images of the way people live in India, changed everything inside me.

I travelled across India and observed my surroundings. I had no idea where I was headed, inside and/or outside myself. All I knew was that I had been reborn...and I was a child again.

India was an event for me. A new art world appeared before my eyes. Indians are incomparable when it comes to the use of their hands in creating beautiful objects. That made me interested in handicraft, new designs and the making of jewelry using gemstones. My lost creativity crept through the Indian experience which nurtured my spirit and prompted me back to art...in a new avatar. Slowly these changes made me move forward again.

I learned yoga at the Ramamani Iyengar Memorial Yoga Institute in Pune where I began to learn new forms of meditation and the need for inner purification. Yoga and meditation brought a tremendous change in me and provoked me to search more and more. I attempted to visit everyplace carrying a sign of spirituality; various sects, different temples, ashrams but I have to confess that 90% of them were disappointing and fake as so many other things in this world.

I felt blessed that I knew and practiced Vipassana for it is the perfect method for meditation. I learned that spirituality is a powerful tool for business as it creates a strong and enduring Ego that is not selfish or mean.

This is my personal opinion. I never aim to judge. And after all that happened for and to me I came to the conclusion that yoga and meditation converge harmoniously into a powerful focal point... Meditation purifies the soul and yoga the body, which is best manifested as awareness. It's the union of body and soul from which ecstasy arises. That's the very happiness pointed out by Buddha. In this way one can experience real joy and happiness, by acceptance and inner peace between self and soul. It is the moment in which one can share happiness with others without barriers.

Iyengar clarified for me that the ultimate goal of yoga is not the beauty of body but rather the awareness of body leading to cognition; to reach this goal it is not necessary to wear fashionable yoga clothes, use "organic" yoga mats or hang out with the yoga fashionistas. Understanding the point of awareness is the objective, and this I have achieved.

And now I have found new perspectives, though I don't know where am I headed and in which direction my art and India will take me. However, I am sure that I have found the true enchanted path... enjoying peace and happiness.

I continue my journey as a complete woman.

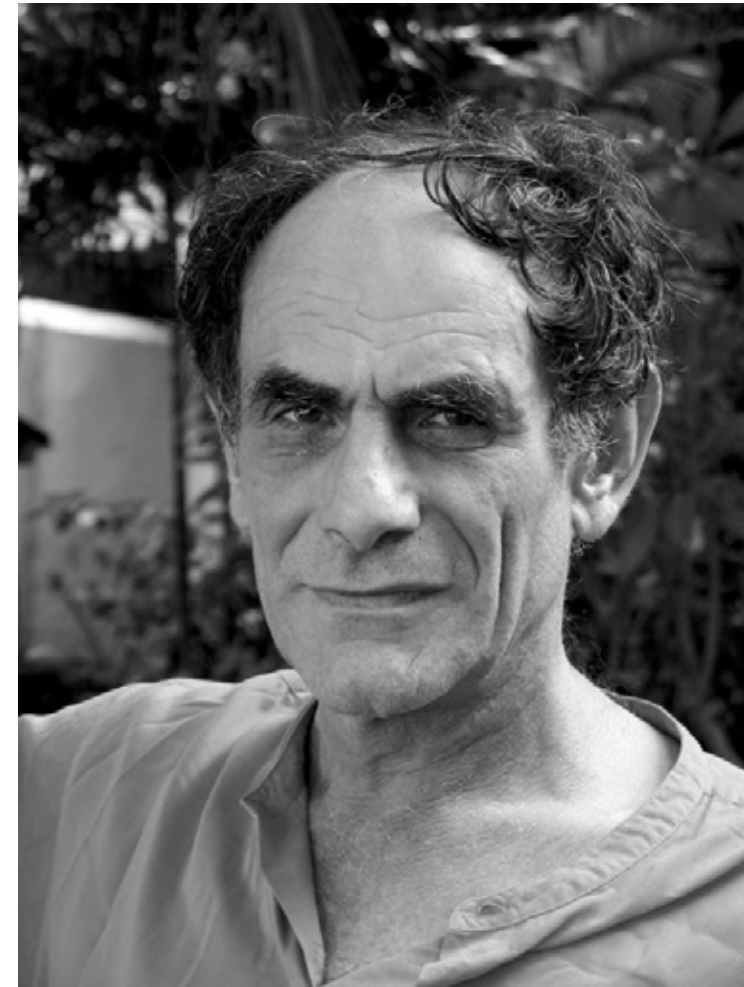
It was in a deep sleep I had the following dream...

I was back in prison.
How did I get there? I didn't know.
I should have been on bail but somehow I'd been
transported into prison with a terrible question throbbing in
my brain.
How did I get there?

It was not a normal prison. Men and women of varying
shapes and sizes were lying or seated in what I imagine a
refugee camp to be. Many seemed confused, dazed, and
groaning.
Someone was delivering mail an eagerness invaded the
inmates dead eyes.
He gave me a parcel.
It was from a friend from my last prison experience.
He had sent me a 9-ounce bar of marijuana.
I quickly, furtively, scrapped the contents into a bag,
grateful for his understanding of the situation.
I had put the parcel on an old chest of drawers that I
recognized as one belonging to my ex wife.
This did not bother me.

I was grateful for the marijuana, thinking it would be able
to buy me enough to stay alive, but how did he know I was
here, incarcerated?
I should approach the authorities as to my status but I had
no recollection of an arrest though my conscience was
unclear and anyway where were the warders?
A dwarf was telling me the score I sensed he knew of the
marijuana but he gave me the confidence to wander,
to wander.

I explored the territory.
Here was a close friend weeping.
He had given up hope.



He was no one specifically and yet everyone I knew.
He had been there for 7 years.
A woman I knew called me, offering advice.
It made me angry and I turned away.
She seemed to plea but it made me think of a small study
group and the woman was not the one individual, whom I
expected her to be, but all of them as one.
Yes!
It gave me an irrational hope that though imprisoned I was
near the town where this small group met once a year and
the recollection of this meeting seemed associated
somehow with my present condition.
I had to get out but how did one escape from an open jail?

Then I realized. I had to seek; he who had led me there, and
this person did not lie, in the light, but the shadow.
He was hidden from the sun by my own body, for I
contained and hid his presence, behind a mask that held me
here in this hell.
I looked round at the sad pitiful pleading eyes and noted at
least that I was standing.
Indeed I was the only one in that world who could stand on
two feet who had enough will to wish too.

It was then I began my search and awoke.



7 steps to Intuitive Healing

When you hear the words intuitive healing, what comes to mind? Many people are searching today for information, healing, and guidance. Although, I am an intuitive healer and reader, my focus is empowering others to use their own intuitive abilities.

Intuitive healing can happen on many levels. You can receive a healing on a spiritual, mental, emotional or physical level. These levels are all related, but illness begins in the etheric field (the energetic field around the body) before it happens on the physical level. Therefore it is important to take steps to heal on all levels.

Intuitive healing has a deep connection to the heart. You have a gentle, loving voice inside that guides you. This voice is a quiet voice and does not fight with or try to overcome the voice of the ego or the other voices within. Often we carry within a voice of a parent or authority figure. In psychology this is called an interject. It is important to discern between the voice that is coming from your intuition and the others.

Some refer to this inner voice as their Higher Self, their Guardian Angel, their Internal Coach or many other names. Whatever you call it is fine. Just know you are a reflection of the Divine and this voice is your connection to your own Divine Light. This Intuitive Voice is quiet and it guides you in many ways. It can also work with your intellectual or analytic mind when you are able to calm the constant mind chatter. The Intuitive Voice has access to Oneness and when you learn to hear and understand, you will begin to feel peace.

There are several ways to begin to hear your Intuitive Voice and to heal yourself on many levels.

Step 1. Be Still

Take time several times a day to stop and close your eyes. Take a deep breath. Scan your body from the top of your head down to your toes and just notice. Pay attention to any sensations and just notice. Be present in your body. Your body feels safe and you heal when you are consciously present in your body.

2. Allow Yourself to Fall into Trance

You have a natural ability to heal and come into balance when you allow yourself to fall into trance. Just as when you dream, you have “ultradian rhythms” while you are awake. You may notice yourself falling into trance when you are at a stop sign or when you are washing dishes. This daydreaming or spacing out regulates your mind and body and allows you to access your Intuitive Voice without effort. Honor the natural rhythm of your body. This is a vital part of self-healing.

Step 3. Notice Your Beliefs and Self-talk

Your beliefs are attitudes, viewpoints, ideas, thoughts, values, perceptions and more. They are not the truth, but how you organize your view to make sense of the world and give it meaning. Notice your beliefs and what beliefs hold you back from having your desired life. Notice your self-talk. When your self-talk and beliefs are negative your whole mind/body/spirit responds with a loss of energy and you attract to yourself negative life experiences. You can increase positive beliefs and self-talk and allow yourself to be more open to hearing your Intuitive Voice and receiving healing on all levels.

Step 4. Listen with Your Body

Your body is an incredible intuitive receiver. In order to heal fully and receive intuitive messages, you need to be awareness of and listen to your. Your intuition can come through images, dreams, sounds, gut feelings, a sense of knowing, hearing or sensing. In the beginning, it is common to receive messages through your gut feeling. Once this happens ask yourself “what does this mean?” You may or may not get an answer, but it is important to use your gut as a tool. If you begin to do something and your gut alerts you, know it has to do with what you were doing or thinking. Last week I was going to go downtown Spokane and have dinner, a movie and listen to a friend play music. As I began to get ready I felt a sense of alertness and I heard a voice inside my head saying the word “alarm!” I had no idea what was happening, but the sense of alarm would not stop. Having had many experiences with my intuition, I knew to listen. I made the decision to stay home that night and the alarm ceased. Now, I could try to guess at what might have happened, but instead, I just affirmed myself for listening and went on. The more you listen to your Intuitive Voice, the more it shows up for you and the easier it is to hear.



Step 5: Access Your Self-Healing Energy

We all have subtle energy around us and we can use this energy to heal. Have you ever stubbed your toe and noticed when you put your hand on your toe it felt better. When you have been in pain has the healing touch of a loved one made a difference. You have this natural healing energy within you and you are a powerful healer. Tap into your body’s subtle energy and feel the energy in your hands when you put them on a loved one. You are surrounded by a colorful energy field that comes from the chakras in the center of your body. Take a moment to rub your hands together and then put them together palm to palm. Pull them away from each other gently and feel the powerful energy you have in your hands. This is your healing energy. The more you use it, the stronger it becomes.

Step 6: Practice Accessing Your Intuition

The best ways to access your intuition are through Meditation and through Viewing. With meditation you are able to quiet your mind and allow your Intuitive Voice to come through. This can happen either during the meditation or you can journal for a few minutes afterward and just let your intuition come through. Another way is to View. Viewing can be by being in your heart or the center of your head and imaging a white screen. On the screen allow yourself to see images and when they appear you can ask what they mean and just receive. You can also use Remote Viewing where you close your eyes and you can move through time and space. You can go into the past, the present or into the future. With remote viewing you can see someone at a great distance. This is often used by medical intuitives to help diagnose illness.

Step 7: Listen to Your Dreams

Your dreams are the place of Intuition. You receive symbolic images, messages and gain ideas and receive answers to your questions. You have access to the whole collective unconscious. Whether you remember them or not, you have between seven to nine dreams per night. This is during the REM state, where you have access to information and healing you cannot access in the daytime. Your dreams are a way that your Intuitive Self communicates with you! When you begin to honor your dreams and listen, they will show up for you more fully and guide you. There are many guides to dream work, and what I recommend is Realities of the Dreaming Mind by Sivananda Swami Radha (2004). It is helpful to have paper and pen by your bed to collect your dreams as soon as you awake. They tend to fly away until you train yourself to catch them.

These seven steps can help you to be guided by your Intuitive Voice and create healing on all levels of your being. You cannot increase your intuition with your mind, but can access it through your heart. You must allow it to happen through ongoing gentle practice. Use the tools daily and validate your experience of Intuitive Healing.



Pic © Mark Ulyseas

Kalimero, a travelling minstrel speaks to Mark Ulyseas

Sometime ago when fate played truant with reality I found myself walking a beach I had visited over thirty years ago. Many things had changed except the fabric of spiritual life, fluttering like a brightly coloured flag on a fishing boat. It was here that I met Kalimero, a twenty year old Indian travelling minstrel. And as the sun set on yet another day, we sat on the beach and talked.

What is music to you?

Music is a means to speak the truth which cannot be comprehended with words. It is a means to connect with yourself. It is definitely more than just expression because the truth is not an expression. Anything that is expressed, suppressed etc., is not the truth because it is pressed out, because the truth has no beginning and end. It is a means to listen to the inner voice. Music is everywhere. The sound of the leaves is the truth. We can hear Om in the ocean. Sound and silence is music.

What is the responsibility of the musician?

In my opinion if I cannot listen to the inner voice, I cannot praise the Universe. A musician has no responsibility. He only is responsible to himself...he can play in private, he can play in front of 1000 people, it depends what is true to him.

When did you first hear the music?

I have not heard the music till now because I don't know who I am and my music is a means to help me find myself.

When did you first pick up an instrument?

It was about ten years ago that I first picked up an acoustic guitar.

When did you begin travelling with your instrument?

Two years ago I went to the mountains (Himalayas) with my acoustic guitar...played alone and with other travelers.

Was there any incident that awoke within you another perspective of music/musician?

I was playing music in a room in the mountains and Shiva came to me and he said, "Go, I bless you, this is your way."

In the last two years where have you travelled and played your music?

Pokhara (Nepal), Naggar (Himachal Pradesh, India), Andaman & Nicobar islands (India), Goa (India), Istanbul (Turkey)...all these have their own energy. For instance, in Naggar I played for the trees.

What place do you call home?

Where I am.

What instrument do you play now?

Jadootar.

What is your message?

Speech is noise in the mind. To silence the mind and think with the heart. The truth is neither the seen nor the unseen....it is neither cause or effect...it is neither past or future. For me, it is best not to take both worlds so seriously but to listen to life...not to force something...not to react....to do something without doership. We must all find ourselves, find the music within ourselves. A true thought, a true sound helps one transcend the sound, transcend the thought.

Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om

Dust Devil

Lately it seems anything and everything with electronics or moving parts wants to break down on me. Usually, I consider all these objects to be functioning with energy waves that only malfunction in mass if my own wave links are vibrating on a negative frequency. Strangely, I have felt amazingly good lately. Creativity is flowing. I began working out recently for the first time in quite a while and circulation is certainly benefiting. As far as relations with the wife are concerned our honeymoon is far from over. Perhaps I alone am sabotaging everything expensive with some type of subconscious stress due to the economic downturn. Could that be manifesting into this touch of hell-fire.

Outside our rental car's window I watch a passing dust devil just perfect size to envelope a man and I think of the recent destruction in Joplin. Quickly I am reminded that my worldview is often spun around an area no larger than my own physicality. I have a strong distaste for negativity as a creative inspiration, thus when struggling with frustration I am bound from creative joy. Blinded from macroscopic intercourse. Personally, it is far preferred to drown in wonderment, reeling with energy born of happiness, which brings my mind to my recent encounter with a dust devil once again. This spinning dervish is merely dust in rotation yet somehow it promoted a change in attitude for me in brief passage. I didn't find happiness but I did smile and begin to soften my angst. Energy in and of itself is often unchanged while our reactions and classifications may vary greatly. Joplin's devastation can only be categorized as tragic natural atrocity. Yet if this very same storm, having no change measurable in quality, landed in fields causing zero structural damage and no human, livestock or even a bird's loss of life, it would be quantifiably magnificent. Television programs would document and promote its greatness, while measuring its wonder. We would find joy in raw displays of power and potential.

Maybe searching for my own negativity in the midst of a positive phase, probing philosophically into life trials is nothing more than a waste of time. What if there is no secret and Taoists were right all along in stating that my frustrations and losses of material items are entirely due to quality life experiences as they constantly balance themselves out through actualization of yin and yang. It could even be as simple as humid tropical rot eating away my favorite toys. Steve Jobs stated in a speech to graduating students at Stanford that life's dots can only be connected looking back and trying to align them in joy with present endeavors. This is a distressful exercise in aggravation. Mom says even though it breaks her heart to see me upset, that it is all part of God's plan, but if God instilled in me these dreams and aspirations, then why would He/She/It permit something to break my tools of dream attainment as I am pushing forward headlong into actualization. Some would say this is due to a cosmic killjoy fetish.

These issues and dilemmas find all people regardless of race, creed, belief or financial status. Many of these people claim to have found a personal solution through religion or a theory promulgated in books while others take solace through family and friends, transcendental meditation and exercise or even drugs and alcohol. These may mask the problem and even at times bring peace but I think that all breathing human types share in that these problems, while quite manageable through something as simple as a roadside dust devil, can never be comprehended, solved nor eliminated, they are only simplified and endured.



You can travel the world but you can't run away
from the person you are in your heart
you can be who you want to be
make us believe in you
keep all your light in the dark
if your searching for truth
you must look in the mirror
and make sense of what you can see

just be
just be

- DJ Tiesto, *Just be*

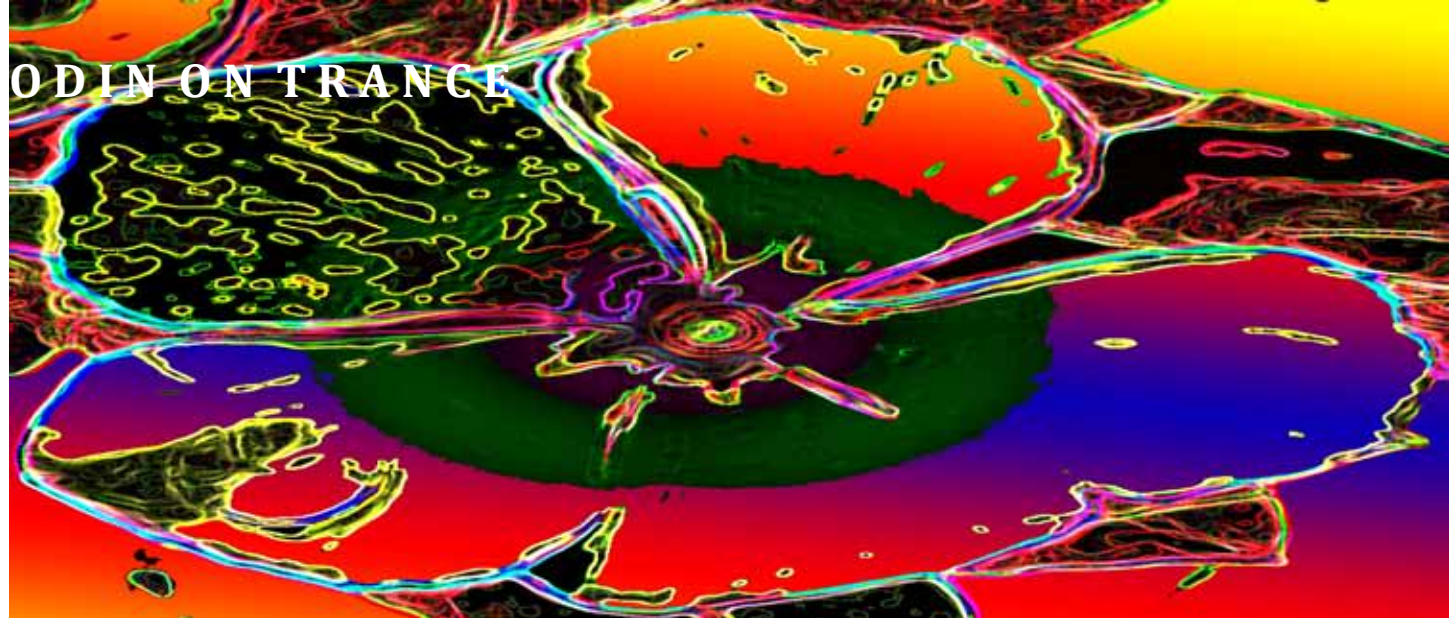
Odin on Trance

by Mark Ulyseas

There comes a time when celestial forces conspire to level one's head, to guide one towards recognition of all things bright, beautiful and peaceful. But how do these forces work? To find this out I went to Odin, the Norse God of Wisdom in the avatar of Viking, a man from South Sweden, a topless tattooed biker with a penchant for embracing the natural elements through the rhythms of Trance music.

In a small bar we met over vodka and masala chai.

The interview began with a cough, a sneeze and the click of a lighter followed by plumes of smoke wafting into the air above us as Viking took a deep drag on a cigarette, and then beckoned me to speak.



Pic © Mark Ulyseas

Could you share with the readers a bit about your life and how Trance saved you?

My name is Viking and my God is **Odin**, the God of Wisdom. My father was a painter (artist) and alcoholic and my mother a cleaner and an alcoholic. I was sent to a foster home when I was four years old. And from this age till I reached 17 years I lived in many foster homes. When I was lonely and I cried I always telephoned my mother but she couldn't help me, she was too far away.

I liked school as I had made many friends. Geography, mathematics and carpentry were my favorite subjects. But this didn't last long, I was chunked out of school and it was then that I began to tread the path of a music lover. **KISS, AC/DC, Depeche Mode, Kraftwerk, Front 242, Steve Vaughan, George Thorogood, Eric Clapton, CCR, Steppenwolf, Doors** etc. led me into another world.

Then Trance came along with **Asterix (Israeli Avi Shmailov)** a Psychedelic trance DJ who also produces Full On Psychedelic Trance; The Israeli Trance band, **Astral Projection**; and Sound Kita.

Trance saved me. It gave me a whole new meaning to life. From a violent kid I grew into a person who was at peace with himself and his surroundings, not completely but I am on the way.

Trance is beautiful, it is like a Bible to me. You should hear **DJ Tiesto's Just Be** because if you listen to this you will understand what I am talking about. The lyrics of Just Be are beautiful.

Trance works exactly like rock/acid rock. The lyrics are often about drugs and how good they are if used with responsibility. There is a group called **1200 micrograms**. They are a psychedelic trance group from Ibiza. Some of their tracks are titled - Mescaline, LSD, DMT, Marijuana. And lastly how could I forget the English Trance group, **Shpongle**!

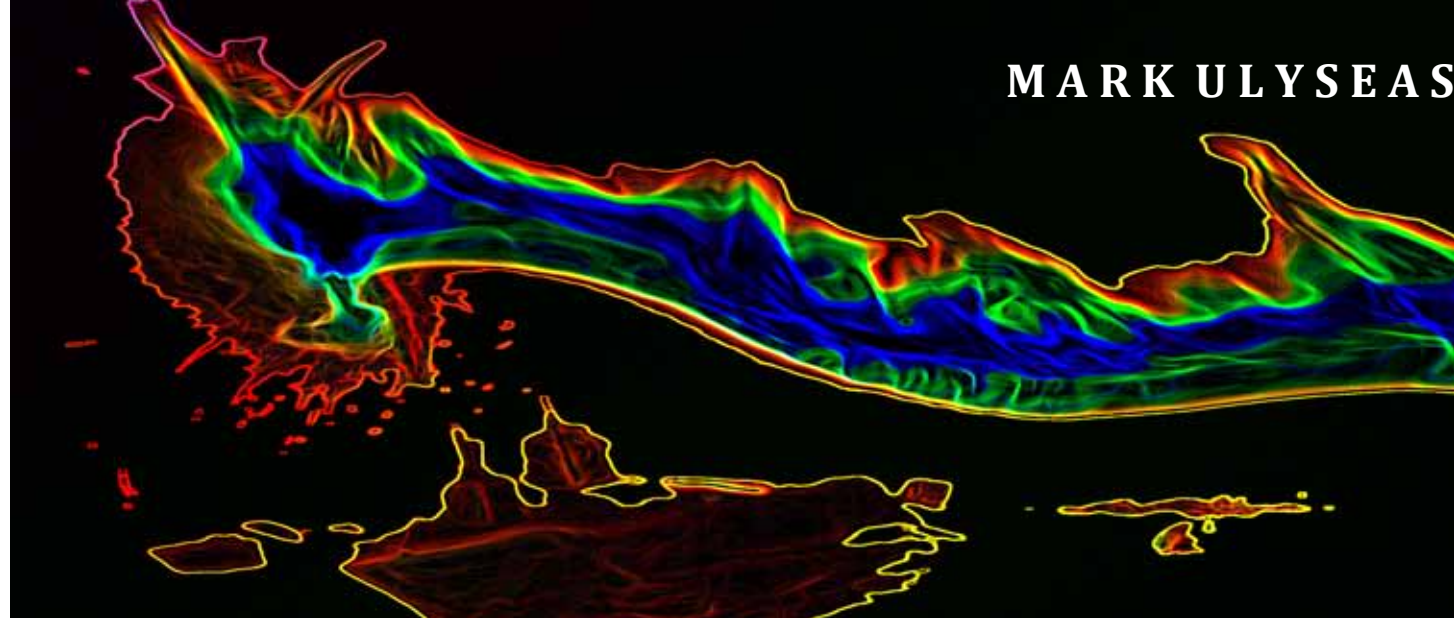
However, my favorite group is **Suicidal Tendencies** from L.A. I have it tattooed on my ass.

For two years I listened to Trance because it took away my restlessness. I always put on Trance in the morning, it helps me tune into the vibrations and a sphere is created, a world within a world.

At that time when I discovered Trance I worked construction, stayed with my mom to earn enough money so that I could live in Goa for four months. BTW I don't drink or smoke during my stay at home.

I never really had a dream. If you don't have an anchor, it's difficult to dream.

Even when I slept, I never dreamt. Maybe I was afraid to dream.



Pic © Mark Ulyseas

How old are you, Viking?

Why do people always ask – How old are you? Why don't they ask – How young are you? I am in my early forties.

Why do you have tattoos on your body?

It's my religion, I'm a Viking. Viking means explorer. The God of a Viking is Odin, God of Wisdom and I am interested in Him for it makes sense. We need wisdom in this day of so much violence and hatred.

Are you married?

No, but **I have a ten year old daughter. I haven't seen her for the last five years. I miss her very much. Her innocence is so beautiful and I want to be with her but her mother doesn't allow it. But I put myself out there, on Facebook, everywhere, so when she is old enough she can find me. I know she will come looking for her dad. I know, I feel it here...**

(With trembling hands he lifts the glass of vodka to his lips as tears swell in his eyes. One tear trickles down his cheek and into the glass. He wipes his face with the back of his hand and smiles at me, embarrassed. I knew the feeling of not seeing one's child but this evening was Viking's so I kept silent).

How did Goa Trance come into your life?

The first time I came to Goa was in 2000 with a hippie gang and returned the following year with my girlfriend, now my ex and mother of my daughter.

You know what I liked about Goa are the people?. When we ran out of money in 2000 and were waiting for money to arrive we were given credit by the shops and restaurants, everyone told us "Pay later, no problem". When money did arrive we went around clearing our dues. Such things never happen in Sweden! My first two week stay cost only 10k rupees!

And then I experienced Goa Trance...it hit me right here (pointing to his forehead) and it was an awakening...

I was the first DJ at **Morjim. The Blue Waves restaurant** was where it was at...I hosted a Trance party, free entry...right on the beach.

In 2004-5 (I Think) I went for an 11-day non-stop Trance show at Hill Top in Anjuna.

How did Goa Trance come into your life? (contd...)

I return every year for around six months to suck on the energy, to re-energize myself, my body, my spirit.

Whenever I am in Goa I go “Trancing” for around 8 hours every night. But the following morning I don’t feel any pain in my body because I have sucked in the energy, good energy that makes my body stronger.

BTW you know that a DJ becomes famous by playing in Goa? Goa Trance has made many international DJs famous. And all parties are recorded.

What is the message of Trance?

Good energy is generated. We are all the same. We are all there to give, not to take. It’s the energy, it’s the energy, it’s the energy, like sticking two batteries together...the more people, more dancers, more energy. You don’t hate, you don’t become violent, you find the rhythm within yourself and then in the other dancers around you. Harmony is created.

So how does one get into the groove with Trance?

Feel the beat. First the feet start moving. Then the hands come in play. In 2 or 3 minutes close your eyes and focus how the music is done and what happens next by following the beats.

**In Trance you can be yourself.
Doesn’t matter how you dance.**

You dance with nobody.

You dance with everybody.

And you spread your own good energy in a visual way, ‘cause people when people see how you dance, they can also feel how you feel in the beat. The good thing is you don’t feel ashamed – how you look or how you are dancing. Normally people have a problem ‘cause of vanity.

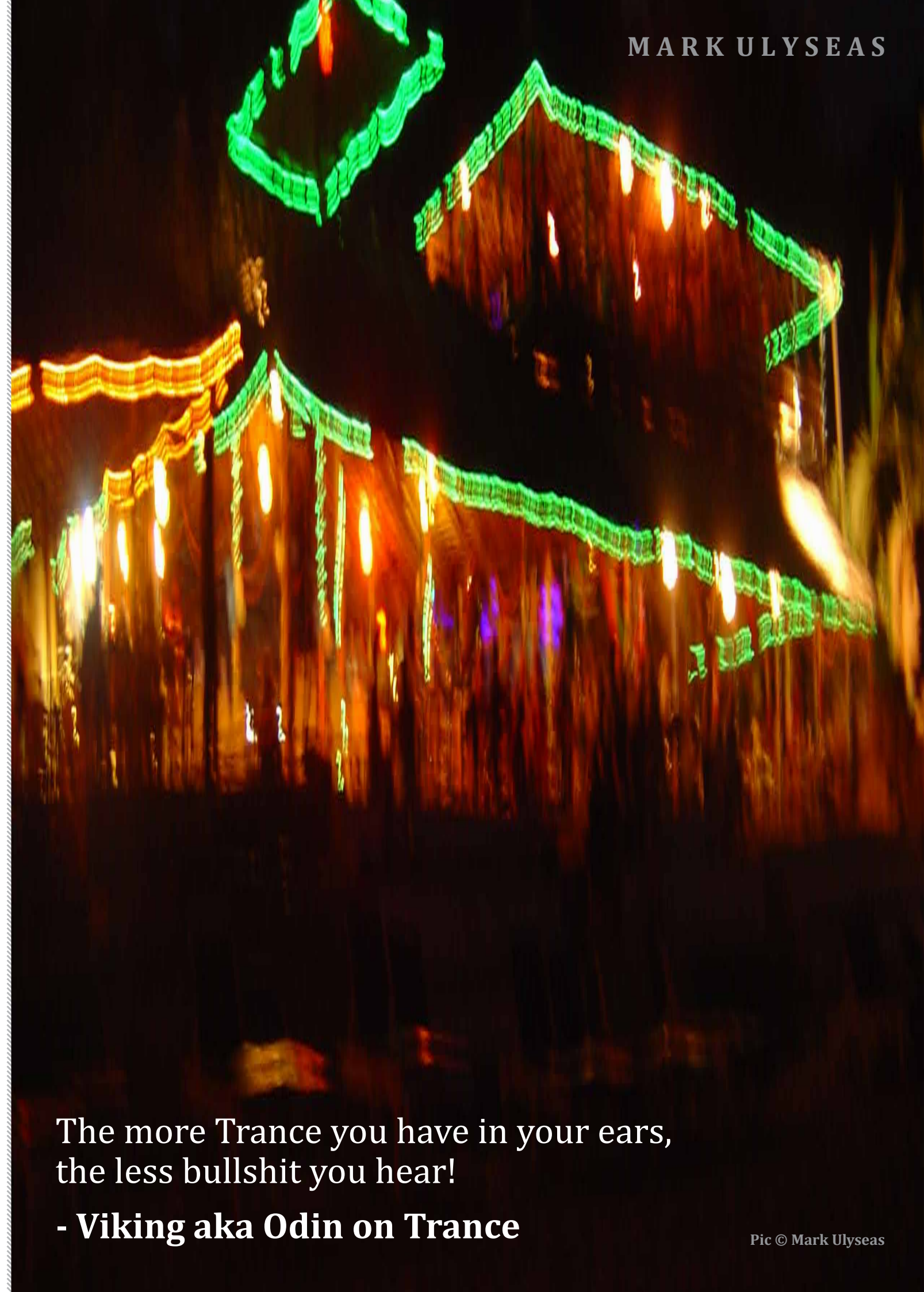
In psychedelic Trance there are many different sounds that come irregularly and one has to anticipate to catch the sound...it’s the thingy between the beats. The beats range from 18 hertz to 20,000 hertz. The Bass is below 20 hertz and it is hard to hear but you feel it, it’s only vibration... like an earthquake that is 2 hertz!

The different types of Trance are according to the beats per minute. Chill out is 120 beats. 138 to 147 beats is generally for all dancers. Hard core is 200 beats per minute. It is an art to make music over 160 beats.

For a first timer the Trance dancers will appear to be disconnected. But this is not so for they are in the beat, in themselves, in the movement, in the heartbeat.

What is your dream?

My dream is to own 10 houses in Goa. I will build the houses and the income from rent will be shared by the landowner and me so that I have enough money to live in Goa without me having to work construction for half the year in Sweden.



The more Trance you have in your ears,
the less bullshit you hear!

- Viking aka Odin on Trance



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