

ANDREAS INGO'S

... TRAVEL STORIES ...

(South East Asia 2014-2015)



## 2014-11-19 - Anarchy

I'm just getting more radical - even politically.

I believe in the liberation of the will. That means - the will of the people. I believe in democracy - as a way for the masses to express their will in the external world - a process towards unity and enlightenment.

I've been tormented by the idea of the limit of knowledge in the past.

How anyone ever could \*know\* what's the best solution for anyone under any circumstances.

But I've changed.

Nowadays I look upon democratic change as an evolving process towards enlightenment - society going through changes in a feedback process, where the right solutions becomes evident in time - through trial and error.

This is how I evolved - I knew nothing at first - but the information process of life taught me what was needed - mostly by pain.

I now look upon society as an organic whole - going through changes, testing different solutions, realizing it's weaknesses through trial and error. In order to make this process effective you need a functioning democracy - an information process where the will of the people can be heard and made evident - a system of direct democracy - pure anarchy - where different solutions can be tested without suppression.

I've always believed in the spiritual gain of pure freedom - I would never make it in another world! But I was a bit sceptical towards the will of the masses - dumbed down by the media, the state and the church.

Nowadays I look at it with different eyes: I think it's primarily the level of direct democracy which decides the evolutionary progress of society - progress made impossible without the open space of information exchange and feedback.

Progress being decided by evolutionary factors - not the individual perceptions of the citizens - but a society where everyone plays a part.

How to attain such a democratic process?

I believe it's happening right now! Here on the Internet, just now when I'm writing this, also before and after.

People are waking up, more than I ever could dream of, protesting in the streets, writing in social forums, just talking openly.

What does this mean to speak from the heart?

To write it down: The coming flame of enlightenment - Satanic or otherwise - building momentum in the collective consciousness - at first just changing the way we look at things - later building confidence in the power of ourselves - resulting in direct action, a process of trial and error, resulting in something nobody could guess about before. The end of traditional politics, progressing towards unity and prosperity, freedom of the individual and the will of the whole.

Is this the new age of the earth?

## **2014-11-23 - The Beyond**

I realized it too many times:

The world must come to an end - giving way for the imagination. As soon as creation starts something from the beyond comes in - transforming my perception - giving way for illusions.

I need to abandon enlightenment - instead light will turn into dark - and my hate of the world will transform into another kind of love.

A struggle to attain a vision more unlimited.

I never understood the ignorance of great art - belonging rather to a sect of madmen - praising the unknown, the unsuspected, the journey into the depths of the mind - but I never found someone like myself.

Why am I doing this? Why am I writing for the silence of the air - with nobody left in the room but myself?

Everyone went away when I gave up life for love - following the inspiration of the heart - at first - then realizing the wisdom of the dark.

Nowadays I live in a state of ever growing happiness - but nobody understands this happiness. It's not a welcoming smile - rather a private love - a dimension unnoticed by others.

I can't explain it.

I just wish I could help someone, help someone on the path to fulfillment. But nobody searched for this path of ever deeper knowing - a knowing dissolving into the void and then giving way for illusions.

It's a bit like existentialism - but more radical - a transformation of the self and the world outside.

So the world needs to come to an end. This world of nothingness - of empty smiles, of enforced servitude, of leaves dying on the ground but nobody there to see them.

So I'm into this all by myself - I do it for my own extinction, to reach a higher vibration and transform my reality on the way.

Pleasure is the way into pain.  
Darkness the way into the light.  
And somewhere on the road everything ends.

The land long forgotten - a memory from childhood perhaps - the world of purity and innocence.

A choice of freedom.

I just wish others were there to see it.

## **2014-11-27 - Strangers**

Strangers...

So sad and empty to surf travel sites on the web. Nobody writes anything remotely exciting, just the mundane: Where they have been, what they had for dinner and the kind of people they met.

I wonder: What did they talk about? What happened? What did they discover which made all the difference?

The strange thing is that everything is different when you're out there, when you're traveling by yourself. For me, everything becomes a revelation, untold secrets giving way for the imagination, giving directions to another dimensions of existence.

Paulo Coelho talks about this in some of his books.

What's the key? What makes the difference?

I think it's the knowledge of the occult. The sensitivity of consciousness, making the casual a portal into hidden knowledge: Knowledge about oneself, others and the world outside. Without this awareness you only see the things happening on the surface. The real change happens within. Some people seems to know this secret. I've met other travelers with a kind of darkness in their eyes. Like they know something others don't. When you start to talk with them they're casual at first, then they can go on talking for hours.

I searched for this spirit in the books of Jack Kerouac, but was a bit disappointed. One traveler being out there, the main figure of a movement, and all he found was sorrow! (Well, kind of...)

Except this awareness I also think you need persistence. To follow through although the odds are against you. You know what you want but you're pulled back by insecurities, fears, laziness...

The greatest things in life are the ones hardest to catch.

And you find that the people that master travel also master life beyond the road. In travel they push the limits to what they've been before and everything becomes downhill from there. These people, just meeting them, become like voices in your head, not a decease, but a source of enlightenment and inspiration, taking you higher...

Years on the road, paying off, making the complex very simple: That the labyrinth of life, abundant in details, are coming together to something only your heart will understand: That it's all about love in the end.

This is just how I experience it.

## **2015-01-25 - Politics**

Politics.

Much have been said of the matter but I've thought more about it than before. That is one of my greatest pleasures of this trip. More so than beautiful islands, more so than any any subject I ever thought about before.

Why?

Because politics is the primary subject of my coming books. I think personal development is extremely important for anyone, everything that happens within, but what I've seen on my journey is that most people I met, travelers like me, are really free psychologically. What they really need is money for their trips. Money and influence, to express themselves in public, reaching out with their own thing.

Everyone I ever met on my journey is creative, creative individuals whose dream is to change the world in their own way, with writing, photography, websites or anything else of their own choosing.

We need influence.

This leads me to politics.

That the world is controlled by greed, lust for power and the rest have already been said so many times so I leave that for another discussion.

What I realized is that it comes back to human nature. Lust for power is no surprise of course, it makes it easier for the strong to reproduce and preserve their own genes to coming generations. Altruistic behaviour could help in some circumstances, but a group of individuals that fought

for a common cause would be stronger if the primary drive was selfish. Why? Because the strongest in the group is the one who reproduces, so a group of selfish altruists would succeed over a group of pure altruists. What about love? The common man has an innate ability to follow. Follow the herd. Recorded human history have always had leaders and followers. Everybody wants to the top, but the way to get there is usually to follow. Follow or get killed.

That's where love comes in. Love of the king, love of god, love of your comrades next to you. Without this love the common man gets shut down and can't reproduce.

Is there a way out of this?

I'm quite convinced there is. And that is another capacity of the human species. The ability to adapt. Human nature is not fixed. With enough intellectual capacity the individual can transcend and work against the genetic makeup and completely transform thoughts and emotions. That's what I've been doing for many years. I've always thought that love and intelligence conquers all.

The key: The realization that under certain circumstances everything changes. Society transforms, the individual becomes stronger up to a point where he no longer needs the lower thoughts and emotions to be successful and reproduce. That's the key. In a civil society values change, with highly evolved individuals true love becomes attractive, moral intelligence will not be seen as detrimental to survival.

Because in reality love and intelligence might be the key to the preservation of the human species. It could be the key to healthy relationships. I've already seen it on this trip. That power, lust and greed are extremely common, but the individuals that you really want to meet is quite different.

But it's a great danger to this. The danger is that you don't know yourself. You go into the over-self, full of unselfish drive and everybody will hate you. They hate you not because of your motive, but rather for your weakness. You can't survive. That's why I'm getting darker all the time.

The way out is not to follow the path of love. It's rather to embrace your darkness and that which arrives is a strength that makes you able to love without motive, it's love from your free will, something that is extremely attractive when you see it but extremely rare.

The way down is the way up and what the politicians are trying to do is rather the opposite: To make you more "moral", fit in in the larger whole. Loosing your sex power, your passions, your evolutionary impulse to reach out for greater freedom.

My view of politics is that which is good for us as individuals is good for world as whole. We should work from ourselves, abandon the political philosophies of the past and start to think about what is natural to ourselves. Watch ourselves, watch the world, being practical.

The solutions is the ones which arrives in the process of pure freedom. Not the visions you or me find in dreams, but the solutions we find in the process of life, we should know about this and adapt.

We are intelligent animals.

So what I'm trying to do is to liberate the human mind. Liberate the mind from lack of knowledge. This knowledge goes beyond the popular belief that personal development ends with the satisfaction of the selfish drive. You need it, your truly need your ego, your power, your darkness. But where the individual desires ends the calling of Satan begins. You discover the pleasure of suffering, the joys of entertaining others, the pure advantage of giving pleasure to a beautiful woman. Realizing that this quality makes her love you more.

It works up to a certain level then you have to give it rest.

Because you are a god in the making. Not a human anymore. More like a star-child longing for space. Dominating the political sphere with your dark intellect, giving joy with taking pleasure and finding solutions never thought about before.

I don't believe in the will in the unconditional way I did before. I always was led by my will, but my will was influenced by the life I led, what I saw, what I felt, what I accidentally thought.

I completely lost the will to engage in human relationship. Because there was no other way. I was put down from the pressure to conform, conform to a certain group of people, to family, to friends, to people on the net.

I had to deviate from all this. Go into pure evil to gain energy, and from this state of power I could extend my will to others, at first just in fleeting

moments, then for hours, then seeing that limits are just fictions of the mind.

I think people are extraordinary intelligent, loving creatures that are put down just by the powers that be. Not aware of their potential, their creative powers to extend the will by pure knowledge.

Entering the paradise and hell of earth. Paradise to enjoy future society if the will of the people gains control, hell because we really want to live like future warriors. Warriors wanting to live more, feel more, think more.

Being precious.

That's what I'm trying to do. Raise awareness so that my mistakes can be of benefit to man, and therefore also of benefit to myself.

That's enough for now.

Over and out.

## **2015-01-28 - Outer Space**

Ok. A work of passion.

Ever since I was a kid I longed for outer space. I watched the films of James Cameron and Ridley Scott, Stanley Kubrick and many others. And I started to read books. The science-fiction epics of Arthur C. Clarke, Stanislaw Lem and Ray Bradbury. Dreams were made.

But I had friends which didn't share my passion. Why go into space when there are poverty of earth, dictatorships, and the threat of hellish wars? The people I talked to just saw it as an boyish dream. I started to feel the same.

But things change.

I started to make paintings, write books, work on films. I was so desperate for outer space I just couldn't put it down.

And something happened on my trips. I started to see that travel made wonders for my consciousness. The encounter with the unknown made me think. I started to see things in a different light.

I became another person.

And here is the interesting part: What is most important for human beings? Having good living conditions or having food for the soul?

I've seen the poverty, I've seen the wrongs of the governments. I've seen that people are not so unhappy in poor countries, it's rather the opposite! What they lack is not so much more money (Well, it wouldn't hurt!) but rather something to strive for, a dream, a deeper consciousness.

They live in a shallow culture.

That leads me into space. Most kids dream about it, but the dream is crushed by the harsh reality of this world. They have to start to think about income, romance, getting a position in this world of struggle.

I have no romantic notions of outer space! Walking on a sterile rock miles and miles away. Having nothing but a small habitat, a rover and some synthesized nutrition parts. But this is the point! It's about the challenge, the encounter with the unknown which would develop our consciousness to another level.

Think about it.

Enduring time by ourselves, living with others in a small habitat for a year, confronting the impossible task of living in an alien world completely different from ours. Think about the progress in science, psychology, technology, social sciences and countless other things. What I learned on my trips is that the rate of consciousness expansion accelerates the more you learn. Everything starts to fall into place. And this knowledge might be the key to the future.

If we can get foothold even on Mars everything could be downhill from there, compared to life on earth in this instant.

Is it possible? Is it possible to go there?

The cost would be huge. Almost unfathomable. But think about the state of the earth right now. That all money goes to waste by greed, corruption

and will to power (Among other things) Nothing happens with the economy compared to what would happen if the will of people gained control. That's my hope. That the inefficiency of modern society would be replaced by pure intelligence. Working towards the benefit of the whole.

The economy would skyrocket.

The opinion of the masses would change. And with the will of the people everybody would benefit from space-travel because those that didn't go would read about the progress and learn themselves.

The understanding of the universe would expand to another level. Already fades the Newtonian notion of the universe working as a clock. Many breakthroughs have been made. That the known laws of physics breaks down in the singularity of black holes. That the visible order is an illusion, not the workings of the universe at a deeper level. Which leads me to big bang.

How did it all come about?

One thing science have done is that the idea of God as a creator have become more unnecessary with time. At first many discovered that life could have evolved by chance and natural selection, then many took it a step further: What if the actual laws of the universe evolved in a similar way? In the singularity order was non-existent. Order arose by a peculiar necessity, in the form of atoms, molecules and so on. My theory is that those elements evolved because they stood the test of time.

An atom is more stable than energy in a more chaotic form, later forming stars, leading to the progress that later came, including life.

It's just a theory. We need the facts. We need to put down the idea of God and explore for real.

And this would be the true purpose of space-colonization.

**2015-01-29 - Evolution**

Ok.

A lot of things are happening on this trip. At first astonishing sights, then recreation in the form of motorcycle rides, baths in the ocean and treks in the jungle. And then you start meeting people. My view of people have totally changed on this trip. I hoped to meet fellow travelers, different locals and nice girls. But what I got was a total blow to the mind.

Most of these people have been traveling for many years, having a deep understanding of the human condition, politics, the environment and much, much more.

Talked with one of those yesterday. It began with a discussion of literature, later delving deeper into conspiracy theories, alternative views of crime, drugs and the way this world is structured. I just got confirmation that my own theories were correct. I'm doing science now. Science beyond the established sciences, which just are about money and position really. No real care for the truth.

One piece of the puzzle is human relationships.

Relationships would be great in theory. Not feeling lonely, having emotional and intellectual exchange. Having babies and a bright future. But what is the reality? People are just fucking. That's marriage. People are animals operating at base level with no care about anything else.

It's completely understandable.

So people that have progressed starts to go deeper into themselves. They break up. They need to understand the world and themselves. So they meditate, they think, they start to explore their dreams and passions. They feel hate, distance to the world and their old friends. And of course, they get lonely.

Is there a way out of this?

I think it is. This happens when you have a deep understanding of reality and know how to cope with it. You see that the darkness in others exist in yourself. You start to love your darkness, you come to love life as it is. To love a girl is to love what's actually there. Perversion, hate, lust, anger... And where the love grows the light are coming in. You're walking on clouds wanting to make the world to a better place.

You come to love your suffering, your dark agenda, your morbid thoughts...

Nothing ends.

Which leads me into another view of life.

Science is just the start. You already know that all information is distorted. Free thinking leads you nowhere without the right theoretical framework. Without the right assumptions you will interpret your experience in a wrong way. That's what I have been doing.

A way out, have been to think about evolution in the physical universe. Not that I believe that there are no other dimensions, just the observation that the physical body with the complexity of your brain is what drives you here and now. The human need is the need our biological bodies have evolved to have. Just to replicate our genes to coming generations.

So you start to think about evolution. What would be the right thinking, the right mindset and behaviour, to succeed with your goals in life?

I just leave it up to you to think for yourself.

## **2015-01-29 - Love**

I have a confession to make.

Sometimes I feel a bit over indulgent. Over indulgent precisely because I'm just writing about my journey, my subjective views on things.

This article is about you.

What I want to say from the depth of my heart: I just love you all.

This is one of those days, where everything I knew fell into place. I talk about myself and my experiences because those are the only things I know about. Everything else would be a lie.

Very ugly.

And I've come to understand that my mission is and always was to free my readers from all oppression, even from themselves. I talk about darkness being my liberator, hate of god my passion, and the system of control being my greatest enemy.

But my friends always choose to go into an opposite direction! This is what freedom does to my readers.

And I've come to understand it: That people might follow the green agenda of the Illuminati, engage in established movements, even go to the church. I've seen it! It's starting to happen.

But I don't care.

I don't care for a simple reason: That what is good for your evolution is not to follow me. It's rather to do what you love, to gain new understanding, working for the destruction of the planet and the human mind, but evolving faster in the process.

And the end result is enlightenment.

It's the same for me. Everyday is something new. Mistake after mistake in an endless spiral of thought and emotion. It's starting to get easier, but the control is so overwhelming that I know many things will change tomorrow.

Read an article about David Bowie where he described his endless search for identity. In human encounters, in different places, in music and much more. He just saw that he gained something from it but in the end he had to abandon it all. Search just for search and nothing else.

I'm not the same.

I don't believe in identity.

But the fact is that I have to accept that I and everybody else is deluded.

I have no clear picture of the future. One man I talked with yesterday believed in the extermination of the majority of the people of the planet, for the simple reason that a smaller amount of people are easier to control.

Dreadful.

Some days I think people are waking up, feeling the love in the air and good things spoken.

Then all changes.

What I need is critique, deep critique of the fundamentals in my thinking. I believe in darkness as a way to self liberation, to arrive at a greater light, "good" and "evil" exchange roles.

And paradise would be the world we create according to our own states of being.

That's all.

## **2015-02-01 - Dangers**

Ok.

This is an article about danger.

I thought a lot about the dangers of this journey before I left. I thought like a soldier, analyzing the possible outcomes of different scenarios, things that could go wrong. I was fed with so much fears from family, friends and coworkers that I have to confess I was scared to death.

What happened?

Nothing at first. The food had no deceases, the people were kind, I didn't get lost...

But what looked like safety on the surface changed as time went by.

When I came to Siem Reap for the first time the bus arrived late. I had a clear picture of the way to the guest house but I just couldn't find it. I started to ask locals for directions. Everybody was eager to help, with some knowledge of English. So I followed the directions from an old man but no guest house could be found. I started to ask others and I got new directions. This didn't help. Darkness descended on the city. I walked into

dark alleys with no other choice than to follow the directions from the locals. Two hours went by and I just had to give up. I found a new guesthouse and finally found safety inside.

Days went by and my suspicion from the night days before was essentially correct: Cambodia is no safe place. Drug addicts, pick-pockets and so forth. The locals I talked to warned me about this especially on one occasion.

So what about it?

You have to put danger in perspective. You have to accept that you can get lost, be robbed, get killed. Overrun by a car or bitten by dogs. But an even greater danger would be to not travel at all, dying inside.

At one occasion I warned a fellow traveler to walk away from guard-dogs, barking aggressively and coming out from under a fence.

You get sharper as time goes by. You shall never walk around with thoughts on your mind, not looking at the traffic and the people. You almost never go out at night, especially when the streets are not crowded. You keep your money and passport closely to your chest, knowing that there are decent people, but appearances fool you all the time.

One guy in Sihaoukville lost his entire backpack getting drugged by a girl he slept with. And this happened just before I came there.

So I still think like a soldier.

The problem though is that you can't grasp the unknown. You take measures but realize that you have to watch out for the unexpected. The unexpected is one of the greatest dangers in my mind.

I could go on...

Going back to Thailand now. The thing is that Cambodia houses wonderful people. Much more friendly than the ones I met in Thailand. And there is a great difference between different cities, almost like different countries inside the country. Phnom Penh was hell, Sihaoukville paradise in comparison but the kindest people of them all was found in Siem Reap. People are so natural and easy to talk to you almost start to believe that there are no dangers at all.

Big mistake.

Which leads me to Stanley Kubrick again.

I think he was close to the truth.

I've analyzed the films from another perspective.

I think I initially was like the soldiers in Barry Lyndon. Just marching on, almost blindfolded, capable to anything, but not knowing the possible outcome of any scenario. No traveler I ever met on this journey have talked to me seriously about these things, with one exception. I listened but didn't have perspective. It's rather something I've discovered by myself.

It's like being in an desolate forest. Getting lost.

The rules: In the event of disaster you shall not move, just breathe, observe the situation closely and think logically about what is happening.

It's not paranoia. It's necessary.

So that is what I want to say to new travelers talking about the safety of these trips.

Watch out for the unknown.

Perhaps that is why the greatest horror-films always build on that fear.

Our greatest fear is the fear of the things we cannot know.

## **2015-02-01 - Freedom**

Information.

I've seen through additional errors in my mind. The problem was the assumption that freedom would lead to the progress of mankind. My latest years of personal development have steadily progressed towards greater freedom, simply because I came closer to my goals in life.

I've been thinking that humanity is deceived by an occult elite and that by removing the thought patterns created by those in power, by intellectual means, those patterns would fall away, giving birth to another consciousness.

But freedom is just an concept. The only thing I've actually seen are the consequences of my actions. And those consequences have been enormously satisfying. That's why it has been my passion. But it's easy to turn this reasoning around. What happened today was that I just gave up that thought. As an experiment. Started to think about the possibility of other solutions. Not anything new by any means. But seriously questioning the arguments for freedom. And I realized that I didn't have anything more than a logical framework to back it up, which fell apart when I realized that my model of life was based on a sequence of memories, experiences which accumulated over time, arriving at new conclusions on the way. Always going in untold directions. But those directions didn't build a clear path, a true progression of any kind. More enjoyment yes but no clear progression of thought. Rather the opposite. I saw that the concept of freedom was no more solid than any other thought I gave up on the way. I accepted that thought. Then it said click and I went into a state of pure unknowing, even accepting the fact the pure power could be answer.

And everything fell away.

Then something unexpected happened.

Something came in.

Clarity.

Satanic consciousness, but I don't mean that as spiritual possession. I mean that my ego dissolved and that which was left was another consciousness, completely recognizable as satanic.

In what way?

In the way I model the concept of Satan according to my own experiences with that consciousness.

But it was different this time.

It wasn't just something coming in. I was one with that consciousness, without thought patterns directing my view of the same thing.

And my thought process started to work more effective than before.

I gave up new age for satanic thought years ago. Gave up satanism for a natural state in periods on this trip. I went into states of unknowing before but didn't experience this. The only explanation I have is that my belief in freedom unconsciously blocked the satanic consciousness to enter the conscious state. Always lurking behind but never coming to the surface.

I never have felt this free before.

Many people have helped me on my way to liberation. If you reading this Laila Roth you know you are one of them. Additional satanists confronted me with errors in my thinking. People I don't know the name of. Renee Luxton is a good friend. Christian Lanciai made me see the world in a different light. Jason Wilkinson confronted me with a more scientific mind. I've read up on the posts many make, satanists or otherwise and had confirmation that I wasn't crazy.

So what am I now?

Satanist or Satan himself?

Think about it and judge for yourself.

Cheers!

:)

## **2015-02-17 - Adventure**

I don't think I ever get my point across.

I've found out something others doesn't seem to know. Meeting so many people on these trips, some of them happy, others not, but in the end it doesn't seem to matter. They're just ordinary. Good people, nice, knowledgeable in many ways, even emotional, but they lack something

else. It's like they don't know about the true nature of the universe. Not the universal truth, but true experience when you're actually dying for something, when you get into things so deeply ordinary life starts to fade.

This leads me into my latest adventure.

It started with a pretty good feeling at the guest house in Chiang Mai. I'm used to be completely exhausted on these trips, I just can't sleep because I have too much to do and even more things to think about. It's the urgency of life calling me away.

I jumped on a bus and was introduced to a fellow traveler, looking like a Korean but being from Canada. We talked about several things like adventure and security, meeting people and getting work on the way. And it started to dawn on me: Nobody I meet is like me, not with that kind of hidden urgency, longing for death and revival, longing for the moment where everything you know fades away.

It all became silent. I was put in the front seat of the mini-van and the night was transforming the road ahead of us. It was a feeling of lost memories, dreams of treks in the wilderness as a young boy. Filthy dogs could be seen close to the roads in villages, people walking around, blinded by the light of the mini-van.

It continued for five hours, the others had some sleep but I just couldn't put my eyes away. The road taking us to the north part of Thailand, on bumpy roads, closer to the Lao border.

We arrived at a nightmarish guest house in the small border town of Chiang Khong. It was completely dark, 01:00 A.M, and I was put into a room with a hard bed. Memories came back to me from discoveries in forgotten dreams. I had been there, I just knew it. It had happened many times during this trip. I remembered the stairs leading to the rooms above, the darkness of the room, the hard bed...

Then I saw a picture of the Thai king at the wall. Like a spiritual dictator, instructing me to go deeper into the dark. I didn't. I started to remember my chance encounters with a girl in Bangkok. Coincidences. Like she was getting up when I got up, late in the day, later going on the same bus as me, to the same destination at the same time. A mixture of eroticism and plain fright.

We met again in Chiang Mai. Looking like an angel, but much more neutral, a ghost of white, a learning experience to expand my intellect, but also something more. Let's just say she haunted me this night. We had a soul connection and much more.

When morning came it came too early. Breakfast. What a breakfast it was! Plain coffee, omelette and toasts, not just the breakfast but the view! It was the Mekong river before me in golden morning light. Mekong is the greatest river in south asia running from the Himalayas, down to the ocean, going through Thailand, Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam. The sight: The river, the mountains surrounding Chiang Khong and palaces on the other side. Talked with a really pleasant Australian couple and a guy running through the jungles of Thailand on a motorbike. It was so relaxed and such a contrast to the blackness of the night before. I was really there. My heart was in it. I was told about a special app for the android device, making it easier to navigate. The Australian couple went for a walk with me on a pathway close to the river and we took pictures. The golden light was magical, we had a small talk, a sense of fulfillment. That's hell: What hell is, is really simple: It's where you have given up all security, even your life for the land beyond. You start to meet people, they say too many things. Keeping you on track, keeping you away from the angels of the past.

The complete opposite of god.

Then things got strange. I had been told I could walk around in the border town until 17:00 PM. So I just did as I was told. But when I got back to the guest house everybody was gone: No bus, no people, a lone woman telling me I had to use a tuk-tuk instead. The pickup had left with the others for the border! I was alone and put to my own devices. I thought I had to pay the double-price.

I just enjoyed it.

Nothing in the world gives me more pleasure than the feeling of going into a sense of danger. This was no real danger at all, but the situation: That I was wrong informed, that something scary actually could happen if something changed just a bit.

And this is the complete opposite to the world I left, the complete opposite to the people I've met. Security is the complete opposite to what I actually want to feel. And when I'm feeling it: The threat of a stranger, unknown lands, morbid thoughts, and the dark feeling of losing myself,

that's when I know I've made progress in my own evolution. That's how it was this day. And it continued the whole day and into the coming night.

Going on gravel roads on mountain slopes in the darkness of the Lao night.

Not knowing if the bus would lose its breaks.

It was almost better than fucking.

## **2015-02-18 - Things Change**

Things change.

Mini-vans late at night, happiness and sorrow in people's eyes, desperate cats searching for food in leftover bags on the street. I'm starting to discover there is another life out there. Not the life you read about, not your fantasies, not the experience of other travels. Yes, even traveler's notes on the internet were deceiving, this trip is something else entirely. It's more similar to the journey of the protagonist in Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness". An exception to the rule of books. If you haven't read it I can really recommend it. It's about getting in contact with your primal self.

Yesterday was a turning point for me. I went out in the jungle, crossed a river over a narrow bridge and came to a place relatively isolated from the city. Darkness was already present, I found a dry place in the outskirts of the jungle. I had my sleeping bag and I lay down on the ground on a thin plastic. I started to listen to the noises. Things were dropping down from the palm trees, all kinds of insects and undefined tree-parts which I didn't see.

And it was like I went back in time thousands of years.

Unknown feelings came up as I listened to the voices of the forest. Insects, birds, remote sounds from the city. Thoughts arose on dangerous spiders and green snakes hiding in the trees. It was a complete nightmare. Being all by myself, feeling the various tricks play on my psyche.

Then all hell broke loose: Distant lightning, thunder in the distant. Winds came about, roaring in the trees and raindrops started falling. I thought I had to get back to the city but it was too late. Suddenly I found myself in a tropical storm! Lightning struck close to me, rain was pouring down like madness. I became soaked wet before I finally came to the city and took shelter in a restaurant. The storm got worse and I had a beer. The winds were rattling in the doors of the restaurant, everybody closed down for the night. I had nowhere to sleep and I thought about calling for help. But I was silent. I felt as if I had accomplished my mission. A moment of deep satisfaction and enlightenment. The girls in the restaurant had horror in their eyes. Just the locals. People were getting worried about the storm.

Then the rain just stopped.

The night was spent in an expensive guest house, I had no choice because thunders were heard again. I spent 30 dollars, lay down in a comfortable bed and started to reflect on my journey: It's like hundreds of lives have passed me by. Realization by realization in an accelerated process, towards greater depths and understanding. I'm going back to nature. Not just away from the civilization, the cities and the people, but into a primal state.

I'm starting to discover that this journey is about more than happiness, it's about being true to myself. It's more about suffering, about going on the path of survival and reproduction. The way of millions of years of evolution. With that kind of feelings you start to think in different ways. Something is kicking in, beyond your concepts of life and yourself in general.

Nothing unnecessary are done by nature.

You want to have kids and a good family. You want to explore, meet people and do something for others in return. It's the complete opposite to the world I knew. The complete opposite to the world in civilized countries. Not conformity but a way to revolt against the trivial. It's a dark love, a true love that arises when you are in tune to your hidden emotions.

You think it is evil but in time you realize it's rather the opposite.

But things get stranger. I'm meeting Christians. People of all kinds telling me the same message: That Christianity is not about slavery or going to

the church. It's not about giving up yourself, rather about pride and self-confidence. It's about embracing life, feeling joy and loving others.

Drinking beer and having parties.

I'm not surprised though. I'm coming from a christian background. I know about good people. The question to ask though is the fundamentals: Why do you need "God" to do all that?

As soon as you get religious your depth is fading away.

But it's about moral understanding. These Christians, as well as the Buddhists I've seen are not unintelligent. They are very aware of many things, especially the wrongs of modern society. They have gone beyond the level of the average man, have developed their intellect to another level. But in the end it's a trap. Their happiness is just a facade, a smiling face but no fullness.

It's like mass-psychosis.

I'm not trying to convince you but that's what I've seen.

The locals here are so different. Talked with a teenager boy last night. He was very simple. Couldn't grasp my concepts fully. It had a little to do with bad English but also a good deal to do with himself.

But what is the truth? This boy was happier than Christians. He was just going on about ordinary life. He smiled and asked me questions. Even led me to an open guest house for no money at all. Just a happy kid. You start to think about it. Luang Prabang is like a forgotten paradise. It's not only beautiful, it's relaxed and primal. Also ugly. I've seen it. The further away you get from the modern world the closer you get to something raw and natural. And the more you go back in time the more you find societies more in tune with their dark past. It's all about stupidity. The system of life is a complexity the human brain cannot solve. All "progress" is a dead-end and the illusion of progress is keeping it all in place.

But it all has to die in the end.

On the other hand I have a ray of hope. Not for the modern world but for certain individuals. People that have gone into things so deeply that everything has started to fade away. Getting in contact with their sexual drive, their "evil", their lost ambitions, their hate and anger. They get

desperate at first, alienated from their old self, their friends and the comforts of the modern world. It's a path of suffering ending in liberation when the world fades away. When everything is seen as a conspiracy in the end.

And all "values" are inverted.

It's all about themselves.

## **2015-02-20 - The Occult**

The occult.

There's many sides to everything. I've started to think in scientific terms, about the natural world and all things materialistic. But this doesn't mean I ignore the hidden sides of things. My journey have been very mysterious in nature. I've been meeting strange people telling me the most scary stuff imaginable. Met a psychic in Bangkok that told me about my secrets and predicted my coming life. Everything he said about my secrets were true.

Met another man in Hua Hin that seemed to know everything. All about my journey, all about difficult subjects, "God" and many more things. He wasn't a religious man in a typical way, he just followed his heart and lived in the present moment. My journey have just become more mysterious with time. As my knowledge grow my reality change and I start to meet different people.

Science to me is a tool to gain understanding of the world as a whole, including the physical world. To be a bit more grounded in physical reality have been a good reality check. Gaining clarity. Balance. I've been into the occult for many, many years and I've started to think I've seen it all.

I know a great deal about the "God" we call Jehovah. It's an enormous intelligence operating from another dimension. Playing tricks of the mind, creating all sorts of illusions, at first heavenly, then more sophisticated. Creating trust within the victim. The victim becomes a close follower, even getting the most heartfelt love from beyond. These direct encounters

is not like organized religion at all. It's about occult experiences, contact with a dark force that is trying to enslave you in enormously sophisticated ways. Taking forms, becoming "helpers", "angels", "lovers". These illusions are almost impossible to see through.

It's the intelligence controlling the main religions on this planet.

But these things are just one side of the matter. The other side of the occult is the world of darkness. It's about yourself, Satan, his demons and hell. Contrary to the story in the Bible it's not about "Evil", it's about freedom and self-liberation. Satan is not an ordinary being, it's about the darkest love of your heart.

It's about gaining understanding of reality arriving at an elevated state.

Jehovah knows all about this and are working to shut down your awareness, because when you gain clarity his power disappears.

I'm not trying to be serious but sometimes I can't help it.

Most people are completely unaware of the working of their own minds. Thoughts coming in, altering perceptions, resulting in different actions. It happens all the time but most people think it's just their own brain, thinking normally. When you start to meditate you realize that this isn't the case at all. You see that the thoughts operating in the depths of the mind are not intentional. They're completely alien. Intrusive. And the further you progress on the path of darkness the harder it gets. This is when many people give up and become Christians. The problems disappears, people are "healed" from the attacks and calmness enters.

But just as soon as they start to believe in God and settles into a more ordinary life the depths of their consciousness narrows. They start to lie to themselves. They lose their deep felt emotions and true intelligence. They start to read shit they don't believe in. They go to the church. They meet dead people that only care about themselves. In essence they become mind-drones of the forces from beyond.

But everything changes: A mind that is altered by new experience can never go back to it's old dimensions. Sooner or later the Christians will return to themselves. It happens when they see the reality of the new situation. That they died. That they previously suffered as Satan, lost their minds, became Christians and later gave up their false security for the knowledge they previously attained.

They enter the unknown. They know about the enemy, take steps and start to reorganize their lives. It might be easy at first. Satan is the greatest joy. Undivine pleasure. But as they progress they come to the point of no return. Going up to their previous level and encountering the point of spiritual death. That is: To go beyond their previous understanding in the most frightening of ways. It's like suicide. This is when they encounter Jehovah and his angels once more.

Satan offers no easy solutions.

## **2015-02-22 - Music**

Much have happened to the music scene since Elvis Presley and The Beatles, growing darker with bands like Black Sabbath and Deep Purple, leading to the metal bands of today, Black Metal preferably. It's just my current taste in music. It's like religion, going away from the light and into the dark. Satanism is spreading.

Met a satanist on the streets of Luang Prabang two nights ago. I had my T-shirt with the Satanic cross and he had one too. He seemed a little depressed, I guess he was about 16 years old. He could have been into music, you could see by the look that he was a serious kid. Heavy music is serious. I've listened to death metal bands like Arch Enemy and one record especially made me cry. It was about many things but religion in particular. To me many of the best metal songs are about religion.

But it gets worse.

I've discovered much darker stuff. Experimental bands in the progressive/alternative music scene like the Italian/Slovenian band Devil Doll. Not the one with the female singer (Although that woman is really wicked) but the one led by the mysterious character Mr. Doctor, who arrived at the music scene, made five classical records and then disappeared without a trace. The records are not so much about hate and anger, like the metal bands, but more about love to "Evil": Death, isolation, desperation, perversion, illusions...

The music is the beginning then something happens to the mind: The Christians have it right actually: You get in contact with something from the beyond, Satanic undercurrents of vague emotions giving birth to new thoughts. You get in contact with the individuals who made the records. And here's where it gets interesting: Music is the entry-point into Satanism for many kids today. The Satanic teenagers I've met this far are about the smartest ones I've ever met. Not only on this journey. Yes, they are pretty selfish, hateful and in many ways immature. But they don't make you feel bad about yourself. Their negativity was rather a way for them to point out the faults in my mind, leading to greater satisfaction. One girl in particular used black magic on me, but I didn't suffer for it in the end. Just an enlightening experience. I don't think they know about their evolutionary powers. It's all about evil for them. They are into satanism for their own gain and that's why it works. In many ways these kids are pretty nice, well spoken and beautiful. Music is the entry point for them. Later they start to read authors like Anton LaVey, leading to darker stuff as they progress. They become really serious in time and their selfishness gives way for other states of mind. Finally they might come to the same conclusion as me: That Satan exists for real but is no real being, just an unspiritual force directing life and evolution in the entire universe. It's yourself. Your dark essence. Not only for the good but also for the bad: Creating conflicts, antagonism, schisms, but for the improvement of life, joy and happiness. It's about freedom. The greatest geniuses of today are rarely not into music. Music is about something better than the obvious, it's about the dark undercurrents of emotions coming from the subconscious and beyond. Music is like a foretelling of the future. Directing your life in powerful ways, changing your heart and in time you will discover it.

I'm starting to listen to other kinds of music. Satanic music is not necessarily "Evil" and violent. It can be light in tone and refreshing. Like the music of classical composers, jazz and much more. I'm especially fond of the scores of particular film music composers, like Jerry Goldsmith, Howard Shore and Danny Elfman. Howard Shore's score to "The Fellowship of the Ring" is about the most powerful piece of music I ever have heard. It's beautiful but it's coming from the same place. The depths of the heart, a dark texture of someone that understood the story beyond raw intelligence.

That's the power of Satan. Starting with the light leading to deeper darkness. Perhaps a fantasy like the above. Not necessarily dark and disturbing. But inspired by something greater coming from the unknown. That's when you feel something. It's about the love in the process. The

one thing the suits of the music industry can't stand. Creativity. Beginning at first with intuitions, hidden instincts, failures... It's something in a failed piece of music that is actually quite the opposite many times. It's about inspired genius. The only problem being that the composer didn't understand himself at the time of writing.

The "Errors" being messages from the beyond.

In time he will become better, the "Errors" will disappear. The composer loses track of Satan and becomes respected. He gets the money. His ruin will be his private life. He had it better in his own basement.

That's how it was for me. Not that I made it into any established circles, only that I started to learn about music and art in general and lost my nerve. Later I discovered my errors and went back to basics.

Nowadays I write and hardly think about it. This text is more about intuition than anything else. After I'm finished I'm really impressed and I see it's actually clarity. But it's the satanic force that directs the process.

Beyond human understanding.

## **2015-02-22 - The Love**

Okay.

Internet is shutting down in Luang Prabang occasionally. I'm sleeping in the jungle, listen to noises and try to endure the Chinese festival going on in the city. Some strange Buddhist chanting is keeping me awake at night. I fantasize about girls and alternative circles of people I'm hoping to meet. Thinking about Jack Kerouac and his travels. Now I'm a travel writer too.

But the Beat movement occurred like 70 years ago.

Jack Kerouac went about life in constant struggle, trying drugs, sex and having many conversations. Went into Mexico meeting prostitutes, driving on motorways in muscle cars and much, much more. There are differences and similarities between me and him. I'm not trying to make

myself self-important. In fact I'm feeling quite depressed. I'm pretty safe but the adventures are tearing on my psyche.

Jack Kerouac ended up in a remote cabin, drinking alcohol, isolating himself from his old friends. He just couldn't handle the heat. Sometimes I feel like giving up but then the intellect comes in and tells me it's the normal ups and downs of travel. On the whole it's the greatest happiness of my life.

What's the worst part of it? It's the love.

I'm not talking about romantic love here, rather the excitement of encountering scary things of the way. And not just scares, also peculiar landscapes and people of the unusual kind. What gets on my nerves is the totality of it. The immensity. The world is too large for a receptive mind that is just now starting to adjust to life on the road. It's not about insights, I'm beyond that. It's rather about lack of emotional maturity. Everything is enlarged by eyes without glasses. I just don't judge what I see. So what is left is raw emotions.

I'm working on a way to handle it. The writing right now is one way, another way is going away from the chaos of the streets. Talked to others with the same problem. Many are sleeping way too much too just be lazy. Their minds are working overtime on all the impressions. Especially the brains of the young ones. Sleeping is one way to avoid psychosis.

I'm thinking too much.

But thinking is nothing compared to pure observation. That's when you have trouble handling it. Not always, only when observation after observation accumulates to a certain rush of love, a dark side effect.

Perhaps I should walk blindfolded!

So sometimes you long for something comparably boring. Like the writing projects I had before I started to travel. The beauty of finishing a line, creating atmosphere. Creating evil characters. Wondrous landscapes. Suspenseful story lines. I even long for ordinary work! Hard work. Going away from Love, feeling the pressure of the employer, getting nothing but hate from the employees.

That's the beauty of it. To feel nothing, taking it easy.

But I think it's all about time. I've met older travelers that seem to care nothing at all. Just sitting at bars, having beers and being silent. It's no use even talking to them. Why? Because they've been through everything and have nothing to learn.

Just enjoying the nice climate, walking a little, having a smoke.

But I'm thinking more about my future. I've promised myself to never end up like them. Life is just too short to enjoy good climate. If it's not about learning experience anymore it's rather about social engagement. Doing something to make an imprint in human history. Making a name for myself.

Something for the future.

Well that's a kind of revolution. But it's nothing like the revolutions of the past. It's all about entertainment. Sucking people in by manipulation of emotions and intellect, creating suspense. I don't think I can teach anything. But it might be a way of filling a void, the world being too boring to spend it on constant repeat. So it gets darker, it gets more interesting, it gets ugly.

Going in the opposite direction of everyone else.

Informed by the purity of direct observation.

## **2015-02-23 - Alien**

The Alien films.

It used to be my favourite subject. It's coming back again, now with the new Alien sequel coming from Neill Blomkamp. I've seen the concept art and it's completely overwhelming. The best concept art of the entire series. It's the dream of Alien, the same direction that I went myself working on my books and scripts. This means it's completely surreal: Darker, more creative, and a sense of "rugged" realism to the art.

This time Dwayne Hicks will return, Sigourney Weaver will play the lead character and the company will capture an Alien ship.

The Alien is like a woman. Something that attracts you, scares you, even horrifies you, but in the end you can't look away: The good women. It doesn't matter how much you know about them, the mystery just deepens with time.

Alien is like a love affair with death.

It's hard to compare the individual movies. The first one was all about horror, the second introduced an action element and human drama. The third was all about dread and darkness, the last one introduced weird humour. Yes, they are different but connected by a single narrative. Not that simple but I hope you get my point.

The fascination is hard to understand. They are like generic haunted house stories, different from the art films I've grown to love. Different because they are so unpretentious. They are not difficult on the surface: Something coming from a primitive part of the filmmakers brains. Something is just "right" about the way they are made.

I have analyzed them countless times but I still have no answer. Most other films gets tired after some time but these films just gets better. Perhaps not for others but certainly for me.

Once I thought it was all about the design: The space-ships, the Alien environments, the creatures and so on. The Great Unknown. But when I started to write scripts myself I discovered that it was rather about the characters and the story: Something just "clicked", you got an emotional connection to that which you saw, which made the horror so much more horrifying.

But I'm beyond that. I'm too old to get scared by movies these days. It's something else.

It all goes back to Alejandro Jodorowsky. Ridley Scott was hired as a director later. H.R Giger and Dan O'Bannon was involved from the beginning. That was a surprise to me! It all came from different people than Ridley Scott! It started not as Alien. All these people met and exchanged ideas.

Jodorowsky talks about this in the documentary "Jodorowsky's Dune". That movie was meant to be the film to kill all the others. A film with the ambition to take the viewers to enlightenment. To realize themselves! But

it never got made. The studio wouldn't risk the money involved. Or was it something else? I have only seen interviews about it but you get the point. They went in another direction compared to everyone else. All people involved got free hands to do anything they wanted. It was all about taking it to the limit. Some of the best people working together in the same field. They were completely crazy.

That's the origin of Alien.

And the strange thing: I think it got even better with time. Because "Enlightenment" might make people happy but it's no life in it to me. It's a mental thing, an illusion. Why? Because you arrive at a concept of yourself that is really something coming into you: It's not your true essence. So you go into the world of sense and emotion instead. Down to earth. Into violence and death. Into the "cheap" thrills of a teenager dream. And the horrifying nature of this state of decay is pulling away the shield of unpurity, arriving at something else.

That's Alien. The perfect killing machine.