

# THE ESSAYS

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## 1. A WONDERFUL CHILDHOOD

Although my parents were relatively poor and my father was out of a job since I was born I had the most perfect childhood a person could ever wish for. I lived together with my parents, four older sisters and a dog called Wimpy in a small apartment in the southern part of Rotterdam, in those days the biggest port and industrial complex in the world. I always played football for many hours a day since I was five and it was all very relaxed.

Thank God we did not have the iPhone in those days! We had very tough winters when I was young and you could enjoy snow and skate if you wanted. But winter was not my thing. I preferred the summer and beaches and I still do. I remember my time in kindergarten and primary school very well and it were always the nicest girls from school that kept me company. I loved this because female energy comforts me.

I always had a boyish character and I always wanted to laugh, play and enjoy life to the fullest and to be honest: I never changed a bit! I am convinced you cannot change a person's personality regardless what main-stream psychologist may say. You can polish a person's rough sides slightly but nothing more. If I am right don't we waste a lot of public money world-wide by investing a lot in changing people's behaviour, also in the penal sector? The best a person can achieve is to become aware of his bad habits and try to manage or accept them a bit.

Do not have too high expectations to change a person's personality, because I am sure you will be disappointed. Many women after they "caught" their boyfriend or future husband think they can change and clay him but this is often an illusion and when they succeed, the man will become unhappy, will leave them sooner or later or die young or the woman will find him less attractive if she was successful in her personal project. Is this a paradox or not?

Many women see a man as their project and although they feel attracted to his wild and independent nature they want to change him when he is theirs. For me this is not very logical but the logic of women is apparently more complicated than that of men. Soccer became my passion and like with so many other things in my life I started at the bottom. But I have so much energy and perseverance that I grow and grow and in the end reach a very good level. With football it was the same.

While my best friend Gerry, who played for the Feyenoord's A-team and was selected for the national team under 19 years old, was much better than me from the start, I developed and developed and became better and better till I surpassed him in creativity and beautiful play and I am sure about that.

I was a street player and played soccer each day for many hours and gradually I became a better player, but in the end I lacked the mono-maniac drive to become a professional player. Perhaps this was caused by my wide scope of interests and you can only become a good football player when you are mono-maniac and are 100% focused on football. Gerry, by the way, failed as a professional football player very soon and became a postman, but there is nothing wrong with that profession.

At the age of 16 I could do anything I wanted with the ball and we became one. I was extremely fast and my tactical insight was excellent. But I also liked so many other things and in a crucial phase of my life I met the wrong people, the wrong coaches and my passion and interest in soccer vanished. Studying became more and more important in my life and I was, let's say, "enlightened" when I became 18.

When I was 18 I was asked by Excelsior's scout and the year before the youth team of that club had become national champions. In those days my country was the best of the best in football all over the world, with Johan Cruyff as the divine master. But at that moment my passion for football was already diminishing rapidly. I more and more liked to study and I promoted from the lowest level of school when I was 17 to the Erasmus University when I was 20. I skipped the fifth grade of the pre-university school and because of my year of birth I got dispensation by the minister of Defence, so I made a big leap in a short period of time.

Sometimes my life came in a super flow and sometimes I was nailed to the ground and made no progress at all, no matter what I tried and did. So many times I experienced that progress or inertia are ruled by metaphysical factors, because I did not act differently, did the same as ever before when I developed rapidly or stood still and other factors out of my reach were responsible for this. Or just like Hindus say: the bird does not fly.

It is being flown by the air and the fish does not swim. It is being swum by the water. All what we do or what befalls us is related to the many different kinds of energy. Read Tesla, the fabulous genius on energy and waves. Once I heard that when a butterfly spreads its wing in Brasil it can cause a hurricane in America.

People who have known me since when I was 16 years of age could not believe their eyes and ears when they heard I studied law and economics when I was 20, because when I was 16 I was a rebel who's only interests were with football and girls. It was a complete metamorphosis. When I was 17 I was very much in love with a girl called Carmen but she was only 14. We had a platonic love affair and when we were together we felt like two dolphins. We did not need to communicate verbally because we understood each other perfectly nonverbally. Later it took me many years to get the same feeling with a woman again.

Many people think you can fall in love every week but the reality is that most people do not find a true love at all and the ones who are fortunate will have three or four in their entire lives. When I was young I always played outside the house and I feel sad nowadays when I see most children play all day with their computers and iPhones in their rooms. It is an addiction just as terrible as drugs and my three daughters are also addicted.

I thank God that I had a normal youth and not this crazy type of substitute for social contacts. Since I was 16 I went out to disco every weekend and it was the time of John Travolta. Disco was booming with fantastic music. My favourite club was 'Bristol' and I went out with my schoolmates and Marlon Pilkington, my best friend, to score the most beautiful chicks.

Marlon and I could have been brothers but he was 10 centimetres taller than me – I am 181 cm- and we both had a dark brown skin after one day in the sun. We had so many beautiful girls that I cannot recall their names anymore. Marlon always got into trouble with the police and his weak character was totally in contrast with that of mine.

When I was 19 I fell in love with Marian or, better said, she first fell in love with me. She was a very beautiful woman who was Sade's lookalike. She was half Dutch and half Ambonese. All boys at school envied me when they saw us together and I was very proud of her. We decided to live together because we were "already" 19 and 16 and we found ourselves very mature. Later, when I looked back upon this period, I had to smile a bit because we were merely big children in those days.

Although we had a very good relationship during 5 1/2 years, it stranded because at a given time there was no challenge anymore and the expiration date for this relationship - all relationships have - had passed and we went our separate ways. Besides that, Marian never wanted children because her father was schizophrenic and she was afraid it was genetically determined, I guess. Since I was twelve or so I exercised and exercised and loved many types of sport.

In summer I went with my friends to the most beautiful nearby outdoor swimming complex my country ever had and I enjoyed life to the fullest. School for me was totally irrelevant and I did not see the use for me in it, but when I was confronted to study seriously or to leave school to work and I had paid a visit to a technical school for only boys I was so shocked by the absence of girls that from that moment on I was motivated to study, did my best and from then on my results became better and better.

I think a child's motivation is the most important factor for success in school and the influence of parents in this is very limited. If you have a goal in life and know exactly what you want, you get wings. If you do not know this, you will behave like a lost and disoriented person in the desert. Unfortunately many people never find out what they really want and spend their entire lives searching for their destiny, like headless chickens.

When I became 17 I knew what I wanted to be and everybody laughed at me. I wanted to become a lawyer and at that age with my poor school qualifications I guess it sounded like a boy who says that he wants to be an astronaut. But I never give up and when I became 25 I was a lawyer indeed. But I only liked the theory and the study because deep in my heart I despised most lawyers. I think hell is full of them.

Most of them want to rip off their clients, make problems only bigger and transform something good into a slang language which is fundamentally wrong. I cannot respect those kind of people. Later in my life I met very noble lawyers, so it is important not to generalize also in this respect. My passion to study was more with macro-economics and I was fortunate to get a job with the Economic Department of the City of Rotterdam after having of all kinds of temporarily jobs for two years.

My youth was so wonderful and I am still very grateful to my parents who gave me everything I needed. I cannot remember I was ill in my youth and I enjoyed life to the fullest every day. This also proves that happiness and wealth are not correlated at all. You can be happy with little and simple things in life and when I look at today's children I am a bit shocked because it seems their lives depend totally on getting the next generation iPhone.

To me this is rather bizarre and sad and I wonder what will become of this generation and what kind of effect surrogate social contact will have on their real social lives. But perhaps this is an "old man" talking and everything will become fine after all.

I have no expectations nor pretensions at all that I can change this kind of behaviour with my daughters. The forces that determine these addictions are simply too strong. A century ago in the description of youth it would probably end at the age of 20 or so, but during my life the expiration date of youth was constantly postponed and perhaps it had to do with the fact people got older and older - because of more wealth - but also because society cultivated a juvenile role model. Men and women did much more to stay young. Besides that I did not get older at all. I think it was God's gift.

So when I became a single again when I was 29 I was still a teenager again and I went out to disco many times a week. All my friends lived the same life after their relationship had stranded. In hindsight this process of relative age gave a boost to my health and energy and, believe me or not, when I go out to various discos many people still call me 'boy' and I think this is funny.

This is not the phantasy of a man in his midlife-crisis but it is very real. I am full of energy and joy and people seem to attribute that kind of energy to a younger age. I have my mother's genes, toughness and spirit. In another essay I will describe the process of getting older and one of my conclusions is that to become old is also a psychological process and a matter of mentality.

If you think and believe you are becoming older and are restricted then you act accordingly and it becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. I know people of 80 years old who walk the marathon or play tennis every day. I am convinced that mentality determines your older behaviour and this gives you more negative energy. Your mind then selects information that fits elderly people.

So what I am saying is that most people are mentally killing themselves. Of course when you get older you will probably have more psychical shortcomings and handicaps, but the mentality and spirit influence the overall state of the body in general. There is no medicine in the world that can compete with that strong force. In my youth television programmes were so much better than they are nowadays.

By the way, we felt millionaires when we got our first black and white TV. We only had three channels but they provided good quality programmes, where programme makers had put a lot of creative effort in with a modest budget. Nowadays I have more than 100 channels and I still do not know what to choose because most of it is litter. Thank you, mister de Mol. He is one of the key media persons and exports his shit to many other countries as well.

The cultural life in my youth was also much richer and many people were active members of one or more clubs and read books. Nowadays most people in my country live like hermetic robots in routine and their often dull job has become their life. Since the day I was born I lived together with my family in the southern part of Rotterdam that is called 'Zuidwijk'.

In those days it was a lovely area with a lot of greenery and water full of fish. Many farms were close by my parental house and that gave the impression that it was partly city, partly village. There were many good quality shops nearby and crime was extremely low. Now it is wild west. There were several social networks active, many people knew each other by face and name and we did not need social media because we had real social contacts.

I remember my parents, my sisters and I often walked a few miles to the 'Beijerlandselaan' that was full of nice specialized shops. There we bought delicious cheese and I can still smell the wonderful vapours. This entourage and atmosphere are now completely gone in this street and this process of decay started in the end of the 80's. Now it is crowded with indistinct shops without any variation and the native inhabitants who had enough money left their neighbourhood due to the massive influx of the wrong kinds of immigrants.

It is not the immigrants' fault, who sought a better life, but the responsibility for this ethnic tragedy - I can give it no other name - lies 100% with the governments involved and with the businessmen who wanted to make big money by hiring relatively cheap labour forces and recruited them in their countries. They did not give a shit about the severe consequences for society in the long run.

As so many other things in life, when motives are not noble, the side effects and result will also be negative. This does not mean in my opinion that the multicultural society has completely failed as so many people say nowadays. On the contrary, most people found their way, contributed to society and became successful. The influence of many different cultures also enriched society and made it more interesting. I have many friends among immigrants.

However it also had serious side-effects you cannot turn a blind eye to and this I will discuss later in more detail. Now you stumble over many obscure and bad quality shops in my city and variety is passé. I consider myself a cosmopolitan and I am very interested in other cultures like any cultural anthropologist and as I stated in other essays I am also very much interested in world history. I respect all cultures and races and for me all people are equal. I do not say this because it is politically correct.



But at the same time I see the concept of a multicultural society had severe negative side effects the policy and decision makers in the period 1970-2010 did not fully realize or they simply did not know the answer to this situation. In my city people of 170 nationalities are trying to live together, many times successfully but also with high crime rates and massive social costs of integration.

In my opinion there are two main suspects for this relative chaos and ethnic turmoil and that are the social democrats who always believed in a naïve romantic view of the benefits of bringing together so many people from different origins without noticing side effects and had a tendency later to twist facts. If 70% of the criminals were from one ethnic group they simply denied it.

On the other hand there were the greedy businessman who wanted to make more and more profit over the backs of poor people who organized large scale immigration of cheap labourers with a totally different socio-economic background and religion than the native people here. And after decades that can become problematic and affects the social cohesion and structure of an entire society.

When the “software” of value, belief and moral systems is compatible, integration to some degree is possible, but when the software is not compatible then you have a big problem. I am not at all a fan of Geert Wilders and his PVV, on the contrary because his words only polarize and enlarge the tensions in this ethnic magna-chamber, but his style and words seem to satisfy the fears and sentiments of many frustrated native people in my country.

He is an extreme opportunist with blind hate and generalizes all people and he verbally attacks Islam and I think this is terribly wrong because the source of fanatic Muslims is not the Koran nor the mosque, but the total loss of identity and roots of many young desperate people, who in the end are willing to commit the most hideous crimes against other people.

All people need roots and a feeling of belonging to a culture and group. When they lack that feeling the box of Pandora will be opened when it is mixed with extreme religious fanatics. There is no simple recipe for this but everything starts with a basic attitude of mutual respect. To be a negative racist is very easy because we are still genetically for 99% animals and they also “defend” their territory.

Not to be an ethnic critic is much more difficult and demands experience, education, civilisation, a good insight in complex matters and a moral balance and not all people have that talent. Wilders and his disciples certainly not.

When a man like Wilders comes to power this can surely lead to civil unrest and even warlike situations and his followers are, to be honest, not the brightest

people around. But to avoid misunderstandings: many of his followers have had real bad experiences with the influx of too many antisocial people of other origin and, let's face it, they were not always the most noble immigrants they met. Many of them were people without any morals, a lack of basic conscience who behaved badly and committed many hideous crimes and in the best case they were people who needed years and years to integrate and adapt.

A former lover of mine called Ruslana told me my language sounded like monkey language and I have to admit it is far from easy to learn. Persons who looked the other way were doing people like Fortuyn and Wilders a big favour because they provided them an ideal basis to grow as a political faction. In reality they are merely a bunch of angry, frustrated individuals with the supreme leader who pulls the strings, like in a religious cult.

Some things they shout have a core of truth in them and that makes it even more difficult to debate with them and neutralize their messages of hate. The faith of these movements is always the same. After a major crisis the movement vanishes in thin air. The paradox of these parties is also that from the very start it was 100% clear that their rabiate ideas and plans were totally unrealistic. The best they can achieve is that other parties, out of opportunism and fear, adopt some of their ideas.

And if some elements of these are positive then even these kind of parties have some positive added value for society after all. Wilders plays with the frustrations and negative feelings of many confused people and I see real danger in this. The slightest danger is that we as a nation make ourselves look ridiculous in other countries. Because The Netherlands as a nation has so many credits worldwide in ethics, humanism and also in the judicial field, most foreign governments do not overreact and only raise their eyebrows, thinking this bad smelling wind will fly over eventually.

Still it is a serious risk. If Wilders comes to power and may god prevent this, we would be isolated and our internationally orientated economy will crumble, because everything that looks or smells like racism is fortunately not done anymore in world opinion anno 2016.

Already 35 years ago my father pointed out the risks of this uncontrolled immigration on that scale because many people who feel alienated and frustrated in their own neighbourhood and country are willing to use violence in the end just as the derailed youngsters from the third and fourth generation of immigrants who lost their roots and identity.

My father experienced World War II and he saw how many of his Jewish neighbours were slaughtered by the Nazis. His own father died because of starvation in the final year of the war and it marked my father for life. He hated Germans and when his only (half)brother emigrated to Germany in the 70's to work there, he considered him a traitor.

I still remember how my father and mother talked about the bombing of Rotterdam and they both were nearly killed by it. Later I met many Germans and I saw they have generally become nice, intelligent and civilized people and I even had a short relationship when I was 18 with Elly Frank from Karlsruhe. In my family there was no place for racism at all, it was simply absent in our lives.

Most of the relationships I had were with women from other cultures also from surrounding countries such as Germany and Belgium and I liked it very much, because different cultures can also be an enrichment. It is a fact of life that the wonderful neighbourhood I grew up in has completely vanished and is now merely populated with immigrants and the lower social class of native people.

My mother nowadays, even while she is very vivid, bright and strong for her age (90) is afraid to go out and open her door because of the manifestations of dope influenced robbers, who have the moral luggage of a dog with scabies and are in fact antisocial zombies. Also mentally ill people are often let loose by psychiatric institutions to save costs. Great success!

Each time they injure or even kill innocent people, the standard reaction is that the mentally sick people were regarded by the professionals as not dangerous for their environment. In my opinion all damage should be paid to victims by these institutions, because they and not the mentally disturbed persons are to blame. Sometimes I doubt if some psychiatrists are perhaps "Durak" themselves☺

Because most people want to live in their self-created comfort zone I know many friends who categorically deny high crime rates and pretend it is not there, like an ostrich that puts his head in the sand when he sees danger. Even when the bullets fly over their heads they say they did not notice any danger or violence. It is a kind of ego-defence mechanism and to some extent funny.

In England they say they do not see the elephant in the living-room I have wonderful memories of those good old times and remember how nice it was to go to the disco and school. When I was 17 I discovered Mexican boots and since then they became a part of me, not only because they are very comfortable to walk in, but also because people associate this in one way or another with a rebellious and free mind and only the latter is true.

Many of my girlfriends however did not like them and it was a constant discussion why I wore such “despicable” shoes. But as a real man I never bent for this kind of pressure, sorry girls. They were the days of disco and soul music and in the 80's there were so many beautiful, mainly English, pop songs. It looked as if the creative genie had come out of the bottle and the numerous British top bands in the 80's and 90's were very impressive and I still like that music because it is timeless.

I had a wonderful time at my school that was called 'MAVO Slinge' and although I failed one class because I did nothing to study and only paid attention to the girls and football, I caught up and started to study more seriously when I became 16. My sisters in those days left home one by one to marry when they became 18. That was normal in those days and I still remember my father criticizing them for their bad choices and although I found him in those days a bit conservative and paranoia,

I must admit in hindsight he was right. My eldest sister married one of the first porn king of my country, who told my parents he was member of the religious Sunday school and a frequent church goer. My eldest sister, who looked like Elizabeth Taylor and every man adored her, had chosen for this ugly beast for the money and later in her life it turned out this choice would become fatal.

My other sister, who left home when she was 14 and was without any doubt problematic, but she married a wonderful man who was very handsome and looked a bit like Elvis. He had a good character and joined the air force. As is often the case in life with very good people, they meet the wrong persons as lovers - opposites attract and the bad vampire person acts like parasite - and it will ruin their lives.

That is why the topic of relationships in this book is so important and I will discuss this in a separate essay and in my other book “Gorki in Holland”. My sister killed the soul of this wonderful but too soft man slowly by her terrible behaviour and I am sure God will punish her for this because it is a bloody shame what she did to this kind man. He was in mental hospital only in his early 40's.

My other sister married a man of whom you could not see whether he was alive or dead. He was so dull that I lost interest in them very quickly. This sister was always a bit of a neurotic person, unstable and always willing to gossip about other people and I dislike that kind of behaviour. Friends you choose but family you cannot choose.

My youngest sister married a man with a poor intelligence who could not even properly write a few sentences in Dutch when they met, but she was also not a genius herself and a bit problematic, so I guess they were two of a kind and made for each other. My country 's main hypochondriac couple. Whilst I never pay a visit to a doctor or a hospital, only when it is very serious, they have paid visits twice or three times every week for over 40 years now and the day after they read in medical books they have the most obscure and rare disease that three other people in the world also have.

On average they meet medical doctors 15 times a month for very vague symptoms. This costs society a fortune but no medic nor the insurance company cares about this apparently and not all medical doctors keep a track record of their "diseases". The expenditures for medical care in my country are extremely high and you now know why.

Hypochondriacs do not want to change at all. It is their life and security. I pity my mother that she gave birth to such awkward children who never respected or loved her. But for me my mother is an icon, a role model of the perfect mother although I was unfortunately also not the ideal son and without intention caused her a lot of headache in life. But our relationship remained very well and I guess I become mature now after all.

I fully agree that children must respect their parents unless they are mis-treated or abused. Unfortunately my sisters, except my youngest sister who has on average a good character in essence, disrespected my parents completely and I was so shocked by it when I was young. I was totally finished with them. But this is enough gossip for the whole book.

As I have stated before I was very fortunate that the term 'youth' was postponed substantially in my culture, so when I was 29 and single again after my second very long relationship, I was having parties in discos with my former schoolmates and it was the most normal thing in the world in those days. I was young again, wow. It was only when I met my ex-wife that I became more mature at the age of 31. Not knowing the life of parties and discos would come back for me when I became 44, but this is a different story for another essay.

## 2. DISCLAIMER

Science created a lot of opportunities. For most of us science is without any doubt good for us and a sign of development of human civilisation. Others however also see dark sides of science and are for instance against genetic manipulation. My opinion is nuanced in this. Science is fine, but more attention should be being paid to non-materialistic issues.

This is now more or less taboo, but in the days of the founders of science such as Socrates, Plato and Aristotle the unmaterialistic sphere was an important part of reality. Nowadays, if you cannot prove a phenomenon with instruments, it does not exist even when almost everybody is convinced it is real. This slows down real progress. This way science somehow also has become some kind of religion.

When the materialistic dimension is more combined with the unmaterialistic one, I am sure we will make a gigantic leap in science this century. Later I will discuss this in more detail. Because mankind invented language and passed on knowledge to the next generation we could reach the intellectual heights of today. Language also made it possible to pass on history and one can compare the invention of writing with the invention of computer technology thirty or so years ago, but then multiplied by a million times.

Nowadays we can read on internet how a society flourished 5.000 years ago in Mesopotamia, what Socrates and Alexander the Great thought about issues, how bravely Achilles performed against Hector in the Trojan War and things like that. This is real immortality, is it not? The last 40.000 years mankind built further on the achievements of former generations and this is the most significant difference with animals.

Animals are much smarter than we would like to admit, but they lack this instrument. In essence the differences between mankind and animals are not so big. We made them look bigger to make ourselves unique. Civilisation is a thin layer embedded in culture. In times of war this layer breaks up and we become beasts again and after the war things restore to as usual.

The party that lost is bad, the winner is good and the winners can use this for cultural expressions many decennia. For millennia people have cultivated their cultures and civilisation is merely a mental structure that provides people with comfort. It is also an instrument to control people by themselves and by their rulers and its institutions. People create and often believe in fairy-tales and the number of really openminded and honest people I met in my life is relatively small.

Most people are willing and able to fool themselves if it gives them comfort. Many people are also willing to put themselves in a mental prison and sacrifice their freedom. For many people freedom is scary and like some birds in a cage they do not fly away when you open the door. Mankind has the tendency to put itself on a pedestal.

We are superior and modelled according to the image of God, but we say it ourselves. Up until merely 250 years ago mankind had the sun circulate around the earth but - the ancient Greeks and others (perhaps much earlier) already knew this 2.500 years ago – it is the other way around. Up to very recently we thought we lived in the centre of the Milky Way, but it turned out we are located in a deserted outpost.

The problem is that this way we become less and less unique and because of this, new scientific knowledge is not always accepted. If it turns out that indeed visitors from space paid a visit to us in the past, it means that we are not only common, but we are also backward and our development is perhaps millions of years behind others, so our status becomes even more minor 😊.

But we do not need physical galactic voyages because communication can take off through the mind when it is focused on the right frequency. Perhaps we are already communicating without knowing and perhaps the brilliant and creative ideas and inventions of artists and scientist are merely messages from outer space and we called this inspiration.

When we discovered in science that many animals are extremely intelligent, such as crabs, dolphins, orcas, squid and even insects - even plants seem to have senses - many people unconsciously feel upset because it diminishes their importance and by the way the animals mentioned do not need twenty years in school to become that bright.

Let's face it: it is time for modesty and our science is still in the pioneer phase. For centuries people in the West thought they were superior, standing above the natives of territories they discovered and exploited, but again and again it turned out that these natives had reached a far higher level in some fields than the conquerors. These include Mayas, Incas etcetera.

Scientists and the church did everything in their power to suppress these primitives and falsified history. Even today history books contain blunt mistakes, everybody knows, but it is still taught to our children.

Columbus did not discover America, human civilisation is much older than we thought, fire was discovered 600.000 years earlier than assumed (this also means civilisations are much older because they were triggered by the invention of fire) and I can go on and on to mention many examples of this misinformation. The Chinese sailed the world much earlier than we thought, the map of the world was completed 500 years before adventurers made them and these old maps were based on even much older copies of replicas from ancient times.

That is odd. So historians from the establishment, take off your academic masks, roll up your sleeves and start doing your work all over again please! There is a vast amount of proof of early civilisations lying under water near the west coast of India in a place called Dwarka, there is proof of old civilisations in West Africa etcetera.

Because of the paradigm of superiority of some West European countries in the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> up to the 20<sup>th</sup> century a lot of evidence is simply ignored or not given the right magnitude, because it did not fit the framework of the establishment, which was, and still is, full of prejudices. It would be obscure and silly to think we humans are the only intelligent species in the universe, would it not?

In the Milky Way alone there are more stars than there are grains of sand on earth. There are more galaxies than grains of sand on earth and it is likely there are also countless parallel universes. This would make Einstein's theory of relativity obsolete. So please wake up! Wherever conditions for life are a shred of positive complex life can evolve. Although life can differ a lot as we experienced on earth in time and under different conditions - from very favourable to extreme - I am convinced that the essence of life is a masterpiece of a creative architect.

Isn't this good news! Let's have a party and thank God for it. We are not alone, the existence of a creator is very clear, but so many highbrow scholars dedicate their whole life to prove they are godless. What a strange species mankind is! It is as if a man who loves his woman deeply and everyday makes her life miserable and cheats on her with other women to find out much later he always loved her dearly.

Only those species occur, which architectonic energy force we call God had programmed or made it possible before. I do not care how you call this force, it is of little importance. I never went to church in my entire life, except to the beautiful churches in Kiev and I will write later about it in another essay. If I would have stated this about God 300 years ago, I certainly would have ended up as spareribs on the Roman Catholic barbecue, the early predecessor we nowadays call the mafia.



This religion has little to do with the words of the fantastic enlightened person we call Jesus and this church did and stands for everything he was opposed to. Later on, in another essay, I will explain this in more detail based on the work of saint Thom. In this book I wish to say what I really think about some specific issues and not tell people what I think they want to hear. Subtle social pressure is still manifest in regarding some issues I will discuss in this book. Most of us are caught in a social cobweb with powerful constraints from which escaping seems impossible.

And if you do try, you trigger powerful forces that will try to turn against you. Either you are called incompetent, or your wishes will be ignored and isolated or worse. Do not kill the messenger Freedom is for a large part fiction and most of us are in a vicious circle with work, obligations and routine being our life. Try to stop tomorrow and see what will happen if you doubt my thoughts.

Stay out of work for a year or so because you want to see something of the world and tell your next employer. Do you think he will be enthusiastic and grant you this freedom and will stimulate you to do again? In our society there are all kinds of subtle and often institutionalised mechanisms to prevent you from being free. We live in a world in which the invisible hand (just like Adam Smith told us before) is holding the steering wheel of your life.

Money and materialism have become the new gods. Welfare and rich social contact are on their return. We are busy, busy, busy making money. For what? To many people perhaps it seems clever, but what do you have for all your money when your doctor tells you there's only one month to live? Health is more important than money, as freedom is, I guess. Most people work hard for little and it is almost impossible to become rich out of the blue as an entrepreneur.

It is possible, however. Most people I know who are in business successfully, inherited the company from their parents. Our Western society is dominated by the thought we are self-determined, but I have at least some doubts about that. How many real choices did you have in life and how many opportunities you failed to grasp?

If nowadays the punishment for this statement would be to drink a cup of poison like Socrates did, I would be dead soon. As a matter of fact Socrates did not hesitate to drink it as a matter of fact because he was so fed up by the dishonest, vicious and manipulative, snaky Greek politicians of his time and he said there were only two possibilities: there was life after death and he would meet very interesting heroes or death was just a long dream and it could not harm him also.

Socrates had done so much for his city of Athens and for us (most of our intellectual ideas are derived from him via Plato) and he is one of the most important founders of our society. After his death and that of Plato and Aristotle, scientists and philosophers came not even close to their level of thinking. The Renaissance was merely a pimped remake of what they had already invented earlier, with something added here and there by the many geniuses of the Renaissance, such as Leonardo da Vinci.

Okay, after 1.750 AD we had the Industrial revolution that shaped our modern society and since 1985 or so we had the computer revolution which has a tremendous effect on our lives today and on our future, but the basic ideas had already been invented by the classics and, much later the Arabic scholars. They had no electricity, no computers, no i-phones, no cars, planes or trains so I think we should show them the utmost respect and behave modestly.

The thread of this book is our current spirit of the age and I used several different modern topics to explain. To be honest I had not the faintest idea what I would have to write down from the start, but this was not a real problem, because a book is not written, but a book writes itself and the author is merely an instrument of this cosmic 538-station.

Many inventors in the past did not have a clue as to what they were inventing and then - Eureka! - they invented something totally different than they had intended. It is the same with authors and composers. It has to do with inspiration. Some successful musicians wrote one or two songs that became a hit and then inspiration was gone. Others, like the Rolling Stones, made dozens of hits and it is the same with literature, paintings, brilliant football players, sculptors etcetera.

It is as if masterpieces are transferred through the ether and through people that at that moment were tuned in with the right frequency or a creative force. I hope the reader will forgive me for my poor writing talents because I am not a professional writer at all, but only recently it became one of my hobbies. I certainly do not pretend to have special talents nor the authority to teach the world like a schoolmaster what to think about certain issues I described in this book.

For me this is rather difficult because Dutch people have a unique allele in their gene which make them think they can tell people all around the world what to do, what is good and wrong. My country is about the size of a small forest in Ukraine or Russia but when I hear my fellow Dutchmen speak I get the feeling I am a citizen of Rome. Most of the time they mean well and we did have our golden age in the 17<sup>th</sup> century in which we invented so much, had a creative explosion in science and art and we “ruled the world” with our many ships and its brave explorers.

Even Peter the Great paid us a visit in those days and many words in Russian about ships and the sea are from Dutch origin such as Kajut☺ If the reader finds one or two of my ideas useful then my mission of writing this book is already a success. My drive is certainly not to make big money with this book. This is even impossible by the way - even when the book is very good - in an era in which everybody steals a book from internet. Inspiration is a remarkable phenomenon and not of this world.

If this is true then it is surely possible that civilisation is much older than mainstream historians believe. Mankind was only the instrument for transferring this information. You do not need an UFO for that After the 17<sup>th</sup> century by the way my country fell into decline, which is a natural process one sees everywhere in history. First of all, extreme wealth makes people weak and decadent.

When successful one attracts people who are either jealous or ambitious and sooner or later you are transformed from a key player into a figurant. Rise and fall, rise and fall and Pantei Rei are the golden rules of the dynamics of all great civilisations. And the same is true concerning football teams. Ajax, a famous club in my country, once were European Champions three times in a row and during that period also World Champions.

It is simply impossible to stay at the top for all sorts of psychological and banal reasons. So Real Madrid: enjoy your success, it only will be temporary, regardless of how many hundreds of millions you invest extra in buying the twenty best players of the world. And if then, under those conditions, you win the Champions League, what is the special performance you achieved?

Our Dutch football legend, the fabulous Johan Cruyff, who passed away in 2016, said: "it is difficult to reach the top but it is much more difficult to stay there" and he also said: "every advantage has its disadvantage" and this is true. The gifted Johan Cruijff did not learn much at school and this proves to me that with common sense and 'street wisdom' one also can become a philosopher, just like the Great Muhammad Ali, who also passed away in 2016.

I can still remember that my father and I, when I was very young, went out of bed at three o'clock in the morning to see him fight. He was fabulous and outside the ring he was a social giant too, just like Cruijff. Many professors do not come even close to their intelligence and importance to mankind. I wrote the disclaimer because perhaps unintentionally I did the worst thing possible you can do to people and that is to shake, question, criticize, disturb the comfort zone, the world view, the automatic assumptions of people and powerful institution regarding the fairy-tale we call life.