



Surrender Uluru A stranger in the Tranquill Center

Welcome to the continuation of the Surrender, as it was given to me on an adventure through Australia and for which I have been maturing for a long time, to now share it in a way that is accessible to the insight of the maturity of the spirit. The adventure is not so much where I was physically and what I saw with these eyes, it is more the realization that the experiences are the way that Life gives me its Wisdom and leads me to Itself. It is a dimension that has been veiled from these eyes until the events that this collection unfolds. I hope it invites you to see the Nature of Life or God, His doing and co-creation with Him.

It is heading for the third evening of a lonely, unusual desert bath in the heart of the desolate Australian continent. I should be deserty hot, but it's winter and I shiver at night. I found no reason not to spend this evening in the warmth of the thermal spring. I take a look at the embankment, from where I can look to the west. A place with smooth rock, shaped perfectly for the curves of the body, calls to me. I'll sleep here tonight. It doesn't underfoot me, I don't slide and it's clean, and I put a towel under it for greater comfort. I eagerly await the evening light show, which is breathtaking in appearance and vantage point. A melody wants to be sang. I sing from the spring and notice that those few birds of the small oasis have fallen silent and are looking towards me as if they want to listen to the novelty that has entered their space. When I fall silent, they resume their evening song.

I would like to convey the touch... that solitude in the desert leaves on me, but I have a feeling that this is as impossible as experiencing the energy of space through photography. Cleared of the pressures of everyday life, this body works differently. It's relaxed and open, which shouldn't be an oddity, just natural. After this experience, I recognize that I did not know it, that relaxation has little to do with the body, only with freed attention. How long is my attention free to experience the Happening? That's exactly how many moments I am under the auspices of Life, which lives completely in the now. I can clearly answer... I have never been in the Now, up untill these movements in my youth.

The more the desert path takes me away from the things this world wants me to do, the more they lose their grip on me. The hermit's unplanned relaxation transforms me into someone who has no name, no history, obligations and tasks..., no property, ambitions, desires, imposed needs..., no ID, I do not exist for the system.



During the months of the trip, I have no phone calls, I don't pay bills, I'm rarely under artificial lights, and I'm on a really thorough de-socialization fast. Freed from the plan that the social system prepares for me, I am open for the Plan that the Will of Life has for me.

A view from a distance could read that in a tiny oasis in the middle of enormous desolation, I have nothing, not even the basics of survival. It is the superficial conclusion of a separate mind that relies on things and its own efforts. In this moment, precisely because of the pure presence in it, I have everything, because I am in the Life that is All, even though I am in the middle of material nothingness. I don't worry about how long no one will be around, I don't count food supplies, I don't worry about anything, I just, too naive for negative projections, enjoy this wonderful solitude that cannot be improvised. For a Slovenian brought up in hills and smallness, the uninhabited vastness is certainly liberating beyond all concepts.

It reaffirms that innocence protects. Here, innocence is gifted to me with youth. After returning from the trip, I lost it and, through the pain of being acquainted with worst, had to want it back, do the necessary work on myself and nurture it regularly. Like everyone brought up in this system, I was poisoned with anger, fears, guilt, dissatisfaction, lack of independence, resentment, arrogance, the need to solve things the way I think and to demand justice in a human way. All this had to come from the garden of the soul, so that innocence could shine again. I wonder if I would have even noticed that I had lost it, if these experiences had not convinced me of its strength, which I recognized in hindsight after I had already replaced it by emotional kitsch?

On the fourth morning I wake up rested and renewed. I knew that I had received what It wanted to be given and indeed... in the middle of the day a cloud of dust appears in the distance, swirling behind a larger vehicle. I conclude that it will be here in about two hours. I climb a small pile of rocks and dance a dance of spontaneous movements that flow from movement to movement this morning, without a dividing line where one ends and the other begins. In the middle of extasy, the familiar feeling of being watched cuts through my body. I stop as if cut off. The vehicle is still far away, someone must be watching me with binoculars. I run to the tent and start packing.

In this, a huge beige German military truck appears noisy and dusty. There are three young fellas sitting in the cabin with a strange smile, and something like this shines from their eyes... 'look at her, wir do, alone in the middle of the desert, without everything'. I'm probably the last thing they expected. As if from the belly of an animal, others start jumping out of the truck. There were seven of them.



A German, two Hungarians, a Pole, an Englishman and two Australians. They approach me with something akin to awe, and through conversation it's clear that I'm going with them. I learn that there is no one matching Sei's description at the last station where I said goodbye to him.

They are headed for Uluru, which is 1,000 km off-road. The truck has a spare tire attached to the roof of the cab, where I find a balcony seat. Travelers make an adventure documentary. I spend 14 days with them to get to what I find out is a truly timeless point. The days are filled with many trials.

A huge tire bursts twice, which they skillfully fix, and meanwhile I jump with wild kangaroos. It is more difficult to cross a fire in a sparse forest, in which we get stuck in sandy mud. The empty truck weighs fourteen tons and it takes hours and a lot of sweat before the truck can be pulled out of the pit with the help of steel planks that are placed under tire and a winch tied to a thin tree. A little bigger leg thick young tree in worst conditions, withstands such an effort and does not fall. We would have been in serious trouble without it in the days before cell phones and needed another vehicle to get God knows how to get us out of our mess. Meanwhile, the others put out the fire and keep it away from the fuel.

Crossing the river, which reaches half way to the truck, is even more time-consuming. All equipment must be moved to the roof, including cross motorbikes, and the downstream terrain must be checked in bare feet beforehand. We leave the sparse forest plateau and the landscape is once again a monotonous, flat red, here and there crossed by packs of wild horses, camels, emus and kangaroos. Experiencing non-domesticated horses and other larger animals awakens in me an unquenchable longing to be with them and I still dream. I thought there were no more free horses. I am embraced by a wave of hope that all is not lost and the desert is, perhaps, the last refuge for Free spirits.

I'm sitting on the roof of the cabin. I surrender to the warm wind to blow away the heat. The complexion has already darkened, and the hair shines even more golden and swirls behind me like the flame of a comet. From the silent chattering with the wind, something wakes me up. I open my eyes and see an elongated round hill in the distance to the left. It's Uluru. It immediately draws my attention, as if I had come... Home, to the center of Peace. Its location also spoke to me, it lies in the very center of the continent. The driver slows down. I notice lying figures on the road, which prevent us from continuing our journey. They are Aborigines. The driver carefully meanders past them and continues on his way. The Australian shouts from the cabin that the mountain is sacred to the Aborigines, and that walking on it desecrates it.



This is their protest against tourism, which daily brings dozens of busloads of tourists who climb it, take pictures of it, and leave behind a mountain of packaging and spiritual destruction.

Its getting dark. There is a camp next to the mountain where we are going. Uluru glows iridescently in all the colors of the rainbow at sunset. It is colored blue at the base, which fades to pale pink, and at the top it becomes pure red. Farther around it is a whitish-yellow glow, and all the time it flickers in a gradation of colors like a luminous eulogy to Life, until it falls asleep at sunset.

After settling in the camp, I go to the common area, a kind of open bar, where loud, strained music echoes, drowned out by an incomprehensible mix of human voices. After being saturated with solitude, I experienced these more or less drunken and merry travelers with repulsion and I would have almost run away if I hadn't been held back by a premonition that something was waiting for me here. I look at the faces. They look extremely grotesque. Some shift restlessly and move their mouths to speak or draw cigarette smoke. Others pour beer into them from heavy mugs. Some are frantically telling something with their whole body, others are leaning their heads down on the tables. In this, someone pats me on the shoulder from behind. I turn around and Sei is standing in front of me. We both rejoice at the unexpected reunion. He rushes to explain that he didn't get a ride and was hoping to get to the only spot 'nearby' worth seeing. I understood why I had to come among people. Sei and I briefly summarize what has happened since our separation, then I leave the crowd. It pulls me into a silent attunement with the place before I drift off to sleep. I find a point closer to the Mountain, with the distant noise of the camp, from which I absorb its spirit, that at the first sight invited me to the sanctity of silence.

Sei and I visit the Mountain in the morning. The camp is still sleeping. It is the right hour to visit the Mountain, when people's attention is lulled from the fruitless exhaustion of the evening. I wouldn't be able to explain the clarity that is beginning to come over me, but I understand how much strength it takes to keep a healthy distance in this world and not fall under its influence of superficiality that blinds to the only important thing, for this moment. It forces people to look at things through the lens of separate thoughts and cameras, not knowing that they are bumping into virtual reality and completely missing the point. They do not notice that they are increasing their absence from the Happening, they think that looking at the beauties of nature is a spice to the barren Life of self-forgetfulness. Busily they press the cameras in an attempt to take some of this Beauty with them, which they could imprint permanently on their souls, without a camera, and shine themselves, if only they could stop in their insatiable delirium.



Over the years, I calmed down and left close encounters with them to the Will of Life to regulate them as much as I needed them. But I myself no longer felt the need to go to them. This is a big turning point, the fear of not belonging disappeared right here like the luminous mirage of a mountain at sunset.

At its foot, it grabs me to go around it, but I don't climb it. I won't take photos either. The Aborigines believe that the photograph takes away a piece of Mountain's soul. I can't give the camera that much power, but I still respect the wishes of the locals. Sei also refrains from both. The mountain is 348 m high, and around it is approximately 5 km. It is a smooth polished red rock that undulates in curves in subtle rhythms and gives the impression of a master product, created by the hands of a giant inspired by Beauty. The morning light turns the mountain blue-violet, and the endless shadows that reach the unfinished peak at the first rays create the impression of the fourth dimension.

The mountain literally glows, as if it wanted to brag about its sanctity, or if it would spread its rays into the environment and lovingly give itself to everything that it surrounds with its radiance. At its foot, in some places, the walls are decorated with murals in four earthy colors, which are obtained from the dust of white, ochre, red and brown stones, mixed with root juice. They speak to me with a touching story full of pain and hope.

I understand that a lonely hill in the middle of a desolate continent inspires respect, a sense of superiority of the earthly, a desire for the Divine. Also in other parts of the world, churches, temples and sanctuaries are still built on high places, so that their towers reach deep into the sky and with their golden glitter invite you to lift your thoughts. I can feel the specialness of this point in its sound. Here, for thousands of years, the exalted thought of the Aborigines has gathered. All the clans from all over Australia, once a year combine the power of their attention into a single point, the Dreamtime, the frequency zone of dreams, the Great Mystery of Life that gives birth to this world.

With Mountain's permission, I touch it. I am flooded with images of a multitude of people, in unison, with the melody of an ancient high song boiling from their throats, gathering their thought into the Focal Point, into the Source that precedes them. The power of mass prayer, which is not doubted by a single member of the community, is an invincible power and 100 percent insurance against intrusions from outside forces. As long as the indigenous peoples on Earth still maintained this shield, the Earth flourished in the greens of Life, health, abundance and style. Infiltration is an age-old strategy of the force of deception to subvert the power of Oneness from within, through disinformation and deception.



A man who today walks on the Mountain and laughs, in white tennis shoes and more or less oval bodies, takes photos of its curves, cannot recognize the Harmony and Power that connected the natives in a Life celebrating Unity, because he should first recognize them in himself, that he could also see them outside. A foot that steps on that Mountain cannot tread on its Spirit, not really. Photography cannot take Mountain's Soul away. The protests of the Aborigines come from pain and awareness of how destructive the dormant consciousness is, for this place, too heavy. They don't see in the Beauties of Nature an opportunity for the Celebration of Life or for the realization of inner beauties, and would silently sigh in gratitude for them. Until they know how beautiful they truly are as children of Light, they see only the prey or trophy that they have become in the webs of an alien mind.

The Peace and Power of the Mountain are untouchable to them, separated by a vibrational dissonance where the weight of material thought cannot touch the immateriality of the spirit. The Mountain is secured with a higher frequency, just crumpled like a snail. I smile imperceptibly at the certainty that the Mountain is in the patient restraint of the Power and very much Alive.

This station on the desert path tells what happens to the sanctity of naturalness if I let a foreigner into it, anything from the outside, added to what the Wholeness of Life has given me. A stranger cannot appreciate mine, and I myself cannot appreciate foreign. Adopting a foreign thought automatically creates a conflict of interest, I would carefully nurtured the native growth, the foreigner would grab it, sell it off and think how to increase profits with them and for this purpose invent processes of faster growth of profitable foreign cultures until naturalness is completely lost under these inventions.

Only I can close the door to a foreign thought, to which I naively and unwillingly opened the door to ravage my divine garden. I want to pour the rest of the drops of love into the purification of the soul's garden and into its Revival.

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