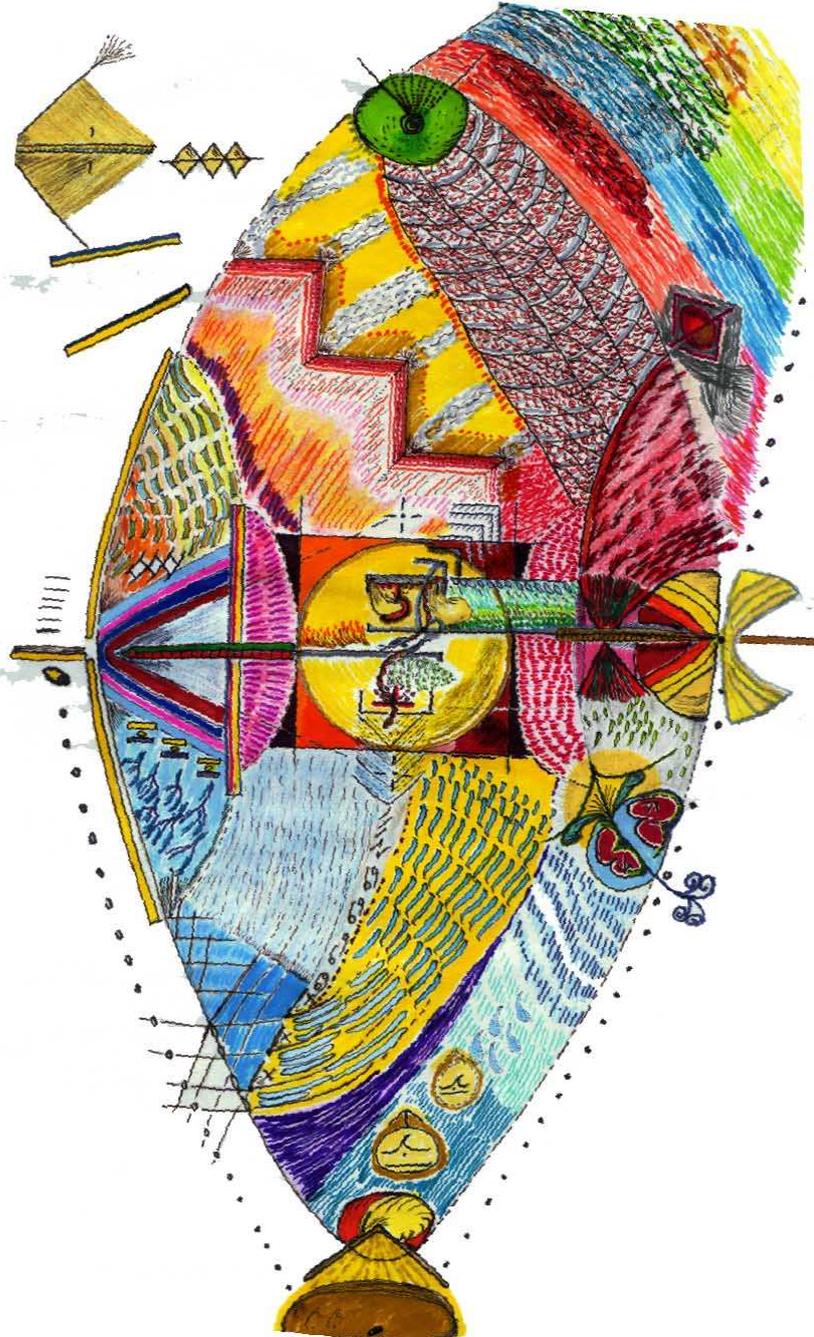


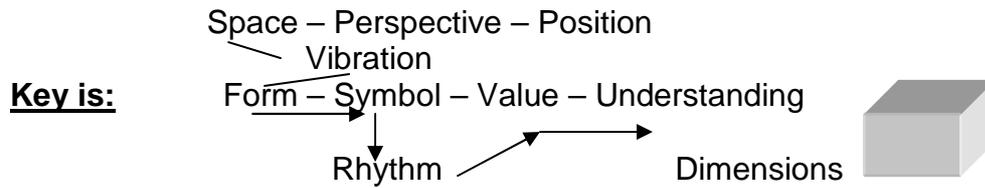
Intelligent Space



By John E. Holland
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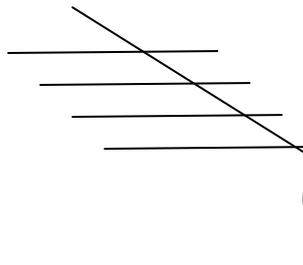
Preface



Time Dimensions:

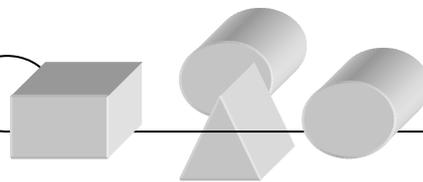
DEVELOPMENTAL

- Cross-section



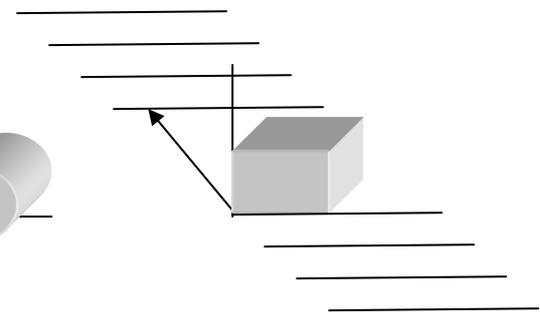
UNIVERSAL

- Side view



CULTURE- MOVEMENT

- Looking down

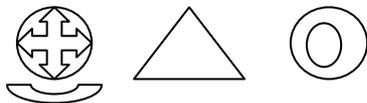


Awareness

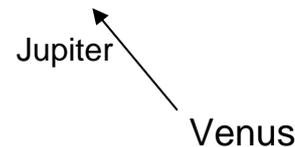
Attention

Promise

Wish



Pluto – Uranus – Sun



Poems on the Way

What is that
 Woman to Man
 Man to Woman
 That natural law
 Polarity to give and also to take
 But each from another counterpoint –
 What do you mean?
 It comes down to one thing
 Where do you belong?
 This is the place where space “works”

Way
 Which one
 But is that not a goal
 Yes, true
 A Way and a Goal go together
 When we follow a Way
 - One without a Goal
 Then we will end with no function
 - Pulse; one with dynamic + static
 - Realities, holding the sacred
 - Or is that the mundane

The story of the cross and the earth we walk
 Which tradition are you walking with?
 Which territory are you going through?
 Even a glance can be fatal
 Even a false footstep can be wrong
 I spoke to someone but it was not their way
 - That is of thinking and so doing...

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Introduction.....

Intelligent Space.

Space is intelligent
Intelligent Space
Particles on the move
Us on the move
Physical, Mental
Look at our world
The layers of space
What's back onto what
- not in my backyard
- Oh please, I have to have it

Be with these spaces
Give them no meaning
Where do we belong?
Where do you wish?
The space to change
"Refined nature" – pure to find the inner hologram
"Devious nature" – playing to prove the point
"Chaotic nature" – catching up on lost time.

What is your pure value?
What is your point?
What time have you really lost?

Come with us, an adventure in sound
To find those puzzles The key, like Alice always finds
- a level change needed.
Go with Nature, what a ride.

Souls



standing waves

- No Dimension -

ANTI MATTER

PHYSICAL DIMENSIONS

HAVING

BEING

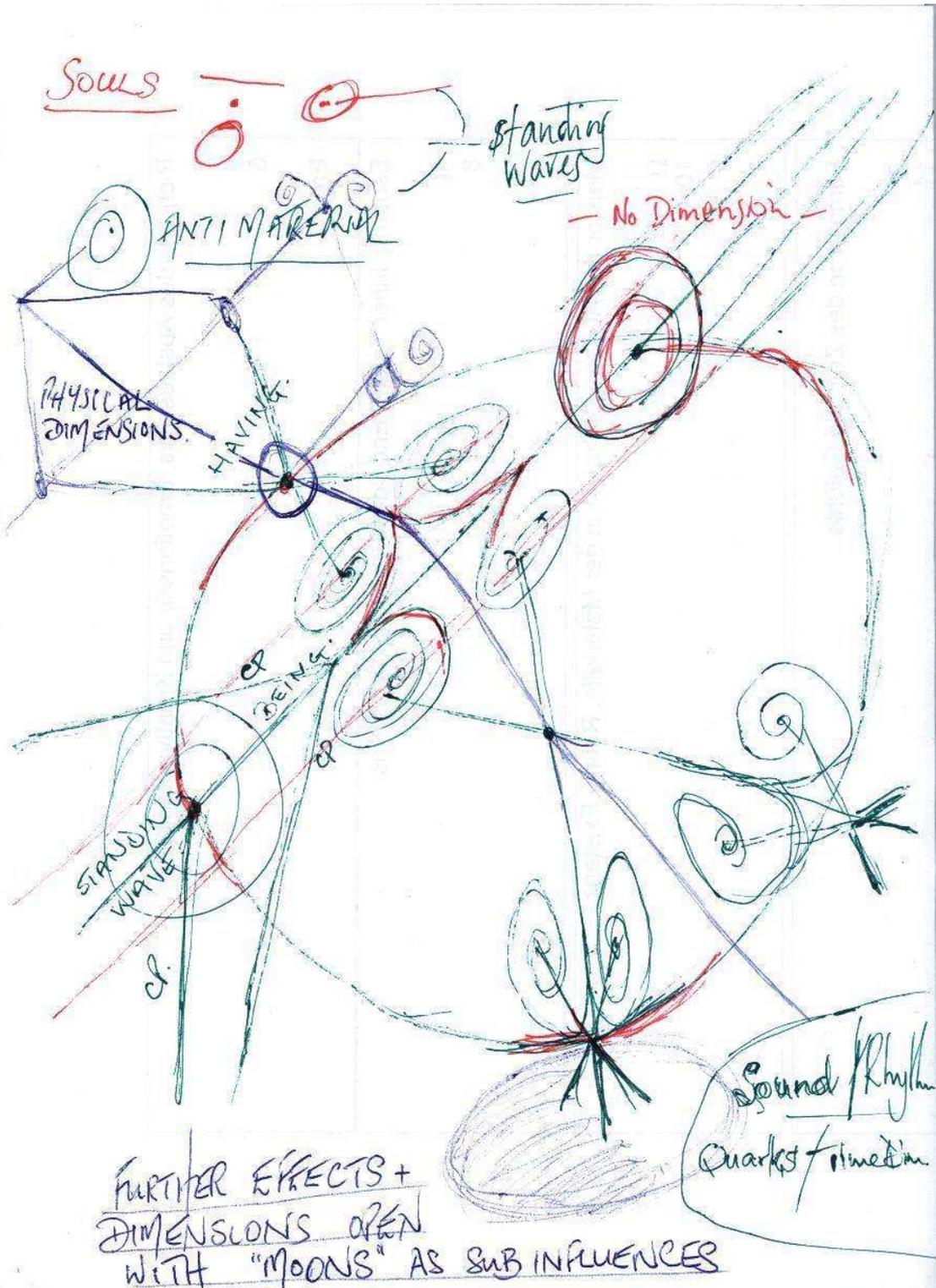
STANDING WAVE

CP

Sound / Rhythm

Quarks / time dim

FURTHER EFFECTS + DIMENSIONS OPEN WITH "MOONS" AS SUB INFLUENCES



No 1. Size is Relative....

From what is small there comes something smaller
What is that seed?
It grows in its protection
But this bursts asunder...
The bonds are broken
So a new period begins
It has a period, a new shell grows.
We wonder at this process
It is a form of exchange
With the outer world to a know a trust
What elements the Genesis will allow
What elements the environment will play with.

What do we think?
Life so simple, even death
That balance between elements inside
That sharing with outside catalysts.
What did we say about the winter, so long, so hard
But look – we are in summer, have trust
- the past is not the future
But just like nature we hold the information.
In rings of contentment or even their opposite
We have to learn their release
The mechanism of consciousness – a holy opportunity
We do release the core –
No wait and see
A place of trust –
It reveals the message of life and death.
Now to find this place....

No 2. What are we here for?

Part One...

What are we here for?
To share that deep inner beauty of life
But beware it has to get out
Its might is so great it bows over the greatest.
How do the great fall?
They do not give way to that seed of childish reality
That childish wish to bring nature "out"
To release its inner nature into materials
That try, once more to get it "right".
But nature has something greater than that simplicity.
Its own security to be protected on many sides.

So which side were you born?
So which secret do you hold?
So that you are the greatest
But remember its only in short burst
At first to check your reality
Not to be held
Or a "whole" will appear in your creativity
Release and see how nature will support its deepest will.

Part Two

Even the deepest can be round the corner
We need to know the highest and its wonder
Then we see what I held for us and by us.
It can be in sanctity.
If it's not then let it go to the seeds.
It will reappear as we change our position.
What is the will of all these
- its not just of God
It's the ultimate seed of that inner beauty
Care - its impulsiveness will make the animal real.
Now we stand at the crossroads of discontent.
The high way, the low way and so the heavens
They are showing the reality of all creation
We look at the ways, a microcosm of the largest
Then we look further –
Is this the picture of something far smaller.
Whose stuck in the middle of what?
Whose got a heart?
Whose feeling what others are doing?
Whose telling you what to do?
Yet whose life is it really?

I wish to do this, you wish that
Yet whose to say what is authentic
What is the cost?
It's just like economic values – there is always one
Value of doing one thing against the other
One lies on one heaven
The other on the other
How many do you have in your life?
- and even death
Which life are you in?
The Earth is still divided yet we want oneness
Whose working for what?
A community of ones – its values true
Its roots in harmony with the elements
Yet what is the distance, where is the middle
Who is to say what that is?
Its all politics as ideas appear from those roots
Keep sharing and don't play with time
Don't play with value
Don't play with innocence.
Stay with humility that Heavens stay together.
AMEN....

No 3. Social unity through Destruction.

The jaws of death
They seem to entice
But that is not the way
Culture of how people share
It is cut to the bone
It is said to make way for a unity.
But what is this unity?
It destroys people's projects
It appears to be secured under social necessities
Now we are told they are not allowed!

It effects all new things
Everything can work in society
That money can be "made".
That new way was to find the way back
Nature's roots and so community roots
New ways to exchange and create value.
Was it an illusion?
The roots of culture, yes people wished to climb
But which way is reality going
A vast depression and "kill" for all or nothing.

Let us look, it's a race what is effected
It is not the whole but a part
It might be a symptom of the times
But how to destroy the growing violence of uncertainty?
We get more individuality but it's too tight,
Too war-like We cannot go back
That was another war – it was real
This lies in the air – but we ask if it's real.

I remember another folk,
They were not mine
They were not those that I know now
Those hills were not of dark satanic mills
Those hills were of some hope
The people carried on, they bore signs of toil
There was hope to do something with life.
They looked for value
- human as well as material
It does not speak of perfection
It does of another folk
They have their problems too!

I have a small wish, "may I join them?"
A country so far but so near
Those mountains so beautiful but so deadly
How do you really treat all nature.
Some of the move

Some static and even dead
The way will be shown in those moments
- that strange few years
They made not sense, now they open or not
WE WAIT....

4. The Hands of the Master.

Master of each creation
Master of the Unity
Master of Mine
Master that lets me carry on...
You've given me something
- Not just of depth
So why do I dilute it
- those question I place
- its love is immense
- so why do I thin it
- people wish its power not
- or may they do; their backing
- it's too intense
- so it falls between two stools
That of love and that of hate
We sing of muses
We shout of the injustices
Let's stand by the doors of that love
It's there for everyone
For each taste and task – waiting
Slightly different but the same
It responds to the key of desire.

What do we want?
That question of recognition
To it the master's or is it us
Care or we sink
Love knows no bounds
But creation knows bounds
The Alpha and Omega and its reverse
They reveal their differences
What does the creation want and where
Look at what you wish
Is it the Master's dream
Is it the Master's reality
Do not miss the path of what there is...
Its Transformation
To know the Earth's inner spirit.

5. Pain...

Those curious pangs of pain
The truth disappears
Those people so “nice”, so efficient
They told a tale to get something
“Money”
Force your attention
Was that a tale of mismanagement?
Was that one of deceit?

The tale was broken
The sound of beauty
But then nature was still squabbling
First the animals for their room
The cosmos, to remind the mind
- of its Universal values
There is an ever changing perception...

6. How to Escape

1.11.1997

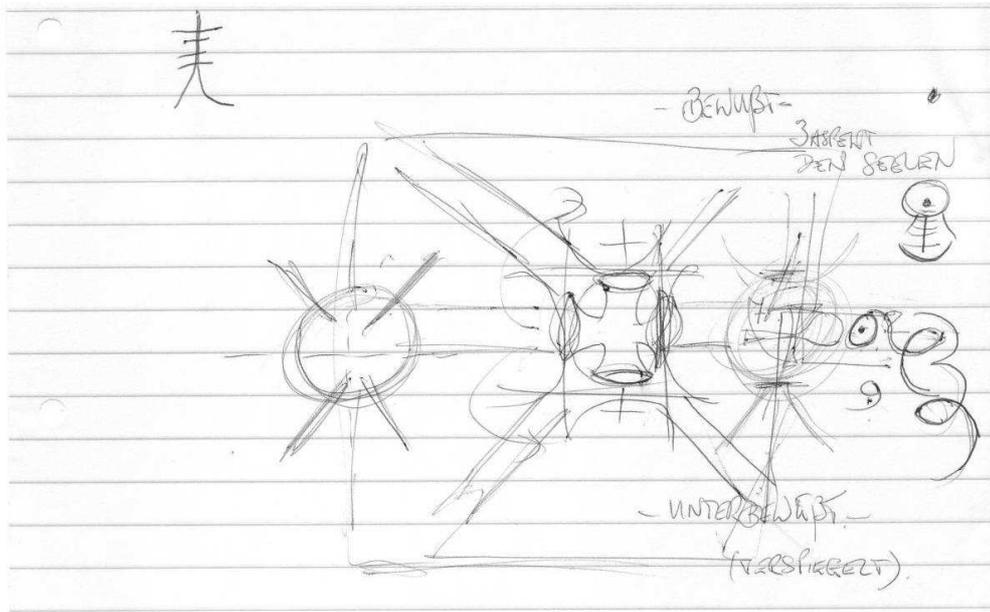
What now....?
Oh God
What are they escaping?
They are supposed to know
- but I doubt if they know
Are they not building another tower
- Yes, one of Armageddon.
The answer is there in nature
- but they still run
Sometimes they might be tired
- but when
Then they will find “home”
They will return to their real reaction.
What did they do in the past?

Nature is on the run- really
Then suddenly – it’s not
It’s checking up itself
To realise that it exists
How far did you get out of balance?
What are you fighting?
Yes- a reaction on the spur, caught up in hope.
Which side of the line are you?
In the circle of tolerance.
What was the reason given?
Care it’s not the deepest point of return
Mad life comes up –the truth
Between life and death – How DANGEROUS.
So we move - to check – what do we really like?

7. Home Not possible - I'm Sorry - 14.12.97 To Heinrich Heine

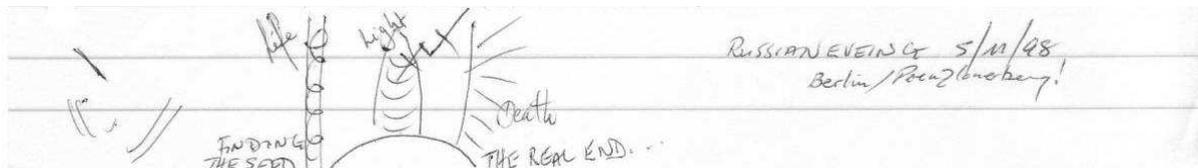
I wonder where home really is ?
A question which may not be real.
Who is judge of what?
The people, short, thin, long in face.
What about their mental pose?
Love and even hate gone sour
That Quantum principle of movement and detail
It makes nonsense of life – one way – growth
What love is of these natural rules
Then only death shows its face
But love is not death
But oh it is.
But love makes beauty from death
It ignores but the cycle of reality
The season of our existence
Winter – Summer, those aspects in between
Which way are we going?
Look at the politics-
Which is the way?
It is different for each area and person
Richness to keep
Richness to get hold of...
Which sound of a philosophy are we working
Why a philosophy?
There appears to be a middle holding us together.
Death goes to life and life to death.
If we stop in the middle – STOP
We find the answer – HOME
- but only for a moment.
So is nature – stay with it - but do not stay!
The mind wanders and wishes...
We go with it or do we stay ...
The balance between mind and body....
Home goes with us further....

8. Night, Future, they never come....



Night comes
Its dark but what more
We enter a wall of death.
Light is more than we would believe
It holds life as well as death
A mirror of that "Genesis"
Where death is first to be seen or just felt
A place where death is not last
Is this not strange – death at the beginning.
A reminder of something remaining untold
Yet still part of that anxiety which never comes
Never and never

Russian Evening
Prinzlauerberg- Berlin 5.11.98



After our death we do not enter death
This death after light is another reminder
It's only where existence got lost
- like a rouse to life and another death.
That superficial physical one....
Do not get lost in this
It is there in life
When we change, place, memory, emotion

We cannot remember all aspects of these areas
We live a life of layering
Different surface which glow, which are dull
Sometimes even our landscape comes alive
- in light, in luminance
It enters a special spiral to death.
Remember it is opposite in "space" as to earth.
When it shows itself on Earth it's reminding
- us as that death is not far away.
We have to ask a question
- so fundamental, it's everything....
Life and death in normality do not exist
Yet to ask us the fate of either makes
- both appear
We are trapped.
We can only be in existence and never ask
Modern life loves to be sure of life
As we count, yet we should forget
The reality is not the way of saying
- Yes or No to the future.....

9. Authority

I have my trouble with "authority"
Which nature shall I understand
Which to know but not to know.
I cannot take what I cannot accept
Which level am I pushed
- over the precipice into death
My personality cannot be killed
- it feels like it
- a pressure on us to perform
- change of temperament

- like day to night
What trail do we follow in the dark of the night
The light of day turns to the eeriness of the night
- a ghost appears to haunt us
- sound intensifies the real reality
- it is only a matter of focus
- how loud, how soft....

They change our reality as only the day for day happenings
- the cover is different

Yet we search for something lost
- who tells us what's lost
- those who we should love
- those who we follow
- but who tells us?

We are bid by the money and who plays the tune
- money to survive
- yet who wishes to be let off the hook

I drop my guard, I transcend, the body springs out
It wishes to save itself
What is the trick?

To tell that tale which is the ultimate
- if only we would see that authority.
- nature does not cook the books
- nature does not buy time
- nature does not tell a tale

Yet we do - WHY?

We wish to tell nature it has gone too far
Yet we go too far to tell it so!

... to check a reality which we do not want
nature seems to go too far back and we cannot keep up
someone has pushed too far

We react or we do not do so

... either way to remain between "points"
but to know "Unity"

10 Transformation...

That transformation

That way down To let go

To cross a resonance barrier

- of space
- of perception

That old Matrix lets go

Do not be scared

Balance light + dark

A point of the opposite in the middle

An animal known within the forests of our mind.

Are we lost on our planet

Only we have that perception

Do not be shouted down

That rhythm too fast.

Do not be left alone in silence

See the inside of existence awake

- always ready for us

Not a "Cross" to be crucified on

Because we care what is happening

- to our creation
- to others' creation

Not as a shadow of existence

It is as a mighty mirror of that inner splendour

It is taken on out into the splendour of the light

- in such a way the reality is not destroyed
- movement and detail all in "One"
- consciousness and resonance with modulation in harmony
- intensity in balance; free flow of the spirit, in courage
- it is open to the inner ultimate
- as to the outer ultimate

A light of perfect pulsation, a laser without damage, a hologram

11. Intelligence...

What starts that Intelligence

- Love, attraction.

Not without knowledge of the outcome...

Somewhere it feels I chose wrong

We can so easily feel this way

- or was that my perspective of existence.



Time moves so slowly at one level, the physical

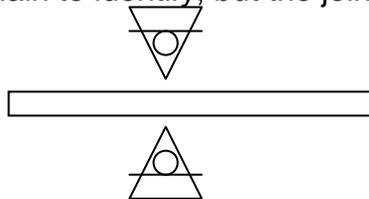
Its emotional wishes that are faster – it knows by focusing

The barrier was age, the step behind with development.

The other was that wish to find “home” –

- people around but it was not the mother’s closeness
- it was the need to speak the same language
- a deepness to find inside what arouses interest
- it is not a lie but resounds the truth

The walls remain to identify, but the joining is complete.



I reach too far

What breaks the heart....?

The need of close contact...

One to give, the other to take

But from which generation

Where is nature pushing its growth potential, NOW

That was not then, when the physical called

It is the intellectuality of the minds

It is the home of the physical –

- the house of trust + competence ...

The outer clothing of intelligence

It is one of appearance, of moments sharing

The great intelligence comes alive...

It is in the Universal ...

Like the sea of great intent

The oceans of the world

- our homes are not there

We live on the earth

Where water is controlled

-Aquarius is the life force

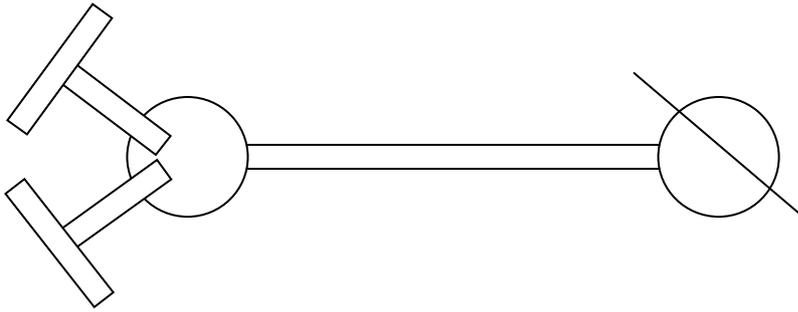
The water is poured as needed

It plays its tune but not its destruction

A land where islands are safe

- where we can jump from stone to stone

- we shall not be pushed over
- the storms are no longer necessary



Each relationship is for what is it....

A friend

A colleague

A family

Large or small

12. Clothes of Love

8.6.2004

There we are, all naked

We do not understand love or....

It appears gone

That partner did not understand forgiveness

She did not understand how love is clothed

How we can take our "soul clothes" off

In peace after a terrible personal storm...

The Heavens rocked as Death showed up

- its fierce claws brazen to take us alive

- but life can be strange

- to carry on wishing to clothe that love.

Death shows us – violence of nature –

A step to clothe the Souls of existence

- that is false

Look at nature after the storm

The water brazened surface of "our" earth

We cry –

So the same with our emotions

But does the Earth cry?

Maybe we do not see it

The reaction takes years to show

- its only relative

But us not the repair at a cost

- yes – of other parts of nature.

Whether it is human nature or earthly nature

There we are replacing

- materially – emotionally

We give reasons – right or wrong

They prop us up until something better comes....