

**ALL**  
**of Me**  
**SQUEEZED**  
**to the limit**



**Elia Field**

**ALL  
of Me  
SQUEEZED  
to the limit**

**A graphic autobio of a bright light boy**

**2022**

**Author:** Elia Field  
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# Introduction

This is my life story put into writing to make it available. To inspire people, and share my dire development. On the one hand, my book is an account of historical situations. I have been learning all my life, but not by books or teachers, since I was taken out of school at the age of twelve to go to work. I was born with severe dyslexia but as a young child, I practiced quick reading. Due to continuous oppression, abuse, and intense trauma, I went totally illiterate from my teens on. I learned everything by experiencing things for real. On the other hand, my book is also an account of learning to listen to my inner voice, saying: "There is more!". An account of accepting my inner seeing, my inner feeling, and getting to know and understand my higher self. Already from the age of three, I experienced my gift of communicating in silence, of seeing and feeling the energy field around us.

My story is not a complaint against what happened to me, and neither is it a political statement. It's an account of life without any normal safety to fall back on. It's about learning how to be a human being the hard way, being squeezed to the limit. From day one I was found 'not normal' in the eyes of most people around me. Later the 'not normal' went to being a freak show, an outlaw, a hostage, a prisoner, to a scapegoat. Under all the fear, abuse, and torture I often wondered why my heart kept on beating, why my skin didn't tear, and why I didn't become crazy or self-destructive. These situations made deep marks on my body and my mind and gave me unbelievable pain, denting deeply into me. I still find myself in front of a mirror every day to check if all of me is there. I never was a violent person and I didn't turn into one either. All this violence opened me up so deeply, that I learned and experienced unbelievable powers that we have deep down inside.

With my story, I want to encourage people to question the system they live in. To keep using their brain. To start asking questions. To feel there is a choice. To have a human life. To look for more. There is more! In Syria, you can't talk about things, not even daily matters. There is so much fear poured into society. The general culture in Syria and religion on top of that have not been revolutionized. There is no room for doubting, or thinking. There's no tolerance allowed. Everybody was afraid and the gays were the weakest link. They were outlawed.

They were deprived of all civil rights, being degraded by people from all walks of life, to the lowest of the lowest.

My issue is not only about being gay in an Arab society but also about searching to overcome all the separation that we impose on each other and ourselves. What's coming first: living as a human being or living for ideology, politics, and money? In my understanding, we're all free individuals by nature and we're all connected. But in Syria, there is no freedom of individuality and no freedom of understanding things differently. We all have our baggage and stories, but we totally forget that we are equally human, wherever we are or come from. We only don't operate from that. I see this problem everywhere, even in Western society. People are allowing fear to come into their lives, making them scared to speak up, letting fear take away their freedom of thinking and freedom of expressing.

I've been interviewed by friends over several years. Not being able to read and write myself, they helped me to put my memories, thoughts and feelings on paper. This book is based on these interviews. Most of the personal names in the text have been omitted or changed for safety reasons. Remembering all this accurately, was hard for me, considering that I've been scared senseless many times and for longer periods of time. So, the writing was heavy at times. But now that my story has come out of me, sitting in front of me, it has become more of an object near me than a heavy burden inside of me.

Dear and brave reader, I thank you very much for your willingness to take notice of my graphic bio. Reading my story may open things with you. Please feel free to let me know what your feelings are or to contact me when you need to talk about what you read. I would very much appreciate that.

Heartfully, Elia Field  
The Netherlands, 2022



## Messages from the squeeze

These are my messages<sup>1</sup> coming from me being squeezed to the limit:

The universe is talking to us, all the time, by an inner voice or by what happens around us. My inner voice has always been talking to me, but I didn't realize it. Now I know. The question is how to listen to the messages, how to learn to understand this.

I believe in this other dimension now, but I don't need religion for that. I discovered that we have amazing brains and beautiful hearts. That's enough to experience a deep connection with each other.

We're actually not living our real potential. But when we get in sync with our real potential, we enter into the speed of time, the speed of thinking, the alertness, with our life depending on it. Our operating becomes pure flow. All systems go! All senses open.

I believe we don't need God. Our world is life in the making. Everything exists, everything is possible. Moments out of time coming to us. But we aren't open to listening. We keep going nonstop and miss these moments.

If there is a higher power, nature is the higher power. The earth is the higher power. The universe is the higher power. We underestimate the power of nature. We take everything for granted. We can work with machines but we can't play with nature. I was very touched when I felt the power of nature.

If there is something like a god, who can travel with the speed of light, doing miracles, forgiving us, loving us, he would not allow for all the suffering. He would clear the whole mess up or end it.

My message: "Get to know yourself. Believe in what you find inside. Your body and mind are yours. Who is the church? Your body is the church, the temple of your soul. Your heart and your brain are sacred places."

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<sup>1</sup> Throughout the book these messages are highlighted by a capitalized initial.

In the quietness, I discovered that purity is being clear between you and yourself, not between you and religion, or between you and doctrine, or between you and a group of people. Purity is being in touch with yourself. Our normal and often disturbed frequency of body and mind get tuned in to the natural purity and rhythm of understanding that is coming to you.

I'm trusting by nature. Trust is being civilized. A deal is a deal. I believe in civilized people. Trust is a level of quality. But often the people are not able to handle trust.

Trust and love belong to each other. I call this universal love. Universal love is way beyond what we think love is. We come into the world with the gift of purity and innocence. It's inside us. It doesn't fall under the label of naivety.

People, in general, don't trust or know themselves enough to allow for purity and innocence to be experienced. We are doubting ourselves all the time. So, there is a great lack of love in our lives. When there is distrust, we don't allow our force of nature to thrive. We don't know about this bigger love because we don't talk enough about that kind of understanding. Our bodies, minds, and souls need training in understanding ourselves.

Experiencing love with another human being is something very special, but we're not open to it. We're 24/7 scared, blocked, and ashamed. We know how to help ourselves and each other when disaster strikes. But universal love isn't coming from a crisis but from the natural flow of life. In universal love, we're all equal. We're all the same. There's no judging, no separating between black or white, man or woman, hetero or homo, rich or poor.

As a child I didn't have any trigger to pull, I just reacted by nature. I was just witnessing the situation. I couldn't do anything about it. I didn't know differently. In my self-talk, I was asking: "What is wrong with me?" But the echo said: "There's nothing wrong with you, you're witnessing the anger."

The forgiving was already there when I was a child. But it took many years for me to become aware of it. Only just recently, I found back forgiveness. We don't learn that it exists inside us, not somewhere outside of us. We come with it.

In my understanding, natural shame doesn't exist. There only exists awkwardness. Shame is produced by a group, a father, a mother, a school, a church, even a country. They force shame on you, putting you into a kind of mental prison.

We were born with our sexuality, not with religion. Once, sex and love were one, by nature. But over time, they have become separated into having sex or making love. By nature, we're open to everything, but we've come to close ourselves off. We 'kill the love inside us' and allow fear to enter our brains.

Sex is very pure and simple. We just make it complicated with our baggage from the past. The simple thing just is, that it's about a feeling going through your body and you're allowed to feel it and enjoy it.

Curiosity and questioning are built in our minds. By nature, we start questioning but we are instructed and oppressed not to question, not to be curious.

Systems in general operate in a strange way. They're built on the wrong values. Human values are being put aside. First come the rules, the paperwork, and the money. Then comes the person. Ridiculously, the system is more important than the people whom it's for.

When we put money over people, we destroy human values, human relationships. Money destroys human beings. It destroys love and humane living conditions. A human being is more important than money. But almost always, it's the other way around.

When I saw images of Auschwitz for the first time, it made a huge impression on me. I was never there, but it made a lot of sense to me. I can relate to that suffering, to the abuse, the torture, the hunger. In Syria, they never showed things from the Holocaust. First, in the

Netherlands, I saw a documentary about Auschwitz. I was so emotional, that the next morning I was sick in bed for a long time. I recognized what I had been through in Syria. I don't want to compare, but I recognize the system of total dehumanization. We only didn't go to a gas chamber, but it was the same kind of dehumanization.

The logic behind terror and torture in my eyes is to inflict so much physical and mental pain on you that you stay totally identified with your primal survival mechanisms of the body and the mind. They totally strip you from your ego, making you avoid more pain and death. You stay worried, frightened, and scared. You become totally powerless, predictable, and controllable.

I had to go through all that pain to understand that pain. For, we have to break this cycle of violence and suffering. People don't understand me saying this, but we have to stop it and start something totally new.



# Map of my whereabouts in Syria



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## Prologue in a Turkish bazaar

One summer's day in 2016, I had an appointment with my Dutch editor about the book that you're holding in your hand right now. We had scheduled at 13.00 hrs. I wanted to be on time, so I was 20 minutes early in the neighborhood. "Go look for bread," something in me said. So I went into a street with several foreign food shops. Normally, I never go there, but my legs were walking me over there. I went into a Turkish bazaar and saw the bread I needed. I put it on the counter and started to look around some more. A man was passing by, outside the shop and he came in. He came directly to me. "I know you," he said. The weather was warm but this guy wore a thick coat. He had sun-dark skin and he repeated "I know you." He called me by my name. "You are Mazen," he said. I got scared. Oops, he really knew me. From where did he know me? From my family in Germany perhaps? "I know you, but you don't remember me," he said: "I'm the brother of an old friend of yours." "What old friend," I asked, "I really don't know you!" He took out his cell phone and showed me a picture of a woman, that I didn't know. "Who is she? Were you in my house one day, like distant family from my mother?" I asked him. "I'm sorry, I don't know you, I have to leave now, I have an appointment and I'm almost late.

He came closer to me and said: "Wait, my brother became a she". "What do you say?" I cried. His words hit me like Bim-Bam- Boom! I sure knew his brother. So he must be his older brother! How different he looked now. I said: "As a young man you had a light skin tone, your face and your hair were different. I couldn't recognize you just now. But now that you told me who you are and I look at your eyes, I start to recognize you. What happened to you?" He said "I'm in the Netherlands now. I walked all the way from Aleppo to down here." Overwhelmed by this, I said: "You're welcome, hello!" When I finally recognized him, I hugged him and said I was very sorry I didn't recognize him before. "Were you in the sun all these months? No more sun for you, it's not good!" He spoke English and Arabic with me. "Now, my sister will be very happy we found you," he said. "Can I have your Facebook?" I had to leave by then for my appointment. But my mind became flooded with stories and flashbacks. Were they real or not real? So, he was the older brother of my good old friend. Back then, the person in front of

me was a decent guy, helpful and innocent, but also with broken wings. I was in tears, but I had to leave. I went out, but in my mind, I asked whether all this was real, everything in this moment just now. I had never heard my old friend talk about wanting to become a woman, but he is transgender now. I once had another friend, who was transgender and he talked about it all the time. But not my old friend. I couldn't wrap my mind around it. I couldn't bring her face and her name together.

"Do you have any Syrian friends," he asked me, trying to picture me in some kind of social circle. "You need Syrian friends, you know, because they are your people," he went on. Recently I heard a Syrian neighbor of a friend talking that she keeps her adult daughters at home because she doesn't want them to lose their virginity. That woman said: "I don't like the drugs and the sex and them gays out there. They belong in hell. The Dutch are different from us. "Oh my god," I thought: "Somebody should educate these refugees. They watch their own satellite channel 24/7, constantly reminding themselves of their traditional identity. But they are here, living in a free country." Instead of becoming free human beings, some refugees are sitting in their apartments trying to stay as they were. So I told him "No, I have broken free from my Christian Syrian background. I have friends from wherever they come. I don't let myself be separated into boxes anymore."

He asked me: "What things have happened to you, that you feel that way?"