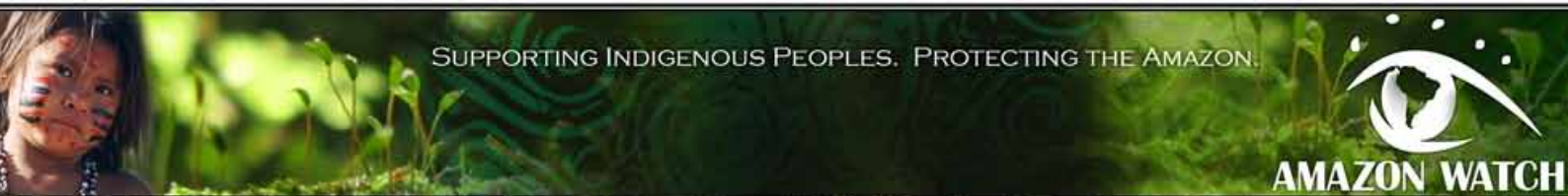


## March 2012

A large, colorful collage of various images. It includes religious figures like a Buddhist deity and a Hindu deity, a Buddha statue in a niche, and a portrait of a man in a turban. It also features news logos for 'fast track' and 'BBC WORLD NEWS', a cityscape at night, and several portraits of individuals, including a man in a red shirt, a woman in a white shirt, and a man in a suit. There are also images of a wedding, a family photo, and a group of people in traditional attire. The collage is a mix of different themes and subjects, likely representing the diverse interests and experiences of the individuals involved in the project.

# Where are you from?





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](http://www.amazonwatch.org)



March 2012



**Thank you contributors and readers,**

Live Encounters is now a monthly magazine!

The cover story, **Where are you from?**, is written by the inimitable globe trotting Carmen Roberts, fast track BBC, who shares with us a glimpse of her life as a child from a mixed marriage.

Natalie Wood is our tour guide on **Off beat travels in Galilee.**

**Artist, get thee to a residency** by Sue Healy, a must read for those in the world of Arts.

**Maria**, is taken from **In the Light of Bridges - Hamburg Fragments:** Terry McDonagh's impressions, in verse, drama and prose, of life in Hamburg – to be launched in April, 2012.

**Joo Peter**, an international photographer, traveller and writer has contributed exclusive photographs taken by him in Myanmar.

**Robin Marches** continues to support Live Encounters with a poem from London.

The lovely **Candess Campbell** pens advice on Matching Energy.

**Shakti**, a universal soul, speaks to Mark Ulyseas, while the poet in residence in Ubud, **John Chester Lewis**, contributes two poems.

**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 kindly pass this magazine on to everyone you know.**

Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om

Mark Ulyseas  
Publisher/Editor

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# CONTRIBUTORS & CONTENTS



## Where are you from? 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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## Off-Beat Travels in Israel's Galilee 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.*

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## Artist, get thee to a residency Sue Healy

*From Ireland, journalist and award-winning short-story writer Sue Healy spent ten years working in Budapest. Graduating from UEA's MA in Creative Writing in 2009, she won the 2011 HISSAC Award, 2011 Molly Keane Memorial Award, 2010 Waterford Annaghmakerrig Award and the 2010 Ted O'Regan Award. She was highly commended for The New Writer Annual Award, and shortlisted for the Meridian, the Wells Literary Festival and the Doris Gooderson Award. She's been published in 'New Europe Writers Anthology', 'The Moth Literary Magazine' and 'The New Writer Magazine'. A prison creative writing tutor, Sue also runs her own workshops: [www.suehealy.org](http://www.suehealy.org)*



## Maria 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](http://www.terry-mcdonagh.com)*



## Photo Feature - Myanmar Joo Peter

*Aka Joachim Peter is a Visual artist and writer based in Southwest Germany, presently working on documentary & travel photography in Asia right. He loves to explore and combine all arts in his work. Joo has studied Arts; painting and graphics, worked for theatre ( designing stage, costume and light) , did some work for television and film, went into teaching. He writes essays and a blog in his native tongue, German, for he feels his language combines philosophy and humour. <http://joo-peter.photoshelter.com>*



## My Brother and I 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>*



## Matching Energy 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](http://www.candesscampbell.com)*



## The Madonna Mark Ulyseas

*Last night I met her again walking down the narrow street crammed with little shops and seedy bars filled with tattooed gentry and women in leather. Colourful and contorted creatures that harm no one for their world exists in the plums of a spliff or the little round tabs that fit neatly beneath the pierced tongue.*

<http://www.marculyseas.wordpress.com>    <http://www.coroflot.com/markulyseas>



## Great White Spot 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.poempres.com](http://www.poempres.com) - [www.jlgalleries.com](http://www.jlgalleries.com) - [www.johnniechester.com](http://www.johnniechester.com)*



## Shakti - a universal soul, an interview Mark Ulyseas

*India is not a country, it is a Universe, ask any traveler who arrives from a far off land searching for the Spirit in the spiritual, Self in the crowds and Faith in belief. Many return to embark on the daunting journey back to Self by beginning a dialogue with the spirits. Shakti is from Denmark. She came to India for the first time nearly five years ago. And since then, has made many trips to learn Yoga, Vinyasa and Hatha, so that she can honour the Shakti within her and glorify the Bhakti culture.*



**“Where are you from?”** by Carmen Roberts...a citizen of planet earth



Carmen Roberts with her parents



## WHERE ARE YOU FROM?



Gold Coast, Australia Pic © Carmen Roberts

It's a fairly innocuous question, but one that always riled me, especially when I was growing up, because it meant that I was different. Or more to the point, I looked different.

**When I was at university, I'd often tell people I was from Hawaii. This story is somewhat believable and seemed far more exotic than the truth at the time. If I took an instant dislike to someone, I'd tell them I was from Sweden, and this would usually have the desired effect and kill the conversation immediately.**

I've had complete strangers shout greetings at me in Japanese on the street, uninvited people speak to me in Mandarin at the bank or supermarket, people hard of hearing in nightclubs think I come from the United States and a British Airways steward once mistook me for a Latino.

**But the truth is, I was born in Singapore. My mother is Singaporean Chinese, my father hailed from New Zealand and my grandfather was born in Scotland.**

We moved to Australia when I was five years old to the tourist metropolis of the Gold Coast, in the state of Queensland. Now, if you've never been, think of a mini Miami Beach or Fort Lauderdale in Florida. It's a city littered with glittering high-rise buildings and golden sandy beaches populated with bronzed surfers and bikini-clad sunbathers, while in the suburbs, palm trees line the streets and most residential homes are situated on a canal and every second household owns a boat or a jet ski.

**Don't get me wrong, I have some very fond memories of the Gold Coast, including some wonderful friends and family still living there, but it's never been known to be a cosmopolitan destination and certainly not in the early 1980s. It is after all, the state that spawned the likes of the nationalist One Nation party and its leader Pauline Hansen.**

**Before we left Singapore, I could speak four languages – English, Cantonese, Malay and Mandarin. But I can still remember the children at the holiday apartments where we first stayed**

## FAST TRACKING WITH CARMEN ROBERTS



Filming in Iceland for BBC Pic © Carmen Roberts

**when we arrived in Australia saying that I “spoke funny”. At the tender age of five, you just want to fit in.**

**Shortly after we arrived on the Gold Coast I was trailing behind my mother as she did the grocer shopping at a local supermarket. Being a typical five year old, I was grabbing everything from the shelves and trying to put it in my mum's shopping basket. My mother scolded me in Cantonese and I apparently turned around with a concerned look on my face and said, “Shhhh, people will hear you and then they will know that we are not from here.”**

Mum burst out laughing in the face of her almond-eyed little girl.

At school I was called the usual gambit of names associated with having ‘slanty eyes’, despite my best efforts to cultivate the broadest Australian accent possible.

After university I moved to the UK, thanks to the ancestry visa afforded by my Scottish heritage. And while all my Australian friends had to return home after their obligatory two-year working visa was up, I was able to stay on, gain residency and eventually get a British passport.

**I was working for the BBC at the time and it took me a long time to get any reporting work, partly due to the stiff competition, but largely because of my accent. When I look back now, I think perhaps I just had a pedantic boss who was trying to make life difficult for me, because there are so many varying accents now on BBC World TV - ranging from Australian and Kiwi presenters to thick Scottish tones reporting from the many corners of the globe.**

But I diligently went about trying to change my accent yet again, this time with the help of a trained voice coach. I turned up for my first lesson and promptly announced that I needed to lose my Australian accent and gain a British one instead. **Ms M stifled a giggle and said, “Oh, you won't want to do that, it'll mean you'll have to lose all your friends and hang around with a group of posh English people - just let me help you with some of your vowels.”**

Text & Pics © Carmen Roberts



Not quite on the scale of Eliza Doolittle, but after a couple of months of intensive training, my vowels were suitable enough for broadcast and I enjoyed many years as a reporter for BBC World's 'Fast Track' travel program.

But after 11 wonderful years in London, finally it was a long distance relationship and a marriage proposal that lead me back to Singapore.

Welcome home – or so you would think.

The Singaporean government doesn't acknowledge dual nationality and I now hold three passports – British, Australian and New Zealand – so I was faced with the difficult decision of trading three nationalities for one. And as a result, I'm now treated like a foreigner in the country that I was born in. Maybe it serves me right for changing countries and trading accents.

But as we are about to welcome a child of our own into this world, I can't help but wonder if my son or daughter will inherit my Asian looks or my husband's English features. Will they too suffer the racist taunts at school? Or has the world become one big Benetton advertisement? I hope our child will not have to go through the same sort of identity crisis or struggle as much to fit in.

And now that I'm back in Singapore, I get that same question more than ever, "where are you from?" But it doesn't bother me so much anymore. In fact, I've finally learnt to embrace my multicultural heritage and looks and I quite enjoy telling the brief nutshell version of my family history to people I've just met. But for me, it's been a long and bumpy journey.



Marriage in Phuket, Thailand, december 2012 Pic © Carmen Roberts





## *A Cornerstone of Strength In Despair:* Off-Beat Travels in Israel's Galilee

We returned one spring Sabbath afternoon bathed in serene sunlight to find there was something different about a pet Israeli beauty-spot.

On previous visits to **Rosh Pina, Galilee** we had seen the 'old quarter' founded by **Romanian chalutzim** (pioneers). We had learned how they battled malaria; started a silk industry funded by **Baron de Rothschild** and (by legend) had become so friendly with local Bedouin, they had even taught them Yiddish!

But this time we found a new street with a fresh story. It led us to '**Nimrod's Lookout**', an observation point guarding the glorious Galilee landscape. Did the name have a biblical meaning? Did it refer to the town's psalmic name?

The view may be lovely but the stark reality is grim. We discovered that the lookout is part of a memorial to **Sergeant Major Nimrod** ('Nimrodi') Segev who was born in Rosh Pina in 1977 but died during the **Second Lebanon War of 2006**.

Segev, aged 28 had been on reserve duty as a 'loader' in a Merkava tank when it was hit by a missile.

The entire crew was killed outright.

But the story continues...



Sergeant Major Nimrod. Rosh.Pina.Nimrod.Mitzpa.Lookout Pic © Natalie Wood

*"The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner."  
(Psalm 118:22)*



Bethlehem Haglilit, near Nazareth. Pic © Natalie Wood

While gazing at the panorama, we talked to other visitors. First, a young couple still serving in the Israeli military. The man was in the I.D.F. and his girlfriend was a naval officer.

We learned a little about where they lived and their families but as we wished them well and said ‘goodbye’, an older man arrived who gazed almost desperately at the scene that we had so-enjoyed. By startling coincidence, our new acquaintance was Chezi Segev – Nimrod’s father – who now plays an important role in **The One Family Fund**, a mutual self-help group of bereaved parents who have lost children to terrorism and war. A most splendid ‘cornerstone’ indeed.

Another remarkable town is **Bethlehem Haglilit, near Nazareth**. Some historians suggest it is the true birthplace of Jesus while others say it may have been a **cradle of rabbinical Judaism**.

Whatever the truth, it became Christianised, first during the Crusades and then it became a **Templar** colony in the early 1900s after members of **Haifa’s German Colony** settled there.

Most Templars had German citizenship and modern visitors to the town are shocked to learn that during the 1930s some joined the **Nazi Party**. The picture of the Nazi parade may be viewed now in the local museum situated on the ground floor of the house owned by a tourist guide.

But what happened to these people? After World War II began, **Germans in Mandate Palestine** were regarded as enemy aliens and they were interned before being released for resettlement in Australia during 1941.

Also of great interest is the nearby **Jezreel Valley Railway, (Rakevet Ha-Emek)**, originally a British project which failed due to lack of money and which was adopted by the Turks who saw it as a chance to annex the planned **Haifa-Damascus line** to the **Hijazi Railway** and so strengthening their control in the area.



Amirim.Sunset. Pic © Natalie Wood

Visitors often conclude their trip at the **Zithershpieler Family’s Herb and Spice Farm** where medicinal plants and herbs are produced and sold alongside cheeses and other goods at a shop open to the public. There is also an attractive restaurant on site.

My final recommendation is the village of Amirim – a ‘must see’ for all committed vegetarians and so near to **Lake Kinneret (‘The Sea of Galilee’)** - that on an evening like the one on which we last visited, it seemed near enough for us to stretch our legs and dabble our toes in the water!

The village, barely 12 miles from where we live in Karmiel, was established as a **vegetarian-vegan retreat in 1958**. The founders now say ruefully: “Long years of hard labour, patience and much investment brought Amirim to its present appearance.”

But their ‘labour of love’ has borne fruit as the village is as enchantingly pretty as its surroundings whose terrain is wonderfully reminiscent of England’s Lake District. The advantage is that bad weather is confined to the winter and visitors may arrange a summer trip without fear of rain!

Two of the best views here are **Mitzpeh Kinneret** and **Mitzpeh Menachem** with benches for those wishing to sit to enjoy the panorama. Moreover, Mitzpeh Kinneret is the venue for light classical and folk concerts held before the Sabbath during the summer.

If you choose not to stay in the village but wish to dine, there are several excellent restaurants. Dalia’s, which is on the main street and the oldest eatery in the village, has my personal recommendation. The owner, **Dalia Cohen**, has been cooking her simple, tasty fare there for about 25 years. She is an astute businesswoman as well as an excellent hostess as she invites guests to linger over dessert and coffee on the restaurant balcony which affords an idyllic view of the lake and mountains.

Absolutely delicious!





## Artist, get thee to a residency

They exist so the artist can create. It is a noble mission and one that has proved invaluable to artists since the first was launched over a hundred years ago in the United States. Traditionally, artist-in-residence programmes extend invitations to artists, ie writers, musicians, visual artists, dancers, film-makers etc... to leave aside everyday life and responsibilities and spend time on art, reflecting, researching and producing in a unique, often isolated environment.

Some residencies require interactivity with a local community, which may include giving workshops or donating art work. Others might place importance on some artistic conversation with the immediate environment. The majority will encourage an exchange of ideas between residents, providing opportunity to meet and be inspired by other artists at the top of their game.

The U.S. is where the concept of the residency was born and it is still home to the world's most famous residencies, their names instantly recognisable: Yaddo, McDowell and Millay. Mere acceptance into any of these top three anoints immediate status on the artist concerned. Such residencies are probably amongst the most generous too, providing free room and board, even sometimes a stipend, as well a beautiful environment, for weeks, sometimes months on end. Not surprisingly, gaining residency at these prestigious colonies is difficult without a solid and impressive artist's resume.





**In many ways, the modern art residency mimics the meeting places of the great art movements from Paris' Deux Magots to Greenwich Village's Café Wha ...**

There is no single model for an artists' residency however, and there are a number of respected residencies which are less well-known, and ergo entry is less competitive and the requirements less strict. Moreover, there is an increasing number of retreats available to artists which provide a similar services, but for fee. All that is needed for a such an environment to work for you is to know what you plan to achieve whilst there and to be prepared to put in the work.

**You have possibly noticed that when people say that they're jacking in the day job to write a book, work on an album or put together an exhibition, in the same breath they usually tell you where this project is taking place. "I'm going to move to Paris/rent a shack in the woods/go to a monastery/live by the sea" they say, as if the locale will lend more credibility to their project.**

It doesn't. You can spend a year on a prestigious writers' colony and come up with but a few pages of unpublishable, self-indulgent nonsense. Whereas, groundbreaking art can be created in a run-down apartment full of screaming kids, between the hours of 6-7pm every day – the important factor being "every day". In other words, it is not where you create that matters, but the fact that you do create and you do so in a focused manner.

Still, time and seclusion in an attractive environment do nurture creativity and attending an artists' residency will likely inspire and support productivity. For many, an added benefit is the cross pollination of ideas via conversations with other artists. **During daytime, artists often tiptoe around, quietly creating between trips to the kitchen for coffee and snacks. In the evenings, however, they read to one another, show their visual art, play music, listen to critiques and they talk, and they talk and they talk. In many ways, the modern art residency mimics the meeting places of the great art movements from Paris' Deux Magots to Greenwich Village's Café Wha – the residency is an environment which promotes the progression and discussion of new ideas. Obviously, such a scenario will provide ample opportunity for artists to network and enduring friendships and artistic collaborations are often born at residencies**

That said, not all residencies emphasise artistic fellowship. There are a few that encourage artists to explore the hermetic experience, and such places are proving ever more popular in a world where it is increasingly difficult to, well, retreat.



Tyrone Guthrie Arts Centre, Monaghan, Pic © Sue Healy





## ARTIST, GET THEE TO A RESIDENCY



Agnes and Walter: A Little Love Story

Áras Éanna is one such residency. Located on the Irish island of Inis Oirr, one of Europe's most westerly and remote points, in winter months, it can provide the solitary existence some artists might require.

**Neil Paris, dancer and artistic director of Smith Dancetheatre Company, Norwich, England, says his time spent at Ireland's Áras Éanna Residency was something of a metamorphosis.**

**"Although I had worked in the arts as a performer and teacher for over a decade, I was struggling with the idea of being an artist, and the residency on the Aran Islands gave me the time to crystallise and come to terms with that idea. It formed a bridge between my career as a performer working with pieces devised by others, to where I am at now, conceptualizing and developing my own work for my own dancetheatre company." Paris, a native of Norfolk, England, spent ten weeks on the remote island, situated off Ireland's Atlantic shore in early 2009, during this time he had little contact with other people, a solitary existence he feels greatly contributed to productivity.**

**"The pressure of life was off. I was alone. I had time to allow ideas to percolate, to form, to move from the back brain to the fore – the experience allowed me to think, to breathe. In fact, I am only now realising the full extent of how inspiring and affecting Áras Éanna was. My current project, Agnes and Walter: A Little Love Story, which is touring the UK, was conceived at Áras Éanna and during that time, I also explored other art forms such as painting and writing which have since informed my creative practice. Áras Éanna allowed me to become the artist I am today."**

When researching a residency to suit you, it is also worth bearing in mind the difference between a "residency" and a "retreat". Residencies are institutions to which you must apply and demonstrate your professionalism as an artist via a portfolio and references and a CV/resume that shows you are considered by your peers to be a practicing professional artist. Residencies are often funded by an arts and/or educational body and are usually cheap, or free and might even provide a stipend.

They are often offered with the proviso that you 'give back' to the community, perhaps via donating a service, such as hosting workshops. Residencies can last from two weeks to a year and are quite prestigious. Being accepted onto a residency is an impressive feat in itself. And, whilst there, you may come into contact with some top tier "names".

Retreats differ from the above model. Retreats are institutions that sometimes offer courses – the UK's 'Arvon Foundation' is a good example which has three properties around England and holds intensive writing courses throughout the year. Other retreats just offer room and board to artists for a fee, somewhat like a hotel but with an emphasis on creativity and productivity during your stay.

## SUE HEALY



Neil Paris, dancer and artistic director of Smith Dancetheatre Company

They're not usually frequented by top-level artists, so you won't find yourself having dinner with the arts' world A-list ... but you might meet some interesting people and the surrounds are usually very picturesque and inspiring.

Retreats are good for novice or emerging writers who are not yet at the stage in their career where they might gain acceptance on a "residency", but retreats provide many of the same advantages of a residency. Equally, if you are at an early stage in your career and simply need some peace and quiet to advance a project or mull a mission, then perhaps you should simply rent some respite via **a holiday cottage in the wilds of Connemara in autumn**, or stay in a B&B on Dartmoor or a shack in the Catskills – you may be able to get a 'low season deal' and it will probably provide the inspiration you seek.

Many artists combine the use of residencies with travel and thus feed their work via their global experiences. And it is perfectly fine to do so – so long as you remember to work when you get there – otherwise, you might as well just book a package holiday. **One of the most innovative ways to work such a combination is to use freight travel (paid passage on container ships) to see the world, in between longer periods at sea where time is spent in cabins, creating.**

**Clearly, artists' residencies and retreats have evolved into many forms since the Yaddo residency was launched in Saratoga Springs, New York in 1900 with a mission to "to nurture the creative process by providing an opportunity for artists to work without interruption in a supportive environment." They have continued to provide, however, artistic refuge and inspiration to almost every artist of note from the mid-twentieth century onwards and there are few working artists today who have not availed of their unique nurturing environment.**

The concept of the artist's residency has long since spread its wings. The above mentioned Áras Éanna in Ireland, is an example of how residencies are no longer confined to the U.S. Indeed, there are **a number of prestigious residencies located in India, China and South America** today. Ireland has a disproportionate representation of the same, perhaps not surprisingly in a land noted for its writers. Furthermore, a collection of startlingly beautiful residences can be found around Europe.

**So, there is no excuse, artist. Get thee to a residency.**

**For listings of international residencies:** <http://www.resartis.org/en/>  
<http://www.agnesandwalter.co.uk>  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pTgwV93ybBs>



The following excerpt,

**Maria,**

is taken from

**In the Light of Bridges – Hamburg Fragments:**

Terry McDonagh's impressions,

in verse, drama and prose, of life in Hamburg

**– to be launched in April, 2012.**



## Maria

I'll call her Maria. I'm in the *SBahn* going to the airport with my thoughts on the home game I'll be missing – a reluctant HSV fan, am I – when, out of nowhere, an elderly woman begins to sing in her own language – and I am suddenly all ears and bolt upright.

This woman, Maria, sings so beautifully I am transported to a vigil on an abandoned hill next to a faraway city – to a kind of alienation I can almost taste. I see a mother and father standing in a doorway in the morning sun waiting for post from abroad. There's theatre in that voice – it feels like a force challenging free spirits to take one of the many roads closed by injustice and prejudice.

She finishes and walks from one person to another begging in her own words with an outcast paper cup. I drop in a coin, saying: *Das was sehr schoen. Welche Sprache?* She doesn't answer. Did she, once, have to choose between love and stardom? Light is darkness.

Her body language is hesitant – getting on in years – like one who would like to be fed. Time cannot be reversed. One day she will lose her way to the exit with nothing set aside for the rainy day. She is the person she was before she became the person she is, or the person she will become.

At Ohlsdorf, *Tschuess, Maria*. I see her step out of the train into a long, frail, deepening shadow – into my imagination where she will, forever, sit inside a café window.

- *Do you, Hamburg, take this woman, Maria, as your lawful, wedded singer?*

- *Ask poets, Heine, Borchert, Ruehmke.*

Let us praise and cherish this richness, for it's over almost as soon as it begins.



Photography – it's about who we are. I began as a visual artist, studying art and working in theatre, which is an ancient multi-media art that combines all forms of art. All cultures I meet while travelling are part of our common, interwoven identity. Right now, I am on a one-year-travel through Asia. I love to do background research about history, religion, customs, daily life and language.



[www.joo-peter.photoshelter.com](http://www.joo-peter.photoshelter.com)



Pic © Joo Peter

Typical Nat shrine in Mandalay, Myanmar, 2011. Worshipping of Nat spirits, an old animistic belief, is common in Myanmar and co-exists with Buddhism.





Pic © Joo Peter

Celebration inside Mahamuni Pagoda, Mandalay, Myanmar, 2011



Pic © Joo Peter

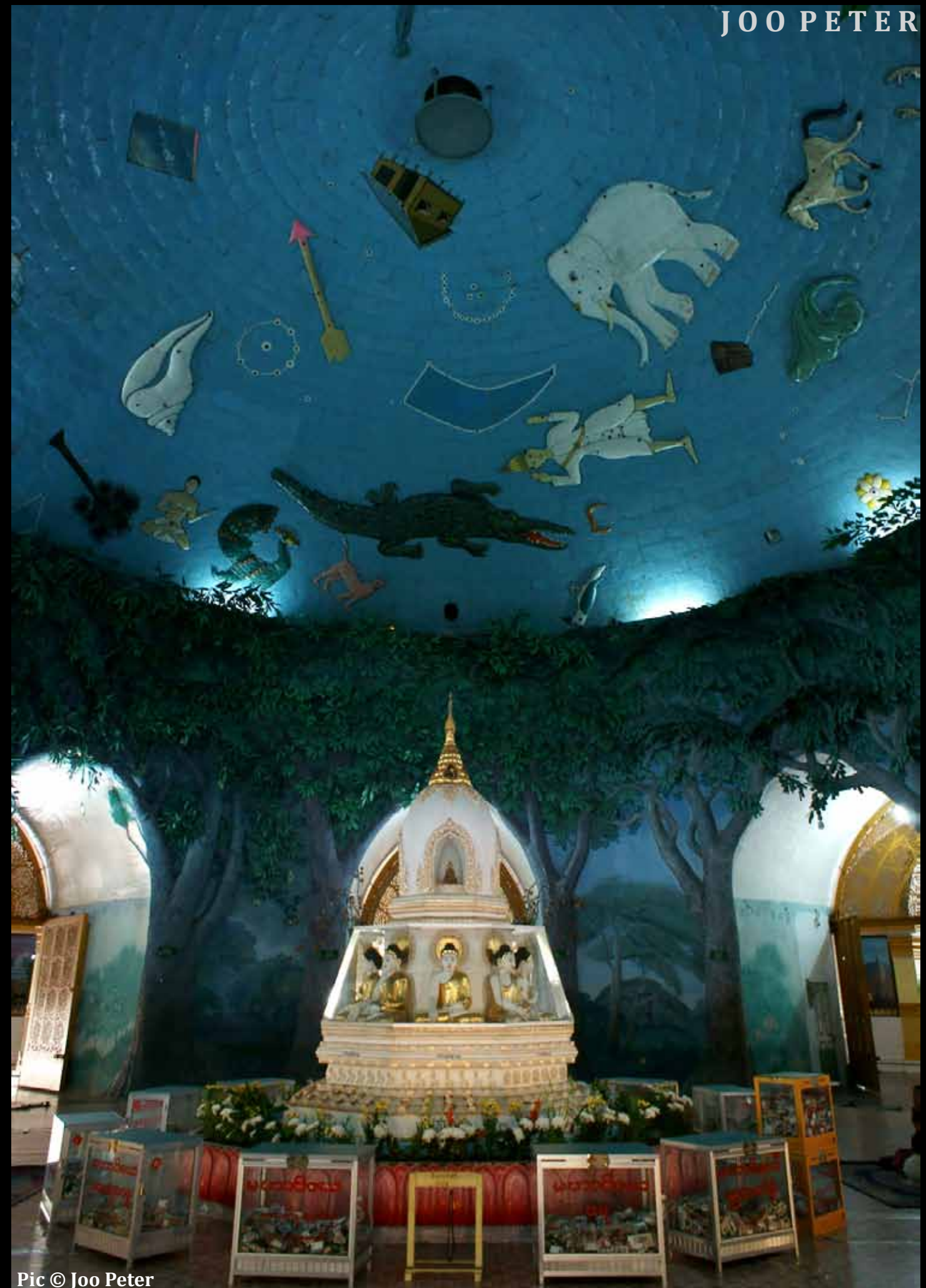
Statue of Buddha, Ananda temple, Bagan, Myanmar, built by King Kyanzittha in 1091 A.D.





Pic © Joo Peter

Statue of a Nat spirit in Sula Paya pagoda complex, center of Yangon, Myanmar, 2011



Pic © Joo Peter

Interior of Maha Wizaya pagoda with wall painting of night sky with mythical creatures of the zodiac, Yangon, Myanmar, 2011



**MY BROTHER AND I**

(23/11/89)

Awaiting aeroplanes for separate destinations,  
My brother and I  
Walk together  
Through the old streets of Palma.  
An advert tempts us toward an exhibition  
Showing 15th century instruments of torture.  
We visit, instead,  
A commemoration.  
Old photographs from World War Two.  
This war began 1939;  
Who cares now?  
Aliens;  
We leave the cathedral gallery.  
Born in the 1950's, we fight another battle.

My brother and I,  
Holding court on a park bench.  
Two from one womb,  
Immersed by our own private, interlocking, part.  
The family from which we came,  
And the families before us,  
That keep us a part  
Offspringing our own branches.  
It seems a miracle  
And yet so common  
This touch of the centuries.

How many other brothers and sisters,  
Together have trudged these cobbles,  
Wondering if they have the where with all  
To sustain, their remaining years,  
Without instruments of torture,  
Or World War Two?  
Neither pilot, nor inquisitor,  
Knew of 'crack' 'd ozone layers.  
All the battles each generation faces.  
It's only ourselves we punish with oppression  
Not just the oppressed, but so too, the oppressor.

Cultures divide, civilizations decay,  
But my brother and I, bonded in blood,  
See colour beyond set definition.  
Look at all the brothers and sisters  
In the world, who stood their ground,  
Countless times in countless years,  
That we, too, at this decades end,  
Can be united,





## Matching Energy

**When I was taking classes in Meditation and Healing at the Church of the Divine Man many years ago, they taught about “matching” other people’s energy. An example is, if you are around someone who is angry, you may match him or her and become angry. When you are around someone peaceful, you can match him or her and become peaceful. I have been teaching this in my counseling practice for years and helped clients understand they can change how they feel by becoming aware and making choices.**

I remember reading a study in one of my books (which I cannot find) where they studied three plants. One control plant was watered without any variables. The second plant was watered with water held for a period of time by someone who was very happy and positive. The third plant was watered with water that was held for a period of time by someone who was clinically depressed. Of course, the result was the plant watered by the person who was happy grew the most. The second plant, the control plant’s growth was less than the first and the plant watered by the person who was depressed had stunted growth.

Physics has taught us that everything is energy, including humans, and it makes sense we affect each other in subtle and powerful ways. When I feel blue, a little grumpy, I will put on a CD by someone like Wayne Dyer to raise my mood, to shift my energy. Conversely, when I binge on country music from my childhood, remembering my dad who has passed, such as listening to Sunday Morning Coming Down by Kris Kristofferson, I have to pick myself up off the floor!

**We are affected by those who are closest to us. Think about six people you spend most of your time with. How do you feel before you are with them? How do you feel when you leave their presence? You can use a scale from one to ten, with one feeling low energy, lethargic, negative and ten being, high energy, motivated and positive.**

You can also shift your vibration to a higher level before you are in contact with people. You can listen to music that energizes you, get exercise and eat healthy, or read authors such as Neale Donald Walsh, the author of Conversations with God or James Twyman who I admire for this work as a Peace Troubadour. When you are with others then, you will help lift them to your vibration.

For years the focus on my work has been to empower others to access their Essence, to realize who they truly are and to manifest their dreams in their lives. I often read and listen to others that vibrate at a high level so I am focused, energized, and motivated by their work.

Please take some time to think about who energizes you.

**Who helps you become your better Self. Who leads the way and makes it easier for you to excel and manifest your dreams. Think about who it is that drains your energy and leaves you feeling bad about yourself. Sometimes we can’t change who we are around, but we can use those who are motivating and inspiring to bring us back into balance.**





## The Madonna by Mark Ulyseas

It is that time again when one needs to regurgitate consumed reality for those that cannot digest the rawness of Life.

Last night I met her again walking down the narrow street crammed with little shops and seedy bars filled with tattooed gentry and women in leather. These leathers and feathers want to be seen in their leather boots, leather skirts with holes in them and hems that defy gravity (stitched by a tailor with an epileptic fit). Colourful and contorted creatures that harm no one for their world exists in the plums of a spliff or the little round tabs that fit neatly beneath the pierced tongue.

Her name is Madonna (name changed to save her from immigration and a homicidal maniac of a boyfriend). She has an angelic face and carries her baby in a black cloth slung around her neck.

“Marco, have you seen my baby?”

I peered into the black cloth sling and watched in amazement as the small biscuit coloured face smiled innocently back at me and then went back to sucking on her teat swollen with milk while one small hand clutched the chain with a cross that hung from her neck.

*“Beautiful little chap, so are you going to baptize him?”*

“NO! He born in India so he Hindu.”

*“It doesn’t work like that, ....he has to be born into a Hindu family. You cannot become a Hindu....”*

“No, no, you are wrong...”

*“So what is his Hindu name”*

“Daniel”

And as I watched her perspiring face glisten in the flickers of light that passed every so often whenever someone near us lit a ciggy, a momentary wave of sadness descended upon me.

“What, why are you looking at me that way?”

*“How old is Daniel?”*

“Three months. I will breast feed him till he is five years old. He will eat other food but I will give him a top up. My mother brought me up like that. See how strong I am. I carry my baby wherever I go even while driving a scooter to Arambol (20 km away).”

*“Have you got his birth certificate done and his passport? Will he be Russian of Indian?”*

“Indian, not Russian. I have no family in Moscow. No one. Everyone is dead. Everyone. My son will grow up as Indian, in India. And then I can stay here, here and live shanti (peacefully)”.



*“Have you got his birth certificate done and his passport? Will he be Russian of Indian?”*

“Indian, not Russian. I have no family in Moscow. No one. Everyone is dead. Everyone. My son will grow up as Indian, in India. And then I can stay here, here and live shanti (peacefully)”.

*“So have you done the paperwork for his passport?”*

“No because my visa expired over one year ago. And then I was busy being pregnant and then baby. So no time to do paperwork. I have one lawyer, he says no problem I can get visa and stay here because of my baby”.

*“Madonna, you will go to jail and your baby will go to the government. I can put you in touch with a women rights lawyer who will help you free of cost and get all paperwork done. However, as per the law you will have to leave India. Maybe baby will have to stay behind. Then you have to apply in Moscow to the Indian Embassy and when your resident visa is granted you can return to your baby”.*

“No. I am mother. This, this is my son. I will never leave India. This is my home,” she said, her voice breaking. Tears trickled down her cheeks and onto the face of the now sleeping baby.

*“Where is the father?”*

“He is a bastard. I telephoned him to tell him I was pregnant and he say it was another man. He is in Italy. Then he say he wants blood test. I say no. Because that means he doesn’t trust me. My mother brought me up alone by herself. Now I do this for my baby.”

*“Madonna, you will have to give the father’s name, that’s the law here. And he has to appear in person with his passport. If you don’t then you will have to officially adopt the child which may take upto a year.”*

Just then a motorcycle passed, thundering down the narrow street.

She touched my hand and smiled wanly. “Marco, I am a good person. I couldn’t have an abortion, you know. I thought about it but I felt I was killing. Now look at Daniel’s face. See how he sleeps in my arms, he never wake even when motorcycle pass because he knows he is with his mother, he safe”.

*“If you need help, call me”, I said in a haltering voice.*

“Mother India will save me and my baby. Because I was here before, another time”, she replied and gave me a kiss on the cheek, turned her back and gracefully walked down the hazy street filled with petrol fumes and cigarette smoke, while embracing the little bundle of joy.

**Madonna and her son were soon lost to the night.**



## Great White Spot

Reoccurring storm of intrigue  
 Towering cloud  
 Of ammonia and water  
 Supercharged by  
 Sound and light  
 Each one and thirty years  
 Cycle broken in a  
 Deluge of radio waves  
 Engulfing planet  
 Flash releasing  
 Higher-pressure vapors  
 From deep within atmosphere  
 Vertical currents and easterly winds  
 Alluding to head and tail  
 Yet far below cloud tops  
 Sun does not shine  
 Ten times normal  
 Same as 10,000  
 Sun seasonal penetration  
 Solar Saturn interplay  
 A mystery remain

## Sea View Window

One by one  
 With her slow motion hollow handclap  
 She imprisoned little dragon and butterflies  
 As they traveled freely  
 Up and down a sea view window  
 Opposite drops salty, wet and small  
 And when she had walked outside to unfold her hands  
 Each individual creature hesitated in her palm  
 Maybe, a combination of shock and appreciation  
 Before continuing down the shore

## 100 Children

One hundred children playing in sunset waters. None more than three running steps from shore's line. Many are still wearing pants and a shirt as they squat down to bring water levels above chest.

Slightly older boys toss a ball from their abandoned soccer match, splashing one another as three fishermen tow a small dugout pontoon boat full of nets, along shore, gazing across waters for surface signs of schooling fish.

A solitary boy with disheveled hair stands amongst crowing chickens. He searches for spectators in the corners of his eyes as he dances 'the robot' while smiling with his feet buried, in black sand.







## Shakti – a universal soul

*speaks to Mark Ulyseas*

India is not a country, it is a Universe, ask any traveler who arrives from a far off land searching for the Spirit in the spiritual, Self in the crowds and Faith in belief.

Many return to embark on the daunting journey back to Self by beginning a dialogue with the spirits.

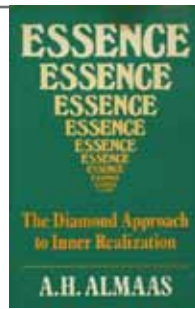
There are some that instantly connect with the unseen, to suck on the Power that sustains the sacred heart beat of this ancient land. They keep returning year after year to recharge the Power within them; often sharing this Power with those rudderless seekers who are in a fragmented state of mind.

Shakti is from Denmark. She came to India for the first time nearly five years ago. And since then, has made many trips to learn Yoga, Vinyasa and Hatha, so that she can honour the Shakti within her and glorify the Bhakti culture.

*“Teaching yoga is a small part of my life. What is of primary importance is how I live with myself and the way I am able to “Be” with other people and to be present with them; how to perceive people and the meeting with these people...to see the Being within the person.”*







### How do you perceive India?

India has this ancient “meditation umbrella” over it. It is also in the soil. Most Indians I have met don’t know about this but yet they seem to plug into it. The land acts as an amplifier and this makes it easy to plug into the energy.

I have always felt that my spirit wants to be reincarnated in India. Maybe I was from this land and have returned because India beckons me to her embrace.

So I am here.

### What is this energy?

I have heard many people say that the moment they got off the plane they could feel the meditation umbrella, the energy encompassing the land.

The Nordic countries do have this collective energy which I speak about but it is scattered and it does not blanket the land. We need more Spiritual “poles” to connect, to form a web.

Also it seems that everyone who meditates in India adds a drop of energy in the vast reservoir of energy that is India and this keeps increasing. Probably that is why so many of us are drawn to this country to meditate and learn yoga.

In my home country, Denmark, it is now accepted that one is not a weirdo if one does meditation and yoga. In fact there are commercials on television!

### So how does one tap into this energy?

There are two aspects to this.

The first is understanding love.

Love is different from the male and female. So I can say something only from my own experience. It’s difficult, painful and can be destructive through thoughts and mindsets.

It can be painful when love is “unexpressed”. When you are a child and the surroundings do not want to accept the love then it becomes “unexpressed” love. And this affects one’s comprehension of love as one grows older and gets into serious relationships.

Women have a 360 degree view of love. Full, round, all embracing. But the men have a more vertical love so woman and man are often at odds with each other because of the perception of what love is, should be or can be. That is why there are people who feel displaced, unwanted, unloved. And this creates fear, anxiety and disconnects the person from the love within them.

A woman and man have to work together to bridge this disparity in perception; the man working on creating a more rounded perception of love and the woman reaching out to the vertical love being projected by the man.



It is through an intrinsic understanding of love that one begins to appreciate the positive energy that it radiates and in this way opening one’s heart out to the Universe.

The second aspect is the Ego

Years ago I came across the works of A.H.Almaas and Faisal Muqaddam and through their teachings I learned how to consciously cultivate the skills needed to differentiate between my false personality, ego identity and essential nature, the true self. For me it was a gradual (still ongoing) process of removing the many layers of the self to discover the kingdom that resides within me...the very essence of my existence.

Here are two links for the readers: [A.H.Almaas](#) - [Faisal Muqquadam](#)

And an excerpt from Almaas’s teachings.

“In the Diamond Approach, reality is seen as consisting of three elements: God/Being/Spirit, Soul/Self and World/Cosmos.

World is understood as the outer manifestation of reality, the multitude of physical forms that all people are familiar with.

Being is understood as the inner source and true nature of reality, which is the focus of the great spiritual traditions of both East and West, and is known as Dharmakaya, Shunyata, Brahman or Tao. Being is understood as consisting of five co-emergent "boundless dimensions": Divine Love, Universal Mind, Pure Being, The Logos, and The Absolute.

Soul is understood to be the individual consciousness that connects the world with Being, an idea found in ancient Chinese philosophy. It is believed in the Diamond Approach that the soul can be experienced as a living presence that contains the thoughts, feelings and sensations usually called our "self".

### How do you help people?

I help people to connect with the knowing of the knowing of who they are inside and to live from there, and be in the moment of who they are, what they want to do, who they’d like to be and to be true to the self thereby shining from within with their own qualities, expanding this and sharing it with others.

Many people come to me who have emotional baggage and a disconnection with the Self. I assist them to transform this emotional energy and to get to know who they are, to connect with the essence of their Being, to heal old wounds related to lost loves, family, childhood etc.

For me it is beautiful experience to witness people transform into radiant beings.

This is what I live for and I am happy and content...content inside, outside and all round (smiles).

**Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om**







# Live encounters



Singapore at night Pic © Carmen roberts