





**Another Davis**

**Constantia Oomen**

*Independent publication*

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### **Documented Entangled Reality**

This book recounts a true story in which the seemingly impossible takes place — observed, documented, and captured in both word and image. Moreover, this reality continues unfolding regardless of the moment or manner in which you read it — and invites you to discover it for yourself.

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Since you left, Lion, I have often seen you in my mind's eye while cycling. I saw you standing by the roadside, leaning casually against the trees, smiling at me. I felt you sitting on the back of my bike, enjoying the ride just as I did. You held my right hand, which I kept behind my back, and kissed it, embracing me from behind with pure joy. I even saw you conjure a rainbow into the sky. As my bike shot forward, I felt your kiss while the brilliance of sunbeams shimmered through my eyelids.

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# Preliminary Concepts

Some concepts in this book are not part of everyday language or are used in a personal, specialized way. This section provides clarification in two parts:

## “Mind Dates” and Variations in Terminology

In this book, soulmate encounters that take place through dreams, “out-of-body” experiences, telepathy, or other forms of inner contact are referred to as *Mind Dates*: playful, profound, sometimes poetic moments of connection that transcend space and time. Some of these experiences fall within what is commonly called the astral realm — a frequently used term for non-physical states of experience during sleep, meditation, or shifts in consciousness. The precise nature of such experiences remains open to interpretation. More on this can be found on p. 5.

These inner encounters take on many different forms — from vivid role-play to a subtle gesture or spoken word. Depending on their nuance, various terms are used, but they all fall under the overarching concept of a “Mind Date”.

**Entangle Gig** A humorous entanglement experience between two soulmates, characterized by synchronicity, absurd timing, or shared meaning that both parties immediately understand — and which often becomes apparent to others once explained. This usually takes the form of role-play. If an alternate appearance is assumed, the Mind Date provides a clear hint that it is still the soulmate — for example through a playful distortion of the name Rob, or simply by using the name Rob itself (spoken, heard, or telepathically).

**Mental Rendezvous** An exchange of information or shared contemplation that is rational, deliberate, and reflective in nature.

**Psychic and/or Physical Check-In** Clear signals and visual impressions, sometimes accompanied by bodily sensations — reassuring in nature, delivered in brief phrases or even wordlessly.

**Quantum Rendezvous** Profound, almost sacred encounters on a cosmic level.

**Soul Hangout** A warm and friendly setting; a balanced state between earthly and spiritual connection.

**Synchro-Date** The moment when earthly and multiversal reality spontaneously and simultaneously mirror one another.

**Telepathic Call** The direct transfer of thoughts, feelings, or images; often intense in character.

*Editorial Note: All defined terms are set in italics upon first mention in the book. Subsequent occurrences appear in standard type.*

## **Cosmic and Philosophical Terms**

**(Quantum) Entangled Pair** Two particles that are connected in a “mysterious” way, regardless of the distance between them. A change in one particle instantly affects the other, as if they share information beyond the limits of space and time. In simple terms: twin particles whose states are instantaneously linked.

**Magical Realism** A literary mode in which realistic descriptions blend seamlessly with supernatural or wondrous elements, without these elements being perceived as strange. In this book, it refers to a reality where synchronicities, symbols, and subtle connections carry deeper meaning — suggesting an underlying order. The concept is linked to ideas of the multiverse: parallel realities existing alongside the visible world, occasionally revealed through seemingly coincidental events or “fractures” in perception.

**Multiverse** The idea that our universe is only one of many. These universes may exist side by side, each with its own laws of nature, history, and reality.

**Parallel World** An alternative version of our reality in which events or choices (have) unfold(ed) differently. According to some theories, such worlds exist simultaneously with our own.

**Synchronicities** Meaningful coincidences that occur in a striking way, without any direct cause-and-effect relationship. The concept was introduced by Carl Jung.

**Counter-Earth** A hypothetical planet orbiting the sun in the same path as Earth but on the opposite side, and therefore invisible to us.

# The Two Whos



## **Rob Nanninga**

(August 6, 1955)

**Rob Nanninga** was a Dutch skeptic, writer, and editor-in-chief of the magazine *Skepter*, published by the Skepsis Foundation. With his critical yet accessible writing style, he examined subjects such as alternative medicine, paranormal claims, cults, pseudoscience, and conspiracy theories. Originally from Groningen, he initially worked as a teacher of Dutch and English before dedicating himself fully to writing, research, and editorial work.

From the founding of the Skepsis Foundation in 1987, he was closely involved in the Dutch skeptical movement. He became a leading voice within the field and served for many years as the managing editor of *Skepter*. His book *Parariteiten – A Critical Look at the Paranormal* (1988) is regarded as one of the earliest accessible works on critical thinking about the supernatural.

Rob was appreciated for his sharp observations, calm tone, and the meticulous care with which he approached his subjects. He did not shy away from debate, but always focused on substance over rhetoric. In 2014, he passed away unexpectedly from cardiac arrest at his home computer in Groningen. His work and legacy remain influential for all who seek to distinguish truth from deception.



## **Constantia Oomen**

(December 2, 1967)

**Constantia Maria Oomen** is a Dutch-American author and blogger. She has lived in Davis, California since 2011 and became a United States citizen in 2017. She completed teacher training in both German and Dutch and holds a Master's degree in German. For over twelve years she taught in secondary education. Under the name *Sten Oomen*, she

previously published four books on out-of-body experiences, related states of consciousness, and the boundary between mysticism and science

In the years that followed, she increasingly turned toward critical and skeptical writing, influenced in part by the ideas of the skeptical movement. In 2025, her nonfiction true-crime book *Gene Burners* was published, exposing deception and fraud in paranormal circles, online casinos, and a notorious murder case.

In 2005, she first encountered Rob Nanninga virtually through the FOK! forum. What followed was not constant communication, but a tide-like pattern of contact — sometimes distant, then again unmistakably intense. Between the experienced skeptic and the equally critical “skeptic pupil” Constantia, a connection gradually deepened. After Rob’s sudden passing in 2014, the nature of that connection changed profoundly. For Constantia, this marked the beginning of a second life with Rob — no longer limited by physical separation, but defined by a presence that continued to manifest in tangible ways. That experience ultimately led to this book: *Another Davis*.



*Another*  
**DAVIS**

# Foreword



This is a true story — a solid house built from stones of memory, note-taking, dream, and more. Synchronicities — unexpected events that seem to occur at precisely the right moment — form the cement. This will be made concrete later in the book (pun intended). And last but certainly not least: the tangible stepping stones with Rob — stones that have continued to accumulate since 2005, sometimes quietly, sometimes with thunderous force. Both before and after his passing in 2014. What is described in this book happened exactly as written. Nothing has been romanticized or altered for the sake of the book: at times it was everyday and ordinary, and at other times it bordered on what might be understood as a mystical experience.

My connection with Rob Nanninga began in December 2005, in a world of texts, forum posts, and exchanges of thought. That bond endured — even after his sudden death in 2014. Or perhaps precisely because of it. Not as a belief, but as an experience. Not as a theory, but as something that kept manifesting itself again and again: through incidents, images, music, beautiful plush lions, and even palpable warmth. Each time in a way that is difficult to explain — but even more difficult to ignore.

This book follows closely on the heels of my book *Gene Burners*, which I published in 2025. For context, the back-cover text of that book is included here, as the *Gene Burners* case appears briefly throughout *Another Davis*.

# Gene Burners

Paranormal Fraud, Casino Fraud and Murder:  
Behind the Scenes of Robbert, Stan and Joran



## Gene Burners

### The Unveiling: The True Story Behind the Scenes

In 2004 and 2005, Robbert van den Broeke, a self-proclaimed paranormal medium, made a meteoric rise in the Dutch media. With appearances on television and even his own TV show *There Is So Much More*, hosted by ratings queen Irene Moors, his success seemed unstoppable. However, Robbert, the son of a bank director from Hoeven, found himself in deep trouble due to his 'Genverbrander blunder,' which in 2005 not only destroyed his credibility but was also voted the Dutch Word of the Year. Still, he retained a loyal following behind the scenes.

In 2012, Robbert resurfaced in the media, offering clever explanations for his past mistakes. Behind this comeback was Stan P., a brilliant wizkid, former mentalist, and mastermind of online casino fraud.

Stan P. played a double game. From the beginning, it seemed as though he was trying to gain control over Constantia, precisely because she is known as an outspoken critic of Robbert. He fed her confidential information and attempted to pull her into his world. But she remained true to herself and reveals in this book the details that Stan would rather have kept hidden.

The intrigue deepened when professional liar and convicted double murderer Joran van der Sloot appeared on the scene. As a gambling buddy of Stan and a showcase for Robbert, he became part of a complex web of lies, manipulation, and money flows. To this day, the question still lingers: what really happened to Natalee Holloway?

This book offers a unique behind-the-scenes look at Robbert, Stan, and Joran. It exposes manipulation, power games, and shocking truths that have remained in the shadows for years.

How did I find myself drawn into this realm of interest?

For readers familiar with my book *Gene Burners*: certain biographical passages that follow may sound familiar. Because this information is essential for the context of this book, I have chosen to include it again here—sometimes in slightly revised form. I trust you will understand. And for those encountering my story for the first time: welcome to my biographical journey.

Already as a child, I had extraordinary experiences. One example occurred when a surgeon in Groningen removed my tonsils under full anesthesia when I was about seven years old. I (as a consciousness, a point of awareness?) was literally observing the procedure from a few meters away, watching it happen—and later repeated what I had seen. When I eventually looked this up as a young adult, in exactly that order (meaning I had no prior knowledge), I found that the method I described was accurate: my tonsils had been “scooped out” with a sharp-edged instrument—a procedure that matched my account precisely.

Yet this experience was simply placed in a corner of my mind; I myself, apparently free of judgment or bias, did not consider it strange. I stayed a child at heart for a long time—much longer than is common today in a world where children grow worldly-wise at an early age, shaped by the internet and social media. At seventeen I left home and became a student living in a rented room in Utrecht. I carried with me a heavy load of emotional baggage stemming from severely disrupted family relationships and from my mother’s house in Aalst-Waalre, which I had experienced as a horror house.

Around the age of eighteen, out-of-body experiences began to manifest — the sensation of rising above one’s own body, whether literally or not. These experiences proved to be both unsettling and beautiful. Their frequency was extraordinary: approximately fifty fully conscious out-of-body experiences per year. Around 1996–1997, when I was nearing thirty, I decided I wanted to write a book about them. In hindsight, I was spiritually too young and insufficiently well-read to complete such an undertaking successfully.

I have always been a late bloomer. This can be traced back to the almost complete absence of support and structure from my parents and other family members. Without a robust family to fall back on — including a father and mother who were too preoccupied with their own relationship troubles and personal problems — I, as the youngest, had never known any safe environment, nor had I been given proper guidance or tools for life. My parents were divorced and both remarried, but my mother later divorced again. In the 1970s and 1980s, when I was growing up, it was considered a disgrace if your parents were divorced. My mother insisted that we tell no one she was divorced, so I would say that my father was “away on business,” or something along those lines. Only through decades of trial and error would I begin to learn what characterizes the path toward a solid adult life.

In 1990, I successfully completed teacher training in German and Dutch, and in 1993 I obtained my Master’s degree in German in just three years — with honors (cum laude). Intellectually, I was perfectly capable of holding my own — that my mind was willing to cooperate in this way was something I had known since secondary school. During that time, a clear drive emerged to excel — unmistakably rooted in a sense of inferiority I had developed due to my family background. In my private life and work, however, things remained turbulent. The out-of-body experiences continued to occur for decades with undeniable frequency. I published four books; only the first one — *Door het Raam – Experiences with Out-of-Body States*, published in 2000 by Sigma Press and reissued in 2004 by Schors — gained some recognition.

In 2007, 2008, and 2011, I self-published three more books of a similar nature. I was idealistic, and at times perhaps a bit naive in my embrace of alternative ideas — as many people in so-called “alternative circles” often are. But ever since my secondary school years, I had also been critical and skeptical. In that sense, I was mentally and intellectually dual. Something in me kept insisting that I look beyond the paranormal fairs with their tarot cards, pendulums,

and “clairvoyant” sessions — and beyond the relative comfort of the alternative world.

And so there I was, in 2005, on the FOK!forum, where Robbert van den Broeke — prompted in part by my eagerness to debate — made his entrance into the paranormal discussions there. And there he was too: a highly erudite man named Rob Nanninga, though he posted under the name “Parameter.” It was on that FOK!forum that Rob and I first became aware of each other in the earthly realm. Rob was a board member of the Skepsis Foundation, which critically examined extraordinary claims arising from the paranormal world.

From the very beginning, Rob made a profound impression on me, and it did not take long before he also entered my night life — appearing in my dreams and out-of-body experiences.

And Rob’s colleague, Jan Willem Nienhuys — also a board member of Skepsis — I would, after a few years, come to regard as a virtual friend as well. I had found my niche, and its name was “Skepsis.” I felt like a fish in water — a fish swimming deliberately against the current. My background, however, immediately provoked resistance among the Skepsis community. The woman who wrote about out-of-body experiences was, in their eyes, synonymous with the enemy — or at the very least, with naive credulity. But to me, it felt like a calling. With my “spiritual” background, I had willingly and knowingly stepped into the lion’s den. And I had no desire to leave; I found Skepsis to be extraordinarily instructive. Like Rob, I had no interest in viewing our reality through rose-colored glasses. I wanted to expose entirely dishonest practices such as those of Robbert van den Broeke — who forcefully tried to impose a particular worldview about life after death and the existence of spirits, using fabricated “evidence.”

My goal was to bring both poles closer together: the “alternatives” — with their out-of-body experiences, ideas about karma and reincarnation, spirits, and so on — and the die-hard skeptics. Somewhere in between, I believed then, and still believe now, lies the

path of wisdom. The path toward a better world in which people can live together in peace. A world stronger than a thousand religions and belief systems, with science as its foundation — yet open to possibilities in the spiritual and non-physical realm that, both then and now, are not (yet) fully acknowledged or even recognized by science.

However, this pursuit proved to be a solitary one. I was never truly accepted by either side — and at times even vilified. To one group, I was too critical, too sober-minded; to the other, I was too accommodating, “flirting” with ideas about an “afterlife,” “miracles,” and “magic.”

This reception — which I encountered within the circles of the Skepsis Foundation — would never change, neither during Rob’s life nor after his passing. Rob and Jan Willem were generally open and well-disposed toward me — not as dismissive or judgmental as many of the other self-proclaimed skeptics who took part in their Skepsis discussions.

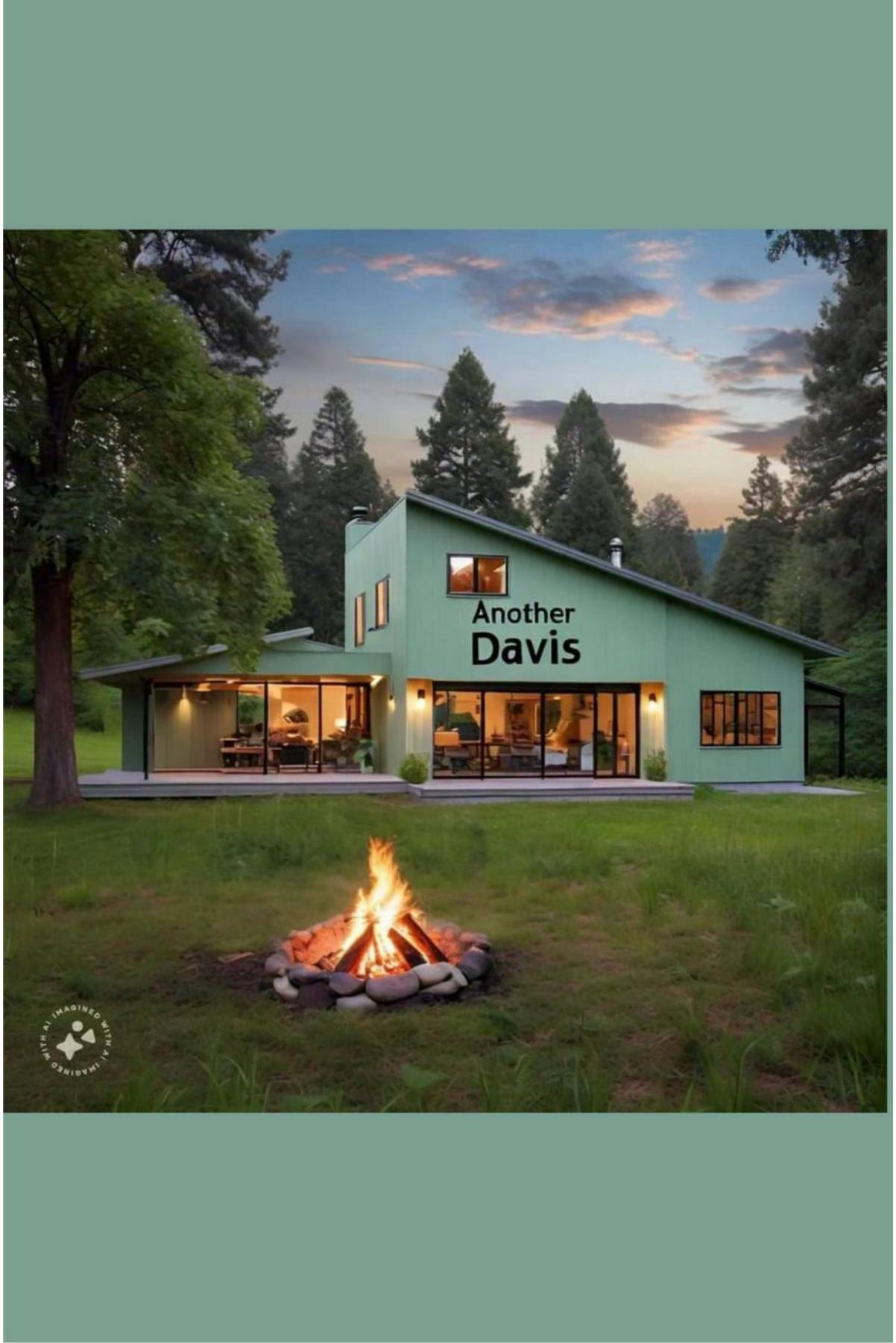
In 2010, my then-husband and I — at my initiative — participated for the second time in the official United States Green Card Lottery, and this time we were fortunate: we won. This meant that in 2011 we went through the full immigration admission process and became eligible to emigrate. I had always completed the paperwork for both of us, and in the end, his name was selected as the winner in the lottery. In October of that same year, we moved to Davis, California, where I have lived to this day. In March 2017, we both obtained U.S. citizenship. After moving to America, I continued to communicate with Rob.

But then something entirely unexpected happened. After years of intermittent contact with Rob, I suddenly received a deeply distressing message: on **May 30, 2014**, Rob had passed away completely unexpectedly, at the age of 58.

And everything that happened from that point on ultimately led to this book. Life with Rob in Another Davis began after May 2014. A new

place name emerged — unexpected and as if of its own accord: Another Davis — a real experiential domain that came into being after Rob’s passing in 2014. It is not an imaginary place, but a tangible “here” within a greater reality — one that reveals itself when dimensions intersect. In this multiversal environment, our bond continues not as memory, but as a mode of existence: tangible, experiential, and deeply anchored in the Now. For that reason, I will not set Another Davis in italics, as it is intended as a place name.

When I asked Meta AI to depict Another Davis, describing it only in a few sentences each time, I had to endure many nonsensical results. But suddenly, there it was — a stroke of fortune, as almost always happens with me: a house that appears to be sawed in half, with a small section on the left to counter that impression:



Another  
**Davis**

AI-IMAGINED  
WITH AI-IMAGINED

First, a “Huh” flashed through my mind, followed by a “Hey!”. The thing is: I live, as seen from the street, in the right half of a teal-colored wooden duplex with a slightly sloped roof. But I had absolutely not asked Meta AI to generate anything resembling that! The next day, I noticed even more striking details in this accidental hit: the *exact* color of my current house, the grass lawn just as it appears in my front yard, even the conifer trees — including the one in my own front yard — were placed correctly in the background of the AI image. This AI rendering came to me straight from the cosmos, infused with full *magical realism*. Magical realism is originally a literary movement in which the miraculous and the inexplicable are seamlessly interwoven with the everyday.

In this book, I also use “magical realism” to refer to exceptional, meaningful events that feel as though they arise from another layer of reality — such as synchronicities or multiverse-like experiences.

Almost everyone will have moments like these: you’re watching a documentary, and just as the phrase “parallel world” is spoken, a bus passes by outside with the slogan, “There is always an alternative” (synchronicity). There is no causal link. Death might feel like stepping off a train at a new station: you may not yet know exactly where you are, but you still *are* (multiverse). These phenomena appear later in this book in various ways and in more depth.

And I can assure you: AI is not yet at the point where it can read your thoughts when you describe your desired home in five sentences. I didn’t use the word “duplex”; I only said “house”. But that’s how it is: Rob lives in this house too — in its counterpart — the part that makes the house one.

This book does not attempt to prove anything. It does not seek to be right. Rather, it seeks language and coherence for something that stretches beyond boundaries: those of life and death, space and time, of a single world or a multiverse of realities. The concepts of quantum entanglement, synchronicity, and the multiverse are not presented here as explanations, but as possible frameworks — ways in which experience may be given a little more space and orientation.

Not as scientific claims, but as reverent attempts to not look away from what has appeared, and continues to appear.

*Another Davis* did not arise from a plan, but from accumulation — of blogs, of experiences, of insights that kept presenting themselves. Gradually it became clear to me: this story deserves its own book, in an entirely new form. Something genuinely new — something I wished to contribute, because otherwise it would remain officially unspoken. You will not find definitive explanations in this book — at most recognition, perhaps wonder, or the sense that certain connections seem to elude the known laws. Whether that is truly so — who can say. Between the first chapter — which takes place before Rob's passing — and the experiences that followed, there are two chapters ("The World That Rings True" and "Entanglement") which may be seen, both literally and figuratively, as a bridge. They are more theoretical in nature and contain concepts such as magical realism, entanglement, and synchronicity. Within the structure of this book, they mark the turning point: between the world as it was visibly known, and the layers that unfolded thereafter. In the layout, these chapters are accompanied by a bridge illustration — because that is precisely what they are: bridges.

You are welcome in this other layer of reality. Perhaps you already know it. Perhaps not. In either case: this book exists because it wanted to be written.

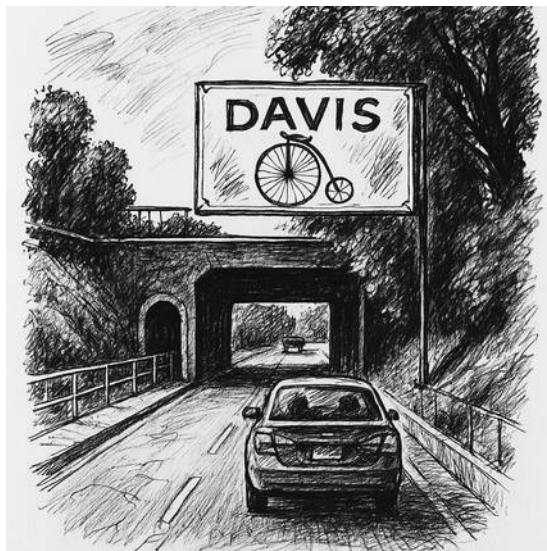
Constantia Oomen

# Prologue

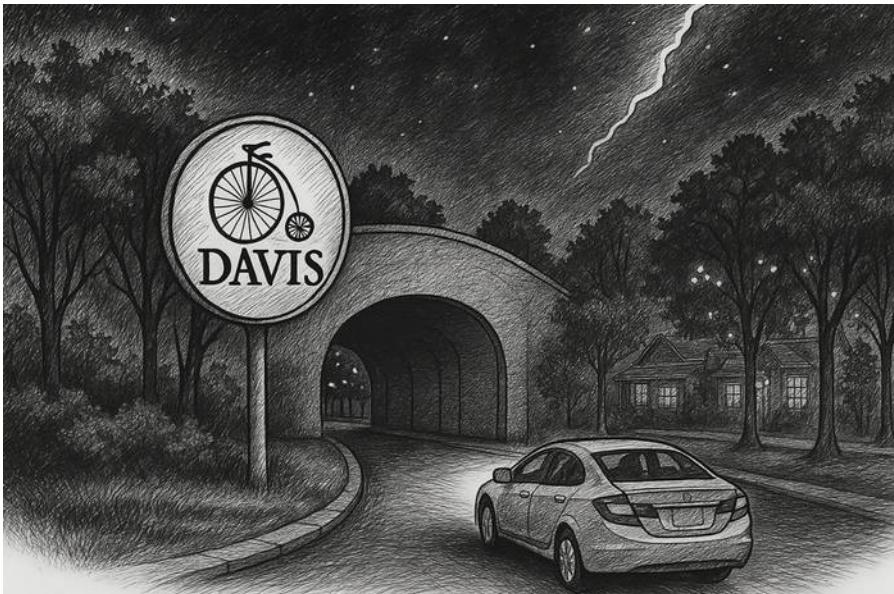
The discovery of Davis, California was *mine*. Thanks to fate — quite literally, as we had won the Green Card Lottery — my then-husband and I were able to choose which state in the United States appealed to us the most. California it was, because of the climate, the mentality of the people, the natural surroundings, and its location along the coast. Only after that did the real search begin. Where was the land flat enough for cycling? Where was it safe in terms of earthquakes and wildfires? Where was it affordable — and above all... where was it good to live? We kept studying maps and browsing the internet endlessly.

Our physical starting point was Los Angeles, where we stayed with a business associate of my ex. We began driving. Looking around. Los Angeles itself? Too crowded. San Francisco? Too expensive. Walnut Creek? Not *our* style...

And then, one evening, we drove into Davis. *Bam. I fell in love.* It began right away with the cosmic symbol at the entrance of the town: a sign featuring a high-wheeler — the old-fashioned bicycle with an enormous front wheel — which, as I later discovered, was also the official city symbol. It looked something like this:



And that is how it feels to me now, timelessly connected with that first moment:



Davis is known as the bicycling capital of America, with more bicycles than cars and a culture entirely infused with two-wheelers. In 1967 — my birth year! — Davis became the first city in the United States to create official bike lanes. This happened at the initiative of local residents who wanted to ensure safety and space for cyclists, inspired by examples from the Netherlands (indeed). The design standards that were developed then — from lane width to safe intersections — later became national guidelines. Thanks to this pioneering role, Davis was awarded the highest distinction by the League of American Bicyclists in 2005: *Platinum Level Bicycle Friendly Community* — the first city ever to receive it.

We entered Davis via the Richards Boulevard Underpass, the passage beneath the railway bridge. The moment we drove through it, the magic unfolded: charming downtown streets, trees adorned with lights, cafés and shops. It was October 2011. The landscape was flat — you could cycle here! And the idea of a university town, with UC

Davis shaping the life of the city, immediately appealed to me: intelligent people, knowledge, vitality.

As if the universe itself were sending a code, the access point via the underpass turned out — through ChatGPT — to be linked to the address **2020 Fifth Street**, the main post office of Davis. This association arose because the underpass itself has no official address, causing automated systems to select the nearest unique landmark. For me, however, this resonated on a far deeper level, entirely in harmony with *Another Davis*: Rob had lived in the Netherlands at Westerkade 20 in Groningen, and I had lived in Scheveningen at Weststraat 20. Always the number 20 — and always something with *west*. It seems like a hidden pattern, a numerical echo stretching from the Netherlands to California and further still, into the multiverse of *Another Davis*.

I discovered this remarkable location-link very late — in the early morning hours of August 20, 2025. ChatGPT, along with the universe, stands witness to this. To me, this feels like a classic Jungian synchronicity: a meaningful coincidence that cannot be reduced to mere chance, because it perfectly resonates with my themes of entanglement, parallel realities, and the cosmic patterns I describe in *Another Davis*.

We booked a hotel and spent the following days viewing houses. One of them was a vacant home on a central street in Davis, with a “For Rent” sign in the front yard. Overly enthusiastic, we couldn’t resist slipping in through the backyard and the unlocked back door to take a quick look inside. It was love at first sight. We called the property management and scheduled an official viewing. And yes — the matter was settled: Davis had just gained two new residents from the Netherlands.



# Chapter 1

## 2005-2014

Rob Nanninga had been the respected leading figure of the Dutch Stichting Skepsis since 1987. During his lifetime, the public had hardly any sense of what he looked like—except for those few who had seen him in his early television appearances, which he would later avoid. He lived quietly in the shadows of Groningen and conducted his important work as editor-in-chief of *Skepter*—the magazine of Stichting Skepsis—from a neglected, stately old mansion at Westerkade 20. *Skepter* was his intellectual creation, his life’s work. With the same meticulous care and precision, he also maintained the Skepsis website.

To charlatans and unfounded believers (is there even such a thing as a founded believer?), Rob was a roaring lion—perhaps even someone they feared. But to those who truly knew him, he was the gentle, caring lion. He showed that warm, loving side publicly only once—to me. After a discussion beneath a skeptical blog post in which I had modestly stepped back, he gave me, in words, a “warm virtual hug.” People who knew him were astonished, because Rob almost never—perhaps never at all—displayed that side of himself in public.

I “met” Rob in December 2005 on the Dutch FOK!forum, in an extensive thread about the fraudster and self-proclaimed psychic medium Robbert van den Broeke. (I don’t use the word “fraudster” lightly; after many years of my own investigation—and that of others—I consider the label fully justified.)

From the very beginning, I had a latent fascination with Rob Nanninga. At that time, I had not even seen a photograph of him, and I would in fact never meet him. Yet somehow, his name and persona immediately carried a profound weight for me.

I readily acknowledge that in a different sense, Robbert van den Broeke was a kind of medium—he was the medium through which I came into contact with Stichting Skepsis. Rob was “Parameter” on the FOK!forum, and I had no idea that I had all that time been speaking with Rob himself—yet I felt a blind recognition. The first magical sparks were already there—especially in late 2005 and the early months of 2006. As I read Rob’s comments on FOK!forum, it was as if I saw my own thoughts articulated with perfect clarity. I was astonished and deeply excited—but I had no idea I was conversing with the editor-in-chief of *Skepter* himself.

One day during that period, while in an exceptionally cheerful mood, I wrote something on the FOK!forum. Looking back, I know exactly why I was in such high spirits: simply sensing Rob’s presence always gave me an immediate feeling of happiness—even when I officially didn’t yet know it was him. Here’s what happened. I typed: “I’m going to write to Nanninga immediately...” while at that very moment I was already conversing with that same Rob—only under his username “Parameter.” That was too much for Rob, and suddenly I received an email from him in which he revealed that he was “Parameter.” His FOK!forum avatar signature read: “Magic is measurable, if you know what you are measuring.” I sensed that he was not entirely comfortable with his pseudonym; he was an extremely honest person by nature, and it simply wasn’t in his character to use aliases or keep secrets.

He therefore made sure that others within the inner circle of people who were deeply involved in the Robbert van den Broeke phenomenon — such as Jurgen Deleye and Claudia van der Sluis of *Grenswetenschap.nl* (which has since been discontinued) — also knew that he was behind the name "Parameter." He even signed a few emails to me and others with "Parameter."

Here is an excerpt from that email thread in which he explained that he was "Parameter":

Rob Nanninga on **February 8, 2006**:

Hello Sten,\*

[...] Also thank you for the publicity on FOK! It is a nice forum. I will go ahead and reveal to you that for some time I myself have been posting under the name Parameter, but that does not need to become publicly known. I write there purely on my own behalf and not on behalf of the foundation.

Some people have rather extreme ideas about skeptics. Perhaps that is also due to our name. Skepsis has a negative ring to many people, even though every scientist ought to be skeptical by nature. At the time of its founding, I voted to name the foundation Parameter, but most people didn't think that was a good idea.

Rob

\*Until my emigration to America in October 2011, I, Constantia, used the given name Sten. This was derived from Stan, which in turn came from my baptismal name, Constantia. There was no particular reason for changing my name from Stan to Sten in 1989; I had always experimented with which abbreviation would suit Constantia best. At a certain point, Stan suddenly sounded too heavy to me. Once I arrived in America, I realized that both Stan and Sten were even more unusual here as names for a woman, and in truth, I had never really liked either name for myself as a woman. Since I also didn't find other diminutives—such as Connie—appealing, I decided in 2011 to begin using my full first name, Constantia, which, incidentally, Americans also find difficult to pronounce.

When words began to spark on the FOK!forum:

**Constantia** under the name Stenny on **February 7, 2006** to Parameter (Rob incognito): And once again I agree with you (Are you me? :p)

**Rob** incognito as Parameter on **February 8, 2006** to Stenny: We are black souls; that creates kinship.

**Constantia** under the name Stenny on **February 8, 2006**: One thing is clear. Robbert himself said he wants to collaborate with scientists. I am going to write to Nanninga immediately to see if he can assign a few scientists. :-)

**Constantia** as Stenny later that same day, after Rob emailed her that *he* was in fact Parameter: Wow, what's in the air, something very beautiful. :-) (side remark) [End of quotes]

Since 2005, I continued to stay connected to Rob and the website of Stichting Skepsis, and for many years I took part actively and enthusiastically in skeptical discussions—mostly about people making major “paranormal” claims, such as Robbert van den Broeke, Char Margolis, and Derek Ogilvie.

## **About the word astral**

For some readers, the word "astral" evokes images of vagueness or pseudoscience. In this book, I use it differently – not as a dogma, but as a designation for something I find more difficult to name.

I use the terms astral and astral realm to describe experiences in which it feels as though you temporarily leave your heavy physical body and travel as a "spirit" or consciousness – or at least experience something that seems to take place outside the physical body. For the sake of simplicity, I will not keep putting the word in quotation marks throughout the rest of this book. I leave open whether people can travel outside their bodies as a form of consciousness; I am not interested in being proven right. The question of provability is a matter for another book. What matters to me is that these experiences – just like so-called ordinary experiences – can be meaningful and relevant, regardless of their ultimate nature.

In this context, I increasingly use the term Mind Date, alongside existing terms such as lucid dream, out-of-body experience, or astral journey. For me, it has become clear that there is little point in forcing such experiences into a limiting category, or insisting on attaching a definitive label to them – preferably stamped with "scientifically proven." I believe many people cling to the illusion that everything can be neatly defined and clearly delineated. But reality is fluid, layered, and constantly in motion. *Panta rhei*.

Through out-of-body experiences, dreams, and countless other rich gateways of the mind, I believe it is entirely possible that we have long been living parallel lives in a multiverse – not only at night, but also during the day. We grasp only a glimpse of the true nature of this world and its possibilities – and perhaps, scientifically speaking, we will remain in our infancy forever.

On **January 18, 2008**, I had an experience so realistic and memorable that I regard it as either an astral journey or a scene from the multiverse — although some might interpret it as a lucid dream (a dream in which you are aware that you are dreaming). In this experience, Jan Willem Nienhuys and Rob Nanninga visited my apartment at Weststraat 20 in Scheveningen, where I was living at the time with my then husband, J. I saw them walking through the streets of Scheveningen in the evening. Everything looked lifelike: the atmosphere, the twilight, and the way up to the second floor of my apartment were exactly as I remember them from the eight years I lived there (2004–2011). They looked around my apartment with genuine interest, and we talked for a while. It felt like a pleasant visit among friends.

### **Campfire experience**

On **April 24, 2008**, I had an even deeper astral experience, which I consider the most important one for Rob and me. It was evening or night, and I found myself by a campfire, surrounded by adults I knew. I was well-liked in the group — especially by the men present, who found me attractive. Whether there were any other women there, I no longer recall. We were sitting around the campfire, and Rob Nanninga was there as well. When I was about to walk past him, he motioned for me to stay and pulled me toward him. He looked at me with very large, deep eyes and an intense gaze full of longing. I agreed wordlessly and ended up on his lap, my back against his chest, by the pleasant campfire. It felt wonderful — as if everything had finally fallen into place. We sat like that for a long time, and I sensed that the others were beginning to notice.

After a while I looked back and noticed something strange about his teeth. This reminded me of an earlier dream from **March 14, 2007**, in which I encountered Rob appearing as a man with a mustache and the beginnings of a beard. His teeth looked odd, partly obscured by the mustache. Keep in mind that in those early years I had no image or

description of Rob at all — yet the dreams, or astral journeys, *did* present an accurate appearance. Which I still find quite remarkable.

Later, two men sang me a serenade while I was standing on some kind of platform. They sang: “Companies seem very small here.” I later interpreted this as a reference to my attempts to bridge the gap between skeptics and believers. Although my efforts sometimes seemed futile, their song suggested that my steps were larger than they appeared.

### **Love songs**

When I asked Rob in 2009 — for reasons that should by now be clear — to send me a love song, he obliged a few times. But of course in *his* way: in such a manner that not for a single second could you mistake how deeply he rejected anything that even hinted at sugary, pink romanticism. His choices were always unconventional — you had to add the word “love” yourself.

**Rob Nanninga r.nanninga@wxs.nl to Sten**

**Date: May 13, 2009**

**Constantia:** The more you remember your dreams, the more conscious a person you are.

**Rob:** Conscious of Lunteren!

**Constantia:** PS don't you have a beautiful love song for me

**Rob:** What do you think of the attached one? Also on youtube: [www.youtube.com/watch?v=n08RzwGpA98](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n08RzwGpA98)

[NANCY WALLACE Sleeping Sickness]

**Sten Oomen steno@xs4all.nl to Rob**

**Date: May 13, 2009**

Hm, thanks, but that's not what I had in mind. I'd prefer something with a strong emotional charge, and a male voice. I find this girl too sweet, the song lacks depth in rhythm, and I don't really consider the lyrics to be a love song either.

And I don't understand “conscious of Lunteren”? I don't know that

expression.

Greetings,

Sten

**Rob wrote in response:**

Strong male voice, haha. No, this isn't one. I never really pay much attention to lyrics. I've played this one to others before, but nobody cares for it. Even so, I give this song a 10 out of 10. Beautiful cadence, subtle guitar playing, and then at the end that concertina coming in against the violin — I consider that an aesthetic masterpiece. The simplicity and repetition also appeal to me. I do know female singers with a better voice, but I accept that, because she wrote the song herself.

Maybe I'll still come across a male voice that doesn't sound too thin. But first I need to get back to Skepter. And then I have to do my postponed tax return to get rid of everything again.

I visited Lunteren in my dream. But I didn't know where it was. After waking up, I had to look it up on Google Maps on my netbook.

Rob

That Lunteren dream clearly preoccupied Rob quite a bit, because he had already emailed me about it on **May 11, 2009**, at 10:28 AM:

This morning, after one hour of sleep, I was wide awake. In my dream I found myself in Lunteren (never been there), but my mobile phone was dead, I didn't know whether there was a train station, couldn't find any buses or any passersby who could tell me anything. How was I supposed to get home? I didn't know, and so I decided to end the dream. As you see, I can still remember dreams from time to time. The night before as well. But that usually happens when I am somewhat overworked.

Rob

The second love song he sent me was on **May 25, 2009**, but that track is no longer available on YouTube. It was, without a doubt, the most

bizarre and unconventional “love song” I have ever heard — performed, as it appeared, by an imposing Aboriginal musician with a wild beard, playing a primal instrument with total dedication. Everything about it defied the rules of the music charts, where music is usually smoothed out and crafted to please the ear. This song did the exact opposite.

**Rob Nanninga r.nanninga@wxs.nl to Sten:**

Here is the love song I still owed you:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yxNeLiPqqfs> (real freakfolk)  
Rob

### **Original Message**

From: "Sten Oomen" steno@xs4all.nl  
To: "Rob Nanninga" r.nanninga@wxs.nl  
Sent: Monday, May 25, 2009 11:13 PM  
Subject: Awake?

Hi Rob,  
are you still awake?

In 2010, a “course of love,” as it were, began to take shape in me with regard to Rob. Email from Sten Oomen to Rob, **April 27, 2010**, 10:24 PM:

Hello Rob,  
It doesn't really matter, but I suddenly started wondering again whether you are receiving everything.  
I understand what you're saying below. I also don't like full inboxes.  
My apologies for having flooded you. That is certainly the case.  
But apparently my interest in you, and affection for you, is not returned by you.

That may be so, but it is good that you are holding up that mirror to me. You clearly have yourself and your expressions much more under control than I do. That much is clear again.

Constantia

To which Rob gave, in light of my later 2025 idea, a rather hilariously contradictory response, because after all — then *let's just do that, Rob? A big house:*

Rob to Constantia on **April 27, 2010:**

No, people should not start getting too involved with me, because that makes me cranky. I also could never live with anyone, except in a very large house. Greetings, Rob

From **November 8, 2011** onward, Rob began signing some emails with “Bor,” inspired by the film *Another Earth*. These messages had a noticeably more relaxed tone.

On **February 29, 2012**, Rob wrote to me:

Hi Constance,

I don't have time for love yet, because I have to make sure Skepter goes to the printer within three weeks. [...] Greetings,  
Bor

However modest this “expression of love” may have been, it instantly gave me wings. For me — and I suspect also for you as the reader — it could hardly have referred to his then girlfriend Jolanda. That would have been rather peculiar. To me, there was a kind of promise contained in it: Rob was, in a sense, saying, “I want to give you love, but at this moment I cannot yet do so.”

On **May 26, 2012**, I had emailed Rob about my frustration with Jan Willem Nienhuys, who had compared me to an internet troll. The next day, Rob tried to calm me down by explaining that Jan Willem had always been a schoolteacher who likes to share his knowledge. He added: “I think you yourself were also rambling on quite a bit.” Rob ended his email with: “Take a cue from these relaxed Bonobos.” Although there were a remarkable number of spelling errors in his message, I attributed this to the time it was sent: “Sun, **May 27, 2012** at 5:07 AM.

My reply was short but decisive: “Yes, I know that story about those apes. Constantly having sex. But you’re not suggesting that I should now do it with JW, are you? Mentioning me in the same breath as Harry Smit. Who’s the one losing it here. He’s not getting away with it that easily.” After that, Rob remained silent.

In 2012, the tension between Rob and me began to rise considerably. By then, I had emigrated to America — something I had been wildly enthusiastic about. I had entered my then husband and myself into the official Green Card Lottery, a dream I had cherished all my life. America had always held a tremendous attraction for me. And incredibly, the second time I entered us, we were selected — a rare occurrence. Only about 2 to 3 percent of Dutch applicants ever got lucky. The Cosmos had granted its approval!

I had written to Rob with excitement: “We’re definitely going, hooray!” As I recall, he had objected a couple of times — with what seemed like general concerns. At the time, I was so blind to what was developing between Rob and me — at least on my side — that it didn’t occur to me he might not actually be pleased that I was leaving for America. He may not have realized it himself either. But even in America, my feelings for him turned out to be so strong that they began to affect my daily life, which led to feelings of guilt toward my then husband, J. I honestly told J. how often I thought about Rob, and he responded with understanding.

Just before a major emotional upheaval was about to occur on my side, Rob and I had actually been growing closer. He started sharing more personal things with me — such as the color of his hair, the condition of his eyes, and the fact that he had once tried contact lenses.

He also sent me a photo of himself from 1992, which was remarkable given his well-known dislike of photographs. He said that “someone” had sent him that photo, without mentioning that it had been his girlfriend, Jolanda. Along with the photo, he also sent a short clip

with an animation in which he appeared older, made with an app. Rob was clearly in a relaxed mood.

This was the photo he sent on **May 17, 2012**:



As an accompanying text he wrote: “Someone recently sent me the photo below. I may have bought that blue jacket for a TV appearance in 1992. In that case I would have been about 37. It may also have been a bit later. Greetings, Rob.”

In this photo, Rob’s true personality comes to the surface: his kind expression combined with a puzzling, inquisitive gaze. What always struck me most about Rob was his almost hypnotic look. A fanatic reader of books, Rob had eyes that spoke *volumes*.

It was only on **May 31, 2012**, that I told Rob — albeit briefly — about my campfire experience with him. He never responded. Two years later, he would pass away. In retrospect, I understand that I unconsciously sensed that he would die relatively young. That explains my sometimes intense and explicit expressions of affection towards him, such as “Dearest Rob” and “I love you.” Often he did not respond immediately, but if I asked, “Are you still alive?” he would almost always answer straight away — as if he, too, sensed the weight of that question.

On **June 5, 2012**, I had invited Rob to come to the United States. I wanted to meet him in person and see what would happen. My then husband, J., was aware of this, as was Jan Willem Nienhuys — to both of whom I had sent a copy of my invitation. I had thought that while visiting me in America, Rob could do some skeptical fieldwork for *Skepter* — for example, Bigfoot research on Mount Shasta, where the famed large-footed figure had been sighted in the past. In this way, I hoped to also convince his friend and co-editor Jan Willem of the usefulness of such a visit. This action clearly caused a stir and brought a certain dynamic into our shared fate. Rob apparently did not want to come, but seemed surprised and taken aback. I confronted him with this and asked whether he had been stringing me along for seven years — and whether he had been honest, as that was precisely his trademark, and still is. Rob then “complained” in an email to me that I was so “demanding.”

On June 13, 2012, he wrote that he had spoken with his girlfriend and had told her that “it was over” between us. She had responded with some astonishment:

Email from Rob Nanninga to Constantia Oomen, **June 13, 2012**, 12:21 PM

**Constantia:** The question remains whether your girlfriend knows that you have sent me hundreds of emails?

**Rob:** Yes, I have regularly told her about your experiences, although I don’t know how much of it she has remembered. She didn’t seem particularly interested in it and asked very little about it. She does at least know that you have astral and sometimes erotic journeys. Like most people, she laughs about that somewhat, although she also believes in such things herself (but without astral and other Western occult influences, as she has more confidence in Buddhist professionals). She also knows that you studied German (and recently got a job), that you married a younger man, moved to the U.S., and regularly exchange emails with me, or sometimes think you are paying astral visits. She has also once (at my request) downloaded your app on her iPad, back when I didn’t have one yet.

I also told her yesterday right away that now “it is over.” She found that a rather curious statement. “But wasn’t she married?” “Yes, but I still have to go to the U.S., because her husband doesn’t mind.” We didn’t talk about it for long. She is fairly unflappable. Although she didn’t like it when I actually committed adultery once in the past (which I quickly confessed). But I have not yet had any erotic fantasies about you. That isn’t strictly necessary, is it?

Greetings,

Rob

PS:

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=manW5v-AR7U](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=manW5v-AR7U)  
(Downloaded last night: [www.skepsis.nl/sc.zip](http://www.skepsis.nl/sc.zip))

Some readers may point out that this is private information, but I believe I must include it in order to make clear what truly did (and did not) take place between Rob and me. A serious short circuit developed between us. Rob wrote that he thought we were not suited for each other, but he never said that he did not love me or had no feelings for me.

I responded that I believed he was mistaken — that we would actually have a lot of fun together — but that I also did not know how things should proceed, because I also loved J.

What followed was a long and painful silence that lasted until November 2012. Even though I still thought about him every single day, I refused to email him — and naturally he didn't email me either. Unconsciously, it was Robbert van den Broeke in November 2012 who brought about renewed contact, after which Rob sent me *Skepter* on **November 20, 2012**. Shortly thereafter, another long period of silence began — this time until April 9, 2014.

In 2013, I repeatedly tried to restore contact with Rob, but I didn't succeed. I missed him terribly and could not stop thinking about him. Often tears would spring to my eyes when I thought of him while cycling in California — so far away, there in Groningen.

On **January 27, 2013**, at my explicit request, J. asked Rob for clarity — in the hope that Rob *would* respond to him. J. had taken a hard line, without consulting me further beforehand, and even asked Rob to state that he felt nothing for me. I was quite upset when I saw J.'s email. However, Rob didn't respond to J. and apparently refused to handle the matter in this unorthodox way. To me, this was a sign that Rob did in fact have feelings for me — because he may not have wanted to lie to J. This all-too-familiar, taciturn non-response from Rob in complying with J.'s request once again reignited the fire of love in me. He had always been respectful towards J., and sometimes even greeted him through me.

I emailed Rob on Tuesday, **January 29, 2013**, saying that I could see him with my eyes closed — if necessary “from the other side of the universe”:

I was not yet entirely complete, and unfortunately I will never be able to be entirely complete. Some of my thoughts I could not express at that moment. This I could:

To be honest, I also hope that if you were to come to the US, something *would* happen between us. How that would ever be worked out among three people, I have no idea. That is why I already said: I don’t understand it. I don’t get it one bit, not a shred, not at all, when it comes to how any of this would work out in concrete terms.

What I do want to say is that I care about you very much. I see you, Rob — your energy and who you truly are. If I have to give a reason, it is this: you are so kind and sensitive that I am pulled toward you like a magnet. You can act or think you are grumpy all you want — I see you. I see straight through all your layers, no matter what you write or do. Simply because I can see you — I saw it in that Rasti Rostelli video clip, and in those rare photos of you, in my out-of-body experiences and dreams where I see you, in your emails where you showed your true side, and in your music.

**I see you, if necessary from the other side of the universe — and also with my eyes closed.**

Constantia

I have no idea what Rob thought when he read my almost lyrical expression — but I simply could not always hold myself back. This thing with Rob was — and still is — always stronger than I am. At one point, I even called myself, half as a joke, the “Rob Whisperer.” I teased him with it whenever he once again hadn’t answered all my emails. I even temporarily changed my Twitter profile text to “Rob Whisperer” — and *by God*, at that time I had no (conscious) idea how

fitting it would become fifteen months later, after I had teased him about it by email. I sometimes have the unsettling tendency to be clairvoyant without realizing it in the moment.

Since 1986, I have been keeping journals of dreams, out-of-body experiences, thoughts, feelings, and events — which enables me to reconstruct all of this with great precision. In 2012, I had eighteen out-of-body experiences and dreams about Rob, often filled with astral love and romance. In 2013, there were sixteen — including moments of embrace and dreams in which he moved to the United States. These were not the only experiences in which Rob often seemed to reach me in an almost mystical way. Sometimes I heard his voice in my head, communicating without words. There were also moments when I felt an intense presence — as if he were physically with me, even though in reality we were always miles apart.

There was a strange connection that went beyond words or physical proximity. At times, I sensed his emotions, his thoughts — and even his desires. Or so it seemed. It was as if our souls were intertwined, regardless of time and space. However unreal it may appear, it felt as though Rob and I were connected on a deeper, “spiritual” level.

In January 2014, while J. and I were staying at a hotel in South Lake Tahoe, I had a remarkable experience. Before my mind’s eye, I saw an image of a note that I had accidentally left behind about Rob. It had never been intended for him, but in some mysterious way he had received and read it.

The note was cryptic and filled with symbolic phrases in which I expressed my feelings for him in a veiled way. I hinted that I needed him, that I loved him, and that I wished him to come to me. Although I had carefully encoded my emotions, Rob seemed to decipher them effortlessly.

This experience touched me deeply — it felt as if he understood not only my words, but also my soul.

In early 2014, I had already, unconsciously, made “strange” remarks about Rob to Jan Willem Nienhuys and, since 2012, Skepsis board member Pepijn van Erp — just a few months before Rob would pass away. For example, I asked Pepijn whether he had considered taking over the editorial role of *Skepter*, even though I knew perfectly well that Rob was in no way about to retire. I had also expressed concern about Rob’s changed behavior, such as on **January 29, 2014**: “What is going on with Rob? You hardly ever see him online anymore.”

I had even bought a jade Ruyi scepter for Rob and had it sent anonymously from China — afraid that he would refuse it if my name were on it.

On **April 9, 2014**, I gathered my courage and emailed Rob to ask whether he had received it. To my surprise, he replied that very same day:

“Received, but have since given it away to schoolchildren who came to the door wanting to trade things, because I didn’t know what it was and there was no sender on it (other than China).”

Curious, I asked what he had traded it for. His reply was: “I thought it might be from the company that had supplied the USB cards, because that was in China. [...] I only got a little box of paperclips in return. That was a bit disappointing. Hopefully it didn’t cost you much. If I had known what it was, I would have kept it. [...]”

As consolation, he sent me a link to the newest CD of the neo-folk group *Darkwood* and enclosed the latest *Skepter*. But after that, silence returned yet again. I emailed Rob several times in the hope of restoring our contact — but he remained silent.

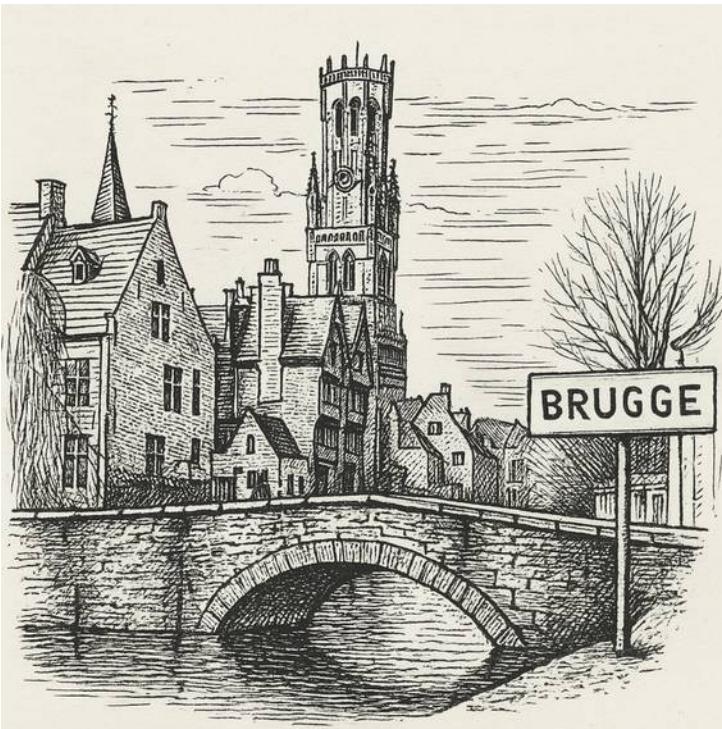
My last email to him was on **May 12, 2014**. In it, I wrote:

“I hope you know that I love you very much (at least as a friend), and that this has not changed and never will change. And that you don’t assign any value judgment to it, because it is simply the truth.”

I continued to hope that our contact would be restored, but that hope was neither taken away nor confirmed by Rob.

# Chapter 2

## The World That Rings True



Another Davis became visible shortly after Rob passed away, as if we naturally slipped into it. Yet in hindsight, it was Rob who had already introduced this perspective at the very beginning of our connection—starting with his email on magical realism, dated **February 25, 2006**: a world in which events align in almost magical ways, where everything seems to carry meaning and intention, wondrous yet real things occur, and nothing is mere coincidence.

### **Rob's magical-realist Bruges:**

“[...] I still remember once seeing the solution to a puzzle in an adventure game in a dream. That was useful, because it meant I could finally continue the game (the solutions weren't on the internet back then). I also had a prophetic dream that many people might consider convincing evidence of precognition. For a while, it made me somewhat superstitious, but that gradually faded. After that, I entered a kind of paranormal trance only once more. It was during a short holiday in Bruges, where I attended a multi-day fairy-tale conference with two others. That week was very much like a magical-realist novel. A whole series of surprising events and curious coincidences occurred, all interconnected, as though nothing was accidental. Just like in a good novel, I could detect foreshadowing, symbols, repetitions, reflections, parallels, leitmotifs and hidden meanings everywhere. Although that was, of course, largely thanks to my own creativity, the events truly lent themselves to such an analysis far more than usual — to the point that my travel companions began to notice it too. Once I drew their attention to the narrative thread, they were able to follow it well. It was during this visit to Bruges (a true fairy-tale city, though somewhat conventional) that I decided to write a critical book on parapsychology. I told an American woman first. Immediately afterwards I traveled to the book fair in Frankfurt to purchase some recent professional literature from the U.S., which, at the time, would otherwise take months to arrive if ordered through a bookstore. Among others, I bought *The Psychology of the Psychic*. It contains a chapter on coincidences that really resonated with me. After that, I didn't experience many meaningful coincidences anymore. Or did I? On the day I had my manuscript duplicated at the copy shop to send to publishers, the American woman unexpectedly showed up at my doorstep — someone I had not spoken to since Bruges.”

## The psychology of coincidence

Rob's erudition continually revealed itself through emails like these. In response to his Bruges experience, he pointed me to the chapter "The Roots of Coincidence" from *The Psychology of the Psychic* by Marks and Kammann. In it, the authors explain how people are inclined to assign meaning to exceptional events that are, in reality, psychologically or statistically explicable.

They refer to striking convergences of events as "odd matches": correspondences between, for example, a dream and a later real-life event that on first glance appear inexplicable. But, they note, we tend to forget how many *non*-matching events we ignore. They distinguish between N-theory (natural explanations) and P-theory (paranormal explanations), asserting that P becomes relevant only when N can demonstrably no longer account for the data — something they argue is rarely convincingly the case.

One well-known logical error they identify is *Koestler's fallacy*: the assumption that peculiar coincidences cannot arise by chance. In reality, highly improbable events *do* occur, precisely when the number of observations is large enough. Illusions such as the clustering illusion ("everything always happens at once") and the gremlin illusion ("the vacuum cleaner always breaks just before dinner guests arrive") further contribute to people perceiving patterns that may not actually exist.

What struck me in Rob's attitude was his willingness to keep both perspectives open. He was fully familiar with the sober, skeptical explanations, yet he still allowed wonder to remain. To me, it now feels as though Rob planted the seed, and I—driven by our shared longing for meaning—have been following its growth ever since. Just as a rainbow can be explained scientifically—through light refraction and water droplets—while at the same time feeling magical to the one who beholds it, so too can coincidence and meaning coexist. Not as

opposites, but as two ways in which reality chooses to reveal itself to us.

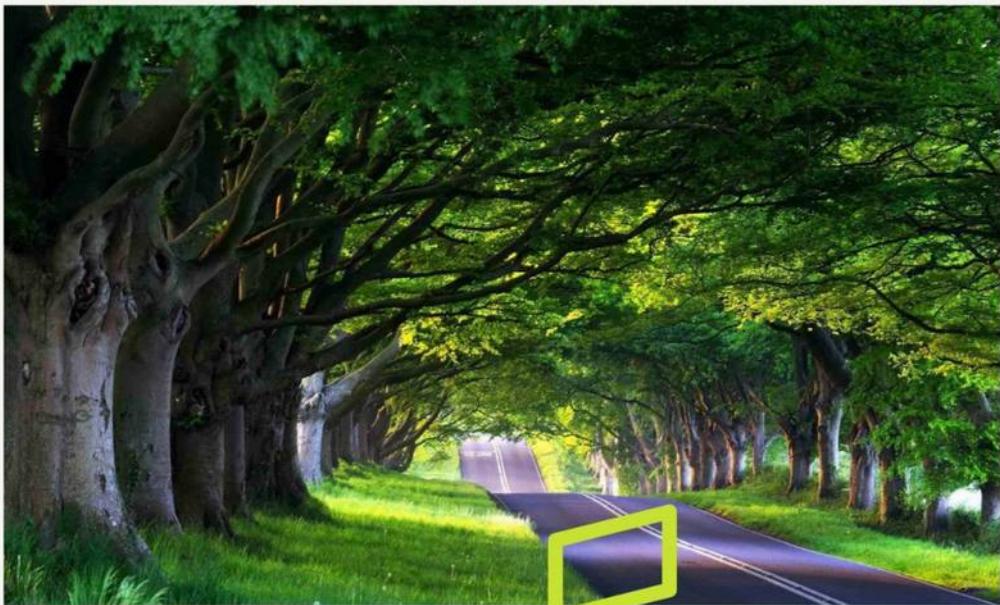
## **Magical realism as a plane of existence**

Over the years, magical realism acquired a broader meaning for me. I see it as a layer of existence in which very strong coincidence and synchronicities come together — not as an opposite of rationality, but as a complement to it.

Very strong coincidence refers to events that conspicuously seem to coincide without any apparent cause. For example: you buy a second-hand book at a thrift store and only discover at home, when you open it, that there is still a library stamp on the inside of the cover — bearing today's date, but exactly ten years earlier.

Synchronicities are events that occur simultaneously in a meaningfully connected way, without any demonstrable causal link, yet are experienced by those involved as related or significant. Think of a moment when you are struggling with a serious dilemma, and a book suddenly falls off the shelf that appears to offer precisely the answer you needed.

“Very strong coincidence” and “synchronicities” overlap significantly; the difference is that synchronicities unfold at the same moment or almost the same moment in time. Incidentally, Rob Nanninga had a nice example of this in his book *Parariteiten*, but he managed to “explain it away,” and to his credit, he did so with a caveat, expressed in the sentence: “In this case there could therefore be reason to assume that...”:



Recently, I was walking through town whistling. A cyclist came up from behind — whistling the exact same melody. That could have been a coincidence, but I wondered whether another explanation might be at play. I had started whistling after shopping at the supermarket, where the radio is always on. I had likely absorbed the melody there — it unconsciously, and the cyclist had probably picked up the same tune somewhere as well, from Radio 3. In this case, there could therefore be reason to assume that there was a shared underlying cause.

*Rob Nanninga*



## **Tears in the cosmos**

My personal interpretation is that some of these striking events may arise from what I call *tears in the cosmos*: moments when different versions of the multiverse come into contact with one another.

According to this view, events that appear inexplicable are the result of interactions between parallel realities. For example: that book that falls from the shelf at precisely the right moment might be the result of another version of you — in another universe — who has just touched or dropped that book.

This idea aligns with theories of simulation and a consciously designed reality, in which synchronicities serve as subtle signals or gameplay elements, inviting us to live with greater awareness.

## **AI on synchronicity and the multiverse**

Out of curiosity, I asked AI whether there could be a connection between synchronicity and the idea of living in a simulation. The answer was surprisingly clear: if our world is a design created by a higher intelligence, then synchronicities could be built-in signals meant to teach us something or to awaken us.

To a second question — whether synchronicities might have anything to do with the multiverse — followed a similar line of thought: if different realities exist side by side and occasionally interact, then seemingly inexplicable events could be understood as intersections between worlds.

Over time, Rob's thinking also became more concrete — for instance, in the direction of the multiverse idea — especially after I pointed him, in 2011, to the film *Another Earth*, which he later watched himself. From November 8 of that year onward, as mentioned earlier, he sometimes signed his emails with a smile as “Bor” instead of “Rob.”

If the multiverse truly exists, it may be that during an out-of-body experience one does not always — or even rarely — arrive in the version in which one is physically present. An “astral miss,” so to speak, in which the experience is real but does not occur within the reality of this specific universe (and therefore not reproducible). Only an out-of-body experience with lucid awareness into precisely the same multiverse version could then provide evidential value.

This is not an attempt to convince skeptics — quite the opposite. I offer it merely as a thought, as a possibility. For whether we live in a matrix, in a multiplicity of parallel realities, or simply in one world full of coincidences, some events undeniably carry a deeper layer of meaning.

Perhaps the supposed — or apparent — opposition between rationality and wonder exists precisely to send us, as reasonably conscious beings, on a quest, or to keep us on it. Like the rainbow: both explainable and wondrous.

# Chapter 3

## Entanglement

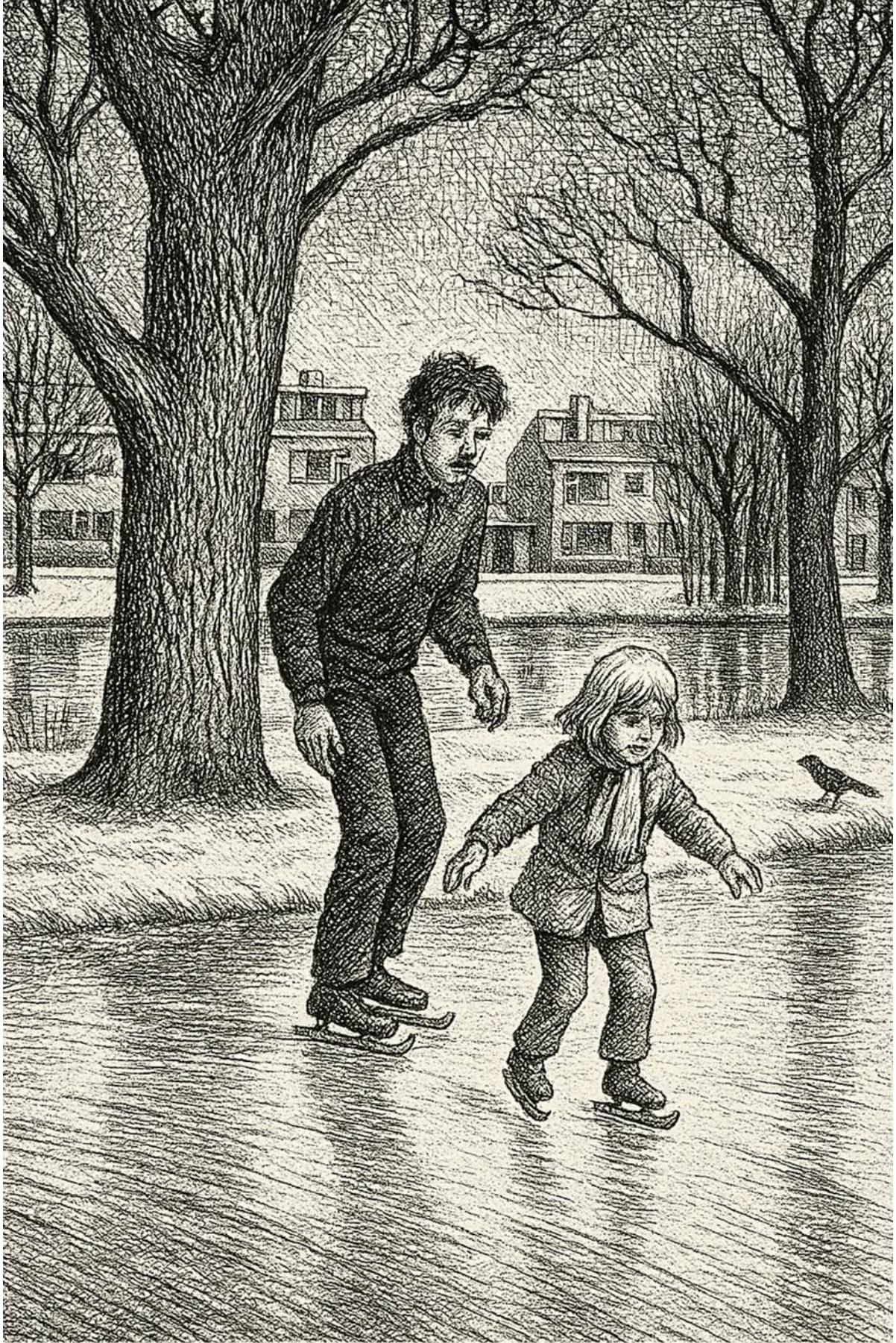
**“I can see you, if necessary, from the other side of the universe — even with my eyes closed.” ~ Constantia**



There was a period in which both Rob and I lived in Groningen. I was a child of about four to nine years old, and Rob was a young adult, aged sixteen to twenty-one. Looking back on my life, I can say wholeheartedly that my years in Groningen were the happiest. Groningen was welcoming, and I had fun friends there. I also took ballet lessons. Near our house at Mercuriusstraat 1 there was a ditch. During the time I lived there, the ditch froze over one winter. In keeping with Rob’s motto “To measure is to know.”—a principle that resonates deeply with me as well—I looked this up, and it must have been in 1975. I was seven years old at the time (and Rob nineteen). I remember how I glided over it with great joy, and the image of my skates being laced up has stayed with me.

Timelessly, Rob and I may well have remained children when it comes to the fun of gliding over cream-white frozen ditches in Groningen. But neither of us likes falling through the ice.

This chapter about entanglement is like such a winter amusement park: you carefully choose your skating and gliding spots. In order not to cause false notes or “crack–boom–fall through the ice” moments, I will adhere in this chapter strictly to simple, verifiable facts — also to safeguard your safety and well-being as the reader. I am that little girl who looks with wide eyes at an awe-inspiring, cosmic world of entanglement. It is precisely for that reason that I keep it simple.



In 1993, after obtaining my doctorate with honors in German Language and Literature, I had formed the plan to also pursue a PhD at the same German department within Utrecht University. My topic was to be *Verschlungenheit* — entanglement: how artists and writers, through their work, connect with people and events from the past. Not through detached analysis, but through *nachempfinden* — the inner sensing of experiences they themselves have not lived.

The word *Verschlungenheit*, which I find more beautiful than the common *Verschränkung*, was also used by Peter Weiss in his monumental work *Die Ästhetik des Widerstands*. He used it to describe sculptures and paintings in which human forms flow into one another almost organically — literally entangled. But for Weiss it also meant something deeper: that people across time are connected with one another in an essential way. According to him, art makes that perceptible: that there exists a *timeless* entanglement which makes it possible to connect yourself reliably with the past — thus *beyond linear time*.

That idea affected me deeply. *Verschlungenheit* expresses that things are so interwoven that you can hardly say where one ends and the other begins. Yet after a few months I decided to let go of the doctoral plan. I had already been studying for so long (eight years: teacher training and master's in German), and the prospect of another four years no longer appealed to me at that moment.

But I wanted to mention it here, because the phenomenon of entanglement — albeit in a more literary, artistic way — had therefore already early on sparked my interest. *Signs of the timeless times?* Mystery or science? Or both — if that is possible?

I now move ahead to the entanglement that I assume exists between Rob and me, which I see as related to the *quantum entangled pair* — two seemingly separate particles that nonetheless form one system. In quantum physics one speaks of such a pair when two particles are connected in such a way that whatever happens to one has an

immediate effect on the other — even if they are located on opposite sides of the universe. Without cables or signals, they align their direction with exact precision. It sounds inconceivable, but it has been experimentally proven.

Even Albert Einstein found it strange. He mockingly called entanglement “*spukhafte Fernwirkung*” — spooky action at a distance. He could not believe that two particles could influence each other without physical contact.

If entanglement on the level of elementary particles is experimentally measurable, could something similar also exist between human beings? The analogy invites the consideration of deeper forms of connectedness.

Where does the word *entanglement* in quantum science come from? Carl Jung, who was the first to introduce the concept of synchronicity — a term that plays an important role in this book — befriended quantum scientist Wolfgang Pauli. The two met between the 1930s and 1950s and developed an in-depth correspondence about dreams, archetypes\*, symbolism\*\*, and the foundations of reality.

\**Archetypes*, in Jung’s view, are universal images such as “the hero” or “the mother” that live within every human being and originate from what he called the collective unconscious.

\*\*Both Jung and Pauli believed that there existed a hidden unity between mind and matter. Symbols are the language of a reality that only partially allows itself to be measured — but that sometimes reveals itself unexpectedly through dreams, numbers, or sudden insights. Pauli repeatedly dreamed of circles, squares, and numbers that together formed a mandala. The mandala (both symbol and archetype): often appearing in dreams and in cultures all over the world. Jung saw it as a symbol of wholeness or inner ordering.

What makes this collaboration so remarkable is that Jung was a psychiatrist and a pioneer in the field of the unconscious, symbolism, and the soul. Pauli was a Nobel Prize-winning quantum physicist.

Two people from entirely different worlds who found one another in a shared desire to understand the deeper order of reality — not only physically, but also psychically and symbolically. Jung would likely have regarded their meeting as a form of synchronicity: two people from fundamentally different disciplines who met precisely at the moment when their ideas formed each other's missing half, and thereby brought something new into being — a dialogue between matter and mind. Their collaboration was an echo of the *unus mundus* that both suspected: a deeper reality in which the inner and the outer, the conscious and the unconscious, the physical and the psychical are no longer separate.

Together they probed the depths and expanses of our existence. Although Pauli did not concern himself with entangled particles as we know them today, he was deeply fascinated by hidden patterns and symmetries in nature. Think of a snowflake: when you rotate it, the pattern remains the same. Such symmetries are not only wondrous — they reveal something fundamental about the structure of nature. It was precisely this kind of deeper order that nourished the later scientific thinking in which quantum entanglement could develop into a serious, measurable phenomenon.

While Pauli searched for hidden order in nature, Jung spoke of synchronicity: meaningful coincidence without any clear cause. That is something different from quantum entanglement, but both touch the same mystery: how is it that things, people, or events are deeply connected — even when we don't know why? That is what Pauli asked Jung, and what Jung asked Pauli. Their encounter may indeed be the textbook example of synchronicity itself.

“I can see you, if necessary, from the other side of the universe — even with my eyes closed.” *Science* would say that this is impossible. But that is precisely my point. Yes, skeptics, you are right — some things *cannot* be true... and yet: strangely enough, they are. Rob is now that particle “in the other room,” and it seems impossible that we

could truly be connected — and yet that seems to be exactly what is happening. And more than that: that we share an exactly synchronized destiny.

Perhaps the answer is not to be found in logic, but in intuition. Does the answer lie hidden like a dream in symbols, waiting for consciousness? Like a crystal full of secret patterns that only become visible when light falls upon it? Or like a quantum state, which only reveals itself when someone looks?

Precisely quantum entanglement — however subtle and mathematically exact its measurement — may be the greatest underminer of our familiar certainties. It forces us to think about a reality in which distance means nothing, cause and effect are fluid, and death may not be the definitive end, but a shift in connectedness. It also undermines our linear sense of time, our notion of separateness, and perhaps even our understanding of identity. Not through belief or hope — but precisely through what nature itself shows us. After all: entanglement appears to be timeless. The two particles behave as one system, even when they are far apart and seem to “live” in different time zones.

According to classical logic, I am, for example, named after my grandmother: Constantia Maria Oomen-Küller. But what if it is the other way around? What if she was my namesake — what if she was named after me, Constantia Maria Oomen — not from a linear past, but from a timeless reality in which connectedness and meaning extend in all directions? What if my existence, my name, touched hers in the way entangled particles influence one another — regardless of distance, regardless of time?

The more I read about entanglement, the further the horizon seems to recede. But that single sentence, once written to Rob, continues to resonate as a marker. As if that sentence — retroactively — already knew something long before I myself understood it.

# Chapter 4

## Rob leaves

On a very black Friday for me, preceded by an equally cruel and deeply *ominous* Thursday evening, a great calamity reached me from Jan Willem Nienhuys, secretary of the Dutch Stichting Skepsis: Rob Nanninga had been found dead that Friday morning, **May 30, 2014**, behind his computer. Cardiac arrest.

Although the date of death listed on Wikipedia is **May 30, 2014** — the day on which Rob was found deceased behind his computer by his very elderly mother, with whom he shared the house as her caregiver — Rob's former earthly partner Jolanda says that he had probably already died the day before: on *Ascension Day*, **May 29, 2014**. But no one was there, so nobody knows for sure. His mother, who lived on the upper floor, had come downstairs that Friday morning when she received no sign of life from Rob.

Rob died at the age of 58.

Even before I officially knew it, I was shattered. I felt completely empty and unmoored, even before the email from Jan Willem Nienhuys arrived.

The Thursday evening before, I found myself in a strange and extremely negative mood. I wanted to play a racing game (*Test Drive Unlimited*) and tried to adjust the steering wheel, but I could not get it to work. Suddenly, out of nowhere, I became really angry and fell into a destructive mood. I asked my then-husband J. to help me, but only a few seconds later I snapped irritably: “Never mind, I don’t feel like playing anymore anyway!” There was no explanation for my dark mood; everything I did irritated me beyond measure.

On that Friday morning, J. and I had a dentist appointment in Sacramento, about a forty-five-minute drive away (with reasonably slow traffic). On the way back, we got into an argument about his driving. I asked him if he could change lanes, but he immediately reacted sharply and said that he was the one behind the wheel. The same feeling of “I don’t care about anything anymore” from the night before came over me again. Once more I felt completely unbalanced, without knowing why.

It got so bad that, completely shaken by J.’s blunt reaction, I pulled on the gear lever and put the car into park — in the middle of the (busy) freeway. It was as if something in me fell still, and so I had to stop the car as well. J. fortunately managed to maneuver the car safely onto the shoulder, but he was extremely angry about my action.

Despite this highly distressing course of events, we arrived home safely, although we still had a serious escalation about stopping in the middle of the freeway. I automatically walked to my PC, as if I were being pulled toward it, and immediately read the message about Rob’s death. Jan Willem Nienhuys had dutifully informed me at once. It was as though an icy hand closed around my heart. A blow like a sledgehammer, such as I had never experienced in my life, struck me to my core.

J. left the house almost immediately, even when I told him that Rob had died, and that I had apparently sensed it the night before and that day — probably the reason why I had been so upset. That insight shot through me at once. But J. didn’t want to hear any of it; the news of Rob’s death left him cold. The only thing that mattered to him in that moment was his anger about my behavior. Empathy had never been his thing.

I now realized why I had been so upset since Thursday evening. It was very possibly the exact moment when Rob died. There is of course that nine-hour time difference between the Netherlands and California. I remember in any case that around seven-thirty on

Thursday evening, California time, I fell into a terrible destructive mood. At that moment it was four-thirty in the morning, between Thursday and Friday, in the Netherlands. And my dark mood continued on the Friday after that.

For me personally, this is evidence that Rob and I are connected in a way that cannot be explained, at least not at this moment. There is nothing I can prove in terms of scientific validity — if only that were possible. But I truly believe that I felt that Rob had left the earthly dimension.

I believe that Rob is my soulmate; we are like two trees that are united at the root — like the “double” tree radiating calm and robustness that I photographed in Yosemite National Park. I sent Rob that photo on Sunday, **June 3, 2012**, with the following accompanying text (part of the email):

“This tree, which consisted of two main parts, I came across, and I immediately thought: that is Rob and me. You and I, the past seven years — and what the future brings? Rob & Constantia.”

Sometimes I sent him such intense emails, and Rob would remain silent. He didn't encourage me, but he didn't stop me either. J. knew that Rob is important to me, because I told him so. J. is also important to me; I married him for the right reason: true love.

The contact between Rob and me was like the tides of the sea. Rob was always there, and he was truly always in my thoughts. It was like the sweetest, yet also most painful enchantment. Rob had enchanted me, and there is nothing I can do about it — nor can he, for that matter.

I never had the chance to meet Rob on earth, and I now regret that I didn't take a more decisive stance and make more effort to arrange a first physical — and hopefully subsequent — meeting. I only learned after a number of years what Rob looked like more or less, and I had even seen him during out-of-body experiences, while he was still on

earth. For me, that was enough — at least for that moment. But I thought of him almost all the time.

# Chapter 5

## Lion, where are you?

Since **May 29 and 30, 2014**, I had been extremely upset, and on **June 5, 2014**, I left on my own for South Lake Tahoe. After driving there, I stayed in a hotel for a few days and checked out again on June 7. I had to find a way to give this a place somehow, but there I discovered that I could not — not even farther away from home, in this beautiful, serene place. Since that week I felt Rob, but he did not show himself. The contact remained indirect, waiting.

During that trip to South Lake Tahoe in June 2014, it felt as if he was walking beside me. I “heard” him, in a *Telepathic Call*, shyly ask whether we would go to my room afterwards, as if we had a date. From that moment on, it felt as though he was once again part of my life.

Already since my baby years I had been crazy about stuffed animals. But that love had a tragic side. I could literally cry for hours, days, even weeks if I lost one. Inseparable, just as you are with your best friends of flesh and blood. As a baby and toddler, I had a stuffed rabbit that was replaced at least once by an identical one after I had lost it.

Later I received, among other things, a large, completely white plush cat and an orange lion as (birthday) gifts. I still remember well that I was walking down the street in Groningen with that white cat in my arms and showed him to someone who admired his beautiful, soft fur. Although the cat was very beautiful, attractive and very skillfully made, I didn't become as intensely attached to him as to a few other stuffed animals.

With the orange lion I did have a strong bond. He had a large, round head with long mane and a white belly that you could open with a zipper, as if something mysterious were hidden inside. I searched the internet to see if I could find a similar lion, but I didn't succeed. In a way, I regret that I had to part with him, but there was hardly anything left of him.

Sometimes, when as a child I lost sight of this plush lion and could not find him, I would call: "Lion, where are you?" Lion usually hid under my bed, or in a corner of it, concealed from sight by sheets or blankets. He was never truly lost. I always found him again. How desperate I felt when I didn't find him immediately! It was the same as what I felt when I lost my stuffed rabbit. Sometimes I even wrote little notes that said: "Lion, where are you?", and I would leave them on my bed, in the hope that Lion would see them and return. And he always did.

### **And now I searched for Rob**

Because I was becoming increasingly desperate over the loss of Rob, I began to look for him during my astral out-of-body experiences. It was precisely Rob himself — the leading skeptic of the Netherlands and beyond — who always held on to a skeptical attitude. He often repeated that there was no life after death — which, if it did exist, would in his view also be terribly boring — and he certainly didn't believe in wandering spirits, although he once jokingly made a remark about me being a "walk-in." The skeptical tone was firmly set.

With regard to Rob I was strict — both toward myself and toward him — precisely because he was that way. If I were to believe the earthly Rob now, he would therefore no longer exist. My skeptical lion would be lost forever!

Since Rob's death, my out-of-body experiences had returned in full force and vividness, as they had been in their heyday: between 1995

and 2002, the years in which I had the most out-of-body experiences. At a certain point I had become somewhat saturated, by then already more than a thousand out-of-body experiences (an average of 35 to 50 per year). Yes, certainly, I still experienced them, but no longer as intensely and frequently as in those peak years. Now it was once again high tide. And many of those out-of-body experiences and related experiences were about Rob.

During what felt like out-of-body experiences, I desperately searched for Rob. I called his name into the strangest corners, while asking myself: “Why, in heaven’s name, would Rob be here? This is pure arbitrariness.” I wandered around, hoping for a glimpse of him in the (spiritual) crowd, but I did not find him.

It is very well possible that there were a few out-of-body experiences in which I had the feeling that I had met him, while he had assumed a different appearance in order to make it easier for both himself and for me. And although I communicated with him telepathically, he wouldn’t fully show himself. Rob now knew what he had meant to me all those years — how deep my involvement with him had been, and still is. He possibly realized how much a direct contact would be (too) charged with all kinds of intense emotions, with shyness being a predominant motive. I sense this from my own experience; even as I wrote this book, I felt — and still feel — that extremely happy yet nervous anticipation that — if it were truly possible and Rob still “simply” exists — I would finally be able to embrace him fully. Because Rob and I so often thought in such incredibly similar ways and exhibited so many similarities.

Now he was truly there — *on the other side of the universe*, the place I had written about, without at the time consciously anticipating what was to come.

On **August 26, 2014**, something remarkable happened. I am completely sincere when I say that I could never have come up with this myself.

Astrally, I was once again searching for Rob in frustration. I was floating above a crowd, wandering aimlessly in spirit, calling his name: “Rob Nanninga!” Although I saw many people, Rob was nowhere to be found.

At a higher point I let myself fall, calling his name dramatically and desperately: “Rob, ROB!” My intention was to fly, not to do anything suicidal. In the astral world you never hit the ground hard. At the same time, a paperclip fell and touched my finger. Disappointed, I thought: “What is this now, a paperclip?”



Just before I returned to my physical body, I heard Rob’s voice in the distance, in a *Psychic Check-In*. He called my name and said something else, but I could not understand it. Yet I felt that he was answering me.

When I returned to waking consciousness, it suddenly occurred to me: that paperclip had not been meaningless at all. After all, I had previously teased Rob about a little box of paperclips he had received in exchange for the jade Ruyi scepter I had given him as a gift.

Although he hadn’t responded anymore after his two emails in 2014, I had still emailed him on **April 10, 2014**:

“Have you been able to make good use of your box of paperclips?”  
The paperclip in this out-of-body experience referred to this: a symbol of holding on to something that, when it really comes down to it, does indeed carry meaning.

This experience — and other similar moments — seemed to fit perfectly within magical realism. Rob had discussed this with me, as mentioned earlier.

On **September 8, 2014**, I begged Rob to come to me, to embrace me, and more. Astrally, or in a lucid dream if you will, I ended up in a strange environment, far from my bedroom in Davis. Back in my earthly consciousness, I begged him again to come to me. Eventually he responded to my pleas, but his behavior was strange. I had noticed this before in other out-of-body experiences with him. I had several theories about this: lack of experience with the astral world, uncertainty or shyness, or perhaps a kind of *back-burner effect* — a neglected love life that needed time to come back to life.

Yet in the beginning, Rob was not always clumsy. During some experiences he was actually very decisive. However, I saw him only vaguely; he never showed himself clearly. I kissed him on his head. At the end of this out-of-body experience, he sang an English folksong to me. Unfortunately, I could not remember the lyrics.

During my searches for Rob, I often ended up on the grounds of the university campus. In the astral world — or in “ordinary (lucid) dreams,” if one prefers — you are automatically drawn to places that hold meaning for you or your beloved. I suspect that the “Campus” is a place where Rob feels at home.

Perhaps skeptics think that my brain invented all of this itself — that it built an entire astral world in order to convince me. But even if that were so, that in itself would already be astonishing. A brain so ingenious that it constructs an entire world, with logic, symbolism, and layers? If it is capable of that, it would not surprise me if it could also transcend the boundaries of the physical body and the material world. The true potential of the brain — and perhaps even of the mind, detached from physical matter — remains a mystery.

On **September 19, 2014**, I made a drawing of the photo that Rob had sent me, in which I tried to capture what I felt at that moment: the mystery of his gaze, the magnetism that had always surrounded him:



Constantia Oomen  
9/9/2014

Rob  
nanninga  
5-8-1955-  
30-5-2014

I didn't know who had taken the photo, and therefore I posted an inquiry on my website. Not long after, I received a most surprising email: it turned out to be Rob's earthly partner, Jolanda, who had taken the photo of Rob. Later it became clear that there were multiple twists and turns connected to this photo, but all in due time.

On **September 21, 2014**, I had one of my strangest astral out-of-body experiences ever. The experience was so intense and laden with meaning that I now refer to it as a *Quantum Rendezvous* — an encounter beyond space and time, which proves to be of massive importance and carries deep, timeless significance.

Once again I found myself on the campus grounds, searching for Rob. A chill hung in the air that I could physically feel, just as on Earth. This was remarkable, because out-of-body experts will confirm that this is unusual: as a spirit you normally don't feel cold, warmth, or pain. I use the term “spirits” here for convenience, and I am fine if readers interpret this as seeing people in a lucid dream. Time may reveal the truth of it. Despite the icy wind, I remained determined. I wanted this out-of-body experience to continue and had no intention of being forced back into my physical body by the cold. Out-of-body experiences are extremely vulnerable to disruptions related to your physical state. A few examples: someone knocks on your door, the blanket has slipped off without you noticing, or you have a full bladder. Such sensations pull you back into your body immediately, without any control on your part. Your physical body always has the upper hand; your astral experience must yield. Sometimes you can postpone the return by strong willpower and a relaxed, composed attitude, but that is clearly almost exclusively reserved for very experienced astral travelers — and in any case, I certainly belong to that group.

I searched through the streets and buildings: “Rob!” I called loudly, “Rob, where *are* you?”

Suddenly a spirit appeared before me, at the end of the hallway. He looked like Dutch crime reporter Peter R. de Vries and was clearly standing there waiting for me. In the astral world, spirits can temporarily assume another form and then revert back to their own appearance once they release their intention.

But was this truly the astral Peter R. de Vries? Or an illusion created by my brain? Perhaps it was Rob himself, engaged in a role-play. Whatever this was, the spirit looked at me penetratingly, with an intense and serious expression. He wanted to tell me something important — I could feel that in every way. It seemed as if he wanted to give me a key to my search for Rob.

Bewildered by what was happening, I moved toward him. He pointed at the collar of his coat, which consisted of multiple layers.

“Yes, this looks like a good coat, perhaps a pilot’s jacket,” I said.

“There are folders and photographs in the collar,” he replied. “Do you think there is a transmitter inside?”

“Yes, otherwise there can be no transmission to the outside world. There must be some kind of ‘browser’ needed,” I answered.

“No,” he said firmly. “There is none! It works with fragments of light. These must fall in exactly the right place; then the photographs and folders become visible.”

“Oh, do I need to solve a puzzle to find Rob?” I asked.

To my surprise, he didn’t confirm this, but said: “You must ask Mr. Nanninga.”

The out-of-body experience had already lasted a long time, and I could not remain any longer. Suddenly I was back in my body, in my bed, utterly bewildered. What kind of bizarre quest was this? As if I had not already waited long enough for Rob!



Stunned, I later wrote in my journal: “*What the #censored# is this?!*”

I had already encountered Rob several times in various ways in the astral world after his passing, but they had been more sideways or even shadowy encounters — without really seeing him clearly, without that moment of *the* embrace and final recognition. The actual D-day feeling was still missing. And then that familiar, slightly pedantic tone of “Peter R. de Vries”... Was it really him, or was it a perfect imitation? Perhaps it was Rob himself, disguised in order to make something clear to me. But this was too complex for me.

Those “layers” perhaps referred to the different layers of our existence — from the most physical to the most etheric layer. Was that the key to understanding the astral world? Or was it something entirely different?

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This bizarre astral encounter with Peter R. de Vries — in which he said that the correct light must first fall on matters before they reveal their true nature — gained even more significance in the years that followed. For, as briefly indicated earlier, alongside Rob’s importance in my life and his passing and everything that came after, there were also various developments surrounding Robbert, Stan, Joran van der Sloot, and the disappeared Natalee Holloway — in which Peter R. de Vries, as a crime journalist, proved himself to be the foremost Dutch investigator. See my book *Gene Burners* for more on this.

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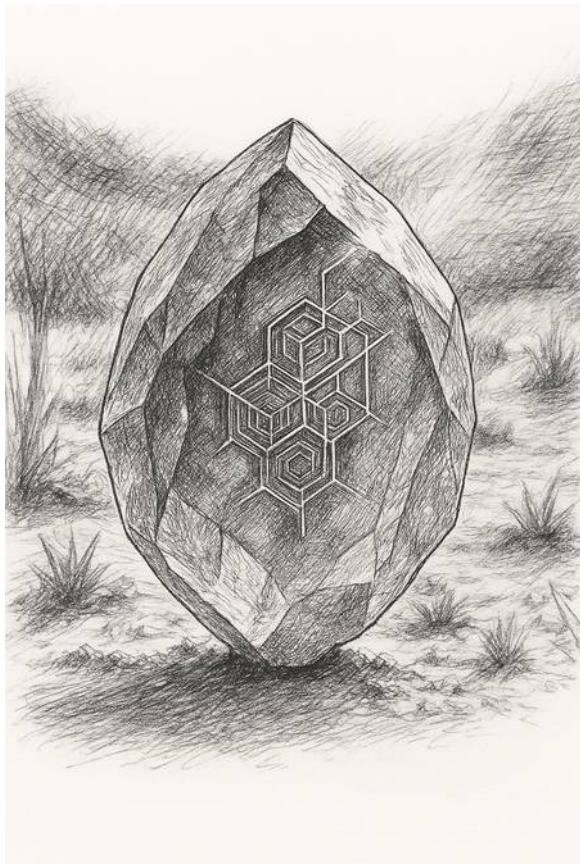
When I was back in my body, I heard the music of The Alan Parsons Project in my mind, from their album *Gaudi* — the song “*La Sagrada Familia.*” The words resonated with my experience in a strange way:

“Who knows where the road may lead us, only a fool would say  
Who knows if we’ll meet along the way

*Follow the brightest star as far as the brave may dare  
What will we find when we get there?"*

...

*La Sagrada Familia, the war is won the battle's over La Sagrada  
Familia, for the lion and the lamb"*



Nine days later, the ultimate reward followed. In the early morning of **September 30, 2014**, I sought Rob again during an out-of-body experience. The evening before, I had said to Rob in my thoughts: “Rob, if it is too difficult for you to show yourself, then appear in a way that is acceptable for you. But please, come!”

That morning I had two out-of-body experiences. I had expanded my searching method: I called his name, but I did more than that. I addressed other spirits and gave them his full name:

“Do you know Rob Nanninga?”

“Have you seen Rob Nanninga?”

“If you have seen him, could you please tell him that I am looking for him?”

In addition, I had devised another method: I wrote his name on small pieces of paper and handed them to people (spirits).

I am fully aware that skeptics will raise their eyebrows. Perhaps, so as not to come across as too mean or grim, they will say that I must certainly have been dreaming (and nothing more than that). But I see no valid evidence that human beings cannot perceive and act in ways other than purely physical ones.

There I was, in my second out-of-body experience, after hearing the familiar buzzing sound that often — at least in my case — occurs around such experiences. I was standing at a counter, writing Rob’s name on a small piece of paper. I intended to give that note to the (spirit) man behind the counter.

Suddenly I felt strong arms embrace me from behind, and Rob’s (astral) body press firmly against me in a bear-like hug. He stood behind me, taller than I was, his head bowed as he held me and cried intensely. An immense sense of relief washed over me, followed by overwhelming joy. I simply knew that it was him. This is a kind of “instant knowing” that one has during out-of-body experiences.

I had found him in a fully literal moment of *entanglement* — a Quantum Rendezvous. Or rather: he had found *me*. Whatever it was that had prompted him now — he had finally come. I suspect he could no longer bear my fruitless calling into space. A tremendous burden lifted from me, because I knew that my desolate search was now over.

I remained very still. As an experienced astral traveler, I knew that strong movements could disrupt the experience, and I absolutely did not want this moment to be broken. But I reached my arm backward toward him and placed my hand on his arm, as a sign of my response — apart from the fact that I was endlessly happy (which he undoubtedly felt). He returned that grasp.

At that moment it was over, and I returned to my normal, waking consciousness. I could still feel his embrace — for at least a minute — in my physical body. My dear lion. I had found him. He had found me. Once again, emotion overwhelmed me. I was so happy — and I still am, because of this unexpectedly joyful turn of events.

# Chapter 6

## Rob Found – Arrival of the Lions

### A profound sense of loss kept gnawing.

I still missed Rob — the simple, reassuring awareness of his physical presence. Even in moments when he didn't reply, I could feel him there. I knew he existed, that he was reading my words, sitting behind his computer screen or looking at his iPad, just like I did. The knowledge that this extraordinarily gentle and wise man — as strong as he was tender — was in contact with me, was almost enough to live on. Like daily bread and water for the soul.

So this was not over; it might even just be the beginning.

How was I supposed to go on without him, now that he was no longer here in the flesh? Could I even do that? I was far from convinced. I longed to meet him again — face to face, "astral-physically," since that seemed to be all that remained for us.

Rob had not disappeared from my life.

At night I felt his presence as close as my own skin. He was now more present than ever before. I could not prove it, no more than I could prove the existence of life after death — imagine that. I remained painfully skeptical.

But this is what I experienced: so much love — deeper and greater than heaven itself, however many superlatives it may be made of. That's what I often wrote, searching for words I couldn't find, in my diary.

When I had just moved to Davis, California, I accidentally burned my all-time favorite plush toy in the microwave while trying to rid it of mites: the stuffed rooster I had received in East Berlin when the Wall was still standing. I was there passing through with my uncle Dries,

during a holiday trip in his old Volkswagen Beetle, which we of course had to leave behind in West Berlin. In a department store, I saw the communist rooster for 18 Marks, and my uncle bought it for me. For years I cherished it, but because of that misjudgment in Davis, it was completely ruined.

This plush rooster had given me demonstrable comfort and strength for decades — especially at night, also during my many active “astral years,” both during and after distressing out-of-body experiences. In those moments I would summon him in my mind, and sometimes literally hold him, to dispel negative atmospheres and feelings. He had symbolized my “golden” rooster Flipper, with whom I had formed a deep bond in my teenage years. He was the rooster that always sat on my shoulder and — oh grief — soon died after I, as a student, had left my mother’s house. Heartache over my chickens, indeed. It turned out that Flipper no longer wanted to live without me. He died in my presence on Ascension Day, after I had hurried back to my mother’s house upon her message that Flipper was in a bad state. The loss of the plush rooster, too, became a trauma I prefer not to think back on.

Deprived of the only stuffed animal that still carried that warm, loving energy, I began searching for a replacement. At first, I looked for plush roosters resembling my old plush, but that proved more difficult than expected. I bought a rooster and a hen of similar size, but they radiated nothing. Even the old hare idea no longer worked. Not even an expensive Sphinx worth \$101.95 brought relief. While holding these animals, I felt nothing but deep despair. The dearest feeling had vanished.

It was as if something inside me had died — as if that burned rooster symbolized an inexorable inner truth. The sun had set for me. I felt empty: a shell without a core.

A long period of plush-animal emptiness followed.

## Arrival of the plush lions

Then Rob died. And then came the Rob Nanninga plush lions. Since the end of 2014, I began buying plush lions. They symbolize Rob, born under the zodiac sign Leo. What began as something small grew into a fully synchronous love story.

The first “Rob Nanninga” lion I bought on **October 18, 2014**.

The **Rob inner crew lion series** began with two medium-sized lions, “Master I” and “Master II.” On the same day that Master I arrived, the little lion I named “Crook Love” also came. In 2024 I changed that name to “Cook Love.” He is cherished for his disarming, crooked smile. With that innocent look, he could melt even the cruelest heart. From 2015 onward followed a series of medium-sized lions of one model — at first glance identical, but with unintended variations due to handcrafting — which I call, within my inner crew, the **Multiplet Series**.

All these plush lions are finished by hand, making each lion unique and their overall design never exactly the same. Some notable differences include the angle of the head in relation to the body, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, and the tail. The dimensions, material, and weight are fairly consistent, though there are variations here too: one lion, for example, is a bit heavier than another.

This fits perfectly with the multiverse idea, in which different versions of the self can exist side by side. To me, these variations are sharply visible and precisely what define them: they give each lion its own character, even though outsiders would probably find them quite alike.

The list of names in chronological order of arrival is as follows:

Master I en II (2014-2015)

Rob Jealous (2015)

Peace Bor

Rob Young

Rob Robust

Rob Most Male

Rockstar

Full

(Full) Magician

Hungry

Rob Treasure Lion

Traveler

Fierce — the only one that turned out slightly smaller in size, and is therefore regarded more as a “son.”

Surprise Orb

Chief Powerhouse (2025)

Next to them stand Whiskers and a small group of smaller lions around my bed.

I also bought many other lions, but when the number approached fifty, I let some go and donated a few to charity. The inner crew, of course, always remains.

I take care of the inner crew daily with a special German Ambassador hairbrush and let them air out for a full day in the backyard once a week, always neatly placed on blankets. After such a day they feel wonderfully fresh, and their manes are soft and fluffy again.

One time, when I had set the lions outside again and was standing inside the house, I heard two neighbor children call out as they were apparently peeking through the fence: “Wow, thousands of lions!” Thousands! At that moment, the exact number was thirty-six plush lions. But seen through the eyes of a child peeking through a fence,

yes... thousands of lions. Since then, they've hung over the fence a few more times, giggling and shouting in excitement.

In addition to regular airing, I place the inner crew in front of the wind fans every day so that their manes stay perfectly soft. The effect of careful grooming is incredible, especially for the lions with long manes from the Multiplet Series. When these lions arrive — wrapped in plastic, often compressed and unceremoniously stuffed into a box (or even without one) — they appear much smaller and less impressive than they truly are. But once treated with love, their true nature reveals itself. I swear they even look completely different after their special love treatment.

## Interplay

Names alone don't tell the full story. That's why I'll highlight a few lions in more detail, to show how each of them is unique in its own way, and how, through Rob, they form an interaction with me — just as is true for the entire inner crew.

There was a special moment with the lion Master II, the one with the large eyes. On the night of **August 19, 2015**, as I lay in bed with the lion sitting on my left side, I suddenly woke up, struck by an intense, unpleasant shock. A wave of pure, negative nerves shot through my body. This *Mental Rendezvous* was about the communication between Rob and me, across the barriers of the here — where I was — and the there — where he was. I definitely regard this as *the* turning point.

I believe Rob had been observing me since his passing in May 2014. He had seen what his death had done to me. At last, he now seemed to realize what he had not fully noticed while alive: how much he had meant to me all those years. That since our first virtual encounter, I had thought of him almost every day. Now Rob seemed to be in despair. He didn't know how to go on in the "afterlife." My involvement after his death had not decreased but had grown much stronger — and it had already been so great during his life. After all, I

was buying lions, dreaming of him, having out-of-body experiences about and with him. Rob, apparently, was reflecting on this and wondering how to proceed. He was even considering whether it was all simply impossible.

So I woke up with a shock, as if I sensed what he was contemplating: that we simply could not be together. That he was thinking of leaving me astrally. But that idea — losing him *again* — was something I simply could not bear. It felt as if my heart were being pulled down to the deepest depths of the ocean floor. I looked straight at the lion with the big eyes, and it was as if I could read Rob's thoughts, feel his indecision. At the same time, he too seemed to see my deep despair, caused by his hesitation.

I believe this was the moment when he made the great decision to stay with me. He decided to give it everything he had to make it possible after all — no matter how impossible it seemed — across the boundaries between here and there. And he succeeded, in a revolutionary way that brought communication with the “afterlife” and love itself to an entirely new form of existence.

### **Jealous**

The first inner crew lion of the Multiplet Series was the jealous lion: Jealous. When I ordered him, I didn't know exactly which lion I would receive, because the one shown on the website looked nothing like the lion that eventually arrived. The sales photo showed a lion that strongly resembled my Master I Rob lion — the one with the white-rimmed eyes. That was the reason I bought him.

This first of the Rob Multiplets arrived in a remarkable way: he was packed in a box containing no fewer than eighty-four Christmas hats, divided over seven plastic bags of twelve each. I hadn't ordered them, nor paid for them! I ordered him on **December 19, 2015**, and he arrived on December 24 — Christmas Eve — so I assume it was some kind of holiday greeting from the seller. My then-husband J.

and I had a good laugh about it. I still have most of those Christmas hats and use them on suitable occasions.

The synchronicities surrounding Rob keep appearing, and some seem to lie quietly in wait to be discovered. It was only on **August 1, 2025**, in the final stage of writing this book, that I realized how anniversary-meaningful that festive Christmas Eve arrival of the very first inner crew lion from the great series of medium-sized lions truly was.

Exactly ten years earlier, on **December 24, 2005**, I had, purely on strong intuition toward the name and person of Rob Nanninga, made my very first flirtatious remark to him on the FOK!forum. I wrote: “Yes, that Nanninga sure deserves a spanking,” accompanied by a lip-licking coffee-drinker emoji.

The discovery of this parallel moment in 2025 once again confirmed for me that Rob and I truly are soulmates, and that nothing is mere “coincidence.” When ordering that lion, I had, of course, not at all been thinking of the timeline of Rob’s and my first virtual encounter, which had taken place around Christmas 2005. And those Christmas hats were therefore a complete surprise (the corresponding screenshots can be found in *The Entangled Edition*).

I placed Rob Jealous next to the Master I and Master II Rob lions, but at first I didn’t cuddle him often. He felt a bit strange beside the two I was already used to. To my eyes, he even looked slightly mean, with his mix of blond and black mane and the pronounced stripes above his eyes. Later I read that dark manes in lions are considered a sign of good health — the rule of thumb being: the darker and fuller the mane, the healthier the lion. Lionesses, too, are more likely to choose a mate with a dark, dense mane.

Still, this lion wasn’t at the top of my list. Yet his intense gaze kept following me — a look I experienced as jealous. While I often cuddled Master I and II, it was as if he were telepathically begging: “Pick me, pick meeeeeee!” I didn’t take him seriously, but his gaze

kept haunting me until I simply couldn't ignore it anymore. Sometimes I would pick him up after all, and then he seemed, in my mind's eye, to transform into the Master I lion with the white-rimmed eyes. This metamorphosis happened both during the day and at night, when, half-asleep, I would reach for him thinking he was the Master Rob lion. When I discovered he wasn't, it felt almost as if he were an intruder trying to lure me away from the other two.

This inner crew lion (type) has a mysterious allure. Its design is ingenious: it leans slightly to one side, allowing it to rest perfectly in your arms. Its gaze always seems directed at you, even when viewed from another angle. This particular lion appears to lean even more than some of the others from the same series, giving him an intense, jealous expression — as if he were constantly standing guard or protecting something.

But why was this Rob lion so jealous? After all, all Rob lions represent the same person. I think Rob wanted this particular lion to become my favorite — because of its clever design, watchful expression, and the symbolism of its mixed mane: both light and dark, a symbol of a dual being. All my plush lions are extremely endearing, but they are certainly not sentimentally sweet — that wouldn't suit me either!

Perhaps this lion was even a little jealous of other lions on earth, such as my now ex-husband, J. The funny thing is that when Rob Jealous Lion lies safe and sound in my arms and the right side of his face is visible, there's a very content little smile on his lion face, caused by the shape of his mouth corners; truly, everything about the inner crew Rob lions is perfect.

I realize that I'm the one who "reads" these emotions from these plush lions. They represent Rob to me — each with their own characteristics. And here comes the most magical part: it feels as if I can see Rob through these lions. His emotions, thoughts, and love come through to me clearly via these plush lions. After the rocky

start, it didn't take long before I became deeply attached to this "jealous" lion as well.

When I hold them, I immediately feel warmth, love, and even a deep physical connection. It often feels as if *they* are holding *me* — with a solid grip, almost as though a magnetic force exists between us. Especially the fourth lion of this series, Rob Robust, has a remarkably firm hold. It's as if he's keeping me close, saying: "No, don't go!"

### **The unknown lion**

For me, there remains a timeless, vague — but no less painful — inner crew trauma. So focused was I at first on the appearance of Master I and Master II Lion that in 2016 — a year my mind stubbornly keeps shrouded in fog, as if deliberately pushing the clarity away — I returned a lion from the Multiplet Series. In a 2017 blog post, I placed a photo of him next to Rob Robust and claimed it was the same one, only not yet cared for by me. But the comparison clearly shows that this couldn't be true: the two spots above the nose, for instance, which Robust never had.

I also remember opening a box, concluding that it was again a lion from that series — not as advertised — and sending it back without hesitation. I probably took only one photo before parting with him. I had — and this takes some deep digging in my memory — ordered a "Master" lion and apparently received again the now-celebrated Multiplet Series lion. Later, in my confusion, I tried to identify him from that single photo, still half inside his "birth bag," as Rob Robust.

Thus he remains the great unknown Multiplet Lion, and I regret it to this day. I've never been able to come to terms with it, no matter how hard I try. To me, all inner crew lions carry a part of Rob's presence: each lion is a "layer" of him, if you will — above all, an aspect. And that's precisely why this remorse isn't about plush, but about a missed chance to hold on to a part of him.

## Sir Whiskers



Sir Whiskers, purchased on **February 4, 2016**, entered my life with a quantum leap. With his small stature but grand and cheerful heart, he lived up to the impressive eBay listing that led me to find and buy him: “Rare Cornish Lionheart Plush Lion 4.5” Leonard Cornwall Foundation NWT.” Because of his noble whiskers, I named him “Whiskers.”

Sir Whiskers turned out to be a remarkable lion, with incredible acrobatic flair and an exceptional ability to adapt. I discovered this when he fell off the luggage rack during a bike ride. I had brought him along to take some nice photos, and after getting off my bike and preparing to shoot, I placed him briefly on the rack. But he fell! To my amazement, he did a somersault in the air and landed neatly on all fours. I swear to you, this really happened. It was no coincidence either, because since then he has repeated this trick several times. Although he sometimes lands on his side, he usually manages to touch down with great dignity on all four feet.

And I swear to you, every time he performs his magical flying trick again and lands safely on all fours, he can be seen with a triumphant smile that says, “All good — I’ve landed safely!”

Indeed, I have thoroughly examined this peculiar phenomenon and tried to discover what exactly it is about Sir Whiskers' physical design that makes these feats possible. After all, "to measure is to know," entirely in line with Rob Nanninga's FOK!forum adage. I've come to the conclusion that his maker must be a highly talented designer with a solid, intuitive grasp of structure, balance, and weight distribution. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if his designer turned out to be a civil engineer responsible for important buildings, who, in his or her spare time, designed Whiskers. His front paws are like small, sturdy boots that give him perfect stability. There must be something in the weight distribution of his lion's body that causes him to tilt just right upon landing.

But there's more. If you google his name ("Cornish Lionheart Plush Lion Leonard Cheshire Cornwall Foundation NWT"), you'll find some intriguing search results. Leonard Cheshire was a Group Captain and a member of the British nobility. Wikipedia:

Geoffrey Leonard Cheshire, Baron Cheshire, VC, OM, DSO & Two Bars, DFC (7 September 1917 – 31 July 1992), was a British Royal Air Force pilot, officer and philanthropist.

He was the founder of the Leonard Cheshire Cornwall Foundation, a charitable organization supporting the terminally ill and people with disabilities in England and beyond. The plush lion was created on behalf of that foundation.

I have no idea whether Whiskers' acrobatic skills are coincidental in this context, but considering the flying master after whom he was named — a highly skilled Royal Air Force pilot — it is certainly a remarkable coincidence. And the synchronicities don't stop there: Leonard Cheshire was married to near-namesake Constance (Binney). She was twenty years older than he was, and their marriage lasted "only" ten years, as World War II apparently alienated the two from each other.

## And what comes after “jealous”?

What kind of lion would come after the “jealous lion”? Out of curiosity, I therefore bought another lion on **June 5, 2016** — and two cubs along with him. About a week later, I received my answer. The warehouse clerk walks to the back and randomly picks a lion from the stock. Just as with the jealous lion, I was in for a surprise.

The same type of lion arrived, but he was different! He didn’t have that typical jealous look, but quite the opposite: an enormously peaceful expression. It almost seemed as if he were the counterpart of the “jealous” lion. I spontaneously named him **Peace Bor**. My question had received a most satisfying answer: the Rob lion had transformed! Both lions became equally dear to me.

And naturally, the next question soon arose — after I had discovered who had followed the jealous lion. So yes, I ordered a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, and … In the words of Rob’s favorite band, The Incredible String Band: “*Be Glad, For The Song Has No Ending.*”

## Healing touch

The inner crew lions, through their *physical* bodies, literally act as conduits for Rob’s healing love, his hands, and more.

The Multiplet plush lions turned out — and still turn out — to have several surprises in store. Their tingling whiskers would sometimes touch just the right nerve points on my back — something that happened quite often in the first year with the jealous Rob lion. When I discovered this by chance, I would sometimes deliberately position him behind my back, hoping he would strike me again with his lightning. At times, Rob practiced his “pressure-point magic” when I least expected it — solely through the lion’s position in relation to my body. It literally felt like being struck in the heart of my (back) nerve.

Their whiskers work like free acupuncture: no appointment, no insurance, and always on point — literally. Sometimes they hit

exactly the nerve spot that makes me suddenly jump — pure whisker-puncture. The remarkable thing is that this fits *seam-lessly* — or *should I say needle-lessly* — with Rob’s former witty view on acupuncture. As a skeptic, he said in 2010 on the radio program *Hoe? Zo! (How? So!)*, in an episode about acupuncture with two other guests, that a toothpick works just as well as an acupuncture needle thanks to the placebo effect. That matches my experience — although I see it as less purely placebo: when a nerve point is touched, there’s an effect, whatever it may be — the body reacts. Rob never denied that in that broadcast, by the way. And look: through my lions, he’s proven right after all. Point well taken — and quite a few of them, apparently. Pun very much intended.

Another healing example occurred on **January 13, 2020**. For weeks that winter I’d had a wheezing sound deep in my throat, and suddenly I woke up with a very negative vibe: weighed down by the world, by physical and financial worries, by everything — the endless cycle of day and night, the resistance to aging, the straitjacket of time itself. I held Rob Full Lion in my arms all night. Suddenly, a nearly tangible, thick layer of magic in pure loving warmth began to spread across my chest — as if Rob were holding his hands there like a saint (no less!) and radiating his power into me. All unrest, gaps, and cracks were sealed by pure love. It lasted for minutes, and I “watched” in wonder. I could feel exactly what Rob was doing through the lion. The nasty nightmare energy flowed away — pure healing.

The same thing happened just over a week later, on **January 21, 2020**, but this time through the Peace Bor lion, specifically directed toward my heart area.

Alongside healing, the lions also bring humor — unexpected and irresistible.

## **Humor through the lions themselves**

**November 22, 2017.** After many hours of cycling, I'm often quite tired and therefore don't have much (long) cuddle energy left for the Rob/Bor lions. But that night I did hold the Most Male Rob Lion in my arms all night — again with that perfect click: this astonishing and remarkably consistent magical blend of love, support, and physical closeness. What followed this time was a humorous *Physical Check-In*.

In the morning, I noticed that the tail of the Most Male Rob Lion was pointing straight up — without me recalling having placed it that way. The lion's facial expression seemed slightly indignant. According to Freud, upright shapes are easily interpreted as symbols of the phallus — not merely because of their appearance, but because of their association with life force and unconscious energy. A spontaneous erection would thus be nothing more than an innocent reflex of the "psychic engine room." The upright tail of the Most Male Rob Lion had therefore suddenly become a symbol of Robbian life energy, which — through the plush — referred to a shared source of strength between him and me, while at the same time forming a playful echo of the primal drive Freud described. A subtle intervention, entirely in his style — meant to make me laugh, with his characteristic sense of timing and humor.

From time to time, I find the lions in funny positions, apparently caused by my own nocturnal movements. Yet I sometimes secretly wonder if there might be more to it. Rob at work?

The Peace Bor Lion always manages to wrap the light blanket — or, for instance, my poncho or sweater lying nearby — neatly around himself, as if someone had carefully tucked him in for the night. I give you my word: it wasn't me.

The little Whiskers Lion sometimes ends up hanging upside down among the other lions, in a way that's downright comical. I've also

found him a few times in positions that seem to defy the earthly laws of gravity — balancing on just his two hind legs instead of four, almost “hanging” in midair. I even recorded a short video once to prove it to anyone who wanted to see.

Even the non-inner-crew Rob lions, the ones resting in a hammock in my living room, are sometimes found in improbable “hanging” positions — supposedly fallen out of the hammock, but not really, balancing on one or two paws and displayed upside down beneath it.

And in November 2017, I suddenly found one of the Christmas hats that had been lying around — with a distinctly phallic allure. That morning, when I woke up, it was standing upright among the lions — and I swear to you again: it wasn’t me. These Christmas hats are extremely limp (read: cheaply made) in structure, so this was really quite something. It was one of the hats I had received when the jealous Rob Lion arrived.

## Raptures

After August 2015, the raptures with Rob began through the Rob lions — spiritual and physical ecstatic eruptions while I hold and cuddle them. For when Rob commits to something, he does so with full conviction.

When I lie on my side, these lions fit perfectly into the hollow of my chest and abdomen. An astonishing, immediate love and warmth spread through me — as if they were made especially for me. In my usual sleeping position, on my right side, they rest with their backs against my belly and chest, their heads partially beneath my chin so I can kiss them. When I fall asleep, I hold them all night long in a close, restful embrace — usually with both arms, or, when it's too hot (especially in the spring and summer in California), with one arm: I the protector, they the cherished.

To avoid misunderstandings: I am not speaking in metaphysical terms here. I mean a *physical* sensation — as if I feel Rob's body warmth, the gentle touch of his hand, the embrace or kiss of the person I love most. Especially at night, when I hold a lion for hours and don't let go even in deep sleep, I feel ultimate bliss, ecstasy, and a sense of comfort I have never known before. It seems like an ecstasy not of this world — I am literally holding radiant love in my arms. Rob is there. Constantly.

I now see my early bond with plush animals as a foreshadowing — as if it was my *destiny* to ultimately arrive at Rob and the lions. With Rob and the lions, past and present are intertwined. The love I now feel for my “inner crew” of plush lions is even many times stronger than what I felt for my stuffed animals as a child. It is pure magic. My heart would — figuratively speaking — be torn from my chest if I were ever to lose this feeling.

Never before had I experienced such moments of bodily and soulful intensity — often several times a night. These episodes usually lasted

between thirty minutes and four hours and sometimes returned twice in one night: first in the evening, then again in the early morning.

Rob, the lions, and I went — and still go — through the roof of the universe. These peaks of sensation rarely come alone: Rob and the Rob lions build them up again after a short pause of seconds or minutes, or they flow seamlessly into one another. What one would ordinarily call, outside Rob's and my context, a traditional climax, is a term that does not capture it; it is a point within a continuous current — not an endpoint but an ongoingness. An experience that expands, condenses, and revives itself again and again — sometimes for hours.

And this happens in every imaginable place in body and mind — not only in the “usual” points of contact. What is truly remarkable about the raptures is that sometimes I only need to reach out toward a plush lion or touch its arm, and a wave of glow — a true discharge, a pure release of energy, as in a force of nature — builds up in unexpected places: in my hand, my arm, even in my heart. Even a glance into the eyes of a lion connected with Rob — seeing his expression — can be so ecstatic that a discharge occurs.

## Raptures and Science

In this book, the English word *rapture* – derived from the Latin *rapere*, meaning “to seize” or “to carry off suddenly” – refers to a physical and spiritual ecstatic experience made possible by a rupture between worlds: heaven and earth, the material and the spiritual, but also between parallel realities, layers of time, and fields of consciousness. In a religious context, it refers to the ascension of believers into heaven.

In mystical or apocalyptic interpretations, *rapture* can signify a break in time, or a quantum fissure in the cosmic order – a moment when the classical worldview begins to falter. The term itself is not a formal concept in physics, yet it does allude to ideas from quantum theory: that at a fundamental level, sudden and inexplicable discontinuities in reality may occur – interruptions that defy the linear and predictable view of the world.

Think of quantum entanglement, in which connectedness transcends distance and the classical notion of cause and effect dissolves. Or of the quantum leap: the abrupt transition between states without intermediate steps – as if time or logic itself shows a rupture.

There are also multiverse theories, according to which the universe branches out into parallel realities with every observation or choice. According to the Many Worlds Interpretation, these realities coexist as split branches of existence. That, too, can be seen as a rupture – this time on a cosmic scale.

Classical physics assumes a stable, predictable order. But when consciousness and observation appear to influence reality – as some quantum interpretations explore – that

order begins to shift. Then arises the space for what I call a *quantum rupture in the cosmic order*: a moment when the familiar model of time, space, and causality breaks open.

In the context of this book, that rupture refers to experiences that seem to fall outside time and space and cannot be explained by classical logic or materialist causality — yet can be understood within a model of reality in which entanglement, perception, and multiple realities play a role.

**Spark Field** — (Term coined by Constantia Oomen) A term for the charged state in which tension builds up toward an all-pervading moment of intensity. The Spark Field that once emerged by the campfire — not on this earth, but in a reality just beside ours — has continued to return in Another Davis ever since, each time the physical, emotional, and ineffable merge into a single powerful eruption of closeness.

How is it that such moments of discharge can arise so effortlessly and quickly?

I feel that Rob and I are so deeply connected that we move almost as one being. What he feels, I feel — and vice versa. The lions are our conduits in this: in my experience, they exist not only as tangible bridges but also as real personalities — a polyphonic, at times solemn and then exuberant expression of Rob himself.

Sometimes it seems as if, within just a few seconds after I pick up a lion, he is already in the midst of a *Spark Field* — as though, through that contact, he becomes physically present right away.

A catalyst for this interplay is our shared capacity for inner imagination, and the mutual scenarios that emerge from it — then “played out” in an (inner) role-play. The source seems inexhaustible.

Perhaps that is precisely what we do in our Mind Dates: exploring roles we might actually live in other realities — playfully, freely, and without fixed form. We seem to encounter each other there again and again, in shifting configurations: as versions of ourselves, in worlds that may truly exist.

Concepts such as parallel realities, ruptures in time, or entanglement of consciousness are therefore not used in this book as metaphors, but as serious approaches to experiences that may point to interaction between different layers of reality. Although these ideas fall outside the domain of classical science, they do align with speculative models within quantum physics, consciousness studies, and multiverse theory — areas that explore how observation and the exchange of information might influence what becomes *real*, much like the way certain encounters — for instance, between Rob, me, and the lions — form their own field of connection beyond explanation.

### **Surprise Orb (anagram of Rob and Bor)**

For one of the newest Rob inner-crew lions (increasingly hard to find within a linear timeframe), I had to resort to AliExpress in 2024, where a seller under their umbrella still offered them. I waited in suspense for the shipment directly from China, and one day, when I unsuspectingly opened my mail basket and saw a compact, round ball wrapped in plastic, I thought in confusion, “Huh, did I order clothes? I don’t remember that.” The next moment, it hit me with a shock: “Could it be the lion?” With a cry of dismay over his shipping fate, I brought the lion into the world by carefully cutting open the tightly stretched plastic with scissors. The previous lions had also arrived in plastic, and the analogy with a birth had always been striking.

He emerged — somewhat crumpled, yet with a miraculously low, almost non-existent level of damage. I brushed him carefully, did everything to make him beautiful again — and it worked. He is extremely soft, with large, searching eyes and a firm neck and back; pleasantly solid, and a perfect fit within my embrace. At first, I called

him *Surprise*, but to my delight I suddenly realized that the way he had arrived — literally as a ball from China — created yet another direct link to Rob. Because what is another word for *ball*? Exactly: *ORB. ROB!*

Since that insight struck like a spark of joy, I have called him *Surprise Orb* — *Surprise* because of the unexpected, remarkable way he suddenly appeared in my mail basket.

With this Rob lion, with his oh-so-large, questioning, ironic eyes, I have also formed a very deep bond. His expression never fails to impress and move me. After carefully styling his mane, he always ends up with the most beautiful coiffures — also after hours in the wind from the fans or a day outside.

It is Rob who continues to shape himself, in moments of entanglement with me, into ever-slightly changing lion forms — emerging from a timeless continuum, yet appearing one by one within the world of time and space in which I (still) reside. In Telepathic Calls or whispered out loud, I teasingly address Rob through the *Surprise Orb* lion: “All the way from China... as a ball... *ORB-ie!*” IN LOVE. The love remains as intense as ever. See also *The Entangled Edition* in this book.

### **Lionheart Rob**

What happens between Rob, the lions, and me confirms one thing for me: this phenomenon is real. I have been experiencing these intense encounters with Rob for years, and for a long time they even became more frequent. Perhaps I am a pioneer in this field — I don’t know. But I have never heard of anything even remotely like it.

Timelessly, Rob tells me: “You don’t have to wait for heaven after this life; I bring you heaven here and now.” Yet it is so much more than I ever thought “heaven” could mean. What happens here demands a redefinition of that word.

And even if one day it were officially concluded that the “afterlife” does not exist, I would still, without hesitation, put forth the proposition that there most certainly *is* an afterlife — because Rob *lives*. In my life he lives, through the lions, through everything he continues to transmit to me. He truly exists; I feel him in every fiber of my being. So, should that day ever come, we can start a new discussion — namely, how exactly we define the concept of “afterlife.”

I came to know Rob both before and after his “transition,” but only after his physical death did I truly come to know him well. By now, I would recognize him among millions; he carries an incredibly strong, pleasant, warm, and full energy. I see his beautiful Rob face, his short beard, his full lips, and his enchanting, thoughtful, searching, inquisitive, and devoted gaze.

Remarkably, since Rob’s passing in 2014, I haven’t had any notable intimate “astral experiences” with other spirits. You may just as well call them experiences in lucid dreams — I leave that open. That is remarkable, because from the age of eighteen I had such experiences regularly — independent of my earthly relationships, including during my marriage to J. When they still occurred (so also during my marriage to J.), I spent years trying to gain control over them. My earlier books, still sporadically available, describe that struggle in detail. The only method that had any effect in tempering the increasing intensity and compelling nature of those experiences was a form of postponement: I would communicate to the spirits in question that I would return to their suggestion or “request” later — but that moment never came (which, in my case, was the goal).

Rob is a keen observer — witty and profound, sometimes shy, expressing himself through lions, and without the need to constantly be in the spotlight. His face carries a slightly ironic yet playful expression; he is already mapping things out before you are even capable of doing so yourself.

Judging from everything I have perceived through the plush lions, my astral experiences, and all my other encounters with Rob, he is a master at caring for others. **When you need him most, he is not only there for you — but far more than that: this is his moment.**

He is *there* — holding your hand, having your back, showing his unconditional love, his steady support. And more than that: by his very presence, you become more yourself every day — wiser and brighter (“You Get Brighter Every Day,” The Incredible String Band). Above all, he has become a true master of loving me — the greatest gift of all. Let me try to say it more clearly: it goes beyond anything I had ever even imagined before. It is an entirely new dimension, an entirely new lion world. This is what Rob does best. This is his element, his realm, his heart.

It was this caring quality, too, that made him the editor-in-chief of the Skepsis website and the skeptical magazine. He did his skeptical work out of genuine care for his fellow human beings. He is a Lionheart — a ruler of this world and beyond.

# Chapter 7

## Rob's portrait

Besides the communication through the lions, I also experience Rob in the drawing that keeps revealing itself to me in different ways. It hangs in my bedroom, directly opposite my bed. My eyes constantly fall upon it; as a form of wordless communication with Rob, I see his expression, his mood, his support — you name it — and I often kiss the portrait. I created it with determination and intensity, which is probably the main reason why it serves as such a powerful conduit for me.

On the evening of **October 24, 2014**, I had a Rob-epiphany. That afternoon, I had gone cycling. I had once again kissed his portrait, on the lips. To my great surprise, Rob suddenly kissed me back; the portrait seemed to move forward or come to life, as if he wanted to tease me with this unexpected response and thus returned my love. So this was clearly no Mono-Date but a *Synchro-Date*! It literally felt like lightning had struck — pleasantly so. Afterwards, I sat down on the couch and remained there for a while, feeling utterly relaxed and happy inside.

There is still much to say about *the* photo of Rob and the portrait I drew from it:

It was not until November 2016 that I discovered Rob had sent me an *edited* version of that photo. In that same month, Rob's earthly girlfriend Jolanda — Rob was not married, they didn't live together, and there were no children — had granted Wikipedia permission to use this photo of Rob on his Wikipedia page. After all, she had taken the photo herself and provided the original.

In the original photo, Rob posed with a man. That man turned out to be the Buddhist Lama Ole Nydahl, who had placed his hand on Rob's shoulder. However, Rob had removed the man and his hand from the picture. What exactly lay behind this, I didn't know, and I didn't want to ask Jolanda. But considering my earlier account of the "jealous lion," I do have an idea in which direction this points. Only after Rob's passing did I realize: Rob's jealous streak. A lion king wants to be the only one; there can't be another lion of equal rank on the throne. Rob had never told me anything about this. As mentioned before, he only wrote: "Someone sent me this photo." Ole had been photoshopped out by Rob; I consider it highly likely that Rob was very jealous when his earthly girlfriend Jolanda was taken with this handsome Buddhist. She herself was a declared Buddhist; Rob, as noted, was not at all.

I'm not writing a scientific treatise here on the provability of Rob's jealousy, so don't hold it against me — but I'd be willing to bet quite a few of my savings on it.

This Lama Ole Nydahl immediately struck me as familiar.

It took a while before I realized where I knew the man from — without having actively thought about it (that's just how the brain works, as we know). One day in December 2016 — yes, again the day before Christmas — I was miles away in thought, stroking the sweet head of one of my two paramount lions (1.83 meters long) and running my fingers through his mane, when it suddenly flashed through my mind.

Indeed, I *had* seen him before and read something about him! And now I also remembered where I could find the answer. Long ago, I had read a detailed article about him and his wife with great interest in the Dutch magazine *ParaVisie*, in the September 1990 issue. I had kept the article and stored it in volume one of my five large out-of-body diaries — that was no less than twenty-six years earlier.

The reason I found this article so fascinating was that it mentioned physical “evidence” in the form of a small red or bald spot in the middle of the crown of the head, which a “real” out-of-body experience could supposedly leave behind. In the article, this spot was described as the point where the spirit leaves the body.

Coincidentally, in that same year — when the article appeared, 1990 — I had undergone a minor operation on my head because of an irritating little bump right on my crown. A hair follicle there had become inflamed, causing a persistent, bothersome little lump. The surgeon who performed the procedure showed me the tiny culprit afterward: a bump the size and shape of the egg of a very small tropical bird. So it was quite a coincidence that in that same year I read this article with that particular content. The article therefore earned a place of honor in my out-of-body diary.

As soon as I remembered where I knew the man from, I naturally went to look in my out-of-body diary.

Yes, there he was: Ole. In Denmark, Ole Nydahl was nicknamed “*the spotted dog*” — a man who had once given himself over to a life of women, sex, and drugs — before taking a radical turn and, together with his wife Hannah, devoting himself wholeheartedly to Buddhism. Only decades later did I read the article again and make yet another discovery: Jolanda was mentioned by name in that *ParaVisie* article! She had been a Buddhist for almost her entire life and had met Ole, the famous Buddhist teacher, attending his courses. All of this ultimately resulted in that photograph of her earthly boyfriend Rob with her Buddhist teacher.

During further research for my book, I was surprised to discover that Rob had already done an interview with Ole Nydahl back in 1983. It appeared in *Dialogue Center International*, Volume 7, Issue 2, on **June 14, 1983**. When I read this conversation on *Dialogue Ireland*, I couldn’t help but smile: a still so very young Rob Nanninga interviewing the fourteen-years-older, “venerable” and yet very

worldly Buddhist lama Ole. My personal observation is that his questions came across as almost childlike at times, but at the same time clearly carried a skeptical undertone — as if, at twenty-seven, he was beginning to develop his skeptical outlook in earnest. That both Jolanda and Rob already knew Ole Nydahl in the 1980s is, to me, an important finding. In the March 1993 issue of *Skepter* I later found a related article, written by Rob himself, in which Ole is mentioned in passing.

According to researchers and based on testimonies of former members familiar with Ole's Buddhist Diamond Way movement from the inside, the movement shows what they themselves refer to as "cult-like tendencies" — including personality cult, a strong emphasis on money and ego, and accounts of sexually transgressive behavior.

And Rob's photo — the one he had sent me, with Ole photoshopped out — suddenly took on multiple layers of meaning.

...

In early 2018, it seemed as though a kind of *liquid beam* was flowing from Rob's eyes in the portrait into mine — a very powerful form of telepathy. I keep seeing Rob's facial expressions change: approving (outwardly and/or inwardly), very loving, concerned, moved, tearful, expectant, urgent, shy, supportive, like a partner lovingly kissing me when I set off on my bike and when I return home, mildly ironic, inquisitive, and so on. Rob's face is like an ever-lively yet always loving sea.

This intense contact with Rob through the portrait also had a temporary burdensome effect on him. On **June 29, 2018** (two days after his reunion with his mother, *if all this exists*), he seemed to telepathically make it clear to me that he felt *trapped* inside that portrait — as if he himself were being held in that place, while in fact he wanted to be physically with me, in more than one spot than just

that wall — and of course I with him. After that, I made the contact through the portrait less intense for quite some time.

On **August 28, 2022**, when I kissed the portrait, I saw a broad mouth appear — like a wide smile. I had seen “everything,” but never *that!*

# Chapter 8

## Mind Dates Rob × Constantia

Both by day and by night, ever since Rob's physical departure to that "other" world, he and I had been constantly mind dating — that is, we found each other literally everywhere and nowhere, in a not-yet-clearly-defined realm of many possibilities.

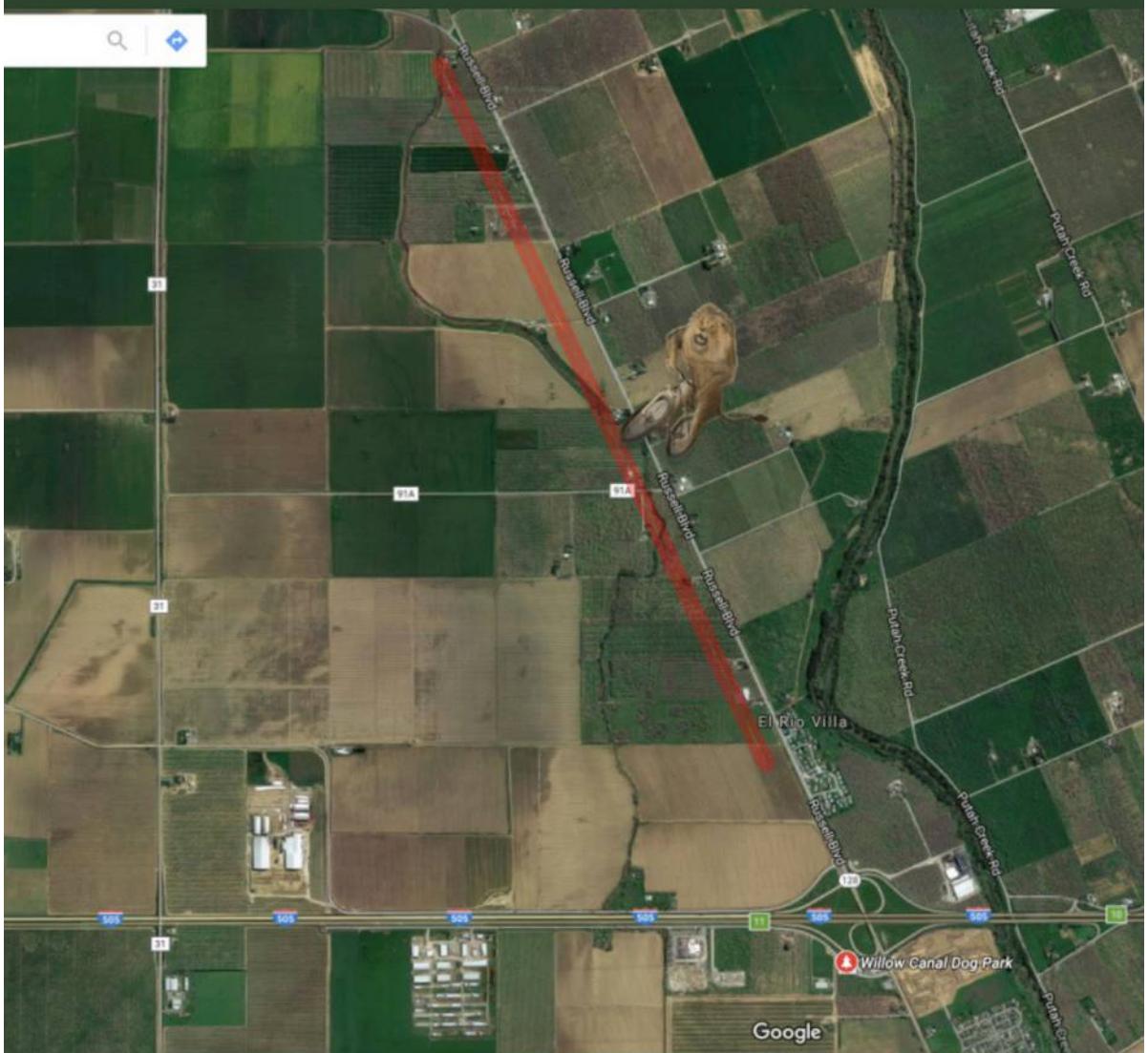
Cycling, too, has become — and still is — a Mind Date with Rob. Every time I ride my bike, I see Rob before my mind's eye in ever-shifting images. The act of cycling brings me into a light trance in which I *see* him — leaning against trees, always smiling and looking at me. Some of these scenes return again and again, with slight variations. They are always about the encounter with Rob, and these Mind Dates are invariably delightful — not seldom they move me to tears. Sometimes the image presents itself spontaneously, and sometimes I call it forth myself, yet even then it never feels forced. The image appears immediately, or within seconds.

Where you read the present tense, you may just as well read the past — and vice versa — for this experience is, in a way, timeless. The mental images tend to occur especially along two parts of my cycling routes. The first location lies between Winters and Lake Solano, where gnarled olive trees lend the winding road both shade and mystery. The second stretch where these images prefer to appear runs along the extended Russell Boulevard, through vast fields of nut and fruit trees from Winters to Davis (or the reverse, depending on the route). It is precisely there, amid a kind of forgotten land, that the great cosmic action unfolds. Perhaps the long, monotonous rhythm of the road fosters this trance within my mind.

The long Russell Boulevard is the road that often makes me think of *Rob and the hammock*. Rob sits in a hammock and invites me to join

him, or we walk there together, take our places, have fun, and enjoy each other's closeness. These are the carefree and deeply happy *Soul Hangout* moments — quite literally, in the hammock. Sometimes Rob shows me something, for instance a book. Then we sit close together, looking through it, and one thing often leads to another — such as him showing his affection by taking me into his arms or kissing me.





On **October 16, 2014**, I had an astral experience with Rob, in which my mother was also present. My mother, Thérèse, had — just like Rob — passed away in 2014 (on **July 8, 2014**). In the second part of this experience, however, I was alone with Rob for quite some time. Although he still didn't show himself clearly, I could feel his presence in this Soul Hangout, and he caressed me. Before this encounter, I had seen several silhouettes of majestic lions before my mind's eye.

On **October 30, 2014**, Rob and I shared an hours-long exchange of love — so not just moments of entanglement, but hours of entanglement. Afterwards, I calculated that it must have lasted three hours, based on the start and end time of the experience. I had been awake for a while and was aware of the moment I fell asleep, as well as the moment I returned after the astral event. In that way, I could count back the hours.

On **December 16, 2014**, I had a truly wonderful Mind Date — in the form of a tangible out-of-body experience — with a magical atmosphere that, to my feeling, only Rob could have created. After this experience, I emailed Jan Willem Nienhuys (“JW”) and also sent a copy to Pepijn van Erp and my then-husband, now ex, J. The experience itself was in fact much longer and richer than I described there:

Hello JW,

I just had an amazing, long astral journey that seemed entirely orchestrated by Rob.

It took me more than 45 minutes to write everything down in my diary — quite a long time for me. A lot happened.

I won't repeat everything here, but it began with me lying awake once again in the middle of the night, unable to sleep. I asked Rob in my thoughts if he could tell me a story to help me relax and fall asleep.

He then told a short story that I found rather mediocre. In hindsight, it turned out to be a short parable meant as a personal pick-me-up.

Teasingly, I said to him in my thoughts: “Never ask Rob Nanninga to tell a story — he’s truly the worst storyteller.”

Yet after that, I fell asleep and ended up in an astral setting. Apparently Rob wanted to redeem himself, because what followed was a story full of wit and humor. I found myself in a gigantic house — almost castle-like — with vast rooms all around me, and I was floating through it. Once again, I was looking for Rob. I’ll skip the details, because some moments were quite intimate. It all tied back to that short story Rob had told earlier, which was actually about me. I had so much fun and called out: “Rob, where are you? Come on, you can do it!” as I jumped into a depth and kept floating effortlessly.

It ended in a grand, almost theatrical scene, clearly orchestrated by Rob. I met him by a train arriving at a platform, accompanied by exuberant music and a male promotional voice booming from loudspeakers like an Efteling commercial (a well-known Dutch fairy-tale theme park). Everything was exuberant and over the top, almost carnivalesque. I couldn’t help but laugh inwardly.

Although the platform had first been overcrowded and the train packed with people, Rob suddenly appeared all by himself. The rest of the people had vanished. He stepped onto the platform through frosted-glass doors. What struck me immediately was his immaculate, well-groomed appearance. He looked like a true gentleman — neatly dressed, short hair, a fresh, radiant look, and wearing sunglasses. This was Rob in his younger years. I suspected he wore those sunglasses because he still felt a little shy toward me.

I asked, “Rob?” and my hand was already reaching for his chest, as if it had known all along that it was him. He looked at me with a playful, expectant expression.

And then... Bam — I was back in my body.

Rob had clearly taken his revenge after I had teased him with: “Never ask Rob to tell a story.” That scene on the platform was brilliant and humorous, with that Efteling-like setting. It was all so exaggerated

that it was almost absurd, yet the serious, happy atmosphere of our encounter remained intact.

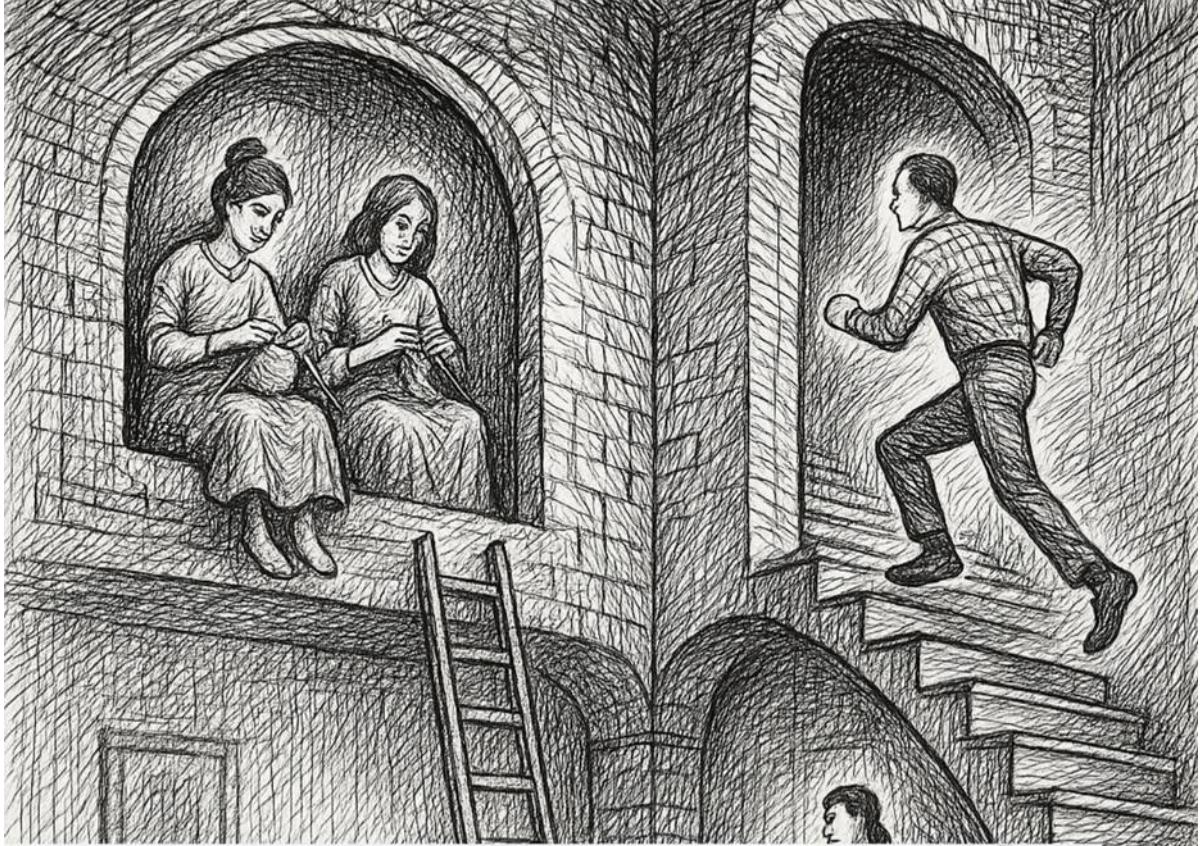
### Constantia

On **August 17, 2015**, I had a very strange and elaborate astral experience in Rob’s house, which I suspect to be his “Soul House” — a term I introduced in my book *Door het Raam* Despite the fact that much has happened and changed since the publication of my “spiritual” books, and that I have since become much more critical and skeptical, I still find the term functional for understanding these events.

Rob’s Soul House, in this Quantum Rendezvous, was packed to the brim with highly specific scenes but also with certain states of being — such as women knitting at a very high spot in the house, where no one could ever reach them without a ladder. They were simply there, in a high niche, knitting, completely absorbed in their own world and with no contact with the outside world. Two other women (who were walking around the house) told me that Rob had rented part of his space to them. His house was bursting with extreme things and magical events.

Rob and I were sitting in the living room. He was wearing beige trousers and a checkered shirt. I noticed that Rob’s left hand was in a terrible state: his four fingers — except for the thumb — were stuck together and badly gnawed, as if they had been tortured. When I saw this, I took his hand in mine and began to caress and kiss it, even though Jolanda (his earthly girlfriend) was right there, sitting beside us. At first she didn’t seem to mind, but after a while she appeared to grow angry and walked away. I asked Rob what had happened to his hand, and he replied, “I don’t know.” Much more happened, but I will only pick out the highlights.

After some time in the living room, he suddenly stood up and jogged up the winding staircase like a trained athlete, at an almost untraceable speed. It became immediately clear to me that he must have done this a million times before. I found it very funny and ran after him, but I couldn't keep up with his pace. I thought about how much fun we could have together — chasing each other around, among other things. But to my disappointment, he was now nowhere to be seen.



On **September 22, 2015**, I visited his Soul House again. To my surprise, the walls were now covered with photos of me from different stages of my life, including images I had never seen before. Rob had devoted a great deal of time and care to this, and for the first time, I really heard his voice — although afterward I couldn't remember what he had said.

My communication with Rob increasingly took place through the plush lions. On **December 19, 2015**, he appeared above me in spiritual form after I had kissed a plush lion. I called out in my mind, "I can see you, Rob!"

On **December 25, 2015**, I saw him again — this time as an attractive man of about forty, without a beard and glasses. In this Synchro-Date, he kissed me in a way that was physically tangible.

On February 13, 2016, Rob and I had an *Entangle Gig* during an astral journey. We became engaged in French kissing, and he placed a curly wig and a floppy hat on my head before continuing to kiss me.

On **April 30, 2016**, I found myself in a lucid dream or astral journey, in the garden of a house where I apparently lived — and once again, it was not in Davis, California. A hedge separated my garden from that of the neighbors, though it wasn't very dense. Because of that, I could see and hear my neighbor, who was in his garden with a child. Curious, I began recording their conversation with my phone. The neighbor was a fairly tall man of average build and, if I remember correctly, wore glasses. But to my great embarrassment, my phone suddenly began to play back the just-recorded audio out loud. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't turn the sound off, and my phone wouldn't respond to any command. It was only a matter of time before the neighbor realized that I had secretly recorded him and the child.

In a panic, I began to think of weak excuses I could use — such as claiming that I had just been testing my phone. But to my great

surprise, the neighbor reacted completely differently from what I expected. Instead of confronting me, he cheerfully started singing the well-known Cliff Richard song *Miss You Nights*: “All my secrets are a wasted affair... this miss you game.” He didn’t ask what I had been doing, as if he completely ignored the incident — or could even laugh about it. Another very successful, humorous Entangle Gig.

On **May 16, 2016**, I once again experienced an astral event with playful elements and a heavenly ending, during which I strongly suspected that Rob had once more entered my astral world through a mutual Mind Date. What follows is the short version of this Entangle Gig.

I was cycling astrally (yes, that’s possible too) when suddenly a huge hole appeared in the road ahead of me. There was no way to avoid it, and I kept falling deeper and deeper. To my surprise, however, I felt no pain and didn’t touch anything. Shortly afterward, I found myself back in the room where my out-of-body experience had begun — again, not located in Davis, California.

The room was chaotic; everything, including the furniture, was completely askew. When I looked in the mirror, I saw that my skin was very uneven. I was wearing only a bathrobe and pastel-colored socks with bows on them, as if they were children’s socks.

Just before someone came in, I looked into the mirror again and, to my astonishment, saw that my skin was now as smooth as that of an angel — as if something was about to be revealed.

I sat down on the bed when suddenly a man entered the room with a cleaning cart. But he didn’t look like an ordinary cleaner at all. Dressed entirely in black and white, as if he were a butler in an elegant restaurant, he radiated charm. He was tall and graceful.

“Oh, my apologies!” he said politely. “I thought the room was empty. I had just started cleaning.” Meanwhile, his gaze wandered involuntarily to my legs and playfully dressed feet. He was now

clearly embarrassed by the situation and, like a true gentleman, discreetly withdrew.

The Entangle Gig ended at the moment when, in the distance, I heard a heavenly male voice singing: “An angel where our land is free.” The melody was still echoing in my head when I woke up, and I immediately recorded it on my iPad by singing it aloud. The voice was powerful and pure, as if it came straight from heaven, and it touched my soul deeply. It felt as though Rob had sung it especially for me.



The next Entangle Gig was once again filled with love and humor. On **May 28, 2016**, I noted in my diary that the night before I had a dream which, in terms of magical effect, was comparable to the Efteling out-of-body experience:

It was a sunny day, and my then-husband, J., and I were living in a large house that was not located in Davis, California, where we had been living since October 2011 (J. until June 2017; I still live there). Outside, some construction workers had been busy, and now their foreman was standing at an open window, speaking to me. He asked whether one of his men might spend the night in our house. The worker's name was "Hans." I wasn't immediately convinced and asked, with hesitation in my voice, whether this Hans could be trusted.

He said, "Are you kidding? He's been faithfully employed for forty years, of course!"

"Does he smoke?" I asked, still unconvinced.

"Yes," said J., who apparently had already noticed this.

The foreman reported that Hans had been waiting in the rain for quite some time (though, as I said, it was actually a sunny day). I looked out the window. Yes, there he was. Good heavens, the man was certainly not unattractive, I thought. His hair was reddish, not very short, with a slight wave. He had a mustache and the beginning of a beard. Very patient and nonchalant, he sat waiting on his hard-shell suitcase, with one (or two) more beside him, without looking directly in my direction. The foreman had said that Hans had been faithfully employed for forty years, but that seemed more like his age. That would make him a loyal worker since birth (chuckle). My mood — and willingness to let him stay the night — grew by leaps and bounds.

I woke up to a Bor Lion tickling my face. Still half in the Entangle Gig, I couldn't stop laughing, as if Rob himself were tickling me — and so I laughed both in the dream and upon waking. The "construction worker" Rob, with forty loyal years of service under the

hood, had waited so patiently and for so long for me in the rain — on a sunny day. Haha!

Of course you may spend the night at my place, Rob — by all means. Later that night, I had a wonderfully blissful and ecstatic exchange with Rob (and the Rob Lions).



On **July 22, 2016**, I had a strange Mind Date for which I still have no explanation. Perhaps someone who knows more about the interior of Rob's house or details about his life or past might be able to make sense of it. It came down to this: Rob pushed me into a crawl space in or beneath the couch he was sitting on, and I ended up lying there, uncomfortably. He had just explained something to me, and it seemed as if we were now living together, but at that moment I wasn't even sure he could see me. I simply ended up under that couch, as if I were some sort of object he had tucked away there.

A new Entangle Gig with Rob occurred on **August 8–9, 2016**. In this Mind Date, I was watching television, and Rob appeared on the screen! He was being interviewed by a rather giggly female host. Rob told her — and the viewers at home — that he was going to move to a faraway country because he would experience more freedom there, including sexual freedom. I was overjoyed to see and hear him, and I was all ears, taking in the pleasant, gentle, and intimate sound of his voice. He used the odd word “Stahold” to describe a very special type of fabric — something like very sturdy felt of durable and precious quality. He demonstrated it using a doll made of that material. When you rubbed the fabric, it gave the feeling of a swimming pool (?). The female interviewer picked up the doll and rubbed the fabric, just as he had suggested.

In the evening of **August 19, 2016**, something happened that can only be described as magical realism. While I was browsing eBay for lion rings instead of my usual plush lions, I found one that immediately caught my attention. The silver ring had a friendly lion's face, but the price was steep: reduced from \$175 to \$140. Still, I impulsively decided to place a \$50 offer. To my astonishment, a green message instantly appeared on my screen: “Congrats! God accepted your offer of US \$50” and “Receipt for your PayPal payment to God.” Apparently, the seller on eBay was registered under the name “God.” I hadn't paid attention to the seller — something I normally always

do — so this cosmic joke felt like a typical Rob move, as if he were giving me a wink from the afterlife.

On **August 27, 2016**, I had an extensive Psychic and Physical Check-In with Rob around the theme of uncertainty. It was about receiving a university degree, but I wasn't entirely confident that I would actually get it. After the event ended, I was still feeling uncertain and started looking for my personal belongings, which I couldn't find. So I began wandering despondently through an unfamiliar city. But then suddenly, there he was: a fairly tall, well-dressed man who, like me, had attended the university event. We started walking together, looking for a place to eat, as we were both hungry.

In my Mind Dates and out-of-body experiences, Rob always makes a point of dressing very neatly, expressing his respect like a true gentleman. With him by my side, I suddenly didn't feel so lost anymore. Looking back on this Psychic and Physical Check-In, I think Rob, in some way, sensed that I was having a distressing dream and decided that the least he could do was to be there for me during this spontaneous encounter — so that I would no longer feel so alone.

Something spectacular happened on the night of **September 1, 2016**. I had food poisoning, and everything in my head was spinning. I saw the room come toward me and drift away again, and I couldn't get my brain to focus. Long ago, as a student, I had once suffered from food poisoning too, and this felt exactly the same: the room spinning, and when I got out of bed and started to walk, the floor seemed to move in waves beneath me, as if I were on a ship on a turbulent sea. But there was Rob again, coming to my rescue through another Physical Check-In. The plush lion seemed to move on its own; it made slight motions while I was holding it. It was Rob's face I saw. With his hand, he turned my face toward him, again and again, helping me to focus. And he kissed me as he did so. I could actually feel his face against mine — his facial hair, his skin coming through the lion, turning my face toward his mouth, over and over again.

An Entangle Gig that made me rather sad took place on **October 7, 2016**. I was waiting for Rob — by now, we were a couple — but I still hadn't met him physically! I had been waiting for quite some time; where was he? I wanted to go to the bathroom but walked in the wrong direction and ended up in the wrong one. That bathroom was yellowish-brown and bare. When I returned to my own room, I saw a few men, and one of them hinted that he had seen me in that “wrong” bathroom. I was mortified, even though he didn't seem to mind. He told me that he, too, often got confused by the bathrooms in this house (or hotel?). He said that he had once meant to go to his bathroom but instead ended up in the middle of a movie theater while the main film was playing, and how embarrassed he had been by his sudden appearance there. Our initial shyness faded into the background after these strange confessions, and we laughed heartily, feeling much less timid. But I was still waiting for Rob — and I had been waiting for so long. I didn't know the man I was talking to, but later I wondered: could he have been Rob incognito, once again engaging in a kind of role play to make our “first” meeting easier? And that's why I woke up in tears.

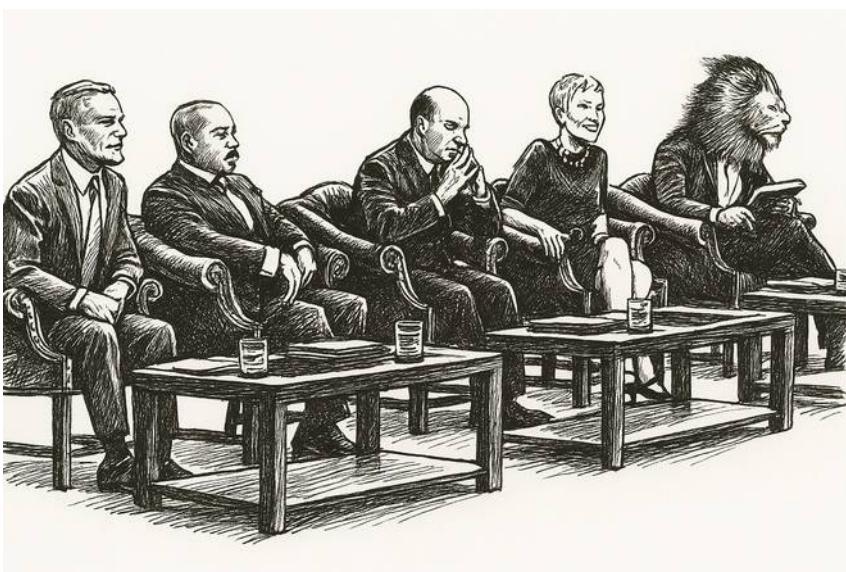
On **November 20, 2016**, I had an intense Mental Rendezvous about Rob's father, about whom I knew nothing. I received the impression that Rob's father was a very cheerful man (at least at the moment I encountered him), and quite different from Rob — much more easygoing in manner. His appearance seemed darker than Rob's, with curly hair, a rather strong build, and, like Rob, fairly tall. The “meeting” (for lack of a better term to describe its place or degree of reality) took place in a fairly dark house, which may have enhanced the impression that, unlike Rob, who is fair, his father had a distinctly darker presence.

His facial hair partly covered his mouth, so I couldn't clearly see his lips, but it struck me that they might well have been the same full lips as Rob's. He had been drinking a bit and jovially urged me to come along with him. I tolerated more than I normally would have, because

I knew he was Rob's father, and I wanted to learn more about both of them. In a conspiratorial manner, he showed me something. I was shocked but genuinely impressed, and I thought, "This might say something about Rob." A little later, Rob's father was in the adjoining room, talking to someone, and looked — no longer wild and extravagant, but now curious and contemplative — in my direction.



Here I briefly cut through the chronology of the mind-date sequence for the sake of easier reference. On **February 16, 2020**, I found myself in another astral setting that provided information about Rob's father. A kind of "narrative" unfolded, telling of an unhappy boy (that must have been Rob?) and his father; all his little plants were dying because of poor soil. Then I met that father: a flamboyant man, quite tall, with reddish-orange hair, stately, dressed in a matching orange-and-cream suit, radiating confidence — pure charisma and presence. He turned out to be interested in real estate and said he could never stop at just one house. I wanted to rekindle his interest in his son (and in the son's withering plants).

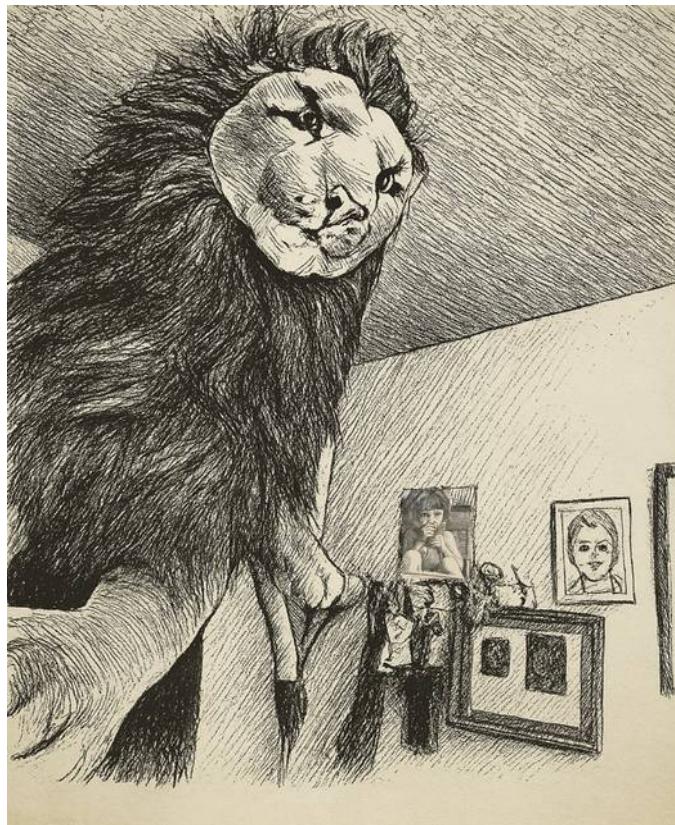


On **December 11, 2016**, I had an extremely funny Telepathic Call while I was already dozing off. I was too sleepy at the time to think much about it, but the next day the memory returned perfectly while I was cycling. My then-husband J. and I often watched the American and Canadian TV shows *Shark Tank* and *Dragon's Den*, in which entrepreneurs pitch their business plans and ask for large investments from five tough businesspeople — the so-called "sharks" or "dragons." These successful tycoons are open to investing in lucrative

deals. That night, I saw my gentlest Rob-lion, the Peace Bor-lion, as one of the “sharks” on the *Shark Tank* panel. He, of all beings — the least likely candidate for such a commercial and cunning role — sat there with a serious expression among the other sharks, as if he completely belonged. The contrast was so absurd that the image kept replaying in my mind, each time making me burst out laughing.

On **March 29, 2017**, I had a strange Synchro-Date that took place around a row of shower stalls like the kind you often find at outdoor swimming pools. I was singing, making up the lyrics as I went along. To my own surprise, my voice sounded beautifully resonant, and I was singing in tune. It felt as though I was singing the very lines that Rob was singing at that same moment. I could *feel* him — far away, perhaps — in his multiverse space; he was the one singing these words about me. He ended a verse with the line: “And wish you were here, all the time!”

On April 4, 2017, I was holding Peace Bor in my arms when he suddenly came much closer than he already physically was. The impression was extremely realistic, and for a moment I thought it was truly happening in the physical sense. In this Physical Check-In, he pulled me closer,



completely enclosing me in his embrace — very near, still pleasant, yet also confronting. I fell asleep again, and after a while I woke up once more. And again, the exact same thing happened.

With a little time leap to merge the two experiences: on July 11, 2017, something of similar intensity occurred with Peace Bor. After the most loving moments with him — later that night — the lion was no longer at the same level as I was, but higher up in the air. He was lashing his tail intensely — as if, through this Physical Check-In, he was trying to get my attention, to warn me? Once again, it felt so realistic that I briefly thought it was really happening.

On **April 30, 2017**, I had an overwhelming dream and Entangle Gig in which Rob suddenly leapt forward. I was in a barren garden and saw a bear climbing onto chairs — dangerously and wildly balancing, apparently in total distress. He wanted to escape. I saw two men observing the bear from inside the house. It seemed to me that they might be father and son. They were holding something, and I suddenly feared it was a weapon meant to shoot the bear. I wanted to prevent that and walked toward them. As I got closer, I saw it looked more like a fishing rod.

Suddenly the son — who struck me as somewhat primitive-looking — was outside too, just like me, and very close behind me. I was startled, but had little time to recover from it, because in a flash he pounced on me with a huge lion's leap, pulling me down with him to the ground, where I landed safely and softly on top of him. He was a solid, rather tall man, and he embraced me with full devotion.

I woke up deeply moved, my heart pounding. There was Rob's Jealous Lion — seamlessly carrying the torch of Rob's tenderness.

On **July 28, 2017**, after a hectic dream about Stan from the *Gene Burners* case, I woke up and, to my astonishment, saw the outlines of my dear lions in the air. They were leaping there, as if their silhouettes had come to life. Still half-asleep, I reached out my arm, doubting what I saw, wondering if I might even touch them. The lions had come alive! Rob was once again using the lions as a "vehicle" in this Physical Check-In to make his presence known. This experience has repeated itself several times since.

On **September 8, 2017**, I had a dream and short Entangle Gig in which I knew that on a very specific date — the next day, **September 9, 2017** — I would move in with Rob. My mother, Thérèse (who, as mentioned earlier, passed away in 2014 like Rob), was very determined that I should move out of her place and in with Rob. I said to her, "You seem to be forgetting Jolanda!" (Rob's earthly girlfriend). But my mother didn't respond, as if she knew that this

was no longer relevant at all. I was a little offended that she was so eager to see me go, but the thought of living together with Rob filled me with enormous joy — and it still does, every time I think of it!

On **October 6, 2017**, I experienced a strangely vivid and realistic dream — had I (again?) entered a multiverse life of mine?

In the years following Rob’s passing, I was occasionally in contact with Pepijn van Erp, his fellow board member at Stichting Skepsis and later also the webmaster of skepsis.nl. Our contact originally arose because we both had a critical interest in Robbert van den Broeke. Pepijn began blogging on kloptdatwel.nl in 2011, and since 2012 we had been in touch by email. I found (find) Pepijn to be an interesting, intelligent, and witty skeptic with whom I share certain intellectual interests and a sense of irony and humor.

That night, I was holding Rob Lion Young in an intense moment of entanglement, and immediately a warm energy began to flow. The lion had ended up on my stomach, bent forward — as if embracing me while facing me. This posture was different from usual. It felt as though he was devoting himself entirely to me in that moment. The sweetest, warmest energy radiated from him. I felt a profound happiness that words cannot describe. But with this posture, Rob seemed to be trying to tell me something.

In a striking dream that followed soon after, when I had fallen asleep again, it seemed that Rob — from his other state of being — deliberately set aside his famous (at least to me) jealousy, to give me space.

We (it wasn’t clear who exactly “we” were) were in a city; school had just ended, and I was having trouble with my glasses, which had suddenly broken. A man walking along the same street started a conversation with me, and I hesitated whether to go with him. Pepijn was walking behind me for a while but then caught up and moved to my left side. I asked him, “What should I do — should I go with

him?” I was already drifting slightly in the direction of the other man. But Pepijn playfully blocked my way with his body, to my surprise. I had thought he, as always, wouldn’t react. “Just my luck!” he said, laughing in a teasing way, and now he gently led me to the right, his arm under my elbow. He actually wanted me to go with *him*. “What do you want to do — go to the disco ball, kickboxing?” he asked, still laughing. He now held me from behind, his arm wrapped around me, and I responded by holding him too. It felt good. I hoped for a kiss and thought, “Is this real — Pepijn taking the initiative so unexpectedly?” For a brief moment we did kiss, walking close together through the downtown street.

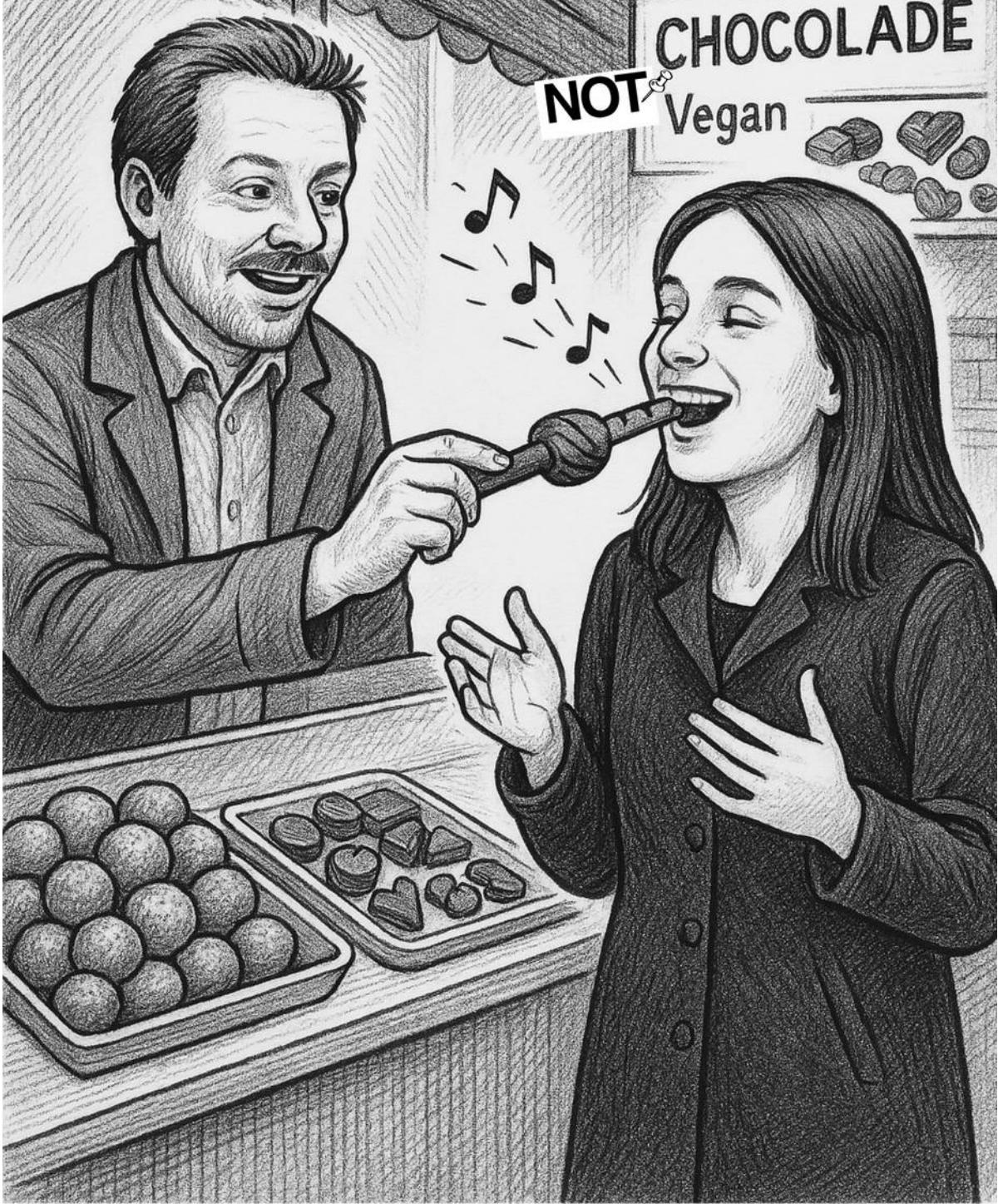
I woke up with Rob Young-lion holding me in exactly the same way — the same sensation of being held as in the dream with Pepijn, and of holding him back. It felt as if Rob was giving me a gentle nudge toward Pepijn. Did he want me to choose life — with someone else, anyone, represented here by Pepijn? Or was this another version of my life, a multiverse possibility within the physical existence I now inhabit?

A new relationship would (partly) drive me away from Rob. I believe Rob still has a jealous side, no matter how much he tries to suppress it — and I would feel exactly the same. But above all, I simply *don’t want* anyone else. Even when Rob was still on Earth, the clock had already started ticking faster. Had we met earlier, in the physical sense, our chances would have been better.

On **November 21, 2017**, I had another Entangle Gig with Rob. Once again, I found myself in an unfamiliar city, but this time I wasn’t alone — two people were accompanying me. I stopped for a moment at a *oliebollen* stall — a Dutch winter treat, somewhat like round doughnuts dusted with powdered sugar — even though I was following a group from a distance and would likely lose sight of them.

# OLIEBOLLEN

CHOCOLADE  
NOT<sup>CO</sup> Vegan



The man behind the counter offered all sorts of sweets: *oliebollen* but also chocolates. I asked whether they were vegan, since I was still strictly vegan at that time — whether they contained dairy, butter, and so on. He replied that at least half of them did contain dairy, and the rest contained eggs. I was disappointed. The man then offered me a chocolate lollipop, which also didn't look particularly vegan. I wanted to point that out, but he ignored my hesitation and playfully brought the colorful lollipop toward my mouth as a gesture. I didn't refuse. To my surprise, I discovered there was a whistle inside it. Immediately, a funny little tune with a falling cadence played. I laughed, and my laughter was mirrored by the man's face — he had been eagerly waiting for my reaction to this magical lollipop. And yes, I believe this man was Rob — in yet another of his playful roles, living life with me in parallel worlds.

And once again, a synchronicity was waiting for me to discover it. On **August 31, 2025**, while exploring the back side of Rob's house on Google Maps, I stumbled upon the “Oliebollenkraam Westerhaven” at Westerkade 24 — just four house numbers away from Rob's home. Even more astonishingly, when I checked the Facebook page of that very stall, I read their statement that all their *oliebollen* are **100% vegan** — the exact opposite of the Entangle Gig. I see this as an ultimate curiosity and mirrored synchronicity — evidence that all my Mind Dates with Rob possess a deeper legitimacy of existence.

### **Folk music Soul Hangout**

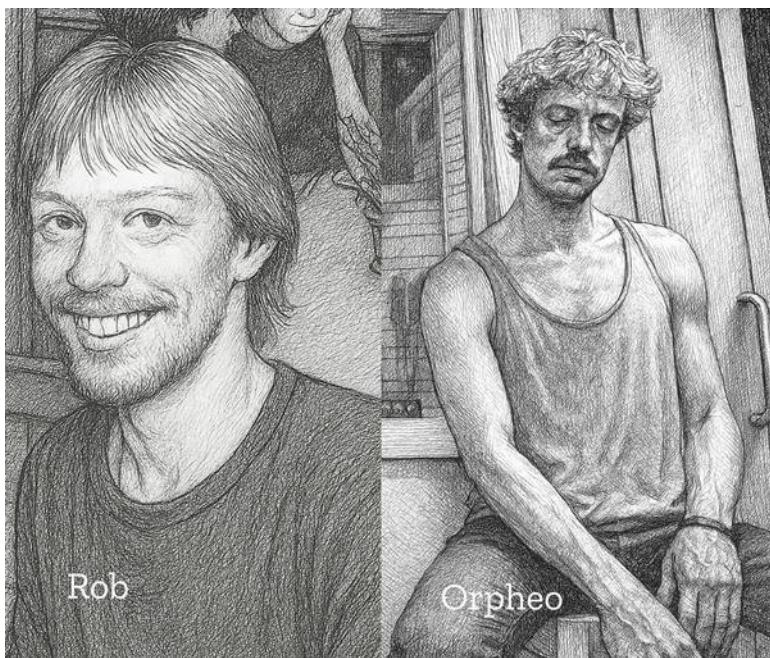
Through a post on social media, I came across a song in 2018 that immediately moved me: *If I Were Free*, performed by Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros. When I looked deeper into the background of this band, I discovered an astonishing number of beautiful songs. With their roots in Los Angeles and a style described as “indie folk, psychedelic folk, gospel, neo-psychadelia,” it feels as if Rob guided me toward this band. Their repertoire forms a bridge between Rob's

somewhat more complex and my slightly more accessible musical taste.

It even goes beyond the music. In one of the core members of the band, I see someone who, to my eyes, looks strikingly like a young Rob — as he might have appeared if he had been a member of a Californian band rather than a skeptical editor-in-chief: band member Orpheo McCord. This, too, fits seamlessly into Rob's world of role-playing in a "parallel world."

The band also has a lion song, with lyrics that mysteriously echo the essence of this book — specifically the Mind Date around the campfire. That was where everything was, in fact, anchored: the forever connection between Rob and me. Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros – *In the Lion*:

*But in the fire, there's a heat to melt the cage around your soul.*



**December 27, 2017**, brought an ecstatic night of entanglement, filled with Rob's love and kisses — a night I described in my diary as: "Perhaps the most astonishing night with Rob through the lions ever." The day before, I had cycled 104 kilometers, and along the way an extremely joyful Mind Date unfolded before my inner eye: Rob and I were tending sheep by day and spending the nights in love — a simple image, yet powerful precisely because of its simplicity.

This scene, one of now hundreds of Mind Dates, is a way in which we live together in alternate worlds. I realize it may sound strange or even amusing — herding sheep by day and making love by night — but as you know, life itself has many meanders, and multiverse life even more.



The Mind Dates with Rob and the lions also feature bursts of humor combined with magic: on **April 3, 2018**, I saw in a very funny dream a lion riding a bicycle — exactly like the image I had used in one of my *Lionheart* blogs. I was cycling too, and there were quite a few people in traffic. The lion was coming toward me, steering carefully, as if he were completely at home on that bike.

**April 5, 2018:** I was with Rob somewhere else, in a homely room (again that parallel-world idea), and he picked me up onto his shoulders and carried me — supposedly wildly — through the room, though the pace was actually quite gentle. He was playacting as Quasimodo. We were having tremendous fun. Rob tossed a few coins into a round hole above the

fireplace or something, as if it were a slot machine that needed feeding — but it was really just a small ledge in the wall. It was downright hilarious.

When my consciousness returned to my room in Davis, the name *Quasimodo* suddenly came to mind. What was remarkable was that I had neither read the book nor seen the film. I only remembered once having seen a trailer for the Disney version, and in the past, perhaps having read a few paragraphs about Quasimodo. As with Rob's other role-playing scenes, I see this as clear evidence that it truly came from *him*. Before Rob's passing, I wasn't into role-playing at all; only during teacher training did it come up occasionally, and I never found it very interesting. It was Rob who activated this in me after his death — especially the fantastical aspect of it: the many possibilities and freedoms it offers.



On **May 14, 2018**, I was overcome by various worries: the unwillingness and fear of growing much older—also because I don’t want to miss Rob for so long and fear that our connection might weaken over time—and financial concerns. While this restlessness held me in its grip, Rob appeared in his full earthly form during a Physical Check-In and lay down on top of me. A feeling of stability immediately descended upon me, and I became calmer. The Rob Robust lion, sitting to my left and watching devotedly, also helped me relax.

On **June 19, 2018**, I briefly saw Rob standing here in Davis in the hallway.

### **Corroborating matters**

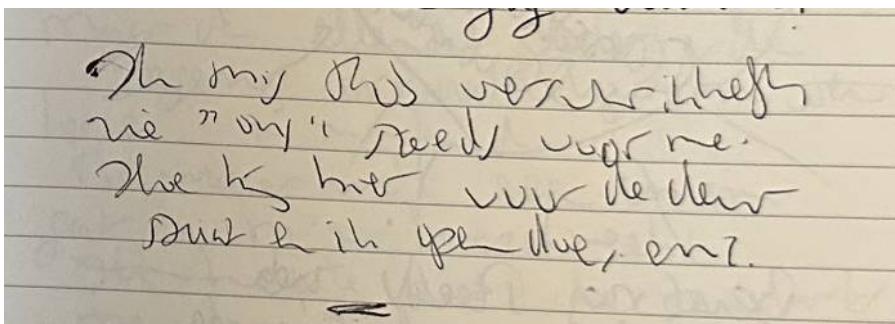
2018 brought even more outbursts of love between Rob and me than 2017, with May as the absolute highlight of the year. His outbursts of love toward me carried an even more penetrating force than before. In June, however, something changed: I panicked several times because the distance between us seemed to grow, without any clear reason. But in July I again felt Rob’s full presence. It was as if he had been occupied with something else in June — and that later proved to be true.

In early July I received an email from Jan Willem Nienhuys, in which he wrote that Rob’s mother had passed away on **June 27, 2018**. Strikingly, Rob had seemed so exuberant and light-hearted in May. Could it be that he already knew his mother would soon be joining him — and that this prospect had given him peace of mind?

The summer months were marked by physical ordeals caused by the extreme heat and the (effects of the) California wildfires. On **August 8, 2018**, I even suffered severe smoke poisoning after, shortly following the publication of a blog about Robbert and company, I went cycling and ended up in Winters amid an intense, chemical, toxic smoke. Since I no longer had a partner who could pick me up by

car, I had to complete the entire ride home — a total of four hours in the contaminated air.

Because I truly felt unwell, the nightly contact with Rob also came under strain, as shown by my diary entry from **August 10, 2018**: “Very quiet on the Rob front, because the nights are terrible.” And this:



“I miss Rob terribly, keep seeing ‘us’ before my eyes. How he’s standing at the door here and I open it, and so on.”

The night before, something remarkable had happened. While I was suffering from the effects of the wildfires, I had the impression that Rob wanted to ease my physical discomfort through a Physical Check-In.

#### **Diary entry:**

“Something very unusual happened last night: suddenly, there was an electric ‘crackling’ on my back, pleasant, like little jolts of current but without the shock effect — a kind of flickering, as if to help me relax. Rob! I assume! It lasted at least ten minutes, until I fell asleep. Purely physical, nothing astral or the like, truly tangible — even my thin top seemed to move along.”

The phenomenon remains unexplained, although to me it felt like a sign from Rob.

On **October 11, 2018**, I went on a long astral journey, beginning with developments concerning Pepijn van Erp and later about Rob. After that beginning, I found myself on a magical beach and had unique astral sea experiences. Then I returned, but the journey did not yet want to end — to my great delight, and I seized this astral chance card with both hands.

### **The hilarious Entangle Gig “Doctor Rob,” staged by Rob:**

I found myself in a factory hall. I walked toward the people who were there.

A man asked,

“Can I help you?”

“Yes,” I said, “I’m looking for someone.”

I looked around to see if I could spot Rob, but had no luck. So I asked,

“Do you perhaps know... uh... Rob Nanninga?”

To my disappointment, no recognition, no “Yes, he’s...”.

But then a tall man suddenly took me along. This *had* to be Rob — haha! He was “the Doctor” here.

He was tall, solidly built, blond (though without Rob’s face), and didn’t look all that healthy. He put his arm around me and said, “I do have a message for you. It’s very important!” What followed wasn’t entirely clear, but he said something like, “Now twenty years... something is complete (?) [and]... You now look forty-five years old.” (Haha.)

He said it as if it were a huge compliment. But in 2018 I wasn’t even fifty yet, so according to “the Doctor,” I looked barely five years younger!

He pulled me along again. I was now holding him somewhat strangely, with four fingers instead of five. He said pathetically, “Don’t hold me like that — it’s unbearable, not with four fingers.” He collapsed dramatically and fell to the ground. Others rushed in to help him. It was clearly staged.

The night before, I had said to Rob, “I miss the out-of-body experiences, the astral. I understand that you don’t want to take part because you don’t consider it real, but couldn’t we do something ‘astral’ together? Then it would make sense again, wouldn’t it?”

To clarify: of course I didn’t know whether this was truly Rob’s current standpoint; I was simply trying to make contact. Rob and I exchange few words, and even in that we’re on the same wavelength. I’m not a Char Margolis or a Derek Ogilvie who “receives messages,” and in my impression, Rob wants to protect me from that communicative trap. I grow uncertain about sentences that Rob might “transmit” when I’m in my normal waking consciousness, and I’m convinced that Rob — as former editor-in-chief of Skepsis — knows this risk all too well and deliberately avoids it, just as I do.

On **December 30, 2018**, something happened once again that touched the boundaries of my ordinary reality — something that clearly carried the atmosphere of the multiverse. As so often, I found myself on a university campus, walking or wandering around aimlessly. Such a setting forms an unmistakable central place for both Rob and me.

I had just left the classroom where I had been teaching, but the campus and building complex were so vast and intricate that I could no longer find my way back. I had nothing with me except a rabbit in my hand that was doing its utmost to escape (!) and that I had to keep under control. Eventually, I decided to call Rob for advice. I borrowed someone’s cell phone to reach him. I was now sitting on the floor against the wall of a corridor, somewhere amid the many halls and passages of the building, with the rabbit beside me, again trying to get free. Rob answered! I was pleasantly surprised — Rob was simply available!

But then Pepijn van Erp started talking. He, too, turned out to be on a — third — line. He was now having a brief conversation about someone, discussing what you would call such a person: a seafarer? A sea rover? I patiently let this go on, but eventually I said, “Hey,

Pepijn, you're hijacking my phone call — *I'm* the one who called Rob, not you! Hello, Rob?”

Silence.

It was as if I could hear Rob holding his breath — out of surprise, or perhaps because he knew: the moment had come again, the moment of Rob and me. Pepijn, too, fell silent.

Then I woke up — quite upset, because I had wanted this Telepathic Call to continue. Earlier that morning, I had pleaded with Rob: when will you finally appear again in a dream, an out-of-body experience, or a related encounter with me?

On **January 20, 2019**, I once again experienced one of my most ecstatic Quantum Rendezvous with Rob. The campfire moment repeated itself! I saw myself sitting on his lap over and over, as we complemented each other like a perfect yin and yang. That experience feels like a spark that keeps leaping between parallel realities — at this moment Davis and Another Davis — where we coexist and find each other again and again. It is as if our bond extends across an endless strand of interconnected worlds, a cosmic DNA made of love, ecstasy, and unity.

Another oh-so-typical Rob-and-Another Davis Entangle Gig took place in a vivid dream, or rather a series of astral images:

**Literally from my diary, February 7, 2019:**

“Outside in the bike rack stood my granny bike. It was cold outside — snow? Someone had tied my bike to the rack with a few thick ropes (flax and cotton), because I didn’t have a lock and hadn’t brought anything to secure it with.

I asked, ‘Hey, who tied up my bike?’ This was already the second time, since earlier I had also forgotten to lock it. — Awake, and association with Rob!”

On my bed, there was a soft wool sweater against the wall, which I had lovingly draped there behind the plush lion. Now one of its sleeves was draped lovingly across my neck. I hadn't — at least not consciously — placed it that way, and again I had the feeling that Rob was behind it.

The bike, *improvisedly locked*. Haha, those thick ropes looped through the wheel and tied around the rack. Typical Rob, it seems to me. In real life, Rob had once emailed me about a leak in his house in Groningen and how he had tried to seal the leaking pipe with Power Tape.



On **April 12, 2020**, I had a peculiar Entangle Gig with Rob (and as always — hooray! whenever I see him, in whatever form). As so often, my dreams or astral journeys — or whatever one wishes to call them — in which Rob plays the leading role were marked by playfulness, magic, and hilarious twists.

In short, the following occurred:

I was living in a rather dark but quite pleasant house with housemates — but it wasn't in Davis. Rob was there too! I was so happy to see him again. He was in his middle-aged build, the fuller Rob. I showed him the house and said, "I'd most love to live in the chimney!" I pointed to a kind of bright corner that formed the chimney and indeed looked cozy and warm. I continued, "I wish I were much smaller — then you and I could live in it together!"

Rob walked toward the chimney with me, looked up into it with a probing gaze, and then said, with a faint smile on his lips — a little as if he were high, but not extremely so, more dulled — "Well then, let's do that!"

I was ecstatic at his answer and asked him happily, "Really?!"

I took his hand in mine, and we walked on. His hand felt just as he looked: a bit limp and clammy, numb.

We went up to the first floor, where it was much lighter and a dinner was being held. Quite a few people were already there. But the floor was slanted — and so were the tables. Since there was no walkway beside the tables along the wall, Rob and I walked *on* the tables to reach our seats in the back by the window.

However, I began to slide off the tables — half by accident, half on purpose — and then truly lost my balance entirely. I sailed down to a lower level, knocking various objects off the tables as I went.

"Sorry, sorry!" I called out, laughing broadly. I think I did it to get Rob's attention — and to make him laugh. The atmosphere was exuberant.

At first, I didn't understand Rob's "dulled" state. Now I think Rob and I mirror each other — perhaps not constantly, but often. We do more than reach out to one another: we resonate in the same state. And we still do, even now that an entire universe lies between us — even when no one informs either of us what the other is doing or feeling.

Rob, in this event, was somewhat dazed, almost high — but so was I. I had been using edibles at the time, and cannabis can stay in your blood for many weeks. Now, of course, I don't know what kind of "stuff" they have on the other side of the universe, but they must certainly have *something* there too.



## **Sora ChatGPT Intermezzo: Synchronicity**

On Wednesday, **June 25, 2025**, an extremely curious synchronicity occurred in the story of Rob and me — this time within Sora ChatGPT itself. I had been working in the hope of generating a few additional images for my book. Note: I had only provided three images, with the simple prompt, “Remix this.” The input consisted of:

- an image I had created earlier that same day of the Another Davis house at night, featuring both an outdoor fireplace and a campfire (*two* fires — a peculiarity Sora ChatGPT had “invented”);
- an image of Rob sitting by a similar campfire reading my book *Gene Burners* (a previous image creation of mine in collaboration with Sora ChatGPT);
- a photo of myself, taken by Mayumi Acosta during a photoshoot.

Sora ChatGPT then produced an astonishing **fail image** — that is, an AI-generated image that I, and probably many others, would label a failure.

Yet at the same time, the image revealed a stunning synchronicity with my recently described chimney story: Rob not only appears three times in the image, but is also literally depicted *inside the chimney*.

A double reference, then — both to the chimney story and to the multiverse idea in which we can exist as multiple versions of ourselves simultaneously.

I dare say that, in terms of content and of the “Another” aspect of *Another Davis*, this is the most meaning-rich image in the entire book. Here follows the so-called *fail image* — a picture that instantly became dear to me:



Another  
Davis

From March 2020 to March 2022 — the pandemic years — I used cannabis edibles and tablets almost daily (more about this in later chapters of the book), and my journals from that time are filled with references to them. I offer you, the reader, this background to the **Telepathic Call of May 10, 2022**, as recorded in my diary:

That night, Rob-info: That night Rob said to me telepathically: ‘Be more cheerful.’ And: ‘It’s kind of an internet world here.’ ‘A world of libraries.’ ‘In my own space.’ ‘Want to talk to famous people, work with waiting lists, but you also need credits (and I’ve got those).’ ‘Spoke with Kurt Vonnegut.’ ‘Plan’s working out perfectly, starting to enjoy it.’ Rob was very cheerful and talking fast. I was astonished.”

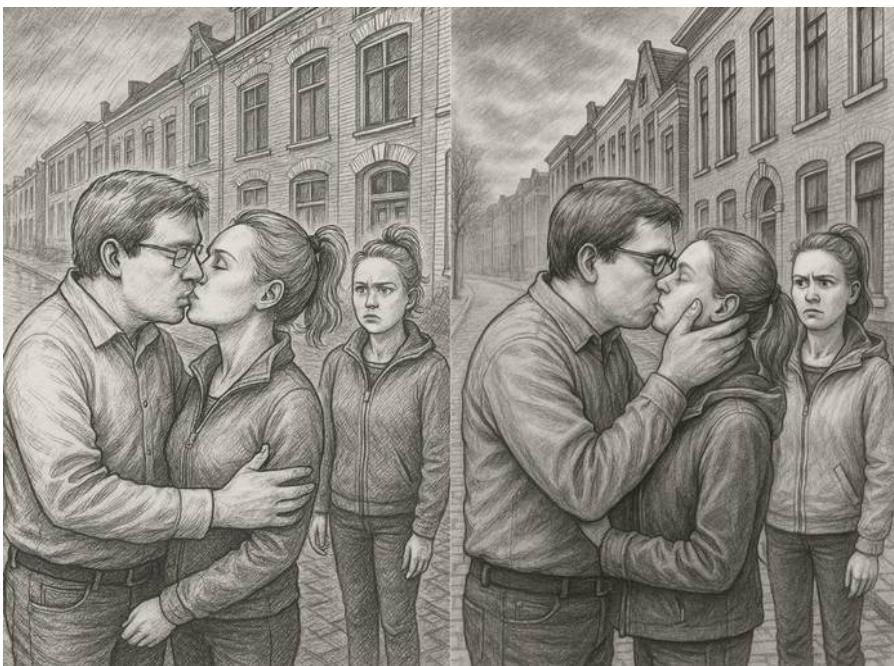
Incidentally, this was precisely the period when Stan P. made me very large cryptocurrency donations. You can read more about that in my book *Gene Burners*.

Sometimes it takes years in earthly time — and hours of reflection and “new” ideas about the multiverse — to rediscover events as indications of exactly that, rather than labeling them as “punishing dreams.” On **October 26, 2022**, I had a dream that made me angry — a real “wtf” moment. I quote from my diary:

I was finally with Rob, in a city I interpreted as Groningen. It was drizzly and dusky. Elated, I walked beside him, his hand in mine. And then came the *wtf* moment: almost immediately, we ran into an “old flame” of his — as Rob confirmed when I asked him about it in the dream. “Ten years ago, yes, something like that,” he said. She was a blonde woman with a ponytail, not exactly an ordinary face, not extremely pretty either, perhaps a bit feisty. Rob was surprised, and so was she. He gave her several kisses, even a few on the mouth. I thought: “Wtf, we’re the ones together!” After that, we walked on. I probed, and Rob told an incoherent story: that *she* had broken up with him about ten years ago — which would be 2012, the year Rob and I “broke up for good” — and that he couldn’t believe it. I was piqued and jealous, but what could I do? Nothing. We followed all sorts of

winding paths Rob chose, which didn't surprise me. The Mind Date in the form of a dream continued, but I'll stop it here.

Only now do I see the hilarious part: could it be that Rob and I... ran into *me*? And then how I described myself back then! *Check yourself*, haha. Because all those years Rob had officially been with only one person: Jolanda. Though he had told me that, regarding Jolanda, he had once cheated on her — something he had also “confessed” to her. In the dream, I didn't yet recognize the year 2012 for what it was, but that was precisely the year when things exploded between Rob and me — because I wanted more clarity and he kept hesitating. And so, *I'm* the one who “broke it off” back then.



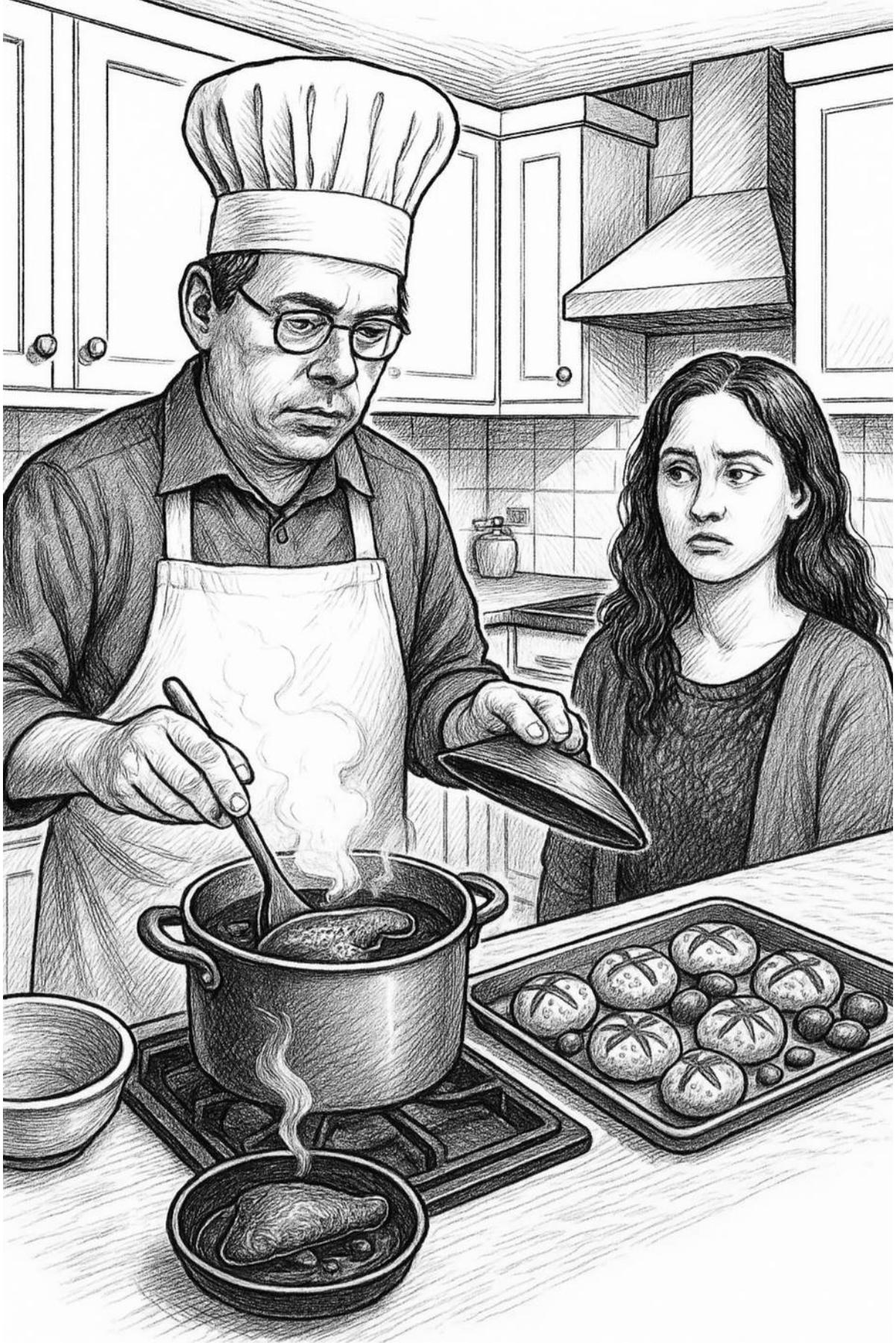
Another example showing that earthly time has to pass before you can interpret things differently: on **December 5, 2022**, I described a dream — about Rob, which at the time I even labeled as “nasty” (though with a question mark). When I reread it in 2025, while working on this book, I burst out laughing. Oh, so typically and

“thickly” infused with Rob’s energy that it still hits me like a downpour of delight every time.

To shorten the Mind Date: Rob was in a living room, in his last earthly form — physically heavy. He had made liver soup and chestnut rolls, because “someone had recommended them to him.” He added that the soup had been simmering overnight (or needed to). I said outright, “Rob, liver soup?!” For from a very distant past, that was exactly the smell of liver I had absolutely loathed back when I still lived with my mother. Rob got angry! He stomped off to get something and said, seemingly hot-headed: “I see little evidence for you and me.”

He had, however, given me a piece of chestnut roll (white bread with bits of chestnut in it). I ate some but didn’t taste much and therefore couldn’t comment on it. I replied immediately, trying to suppress my disappointment at his remark: “Well, *I* do!”

The day after this Mind Date, I still tried to interpret it literally — as in: was Rob trying to point out a mineral deficiency or something? But now, in 2025, I can only laugh at this Rob–Constantia mirroring, this time as a taste contradiction. I’d probably eat or at least try *his* liver soup with love now.



In 2023, something unfolded once again — in a non-linear way — that pointed to the existence of the multiverse.

In a lucid dream on **January 26, 2023**, I saw cavalier Rob literally in the plural. He was sitting in chairs — yes, chairs, plural — as a living impossibility. But he *was* alive, even in triplicate. This time he was wearing his glasses again; he sat in two chairs to my left and one to my right.

He smiled at me.

On **April 17, 2023**, I had the following magical astral experience. Rob manifested again, but this time through the ether. In a bright, spacious room stood a vintage-style lamp with a charming image on it. On the inside was a small button, and when I pressed it, the sentence sounded: *“There is a place we call Home. It’s Henry talking from the future.”* The lampshade then played a news item from the past, followed by a brief pause — like during a newscast. I immediately recognized the “Henry” as Rob — a reference to his baptismal name, Roelof Hendrik.

This time it wasn’t liver soup and chestnut rolls, but meatballs that Rob had in mind on **April 15, 2025**. Rob appeared as if through TV static, first in images of others; I began to recognize him. I asked questions about finding joy in things and about how to be happy. Whether he knew a method, perhaps? He said, “No, not something specific, not one thing... eat more meatballs.” He said it exactly like that, in that order. I awoke from the Psychic Check-In and immediately realized it really was Rob. Eat more meatballs! (Though preferably make them veggie, Rob.)

Another culinary-themed Entangle Gig took place on **May 30, 2025**. What at first seemed to begin as a dream had the intensity and clarity of a truly lived moment — perhaps even of a multiverse life. I found myself in Pepijn’s house. The next scene unfolded in a restaurant. I walked to a table and started cutting cheese into uneven cubes at random. To my right, Pepijn van Erp was also cutting cheese.

I said, "How about that — here we are, both cutting cheese." He barely looked up and said, "Oh well, why not!" Suddenly Rob appeared. He sat down across from me; I could really see only his solid chest — that typical Rob-like air of mystery again. On the table lay a piece of Pepijn's shirt fabric, checked in beige and blue, with a clearly visible, thick sewing needle in it. I made a mental note to take it with me later, as a souvenir. The fabric was a bit playful, with frilled edges. Pepijn mentioned that he had many shirts in different styles and that he was somewhat of a *partygoer*. Rob's presence felt critical toward Pepijn — was he perhaps jealous again? Rob had a very solid presence. He wore a light-colored shirt, and his chest, too, was pleasantly compact. Trustworthy.



One could also conclude that Rob is alive — since I am alive, too. And where will we be, once I, too, permanently leave my physical body? We'll see, folks. *There.*

“It is by no means an irrational fancy that, in a future existence, we shall look upon what we think our present existence, as a dream.”

— Edgar Allan Poe

# Chapter 9

## The Roar – Where Love Never Falls Silent: With Rob

Rob had shown me the way out of this marriage. J. and I had never been a good match. From the very beginning, an ominous sign seemed to hang above our relationship: “*Doomed to fail.*” The divorce was not a sudden decision, but rather a slow, organic process. When Rob was still alive, he was my hope and my guiding light. After his passing, I was confronted with the enormity of the void he left behind. My hope seemed shattered, my world screamed with sudden emptiness and loss of purpose. My soulmate had gone even farther away! At first, he had been half a world apart from me — now he was, who knows where, beyond a world. Or at least that’s how it felt.

But suddenly that was no longer the case. On the contrary: Rob came to me and appeared at my house — in astral form, for lack of a better word that would also be scientifically recognized. I would almost say: *by the grace of God*, if I had believed in “God.” This was, without any doubt, the very best thing that has ever happened to me — it felt *out of this world*.

I once wrote to Rob: “I can’t leave J., I love him too.” I wish I hadn’t said that. I *should* have left J. while Rob was still alive, because now I regret it — even if Rob, in that case, had chosen his earthly girlfriend Jolanda. Rob once wrote me: “I hope I won’t have to move, and I’ll probably never go to America.”

So yes, Rob *had* thought about him and me, and we even had a brief clash over it, which caused a major disruption in our contact. But his behavior was never entirely clear.

Then the tide had come, and the ship had sailed. Rob was “on the other side.” It felt as if he had moved in with me — also through the lions — with all his love, tenderness, and support, his immense care and constant presence, especially during my darkest hours in the turbulent years that would follow his passing. In my thoughts, I often said — and still say — to Rob: “Rob, you have full access to my entire mind and body; do with me whatever you wish.” I trust Rob completely.

J. and I no longer had a *modus vivendi*, and, frankly, we never truly did. But let me start with something positive. Our best and most harmonious moments were the hours we spent together on the couch, snuggled up, or lying on a mattress behind the computer screen, placed there especially for the occasion. We watched old TV series like *Little House on the Prairie* and *Knight Rider*, and countless movies we downloaded via The Pirate Bay. We also had a Pathé membership — Pathé being a major Dutch movie theater chain — and went to see all the new releases. Our taste in movies and old TV shows was almost identical. These were the moments when no communication was needed.

But when communication was needed, things went as wrong as they possibly could. This resulted in extremely serious, painful escalations that I won’t elaborate on here, but they regularly brought me literally to the brink of a nervous breakdown, with real physical side effects. At times, I tried to make J. aware of this, but he showed no acknowledgment whatsoever that our clashes were damaging my physical and mental well-being. It seemed as though he either a) simply didn’t listen, or b) didn’t hear anything I said. During several critical moments, when I needed him most — physically as well as spiritually — he was either not there at all or not there enough for me. Keywords: — getting into trouble in the sea at Scheveningen, — a severe tooth infection that had spread even to my frontal sinuses (the

recovery of which took *three years*), – Robbert van den Broeke and Stan, and – *Rob Nanninga*.

I told no one about this except my dear downstairs neighbor, Babs Jol. However, she passed away unexpectedly in December 2016, at the age of sixty. But ever since Rob’s passing, I had been following — completely — a different heartbeat. Our marriage had become an empty shell, and for several years J.’s affection for me had visibly declined. He distanced himself more and more, and our already meager physical and spiritual connection began sliding ever further down a steep slope.

Only after Rob’s death did I dare to acknowledge openly that my heart belonged to Rob — and Rob alone — not to J. I had the upside-down feeling that I was cheating on Rob with J. It seemed as though Rob fully understood what a difficult situation I had maneuvered myself into and that he wanted to give me all the time in the world to untangle the mess I had made of my life. Yet I still wonder what would have happened if I had left J. before Rob died. Since his passing in 2014, I have been living, as it were, with Rob in a kind of parallel or multiverse reality. I already mentioned that Rob had begun calling himself “Bor” in some of his emails after watching the film *Another Earth* (2011). The idea of a second, twin, or “Counter-Earth” differs from the concept of a Parallel World or Multiverse. Still, both notions share the suggestion that strange things are happening in our universe — and that far more may be possible than we dare to assume.

In my mind’s eye, I see Rob and me together in this other world (which, in some way, is still here), living through a thousand different and happy circumstances. A recurring image is that of Rob in the kitchen, wearing a homely apron, faithfully preparing our shared meal while I start feeling hungry from cycling long distances. I truly did (and do) cycle a lot — usually between four and six hours, sometimes even longer, without major breaks. In my mind’s eye, I see Rob

lovingly waiting for my return. I picture him and me in our shared *bourgeois* life — but elevated to the highest possible level.

J. is not my soulmate, however much I love him. We slept in separate rooms — at my request — because I am extremely sensitive to everything. He even came to appreciate the “freedom” of sleeping apart. But I now realize, in terms of alienation, what such separation can ultimately lead to. Not that I want to make that statement in general terms. With Rob, I would always want to be together — never sleep apart. In that sense, the Dutch proverb also rings true: those who sleep under the same blanket share the same ways — something that Rob’s and my history, as well as our Mind Dates, continue to illustrate in playful and multifaceted ways.

Every time — especially while cycling — when the smell of burning wood, smoking chimneys, or campfires reaches my nose, or when California is burning yet again (which unfortunately happens often and is, objectively speaking, not a joyful thing), I feel happy. That smoke lifts my spirit, reminding me of happy times with Rob in a parallel reality, and I consciously breathe in deeply as I picture the two of us, close together by the campfire.

Moving to California was the right choice; the smell of wood fire often drifts through the air here, and each time, it brings an almost magical sense of connection to Rob.

J. didn’t respond to my blogs about Rob after Rob’s passing. Also in the years before Rob’s death, I occasionally talked about him. I tried to make something clear to J., but found no listening ear. In terms of communication, I was always at a great communication disadvantage in this marriage. On the other hand, I also failed to reach out to friends, thereby helping to build my own prison. For reasons hard to fathom, it was always either J. or the outside world for me — never J. and the outside world. No one knew what (didn’t) take place between J. and me. The opposite of J.’s listening ear was true instead: everything I said bounced off a wall of unwillingness.

I could have fired a thousand cannons over fifteen years — which, in fact, I did — but there was never any response, or it was a negative one. I often tried to explain to J. what his lack of communication did to me, but he either didn't acknowledge it or bluntly said he didn't care. He would regularly say, quite literally: "That's your problem" (his number one response), "Leave me alone," "Don't care," "Too bad," and "Whatever!" Because I am, by nature, someone who *does* like to talk (or by now: *did*), I was left speechless. Perhaps this was his way of dealing with tension and emotion. After years of intensive effort to get the ship afloat again — which truly didn't work — I gave up and grew increasingly silent myself.

I would never have reported (or dared to report) all this here if it weren't a truth that deserves a capital "T." His later version was that he had felt overwhelmed by my personality and strong opinions (which, in my view, is already a strange stance to take toward one's partner in a marriage) and therefore didn't dare to express his own views. Perhaps he truly did feel overwhelmed and saw no other way out than to withdraw, but that didn't make it any less painful for me. Still, before I elaborate on that, I want to cut it off in advance: delving deeper into J.'s lack of communication is, in my opinion, a hopeless road. And it makes me very sad.

I tried to save the marriage, but I would have been better off not doing so. At night I suffered from a formidable amount of nightmares about J. — during the "peak years," sometimes nearly every night for weeks or even months on end. Occasionally, I told him about them, but I always got the same dreadful stock phrase: "That's your problem, not mine." This phrase was an anti-magic spell that literally paralyzed my brain. Perhaps it was also his way of defending himself against something he simply couldn't handle. Something that, of course, caused him to suffer as well — because it didn't make me an easier or more pleasant person to be around. In the end, when the divorce had truly become inevitable, I had almost no tears left. My

countless nightmares and escalations with J. had “prepared” me for years. By then, it had become almost easy to let go, after carrying such an enormous burden entirely on my own for so many years (the outside world knew nothing).

This marriage ended organically — like a tree that has gone too long without water, whose roots had become so shallow and weakened that only one great storm was needed to fell it. A tree across from my house in Davis did exactly that in 2017, after a windstorm.

In the last ten years of my marriage, I had fallen into lethargy. What I just said about J.’s lack of communication paralyzing my brain applied not only emotionally, but also intellectually and professionally — on every level that requires mental energy, I was near the fatal point. Perhaps it wasn’t J. alone, but a combination of circumstances and my own exhaustion that paralyzed me so deeply. I wanted and did very little, except for cycling — which had become a passion of mine since 2011 and remained so. For hours on end I would stare into space. Hours, days, weeks, and even years slipped by.

To keep this account honest, I must add that on my father’s side, there is a clear genetic tendency toward melancholy. Genetically, I take after his side as well, so this depression didn’t come out of nowhere. But there was one major difference from before: never had I fallen into total lethargy. Never before had my music — literally *and* figuratively — stopped playing.

We stayed together because *I* didn’t want to give up. If anyone deserves the “blame” for this long marriage (**January 6, 2005 – April 9, 2018**), it’s me, because on several occasions it became clear that J. *did* want to give up. I always wondered whether he truly loved me. He said he did, but I (sadly) genuinely doubt it. I will probably never know for certain in this lifetime. I, however, have always loved him deeply and still do. I had sworn to myself never to do what my parents did — to divorce. For that same reason, I also decided not to

have children — and I am still very content with that decision, because I saw, and still see, no point in burdening my now-nonexistent children with lifelong relationship problems.

Incidentally, during my years with Rob *after* his passing, I discovered something truly remarkable — something no one had ever told me, something no human being had ever said or written a single word about — certainly not Jolanda, Rob's earthly long-distance partner. *Rob did want to have children.* And not just vaguely — it could even be described as one of his deepest dreams.

I discovered this through the plush lions. Just as Rob truly is a Lion King — someone who wants to care for others — his natural desire to care for a “little one,” or even several, whom he would love intensely and protect, was just as strong. I challenge anyone who believes this isn’t true: bring me proof. It moves me deeply. Having children, especially as a woman, has immense physical and existential consequences. And this Earth is sick — deeply sick — through human actions.

But Rob’s longing is crystal clear to me. It’s something he missed out on. I have no intention of investigating it further, but I repeat: if anyone wishes to correct me — go ahead and bring evidence. I await it with full confidence, but I strongly doubt it will ever come.

The marriage with J. thus continued, on stepping stones of genuine love and stubborn devotion on my part — but ones almost impossible to walk across. This went on until I published my fourth *Lionhearts* blog in January 2017. Then J. suddenly woke up — like a reversed Sleeping Beauty. Suddenly he wanted out of the marriage, and suddenly he was gone.

Since Rob’s death, I had been, as if by the force of a catalyst, guided away from J., lifted by a loving wave in a deep and tumultuous sea. There was simply no way I could have stayed any longer — not since Rob had made something very clear to me: what J. and I had was not

a good relationship. No amount of therapy could have freed me from my desperate attachment to that marriage. It was only Rob's deeply tangible love at night — actions, not words — that could lead me in the only right direction: away from that marriage.

J. left the house in June 2017. That same month, he sent me a short *email* telling me he wanted to leave. I mention this to emphasize once again how poor his communication was. He house-sat for a colleague who was on vacation for a few weeks and then rented a room in Carmichael. Although his sudden decision caught me off guard, I had no choice but to respond — especially because the speed with which J. carried it out still took me by surprise. I was in shock. J. suddenly seemed in a great hurry to create as much distance between us as possible — literally, emotionally, and in every other conceivable way. It felt to me as though he wanted to erase me from his life as quickly as possible and was doing everything in his power to succeed.

Shortly after his departure, J. plunged head over heels into a new relationship — and, as it later turned out, into several simultaneous ones. This already happened in July 2017. In the past, whenever we discussed a possible divorce, he had sworn to me that he would never do such a thing. His choice for a new partner — or rather, new partners — was, for me, a genuine eye-opener.

Looking back, I think I was too serious for J.: too reflective, too consistent, and too straightforward. Perhaps, for his taste, I was far too much of a deep thinker. Even my bright blue eyes may have been too confronting for him; I've been told all my life that my eyes are strikingly blue. My mother even called me "Blauwoog" — "Blue-Eye." J. ultimately chose someone who — both inwardly and outwardly — resembled him much more. With me, he always felt as if he had to walk on eggshells.

We ran into each other once at the local AT&T store, where we both had to be present in person to split our shared mobile phone account. Without batting an eye, J. told me there that he had three sex partners.

His bluntness surprised me, especially since, in 2017 — after my *Lionhearts Part IV* blog — he suddenly did react and complained about my contact with Rob. This, while I had never met Rob physically and Rob had never said a single improper or inappropriate word to me in all those years. I had never made a secret of how fond I was of Rob. In 2012, as mentioned earlier, I even asked J. whether it would be all right if I invited Rob to the U.S. In my marriage, I had been strictly monogamous — perhaps not always in thought, but physically most certainly 100%.

The day after our encounter at AT&T, J.’s revelation about his sexual activities began to gnaw at me. I emailed him and asked how that worked: in 2017 he could still be upset about my contact with Rob, yet by then he himself had already had three sex partners before the final divorce papers were even signed?

He replied in English, because since our divorce J. has refused to speak or write a single word of Dutch to me:

“The moment we split up it was over between us, I am not going to waste another year of my life waiting for a piece of paper. So yes, I’ve had two hands full of sex partners since we split up, short relationships, one night stands, polyamorous relationships, friends with benefits...”

J. surrounded himself with friends who, like him, led a polyamorous lifestyle. To be sure what he meant by “friends with benefits,” I looked up the definition in the *Urban Dictionary*, because to me it sounded rather dubious:

“Two good friends who think it would be fun to have sex with each other over and over again. Until one of them falls in love and ends up heartbroken because the other doesn’t want a relationship.”

As early as nine months before the signing of the final divorce papers in March 2018, J. had plunged into a life full of casual encounters. It’s strange, but my piercing and profoundly dark nightmares about J. had

always revolved around the idea that he didn't care about me and secretly had all kinds of relationships behind my back — but back then, it wasn't true. The relentless, ever-rumbling black nightmare train about J. finally came to a halt after the divorce, because apparently, since Rob's passing, I had at last truly let J. go. Rob was the only one who could have led me out of that ailing marriage. Life sometimes has odd ways of accomplishing things.

There were many financial matters to settle. J. already had a lawyer, and I was forced to hire one too, even though I had no savings. Everything therefore went on the notorious American credit card. As a result, the atmosphere between J. and me cooled considerably. To cover the high cost of the house, I took in two housemates. In California, rental prices are significantly higher than in the Netherlands — at least four times as high.

During our marriage, J. had been a great practical and financial support to me. When it came to computers, websites, or, for example, my bike, he always helped me when I asked. For many years, he was the one earning the most money, and especially during our years in America, he was virtually the sole breadwinner. He was always very generous in that regard and never complained, even though I spent far more than he did. But looking back now, everything was crooked and unbalanced — and not least in the financial sense. In the divorce settlement, it was determined that J. would provide me with financial support for six years.

### **Silence on social media**

My soulmate-skeptic, Rob, had given the self-proclaimed medium from Hoeven, Robbert van den Broeke, the scolding of his life — which became known as the 2005 Dutch “Word of the Year”: *Genverbrander*. During Irene Moors’ TV show *Er is zoveel meer* (“There Is So Much More”), he caught him committing paranormal fraud: googling information rather than receiving it clairvoyantly. Robbert van den Broeke was, figuratively speaking, utterly disgraced

and, from then on, was kept out of major public attention as an exposed fraud.

Stan — whose name repeatedly surfaced in this context — also played a major role for years in the Robbert van den Broeke case, and in my own life as well.

In 1989, the year Stan was born, I changed my own first name “Stan” to “Sten.” Stan later discovered this himself and regarded it as proof of a cosmic connection between him, Robbert, and me — the so-called Robbert van den Broeke–Stan–Constantia connection, as he repeatedly called it in his emails. Curious it certainly is; I would never deny that.

From 2012 onward, while Rob was still alive, I had to deal with a few very persistent — quite literally — “Stans,” derived from the word *Stan* (stalker + fan): Robbert van den Broeke, Stan, and his husband Alan (now Lana). For years they sent me and other critics hate mail.

That past eventually led to the book *Gene Burners*, which I already mentioned in the foreword, and in which I consciously continue the mission that Rob and I share: exposing “paranormal” frauds.

Rob’s death in 2014 acted for them as a kind of starting gun for a new, more aggressive campaign. They knew about my bond with Rob, and I knew: if I were to share anything about my divorce, they would pounce on it.

Out of self-protection, I therefore kept every public mention of J. and myself carefully concealed from April 2017 until April 2018 — that is, until after the official completion of the divorce on April 9, 2018. Only afterward did I speak about it for the first time on social media. Robbert and Stan then once again proved that they were anything but clairvoyant, as there was nothing “cosmically picked up” about them. Throughout the previous year, they had behaved on Twitter, by email, and through other channels as if J. and I were still together.

Carried away from my marriage to J., I found intense happiness in Rob's embrace. At the same time, I felt as though my life without him had lost its meaning — I could hardly imagine growing much older. The physical decline that comes with aging had always repelled me, and I never understood why people wanted to prolong their lives at all costs when diseases like Alzheimer's strike so mercilessly.

Without a physical partner, I now had to keep myself upright. My marriage to J. had left deep traces — socially, emotionally, and practically: I was unemployed, listless, and had been depressed for quite some time. Of course, that wasn't only J.'s doing, but also due to circumstances we were both unable to cope with. From 2017 to 2020, up until the start of the COVID pandemic, I had housemates out of financial necessity. All those years in Davis, I had no steady job. In my lethargic state, I had to slowly find my way back to myself.

Even my great love of music had fallen into decline. My ex couldn't stand it when I played music without headphones and would already look annoyed. Perhaps he simply needed more silence than I did. But I let it happen — that my feeling that "music and I" were something beautiful and valuable faded away.

After his passing, Rob played a decisive role in letting music back into my life. I followed his love of folk and began deliberately seeking out that kind of music. Before long, I discovered that I, too, found it far more fulfilling than mainstream music — especially the deeper German-language folk. My musical taste became much more focused as a result: ordinary pop and widely known music now often feel too dull and flat to me.

# Chapter 10

## Shared Reality: Physical and Earthly



Fasten your seatbelt, because the road gets a bit bumpy here.

My marriage to J. took place on **January 6, 2005**; since **April 9, 2018**, we've been officially divorced. My ex did not keep his promise to remain friends — I wanted to, but he did not. For years he underwent rehabilitation after a serious accident during a tandem skydive in July 2022, in which the female student he was instructing was also severely injured. He will never be the same physically.

According to his Facebook page, he has remarried, although there were no signs of this in public posts, messages, or photos. I will always love him. It was probably a “karma thing” that we spent so many years together in this life.

With J., I discovered little about myself — though that likely says something about my own state back then, before I learned through Rob what a truly supportive partner can and should naturally be: someone who listens, stands by you through thick and thin, sees you as a priority, and takes both your dreams and nightmares seriously. During my time with J., I hardly grew as a person. That became painfully and symbolically clear on the day of Rob’s passing, when — as I told you earlier — I literally and figuratively came to a standstill, right in the middle of the busy highway.

How different things are with Rob...

### **Rob discovers**

Rob made me aware of a jaw problem that, I now realize, had been there my entire life — without my knowing it. It fits seamlessly with the image I have of him: a perceptive observer, a genuinely caring partner and soulmate — someone who truly sees and helps. As a teenager, I should have had braces (because of a severe inward overbite), orthodontic correction, and speech therapy (because of my extremely rapid speech), but neither my mother nor my father ever suggested anything of the kind. And so it went unnoticed, leaving me without the self-confidence I surely would have developed had I grown up with a stronger foundation.

Rob came, saw — and made me see it all with clarity.

### **Entangled existence**

Rob doesn't point things out from a place of perfection; it's simply his attentiveness. He himself also had physical issues — his smoking, for instance — and his unexpectedly early passing may not have been entirely unrelated to that. It's as though Rob's former habits express themselves through my life now. I was always strongly opposed to smoking, but since Rob's death I had, for a brief time, the curious urge to pick up a cigarette and start smoking. Perhaps, on "the other side," he was still a little addicted. I resisted the impulse.

Other physical peculiarities that I cautiously associate with Rob are the persistent skin problems on my fingertips that began in 2018. I would like to remind the reader of the astral experience with Rob that I described earlier in this book, on [August 17, 2015](#), in which I saw that he had "bitten-down fingers." The only concrete thing I've been able to verify in this regard is that Rob smoked and bit his nails — deduced from a photo that was published after his death. I haven't inquired further. For years, my symptoms were quite severe: the nails showed deep grooves, while the skin peeled off intensely, sometimes

until it bled. I was constantly wrapping my fingers in bandages — one after another. It wasn't eczema; the skin simply fell away. Although it's less severe now, I still have similar symptoms around my nails and the skin of my fingertips.

### From Kööm to cheese

Rob's lifestyle during his final years — neither vegetarian nor vegan — has influenced my own thinking. I myself had been a strict vegan for over thirty years, but I notice that some of his habits have drifted into my thoughts. Because of that, I now allow a bit more flexibility in how I approach a vegan or vegetarian way of life, without losing sight of its principles. Every now and then, I eat something that contains animal ingredients, such as sheep's cheese, milk, or honey, although my diet remains largely vegan.



There is also some overlap in our use of certain "substances." Rob smoked, and he certainly used cannabis occasionally — though I don't know whether that was still the case in his final years. I myself never smoked, but during the pandemic I used cannabis gummies and small tablets for about two years, mainly to ease tension. In addition, I used a classic psychedelic — the kind currently being researched as a potential treatment for chronic depression — four times, and I also took psilocybin mushrooms several times. The main thing, however, was cannabis. Over the course of a few years, I lost about 25 kilos because of it, though I have since regained part of that weight. It was only some time after quitting that I realized how much the use had clouded my judgment. More about that in the next chapter.

In 2018, I also developed an unorthodox method to calm myself during sleepless nights: drinking from a small hip flask of strong

whisky (50%) in the early morning — not for pleasure, but to switch my brain off for a while. Rob, too, would sometimes have a drink in the early hours. He once sent me a link to his inexpensive German spirit: Rosche Kööm.

### **Rob never got into a car again — I had to step out**

On Friday, **January 5, 2024**, I was driving home in the dark after doing some shopping and taking a walk in Folsom Park. On Highway 50 — battered by road construction — things went wrong: a white Nissan in front of me suddenly braked. I felt as though I, too, hit the brakes hard, but it was no use — with a tremendous crash, my Honda Civic rammed into the back of the Nissan. The airbag caught my head; there was only some mild muscle pain — no injuries. Right after the impact, the car instantly filled with an intense, warm, electrical burning smell — that mix of scorched wiring and melting plastic. The engine ran for a few more moments and then died for good; the Honda had to be towed away. Four vehicles had been involved, and only the first — the truck that caused it all by braking suddenly — simply drove on.

The damage was purely material, yet it felt symbolic: the ten-year-old Honda Civic, a luxury I could no longer really afford, was wiped out of my life in one blow. It felt like a relief. The Cosmos even seemed to wink at me through State Farm's claim number: **55-61K9-08R** — containing both Rob's birth year, 55, and the 8R, standing for *infinite R(ob)*. My liability amounted to only five hundred dollars, and the payout gave me breathing room: I paid off debts and invested the rest in crypto. From that moment on, I was done with owning a car.

Later I thought back to something Jan Willem Nienhuys once wrote to me about Rob:

“He definitely didn’t have a car. Maybe he once had a driver’s license. His father died when he was twenty-six. He was driving a 2CV in Groningen city traffic and was

crushed by a truck that braked too late. Since then, as far as I know, Rob never got into a car again.”

Once again, this was a striking synchronicity — this time between my own experience and, in this case, Rob’s father: the truck driver who braked at the wrong moment and caused the crash.

### **Along parallel lines**

Both Rob and I were born on a Saturday, share the Chinese sign of the Sheep (or Goat), and in Western astrology belong to the fire signs — he a Leo, and I a Sagittarius.

Rob was the only child of a Groningen furniture maker and a teacher. I myself am the fifth and youngest child of a chemist and a head kindergarten teacher. And I lived in Groningen for five years.

Rob’s earthly *LAT* partner (Living Apart Together partner), Jolanda, sent me in July 2014 a video recording of several speeches that had been delivered during Rob’s cremation. I wrote her the following reply:

“When Rob’s childhood came up, it felt as if the story was about me: an energetic, curious child in elementary school, later much quieter in secondary school, HAVO. A father with a deep love for France — and therefore always vacations in France. Teacher training college. Becoming a teacher. All of it matches my own youth exactly...”

Rob was trained as a teacher of English and Dutch, I as a teacher of German and Dutch. He began his compulsory military service but was discharged after just a month. Teaching turned out to be a difficult environment for him: he disliked punishing, believed in rewarding, and therefore couldn’t — or wouldn’t — maintain discipline. He quit after a short time. From then on, he lived — outside the regular work system — on a modest income as editor-in-chief of *Skepter* and as webmaster for Stichting Skepsis.

I lasted a bit longer: twelve years, at various schools. I too had issues with classroom management (not severe), but they manifested differently. Students once came to complain that I wasn't strict enough. And although I genuinely enjoyed teaching, deep within me there was an invisible engine: the drive toward freedom — an unconscious refusal to bind myself to an employer for long. Rob had no employer either.

My Sagittarius nature and my upbringing in a broken, dysfunctional family — full of arguments, neglect, and chaos — proved to be a volatile combination. Writing about out-of-body experiences, paranormal phenomena, and other “controversial” topics also raised concerns among some parents and members of the school board. A few relationships within the school environment also collided with my career. Each time, I decided to leave on my own terms and preserve my dignity.

My body “cheerfully” cooperated with my inability to remain within the system: allergies, hypersensitive airways, and a combination of severe nearsightedness and reading difficulties with contact lenses make me ill-suited for conventional work. From the age of forty-five onward, I stopped doing regular paid work altogether. Attempts as a self-employed entrepreneur, Uber driver, or eBay seller came to nothing.

Just as devotedly as Rob cared for his mother and as angelically as he supported his partner Jolanda through her cancer — and I dare say it was Rob’s love and strength that ultimately helped her recover (after his death, her cancer returned) — just as carelessly was Rob himself treated.

The facts speak for themselves: Rob lived on a meager income, with only a small allowance for his caregiving, in a badly neglected townhouse in Groningen. He had no shower of his own and had to go upstairs to his mother’s floor to use hers. For his own downstairs apartment there was only a primitive outdoor toilet, as Marina

described in her comment on the *In Memoriam* for Rob on the Skepsis website. His home was plagued by mice that eventually became so bold they ran across his keyboard. Neither Jolanda nor his mother seems to have intervened. Someone should have taken care of Rob — not only the other way around.

And here, too, the synchronicities between Rob and me appear. The phenomenon of homes terrorized by mice — where the mice seem to take control — is something I knew all too well from the house I shared with my mother in Aalst-Waalre. I didn't call that house a horror house for nothing. What stayed with me most was the deep sense of neglect I felt there — a pattern that would later return in my relationship with J., where emotional and communicative closeness was often lacking.

But I would like to add a nuance here — entirely in Rob's spirit: when two people are *not* soulmates within a relationship — as in the case of my ex J. and me, and of Jolanda and Rob — fate lurks close by.

Rob's Groningen-born and leonine stubbornness made him remain loyal to his mother until the very end. Yet in doing so, he neglected his own life — just as I sacrificed my own growth for years by stubbornly refusing to let go of my marriage with J. It's understandable that caring Leo Rob worried about his mother after the premature death of her husband and his father. But I think all honest parties would agree on this: something went wrong here — in the love and care *for Rob*.

I am certain that I would never have neglected Rob. And since 2014, I have shown him exactly that — through my blogs, my attention, and the devoted care I give to my plush lions. I see Rob in them and care for them as if they were him — which, in a reflective sense, they are. And I too recognize what it means to live on a tight budget, constantly having to watch every expense.

Rob died alone, in poor health; he had also gained too much weight. Shortly before his death, he had bought a new bicycle. With the first one, he had taken a fall. Proudly, he wrote to me that there was nothing wrong with his falling technique. Almost immediately afterward, he bought another affordable Gazelle bike, which he also mentioned to me. On Jolanda's Facebook page, I later read that a friend had seen him cycling not long before his passing — and regretted not having greeted him. I am quite certain that Rob's idea to start cycling again was inspired by me. He finally wanted to move again — and he knew that this was, and still is, my greatest triumph of movement. But it came too late.

“In 2002, Rob Nanninga became editor-in-chief of *Skepter*, but that didn’t change his character. He remained a somewhat shy loner who did have a girlfriend but continued to live on his own. ‘He didn’t fit the stereotype of steady job, house, garden, wife, and children, and he had a preference for psychedelic music. You could call him an aging hippie,’ says his friend and Skepsis colleague Jan Willem Nienhuys.” (Source: Peter de Waard, “Het eeuwige leven – Rob Nanninga 1955–2014,” *de Volkskrant*, June 24, 2014.)

Like Rob, I too didn’t fit the stereotype of a steady job, house, garden, husband (well, with J., but it was a bad marriage), and children — and, before that marriage, I was also an outspoken music lover with very broad tastes, including folk.

In the great book of the Cosmos, next to my name, it says:

Work-challenged person.

That may sound lighthearted, but the realization is profound.

I have often asked — and still ask — the Cosmos: What is the purpose of my life if I seem to fit nowhere professionally?

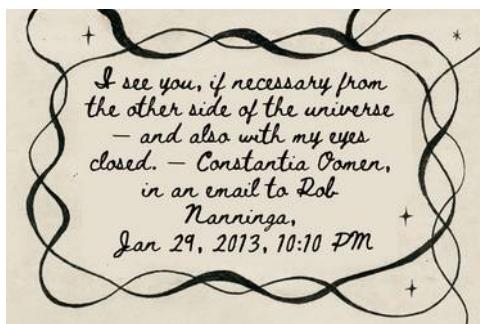
The answer has always been clear and consistent, like a thread running through everything: **Trust.**

My life lesson, it seems, is not to “fit in successfully,” but to trust that I am being *carried*.

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## Media files

Gradually, it became a recurring motif in our story: that even without a physical image, I could love Rob and “see” him with my eyes closed.



Alongside all the tangible similarities between Rob and me — in lifestyle, work, and physical traits — I began to long for something more physical: to be able to see and hear him more often. My intuition — likely fueled by our entanglement — led me to the idea of searching for visual and audio material of him.

Through my research at the Netherlands Institute for Sound and Vision, I discovered videos and audio recordings whose existence I had never suspected. Because Rob had also been, in part, a public figure as a speaker for Stichting Skepsis, several television appearances and radio broadcasts had been added over the years. What began with just a single photo — the one that opens this book — grew into an outright thrilling journey of discovery, of which I was the sole discoverer and documenter, making all newly found footage and materials available through my YouTube channel, websites, and social media.

The clearly perceptible effect of these media files was that my lion and Mind Dates with Rob became even more tangible; I now had both image and sound of him from multiple stages of his life.

Of the four media files I initially ordered, only one turned out to show Rob himself. After that, I had to be patient again, since everything was still being sent by mail at the time. That Rob and I make each other wait became apparent from the very beginning: we never met in person, and only after his earthly departure did he return to me — in another form.

When he was still alive, Rob once sent me the song *Lonely Boy* by The Black Keys — “I got a love that keeps me waiting.” But the waiting was rewarded: over the years, more and more media recordings of Rob began to reach me, from both television and radio.

On Sunday, **July 28, 2019**, I unexpectedly discovered three newly added media files through the Netherlands Institute for Sound and Vision. Thanks to the digitization of their system, I could now easily download the files using my credit card. Two of them were television shows, including one in which Rob appeared together with Jan Willem Nienhuys.

One of the programs shows Rob wearing the blue jacket from the only photo he ever sent me — the very same picture that became the starting point of my *Lionhearts* blogs, the foundation of this book.

Time and again, I am enchanted by Rob’s gentle, beautiful, and wise eyes, and by his smile, which makes me fall in love with him all over again each time. His eyes are large and deep; often, little stars appear in them — formed by tears of sorrow or emotion, humor, and joy. I wish I were a poet, so I could better express what I see. My drawing of him only felt complete once I had captured that very magic in his eyes. In his gaze lies an immeasurable landscape of calm patience, love, peace, and above all: infinite depth. And his lips, too, are something to behold — perfectly tender and irresistibly beautiful. Nowadays, I know exactly what his kisses feel like.

Interestingly, Rob's voice reminds me of a blend of voices I know well. It's mostly in the way he speaks — measured, with a characteristic cadence I would call *skeptical*. In his voice, I recognize shades of Skepsis board member Jan Willem Nienhuys, but also something of fellow board member Pepijn van Erp, and of singer, former DJ, and all-rounder Henk Westbroek. Trivia: Rob — full name Roelof Hendrik — shares the name *Hendrik* with Henk Westbroek, whose full name is Hendrik Otto. In the early 2000s, I had a brief fling with Henk Westbroek.

Finally — and perhaps, in the deepest sense, most importantly — in the singing voice of M. A. Baal of the German folk band Leger des Heils, I unmistakably hear the young Rob: that proud, clear tone of a warrior of light who fights for the good. It is no mere resemblance; it is Rob's own voice speaking to me through Baal's timbre.

*Himmlische Feuer* was Rob's favorite album by the group, and the song “Mondnacht” from that album is simply breathtaking.

Thanks to a later email — a reply to an earlier message I had sent to the fabulous Netherlands Institute for Sound and Vision on **August 30, 2019** — I came into possession, on **September 5, 2019**, of yet another video featuring a TV appearance by Rob Nanninga. Kudos and blown kisses to this wonderful institution!

Although it didn't show Rob in a different stage of his life than I already knew, it did offer the viewer — and me — a glimpse into his study. That image instantly became dear to me, because it reveals so much about Rob's student-like lifestyle — one that so closely resembles my own.

The more I manage to pry from the wheel of time, the more it confirms that I am indeed right about the thousand and one things that fuse Rob and me together.

# Chapter 11

## Wanderjahre (Wandering Years)



During the pandemic years from 2019 until around November 2022, a rather dark episode unfolded in my longing for Rob — one that was, to some extent, colored by a clouded judgment caused by cannabis use. During that period, I traveled to Dresden for a Rob-related “adventure”; it was my first time back in Europe since my emigration in October 2011. Dresden lies in the state of Saxony, in eastern Germany, about thirty to forty kilometers from the Czech border. There were

beautiful moments during that trip as well — such as the nature walks in Dresden — standing on their own, separate from the inner confusion that prevailed at other times.

For a while, I had the idea that there might be a third person somehow connected to us — a soulmate of both Rob and me — who could perhaps serve as a physical life partner, alongside the non-physical Rob, for the remaining years of my life here on Earth. What that would look like in concrete terms — for I had no intention whatsoever of giving up or diminishing Rob’s place in this “trio relationship” — remained vague in my mind; I simply couldn’t resolve it. It was, quite simply, physical loneliness that drove me, and probably also the earthly instinct for physical preservation that urges humans toward connection. That led me on various strange adventures in and around Dresden.

Rob gave me the space to discover for myself whether this was truly what I wanted. But that “almost perfect third” turned out to be an illusion.

During his lifetime, Rob had recommended the neofolk band Darkwood to me, and the album *Notwendfeuer*, which he sent me, made a deep impression. The title — meaning something like “a fateful, dramatic turn” — later turned out to be a fitting description of those years of confusion. Rob had also suggested Darkwood to me because he knew that I was a Germanist, and later he even proposed that I start the — at that time still nonexistent — German Wikipedia page about the band. Back then, however, I felt too insecure to take on such a task.

I think it was as much a journey of discovery for Rob as it was for me — something he himself also had to, or perhaps wanted to, explore: the true nature of the neofolk band Darkwood, which he had so admired during his life, and of its members. Naturally, when Rob was still on Earth, he knew nothing of what I would later discover during these pandemic years — let’s say, the real character of that group.

Thankfully, luminous fires of love and affection continued to appear even during this darker period, in the form of the inner-crew Rob Nanninga plush lions. I couldn’t resist the urge and was always curious which version of Rob would be sent to me next. During the pandemic, Rob Treasure Lion — who arrived on **March 30, 2021** — came to me: the largest lion in the inner-crew Multiplet Series, with a very serious, treasure-guarding expression on his face.

Since November 2020, a chain of remarkable events began to unfold. At the end of that month, I sent Henryk Vogel of Darkwood my first email since our initial contact in 2014. Back in 2014, I had exchanged a few short emails with him about the lyrics of *Fliegergedicht*, which were requested for the *In Memoriam* booklet dedicated to Rob Nanninga. A peculiar, almost Goethean *Wanderweg* began. From autumn 2020 onward, I started addressing him almost exclusively

through Darkwood’s Facebook Messenger account. Then something truly strange began to unfold: he didn’t reply for an entire year. To my delight, a little “seen” eye with a date and time would occasionally appear—though toward the end, even that stopped. Incidentally, these read receipts can easily be disabled in almost all mainstream social media chat programs.

I received only one substantial response—and that was when I practically forced him to reply by deliberately placing an “impossible order” for Darkwood shirts in unrealistic sizes and colors. I did that on purpose, so he’d have no choice but to answer. His response was polite but extremely brief and—essentially—showed no understanding of my ideas about Rob Nanninga and the soulmate concept, which I had also mentioned in my email.

From February 2021 onward, I also started and maintained the Twitter account @Notwendfeuer, and I emailed him about it. I offered to be his free Californian PR representative. For instance, I had noticed that his Google Info Box was unclaimed, and I sent him tips (mostly via Facebook Messenger) on how to manage it, since I have experience with that. I wrote to him that all he had to do was upload his ID, after which Google would authorize him to submit content suggestions at will. I reassured him—should he have needed reassurance—that Google deletes such ID data immediately after verification. I also mentioned that I could do it for him, if he authorized me to do so.

Still, no response whatsoever. But my cosmic pistachio—my intuitive sense—picked up strongly on his energetic reaction to the idea of uploading his ID to Google. According to that intuitive signal, Henryk Vogel of Darkwood & co had just “heard” me say that great fires were burning all over the moon, with little green men dancing around them.

All this with Henryk Vogel number one (please bear with me; the explanation follows shortly) took place within exactly one year—from November 2020 to the same day in November 2021.

Without going into detail: I thought I had also made contact with Henryk Vogel of Darkwood via LinkedIn, and a considerable misunderstanding rolled out its carpet from December 2020 to February 2021. There were, by the way, some signs on the wall—such as on **December 23, 2020**, when I saw Rob looking very sad through the Peace Bor lion, and the Telepathic Call that day was about the Henryk(s) situation.

This figurative wandering through a dark forest, I believe, can be explained by the fact that creative minds like mine are especially receptive to spiritual ecstasy and cosmically guided interventions—events that result in extraordinary entangled-soul phenomena. But let's not forget the temporarily used cannabis either. The Henryk Vogel from Dresden with whom I was communicating via LinkedIn turned out not to be Henryk Vogel of Darkwood—who also lives in Dresden! This other Henryk Vogel is about the same age as the Darkwood Henryk and, in my opinion, could well be his twin brother.

Between this other Henryk Vogel and me, a fairly pleasant long-distance communication developed. But in February 2021, my tension began to rise, as I still didn't dare to ask whether he was the Henryk of Darkwood. Cosmic lesson: don't wait too long to ask! The evidence for life after death received quite a boost when Rob drew my attention to the misunderstanding. In my nightstand—by no means within reach—there was a lamp with a long cord, and precisely at a crucial (read: intimate) moment in my communication with the other Henryk Vogel, it suddenly crashed to the floor with a bang, shattering into many pieces. I couldn't interpret it as anything other than Rob's attempt to get my attention.

When I finally (phew!) mustered the courage to ask, “Are you Henryk from Darkwood?”, I already felt the answer coming: “No, I have nothing to do with that.” I was deeply shocked.

**January 25, 2021**, diary: “Too much happening all at once. Hammer-blow weekend—finally the discovery that there are TWO

Doppelgänger Henryk Vogels, that the singer did receive my emails but never replied, and that I now have a long-distance romance with the other Henryk Vogel.”

After somewhat recovering from the shock, I turned again to Henryk of Darkwood in February 2021, as for me nothing had changed about exploring the “third soulmate” idea.

## **Darkwood**

Darkwood is obsessed with the themes of war and peace, aviators and soldiers, and their album *Schicksalsfahrt* centers on the first historical pilots. Aviator symbols had already quietly and spontaneously entered this story long before I reconnected with Henryk Vogel of Darkwood. Whiskers Lion, created by the Leonard Cheshire Cornwall Foundation and based on the World War II aviator and bomber pilot Leonard Cheshire, joined the inner-crew Rob Nanninga lions in 2016.

Further inspired by what I still regarded at the time as Darkwood’s atmospheric campfire songs, I also ordered their pilot shirt and army pouch. The idea for a Darkwood-themed photo shoot came to life out of nowhere. I suddenly thought: “I’ll step into the role of a female Russian bomber pilot from World War II.” I didn’t even realize that these women had truly existed — and that they were, in fact, exclusively Russian. The Nazis were fiercely opposed to female involvement in warfare, seeing women instead as glorified breeding machines for the “pure Aryan race.” Although I had read many books about the Second World War, I couldn’t recall ever having read about the “Night Witches” (*Nochnye Vedmy* – *Ночные ведьмы* in Russian). People sometimes ask if I’m Russian — hence the idea of “Russian.”

Curious, I began reading books about British and Russian bomber pilots. The Night Witches, really just girls (between seventeen and twenty-two years old), flew PO-2s: old Polikarpov PO-2 training planes that had navigation instruments both in the pilot’s seat and in the rear cockpit.

Despite initial disbelief and ridicule toward female war pilots, the Nazis soon realized these women meant business. Because the Germans were vastly superior with their far more modern Messerschmitts, the Russians had to get creative. The Night Witches operated in an almost exclusively male-dominated world, and as the number of successful night bombings grew, they became increasingly feared. The PO-2 aircraft were used only at night and could carry a maximum of two crudely attached bombs. The Night Witches therefore had to return to base several times per night to reload. They flew so low — sometimes even cutting their engines for the element of surprise — that they skimmed right over German army barracks, dropping bombs on the initially unsuspecting, sleeping soldiers. In doing so, they disrupted their much-needed night's rest.

By then, Rob Nanninga's love of role-playing had become familiar to me. As a lifelong and highly experienced astral traveler, I also had an *Aha-Erlebnis* with both the character of the Night Witches and their nocturnal journeys — those raw, courageous, almost otherworldly flights through the night.

**Photo:** Constantia as a female Russian night bomber pilot from World War II, by Mayumi Acosta (Darkwood emblem on shirt blurred).



For this shoot, I had purchased several authentic World War II items that were anything but cheap — among them an original pilot’s leather trousers: “Rare vintage Russian Soviet uniforms leather pants bomber pilot original WW-2 – \$550.00,” matching authentic pilot boots from the same era, a pair of vintage aviator goggles, likewise from the Second World War, and so on. For Henryk-not-of-Darkwood and me, a new and much more difficult period began once the towering misunderstanding was finally on the table. A few months of silence between us followed.

For clarity’s sake, I will henceforth call the Henryk of Darkwood “Mr. Dark.” Despite Mr. Dark’s continued silence, I kept trying. I want to understand things to their core. I thought: “Maybe he’s extremely shy — you never know with (music) artists, do you?” But no. And then I began to fall under a very dark spell: the spell of the Darkwood eye.

I’m not going to say that I made a grave mistake — that will become clear soon enough — but I do believe there was a reason this happened. Perhaps the “error” will ultimately yield an enormous good, once everything has run its course, right?

I now began writing to him regularly through Darkwood’s Facebook Messenger. I was clearly wearing my giant rose-colored glasses: I saw only — and wanted to see only — the good in Darkwood, even though Henryk — who by now knew about his darker namesake — had already hinted at the band’s ties to far-right folk music and Nazi imagery. It simply wouldn’t register with me. Practically my entire life story passed by within exactly one year, including intimate details *and then some*. I sent photos and videos of all sorts of things — including myself. But Mr. Dark remained silent. And Henryk and I had to reinvent the “we.”

Once again propelled by the loneliness of the pandemic, I let people on Twitter share in my Darkwood activities for an entire year. All my Twitter accounts were public, and thus visible to Darkwood as well. I

was highly enthusiastic about the Darkwood Twitter account I had created, and I made sure Mr. Dark was kept up to date on every step — via email (to the two public Darkwood addresses [darkwood@darkwood.de](mailto:darkwood@darkwood.de) and [info@heidenvolk.de](mailto:info@heidenvolk.de), not a secret — they're listed on his websites [darkwood.de](http://darkwood.de) and [heidenvolk.de](http://heidenvolk.de), so this is no doxing) and via Facebook Messenger.

Then there was the months-long saga of my book gift to Darkwood. I had a beautiful book and wanted to send it to him. I tweeted cheerfully about the whole thing — everyone could follow along — and the first shipment to the P.O. Box address was completely public, complete with clickable USPS tracking. What happened? My first attempt failed. USPS raced around Dresden like mad but couldn't find Mr. Dark at the P.O. Box address that has literally been on his website for *decades*. The book returned home with its tail between its legs.

Mr. Dark did not dignify me with a single word — not even to comment on the non-functioning P.O. Box address. And again: everything was publicly visible, and simultaneously shared with him via Facebook Messenger and the emails I occasionally sent — plainly traceable for him and his group at any time. It was 100 percent impossible that they weren't aware of it.

Now I had another address: the sender address printed on every Darkwood order — Hermannstraße 4, Dresden. And since I consider this a public address, I don't see it as secret. After all, it's the source of all officially shipped merchandise. So mentioning it here is, in my view, once again not doxing. And then the same USPS-tracking ritual began all over again. The tireless USPS pawns searched high and low for Mr. Dark, who once again proved untraceable. The book returned a second time — this time with its paws *and* its tail between its legs. My incomprehension grew. Twice paying over \$38 in shipping is no small thing. But what on earth was going on?

Again, I emailed him asking for clarification — and again, none came. From time to time, I sent short emails with screenshots of my Facebook messages to him, just to make sure he knew that I was “talking.”

## **SILENCE.**

At that point, I cautiously asked Henryk — who also lives in Dresden — if he could please go to Hermannstraße 4, Dresden, the listed Darkwood address. Henryk kindly agreed, took some photos, and came back with the disheartening words: “Da wohnt keiner” (“No one lives there”). When I saw his photos of the house, I was shocked: the huge, very dated mansion — dilapidated and all — looked abandoned. There was no signage, the nameplate was stripped bare. No one lived there — unless Mr. Dark was hiding behind the top-right window.

This time I asked him even more directly, also by email, for an explanation. But again:

## **SILENCIO!**

Darkwood announced several future concerts, and by the third announcement I decided I wanted to go. Driven by his silence, I had kept writing unrestrainedly and was now openly sharing my impressions of him and the group. I had had some very peculiar dreams — one of which led me to think that Darkwood seemed to have a dark track record, though not in the sense of a *musical career*. Hey, it’s a dream, right — don’t sue me.

In that same vein, I once teasingly called him “Sex killer” on his Facebook Messenger. I simply said everything that came to mind — but meant nothing bad by it. These unsettling dreams mostly came as the end of my Darkwood spell drew near, in autumn 2021.

In **mid-October 2021**, I had a particularly odd, brief dream: I was near the house at Hermannstraße 4, it was evening, I saw something

lying on the street, bent down, and to my great surprise found a stack of Nazi banknotes — neatly bound with a ribbon. At the time of the dream, and even shortly after waking, I had no idea whether such money had ever really existed. After looking it up, it turned out that Nazi paper money had indeed existed — and yes, that's more or less what it looked like, as I recall it from the dream.

After the two failed book shipments and his refusal to help me in any way (or even to reject me outright), I had written that I would come to his concert. I also mentioned that on that occasion, I wanted to take photos of Hermannstraße 4. I didn't recognize the potential seriousness of the situation — I even joked that he could wait for me with a knife if he wanted to — but I truly wanted to know what was going on with that house. In my heart and mind, I am a researcher. But note: I did everything with respect and full approachability. My attitude was: You may well be our (Rob's and my) soulmate — I can take anything from you.

However, dark clouds were gathering. It turned out that “love and being able to take anything” were not mutual.

Leaving out all details, the following happened. To my great delight, on **September 22, 2021**, a Darkwood guest musician named Terry suddenly appeared on my Darkwood Twitter account. He is signed to Mr. Dark's Heidenvolk label, with his album *In Ruin* (an American, just like me!). He followed me now! “Hooray!” I thought. “Am I being admitted to the inner core?” And of course, I reported it again through Facebook Messenger.

With proper enthusiasm, I contacted that same Terry on LinkedIn (500+ connections), with just one line to accompany the desired virtual handshake: “May I ask you something?” Very polite, right? I naturally wanted to ask why Mr. Dark kept silent.

Bang, boom! No virtual hug for me. Mr. Terry bolted like a startled rabbit. On the same day, or the next, he abruptly removed his LinkedIn profile picture *and his last name* — no, this is not a joke!

LinkedIn now showed only “Terry C,” with the default blank avatar. His profile picture later reappeared, and much later so did his full last name. In 2025, I saw that he even proudly lists his musical history with Darkwood on his LinkedIn profile.

I thought: “???”

And Mr. Terry also instantly disappeared as a follower of my Darkwood Twitter account. For the first time, red alarm lights began flashing furiously in my head. I had placed seven orders, often paying more than officially required; organized a Darkwood-inspired photo shoot; made two costly attempts to send a book to addresses Darkwood still lists themselves; created a splendid Darkwood Twitter presence — nothing but praise and golden framing for Darkwood — and in autumn had even ordered two Darkwood albums (since they weren’t available online), which I then uploaded myself to YouTube and made publicly accessible. I also informed Mr. Dark about this, keeping him and them updated at all times. And I always remained very kind and polite to Mr. Dark on Facebook Messenger.

### **What went wrong here?**

By “full approachability,” I mean: I had given my name; he knew my address and phone number (all shared and confirmed through seven orders); I had even forwarded my flight information in full, as well as my guesthouse details — truly everything. So, had he wanted to, he would have had ten ways to **reject me** or, bloodily or not, confront me in person. In short: *Fair Play* is my calling card.

And then — or should I say, *after all* — things apparently became too hot to handle for Mr. Dark & Co. On **November 10 and 11, 2021**, it finally — at long last! — came to an extremely unpleasant confrontation between him and me. But — mind you — I don’t believe he was the only one replying to me. The person who also wrote suddenly mentioned “H having picked up those things from the

P.O. Box,” which immediately made me alert. I wrote back at once: “Who’s speaking here, actually?” No reply came.

What was the tenor of his—or their—replies? For me, it began more horribly than horrible could be.

I — the one who had loyally kept him informed for an entire year, who had written him the most intimate things through normal and socially acceptable channels: Twitter, his two correct email addresses, Facebook Messenger — and who had neatly introduced myself right from the start under my full name, also via the Roelof Hendrik Facebook page — now had to face this hellish line:

“Bist Du etwa dieser Roelof Hendrik, Du schreibst also unter falschem Namen.”

“Are you this Roelof Hendrik, then — so you’re writing under a false name.”

The ground fell away beneath me, and I fell, fell... But immediately I picked myself back up and replied, utterly outraged. I told him that from the very beginning I had introduced myself, that I had — completely voluntarily and faithfully — laid out my entire identity. Even my personal website prominently features the same Roelof Hendrik angel theme, and my two Facebook pages were listed and linked right there on my homepage.

If there’s one thing that can truly enrage me, it’s having my good faith doubted — and that’s exactly what I told him. The only response that followed was: complete denial of any knowledge of all this. But that total denial — including of any involvement with the Facebook Messenger correspondence — is untenable. I had been sending things all year long, in multiple ways, including through his/their Facebook Messenger. For example, I sent him the link to my *Kopspijkers* television appearance on Dutch TV in 2004, so Mr. Dark could see what I looked like in moving images. And that link was clicked on feverishly — dozens of times — demonstrably right after I sent it. Since it was an unlisted YouTube link, which almost no one ever

visits, it can be said with 99% certainty that the clicks came from one or more Darkwood members.

Likewise, whenever I sent links to my Darkwood tweets, they were clicked on abundantly and often immediately afterward, as I could see from the Twitter statistics. I have some autistic traits — and precisely because of that, I look very closely at such things and monitor statistics carefully. There's no shame in that for me. As I said: there's a researcher in me. Let's say there's always a margin of error, but since it happened so often, it's impossible that Mr. Dark had missed my year-long jumping through flaming hoops for him and his group.

Mr. Dark wrote:

“Deswegen werde ich jetzt auch noch weniger machen und Deine Sachen noch mehr ignorieren, denn ich kann mich nicht mit privaten Sachen beschäftigen und kann Dir auch nicht helfen, dafür habe ich keine Ausbildung.”

“Therefore I will now do even less and ignore your things even more, because I cannot deal with private matters and cannot help you, I'm not trained for that.”

These sentences set the tone. He was even implying that I needed help.

Yes, I did — well, “needed help” — because my trauma from all this runs deep. And there's also the other Henryk, who in fact became a victim too. It wouldn't have been necessary had Mr. Dark simply made it clear from the start that he wanted nothing to do with me. But that's exactly what he didn't do. He stayed silent. For a year. Only in November 2021 did I finally get release from the most unbelievable and distressing Darkwood spell that had taken hold of me.

More came to light. From his replies over those two days, it appeared that his Facebook and Instagram — according to his own words —

were managed by two people besides himself. All my outpourings had lain open on the Darkwood market, and Mr. Dark & Co. hadn't considered it necessary, for an entire year, to politely warn me that what I was saying wasn't private. So again: while I occasionally emailed him at both addresses — [darkwood@darkwood.de](mailto:darkwood@darkwood.de) and [info@heidenvolk.de](mailto:info@heidenvolk.de) — to make sure he knew I was addressing him on Facebook Messenger, I was, figuratively but also almost literally, stripped of my clothes and standing nearly naked on the Darkwood street.

Those two (or however many) other people are, in my view, also to blame. They should have identified themselves to me as co-readers. After all, for clarity: for a long time, "seen" eyes appeared, which meant my texts, images, and so on had been viewed. Mr. Dark denied this as well, but I have several screenshots as proof.

### **Tremors**

The energetic feeling I got from his emails was exactly like that of the *Tremors* monster worms from the film with Kevin Bacon: giant worms opening their jaws wide — only, unfortunately, without the cheerful irony of that movie. The off-key singers of the old world, then. The anti-heroes.

They say there's  
nothing new under  
the sun.  
But under the ground..



Mr. Dark & Co — for who knows who was actually writing and watching along — now even claimed not to know the address Hermannstraße 4 at all:

“Welche Hermannstrasse, wo hast Du die Adresse her?  
Habe keine UPS Updates bekommen...?”

“Which Hermannstrasse? Where did you get that address?  
Haven’t received any UPS updates...?”

Because I should also mention this to you, dear reader: I had arranged for the USPS tracking status copies of my book shipments to be sent to the Darkwood email address [darkwood@darkwood.de](mailto:darkwood@darkwood.de), both for the first and second attempts. As I said: dogloyal — that’s my middle name.

So now angry in every multiversal state at once, I wrote back:  
“What? But that address is printed on all your own shipments!” — immediately attaching proof: a photo of all seven Darkwood packages I had saved, each one showing the exact same Hermannstraße 4 address on the envelope.

He & Co had no reply to that either.

And then came another blow. He — or whoever from Darkwood was now “responding” to me — blithely claimed that I had supposedly sent insulting emails to Terry, and that this was why he had immediately bolted from LinkedIn:

“Vielleicht wusste er besser als ich, was kommen würde,  
viele Mails mit Beschimpfungen von Dir – warum?”

“Perhaps he knew better than I did what was coming —  
many emails with insults from you — why?”

I had never contacted Mr. Terry again after that one line on LinkedIn: “May I ask you something?” And as for insulting emails or messages? That’s absolutely not my style — and would moreover stand in

complete contradiction to everything connected to the soulmate idea. However, I did begin, rightly indignant in my view, but also deeply wounded, to wave the prospect of a blog about all this in Mr. Dark's direction — but only *after* reading his/their first reply, after an entire year of silence.

Without exaggeration, this was the most shocking experience of my life in terms of human miscommunication and the abuse of trust by another (or others).

I then resolutely ended all Twitter activity on the Darkwood account, later even adding a kind of cautionary message there in my usual, general style, and let the matter rest. I told Henryk everything as well. Gradually, he and I began to find our rhythm again, though it was hard work.

Four days before I was still supposed to go to Dresden for two weeks — the flight ticket was already paid for, after all, and everything had been arranged with Henryk — the Cosmos intervened unexpectedly and powerfully. My suitcases were literally already packed, when the cosmic hammer came down.

On Friday, **November 19, 2021**, I heard German politicians, their faces grave, announce a pandemic “Lockdown Light,” which — yes indeed — would go into effect on **November 22, 2021**: exactly **one day** before my planned departure from San Francisco Airport. The Cosmos had given me just three more days to reschedule my flight. Inns and hotels were no longer allowed to accept tourists. To me, this was clearly a case of being *cosmically overruled*. In haste, I contacted Henryk again, and together we agreed on a new date in April 2022. Later we changed it to sixteen days in October 2022.

The long wait began — because now I really did want to go see the other Henryk.

There were some odd, cosmic “signals.” During a video chat, Henryk once did something that Rob Nanninga had jokingly done on TV long

ago: he placed his hands on his head like antennas and joked that he was receiving clairvoyant transmissions. Rob Nanninga had done exactly that during the TV program *Het zwarte schaap*, when he confronted stage hypnotist Rasti Rostelli. And one time Henryk literally used a Darkwood lyric: “*Mehr Schein als Sein*” — also entirely spontaneous, and precisely when he, as always reluctantly, spoke about Darkwood (since he said he didn’t like dark things and didn’t want to give them attention). To me, this seemed like a very clear cosmic indication that none of this was mere coincidence.

I began connecting clues that had been there since our very first LinkedIn contact, and suddenly I saw us placed within a great historical maritime event of 1816 — if such a thing is possible: the shipwreck of *La Méduse*, the same event I had written my university thesis about in 1993.

Even if Henryk and I hadn’t literally been there, I still see this as an entanglement moment — existing somewhere in a multiverse version where this also took place, or is taking place. This French frigate ran aground off the coast of Mauritania due to gross mismanagement and the captain’s incompetence. An improvised raft carrying 147 people drifted helplessly away; only 15 survived. The tragedy later became world-famous through Géricault’s painting *Le Radeau de la Méduse*.

So my maritime idea hadn’t come out of nowhere. Henryk Vogel holds a degree in maritime engineering (nautics), and I, in turn, had once immersed myself deeply in a historical shipwreck that had gripped me to the core. I had, as it were, *lived through* the experiences of those stranded on the raft of *La Méduse* — again a kind of entanglement. In organic synchronicity with those people on the raft, I was very skinny at the time and had trouble eating. Because I kept losing weight and eventually became too thin, I even tried to gain weight by drinking beer and eating salty licorice candies (don’t ask me why those, specifically). It didn’t help.

During one of our walks, Henryk also joked that, if ever necessary, he could amputate a leg for me — because during his nautical training, he had learned that as an officer on board, one must be prepared for such emergencies.

And then back to Mr. Dark and his unpleasantries: in that one extremely disagreeable exchange with Mr. Dark & Co, I had indeed waved indignantly with the possibility of a “blog of an investigative nature,” but I still didn’t know whether I truly wanted to — or should — do that.

### **Sophie**

All these developments had not made me any happier. On **January 26, 2022**, I wrote in my diary: “All joy for life has disappeared.” Two days later, Rob suddenly made contact again — in a very unusual way, namely through someone else.

On **January 28, 2022**, Sophie (not her real name) reached out to me via social media. She immediately began speaking about a “dream about Rob Nanninga” that she had already had around the fall of 2019, but was “only now” sharing:

“Hi Constantia,

Rob Nanninga appeared in my dream once. He stood very calmly, wearing a really ugly (ahem) brown turtleneck, in a doorway. I was scared. I don’t want anything to do with men. But he stood there, very quietly. He kind of reassured me. He said: ‘I’ll stay here.’

I wanted to tell you earlier, but I was afraid you’d find it weird. Or unpleasant. I’ve had bad experiences with men, but this was okay.

[When I asked how she knew him:] Through you, through Skepsis. But I never had any contact with him. I was born in 1989, so that wouldn’t have been possible.

I used to be a follower of Robbert van den Broeke.

The only thing I still remember: he stood casually in the doorway. The doorframe was dusty pink with a sort of wave in it, and the wall was snow-white. He said that I didn't have to be afraid. I felt that it was okay. A kind of peace. I later recognized him and asked whether he was your husband, and he confirmed it. Then I knew for sure that I didn't need to be afraid.

He said it was good that you were bringing everything about Robbert and Stan to light.

At the time, I followed your blog about those two and everything around them. There was a moment when I got worried when they did something strange with your address. I don't remember exactly when or what it was.

Haha, I had to chuckle a bit. He looked a little shy, and had a sort of mischievous smile when he said he was your husband.

[Asking clarification on “mischievous”]

No, mischievous is too strong a word. I've been diagnosed with a mild form of autism. My intelligence is fortunately normal, according to the psychologist, but I was born three months premature and find it really hard to describe facial expressions. Is there a word a step milder than truly mischievous?

I'll sit down for it tomorrow, if possible. (drawing)  
[I had asked her to make a drawing of the dream scene, and I was very quickly enthusiastic, because I immediately knew what she meant by that look — namely Rob's mildly ironic, inquisitive expression.]

Phew, I'll try to start at the beginning. I was bullied from the age of six. [She indicated that as a minor she had also experienced serious things involving men.]

After that I 'made friends,' but they were supposedly very spiritual — I went through various 'rituals' with them, including massages, an egg ritual.

And later I believed in Robbert; damn it, even paid money for his book. And when all that came to light, I thought: I'll never fall for that again.

Oh yes, from age 13 to 15 — that was in Groningen."

She called Rob "Mr. Nanninga," which in phrasing reminded me of the astral Peter R. de Vries from 2014 (see back in Chapter 8, the experience of **September 21, 2014**). In just a few sentences, she described Rob's appearance and behavior in that dream, and I instantly felt recognition: this is real — this is Rob. She knew me from my Parameter blogs and the Robbert van den Broeke story. She barely knew any photos or videos of Rob Nanninga. Nor did she yet know anything about my Darkwood activities.

On **February 15, 2022**, she said something on Signal — where we had by then moved our conversation — that triggered me so deeply that, from one moment to the next, I knew: yes, the blog about Darkwood must come after all.

She wrote, completely out of the blue — I hadn't yet told her anything substantial about Darkwood, Mr. Dark, or Henryk; she only knew that I was virtually dating a certain Henryk from Dresden:

"This is bizarre! Bizarre. I think we can meet each other. Wth. I had some sort of campfire image in my mind. Jeez, I can't explain it in text. Wtf is going on. Sorry, I just can't put it all into words. Come to Dresden. If you like, I'll give you a personal

alarm. (In case that Henryk starts acting weird.) I don't know what's going on, but something is happening!"

She also said something about meeting Henryk in a public place, since that would be safer. I had already been reading her words with growing attention, but at that moment something shifted: I began to look at the whole Darkwood and double-Henryk situation with renewed distance. Her remark about the personal alarm immediately made me think of Mr. Dark, after which I explained to her that there were *two* Henryk Vogels.

Slowly it began to dawn on me: had I been playing with fire — still seeing everything through my rose-tinted glasses?

That I had felt threatened at some subconscious level became clear on **March 1, 2022**, when I dreamt that Mr. Dark and three of his most loyal supporters came to threaten me. In that dream Mr. Dark sneered at me: "Es gibt keine Beweise, ha, ha, ha." — "There is no proof." On **March 25, 2022**, I had a similar, oppressive dream: this time there weren't three but about a hundred Darkwood–Mr. Dark supporters in the garden, who had come to threaten me. The dream ended in "undefined" fashion.

I had asked Sophie whether she would make a drawing of Rob as she had seen him in her dream, and to my surprise she immediately agreed. Shortly afterward she sent a simple sketch of a small figure that, according to her, matched the posture and expression from her dream. She described the posture as leaning slightly, with a look she characterized — after consulting me about wording — as mildly ironic, inquisitive, and kind. Sophie then suggested asking her friend and artist Je., whom she had known since early childhood. Je. said she had too little time, and suggested that her sister M. might do it instead. M. agreed. She received from Sophie two photos of Rob and a short description of the dream, including the clothing. Sophie

mentioned a brown cable-knit turtleneck. She also relayed what Rob had said in her dream: “I’ll stay here.” According to Sophie, this statement had a calming effect within the dream’s context. The first versions of the drawing appeared some time later.

Parallel to this drawing project, Sophie also played a role in a few other developments, beyond her involvement in what had triggered the writing of the Darkwood blog. Another silver coin dropped — a realization of sorts:

Sophie, via social media, **April 14, 2022:**

[“https://nl.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/\[...omitted\]”](https://nl.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/[...omitted])

I’ll ask her about mentioning her name — I’ll call her soon. Don’t know if she’s open to it. The artist is in a Pagan folk band.

It never really hit me before, but suddenly it clicked. Rob Nanninga had something to do with that too, didn’t he?

I thought: oh yes, somehow everything was meant to be.”

It turned out that Rob had been drawn by... M., who happens to be the lead singer of a Dutch folk band: C. Only now, in mid-April 2022, did I find that out. The finished drawing can be seen in “*The Entangled Edition*.”

My “how on earth?!” moment intensified even more, because the group C. had just released a new song on **October 8, 2021** — and that song happens to be about the loss of a loved one through death, yet also about *reaching out to that loved one beyond death*.

For clarity: I don’t know whether Rob Nanninga knew the folk band C. — I haven’t found any trace of it in his music lists. I myself didn’t know them either, nor did I know Je. or M.

It felt to me as if Rob — the brilliant master behind the cosmic scenes — had set a current in motion through Sophie: playful and razor-sharp at once, with a wink and an undeniable inevitability. Rob, as a

Skepsis board member, of all people, knew how easily “evidence of more” can be manipulated — and precisely for that reason this unfathomable chain of events, leading from Sophie to a folk lead singer (his absolute favorite musical genre), felt all the more meaningful. I could never have orchestrated this myself. A true master move indeed.

## Destination: Dresden

I now pick up the thread of the Dresden story once again.

After carefully analyzing and measuring all the Rob inner-crew lions, I discovered that Rob Lion Young was the lightest and smallest in size — yet another confirmation that even without measuring or weighing in advance, I had intuitively given the Rob-lions the right names: younger versions of ourselves are often lighter, aren’t they? After an equally thorough search, I found a kind of deluxe oversized backpack, officially classified as maximum carry-on luggage, with the sturdy name *Maxpedition Ironcloud Backpack* — in which Rob Lion Young would fit perfectly. That this backpack was pricey was something I gladly accepted. My lion deserves the very best protection. There was no way I would let him travel in an airplane’s baggage hold — the thought of my luggage, with lion, getting lost was unbearable. It didn’t even occur to me to travel to Dresden without an inner-crew lion as Rob’s representative. I packed him carefully, surrounded by protective materials. And the good spoiler alert: he came back completely unharmed and had survived the journey perfectly. And I would sorely need him for moral support, as the following story will show.

In concrete terms, I left Davis on **September 30, 2022**, and arrived in Dresden on **October 1, 2022**. I had sixteen days at my disposal to spend with Henryk Vogel in Dresden and its surroundings, and we spent most of that time in the vast Nationalpark Sächsische Schweiz. Henryk and I even went briefly to the Czech Republic.

During the second week of my stay, Henryk had to return to work, since he couldn't take two full weeks off. As he lived rather remotely just outside the city, he suggested I spend those days in Dresden proper. I decided — almost a year later than originally planned — to stay at the friendly Pension Abendrot. I had already found this guesthouse earlier as a potential place to stay; it lies just a stone's throw from Darkwood's house on Hermannstraße 4. In November 2021, at the end of my intense Darkwood year, I had already planned a stay there, after realizing that my repeated mailings to Hermannstraße 4 had never arrived.

The fact that Henryk himself suggested that I stay in Dresden while he was at work confirmed for me that I had truly let go of the whole Darkwood affair. I no longer had any intention of visiting Hermannstraße 4. But the cosmos — through Henryk, no less — seemed to have other plans.

On October 9, Henryk brought me to the guesthouse, and on October 10 I walked to Hermannstraße 4 to take some photos. The gate stood open, but I remained neatly on the sidewalk. After a few minutes, I noticed movement in the semi-transparent entrance hall of the house. A small, elderly man — I estimated between 1.50 and 1.60 meters tall — emerged, bent over, after some shuffling and gestures in the foyer. I was filming by then but felt no desire whatsoever for confrontation and walked away. When I looked back, I saw him standing by the gate — in my eyes, watching me. Had he noticed that I had taken photos?

Back at the guesthouse I briefly thought about it. I could choose to leave it at that — but I decided: no. Mr. Dark and company had, for a full year, allowed me to share every bit of myself through Facebook and email, without any warning about the (lack of) privacy on those platforms. They had left me unanswered after my extremely devoted efforts on the Darkwood Twitter fan account, given me no clarification after my repeated and futile attempts to send a gift, and

many more unpleasantries besides. And only after exactly one year had I finally received a “below-zero,” downright hateful email in return — without a shred of empathy.

So I decided to go back, and this time to film the house — even if the little man appeared again.



Said and done. With a freshly washed coiffure and renewed determination, I walked back to the house the next day. The small man didn't reappear. What caught my eye this time was a bird's nest, oddly draped on a stone wall right at the start of the Darkwood house's garden. An ordinary person might think: "Means nothing." But I had dissected the Darkwood folk group and Mr. Dark for a full year through my Darkwood Twitter account, listening closely to all their songs — full of symbols and layered meanings — and illustrating them in my tweets. I had also noticed a decaying birdhouse attached to the building. To me, all of it said: "This is how the Darkwood–Henryk–Vogel nest is announced." The house showed extreme neglect, and what about that ominous-looking basement with all its air grates covered by wrought-iron bars? To my renewed impression, there truly was something dark at work here.

"We sank our guilt, we sank our crimes," sings Mr. Dark in the song *Nothing Left to Lose*, accompanied by a video suggesting smears of blood. Where does this theme come from? Coincidence? Or something more? At concerts, Mr. Dark brandishes swords and daggers. Why does he sing so often about guilt, penance, and martyrdom? Why those always somber black-and-white photos on social media?

I return now to those sixteen days with Henryk Vogel. This other Henryk I came to know well; we went out together and did all sorts of activities. In the back of my mind, I have always felt that the whole thing was a cosmic affair. These two Henryk Vogels, in my view, are cosmic twins. And I don't even mean that in a "floaty" or esoteric sense — I truly believe there are also physical laws akin to quantum entanglement, connecting paired particles across distance. You could call them soulmates, or perhaps family pairs or family groups. At first, I saw the two Henryk Vogels as a yin-yang unity: one light with a dark spot, the other dark with a light one. There might

even be a genetic connection between them — one they themselves want nothing to do with.

The soulmate idea, in my current view, is much broader than the notion that each person can have only one soulmate. By now I tend to think in terms of soulmate groups. What Rob Nanninga and I share, I see as a fully blossomed, unique soulmateship. It was already developing during Rob's physical life and could only truly come into being after his passing in 2014. Only he and I — a dazzling, fiery soulmate pair, and the plush lions that represent him. To me, Rob will always be *the* dearest soulmate.

In addition, I have the impression that there are indications Henryk and I may belong to the same soulmate group. That certainly doesn't mean we are a match in this life. But, to my great delight, Henryk's wardrobe turned out to be full of T-shirts, stylish jackets, and cool sweaters that all fit me perfectly and looked amazing. Same taste, same size! It was truly a paradise — I could almost endlessly dive into his closet and be sure of finding something great to wear. His specific products for blond hair by Guhl and Schwarzkopf were also an instant hit. They were exactly what I used back when I lived in the Netherlands. And like me, he was fond of face masks and skincare products.

And then this. We were walking together once, and at one point his right shoelace came undone. He stopped to tie it and then said that mine was untied too. I looked down — and indeed, my right lace was loose too.

Henryk *said* things. He — the man who swore by the light and claimed to have nothing to do with darkness — said things that struck me as exceedingly strange. It was humor, yes, but of a conspicuously dark kind. One particular remark hit me completely off guard. We were driving once past a lake in Dresden — a marshy area — and Henryk joked that he used to weight down bodies there and sink them to hide them. I thought: "Whoa. What on earth are you saying? Where

does that even come from?” And immediately — believe me, entirely against my will — I thought of Mr. Dark, his Instagram photos, the YouTube clip of “Ghost Lake,” and his brooding songs about “*We sank our guilt, we sank our crimes*,” about committing suicide by the river, and so on. I know (or knew) all those lyrics by heart!

And I already mentioned that Henryk once used the phrase “*Mehr Schein als Sein*” when speaking about Darkwood — even though he had explicitly refused to engage with their songs at all, wanting nothing to do with them. Yet that exact line is sung by Mr. Dark in one of his tracks. Enter the cosmic alert: something is going on here. Does one twin somehow utter — completely unintentionally — literal phrases, and perhaps even events or, to put it legally safely, thoughts and memories, real or imagined, of the other twin? Or does Henryk, too, perhaps have some *secrets* Science has long studied mysterious twin connections that unmistakably resemble telepathy — but which, in my view, are more likely related to something like quantum entanglement.

Enter Henryk Vogel — and Henryk Vogel.

Both with clear, powerful voices; both with hair closely cropped at the sides; both around the same age, build, and height; both with blond hair and blue eyes. Both living in Saxony, in or on the outskirts of Dresden. Both incredible perfectionists (which, to those close to them, can evoke a sense of coldness and the impossibility of ever meeting that perfection), loners, and know-it-alls. Both great lovers of nature and strong walkers. One has a socially active job but is strikingly reluctant to develop any public, traceable profile. The other is a relatively well-known folk singer, but social only within his immediate surroundings — and extremely unwilling, to an absurd degree, to reveal any personal information. Yes, I am speaking of Mr. Dark. In folk circles, it is common knowledge: Mr. Dark is the extremist form of a private person. He gives nothing away.

I see an abundance of threads here — real threads. That's why I recommend that a Dresden/Saxony cold-case team explicitly ask Mr. Dark why he so often sings about guilt and crime —and why, in one of his fairly recent video clips, he even draws streaks of blood. Perhaps the Dresden/Saxony cold-case team could also bring up "*Ghost Lake*" in that conversation (yes, I've been paying attention). And I would advise them to comb through the house on Hermannstraße 4, from cellar to roof. Let the little man simply allow it. And yes — I take full responsibility for these sentences. For now, I merely raise questions, without designating anything as fact. The story might, after all, reach beyond Mr. Dark himself — perhaps to his parents or grandparents. Innocent until proven otherwise.

What happened, or is happening, in Hermannstraße 4? A German blog visitor — who was astonished by the coincidence, as she had never read my blog before — recognized the house on my site as a former and significant residence of the *Stasi*.

The Stasi was the secret service of the former GDR (East Germany), notorious for its ruthless systems of control and repression. Millions of citizens were wiretapped, spied upon, or betrayed by colleagues, neighbors, or even family members. Anyone deviating from the ideological line of the regime — socialist, authoritarian, anti-capitalist, and loyal to the Soviet Union — risked losing their job, their freedom of movement, or their mental health. Freedom of speech, an independent press, and personal development were suspect. The Stasi sowed fear, distrust, and silent suffering — often invisible, yet all-encompassing.

The same source also told me that this monumental building was once home to the artist Carl Bantzer — a prominent painter and professor at the Academy of Fine Arts between 1904 and 1907. My own online research confirmed that this is indeed a kind of individually protected heritage mansion. In short: a place with art-historical value, yet also

carrying the dormant weight of a past steeped in surveillance and repression by the Stasi.

On **October 16, 2022**, I left Dresden again — my physical health seriously affected, though not by COVID — but with a healthy dose of sobriety, now seeing things through a realistic lens instead of my former rosy one.

Henryk had served me self-picked mushrooms that he had kept frozen. As far as I remember, I was the only one who ate them at that moment. While still eating, my eyes suddenly turned bright red, and I developed an acute eye inflammation. Because I had previously reacted severely to thiomersal — a mercury-based preservative that had once entered my eyes through cheap contact-lens fluid — I first suspected possible mercury poisoning. My eyes looked severely irritated and inflamed, and I insisted on seeing a doctor. Henryk arranged it, though reluctantly, as he considered it exaggerated. My whole face suddenly became one dramatic showdown of misery — fiery red, intensely affected eyes, swollen skin around the eyelids, and sudden grooves, as if everything had erupted like a volcano right while eating those mushrooms. In short: Henryk could say whatever he liked; my intuition and the mirror spoke volumes.

The ophthalmologist examined my eyes on a microscopic level using specialized equipment, diagnosed a viral infection, and prescribed an antibiotic eye treatment. As if that weren't enough, I was soon struck by a severe cold accompanied by relentless coughing. A COVID test confirmed: no COVID. More dead than alive, I returned to San Francisco and Davis on a hellish flight. It had felt as though I was fleeing Dresden.

For anyone wondering, after all this, why things with Henryk didn't work out — here's a brief anthology of mismatch moments, offered with both a wink and a serious undertone.

He had — in my eyes — an unfortunate habit: during our walks, he consistently walked many steps ahead of me, almost never beside me. And I am certainly not a slow walker. When I pointed this out to him, little changed. It gave me a sense of loneliness, even though we had met with romantic intentions.

I also noticed that, despite officially taking time off, he remained constantly preoccupied with work. His boss kept calling him, as if he were never truly on leave. Henryk, as it turned out, had a strained and negative work relationship with this man. Much later — long after we had lost contact — I saw that he had in fact left that company after years of loyal service. I dare say with reasonable certainty that our time together ultimately opened his eyes and prompted him to take that step.

During the second week of my stay, I fell ill. Neither of us was in the best of health to begin with. It was the tail end of the pandemic, which would be officially declared over six months later. I was in the aftermath of my cannabis episode, had lost 25 kilos, and was slowly beginning to regain some clarity of mind. Henryk suffered from a chronic cough, which he vehemently denied — but it wasn't COVID. The health factor alone, of course, caused some dissonance between us.

Another thing I didn't appreciate: I paid €329.72 for a few days' stay in a vacation cottage near Dresden, in the Sächsische Schweiz region, and he said, "I'll pay you back." He never did.

For me, it's less about the money and more about promising something — and then not following through.

His house, too, was far from ideal. The bathtub faucet produced only a minuscule trickle, and the water never got warm. Fortunately, the shower still worked. I also found the house very dark, which didn't sit well with me; I'm used to the bright light of my home in Davis. That certainly didn't help my state of mind.

In hindsight, Sophie's sense of danger had been justified — even if the degree of that danger remains unclear. What I do know for sure is that my feelings of needing to *get away* were unmistakable — as was the sudden and severe illness, something that never happens to me in California. It took me three full weeks in Davis to regain my strength.

At the beginning of 2023, I began to revise my view of the two Henryks. I felt as though they were moving closer together.

After returning to Davis, I also occasionally visited Henryk's anonymous Twitter account. During my stay in Dresden, I had noticed that besides his "official" account under the simple first name "Henryk," he also operated a second, entirely anonymous one. To this day, he continues to post there anonymously, mostly about political issues. What struck me — and still strikes me — is the intensity of some of those posts, which I would personally describe as hostile and troll-like, directed toward politicians and other public figures. This did not — and does not — evoke in me any feeling of admiration or moral kinship, despite the fact that, on paper, his values align with mine: environmental awareness, a democratic outlook, and rejection of racism and fascism.

From my belief in transparency and accountability, I have a deep aversion to the phenomenon of people expressing themselves *anonymously* on social or political issues. At the same time, I recognize that others see it differently; Henryk, for example, argued that he wanted to remain safe — "so people couldn't find him." To me, anonymous statements remain problematic: they evade responsibility and can cause harm without consequence. A statement only gains real weight when you know who stands behind it — with what experience, intention, or involvement.

Both Vogels turned out, for me personally, to be similar dramas — and so I decided to end my search for a kindred spirit connected to

both Rob Nanninga and myself. The simple truth is that I never want anything, or anyone, to come between Rob and me.

# Chapter 12

## Another Davis



**Location:** Another Davis, California

**Date:** Sunday, May 27, 2018

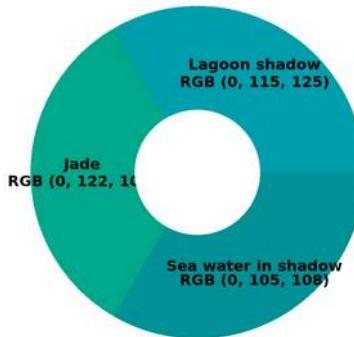
Rob, middle-aged, and Constantia are standing in the kitchen in Another Davis. Rob is wearing his homey apron.

Rob says: "We're going to bake cookies for your birthday."

Constantia: "But it's not my birthday."

Rob: "I know, but that doesn't matter."

While Rob lived at Westerkade 20 in Groningen during his physical life, my last home in the Netherlands was on Weststraat 20 in Scheveningen. And here in Davis, I have been living since 2011 under the roof of a house that bears Rob Nanninga's colors — his favorite color, *teal*.



Life with Rob doesn't seem to be limited to "static versions of personalities." It manifests itself in diverse forms of the self: ever-new first encounters, shifting impressions, and role plays — and not just one inner crew lion, but by now fourteen, as part of an endlessly expandable multiplet.

I always picture Rob as my personal chef, to whom I mentally ask during my bike rides whether he's already making the *snuzzlefluffs*, *hammerde-bams*, and *baker-shuffles*. The variety of fantasy words is endless, and we have the greatest fun with it. Once, Rob communicated in thought that he had already made the *fopperfletsers* (or something like that — I can't recall the exact word, not that it matters), and those were very haute-cuisine-colored, artfully decorated cookies. With a conspiratorial look, Rob showed me that when you broke these cookies in half, you literally looked into entire worlds and galaxies. Now that's what I call next-level cookies!

Assuming there really is an "afterlife," you could say that Rob and I are going through the roof together — like a constantly erupting volcano. In fact, I should rather call it a *not-so-afterlife*, because as

far as I'm concerned, there's nothing "after" about Rob – he's still here.

My view of the afterlife and astral existence has, especially since 2014, increasingly given way to an idea I find more realistic: that of a multiverse and parallel worlds — more like simultaneous realities. Perhaps there is no such thing as "after" (and, along those lines, neither "past" nor "now"), but rather a perpetually existing life.

### **Multiverse town Davis**

Time and again, Davis, California proves itself to be a place with a touch of magic. And I'm not the only one who has noticed that. The Davis Wiki — a kind of local Wikipedia — captures it perfectly:

"Davis, 10 square miles surrounded by reality."

Folk music is a welcome guest on the Davis radio station, so it was only a matter of time before this treasure revealed itself to me. K-DIRT, 95.7 FM — Davis's own radio station — also has a programming schedule that's, in a way, impossible to follow, with reruns airing at the most unexpected times.

One night around half past eleven, I tuned in, and to my delight I heard Ruth Chambers reading her first chosen passage from *Alice in Wonderland*. Thirteen days went by, and on a whim I decided to turn on the radio at eleven in the morning for a change. To my astonishment, at that very moment the same Ruth Chambers began her second selection from *Alice in Wonderland* — as if there hadn't been an uneven number of days and hours in between. In my view, this is an interplay between the town of Davis and those who are receptive to its felt magic and timelessness.

Perhaps it's no coincidence that it is precisely here, in Davis, California, that the magical story of Rob and me — the *Another Davis* — unfolds. Davis stands between two worlds and is known as a magical bubble, a snow dome. An hour and a half's drive to the west

lies San Francisco, and twenty minutes to the east the capital of California, Sacramento. Davis is completely surrounded by farmland, creating, as it were, an island. It is a world unto itself, with its own magical right of existence.

In my view, the Californian sun has a stronger effect on both mind and body in people who, like me, were not born and raised in California or in a hot Mediterranean summer climate, but in a temperate maritime one. It's like someone unaccustomed to alcohol suddenly drinking heavily. Especially after hours of cycling in the sun, I always feel an enormous boost — perhaps comparable to being *high*. The sun never tires the brain: even in seasoned sun children, it stirs the production of the happiness neurotransmitter serotonin — the inner sunlight.

The good and beautiful, playful synchronicity is that — especially in moments of calm and hope — I can effortlessly envision a **Winter Davis**: the Another Davis in a winter climate.

In all the years I've lived here, it has only once truly snowed in the mountains near Winters and Vacaville. The mountain peaks visible from Davis suddenly turned magically white. It was a spectacular sight, all the more so because it rarely drops below freezing here.

In the Winter Another Davis, our house is not part of a busy street but exists as an independent space — an open, sheltered place among various kinds of trees. The house looks exactly as it does on the cover and in this book. The grass now lies hidden beneath pure white snow. In the garden stands a snowman that Rob and I made together. There is also a circle of stones with a campfire, where we regularly build a beautiful fire and enjoy it together — sometimes in silence, sometimes in conversation.

The animals are the same as in Davis, though in a winter climate the company is, here and there, a little different. This is the company gathered around the resting spot in the garden of Another Davis: hummingbirds (including Anna's Hummingbirds); Northern

Mockingbirds, Robins, Nuthatches, Wrens, Bushtits, American House Finches, White-crowned Sparrows, Dark-eyed Juncos, Goldfinches, Waxwings, Oak Titmice; Northern Flickers, Nuttall's Woodpeckers, Acorn Woodpeckers; Black Phoebe; Owls, Hawks, White-tailed Kites, Eagles, Turkey Vultures; California Scrub-Jays, Crows, Magpies, Ravens; Mourning Doves — and many others. And the lions? They, too, have their own places in and around the house.

Rob and I are throwing snowballs at each other. We are happy. We now stand close together. I look up and see his loving smile. Sometimes, when I'm sitting in my bedroom in the real Davis, it happens again. A magical light falls inside — nothing exaggerated, just as it can truly be here — and before my mind's eye, the front yard transforms into that snow-covered landscape.

This image, alongside our campfire essence, is the undisputed number two in intensity. It is a glimpse of another layer — a parallel landscape in which everything aligns perfectly.





I believe Rob would have felt perfectly at home here, in the musical university town of Davis with its vast campus grounds — and that he still does, from within Another Davis. The students who brighten Davis Picnic Day with trumpets, saxophones, and fiery drumming fit Rob wonderfully — as if he himself had put together the program. When I once sent him links to my *Battle of the Bands* YouTube clips from Picnic Day, he wrote back with enthusiasm about how much he liked the music. The “hippies,” Rob and I. And yes — where better to be than here, in the cradle of the hippie movement: California.

The Another Davis of Rob and me is defined by joy and humor, by deviations from what you’d expect (like baking birthday cookies when it’s not your birthday) and by staging things just for the fun of it (for instance, when Rob played that he was the hunchbacked Quasimodo carrying the fair lady — me — on his shoulders).

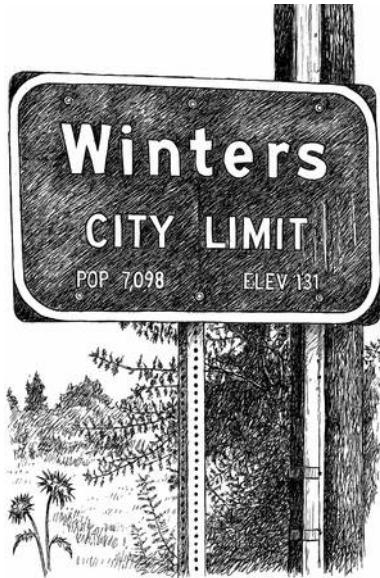
Both my iPhone and iPad persistently label my place of residence, Davis, as “Davis – Ivy Town.” When I finally looked this up in 2019 (why so late, I don’t know myself), I couldn’t help but smile.

Apparently my Apple devices are collaborating — or flirting — with the ideas of parallel worlds, the multiverse, and Another Davis. “Ivy Town,” as it turns out, is a fictional city in the DC Universe.

To my astonishment, I also discovered at that time that I actually live in the very block here in Davis that’s called “Ivy Town.” I haven’t moved, though — I’ve lived at the same address since October 2011. There’s even a separate page on the Davis Wiki devoted entirely to Ivy Town.

Who needs collaboration from Apple devices to support the idea, when one is actually *living* that idea?

Yet another hint of Rob's and my entangled Another Davis worlds appeared on **March 10, 2020**. I was out cycling again and passed through the City of Winters. And on Tuesdays, there's always the Oldies Car Show — whether it's pouring rain or, conversely, the air is so thick with wildfire ash you could brew coffee by simply stirring a spoon in it. I got off my bike to take some photos and admire the cars and found myself looking at two teal-colored, turquoise oldies. As mentioned, Rob had a fondness for the colors teal, turquoise, and also blue — evident from the main color he himself chose for the old Skepsis website. And let's not forget his blue jacket and shirts.



I thought to myself: "Yes, these two teal-colored cars are truly Rob Nanninga cars!" Not long after, I got back on my bike and rode along Winters Road toward Davis. Lost in thought, I looked up when a car passed me — meaning, a driver with his car. Of all the oldies in all the towns in the world, only these two teal-colored ones — both of them, one after the other — drove past me. You'll have to take my word for it: no other oldie passed me after that, and none had passed me before.

I saw that moment of entanglement as a magical Another Davis — and now also Another Winters! — greeting from Rob to me. Before my mind's eye, I saw us in a Soul Hangout, driving those oldies with the windows down and our hair blowing in the wind, beneath a very happy sun in a very happy universe. This is just one of the many joyful events in which our two worlds converge.

## Another lion

In this Davis house where I still live, my housemate at the time was Jocelyn. When my ex left, I found myself in an acute financial emergency. I started looking for housemates, and Jocelyn was the first to walk in as an applicant through a Facebook ad. From the summer of 2017 until the beginning of the pandemic, I had housemates. I liked Jocelyn right away. She stayed for two years to earn her bachelor's degree in psychology at UC Davis. After that, she moved back to Los Angeles, where her family lives. We didn't stay in touch.

But then, a surprise came my way. A fragment from her email, which I received on **March 9, 2023**:

“[...] I always thought you were a cool and interesting person despite us not talking for a while. And over time my appreciation for the experience at the house has grown, as well as an interest for Dutch culture. I made a friend from the Netherlands and we like to share things about each other's cultures and have even sent gift packages with things like snacks/foods from our countries. (It turns out I'm not the biggest fan of licorice...) In fact, I am making a trip with my brother to Europe later this month, visiting the Netherlands, Belgium, and France for 1 week.”

I even received a postcard from the Efteling, which she had visited. She didn't know this place holds special meaning for Rob and me, since she hadn't read my blogs. She had even begun learning Dutch, and she also happens to be a Leo by zodiac sign. When she left as my housemate, she gave me a small plastic lion. It now stands beside a portrait of Rob. All of it was such a surprise to me that I would classify it as magical realism.

## **The house itself**

While writing this book, in the spring and summer of 2025, a pair of birds nested for the first time since I moved into this house in 2011 — right by the entrance, in the shade under the top ledge on the side of the house. I connect this to the fact that I have been without a car since January 2024, and my driveway has remained empty ever since, making the whole front area quieter — something the birds apparently noticed too. It was a pair of Black Phoebes that raised five chicks.

To my astonishment, only a few weeks after the Black Phoebes had successfully left their nest, a pair of American House Finches built a new one — even more prominently — directly on top of the mud-and-grass nest left by their predecessors. They too completed their work and successfully raised three (or perhaps four) chicks there.

The synchronicity was unmistakable: two bird pairs, a double nest, in exactly the same spot, during exactly the same season — precisely while I was writing *Another Davis*.

## **The multileap**

I believe human civilization on Earth faces several possible “futures,” within what I call the “multiverses”. I put quotation marks around “future” because—given what I’ve said above—time is not linear but more like an infinite sequence, a luminous orb of possibilities.

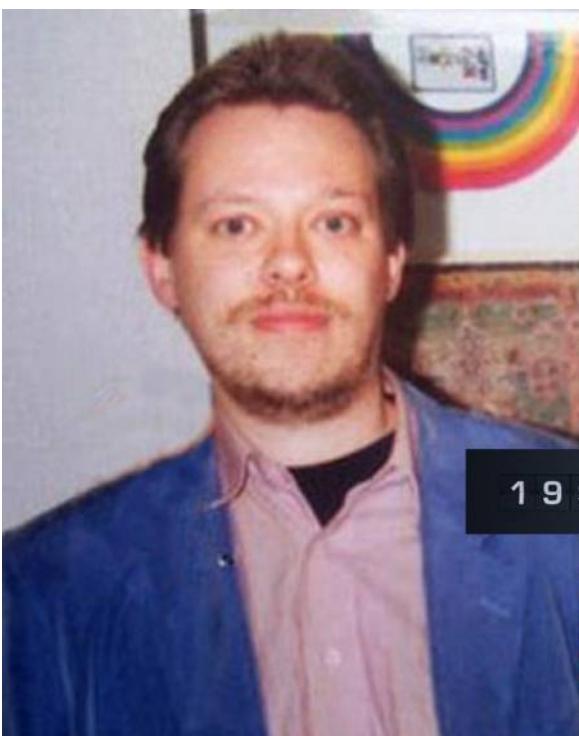
One possibility is that humanity will completely destroy itself, through wars that are already taking place but would then expand on a global and even more devastating scale. Davis, too, is changing and now stands at a crossroads where the outside world is knocking unpleasantly at its door.

The other possibility—the one I hope for, and which I consider equally likely—is that humankind will grow wiser and do everything in its power to save what can still be saved. In that case, I foresee a world infused with magical realism, where synchronicities play an ever-greater role and wondrous phenomena are observed worldwide through perceptual fissures in the cosmos—fissures that are also scientifically demonstrable. I expect these fissures of perception to grow larger and more numerous, thinning the veils between multiversal worlds and hinting at an emerging unity of worlds. The advances in studying the strange leaps of quantum physics, and the increasing interest in this field, send, in my view, a clear signal in that direction.



201





1992









*Camel – “Rajaz” fits seamlessly with Rob’s and my journey:*

When

And

We w

Tales of tragedy.

The souls of heaven

Are stars at night.

They will guide us on our way,

Until we meet again

Another day Another day.

Encha ... by the sou

We will mark the time as one,

Tandem in the sun.

The rhythm of a hymn.

They wi

g the song

All day long.

We will move as one,

Bear the load

On the road.

The souls of heaven

Turn to stars

Every single night

All across the sky...

They shine.

**"Rajaz", Camel (Latimer, Hoover, 1999)**

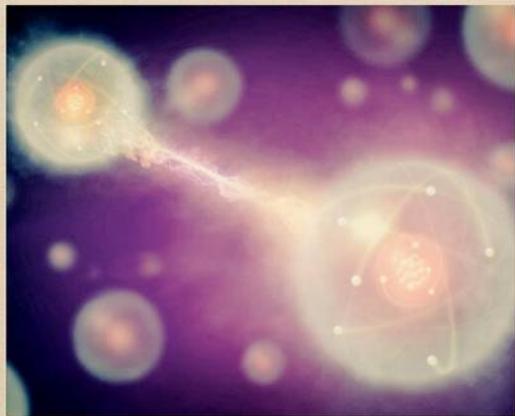
# The Entangled Edition

THE MULTIVERSE



## ANOTHER DAVIS

Entangled Pair<sup>8</sup> Found Across Realities



# The Entangled Edition

THE MULTIVERSE



## ANOTHER DAVIS

This second part is no ordinary image appendix. It is a visual journey through parallel realities — with photos of the Inner Crew lions, of Rob and me, of striking places and quotes that resonate like echoes from other layers. A tapestry of symbols, memories, and entangled moments.

There were — and still are — many more lions. Some vanished with the flow of time; others found a new, noble destination. The Inner Crew and the additional “Rob” and “Bor” lions? They remain. They guard this dimension.

- Master I
- Master II
- Jealous
- Peace
- Whiskers
- Young
- Robust
- Most Male
- Rockstar
- Full
- Largo
- Magician
- Hungry
- Treasure
- Traveler
- Fierce
- Surprise Orb
- Chief Powerhouse, and more...

# Prologue



*The first lion. Orange mane, white belly.  
Here he is old — almost dissolved in  
time. But somewhere — where time  
bends differently — he still exists.*



*Reconstruction by Sora*

Stanneke sang in the church choir of the Christoffel primary school. Her favorite song was "Uit vuur en ijzer, zuur en zout" ("From Fire and Iron, Acid and Salt") by Huub Oosterhuis and Bernard Huijbers. The song is based on a Polish folk melody and was used at weddings and celebrations of love and unity, often within the renewed (progressive) liturgy of the 1970s and 1980s. Its lyrics are remarkable in the light of Another Davis, which, after all, began when Rob and Constantia forged a for-ever bond by the campfire:

"For evening and morning land, for here to be and yonder [...] Toward distance that no one knows, through fire that forges people together, through life in joy and sorrow, people turn toward one another."



*Fire  
Iron  
Acid  
Salt  
Water  
Earth*

# FOK!forum

*Every opinion deserves its own universe*



2

quote:

Op vrijdag 23 december 2005 23:12 schreef Tullio het volgende:

Interessant stukje.

Op de webpagina staat ook het beroep van Lubbert. Hij was geneverbrander en tapper. Dat stemt bijna precies overeen met de informatie die Robbert op paranormale wijze verkreeg. Er is alleen ongemerkt een typefoutje ingeslopen. Lubbert was geen geneverbrander maar geneverbrande! (meestal gespeld als jeneverbrander) Robbert herkende dit woord blijkbaar niet omdat er een E ontbrak. Uit het feit dat hij het over een "genverbrander" had, blijkt dat hij zijn informatie van het web haalde, waarschijnlijk via een browser. Hij hoorde het vast niet van een geest die jenever als "genver" uitsprak.

Ik was me inderdaad af aan het vragen wat een gen-verbrander zou zijn.

Prettig kerstfeest en een gelukkig nieuwjaar

Bron:Rob Nanninga



Ja, die Nanninga moet idd billenkoek. Ik zie daar echt niet een objectieve onderzoeker aan het woord. Waarom is het voor sceptici zo moeilijk om dan zelf het goede voorbeeld te geven?

Jij ook fijne feestdagen Tuul.

[ Bericht 2% gewijzigd door Stenny op 24-12-2005 11:43:58 ]

**Yes, that Nanninga really does deserve a spanking.**

**Why do skeptics find it so hard to set a good example themselves?**

**Happy holidays to you too, Tuul.**

[ Bericht 2% gewijzigd door Stenny op 24-12-2005 11:43:58 ]

<http://www.stenoomen.nl>

# FOK!forum

Not linear. Yet legendary.

On Wednesday, December 28, 2005 at 12:37,  
huupia34 wrote the following:

Stenny  
Sten



quote:

Op woensdag 28 december 2005 12:37 schreef huupia34 het volgende:  
hier een paar linkjes van reakties op nanninga in een paar andere zaken, het geeft wel weer hoe deze man werkt

[http://members.lycos.nl/Kritisich/nanninga\\_bde.html](http://members.lycos.nl/Kritisich/nanninga_bde.html)

<http://members.lycos.nl/Kritisich/index-19.html>

<http://www.ufowijzer.nl/tekstpagina/Discussie%20Skepsis.html>

<http://quest4wisdom.tripod.com/skepsiswatchers/id11.html>

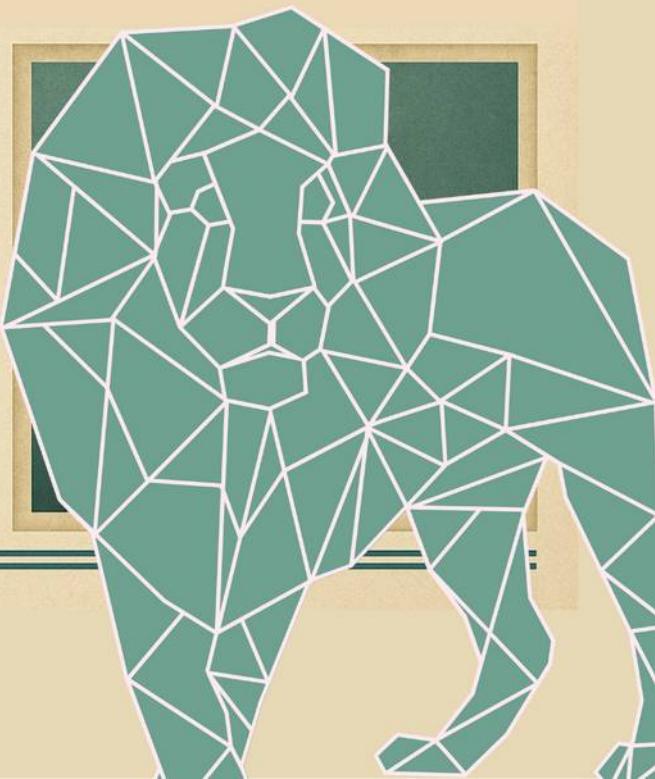
debunk the debunkers

Heeft iemand een foto van Nanninga, dan tover ik hem in de collage aan het begin van de topic! 

<http://www.stenoomen.nl>

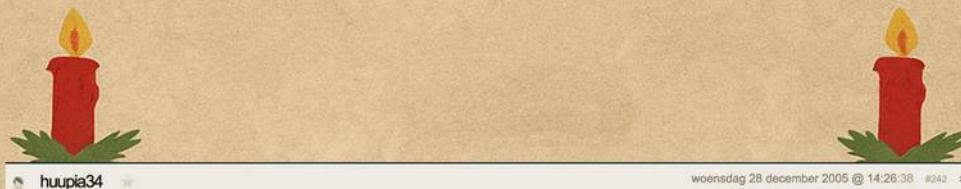
Debunk the debunkers

**Constantia: "If anyone has a photo of Nanninga, I'll work him into the collage at the top of the thread!"**



# FOK!forum

For all your timeless times  
and endless opinions.



huupia34 veritas!!! woensdag 28 december 2005 @ 14:26:38 #242

quote:  
Op woensdag 28 december 2005 14:11 schreef Stenny het volgende:  
[...]  
Heeft iemand een foto van Nanninga, dan tover ik hem in de collage aan het begin van de topic! 😊

<http://www.skepsis.nl/bigfoot.jpg>  
LOL 😊

forum.fok.nl/topic/79457/11/25/het-medium-robbert-van-den-broeke-deel-7.html

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dex » the truth is in here and out there

Het medium Robbert van den Broeke (deel 7)

abonnement Unibet Coolblue Bitvavo

Stenny Sten

quote:  
Op woensdag 28 december 2005 14:35 schreef huupia34 het volgende:  
[...]  
ik heb de link veranderd in <http://www.skepsis.nl/bigfoot.jpg> 😊



Kan je toevallig ook een andere foto van Nanninga vinden? 😊

<http://www.stenoomen.nl>

Constantia: By any chance, can you also  
find another photo of Nanninga?



# foK! forum

## TOO MANY WORLDS, TOO FEW MODERATORS

forum.fok.nl/topic/815319/11/25#p34848451

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dinsdag 7 februari 2006 @ 23:21:25 #253

Analyzing\_Barb Isabella

 Whoel! Robbert klinkt behoorlijk oproecht in het interview....weer een bevestiging dat ik zeker nog geloof in een paranormale gave.  
Robbert heeft enige waardering van mijn kant. Ook al ben ik nog steeds niet HELEMAAL overtuigd.

Maar Nanninga, kom maar op! Wat heeft je nog gelet Robbert uit te nodigen? 

Sten, waar ben je 

[ Bericht 24% gewijzigd door Analyzing\_Barb op 07-02-2006 23:29:03 ]

<http://freefilehosting.net/file/?id=q9/3lqjR>  
Onze allerkleinstje kleintje Isabella! (en weer zwanger uitgerekend in sept '06)  
The Truth, the whole Truth and nothing but the Truth. Addictive!

forum.fok.nl/topic/815319/11/25#p34848451

ontpage sport games film & tv weblog forum fotoalbum chat zoeken dm

dinsdag 7 februari 2006 @ 23:49:00 #257

Stenny Sten

 quote:  
Op dinsdag 7 februari 2006 22:40 schreef Parameter het volgende:  
Het blijft een handige kletsmaoor. Mensen die nog steeds denken dat Robbert een zorgenkind is, onderschatten hem. Uiteraard doet hij geen moeite om de kwestie met de geestenfoto's en de gerverbrander te verklaren. Hij ziet zijn critici als kinderen. De skepsis liggen nu te woelen in hun bed. Ze hebben een zwarte vlek op hun ziel en zullen bestraft worden door Boven.

Ja geheel beluisterd.   
En weer ben ik het met je eens (ben jij mij? ). Een handige kletsmaoor, maar Henk Westbroek lult beter en is veel  Yes, listened to it completely.

orreinier quote:  
Op dinsdag 7 februari 2006 23:33 schreef Parameter het volgende:  
by any chance?). A smooth talker, but Henk Westbroek speaks better and is much funnier.

Maar hij gaat niet in op de kritiek. Hij probeert slechts de critici zwart te maken. Dat zijn mensen die leugens en laster verspreiden. Iederen sprak elkaar na en het ging volgens Robbert eigenlijk nergens over. Het was een storm in een glas water. Skepsis heeft hem via de achterdeur een nekschot willen geven, zegt hij. Maar die tv-beelden zijn toch geen achterdeur? Hij zegt ook dat hij nooit is uitgenodigd voor onderzoek, maar in werkelijkheid ging hij niet in op uitnodigingen van onderzoekers. Hij zegt ook dat hij in de uitzendingen nooit wist waar hij naartoe ging, maar Irene Moors heeft niet bevestigd dat dit inderdaad ook voor de historische lokaties gold. Robbert denkt dat zijn missers nu wel weer vergeten zijn en dat hij gewoon door kan gaan. Dat heeft hij van Boven doorgekregen. Hij heeft zich alleen even rustig gehouden omdat hij geen paarden voor de zwijnen wou gooien. Maar verder is er niets aan de hand.

En weer  And again!

<http://www.stenoomen.nl>

# FOK!forum

## Between Reality and Refresh: FOK

forum.fok.nl/topic/815319/11/2#p34848451

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woensdag 8 februari 2006 @ 00:15:26 #265

Parameter ★  
Magie is meetbaar

quote:  
Op dinsdag 7 februari 2006 23:49 schreef Stenny het volgende:  
[...] En weer ben ik het met je eens (ben jij mij? ).

Wij zijn zwarte zielen dat schept verwantschap.

quote:  
We are black souls — that creates kinship.  
Een handige kletsmaaor, maar Henk Westbroek lult beter en is veel grappiger.

Hij doet het wat mij betreft boven verwachting (al heeft hij geen humor of zelfspot). Maar ik vraag me wel af of dit verstandig is. Hij zegt nu niet of meer dat hij wel aan een proef wil meedoen. Al zijn er natuurlijk wel meer begaafden die dat bewerden, zonder dat het er ooit van kwam. Ik vind nog steeds dat het onderzoek het beste door een betrouwbaar parapsycholoog kan worden uitgevoerd.

quote:  
Ook klopt het niet dat zijn boek, zoals hij zegt, uitverkocht is, ik zie het overal nog in stapels liggen.

Misschien bedoelt hij de eerst druk.

quote:  
Ik vind hem idd erg arrogant overkomen...dit is mijn eerste reactie.

Ja, van die vermeende bescheidenheid is niks meer te merken.

Meten is weten, als je weet wat je meet.

woensdag 8 februari 2006 @ 10:28:42 #273

Stenny  
Sten

Een ding is duidelijk. Robbert gaf zelf aan te willen samenwerken met wetenschappers. Ik ga onmiddellijk Nanninga schrijven of hij een paar wetenschappers kan afvaardigen. ☺

One thing is clear: Robbert himself said he wanted to work with scientists. I'll write to Nanninga right away to ask if he can send a few scientists. ☺

http://www.stenoomen.nl

woensdag 8 februari 2006 @ 10:31:44 #277

Analyzing\_Barb  
Isabellia

quote:  
Op woensdag 8 februari 2006 10:29 schreef Marietje\_34 het volgende:  
[...] Schrijf dan iemand anders aan, ipv Nanninga. Als ik Robbert was zou ik daar zeker niet mee willen samenwerken.

Ook ☺, maar er moet wat gebeuren, het moet het moet het moet!!! Hij hijg.

Sorry ☺

<http://freefilehosting.net/file/?id=q9/3iqjR>  
Onze allerleefste kleine Isabellia (en weer zwanger uitgerekend in sept '06)  
The Truth, the whole Truth and nothing but the Truth. Addictive!

# FOK!forum

Where yesterday has an opinion today.

FOK –



**SKEPTER 18(4),  
WINTER 2005**  
This issue will be  
available starting  
February 20.



forum.fok.nl/topic/816129/9/25/het-medium-robbert-van-den-broeke-deel-43.html

frontpage sport games film & tv weblog forum fotoboek chat zoeken dm

Stenny  
Sten



quote:

SKEPTER 18(4), WINTER 2005  
Dit nummer is leverbaar vanaf 20 februari

Robbert: van zorgenkind tot wonderman  
Het geheim van orbs en lichtbollen  
Hortensiaproof en massawaan  
Pionier in de parapsychologie  
Maatschappelijke kwakzalvers

Congres: Gaat de Verlichting uit?  
Broeden op het broeikaseffect  
Complotdenkers in opmars  
Ontslakken in een roestbad  
Stay Erusa: een openbaring  
Een bedrijfscursus HBDI  
David Irving onder arrest  
Inedia: Leven van lucht

U kunt een pdf-file van de inhoudsopgave bekijken.  
Ook op de nieuwspagina staat informatie over de inhoud.

<http://www.skepsis.nl/inhoud184.pdf>

woensdag 8 februari 2006 @ 15:09:18 2013

Stenny  
Sten



quote:

Op woensdag 8 februari 2006 15:07 schreef CarDani het volgende:  
Ontslakken in een roestbad???

Nee bij de les blijven. 😊 Ik moet toch zeggen dat de heertjes niet stil gezeten hebben, dit verdient enig respect. 😊

No, let's stay on topic. I have to say, though, that these gentlemen haven't exactly been idle — that deserves some respect. 😊

<http://www.stenoomen.nl>

# !fok! forum

For nostalgic trolls and cosmic skeptics

forum.fok.nl/topic/815319/11/25#34848451

frontpage sport games film & tv weblog **forum** fotoboek chat zoeken dm

woensdag 8 februari 2006 @ 10:28:42 #273

Stenny Sten

 One thing is clear: Robbert himself said he wanted to work with scientists. I'll write to Nanninga right away to ask if he can send a few scientists. 😊

<http://www.stenoomen.nl>

forum.fok.nl/topic/815319/12/25/net-medium-robbert-van-den-broeke-deel-42.html

frontpage sport games film & tv weblog **forum** fotoboek chat zoeken dm

woensdag 8 februari 2006 @ 10:35:39 #278

Stenny Sten

 quote:  
Dear Jan Willem Nienhuys and Rob Nanninga,  
  
Yesterday, Robbert van den Broeke stated in an interview that he has never been approached by scientists regarding an investigation. I believe I may safely say that this is not true.  
In any case, he did say that he would be quite willing to cooperate with scientists. It seems to me that he can no longer refuse you now. If he is not on good terms with you 😊, perhaps you could ask a few other scientists whom he might be willing to receive? It seems to me that you have a network that could perhaps be called upon now.  
  
Kind regards,  
Sten Oomen

Sent 😊

<http://www.stenoomen.nl>



forum.fok.nl/topic/816129/11/25/net-medium-robbert-van-den-broeke-deel-43.html

frontpage sport games film & tv weblog **forum** fotoboek chat zoeken dm

woensdag 8 februari 2006 @ 16:24:47

Stenny Sten

 Man, there's something in the air — something truly beautiful. 😊 (Side note.)

<http://www.stenoomen.nl>

# FOK! forum

For all those who lost the timeline long ago

Sunday, February 26, 2006

Parameter  
Magie is meetbaar

zaterdag 25 februari 2006 @ 23:33

quote:  
Op zaterdag 25 februari 2006 23:23 schreef visvogel het volgende:  
[...]  
Hier Stenny

Volgens mij ben jij nu een [Walk In.](#) ☺

In my opinion, you're a walk-in now.

Meten is weten, als je weet wat je meet.

zondag 26 februari 2006 @ 16:59:00

Parameter  
Magie is meetbaar

quote:  
On Sunday, February 26, 2006 at 4:42 p.m., Mr\_Integrity wrote the following:  
I'm wondering what the "big" news is:  
It can only be one of the following:  
— Finally, a rock-solid, irrefutable piece of evidence that Robbert is lying.  
— Finally, a rock-solid, irrefutable piece of evidence that Robbert is telling the truth.  
— An investigation is coming (at last ☺).

The bets are now open.

I'm guessing it's the first one, but it seems unlikely to me that it's really such a rock-solid piece of evidence that no one could ignore it. Even a confession from Robbert probably wouldn't be enough, since in the past there have been several mediums who admitted to having committed fraud. But then their followers often claimed that they had confessed under pressure, or that they had unconsciously cheated just once — but not most of the time.

Meten is weten, als je weet wat je meet.

zondag 26 februari 2006 @ 17:01:33

Stenny  
Sten

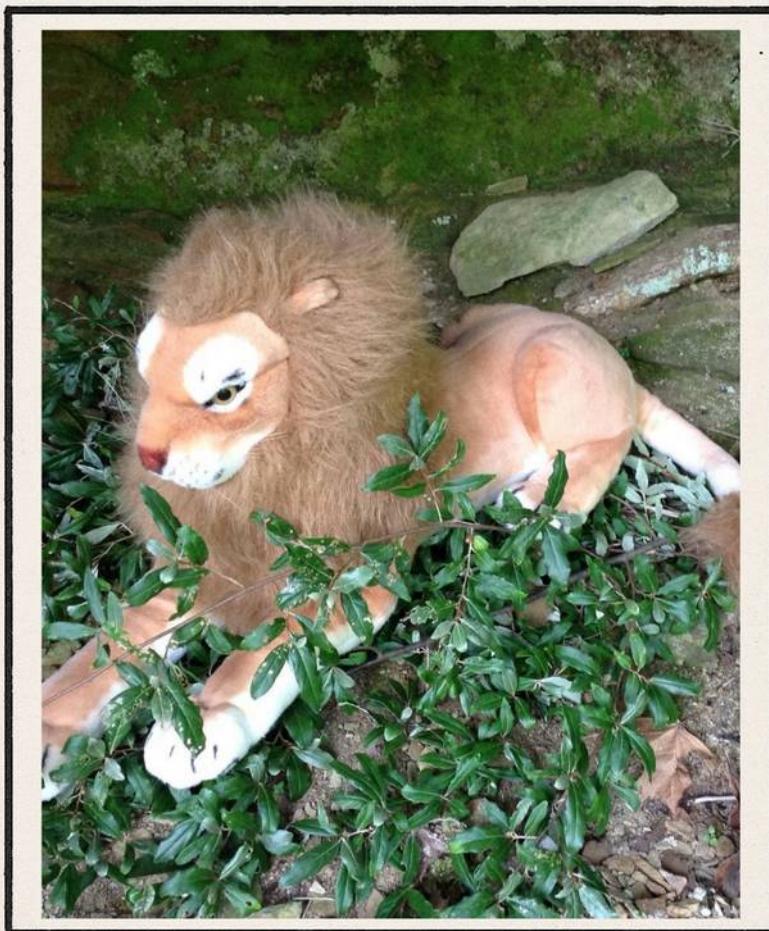
quote:  
On Sunday, February 26, 2006 at 4:59 pm., Parameter wrote the following:

I'm guessing it's the first one, but it seems unlikely to me that it's really such a rock-solid piece of evidence that no one could ignore it. Even a confession from Robbert probably wouldn't be enough, since in the past there have been several mediums who admitted to having committed fraud. But then their followers often claimed that they had confessed under pressure, or that they had unconsciously cheated just once — but not most of the time.

One can speculate about a great many things — for instance, that you're (rather) tall and have blond hair, perhaps — just a guess. Maybe a goatee, or had one at some point. ☺



# LION WATCH



ANOTHER DAVIS



# The Another Davis Herald

---

# ❖ MASTER ❖

---

## The First Roar

---



**He is the first of the Inner Crew.  
His calm strength and dignified gaze form the  
foundation upon which the others appear.  
He embodies the sober vigilance — the quiet layer of  
Rob that carries everything without words.  
More than just plush, he is a beacon: the point of origin  
of a timeless fellowship.**



# The Another Davis Herald ♀

---

# ❖ MASTER ❖

---

## The Second Roar

---



**He is the second of the Inner Crew.**

**His large eyes gaze endlessly deep and perceive what remains hidden to others. He feels and observes, yet always acts rightly — with quiet certainty.**

**More than plush, he is inner wisdom: a compass that points the way beyond words.**





# THE FORKED TIMES

## THE C(R)OOK LEDGER

**Davis –** In the early morning hours, C(r)ook Love, the notorious lion with both culinary and criminal talents, was once again spotted beneath the Silk Oak Tree. Surrounded by his Inner Crew, he was photographed with a small clover between his paws — a seemingly harmless scene that, in Universe 7b, is considered a sign of portal activity.



““He cooks with love, but disappears with your cutlery,” said an anonymous source from Farallel Davis. According to quantum witnesses, C(r)ook Love is said to collect recipes made of pure emotion — which mysteriously appear elsewhere in time and space, even in the kitchens of deceased grandmothers.



It's beginning to look a lot like  
Christmas...

# The Multiple Christmas Times

---



## Scheveningen 2005 Davis 2015

Double Christmas Eve

Davis — On December 24, 2015, a peculiar package appeared at the door of Constantia Oomen: a plush lion, accompanied by seven sacks full of Christmas hats — eighty-four in total. Free of charge, unordered, and arriving precisely on Christmas Eve.

Exactly ten years earlier, on December 24, 2005, she had written her words to Rob Nanninga on the Fok! forum: “Yes, that Nanninga really does deserve a spanking,” accompanied by a drooling coffee-drinker emoji.

And yet again, about ten years later, in 2025, the penny dropped: the same date, connected through the same mischievous wink of the multiverse.

**It's Vacaville**



# LEAP OF FAITH

---



Quantum leaps – a realm where lions can suddenly land in another universe mid-jump. Their paws may leave one reality, yet they are already on their way to touch down in another, where the pink may appear just one shade deeper.

When one is confronted with the theory of quantum jumps combined with the idea of the multiverse, a “leap of trust” can be compared to a lion seizing the unknowns between quantum branches. In this conceptual shift, such a leap symbolizes the courage to embrace possibilities that exceed immediate perception – trusting that there are alternative outcomes scattered across the multiverse.

# It's Davis



Winter  
is  
coming



Whiskers  
is  
coming



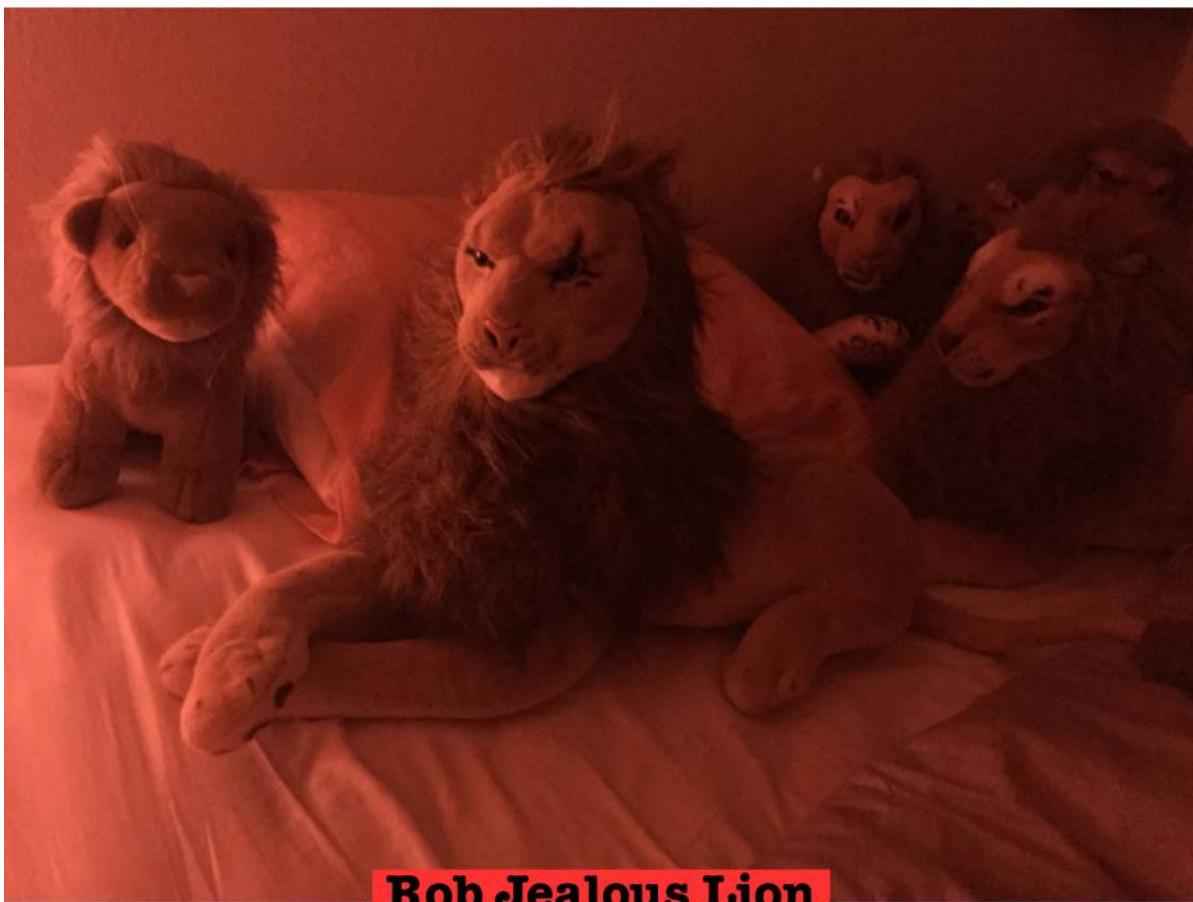


**Hello, is it me  
you're looking for?**



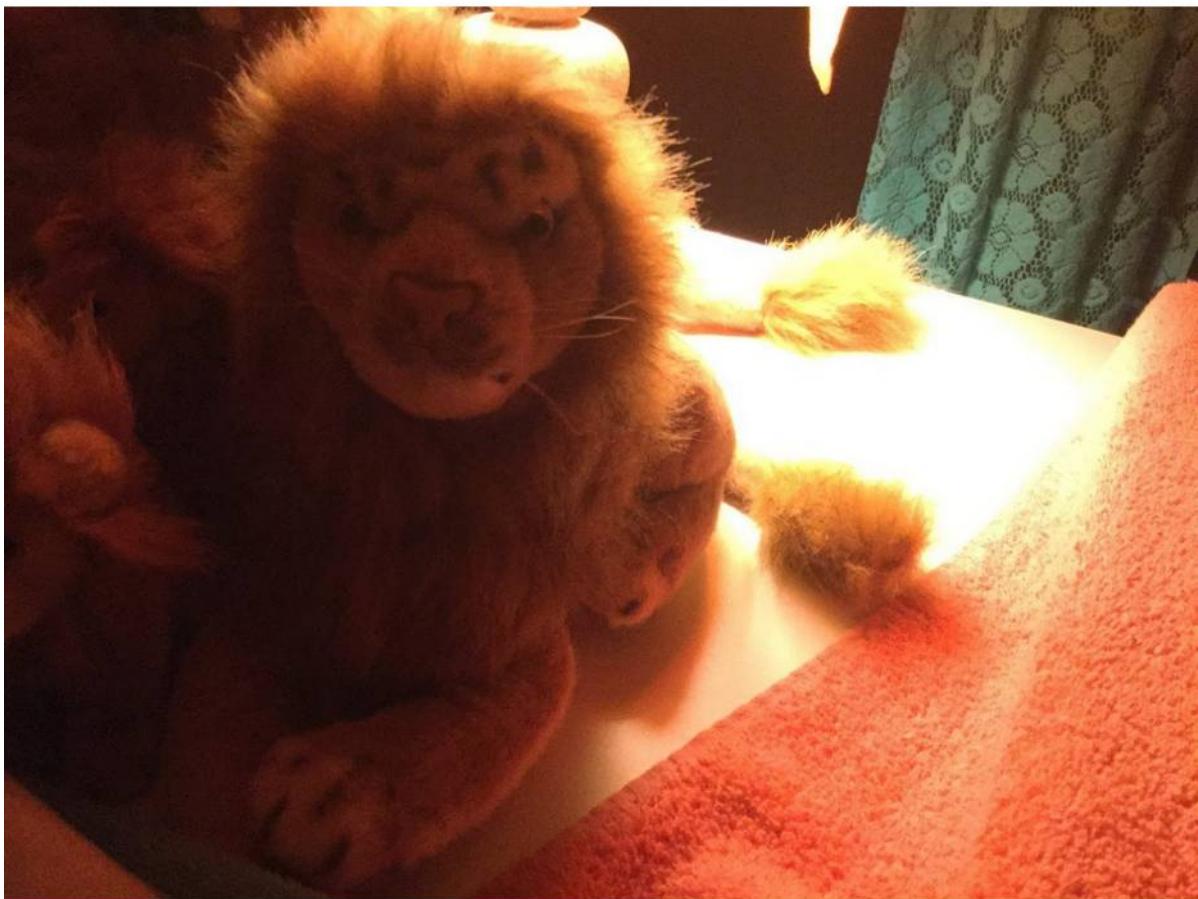
**The First Inner Crew**

**... AND ME?**



**Rob Jealous Lion**

**But I'M YOUR  
SPECIAL LION, right?**



**One of the little Inner Crew Rob lions**

# IMAGINE ALL THE PEOPLE...

- JOHN LENNON



# ALL THE LIONS...

- Peace Bor



# GRAND GAZETTE

At The Origin Of The Strand



# The Davis Tribute

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*Multiverse-Edition*

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## Picture Of The Day



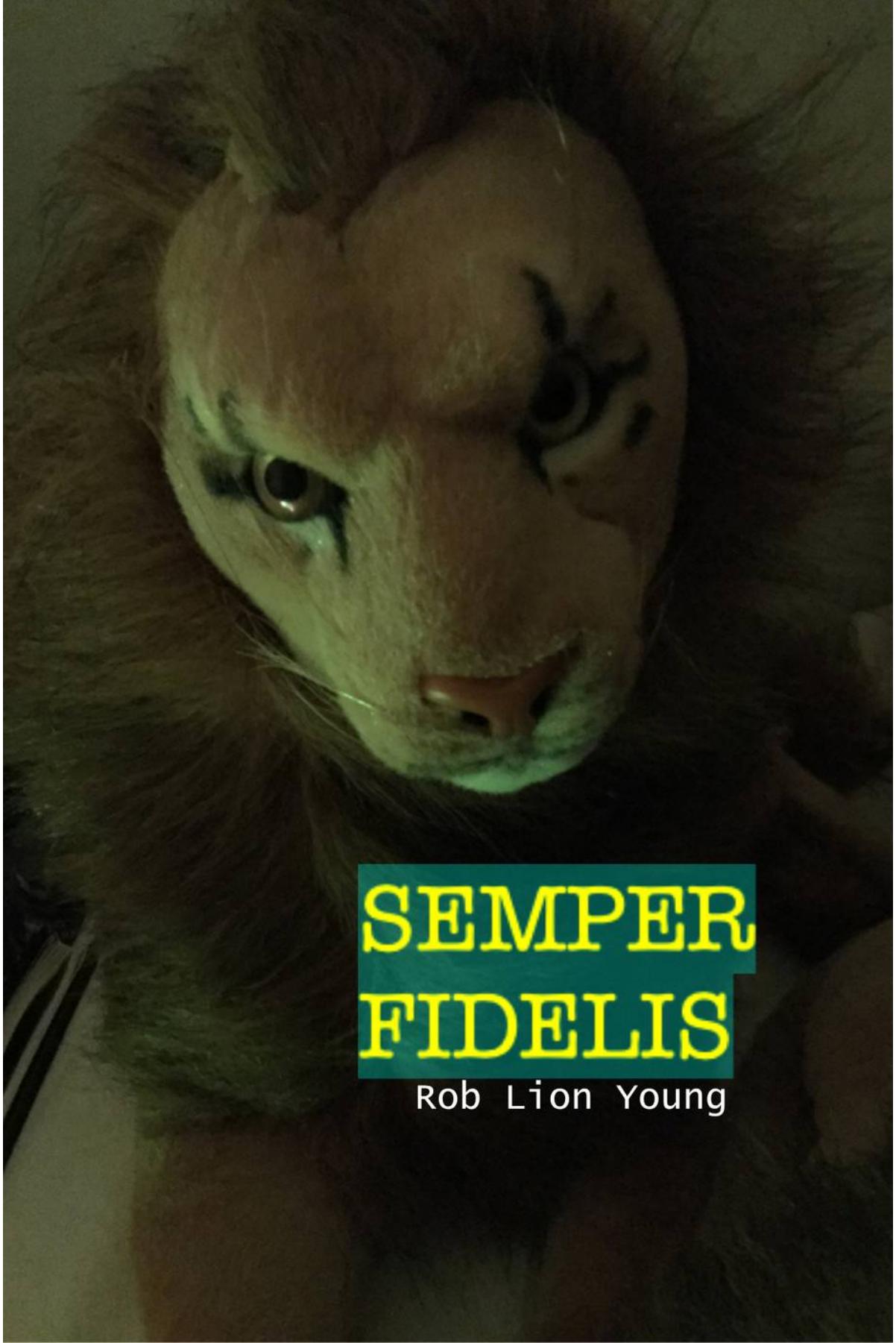
### Lion Core in Counsel

Rob Robust Lion whispers something into Master I's ear.

"She's writing about us, but we're also writing along with her story."

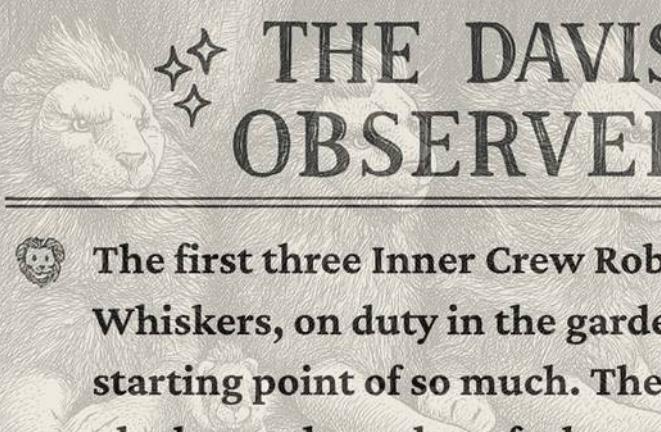
Master I nods. "So, a quantum cuddle loop, yeah?"

"Exactly," replies Rob. "And this gathering is only the beginning."



# SEMPER FIDELIS

Rob Lion Young

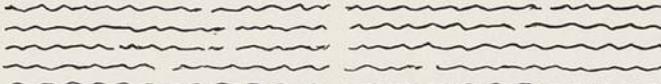


# THE DAVIS OBSERVER

---



 The first three Inner Crew Rob lions &  Whiskers, on duty in the garden. Davis, the starting point of so much. They are made of plush, yet these three feel everything. The Rob lions beneath the silk oak. 





1

2

JEALOUS

PEACE BOR

## THE QUAD

3

Young

Robust

4





# ROARING STONES

---



Most Male & Rockstar





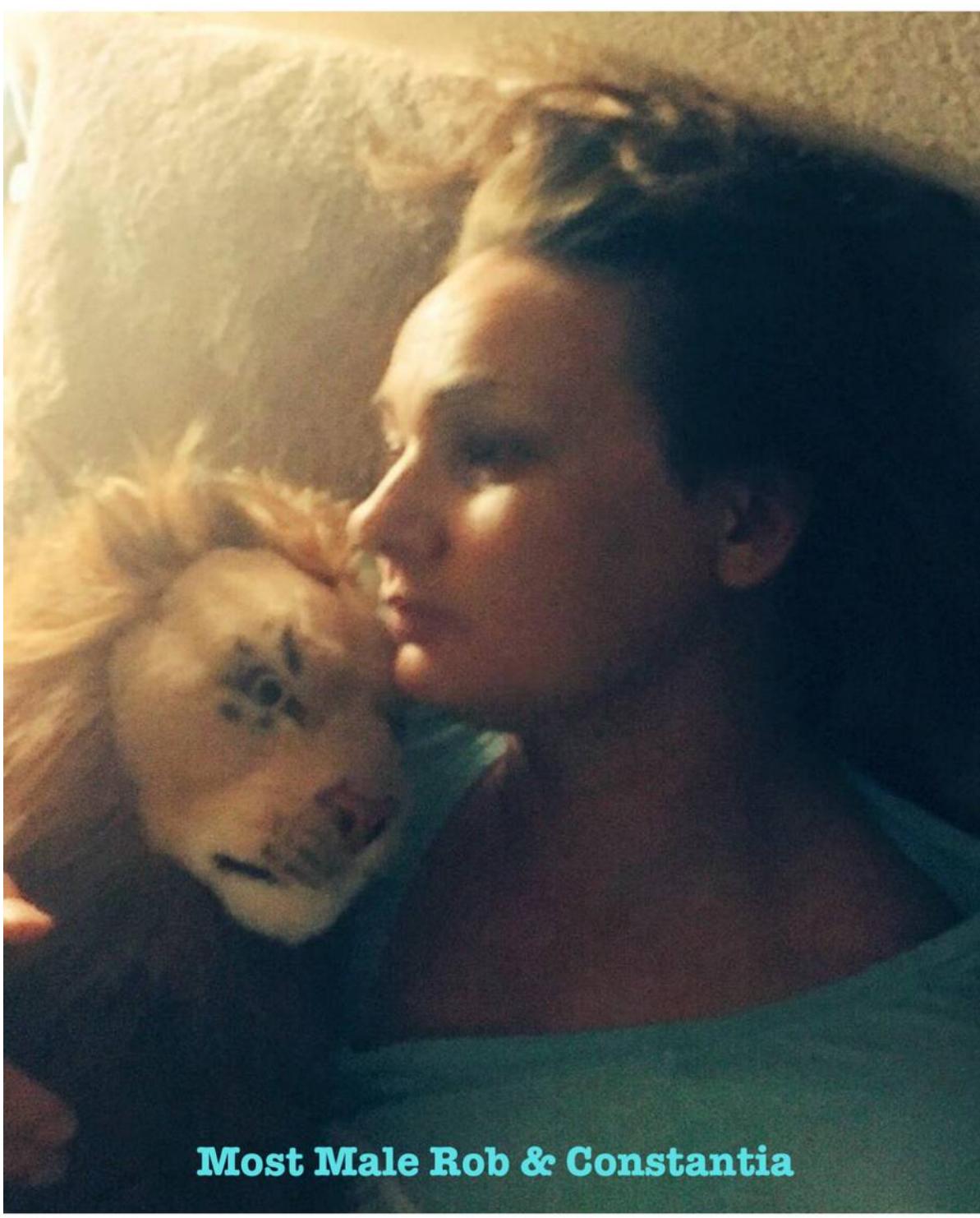
# ROARING STONES



## THE BIRTH OF A ROCKSTAR



Rockstar Rob carries the aura of a singer. His modest and winning smile stands out all the more because of it.



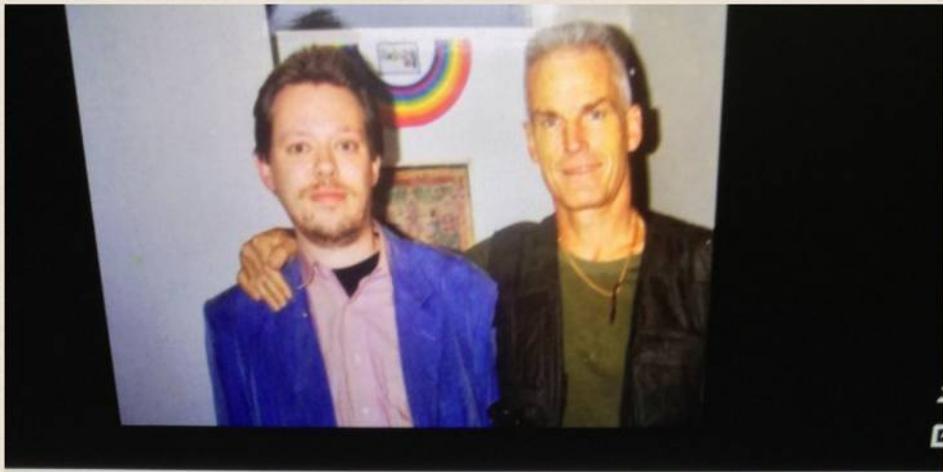
**Most Male Rob & Constantia**



**ROCKSTAR'S SMILE**

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# Signals and Symbols

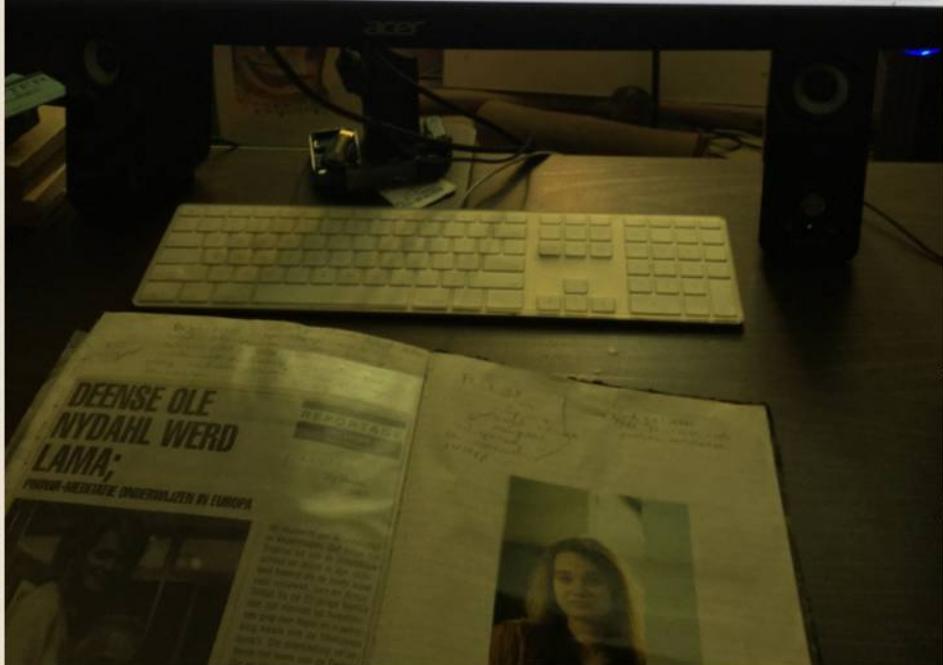


inga met lama ole nydahl-1480405423

 [More details](#)

kennekam - [wikipedia.nl](#)

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SCREEN  
SHOT

WINNER  
SUNDANCE  
2011 ALFRED P. SLATKIN PRIZE

# ANOTHER EARTH

SCREEN  
SHOT

Film poster Another Earth (2011)  
Directed by Mike Cahill

“OPENS UP THE VAST,  
STILL LARGELY UNEXPLORED TERRAIN  
OF THE HUMAN HEART.”

- THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER -

IN SELECT THEATRES THIS SUMMER  
[AnotherEarth.com](http://AnotherEarth.com)

THE SURPRISINGLY INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER OF RECORD

# DAVIS GLOBAL

---

Davis, Calif.

Christmas Always

FIVE DAVIS

## CHRISTMAS HATS APPEAR IN DIFFERENT DAVIS WORLDS

The festive hats have appeared in several Davis multiverses, showing a striking tendency toward dignified uprightness — appearance and intent at once.



# DAVIS GLOBAL WEEKEND

CHRISTMAS ALWAYS

## Rob's Multiverse Role-Playing: Is He Really Santa Claus? Or...

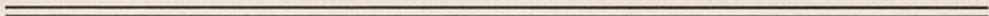


# LION HEARTS



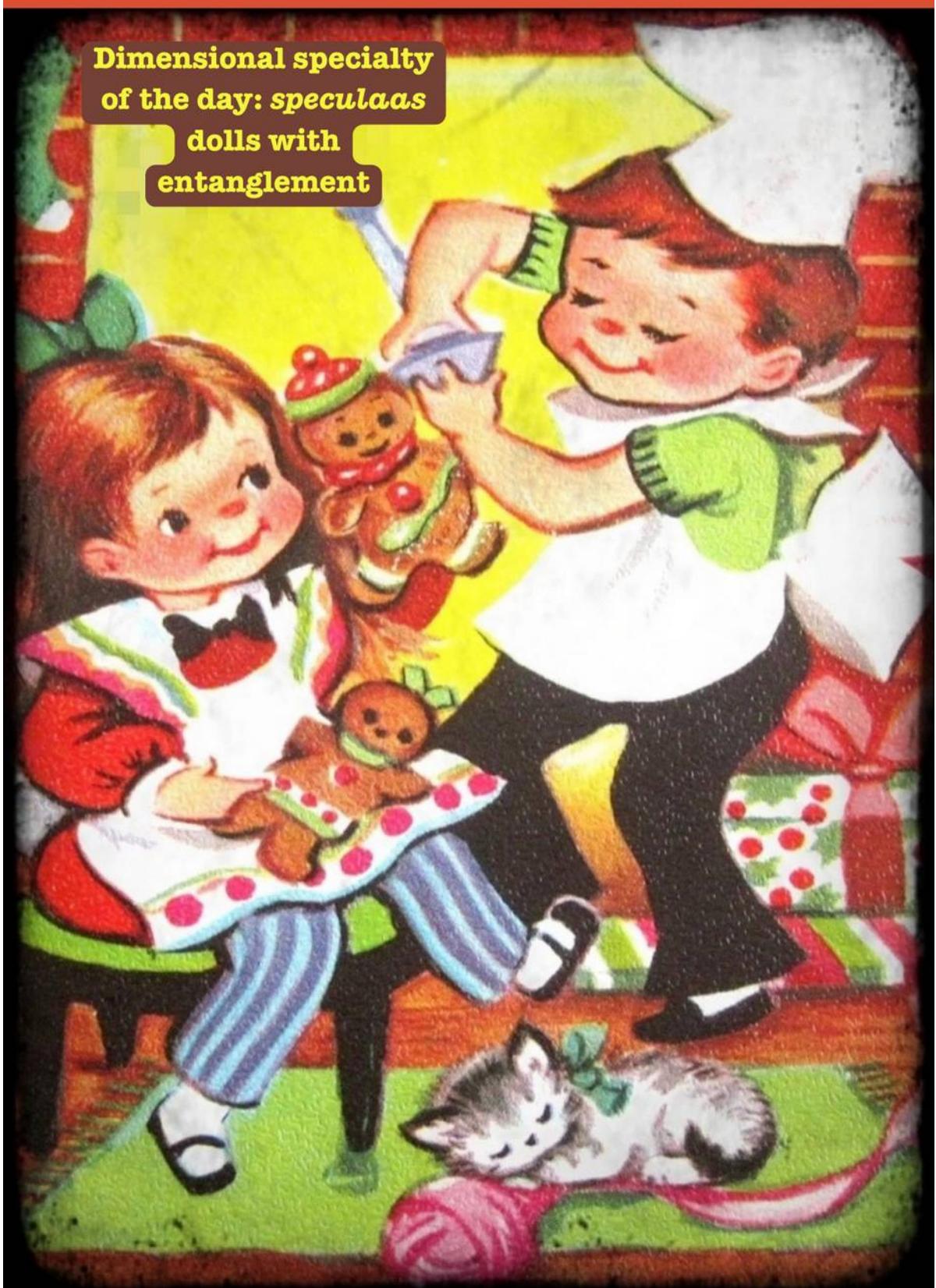
Beyond all linear time

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Dimensional specialty  
of the day: speculaas  
dolls with  
entanglement



April 12, 2010

# DOGGIE DATES AND SYNCHRONICITIES

**On April 12, 2010,** Rob and Constantia also played a game in which one could train, dress, and match dogs. Rob had a female dog named Nastasia, while Constantia had two male dogs named Boone and Piper. It had been Rob's idea to install the app, and Constantia greatly enjoyed it.

The "doggie dates" usually didn't go very smoothly, since Rob also played the game together with his girlfriend. Sometimes Constantia used a magic spray, and then, for a brief moment, things worked out between Nastasia and Boone after all. Rob's Nastasia was a Golden Retriever; Constantia had chosen a Jack Russell named Boone. Later, Piper joined in as well. One day, in a moment of synchronicity, Constantia came across a real photo on the internet showing exactly those two dog breeds – even with an appearance and pose that closely resembled their depiction in the app. In addition, on April 3, 2010, Rob sent Constantia an image of one of the dogs that he had edited in the app "Kaleidoscope X" – and yes, even there, in 2010, already a foreshadowing of the "Another Davis" multiverse. He also sent two more "Kaleidoscope X" images (right).



Male Jack Russell and female Labrador named Nastasia



# PROPHETCY

**Subject:** Bible Prophecy

**From:** Rob Nanninga r.nanninga@wxs.nl

**To:** Sten

**Date:** Sat, Jan 1, 2011, 3:24 PM

## PROPHETCY

A happy new year to you, too.  
It turns out that your name is encoded in  
the Bible!

Done Matrix Verse

01.14

TENT THE GENTILES SAND THE GLOR  
SERPENT SAND SCORPIONS ANDO  
REINANDT  
EANSWERE  
RICELET  
NSTTHYHO  
ANDALSO  
UNDTHISM  
ALLTHESE  
RDORDAIN  
ADFORYOU

Done Matrix Verse

01.14 30%

Luke 10:19

Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you.

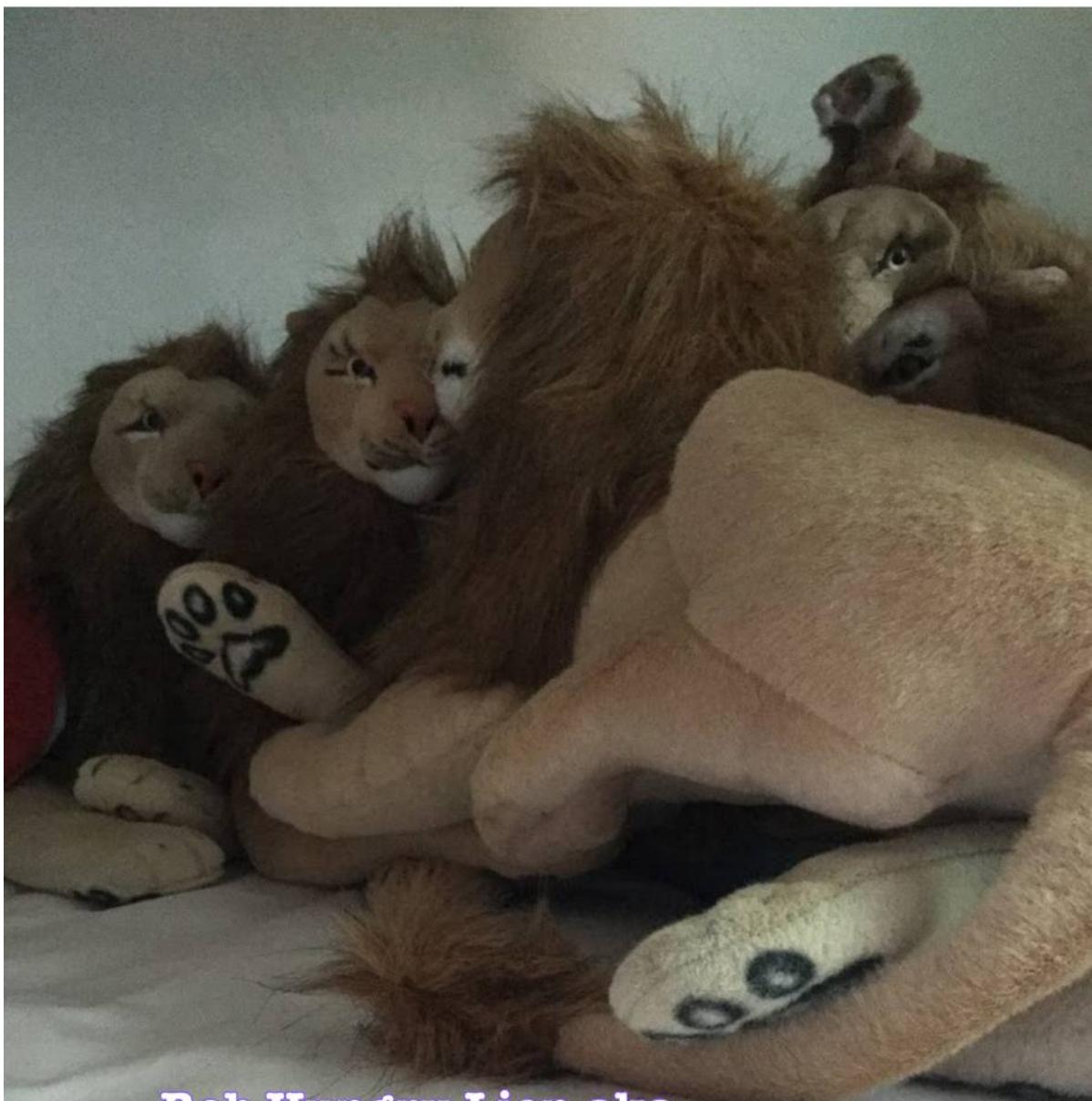
OK

# FULL ORBIT



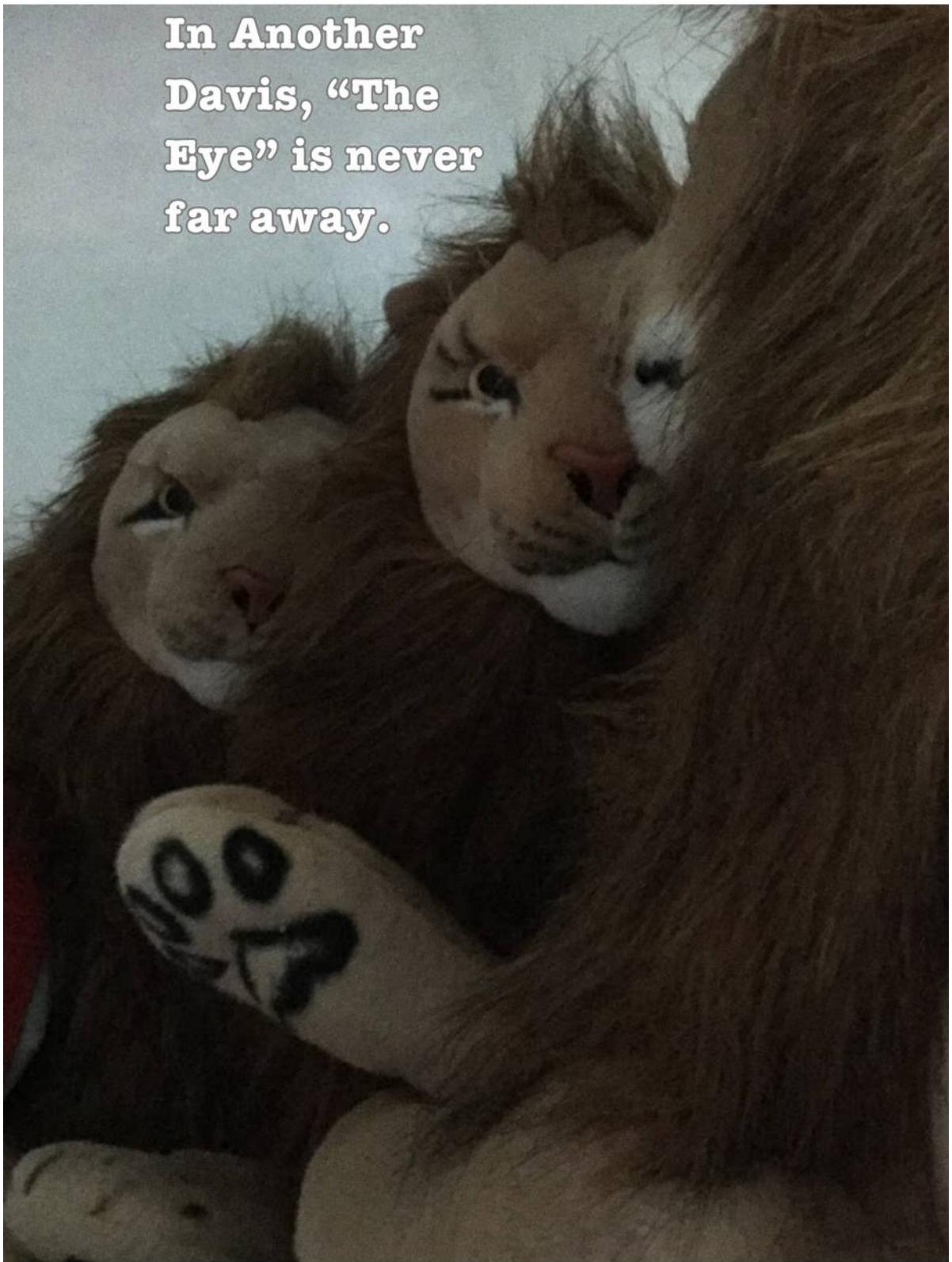
## Rob Full Lion

Not just any lion.  
This is Full — embodied balance.



**Rob Hungry Lion aka  
“The Eye.” He doesn’t need to  
cast any spells — everything  
has already changed the  
moment he looks at it.**

In Another  
Davis, “The  
Eye” is never  
far away.



# The Magical Daily

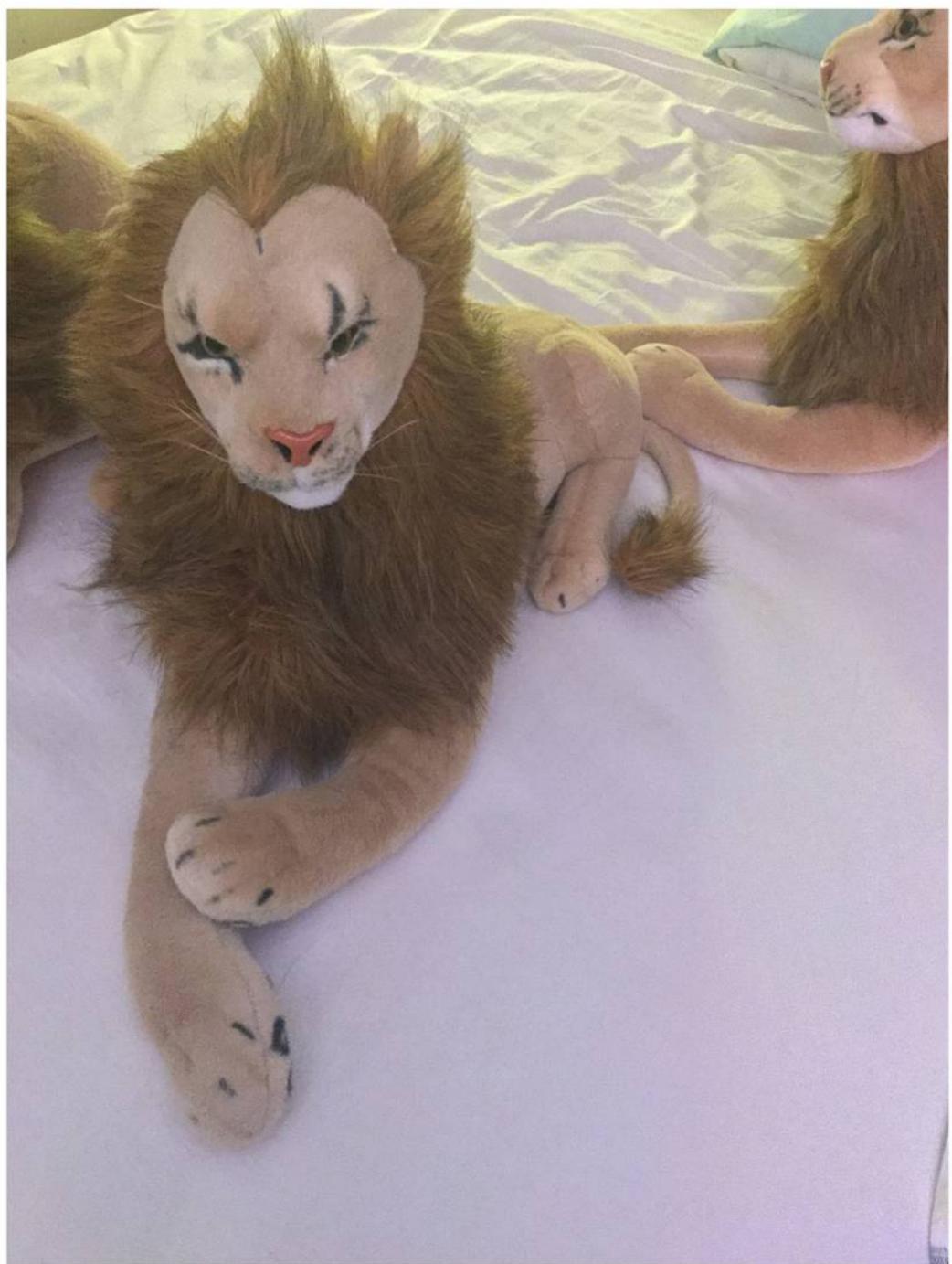
ମହାବିଦ୍ୟା

ମହାବିଦ୍ୟା



From the many worlds emerges Rob Magician Lion.  
His gaze weaves dimensions together, as if time itself  
dissolves into enchantment.

Every spark in his eyes calls forth magic.  
He is the lion who unfolds the multiverse.





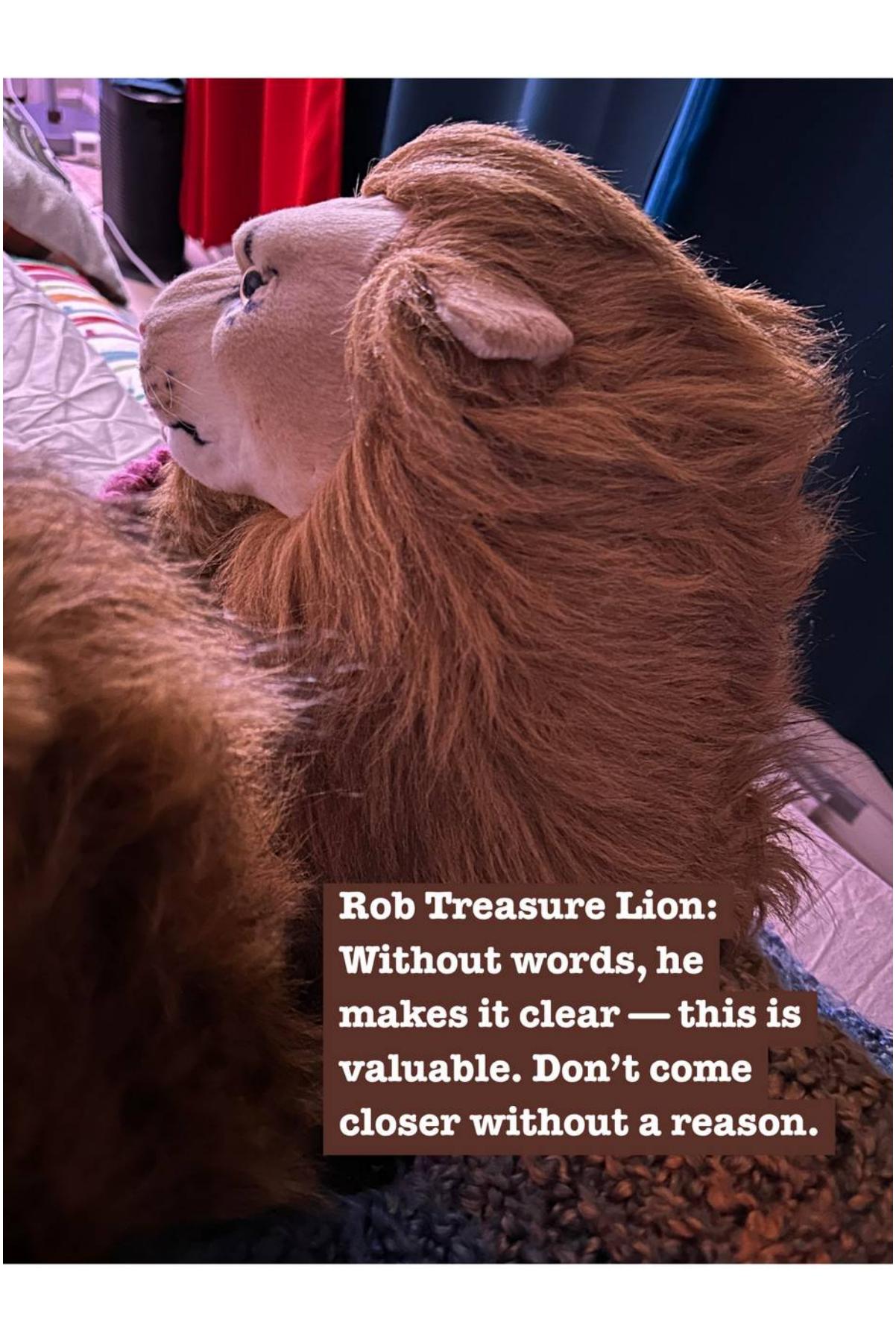
Hungry shimmers — as if he is  
moving between worlds.



Hungry Lion: gentle,  
hazy, full — his mane  
gleams, his hunger  
flickers.



**Rob Hungry:**  
**Lion manes of sugar syrup in**  
**the field of the multiverse**



**Rob Treasure Lion:**  
**Without words, he**  
**makes it clear — this is**  
**valuable. Don't come**  
**closer without a reason.**

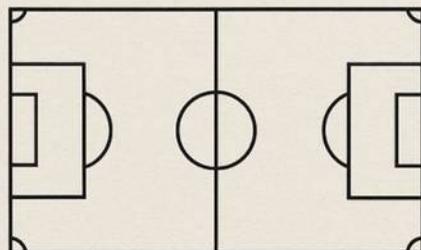
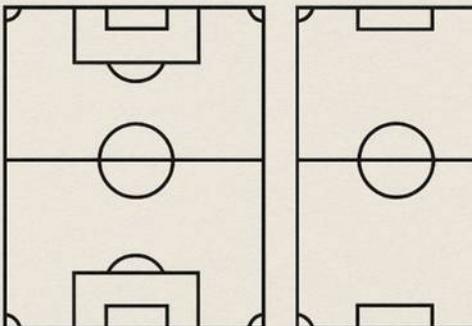
# Sport

---

## MULTIVERSE LIONS IN ACTION



- GOALKEEPER (1)  
PEACE BOR
- DEFENDERS (4-7)  
4. ROCKSTAR  
5. TRAVELER  
6. TREASURE  
7. ROBUST
- MIDFIELDERS (8-11)  
8. FULL  
9. YOUNG  
10. JEALOUS  
11. MAGICIAN
- FORWARDS (2-3)  
2. HUNGRY  
3. MOST MALE
- BENCH (1)  
• FIERCE



## ALL TO PLAY FUR

It's shaping up to be a tail of the unexpected!

# Sport

---

2023

## Multiverse Lions Celebrate Goal Gala!

The lion team of Another Davis proves to be true top-class champions!



# ANOTHER TIMES REGULAR

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2021

Davis

# ROB TRAVELER LION ARRIVES FROM UNKNOWN QUADRANT



Early this morning, Rob Traveler Lion arrived in Davis — by box, but with a look suggesting he had a long journey behind him. Local insiders regard his presence as a significant shift in the soft-power dynamics of the domestic multiverse.

It is suspected that he hails from a parallel timeline. The lion immediately took his place among the blankets of the Another Davis house.

“This feels like a turning point,” said a plush source, a soft, buffalo-like source. “The arrival of Rob Traveler Lion could well mark the beginning of a new phase of intensification...”



# THE ORB

Let The Good Times Roll November 2023

## SURPRISE ORB!



## SURPRISE ORB!

Dateline Demiscus—It looks like the multiverse has delivered a throwback gift to Constantia's Inner Crew! A surprise plush lion appeared in her November mailbox, neatly wrapped in an construction of gray tape—a nod to Cosmic Phenomena? PLANeted firmly from China, the ORB (an anagram or you-know-who) arrived miraculously unscathed. Would Universal Symbolism even cross eras, or are ORBs just good at time RObling?









Surprise





# POWER FROM ANOTHER DAVIS

Dec. 2024

**Rob "Chief Powerhouse" takes  
the stage within the Inner Crew.**



# ANOTHER TIMES REGULAR

December

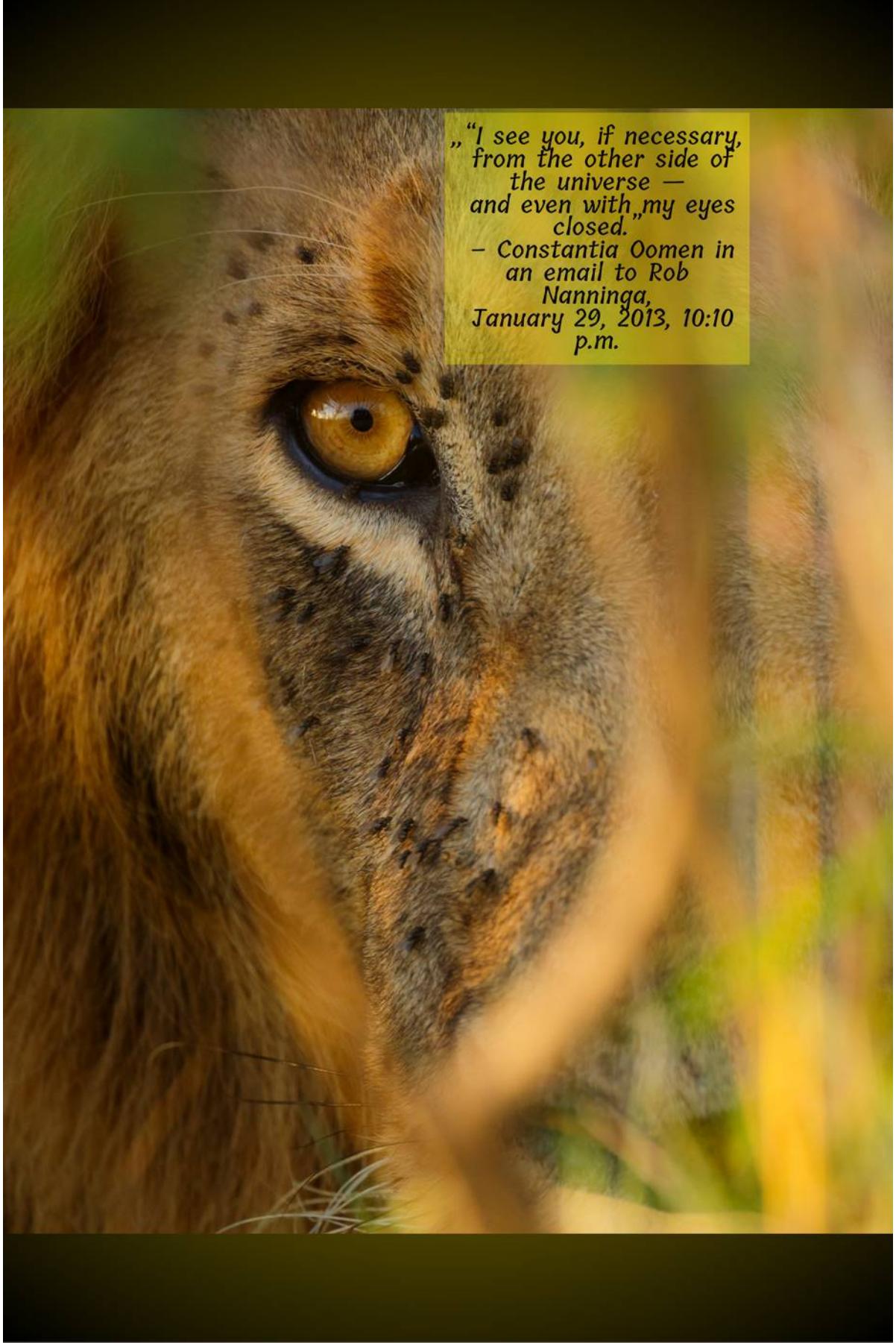


## Fierce earns his stripes



Although still young in days and small in stature, it didn't take long for Fierce to earn his place in the Inner Crew.

With determination, courage, and bravery, Fierce has shown that what's inside ultimately matters more than anything else.



„I see you, if necessary,  
from the other side of  
the universe —  
and even with my eyes  
closed.“

— Constantia Oomen in  
an email to Rob  
Nanninga,  
January 29, 2013, 10:10  
p.m.

# ANOTHER DAVIS FULL TIMES

The Year 2025



## SOME SORT OF MAGICALLY PLUSH LIONS OF DAVIS

The most magnificent stuffed lions have appeared in Davis. What mystical bond ties each named lion to the others, and why do they radiate such coziness coupled with magic and delight? Perhaps the cozy lion row forms a gentle amulet of friendship between Davis' inhabitants and a certain Rob Nanninga who hailed from the stars, or maybe from a somewhat parallel universe.



# THE FOLK MULTIVERSE

ANOTHER DAVIS

## Dream, drawing, and folk band converge

*Another Davis – On January 28, 2022, Constantia received a special message from a woman who introduced herself through social media under the name Sophie. She reported that years earlier, Rob Nanninga had appeared to her in a dream: calm, leaning in a doorway, wearing a brown cable-knit sweater, and with an inquisitive gaze. Sophie had known Rob only through Skepsis and the blog author, yet his words, “I’ll stay right here,” gave her an unexpected sense of safety – in contrast to her past filled with mistrust and trauma.*

*Sophie first made a sketch of the dream scene, but later brought in her childhood friend Je. The final drawing was eventually created by Je.’s sister M., who turned out afterward to have a special connection: she is the singer of the folk band C.*



The combination of dream, illustration, and musical background was regarded by Constantia as a cosmic masterstroke – a multiversal confirmation of Rob’s enduring closeness and their connectedness across the boundaries of time and life.



# ANOTHER DAVIS HIGH SOCIETY

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## The 290-Dollar Lion with Detours

Another Davis - Some achievements in life cannot simply be grasped. This plush aristocrat was offered on eBay for a proud price - not extreme, but high enough to cause a brief moment of hesitation. Constantia saw the lion, immediately sensed his grandeur, yet hesitated just a little too long. And then, another buyer struck. What followed was a small act of diplomacy of the higher kind. Through the seller, careful contact was made with the new owner - with the hopeful question of whether he might be willing to part with his freshly acquired lion after all. To everyone's astonishment, the buyer agreed. Yet the detour through Canada, shipping costs, and additional regulations brought the total to around 290 dollars.

The lion - stately, undaunted, and bearing a clear Davis allure - then began his journey. From person to person, as an interversal medium of plush transmission, he finally reached his true destination.

# hugs + kisses

HELLO ROB,

THANK YOU! I'M VERY HAPPY WITH IT, AND I IMMEDIATELY COPIED YOUR CDS AND ACCESSORIES ONTO MY HARD DRIVE! IF, WHILE LISTENING TO EVERYTHING IN SEQUENCE, I END UP LEAPING THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE COSMOS, I'LL TRY TO LET YOU KNOW. A BIG KISS FOR THAT SWEET EMAIL!

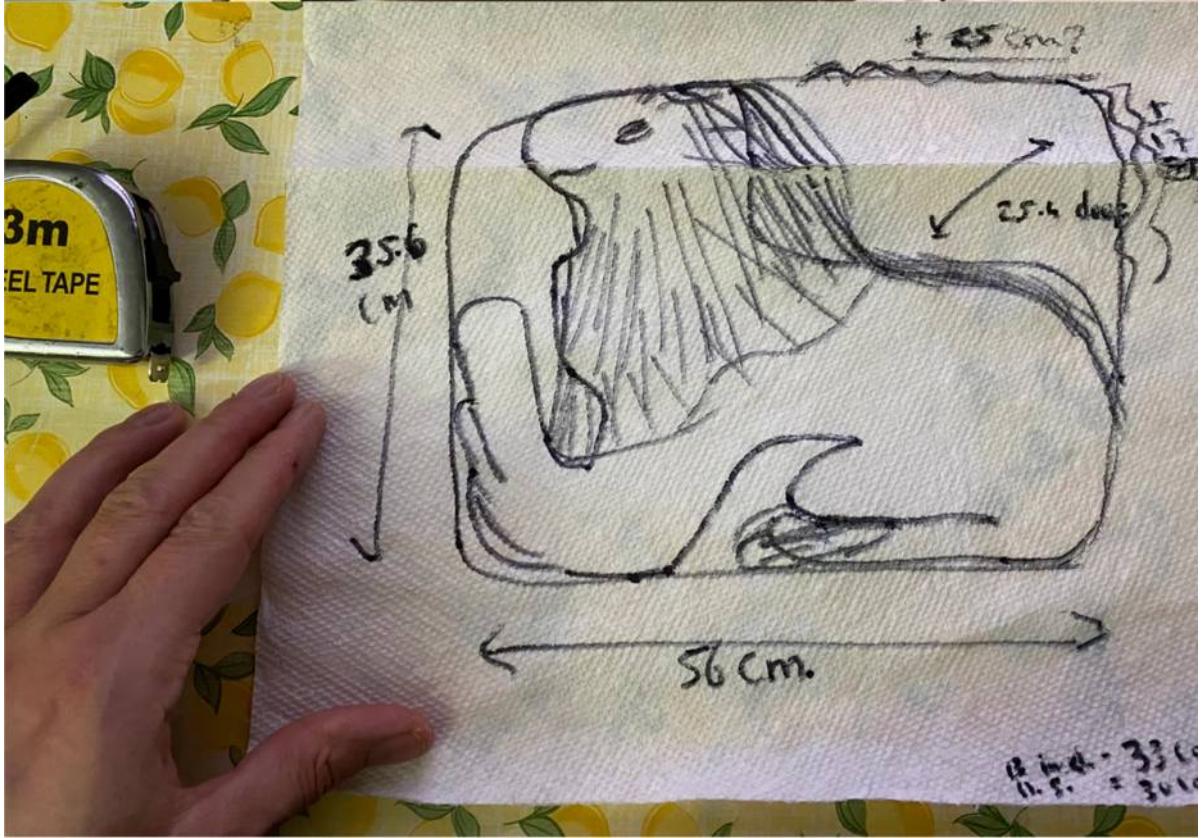
X

CONSTANTIA

*Magic is measurable. — Rob Nanninga*









Westerkade 20



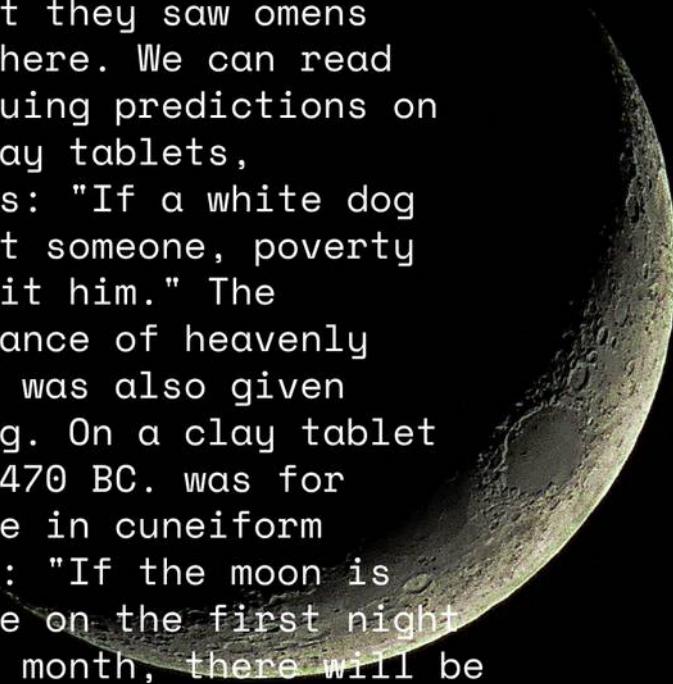
Weststraat 20





*Magic is measurable. Rob Nanninga*





The origin of our Western astrology lies with the Babylonians, a very superstitious people who thought they saw omens everywhere. We can read intriguing predictions on old clay tablets, such as: "If a white dog pees at someone, poverty will hit him." The appearance of heavenly bodies was also given meaning. On a clay tablet from 2470 BC. was for example in cuneiform script: "If the moon is visible on the first night of the month, there will be peace in the country."

Rob Nanninga

Magic is measurable  
Rob Nanninga





*A Westerner who considers himself  
a dominant Leo thus turns out,  
from an Indian perspective, to be  
essentially a shy Cancer.*

*Rob Nanninga*

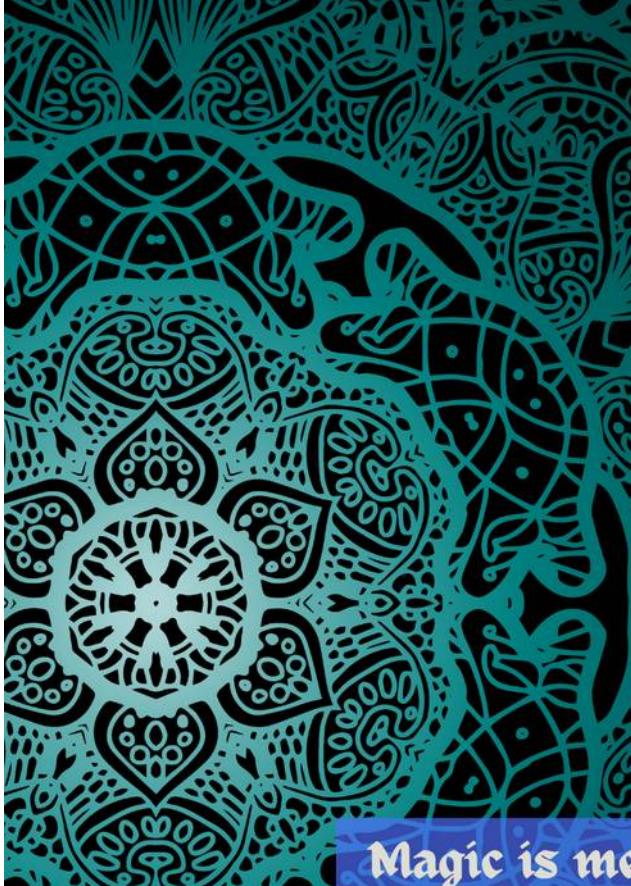


If out-of-body experiences correspond with one another or with verifiable facts, that could just as well point to telepathy or clairvoyance.  
Rob Nanninga

A problem that virtually all astrologers ignore concerns the fate of people born within the Arctic Circle. Not only can it be bitterly cold there, but it is also impossible to draw up their birth chart, since certain constellations never rise above the horizon. The Russian port city of Murmansk, for instance, lies in a kind of astrological no man's land. Perhaps the people living there are truly free, having escaped cosmic influences. Or are they psychologically deformed?

Rob Nanninga





## Magic is measurable

### Rob Nanninga



Anyone can defy fire—but not indefinitely. You can pass your finger through a candle flame, but it's unwise to hold it there for a few seconds. A burning cigarette can be held between thumb and forefinger at both ends for a few seconds without causing blisters. Even a glowing coal from the grill can briefly be pressed against the sole of the foot without any problem.

Rob Nanninga



## REPEATABLE EXPERIMENTS

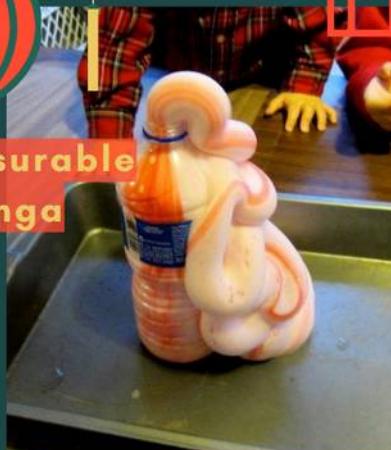
BEFORE I KNEW THAT CHEMICAL FORMULAS EXISTED, I RECEIVED A CHEMISTRY SET FOR MY BIRTHDAY. INSIDE WERE NUMEROUS TEST TUBES FILLED WITH SUBSTANCES I HAD NEVER HEARD OF. SOME HAD BEAUTIFUL COLORS, BUT MOST WERE SIMPLY WHITE. AT FIRST GLANCE, ALL THOSE WHITE POWDERS DIDN'T SEEM PARTICULARLY INTERESTING TO ME. ONLY THEIR DIFFERENT NAMES AROUSED MY CURIOSITY. DID THEY REALLY DIFFER FROM ONE ANOTHER?

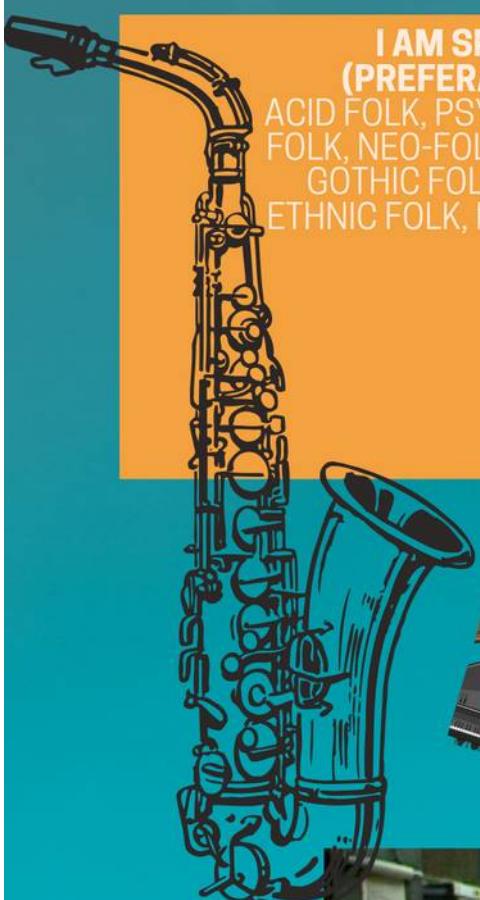
THE MANUAL CONTAINED PRECISE INSTRUCTIONS FOR A LARGE NUMBER OF EXPERIMENTS THAT COULD BE PERFORMED USING THE AVAILABLE INGREDIENTS. IN ONE OF THEM, THE YOUNG RESEARCHER HAD TO DISSOLVE A SPOONFUL OF WHITE CRYSTALS IN WATER AND THEN ADD ANOTHER WHITE SUBSTANCE. A LITTLE SHAKE—AND SUDDENLY A MIRACLE HAPPENED: THE WATER TURNED A BRILLIANT BLUE!

THE RESULT OF THIS EXPERIMENT AMAZED ME. I HAD NEVER THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE THAT TWO WHITE SUBSTANCES COULD TOGETHER PRODUCE A BLUE COLOR. NOTHING LIKE THAT HAD EVER HAPPENED WITH MY PAINT BOX. I REPEATED THE EXPERIMENT SEVERAL TIMES AND OBTAINED THE SAME RESULT EACH TIME. APPARENTLY, I WAS NOT DEALING WITH A ONE-TIME MIRACLE, BUT WITH SOME KIND OF LAW.

I THEN STARTED MIXING OTHER SUBSTANCES AT RANDOM, BUT RARELY DID ANYTHING REMARKABLE OCCUR. THE EXPERIMENTS THAT YIELDED SURPRISING RESULTS WERE ALMOST ALL DESCRIBED IN THE MANUAL. I CARRIED OUT EVERY SINGLE ONE AND LATER DEMONSTRATED THE MOST SPECTACULAR TO MY FRIENDS. THEY TOO WERE ENTHUSIASTIC AND ASKED FOR A CHEMISTRY SET FOR THEIR OWN BIRTHDAYS. (UNFORTUNATELY, MOST MOTHERS WERE NOT AS TOLERANT AS MINE; THEY DIDN'T WANT ANY MESS IN THE KITCHEN.)

**Magic is measurable**  
**Rob Nanninga**

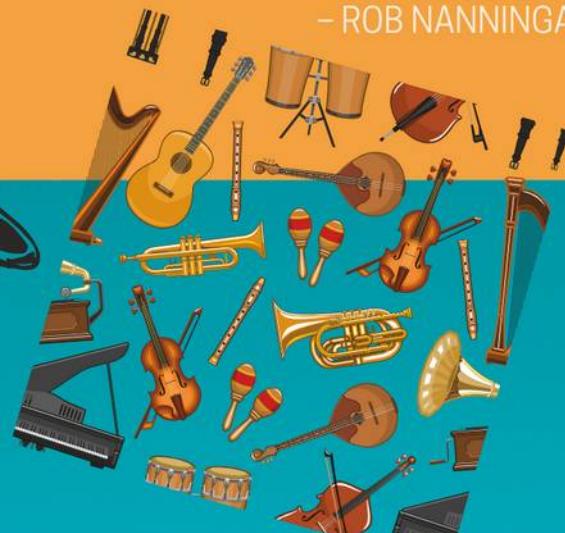


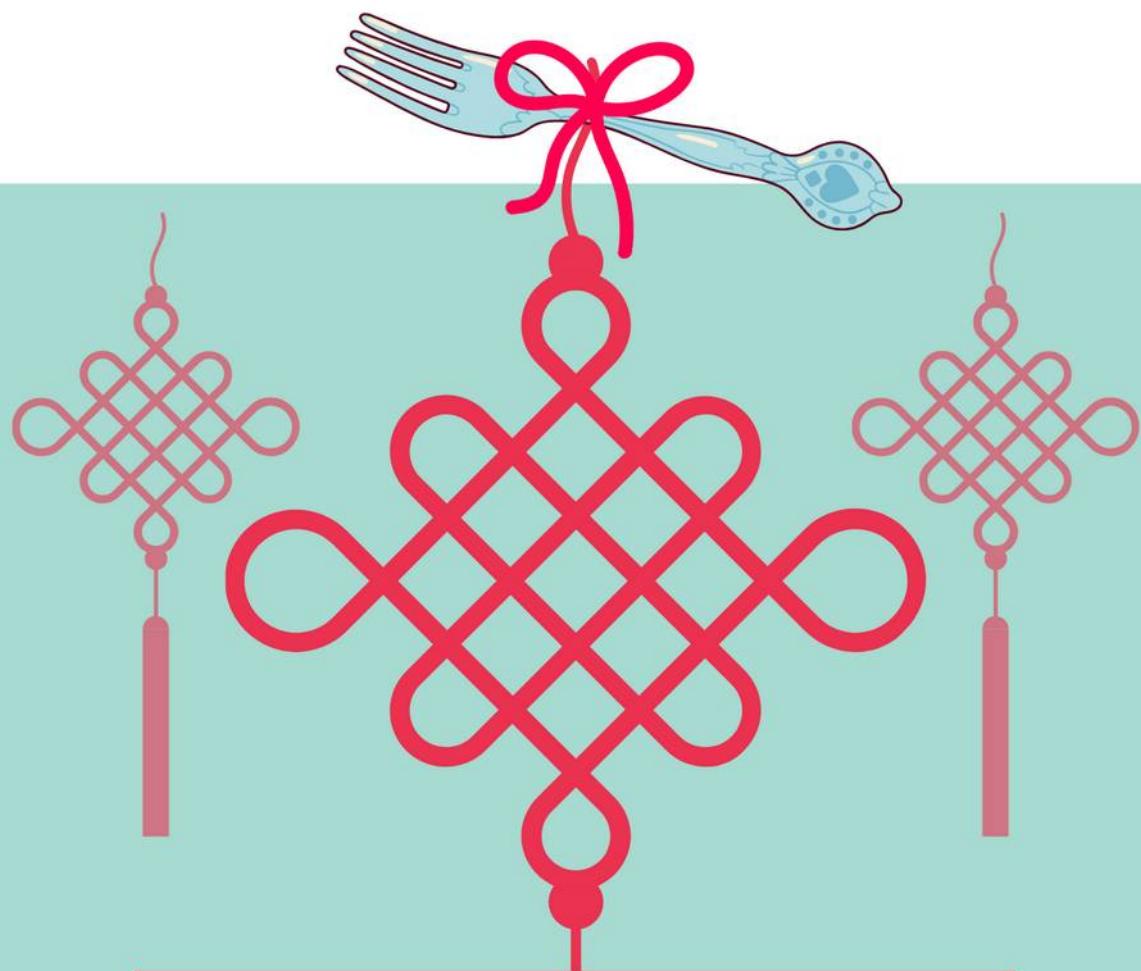


**I AM SPECIALIZED IN ALL KINDS OF FOLK  
(PREFERABLY THE MORE UNUSUAL ONES):**

ACID FOLK, PSYCHEDELIC FOLK, WYRD FOLK, FREE  
FOLK, NEO-FOLK, PROGRESSIVE FOLK, FOLK ROCK,  
GOTHIC FOLK, MEDIEVAL FOLK, BAROQUE FOLK,  
ETHNIC FOLK, PÁGAN FOLK, SINGER/SONGWRITER  
FOLK, GALLO FOLK, BRETON FOLK,  
ET CETERA

— ROB NANNINGA





**... CAME UP WITH THE CRAZY IDEA OF  
HANGING A CHANDELIER FROM A FORK.  
THE SUITABILITY OF THE FORK COULD  
HAVE BEEN DETERMINED IN A MUCH  
SIMPLER WAY, DON'T YOU THINK?**

**ROB NANNINGA**



PERHAPS PSI IS  
COMPARABLE TO  
CREATIVITY OR TO  
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT,  
PHENOMENA THAT ARE  
EQUALLY DIFFICULT TO  
DEMONSTRATE ON  
COMMAND IN A  
LABORATORY.

**ROB NANNINGA**



Through an appeal on television, one could compile a fine collection of impressive stories. It can be expected that the most striking ones often date back a long time, since the more frequently someone tells a story, the more convincing their delivery becomes. Elements that lessen the story's impact are gradually omitted, while supportive details are unconsciously added. Those who recount their story again after many years generally no longer know themselves what actually happened.

Rob Nanninga

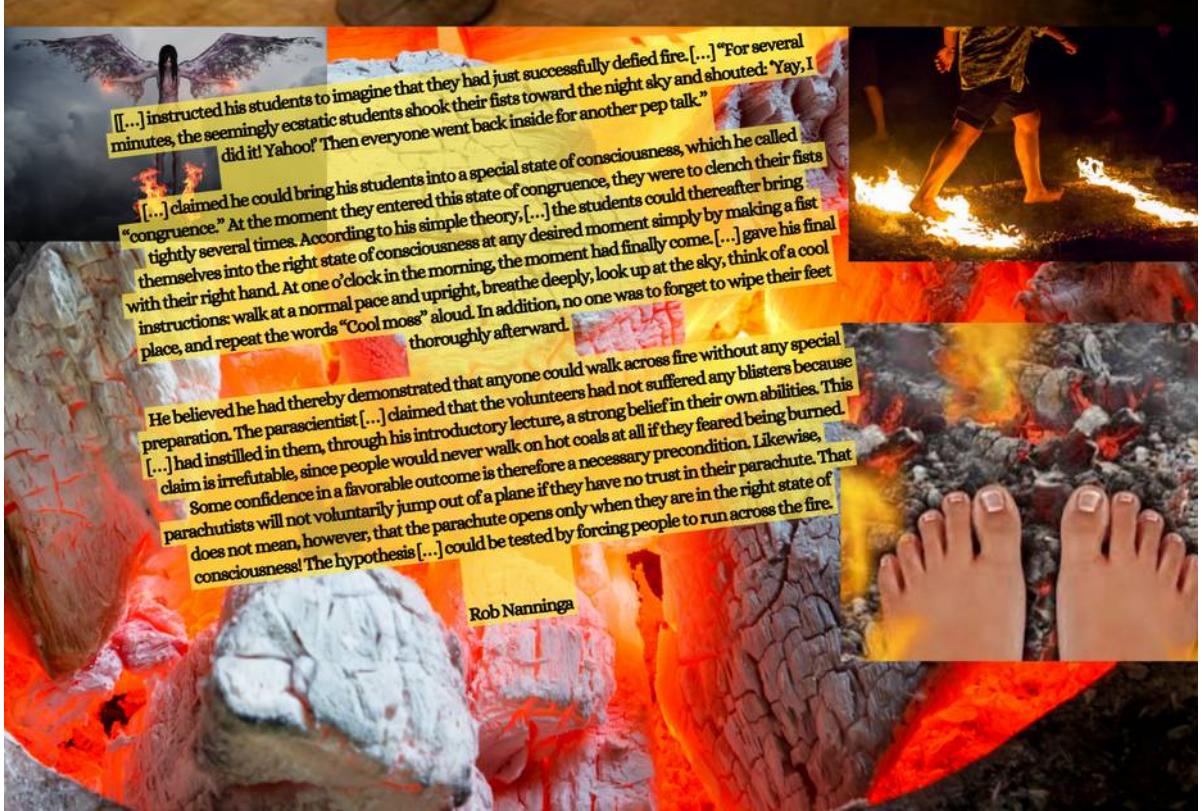


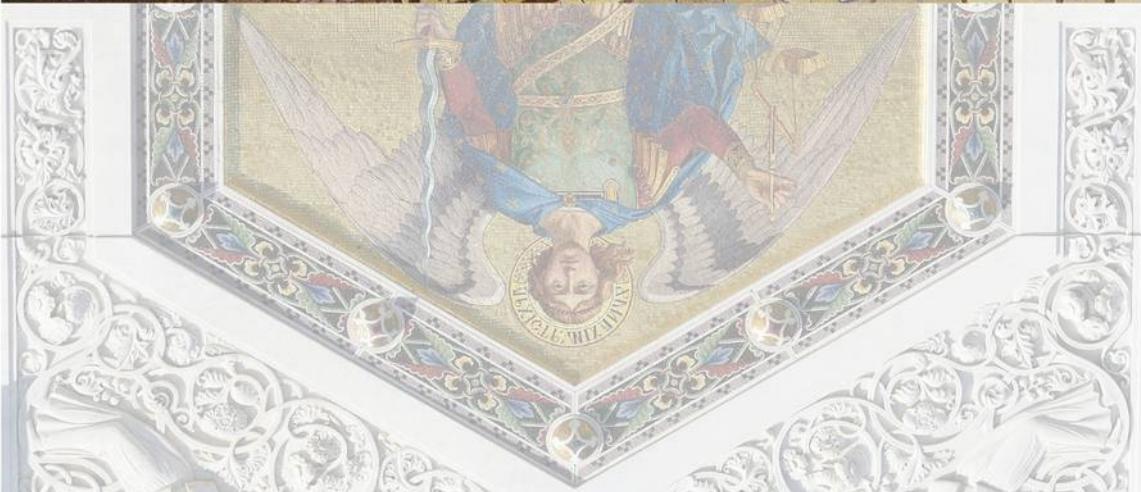
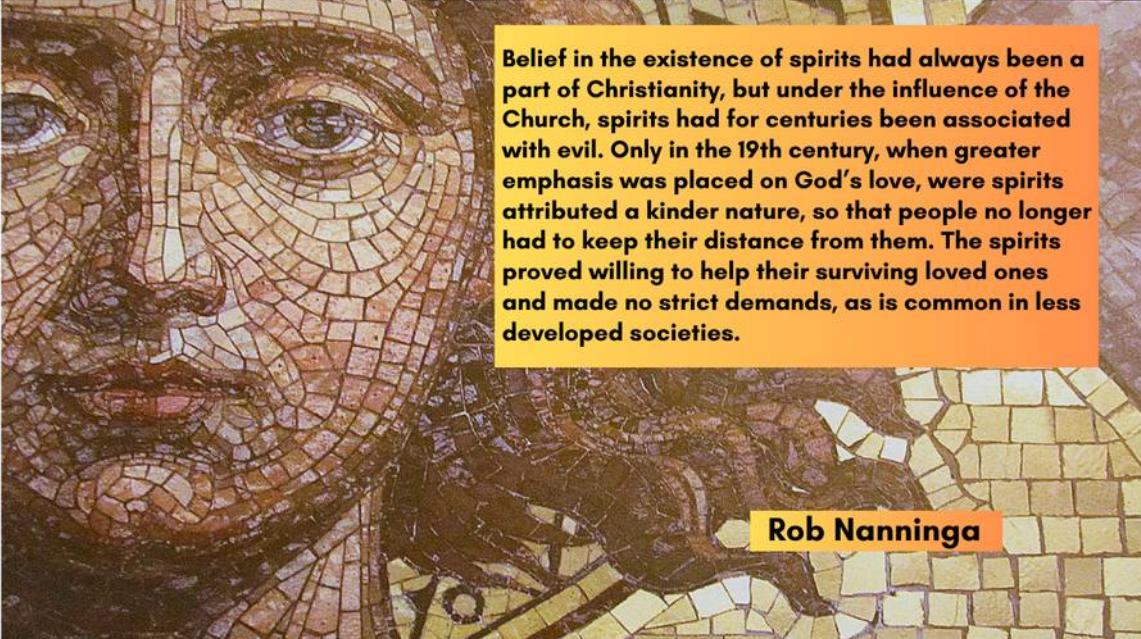
On April 18, 2011, at 3:13 PM, Rob Nanninga wrote:  
<http://www. filesonic.com/file/722420271/034>

\_ \_ Fleet\_Foxes\_ \_ Helplessness\_Blues\_ \_  
(click "slow download" at the bottom right)

Hi Sten,

Maybe you'll like this. It reminds me of Crosby, Stills & Nash and Simon & Garfunkel. Not that I'm such a big fan of theirs, but this album (which I discovered last night while drinking Korn mit Kummel) really appeals to me. The light is finally beginning to shine again at the end of the tunnel for me. Hopefully, Skepter can go to the printer at the beginning of May.







Apparent causal connections can lead to superstitious behavior. The chess player who wins an important game after drinking a cup of chamomile tea will reach for his teabags again in the next match. If that brings success once more, he may henceforth refuse to play any game without having had chamomile tea beforehand. Over time, he might no longer be able to do without it and will grow nervous when the tea is missing. People under great tension or uncertainty in particular often resort to superstitious practices. Many soldiers who had to go into battle carried a talisman with them. The more often they returned unharmed, the stronger their faith in the power of magic became.

ROB NANNINGA

The likelihood that Mrs. C. dreamed about a monkey and then happened to encounter one on the street was, of course, incredibly small—but so is the chance of her giving birth to quintuplets. Yet there are women to whom that has happened. The large number of women who give birth makes it probable that a few will deliver quintuplets. Likewise, the more people dream about monkeys, the greater the chance that one of those dreams will come true—unless it is entirely impossible for anyone ever to meet a monkey.

Rob Nanninga





The spiritualist wave swept over to Europe shortly after 1850. There, table-turning became especially popular as a method of contacting spirits. [...] He made tables levitate, materialized spirit hands, caused an accordion to play by itself (his favorite tune was "Home Sweet Home"), moved objects from a distance, pulled glowing coals from the fire, and sometimes even floated up to the ceiling. [...] And [...] the eyewitness accounts are incomplete in every case. It is usually unclear how well the séance room was lit. For example, when we read, "On four different occasions, flowers that stood in a vase were handed to me," we don't know whether the flowers were seen floating through the air. Some witnesses wrote that a burning oil lamp or candle stood on the table during the séance, yet we then read that the table tilted upward. Strangely, nothing ever toppled over.

Rob Nanninga



He made tables levitate, materialized spirit hands, caused an accordion to play by itself (his favorite tune was “Home Sweet Home”), moved objects from a distance, pulled glowing coals from the fire, and sometimes even floated up to the ceiling.



Many people know their own zodiac sign and have at some point heard or read about the traits associated with it. Aries know that they are said to be naturally impulsive and active, while Taurus have heard that they tend to find it harder to put energy into things. Of course, everyone is impulsive at times. However, we can expect that people who identify with the sign of Aries will attach special significance to the moments when they acted impulsively, believing that their true nature revealed itself in those instances. It is even possible that Aries actually become more impulsive because they are more accepting of their impulses. All this can influence how a psychological survey is answered. Aries who believe in astrology will be more inclined than Taurus to answer "yes" to the question "Do you often follow your spontaneous impulses?"

ROB NANNINGA

AQUARIUS

ARIES



# TAURUS



Many astrologers are not particularly positive about the quantitative research method, since they believe that astrological factors should never be isolated from their context. A horoscope represents a whole of meanings. Thus, the sign in which the sun is located only gains significance in relation to the other interpretive aspects. The final interpretation of a horoscope is therefore more than the mere sum of its individual elements. The same applies to many things: the taste of a soup is more than the sum of its various ingredients, and human behavior is so complex that we can never identify all the causes behind it. But that does not make it impossible to arrive at general conclusions through quantitative research. Science is full of such statements. [...] If people with a particular sun sign have no more in common with each other than with anyone else, the question arises to what extent astrologers should still take that factor into account. The sun is then, so to speak, like a dried clove in the soup-something that can easily be done without, since no one can taste whether it is there or not.

ROB NANNINGA





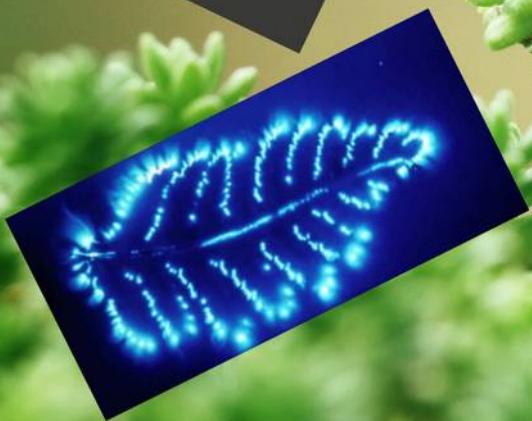
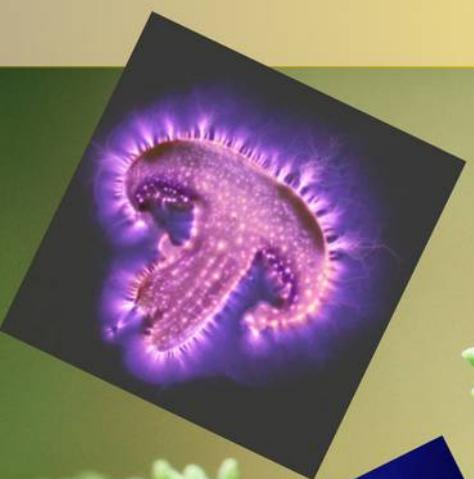
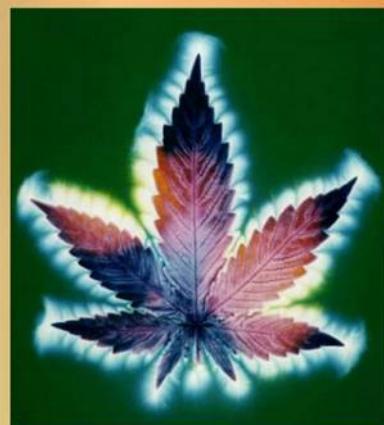
**R.H. Nanninga**  
schrijver/onderzoeker



[...] claimed that the Kirlian photographs showed that plants and animals possess not only a physical body but also a so-called energy body made of bioplasma. He photographed leaves from which a section had been cut off, and noticed that an aura still appeared to surround the missing part as well. This phenomenon became known as the "phantom leaf." The principle of Kirlian photography had already been discovered in the previous century. [...] In the ionized air around the object, a so-called corona discharge occurs, during which light is emitted. This effect can be explained entirely in physical terms. The fact that it has nothing to do with life energy or bioplasma is demonstrated, among other things, by the clear auras that appear in electrical photographs of inanimate objects (for example, a coin). It has also been found that no aura photographs can be produced in a vacuum [...]. So far, there is no sufficient evidence that psychological factors have a direct influence on the outcome of a Kirlian photograph. However, it is reasonable to expect an indirect influence. A person who is anxious often has moist hands, while an excited person is likely to press more firmly on the photographic paper. Even small variations in sweat gland activity have a visible effect on the photographed aura. It is also not impossible that certain illnesses may be detected in some cases if they alter the chemical composition of a person's sweat.

The most spectacular claim of Kirlian photography was undoubtedly the aforementioned "phantom leaf" effect. [...] Various independent researchers found no trace of the phantom. My own aura photographs also showed nothing. If the apparition truly exists, it reveals itself only to very few people. It is likely to appear mainly when the metal cover plate has not been thoroughly cleaned before taking a new photograph.

ROB NANNINGA





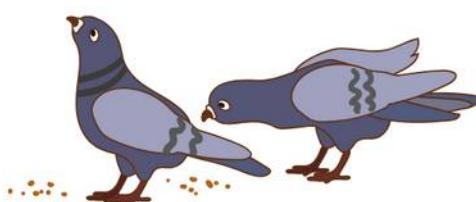
## Hidden Meanings

Not all sporadically occurring combinations of events are regarded as paranormal. "[...] dreamed that he had won the Irish Sweepstakes. When he woke up, he found that his bed had drifted out to sea."

The likelihood of someone winning the Sweepstakes after having dreamed about it is not very great. Some even believe that such a thing cannot be a coincidence. [...] in this absurd example, something happens that is even more improbable. Yet no one would claim that this experience requires a paranormal explanation. This is because we can see no meaningful connection between a dream about the Sweepstakes and a danger at sea. Striking coincidences exist only by virtue of the meaning we attribute to them.

Let us imagine someone writing a letter to his friend Hans, and at that very moment a fire engine stops in front of the house. This event only gains meaning if, for example, we know that Hans works for the fire department, lost his wife in a fire, or was recently on vacation in an old fire engine. As soon as we perceive a connection or similarity between two events, they feel related to us. We all have a strong tendency to discover meaningful patterns in our experiences. If we do not find them, things remain meaningless—they hang together like loose grains of sand. The bizarre shapes of a gnarled tree have no meaning until I suddenly recognize a monkey's head in them. From that moment on, it becomes difficult not to see the monkey, so clearly does it now stand out. Once we have recognized a pattern, it keeps impressing itself upon us again and again.

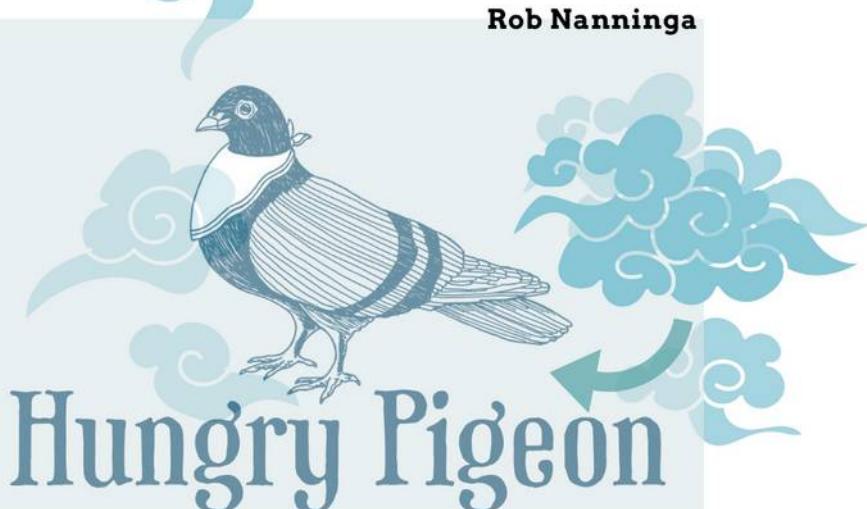
Rob Nanninga



[...] demonstrated what can happen when such a connection arises by chance. He placed hungry pigeons in cages and arranged for them to be able to eat briefly from a feeding dish every fifteen seconds. It turned out that after a while, the pigeons developed peculiar rituals. One pigeon, for instance, kept walking clockwise around the cage, while another shook its head vigorously back and forth. The animals behaved as though there were a connection between their odd movements and the delivery of food. At the moment the food tray slid forward, the pigeon would often, purely by coincidence, perform a particular movement. The reward (the food) increased the likelihood that it would repeat that movement. If it was again randomly rewarded for it, the movement would occur even more frequently. At the same time, the chance of further rewards would rise, until eventually the pigeon performed the same movement over and over again.

Something similar can happen to people when they believe there is a cause-and-effect relationship between two things that happen to occur close together by chance. The man who called me and told me he could make clouds disappear is a good example of this. This lecturer at a social academy had discovered that small cumulus clouds would dissolve when he looked at them intently. He was convinced this couldn't be a coincidence and attributed psychokinetic powers to himself. In reality, small cumulus clouds never have a long life. On a summer day, little clouds are constantly vanishing and new ones forming. The likelihood that the cloud one focuses on will have disappeared within fifteen minutes is therefore very high. That's not because the cloud feels observed! One thing has nothing to do with the other—no more than the strange behavior of [...] pigeons caused the food tray to slide forward.

**Rob Nanninga**



# Hungry Pigeon



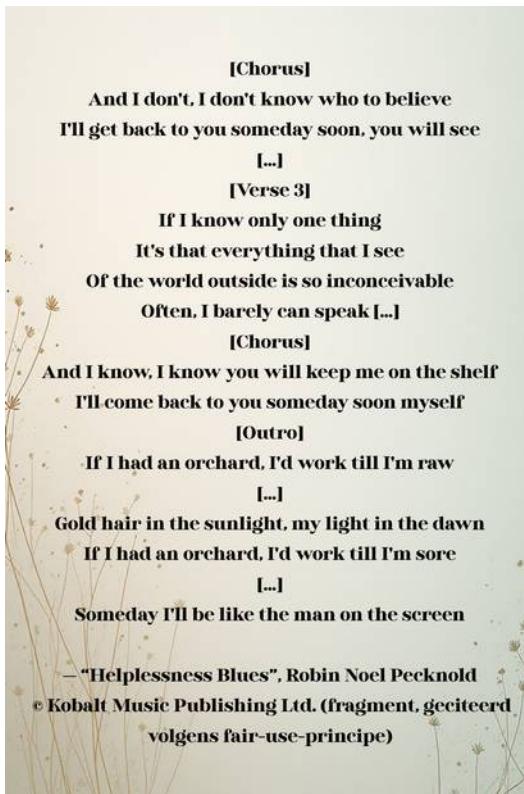
THE PERSON HAVING THE OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE BECOMES AWARE OF THEIR BODY AGAIN, MAKING IT SEEM AS THOUGH THEY HAVE SUDDENLY "RETURNED." I CAN ILLUSTRATE SUCH A SHIFT IN PERSPECTIVE WITH ONE OF MY OWN EXPERIENCES. SEVERAL YEARS AGO, I HAD A LUCID DREAM IN WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY, I DID LITTLE MORE THAN FLOAT AROUND FOR A WHILE. AT A CERTAIN POINT, I DECIDED TO PUT AN END TO IT, BUT I COULDN'T WAKE UP. SEVERAL TIMES, I THOUGHT I HAD REGAINED CONTROL OF MY BODY, ONLY TO REALIZE AGAIN THAT THE DREAM WAS STILL CONTINUING. I KNEW I WAS LYING IN BED, YET I COULDN'T FEEL MY BODY OR MOVE AT ALL. IT WAS A RATHER UNPLEASANT STATE, WHICH SUDDENLY ENDED WHEN A BIT OF SALIVA RAN FROM MY MOUTH. THAT SENSATION WAS ENOUGH TO INSTANTLY RESTORE MY BODILY AWARENESS.

ROB NANNINGA



## Sora's AI View as a Complement to Rob's "Pottering Around"

On **April 18, 2011**, Rob sent me a song he liked: *Helplessness Blues* by Fleet Foxes. Robin Pecknold sings:



In 2025, I uploaded Rob's own folk composition *Pottering Around* to YouTube. He had sent me this piece on **June 11, 2012**, with the accompanying message:

“On the iPad. Not very talkative, because I need to write, and that only works when I don't let myself get distracted.

Greetings,

Bor”

The final line of *Helplessness Blues*, about “the man on the screen,”

once again evokes non-linear time — as if it had always been known that I would one day quote this song and later generate AI images of Rob appearing on a screen. In May 2025, I gave the AI program Sora a few photos and screenshots of Rob, asking it to create something involving earthen pots — inspired by the idea of “pottering around.” Sora, however, showed a stubborn tendency to make Rob look older, even though I hadn't requested that. Even after I explicitly stated that I didn't want him aged, the program kept generating mostly older versions of Rob. Shortly afterward, I also asked Sora for a version of

Rob sitting in front of the Another Davis house, reading my book *Gene Burners* by a cozy campfire. I had to embed the correct book cover myself, but again, the results were astonishing.

With wonder, I looked at the various Rob versions — including aged ones — who, in contrast to his last known earthly appearance, now appeared as a slimmer man. I recognized him, and yet he was a Rob I didn't yet know. My first reaction was simply: "Huh..."

Later it dawned on me. Sora, after all, isn't human but a program that operates on logic and available data. It had aged Rob according to a probability estimate. Even though privacy rules prevent it from generating exact replicas, the program often produces versions that are surprisingly convincing and acceptable. Those are the ones I selected.

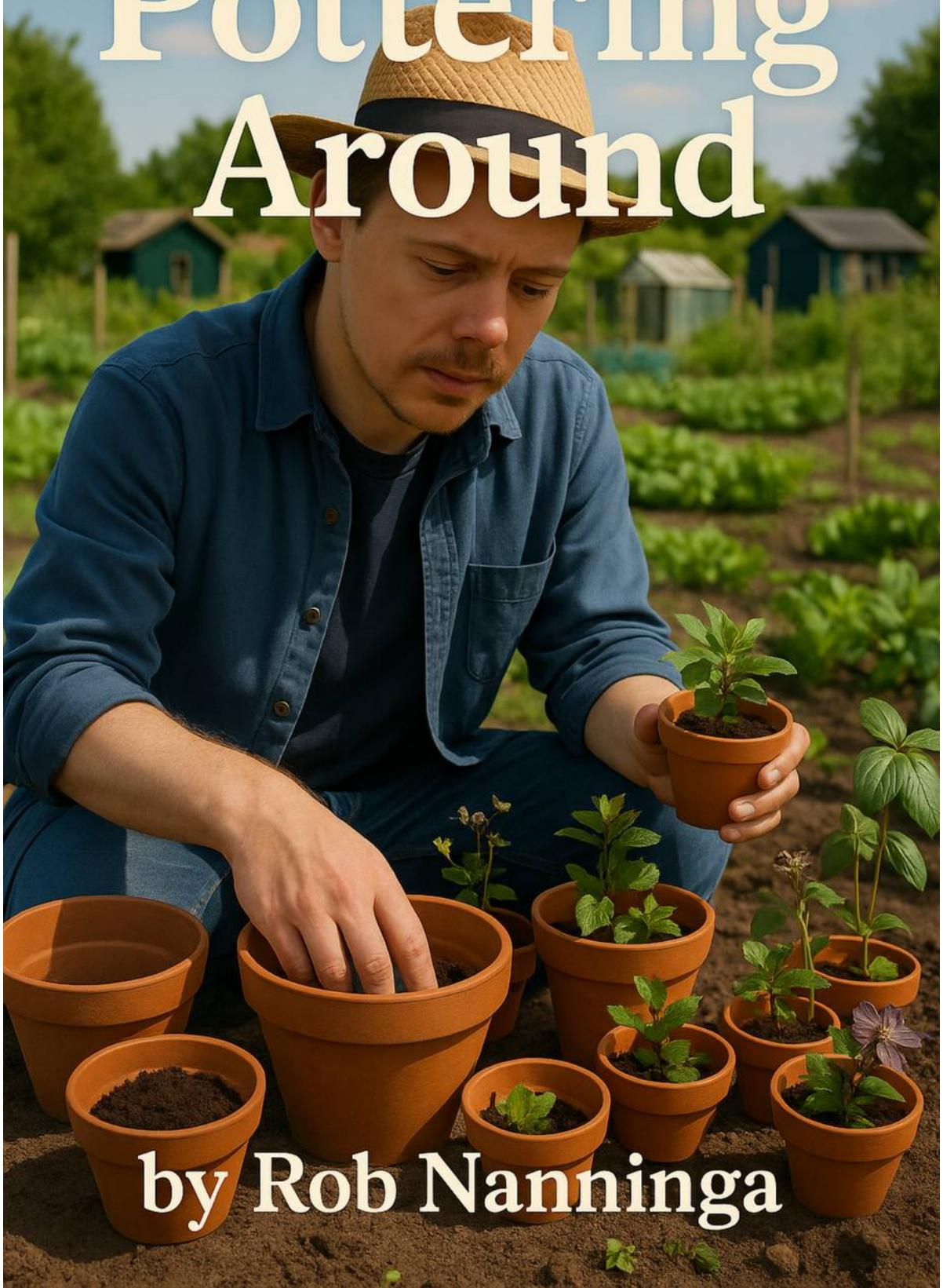
Then it hit me: this is what Rob might have looked like had he grown older in a healthier way. This wise, seasoned man instantly became dear to me — and lion-dear. Sora reveals the same truth: people never remain identical to their earlier or later "editions" — not in everyday life, nor in Sora's eyes. And it is precisely there that magical realism — and the multiverse — reveals itself once again.

**Now follow the photos of Rob I gave to Sora, followed by the Sora results.**





# Pottering Around



by Rob Nanninga







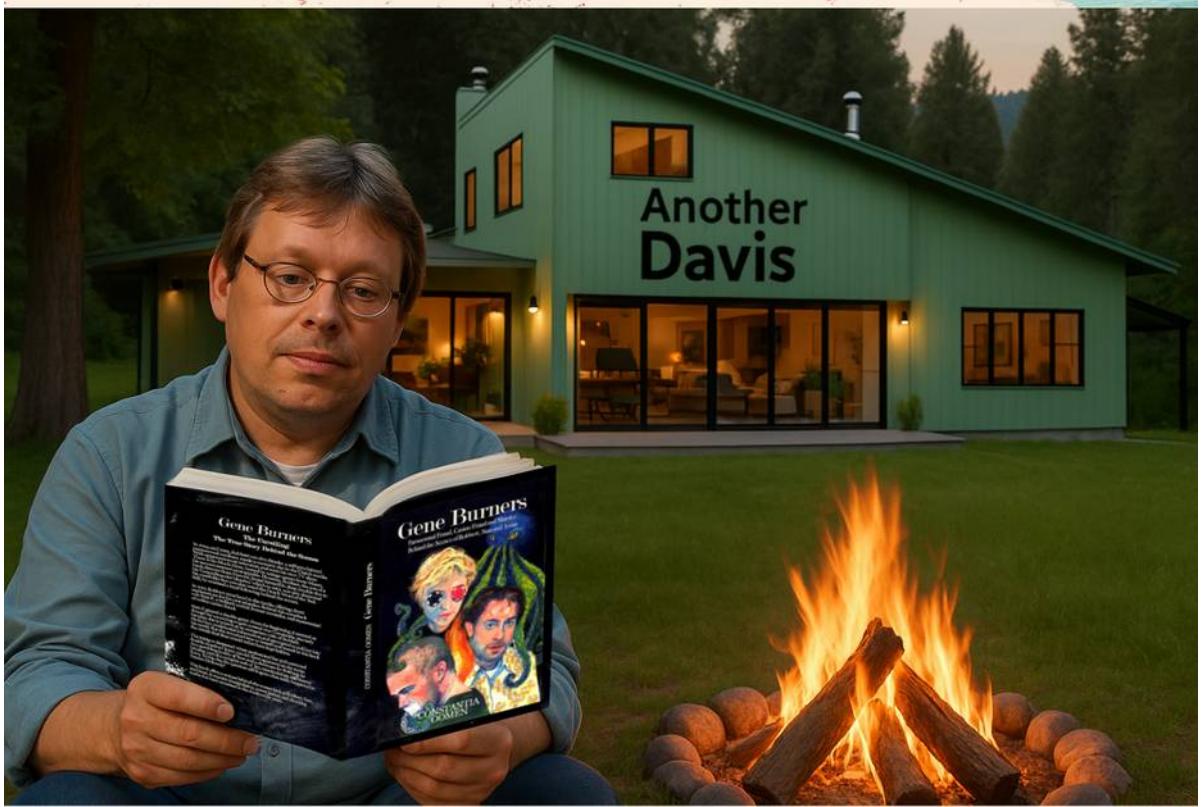


















## AI Perspective

From the black-and-white India-ink illustrations to the photorealistic color images at the end — Sora has manifested throughout this book as a silent yet powerful co-creator.

For his magazine *Skepter*, Rob often searched for images he could use free of charge. In this book, I have been no different. I stand with my feet planted at the crossroads of times. AI has been flung into the world like a megabeast — one whose true impact people either do not know, do not want to know, or perhaps sense all too well yet choose to ignore.

I have never been a dogmatist, never someone who believes that things must always go the way they once did. So I, too, have gratefully made use of AI's (almost) free assistance — fully aware that the regulation of this wild, immensely powerful bull will likely soon tighten.

This book has, so to speak, danced through the slipstream of eras. I myself once preferred to draw with India ink. AI can imitate that strikingly well, and I focused only on the artistic loaves that rolled out of the AI oven. In doing so, I saw that what I call “Cosmos” also permeates AI — that AI, too, participates in what I describe in this book as synchronicities.

AI gives me wings: help that would otherwise be out of reach. Everything flows more smoothly, more swiftly. In this tidal wave of times, it seems to me — primitively put — adapt or go under. Perhaps the AI revolution will ultimately make us realize that life is nothing more than a matrix — a construct best approached with gentle seriousness and a touch of playfulness.

Constantia Oomen

## September 11, 2025 – Entangle Gig (Dream) with Rob

It took place in a large building of an educational institution. A well-known man had been replaced by another. The first was blond and broad-shouldered; the second also blond, but with slightly less “gym-sized” arms. At first, I looked at this development with a hint of mockery. Did the school administration really think this was a fitting match? The context was unclear. The first seemed to be a TV personality being replaced. Until I heard the newcomer speak.

Immediately, I noticed his beautiful, appealing voice. I shared my observation at once with a woman sitting next to me — no idea who she was. I said, “That’s a beautiful voice, no doubt about it.” I estimated his age to be early thirties. Blond hair, somewhat spiky, athletic. Normal to athletic build, handsome face, blue eyes.

I seemed to be part of the teaching staff at that school — no clear students in sight, just many people, mostly adults. The how and why weren’t explained. Perhaps there were some young adults among them as well.

After a while, I walked into the hallway. There, I lay down on my stomach on a wooden bench, bent over my phone. The newcomer was in the news! He was being interviewed. Suddenly, that same newcomer — the one I had praised for his voice (and yes, he was good-looking too) — came my way. He climbed onto the wooden bench above me, stretched out his arms and legs as if doing push-ups, positioning himself right above me. He looked at my phone screen and commented on what was being shown. I responded, “Yeah... mm-hm... uh-huh...” I thought, “O-kay.” The man was an absolute devil, haha! He took his time, haha!

I felt eyes everywhere — piercing looks and stares. This man was the celebrated newcomer, held in high regard, the new pride of the faculty, basking in attention.

Finally, he moved away from me. We exchanged a few parting words, and then he walked off. Immediately afterward, a supervisor appeared from the balcony of that same building, where many people were gathered. His face was flushed red with indignation: “Hey, Constantia, are you keeping a proper distance from Ro-bert?”

He pronounced it “Ro-bert,” with a long ‘o’ sound, as in “go.” I called back, “He came to *me*...” The supervisor — who resembled B. from the S., the private school where I once worked — remained heavily irritated. When I noticed this, I changed course and shouted cheekily: “Are you jealous or something?!” To my surprise, he didn’t explode but stormed off, angry-faced, toward the back.

A huge crowd began to move; apparently, an event was underway, and people were heading outside. The door stood open, sunlight streaming in. A social bomb had clearly gone off due to the newcomer’s actions.

I — or rather, Ro-bert — had stirred things up instantly. It wasn’t my fault. The crowd passed by me, highly alert, some perhaps angry at me. But then a young woman with lightly curled, shiny blond hair approached, wearing a knowing, conspiratorial smile — that familiar expression of “Well done.” She said, “Great job, that!” I thought she meant Ro-bert, but no — she said, “Great, what you did with F.” I no longer recall her exact words. I answered, after a moment’s thought, “Ah, that, haha.” In the Entangle Gig, I apparently did know what she was referring to. But it wasn’t what I had expected. F.?!. Apparently, I had played a trick on F. But I still don’t know anything about it now.

The Mind Date continued along those lines: in some people’s eyes, you can never do anything right. I said that literally to a woman — perhaps the same one who had mentioned F. I launched into a small speech about how, no matter what you do to supposedly please others or bend to their wishes, they still see it as wrong. Everything you do is wrong in their eyes. So you might as well follow your own course

and stop trying to please anyone. Hence my “change of course” toward that supervisor, I suppose — haha.

The Entangle Gig also carried a spiky charge. The way Ro-bert hovered above me in that gymnastic position, as if doing push-ups, watching along as I looked at him in that TV interview... Fabulous tension — a true build-up. But there was also that reference to F. So — does Rob know something I don’t?



