

Not my thing usually, but I must admit that I have written a few kind of poems in that period – in Dutch, originally. It shows something of my state of mind at the time. I was not so much busy with myself any more, but rather with, in short, the Light Touching the Dark, with Surrender of Pain in Recognition of ‘Me’ – even though I knew very well that ‘the Light’ here had to be Purified deeper yet by Truth Itself in order to deserve that name, that the Inner Process had to and did continue.

Know 15-4-1999

*I let you twist and turn in misery
Make you fear, helpless in the unknown
Make you smell everything that's nasty
Plunge you into your deepest crisis*

*I give you slaps in your face till you
Direct your entire Being at Me
Grant you no felicity in the dark
Being jaded in a covered way*

*Be grateful to Me, faithful to Me
Be My lover, man and woman
Become transparent, fluid
Know for good ... I Love you*

Untitled (not meant as a poem anyway)

*I am the Bringer of the Light
In disguise of a human being
See continuously My face
And your real wish will come*

Leave yourself to me 14-5-1999

*All that's left is to touch you
All that's left is to awaken you
Gently or brutishly disturb your sleep
Let you hear Me lastingly
Day and night and without end
Till your last fear has been sapped
Let Me break your ivory tower down
Me soak you in My Love
Grant Me yet your deepest pain
Let Me be for ever in you now.*

Homage to a tear 14-5-1999

*Scoff at God as much as you want
Swear and bawl and rage, ejaculate
Give a loose to your foolish lusts
Eat what's rotten and be proud*

*Spit and shout and shit on everything
Forget the fear, all diffidence
Don't be half but wholly wrong
Go, unstoppable in your hate*

*Be in distress, utter distress
Exploit and exploit the Evil
And, somewhere far at the end
Something unknown is opening*

*Rise and climb, higher than you can
Breathe in all the air, everything is yours
Fly so false and ugly, sneer!*

*Dance vulgarly, look mean
And then be smashed, gloriously*

*Descend now deep into the earth
Beg for death and mercy
Burn yourself terribly with fire
Until spontaneous tears*

*Will extinguish without fight
One is yet sufficiently true
To quench the entire hell
To believe in My Love*

[From Notebook for enlightenment retreat]

I'll be enlightened. That's the only thing that is certain. It is just like when 6 and ½ years ago I knew and only that: I'm in love.

It is interesting to start writing now already, to describe the process that lead me to enlightenment, now that I'm not yet enlightened.

In fact, before this longest retreat up to then, I was not really busy with becoming enlightened. I didn't *want* to become enlightened. It was not that I read some stories of masters and concluded: I'd like that too, that seems to be a cool state to me, probably the coolest one can be in.

I hadn't been a kid who wanted to have the same or another toy when another kid had one. The fact that he or she had the toy was just a fact. The fact made no connection with 'me'. It wasn't telling me that, apparently, I did not have the toy. Grown up, I was still like that. If some people appeared to be enlightened, as seemed to be the case if you believed the stories, I was not triggered to become that as well – unless it was only Natural, unless nothing was more Natural than that.

I was not especially attracted to being for always in the Eternal Light of Paradise without problems, although, it is true, around that time I already had a strong Impulse to

Discover, Live, Be all the Planes of Existence. I was not against Enlightenment therefore. It seemed to be a natural part of the whole Human Tragedy and probably not the worst part.

No, I was in itself not busy with becoming enlightened. I just Knew I would be. That's something else. I could neutrally observe how at that time a Force was Taking me Over, was Ending me – and there seemed nothing to be done about it, if I had wanted that.

If you believe in the possibility of enlightenment at all, you will wonder: how does he know for certain that he will be enlightened. There is no answer. I Know. Reality is as she is, I have nothing to add to that. I can only be Open for reality. I feel an unlimited trust, an endless sea of love into which I have plunged just now. Sometimes I put a little toe in it, for a moment.

I Know. I feel, innermost, the very deepest place: I Am Drawn to It, to the Great Love, to the Unity everyone Beyond themselves longs for and which is prior to and beyond the longing, the Oneness with everything and everyone, I am Drawn to the Infinite Consciousness, to the Incessant Happiness, to the Peace, to the Total Presence, to the Light, to the One Energy where all and everyone do not exist, to the One and Only Reality, to the Quiet Truth.

To be Able to, Freely, Go Back into and Be in Duality and Meditate its Painfulness I had to Know the One indeed, the One Side – even though, in itself, this was not the Oneness of Oneness and Duality That I didn't Know yet, the ignorance of which was not in the last place there because no one Knew It yet. This also meant that later, soon later, I wouldn't use some words any more, like the 'Incessant Happiness' or 'Peace', even though I Knew still what they Meant and why masters and teachers used them, usually them not Knowing and Accepting the Other Side as Integral Part of the Inseparable Reality.

I don't do anything. I don't need to do a thing any more, nothing, to be enlightened. It goes of itself. The Force is active through me, just as through everyone. Only, somehow I am allowed to see that it's not necessary to stop, to block the Force, the Energy. It's allowed to completely take possession of me. I Surrender. Unlike others, I don't need an ego any more to keep myself up. The entire ego is a senseless imagining, a non-existent something. In a contracted way, by the head, like grim death, one stops the life-energy. In reality, the only thing that can be 'done', is stopping doing.

I feel grateful. Grateful to all yogis, enlightened souls before me who have worked and suffered for us, including me. The only thing I can offer in return is to recognize them and to open myself, to bow for 'their' Truth, for their realization of the human Potential.

This evening I cried when I heard the tear-jerking part of the third album of Enigma with the great choir. And just now I cried once again. This second time happened when I

pronounced the name Babaji – just one time pronouncing it was enough. It is strange but true. I read about him in the autobiography of Yogananda. I recently started reading this book and, now already, it appears to be a lovely book. It reveals how important the style of writing and speaking is, even though it is obvious that it is in fact about the person behind the words. With Yogananda you taste and feel his Love emerging from his words and sentences – they go straight to your heart – as if it is just the most normal, but touching, thing in the world; well, not speaking here about this rough world. Love's the only thing there is. The rest is an error. A misunderstanding. Ignorance. An anaesthesia. A narrowing of Consciousness, of the One Consciousness in, from and because of which everyone lives.

It is weird. For I don't know that Babaji at all. But well, who am I to decide who I know and who not. It makes me somehow think of Satya – that's how I called Angela – who kept saying that she hoped that, now that she showed herself so much, I would also show myself more. As if my emotions – that's what she meant, it seemed – would be Me. When I show 'Nothing', when I am a Mirror, completely, I do show Myself, totally, Satya. What more can you want, girl?

Safety... I know, I know. Safety that doesn't exist. Hope... this doesn't have a ground in reality either. Infatuation ... that is silly and not real.

The Ego wants an equal relationship, instead of Truth. I had gone through the shit, the whole emotional drama of Woman as my own. I survived. I resurrected. And now it was up to Woman to, finally, Show Herself. From a Deeper Perspective it didn't matter that the Body of Woman changed into another one. Why should I keep repeating the drama if I had fully seriously gone through it. Because it would make little Angela feel safe(r). But she'd better respect the Truth, the Mirror of us all. Then she could have grown very quickly and deeply into My Heart. But something in her – the Egoic Force – preferred to have a normal relationship, the normal dramas from both sides (or: the man unconsciously reacting to one side of Woman's Dual Drama and being catapulted and positioned into Her other Side), without Consciousness Present. Instead of being – possibly extremely – happy that finally finally a man has (almost completely) made it through the hell and myriad of Woman's Drama, she wanted to put me back in the place where man was manipulable. I couldn't even call it a test any more, whether I would bow for Angela's manipulation and for her not accepting Me as I Am. The whole show – of man and woman in the Dark – was just gone; like it or not, Angela. I was no longer available for the Drama in the dark.

In Truth Man and Woman are not equal – people tend to confuse it with having the self-evident right for equal human rights. This Divine Nature of inequality ‘should’ finally, sooner or later, be Respected. Whatever they do in society and in their family situation, on a deeper level, in the Process of Man and Woman, They have *different* roles and there’s absolutely nothing wrong with this. There’s nothing wrong with Nature. That Miss Ego cannot accept this – ever – is something else. One Side of Woman Wants Man to be in the same drama, the same confusion as Her, so that Her Darkness stays uncovered, unenlightened. A confused man cannot See Woman, Her hidden Dark Force, its self-centeredness. Miss Ego presents itself as reasonable. It was reasonable to demand that I’d show myself more, to ‘lower’ myself as well, if and when she did this as well – reasonable, yet not vulnerable. I had Something Else to Give. If Angela would give, show herself, this were great. Then I could – finally – Show the Selfless That Takes the Pain of the ‘self’ into His Heart and sets it free. Woman, however, was attached to keeping things in the Dark, to not setting the pain free, or at least not too much of it, not if this would or could lead (too much) to Being totally, Vulnerably, Helplessly in Love with Man.

It seemed I had reached the Other Side already. First, via Tiara, Woman demanded from me that I would be (more) Present. Now that I was Present, I needed to be more un-present again. As the woman in the workshop “Regaining your strength” said to me, I shouldn’t exaggerate now to the other side with the Wild Man, too much as He was. In the end, it was the Consciousness in the Presence that was too much, too dangerous. According to Woman, I as Man needed to be present without Conscious Force, so that She would not be Seen-Felt too much – or only when She wanted it at any moment She would chose, in any situation that she needed a few rays of Man’s Light or at least His attention, and it wasn’t dangerous for how she (or ‘her’ Ego) would like to see herself. Mission impossible. This Conscious Force was the Real Presence. Man’s mere energetic presence without Conscious Force was not possible. In that case She would meet Herself in a male body, but no Man.

I’m going to meditate now, as every evening close to midnight. Tomorrow I will rise from bed at 7.00 and take the train to Belgium for the 16 days Vipassana retreat. Fortunately, I’ve had my most idiotic ‘fear’ for the coming time already: the ‘fear’ that after one week I’ll be enlightened already and that I’ll have to sit out another senseless week there yet...

There is no way back. Everything that is truly enlightened can never turn dark again.

And so, early morning, I set out for Belgium indeed, on the border of France, for 16 days of silence, in nature, no speaking, no sex, no food after noon, getting up at 4, sleeping in a little private tent. And meditating and meditating... The daily program was as follows:

VIPASSANA MEDITATION RETREAT

2 TO 17 JULY 1999

PROGRAMME

<i>4.00</i>	<i>Wake up</i>
<i>5.00-6.00</i>	<i>Sitting meditation</i>
<i>6.00-6.45</i>	<i>SILA / Walking meditation</i>
<i>6.45-7.30</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>
<u><i>7.30-8.30</i></u>	<u><i>Sitting meditation</i></u>
<i>8.30-9.15</i>	<i>Walking meditation</i>
<u><i>9.15-10.15</i></u>	<u><i>Sitting meditation</i></u>
<i>10.15-11.00</i>	<i>Walking meditation</i>
<i>11.00-12.00</i>	<i>Lunch</i>
<i>12.00-12.30</i>	<i>Free time</i>
<i>12.30-13.00</i>	<i>Walking meditation</i>
<u><i>13.00-14.00</i></u>	<u><i>Sitting meditation</i></u>
<i>14.00-15.00</i>	Interview / <i>Walking meditation</i>
<u><i>15.00-16.00</i></u>	Interview / <u><i>Sitting meditation</i></u>
<i>16.00-16.30</i>	<i>Walking meditation</i>
<i>16.30-17.00</i>	<i>Refreshments</i>
<u><i>17.00-18.00</i></u>	<u><i>Sitting meditation</i></u>
<i>18.00-19.00</i>	<i>Walking meditation</i>
<u><i>19.00-21.00</i></u>	<u><i>Dhamma-talk / Walking meditation</i></u>
<u><i>21.00-22.00</i></u>	<u><i>Sitting meditation</i></u>

This was my kind of school. Before, I had gone to the wrong school, for 22 years! And, except for social contacts, I had learned nothing of real value there – even though I was not against picking up some more English and French and German. Moreover, I was legally obliged to go there, to be, let's face it, indoctrinated with a lot of rubbish that was called 'knowledge', indoctrinated with a way of thinking – and, in fact, with *thinking* – and a seemingly endless amount of information that in the best case, if it would not altogether as a dirty clot stick to me as (what was supposed to be) my mind, I just would not need in life. I had to learn a man made version of reality, a bubble of illusion – instead of Learning to Understand, Process and Embody Reality Itself.

Well, all this was no problem in the end. There was a friend, One Friend, Consciousness, That could de-condition us again, free us from 'knowledge', allow us to become Wise – in a holistic sense, instead of 'wisdom' being limited to understanding by the mind. The mind may have been needed as long as it seemed needed, but at a certain point, becoming wiser, one can and in a way should go Beyond the parking place called mind where nothing really happens but fantasy, pondering on life – no Life Itself.

To make the circumstances of the meditation-retreat even better, to make it vibrating with potential, I got on the train with quite a bunch, rather a wide selection of masters, gurus, teachers in my rucksack. That is: pictures of them, for the size of my rucksack was limited. Attuning to masters had turned out so well for my process in that period that it would almost have been strange if I had not taken them with me. They would not obstruct or interfere with my Vipassana meditation, I was sure. It was a great varied bouquet. It included of course my own masters, Sri Sri and Pir Vilayat, certainly Adi Da (with two or three pictures). But also Da's guru Muktananda, Muktananda's guru Nityananda, Yogananda, his guru Sri Yukteswar (and, possibly, Yukteswar's own guru, Lahiri Mahasaya), Sri Aurobindo I think, Meher Baba, the father of Pir Vilayat: Hazrat Inayat Khan. And to, in the whole great discovery of Life via masters at that time, be on 'the safe side', I'm afraid it had also a picture of Sai Baba (which I certainly wouldn't have done any more, soon afterwards¹). And then I also felt that a few

¹ Well, he was certainly not the only one in that respect, but he was indeed top of the list to be removed, to not attune to, at least not in the sense of possibly being of any service for my development as a human being. In another sense, later I rather attuned to 'masters' to See through their 'un-holiness', to Pierce through their lies, their stuck-ness, one-sidedness. But fair enough, my intuition about Sai Baba could have been trusted better by me, I must say. That he 'had to' masturbate many boys 'for their spiritual development', as I heard later, was very sad anyway.

women should join: a picture of Muktananda's successor Chidvilisananda, another Indian woman, Anandamayi Ma, and even one of the women I visited in Amsterdam, Maria. To complete the bouquet, not unimportantly and revealing my 'own' style or at least revealing the fact that in the end I'd Go My Own Divine Way – Which turned out to Be the Way of Man and Woman, the One as Two – I had brought with me a naked picture of Tiara. I think it was taken just before she encompassed my hard-on on the nude beach, but that didn't matter here. This last added picture, of Tiara, might seem strange, certainly among the other great names. But I believed in Woman as well as in masters and the Love and Truth the latter stood for (or, rather, were supposed to stand for). Woman – and My Love as Man for Her – was for me Integral Part of the Process. Meditation was one side, Woman the other. Woman's nakedness, Her corporeality, symbolized the Other Side even more – when I speak about the Duality of Consciousness and Body. That I loved Her Body 'didn't make a fool of it' as Leonard Cohen sang, which is a great statement that counters Woman's judgement against (Man's sexual attraction to) Her Body, Her Corporeality. This judgement plays its own *natural* and *important* role in the Process, 'by the way'. Of course, the latter doesn't mean that one should get lost in the Body – and certainly not in the physical and energetic aspects of It – or else Unconsciousness wins too easily as it is used to.

But yes, the Body was not worth any less than Consciousness, than the Highest Realization. Even though, in the end, it must be Seen that the Body was Secondary to Consciousness, still It Was Consciousness, an Integral Part of It. The Sexual Freedom that I had just recently Realized did not erase Attraction. I was not against being Attracted by Woman. On the contrary, Attraction between Man and Woman played an indispensable Role in the Divine Process That can only Function, Proceed, in Duality. Without Attraction there was no life. I came to this meditation retreat and in general to planet earth to Meditate Life, to Be and Embody Life.

I hadn't come to the marathon retreat to lose weight, however. My body was light enough, flexible enough, vulnerable enough, lean enough for the physicality not to function as an obstruction in the Process of Deepening Consciousness. So, after four days, I did the same as at the 'Who are you?' workshop four and a half years earlier. I asked Madame Cini, the organizing woman, for more food. She was not enthusiastic, really, so I knocked off some extra sandwiches at breakfast. This time, in the Vipassana retreat, however, I consumed them

Experimenting with (attuning to) masters doesn't need to be a success always. Yet, the whole thing altogether had done a lot of good to me.

on my own, not with hungry people around seeing me nicely eating as had happened in the workshop ‘Who are you?’.

The little tent that was reserved for me was placed in the beginning of the wood. Great. I wouldn’t be there much anyway, only for sleeping some hours during the night, since the program filled the whole day.

After five days the leakage in my tent became quite bad, the bottom was wet all over, just like the clothes lying on it. I was offered then to stay in the little wooden house that was reserved for the old buddhist Burmese Vipassana teacher Sayadaw U Kundalabhivamsa (U Kundala) when he’d arrive later in the retreat. Until he came I could stay there. This was very kind and it served my Process well at a certain point.

Imelda was also at the retreat, by the way, as one of the about fifteen participants. It didn’t really bother me, in spite of her being in love with me – although, it is true, I preferred to avoid her a bit. There was such a Strong Force Working through ‘me’ that all conditions were what they were: just conditions. No single condition or circumstance was able to fundamentally influence, change the (deeper) manifestation of that Conscious Force in ‘Me’, in this Body. Nothing seemed to be able to stop Me.

But, in all fairness, I did not know what would happen. It was open. Although I had read a few stories, I did not know what Enlightenment was, not what ‘I’ was at the threshold of. I could only meditate and meditate and allow everything to Happen as It Wanted. I should not meditate on Enlightenment – and, in fact, despite my strong intuition, my Knowing, that It, whatever it was, would Meet ‘me’, I was not so much busy with it, as I have said earlier, although it is true that, now that It came closer, thoughts related to enlightenment visited me now and then. Anyhow, the plain reality to be meditated was an itching in my toe, when there was itching in my toe. The thing to ‘do’ was to see thinking when there were thoughts. I should be aware of feeling tired when I felt tired. I noted hearing when I heard birds singing, noted chewing when my jaws went up and down with whatever substance of food in between.

I made quite some notes during the retreat. As usual, they’re in italics.

Prefatory note:

Whether the whole thing may look a bit fantastic or not, it is good to realize that I haven’t written down most moments: boring moments, chaotic moments, but then again also deep realizations were sometimes not reported, moments or meditations during which I felt ‘forced’ to choose the Process itself above reporting about the Process. Or, for instance,

sitting continuously in pain for an hour is said in a few words, just like being in Samadhi for an hour or however long. However, to understand a text, certainly this one, it is always better to experience – if not be – what is being said. Just so, I myself have gained much progress by leaving my ‘own’ thoughts and ideas and enter the consciousness of other people. To become that – for the moment, or for a longer period of time – is something fundamentally different from trying to incorporate ideas of others into your own thinking system. Don’t worry, if it doesn’t resonate anyhow, it will be dropped sooner or later. Allowing the Consciousness as it comes though someone who is embedded in a Deeper Consciousness, will show that (‘a’) Consciousness is not someone’s personal characteristic. Similarly, it is possible, as i know daily from my own experience, to enter Animal Consciousness, which, perhaps to your surprise, turns out to be hardly – if at all – different from a human’s Consciousness.

Arrival day, Friday evening July 2nd

Sitting.

Generally, this is all right. I notice doubt between two different postures. But I guess both are good.

- *one posture is more relaxed*
- *in the other one I feel more power, presence*

Both are painful, but especially the latter. The legs are in pain: that is, the knees and also inside the whole leg. The neck is painful as well in the second posture. The thing is that the head/neck is then coming down to rest upon the body, which is an inherently painful process indeed.

Contrarily, in the first posture mind-forms, like wandering, occur more easily. Mind is distraction from pain.

Saturday, July 3rd 1999

I had an experience of letting go of ‘doing’, of fighting. Then I found myself in the first position. (I have always been a fighter. But lately there is much more confidence, trust. I’m beginning to let it go, to relax (body-mind).)

There are a lot of kriyas [as I called spontaneous energetic-physical movements, releases] which brings me, spontaneously, in the second position:

I'm talking about kriyas like uncontrolled shaking. Or strange slow movements when I follow the energy and do not do. For instance my head positions itself at a 90 degrees angle to my trunk. Or there are strange spontaneous yoga positions.

A question arises – which sometimes happens if you don't watch out. The question is this: is it good to, each time there is much wandering, thinking, 'story-telling', deliberately, with will-power, go back to the noting of the breathing, in order to quiet the mind? Or is any form of manipulation 'forbidden', 'even' this one that seems to make sense from the 'standpoint' of becoming more conscious? Isn't any form of manipulation in the end disturbing the Spontaneous Process that, due to that manipulation, cannot naturally unfold by itself?

In the last retreat, the Easter-retreat, I discovered deeply: everything is suffering – Dhukka, in Buddhist terms. This is the second Buddhist truth. Now I have also experiences saying that 'everything is changing, nothing is permanent' – Annica, the first Buddhist truth – and everything is uncontrollable, Anatta, the third Buddhist truth (or Dhamma):

During the Dhamma-talk, in which the teacher talks about these three basic characteristics of phenomenal life, I began to feel very well; my ego seemed to be completely disappeared and I felt I was energy-radiance. During the following walking meditation I noticed that egoless state disappearing and there was nothing to do to keep the state – well, except for a trick a few times.

Walking.

In the beginning of the walking meditation there was a – for me new – lack of motivation, a strange lack of interest. I feel weak and stupid walking so slowly. From earlier retreats I remember putting too much effort/energy in the walking, in the concentration on and the registration of it. This exhausted me. It's difficult to find the middle-path, to walk relaxed, but concentrated.

The eyes seem to want to be open during meditating. Is this all right?

This was not a bad sign, to say the least: apparently, the Force of Meditation was so present that closed eyes were no must any more. No matter if eyes were open or closed, Meditation continued.

Sunday, July 4th 1999

After a good (faster) walk – including some climbing and descending, or in other words more use of the muscles – there's only one way to sit, suddenly: the first one. It's no question any more. There's no doubt. There's far more energy in my legs and almost no pain – so I can focus on other things, like pain in the neck, breathing, talking in head.

The good walk I mention here had taken place outside of the camp. Although it was against the rules of the retreat – we were not allowed to leave the retreat site – I broke out of our prison regularly, once every two days, and took a longer walk, to the French border for instance. My Body didn't understand rules. It wanted to move, use its muscles now and then. The ultra-slow walking meditation – crossing one metre in one minute – was not enough exercise for 'it', for it was no 'it'. My Body didn't function like other Bodies anyhow, so if only from this perspective it was not really healthy for 'me' to subject my Body to general rules and to general views on 'the body'. People didn't Understand a iota of the Body. Therefore, it was even dangerous to listen to what was – or *to* the ones who were – ignorant. If a Body is (becoming) more Conscious, it functions differently. It can indeed be dangerous to apply the same rules, advices, guidelines of the medical circus to a (more) Conscious Body. For the medical club the Body is a form. This is fundamentally not True. That's why, with this wrong basic assumption, they can never Understand it. The doctors view it, the supposed form, from outside, instead of basing their views on direct inner experience. The Body Is Consciousness, no matter the fact that in the world of Duality, of Body and Spirit in this case, 'Body' represents the Unconscious side of the Coin.

Well, anyhow, my Body wanted to walk, move, I trusted my Body more than the retreat rules. That Buddhism was more intelligent than other religions or life-perspectives was no reason to submit to their rules, if only for the fact that one Buddhism with its own strict (let alone: natural) rules didn't exist. Rules existed to be violated, or else they didn't have a function.

Walking.

A question arises whether it is 'legal', all right, to follow the whole movement with my consciousness instead of dividing (and noting) the forward movement of the foot into for instance three parts. Following as a whole is easier and feels better. If I limit the noting to the pre-cooked parts, I notice that I'm going to my mind and there's no total experience any more. It can't be the meaning of life – and therefore of meditation – to cut the whole into pieces, to kindly refer or redirect energy (and energetic presence, energetic consciousness) to the (noting) mind.

An important deal of meditation is about the fight between direct experience and how things are supposed to be according to 'society', to the many, even to the specialists, in this case to the Buddhist guidelines. Going Consciously into this Fight – or rather: becoming increasingly Aware of this inherent Fight in everyone, instead of choosing sides – made one much stronger.

Insight. There are things of my ego that I come across. For instance:

- wanting to tell my (good) friends that I'm meditating so hard and suffering.

I also want to be the best.

Some doubt is rising, related to the fact that in daily life, in the contact with others I seem to be much further already, more developed, cleaner than seems to be the case here. Sometimes it looks as if I have to start all over again.

Sunday 5-6 o' clock. Deep pain. I kept on sitting (with some prayers).

It was hard to relax in it, and keep breathing fully (also in the abdomen), but I managed!

During the Damma talks, Saturday and now again on Sunday, I began to radiate, enormously.

Sometimes my ego is completely gone, it seems. I just radiate, am just energy.

As long as I, as (a) deluded consciousness, considered it ‘my’ ego, things could be defined in such a way that I had the ego, indeed – or the ego had ‘me’. If Truth is Seen, it becomes the Egoic Force Itself without a ‘me’ grasping it – not secretly resisting it, not attaching to it in the dark either.

It’s not easy – or in fact impossible – to precisely determine the influence of the Ego around me, as manifested in my colleague meditators, on the appearance of ‘my ego’. The Ego is highly contagious. Sitting so close to other people for long periods of time there is for sure a substantial influence. In a way it didn’t matter where the ego came from, if it had already a grip on me before this retreat, ever since I had associated with Woman, or even since I was conceived, or that it was only unavoidable in the meditation room where karma poured out from people and was breathed in by all the others. The Ego was the thing to be meditated anyhow, not only in these relatively simple forms that I just mentioned, but also and especially most thoroughly up to – or down to – the core or root of it, to See its Lie in the Eye. It was promising anyhow that clear egoless states could be noticed, arriving naturally.

It is called Anicca, the absence of a permanent ego, when one is (deeper) in contact with the reality of the uncontrollability of things (Anatta). The normal state of consciousness of people is one wherein a permanent ego is present, active, since it is not Seen.

Other notes taken during the Dhamma-talk (U Kundala had recorded cassette tapes with Dhamma-talk Vipassana instructions):

In general, watch ‘the passing away of things’. It is common to miss this phenomenon. Phenomena come and go. They arise and dissolve again.

‘Patience with pain’ is very important. Just note it. Note the changing character of pain.

“Patience with pain is the most crucial element in dealing with pain. When pain occurs yogis usually tend to become tense both in body and mind. You don’t have to worry whether you’ll have to endure the pain the whole time or during the whole hour. You can adopt the attitude that pain will come and go at its own will and my duty is to keep mindful of the pain. There is a saying “Patience leads to Nirvana”.

You must concentrate on the intensity of the pain and just note: “painful, painful; aching, aching etc. Know exactly where it is and how painful it is.

Mindfulness (Vipassana) on the pain should be deep and penetrative, not superficial. As you keep noting, if you are deeply mindful you will notice very clearly that after four or five notings these pains and aches become more and more severe and unbearable.

After reaching a peak, the pain will tend to lessen and subside following its own course. When this occurs you should not relax your concentration. Instead you should earnestly and enthusiastically continue being mindful.

This way the yogi comes to realize that Pain is not permanent. It is impermanent. The yogi is now gaining the upper hand on the pain.

With further deepening of Insight the yogis are able to experience that with each noting, not only the pain but also the noting mind or consciousness disappears with it.

The yogi can come to realize that:

Pain is Anicca – Impermanent

Pain is Dukkha – Suffering

Pain is Anatta – Uncontrollable

When the dissolution, passing away of phenomena is known, Anicca will be explicitly known. When Anicca is seen, Dukkha becomes obvious – all phenomena are painful. When Dukkha becomes obvious, Anatta is seen. When Anatta is seen, Nirvana will be realized.”

From “Basic exercises on mindfulness or Vipassana meditation” by Saddhammaransi Sayadaw.

Note the bliss(fullness of mind).

Also in Samadhi (state of bliss): just, quietly, continue noting, being aware.

When eating, watch first intake and last intake.

When falling asleep, be aware of movement, the rising and fall of the abdomen.

Always put a lot of effort in the noting mind, not extremely, however, not tensely.

You can eat while radiating metta (loving kindness).

Stages in Vipassana meditation.

1 mind and matter

2 cause and effect

3 experiencing pain

4 appearing and disappearing

(5) notice Lightness and Heaviness (when foot goes up and down)

Tuesday, July 6th 1999

The 4th day of the Vipassana retreat is coming to an end. From the verandah I watch the torrential rain – on my own, the others are walking slow-motion – and I shine with delight. For almost 24 hours I've been 'in love' and sometimes in bliss – although the latter is less interesting. Then, when I saw it gradually but fairly fast disappear, I began to fight to keep her.

It's terrible. Now I lost her completely, although I wasn't yet totally aware of this. I employed my trick (from Advaita Vedanta) that seemed to have brought me that far anyway. This also failed. Even this! I must let go of everything. All!! Also of love. Even of Love – even when this is the only thing remaining when I let go of everything.

I'm getting cold. The cold passes through my body. The rain is again gathering strength heavily. It's wonderful, the rain in the pond (which is in the centre of the retreat site). I imagine how the raindrops shoot into the water and shoot through as much as a meter perhaps. This must be weird for the many big fish, who I could stroke just like that, it seemed.

The quiet is restoring to some extent. 'I' can again breathe deeper and more regularly. The storm saves me.

(Even though my little tent must be soaked by now. And I had just dried the matress.)

I wonder what happens, energetically, during the Dhamma-talks on cassette. At least during the first three talks I began to completely radiate, I felt as strong as a horse, able of giving a hell of a lot. I could not help but notice that I felt so incomparably much stronger than the others – in this case only women somehow, the guys didn't show up for the optional Dammataalks. Or would my extreme radiation be related to the fact that I'm the only man among four women? Reality cannot be that banal, can it? No, reality cannot be banal. What people make of it, that's what's banal, when people reduce all glory, love, refinement of life to something very simple, casual, superficial.

It's remarkable that, considering my experience with attuning to masters of that period, last half year – and, a bit longer, being acquainted with Pir Vilayat('s radiance) – it didn't seem to have crossed my mind (or at least I hadn't noted it down) that by listening to the tapes of U Kundala I attuned to his state, the state of his heart, his consciousness, and not just to the teaching, the instructions. Only later in the retreat, when U Kundala himself had arrived from Burma, I had a, much more remarkable and utterly intense experience with him in his physical presence.

(Hopefully, apparently) I faced Anatta today, the uncontrollability of everything. After that, according to the Dhamma, Nirvana follows – because Anatta is already at the end of the phenomena to be experienced.

This afternoon I had to laugh about it briefly, how I'm doing my best to stop 'enlightenment'. I realize deeper and deeper that you cannot do anything, must not do anything. And then, if doing nothing is successful, if everything has been let go, what everyone is consciously or unconsciously searching for is there.

It is difficult, I notice, to stay in the awareness-state while writing, to not shoot into the mind state, into thinking. When I write, note, a possession befalls me, which makes no sense of any sort, because so far there's not much of interest to report. I prefer to - now and then, or often - simply radiate in the presence of 'my devotees' or whatever they'd be, at least people who recognize something in me that they have lost. Just like Ramana Maharshi did and preferred.

It is annoying to 'have to' write. Why do I do this, me who preaches total freedom (as the wayless way to enlightenment?) Is it a task, a higher duty? In the end it cannot be something else – the disadvantages and annoyance regarding reporting are obvious. Anger comes up.

There is hunger.

After 12.00 there's no food any more. But I'm not a monk. I haven't made some silly vow. Probably tomorrow I'll ask dispensation.

This afternoon I laughed heavily under my breath. I felt again being pulled to enlightenment – a very plain state, by the way – when suddenly I started to sing the old commercial jingle of 'Rang':

"Rang is alleen rang is alleen rang als er rang op staat. Rang!"

(Rang is only rang is only rang when it shows rang. Rang!)

Wednesday, July 7th 1999

Love + bliss. Disappeared again → fighting → in vain. It's uncontrollable.

I observed 'rising and passing away'.

I have sat for three hours and twenty minutes at a stretch. After two hours I went out of the crossed-legged yoga posture and went to sit on my knees. In these three hours the body, slowly, very gradually, bent forward, by itself, until the head was touching the ground – while all the time the breathing had continued deeply, spontaneously. Before the slow descent the head turned once, and once again during the 'movement'.

The movement was so slow and gradual that it could not be called a movement, in fact. It was wholly part of and embedded in Something Deeper; it went completely of Itself. If 'I' had stopped it – for I should respect the Buddhist meditation guideline of sitting erect – 'I', ego, would have intervened, which was not a good idea, not if Truth needs to be Discovered. My head was, by the way, not leaning on the ground. It was only touching the ground with the forehead. It was my backbone that still carried the head. Beyond the seeming form of the backbone, It was the Force Wanting, through 'my' Body, to Connect Heaven and Earth, Light and Dark, Bliss and Pain, Man and Woman – and that in a very interesting way. In itself, with a straight backbone, Heaven and Earth seem connected, already. Yet, the Force Wanted Consciousness, in the Human Body located in the sixth chakra, in the forehead, just above and in between the eyes, to, literally, physically Bow for the Earth, for Unconsciousness that is. This meant that Consciousness – this applied to my case at least – should not lead a life and development on its own, but should be wholly Connected to and, Ultimately, Be One with the Other Side. I should not, later, teach 'just' Consciousness, not 'just' play a role in making people more Conscious – or at least my function should not be separate from Unconsciousness, from the Other Side. 'My' Consciousness Should Be Surrendered and Sacrificed into the Earth. This meant I Should not hold on to Consciousness as Such – and develop Consciousness further for its own sake – but Go Deeper. By living people as 'Myself', I Should Allow Unconsciousness to take 'Me' over, over and over again. In 'my' development I would not (just) Go Up, the normal Direction, but also Down. Up and Down and Up and Down and so on... My backbone would be crushed again and again on the hardness, stone-ness of the Earth, via its human inhabitants, and would, of Itself, have to resurrect again. In this way, the Pain from below, from the Dark, could be Brought Upward into the Light of Consciousness, so that it could Melt and Burn there. When 'I' was Up the

Heart could Breathe again, take a deep Breath before I'd go under water again in search of the next pearl of pain – again and again, until I had Learned to Breathe Down as well, as Heart.

I would not only Meditate-See-Feel the masters and 'their' Consciousness but also the people 'down in the Dark'. I wouldn't be a master to merely look up to. I would be a master as them people, which would be all the more confusing and scary for them, but also their chance to let High and Low become One.

It has been no trouble, sitting for so very long, those three hours and a bit. I was (in) awareness. Sometimes there was pain. It disappears quickly when I pay attention to it.

For no less than half an hour I've been watching colours from within, beautiful patterns and colours. They might have been the same colours that Muktananda saw and mentioned and that were so important for him, especially the blue, 'the blue pearl' as he called it.

This blue 'inner' Light has always been with me ever since this retreat. Or, if it was gone for a moment or longer while, it came back easily when I paid attention to it. The Blue Light of Consciousness. The blue light is supposed to be the seed that contains the entire universe. It represents the supra-causal body through which the supra-causal state of Consciousness is experienced. You can see it emerging from the eyes with rapid speed. In my case, the balls that are shot from the Eye have outgrown the seed and become big.

It's encouraging. I can sit for a long time. This feels like the right way, if that exists. I was not bothered by the others who saw my kriyas, the spontaneous yoga-postures. No shame has been noticed, since it was not there.

My breath is very regular. Deep.

I can energetically feel my whole body well. It all looks and feels good – if I leave the blocks (at the shoulders and especially neck, and a bit of head) out of consideration.

In the evening I asked for food. I got one little slice of bread.

'More', I said. One needs to be economical with words.

I sneaked a cookie. Yesterday I smuggled two prunes. It is a bit embarrassing and scary, this smuggling – especially at the moment the objects

are being slipped into the trousers pocket. One needs to keep noting during the stealing.

Evening. *I'm sitting on the veranda, in the cool sun, in front of a pond as smooth as a mirror, with the sound of murmuring water. This afternoon, in the interview, the Vipassana guide was "amazed" about my quick progress in the Dhamma within a few days.*

I myself am somewhat less amazed. But well, in the interview I didn't manage to make her clear that I'm no beginner, even though I have been practicing Vipassana only for nineteen months, starting with just one hour and a half once a week, and then gradually more. I appear to be already in the fourth stage, according to her.

I have now, after Anicca (everything is impermanent) and Dukkha (everything is unsatisfactory), seen Anatta as well, lived it (everything is no-self, or: uncontrollable).

The next sitting-meditation I was restless due to the compliments. The ego saw again an opportunity to become active and he did this very smartly, it must be said. (It's a powerful force, this imaginarily existing force²). I wanted to be a good student. But sometimes I saw through him – by recalling that I am nothing – and suddenly he had vanished. The cramp in my head (which always goes together with having thoughts) disappeared, became soft, dissolved in no time.

Afterwards, the remainder of the hour, it didn't go really well, however - although I wasn't sure of this. Perhaps it should have gone that way. Yet, I had and kept the vague feeling that I did something to stop the Dhamma. It may well be that this Dhamma is a new, even higher one. I think the matter was that I didn't want to wholly feel my back pain, not being sure if this pain was really necessary and could perhaps better be omitted by sitting in another posture – by, again, trying to let go of everything.

(God, again this uncertainty about the posture. Do you then have to relive everything over and over again?)

² To have no misunderstanding here, the Egoic Force is a very realistic Force. Only, it 'lives' in illusory assumptions about reality. The reality-denying Force is very real though.

At the end I found it out and I knew. This may be an attempt at meditation... in any case there is no love. Meditation without love isn't possible, is it? What am I doing then?

And the gong sounded.

While the people were already moving out of the meditation tent, I found it: I'm doing my best! I'm not meditating, I'm doing my best. I am meditating, for I'm finding out and have found out now that I'm doing my best.

It is meditation of a lower order.

From one thing I got to another. And there I was, I landed at my father. That happened via an image I had of my son (that I don't have (yet)) and me. I urged my son, in the tone of my father: "...and don't do your best, what, son?" I had to laugh over this. From how I went about with him, I saw and felt: I love my son.

And suddenly I saw: with that same look my father looks at me, without showing this much: my father loves me... This yielded beautiful tears. My father loves me. I don't need to do my best any more.

*My father stood here for *The Father* – or in my terms, for The Eye of Truth.*

It's not so simple to be in the 'here and now' while writing – that is: writing about something that has been (or even about your experience of now). Constantly you have to let go of everything and stay in Love, constantly you need to realize that you're writing. You must not enter into the thoughts. They just come. Take a rest. Writing is like walking meditation. Let go of your ego, follow the whole movement in the now. Do you feel a cramp rising (especially in the head, or otherwise wherever), let go, be happy again. There's nothing to get excited about, you're just writing.

I notice that without ego I stand firmly, flexibly. I can't fall when I walk without ego, when I'm nobody while walking. Nobody cannot fall.

23.00 evening. Looking in the dreamy eyes of Gurumayi Chidvilasananda, in which I sink away completely – so much love, so much nothing – I enter the night. Get up at 4.00 and, come on, meditate.

God, how difficult it is to be attentive every second, or rather: to be loving, soft, in contact, aware, conscious.

I go to bed. I can descend and lie down in two ways: in the cramped manner, as usual, which is something that I realize only now. Or: lovingly – in relation, Adi Da would say – knowing that and how I go down, where I touch the bed with which parts of the body, whether the bed feels soft or not, warm or cold and so forth. And that not translated into words but as a momentary experience.

The lips of Gurumayi. God I'd like to sit face to face with you the whole day long, at 0.0 meter, be in you the whole day long, in this case also literally, physically. Oh, how beautiful you are. I'm curious if, when I'd see you in reality, I'd find you still just as beautiful as on this picture, because you must at least be 60 already, if not more. And if I'd still like to be in you, also physically.

Ha! What silliness, that Muktananda makes such a fuss about the appearance of a naked woman before his mind's eye. To ask a sextillion times forgiveness for this... [How many sextillion times did he have to ask forgiveness, then, when later he fucked many girls who were in the beginning of their teens. That should take many lifetimes, if he keeps asking continuously.]

Gurumayi, I see your eyes, your face, I drink you, I drink you. What a delight, to be allowed to see her photo, her face so open as I am now...

Suddenly I have the feeling that I have to put more power into the meditation again, to 'push', bring my abdomen forward. Is this, again, an attack of contraction, of nonsensical fear? God, it feels so weak sometimes, if I don't do anything, don't add anything. But sometimes I have actually lost the right tension, it seems. Or is even that tension, of certain belly muscles and the pelvic floor muscles, not in need of being maintained, and is it in fact too much already when I put myself in the right tension? Must I do completely nothing any more, but just radiate, by means of radiance just pass on what is there in abundance.

Oh Gurumayi, what a mystery you are. I come. I come to you, together with you I enter the mystery.

The attraction to Chidvilasananda, not primarily based on physicality, was there on the basis of one beautiful picture, in fact. Looking at that one picture I could not only dream of a woman who was (or seemed to be) ready with her own inner trouble – I had never met such a woman, if she existed – a woman with whom love seemed to be possible, finally. Also, by looking at the picture I took in me something of her teacher Muktananda. Lastly, a (spiritual) woman who might not resist Man, was naturally attractive – a woman who might Recognize the Man in a man instead of merely masculine energy.

Whether or not my adoration was ‘justified’ – although I didn’t really know Chidvilasananda, I guess it was not³ – more important was that, apparently, I could use her (picture) as a doorway. If one doesn’t meet sincere heartfelt adoration at a certain point in one’s life, something will always be missing. And, simultaneously, something will always be too much: the ego that cannot go beyond itself, but only be overwhelmed by Love and adoration for someone else, read: for Something Else (that is recognized via someone). Blessed are those who can find that Something – on various levels of Consciousness – in one (or more) of the same sex as him or herself, as well as in one (or more) of the opposite sex.

There is itching from the mosquitos. Meditation and mosquitos is a nice combination. Instead of scratching, see, meditate the tendency to scratch. And consciously and painstakingly observe the itching.

Mind, thinking ↔ awareness, consciousness. Is there a bigger contrast imaginable? Every time I think I am unconscious. Every moment I am conscious, I don’t think.

Must a human being meditate to understand that ultimately meditation is nonsense? Well, probably it’s not strictly necessary but it does make it easier to fathom this truth. In the end, daily life should be one incessant meditation so that the outer - apparent - meditation has become superfluous.

³ Muktananda had not dealt at all with the Dark in Chidvilasananda. The focus was entirely on one’s spiritual qualities. Teachers who are all right with keeping the ego of a pupil in tact, cannot teach Truth – although they may teach or radiate something else that can be of value.

*Take everything to the extreme, also meditation, and, only then, let it go.
Practise Vipassana to give it up.*

Thursday, July 8th, 1999

Seeing that I do my best does, apparently, not mean that the struggle is over because of that. My god, what a fight it is to let go of the fight! Whole armies of 'mara' march past me today ('mara' are obstacles on the path to enlightenment).

(This morning I saw the three year old little boy looking blue: Maarten Jongman. I felt exactly like that. I was him. What's more: I am him. I feel that our consciousness is not different.)

Mara? Which one? All kinds of.

First: doubt. This is a difficult one to deal with. After this I kept being shot into it, into Samadhi (a deep meditative state of intense concentration, often experienced as bliss) and almost I was being pulled out of it again and again or entirely. In any case it cost a lot of energy to keep the maras out of the Samadhi and to keep seeing from consciousness.

Yes, I willingly wanted to return in Samadhi. Is that possible? Wanting it and being in it? (I was not even sure, therefore, if I was actually in it.) The content of doubt was about:

- *sitting posture*
- *Am I in Samadhi or not*
- *Vipassana*
- *body*

What appeared by the end of the meditation was therefore:

- *(Extensive) tiredness (instead of sleepiness) from fighting.*

What had appeared in between were the following:

- *naked woman with magnificent legs (Tiara). Something sexual appeared.*
- *noise*
- *teaching, again; (imagining) talking to people, pupils.*
- *pain, in the back, in the legs, in the neck.*

- *irritation, anger*
- *aggression, sadism*
- *hotness / coldness*
- *enthusiasm*
- *kriyas (also an escape?)*
- *resistance*
- *chaos*
- *humour / acting crazy*
- *fear: that, when I'm in Samadhi, others hear my loud deep regular breathing (typical for Samadhi) and get irritated, angry*
- *despair*
- *disillusion / almost crying*
- *tricks / trying and trying (A trick is for instance: 'If I give up, enlightenment will be there)*
- *restlessness*
- *moving around, eyes open and closing again.*

Okay, I give up. I'm done up. Knocked up. I cannot carry on sitting straight. Does sitting without straight back make sense. If so, I could carry on. I can't carry on. I'm done. Done. Done. Done.

From the half lotus posture I have let myself fall forward – my legs stayed crossed – until my head fell on the ground. And I felt clearly...: the fight isn't over yet... It's handy, this sensitivity of mine. The chance isn't big that something important will escape my attention.

Now I am in the big disillusion.

At least this means, therefore, that I don't get any illusion on top of that any more.

Allah – what or whoever – is bigger than me. That's all I have to say. For ever hereafter. Everything comes down to this.

I don't know any more where I am, who I am.

I am no longer Maarten, that much is certain. But I am no nobody yet. I am, in an awful way, in between no one's land and someone's land.

Sri Sri, Adi Da, Gurumayi, help! Pull me, Pull me to You! (This morning I was Sai Baba for a moment. I had the same features, even the same face. I hadn't become enlightened yet. Ah, so what, I've still nine days in hand.)

It's really a tremendous fight, to stop fighting. The fighting is heading for a climax. Not earlier than that will I be there.

Where?

Nowhere...

I got intense kriyas just now. And I cried! Never before during a Vipassana-retreat I cried. Is this allowed, in fact? Shouldn't you keep everything inside, to not let any energy leak away?

***Next meditation.** Alone in my hut. (After the heavy rains everything in my tent was wet and I got the nice wooden dream hut meant for venerable Sayadaw U Kundalabhivamsa until he'd arrive.)*

Despite that we had some free time now, I sat down, to meditate.

And how!

"And now between you and me!" I said, aloud.

Between who?

I don't know.

Between the fighter and the fight?

Between me and It?

I sat down as a warrior. With somewhere in my head: I will keep fighting as long as necessary. Just until I have to, am forced to give up, the fighting. Just until, perhaps, I drop dead in it.

Yes, the last month(s) I had become aware of the fact that I am willing to give up everything: family, friends, past, thoughts, feelings, hearth and home, knowledge, sex, a (possible) relationship... all.

I had forgotten one yet, however: my life... and, also, my passing on Love.

Now I am ready for letting go of even that. It is all or nothing.

I've sat for an hour, breathed deeply, fully, a lot. It looked like a rebirthing-session. But a very good one for that matter. There wasn't a moment that I shot

into emotion, pain or (self-)pity or, as usual: breathing less. No, for an hour life was inhaled. And exhaled.

And damn. Rarely if ever I've felt so strong. Rarely if ever I've experienced such a power, such a life force. Beyond all fear, it seemed.

About fear. In the previous meditations this might have been the principal reason for the 'soup', the unclear 'soup' that takes all clarity away: the fear that the other meditating people would be irritated or angry from my deep loud breathing (during Samadhi). And this seemed to be the case, indeed – they were not at ease with it. I can imagine that they prefer a cramped silence above sound from life itself. In principle their irritation doesn't matter, of course. Besides me, they themselves will also have to meditate it. One's social environment is a serious meditation object.

Anyhow, their unease and anger were part of why I wanted to meditate alone, for the first time so clearly."

Generally speaking, for most people, relative beginners in meditation, meditating in a group is (much) easier. At a certain moment, if you're destined to go very Deep, then 'the others' might become an extra obstacle, not (just) because of their possible judgement or anger related to your authentically developing meditation process that can include making sounds and movements but rather because the field of their less developed consciousness, or their being tighter entrenched in Unconsciousness, pulls or keeps you down when you're ready to discover a wider, deeper universe of Insight, Consciousness. Noticing this to be so or not is part of the meditation and to be taken seriously. This and other meditation conditions (like sitting posture) can be in need of (natural) change, adaptation, in the course of time, of the meditation process. Fixedness is not a good starting point for deepening consciousness. But, of course, one shouldn't submit to ego's 'flexibility' instead, changing often conditions as forms of escape.

My god, holding myself in, stopping the life force, supposedly for others. Love is so very heartily sick of this. Everyone's restricting themselves this way. No one dares to live! It looks like anger, what I feel. But it is pure energy. Life-force.

The word that describes best the past fierce hour is: determination (in the beginning; later: power and carrying on) – or drive.

Towards the end (when fortunately, and unlike in almost my whole life, I didn't make the mistake to confuse vital strength with anger) I noticed that the aspect of Love was underprivileged with respect to Force. I, then, let my head sink on my neck and immediately a smile appeared: head, heart and sex (force) united in full life force and joy and love (which is all the same – as everything is the same: There are only forces furthering (or: allowing) Love and forces restraining Love. The Two Forces in and of Nature.

At the end I noticed surprised: I haven't foundered exhausted, as expected (well, it's still possible, after all...). No, I've won! While I know I cannot win. You can only win by losing. This means either that 'It' is winning, life-energy is winning (and perhaps, just now, I got something of Anatta, could leave the problematic character of uncontrollability behind) or I, ego, gets the hard knocks later on. For anyhow, I know where it all leads to. To nothing. And that is the most beautiful.

(By the way, there exist no 'by the ways': I restrict my breath during this unconsciously fast writing. This isn't necessary, boy.)

Unfortunately and surprisingly, in the description of the big battle I left out the most important of what happened there, the very content itself. That is: *if* the important process of Duality in the fourth phase happened during 'the big battle', indeed. I'm not sure here, my memory can't help me out at this point of chronology. Theoretically, it could have happened during another meditation session on – probably – that same day. Anyhow, I refer to this intense event and describe it in the Hearticle "*Enlightenment, a side-effect of serious selfless Vipassana practicing*" that has been written later in 2007 that is included as a whole in this book. Not describing it at the time might have been related to being fed up with writing – noticing how it tended to get me out of my present state – and afterwards having forgotten to note it down, since next things were happening. But, knowing myself, most probably it was simply a matter of preferring the Process itself above reporting at the moments when it really comes down to it. On page 65 of these notes I refer briefly to this battle when I mention "another climax – after the one of two days earlier."

The concerned excerpt from the Hearticle describing the first Duality climax:

As some might know, in Vipassana-meditation you follow as (and in the right but rare case in Energetic Life Embedded) observer all ‘forms’ that come in ‘your’ awareness, whether physical sensations, feelings, sensory perceptions or thoughts. Basically however all forms can be brought back to a simple Duality: nice and unpleasant, or, if you allow more sensitivity, as in my case: bliss and pain. More and more in the course of the meditation days the whole human drama narrowed into (or became obvious, as being) the duality of pain and bliss (or hate and love – or resistant, stuck or flowing free radiating energy). All ‘I’ did was follow the alternation between one side and the other, pain, bliss, pain, bliss. And by not resisting the Natural Duality of Life (or the swing of the coin instead of (secretly) choosing one side of it) – which not-choosing is very rare, I understood later – it appeared that this alternating went on quicker and quicker, by itself, by Nature, without anyone doing anything or it should have been Consciousness Itself. Pain, bliss, pain, bliss, pain... ‘I’, or Consciousness, was totally absorbed in it, pain and bliss were totally absorbed by Consciousness – even unbearable pain was just unbearable pain – and it all seemed to come to some kind of boiling point, or explosion or orgasm (which, by the way, is also related to the releasing of the inherent tension of the duality of Life, of Man and Woman).

And indeed at a certain moment the alternating between the two Poles of Life went so quickly that they touched and they couldn’t be distinguished from each other anymore and at that same timeless moment the whole ‘show’ exploded – (Duality) into one. Everything was extremely as it was. Green was extremely green. The landscape was so very landscape. The brooklet was never more brooklet. Beauty was gone. There was just intensity, Life itself – far Beyond beauty or whatever judgment. Pain and bliss had become one. Since then I’m literally always in pain and always in bliss, there is no preference at all any more – although at any moment they can still be (easily) recognized as either one or the other. After the explosion there’s no way back (to preference, to the Lie of choice).

Another possible – though less probable – reason why I hadn’t described the content of ‘the first big battle’, may have been that, in ‘my’ new force, sensing that I have a lot to give and, to say the least, not being against sharing this with the opposite sex, I had been ‘seduced’ by the Sexual Force:

(For) the next four lines in my notebook were censored unfortunately, crossed out later by me, and I had done a thorough job. This ‘accident’ happened due to the jealousy of the woman I ended up with not much later, to prevent possibly dangerous things from happening. So the notes must have been about ‘other women’, and possibly related to sexuality. I will come back to the woman at the right, chronological place.

Wait... indeed, I am right, I think I can at least decipher how it starts:

“Tiara, I want to fuck you. I...”

Evening meditation. I entered it without expectations. It turned out to be very quiet. I got into Samadhi again. I was not even glad about this – let alone frantic with joy – about being again in that state for which I fought so much, in vain (?). It was just so. Samadhi was there again. Hi, utter bliss, back again? It's true, however, that now and then, yet again, the fear rose that my loud breathing was disturbing in the silence, but it just went right. I just managed to, from the state of Samadhi, keep tracking the worry in me, without being carried along by and into it.

In the beginning of the meditation there was a very calm lake smooth as a mirror, and even a sea for a moment. Afterwards, all the same, and although I fortunately remained free from fighting, I put a little more tension in my body – call it a healthy tension of life: pushing my abdomen a bit forward, my entire pelvis in fact, by which more vital energy enters my legs too.

The Samadhi improved from it, according to me.

It was no longer a mirror water, on which everything is peaceful, but to which nothing will ever happen either. Now there were many small waves on the yet still calm sea – but all sorts of things were possible.

Backache was all the time present – more or less prominent. Wouldn't this (as well) have been the reason for the relative misery of the past meditations? That I considered the pain in my back too scary, too much to let be, to sit in it? And that, by this, i created a lot of restlessness, with in turn all kinds of consequences?

The next part was again crossed out but could be reconstructed, almost perfectly. It referred to the fact that the Freeing Consciousness was Freeing 'me' also in respect of any (normal) form in which I was, according to Society, supposed to be with 'woman'. The word 'gopis' that I half-jokingly use refers to the women who, as described in the traditional Hindu literature, were dancing mesmerized around Krishna playing divinely on his flute, who were beyond themselves attracted to him and had left home and family to be with Krishna.

Are there any gopis available to me? Gopis are very welcome here. This thought doesn't strike me as absurd at this point, even though such a kind of thought has never arisen in me before. A group of fine women who really like being with me and with whom I make love now and then and sometimes practise

the tantra. According to which gopi is open to me at the moment, one day i could make love to one woman and another day to another woman...

It doesn't feel gross, this thought, this image, but very loving actually. I'm sure I have a lot of love and good energy to give. If more women than one will like to have or associate with something of this, if they open for me, if they like to be stroked, touched by it, am I then supposed to say: no, this is morally not justified? Morality doesn't exist. Only reality exists, only Love. Everyone wants and 'has a right' to love, everyone who dares to open for it.

Up to now I have 'only' one gopi. A nice one. Satya's not that far in her development but she willingly wants It and then, no matter whether a man or a woman is concerned, I, in power, am 'powerless'; I can only give what I have, what (of the Truth) she is ready for, what she is open for at that moment...

Internally very peaceful I go to sleep. This is remarkable and funny, after that intense charging with and rolling in energy. No, the energy doesn't need to go out, not to be discharged.

For the meditations: follow everything with content – including things like discontent.

Friday, July 9th 1999

This early morning meditation I reached a very deep Samadhi – if in Samadhi there exist several depths indeed, which, according to my experience, is so. I ended up deeply growling.

I understand deeply the Buddhist verse:

'Act as a blind person although my eyesight is good

Act as a deaf person although my hearing is good

Act as a dumb person although I am a good speaker

Act as a weak person although I am strong and healthy'

I understood this so well that I didn't feel a single tendency arising in me to join when Daw Hla Mra and the others started reciting.

Thank You. Thank You (Buddha, for the Dhamma).

‘Act as an a-religious person although my religion is deep’, could have been added still – for, as the only one of the participants, I don’t make the Buddha(-statue) bows before and after the meditation sessions. Yet, if there’s somebody here who honours him (It), who is grateful, devoted, it is ‘me’ – without wanting this to be so, but as a matter of nature. The bows come spontaneously in my case, for that matter. How much more beautiful and real this is. No one will ever reach It by the bows or through whatever kind of homage. You must let yourself be bowed. You must have trust.

I am so deep in Samadhi that I don’t even feel a need to eat, to have breakfast – also due to a tiny bit of concern that I will lose the Samadhi then, while I need to polish him still, and anchor him deeper.

For the first time I spontaneously did walking-meditation, me who had/has such a resistance to it, because it is unnatural, unfaithful to the Dhamma. I rose, with pain in legs, and walked then, without a thought of having to walk quietly in Samadhi, to here, to my hut.

My breath is so very deep – without me doing anything.

The fight was totally absent during Samadhi. Has it been a crucial fight yesterday after all, one of the crucial ones (‘And now between us!’)?

Enlightenment will be. I’m coming. I like to kiss Gurumayi everywhere, out of gratitude, embrace her and not let go any more. I like to thank Muktananda so deeply. He is a support for me, by who he is, what he has done and especially also by having written it down.

This motivates to write down this autobiography of a nascent enlightened one. It makes sense. My efforts make sense.

Only, I still need to write more quietly. I can do it but don’t do it – out of fear that (a) truth slipped away before I could write it down. (This is something which many writers will recognize, when they are in the right writing flush.)

One by one the Dhammas passed by.

Also my parents appear.

I've kept myself small, to not leave them in the lurch, to not take away their parent role. I have not wanted to go into the fight. But now, being 36 years old, it is over for good. I breathe and breathe and breathe life in, there is no end to it. I become strong as a lion. Parents, how can I ever thank you. Maarten has grown up and dissolves. I help you too by becoming enlightened, although you might not be able to understand this. You will notice anyhow.

Mary

'By the way', I remember that yesterday in the meditation – I must have been in Samadhi, because I was in a deep state – a name was whispered into me, softly, lovingly, by a woman: "Maria..." (Mary).

This event, the whisper "Maria", was remarkable, for various reasons. In spite of the softness of the whisper, the voice and the word were *very* present. They were incomparably much more penetrating than if a similar word of deep importance was spoken by a human being. The content and the form were One.

It came straight from another world, *from the real, deeper* world beyond the superficial one in which we usually 'live'.

It was remarkable also because, as I have said earlier, I didn't care at all for christianity. And I Knew, even more clearly so after the retreat, that the "Maria" Whispered into me was from the biblical tales. True, Jesus 'belonged' to the same tradition and I had not resisted Him, could not resist Him. On the contrary, He Became 'Me', to continue and develop further in this loving, pain embracing Body. But to 'Mary' – well, to the Mother Mary that is – I had never felt any attraction. I didn't care at all for her. All I felt was some repulsion, but that was because on the paintings she was mostly depicted in a way that was really awful for me – and still, if I imagine the christian pictures with Mary on them I get sick all over, in a way and to an extent that is hardly comparable to anything else. It's like the painters put all the christian deadness and Lie in the body of Mary. Of course it's not the painters' fault if they try to paint (part of) reality, which contains, indeed, like it or not, the separation between Love and Body.

What to do, Mary became a bit jealous of 'my' love declaration for Gurumayi Chidvilasananda and wanted to remind me of Herself, remind me that I should be faithful to Her and marry Her and not 'the other bitch'.

Joking apart, there *was* a relation with Jesus, in the sense that in order to Deepen Jesus' Work on earth He Needed to Be with (a) Woman. The Mary who Came to me was not the Mother but the (Potential) Wife –the Whore Mary (Magdalene)¹ in Whom the Holy Mother had Descended, in Whom the Whore and the Holy Mother had Become One. That is, I Felt it was 'My' Task to Make Them One. On earth people couldn't do anything with 'the Holy Mother', or, in general, with the Light if It was not Embodied in the Dark. The christian Resistance to the Body was a huge thing to Transcend, an utterly Painful thing that Needed to be Felt. My disgust of the body of the Mother Mary was wholly related to the attempt to give a body to what is not Truly Embodied (yet). It is as if, in that context, the body is rotting, putrefying.¹¹ I don't enter into the discussion between official and alternative christians here whether Mary Magdalene was a whore –according to the bible –or Jesus' wife. Concerning describing reality it doesn't seem a good idea to trust the bible blindly. Yet, what I describe here in this piece is related to the fundamental Duality of Woman's Existence, with the Whore at one extreme and the loving holy Mother at the other extreme.

The body of the Whore seems not dead but alive, energetically present. Only, without Love and without Consciousness, when the Heart doesn't Enliven it, it is not really Alive but cold. And this is so with everything: Only If the Two Meet, the Life is There. If Light and Dark Meet, the Love of Mother Mary and the Body of the Whore, then suddenly life is Life, Whole. As long as one side is judged –which is always the Dark side –this is not possible. Mother Mary's Love can't Manifest as Body. Her Holy Son won't have a Wife if He doesn't become Endarkened, besides Being Enlightened. Being Wholly Holy Means Necessarily Two, not merely One. One can never be One, as Itself. Not as long as the Two are not Respected, Acknowledged, Seen, Surrendered into.

'I' would Be, Embody, the One as the Two. I would not leave Mary alone, either of them. My Body would Be(come) the Truth and She would Recognize It to Be So. My Body was not mine. It was a Body of God, as the christians would say. Or, a Body of Truth, in my words. My own mother was, as I saw, as holy as the Holy Mary. But she *did* make love, to my father. Or, as I could also say –despite her unconsciousness in this respect, despite her huge resistance to the reality of the dark –she didn't 'lie' about the fact that without the Dark, without Sexuality, there was no Form, no Woman, no Earth, no 'place' where the Formless Love could Manifest as Itself.

In principle, Jesus could have Responded to the Attraction of Mary Magdalene, the Whore, to Him, and He did. Only, in the whole context of that time, with a huge opposition to Let the Light and Dark Unite, it was not possible to go, Deeper, into a relationship. It's even

due to the huge opposition to Light and Dark Meeting Each Other and Melting, the Master and the Whore, that Jesus Had to die, Had to be killed. This same opposition would not in the last place have come from christianity itself for that matter, if it would have existed already. Preaching the Holy Light was relatively not so dangerous, but if the Dark Force on Earth is Touched, then it becomes really perilous. Although my manifestation was rather different, in a way I continued where Jesus died. I Went into Relationship with Woman –an active Relationship –that means, like it or not, with the Dark. I would not be a teacher, prophet or master in the first place. In the first Place I would Be *the Man*, Woman's Man –even if, indeed, She would not be able to shape 'me' according to Her wishes. I, as (Divine, or Whole) Man, Knew What Man Is and, therefore, What She Really Longed for, better than Herself. I would Respond to Her Deepest Call. And this Body Did and still Does. It Became Her. It Felt and still Feels all She Feels Unconsciously. Her Pain Was and Is still Mine.

Yes, Mary, I Am Here. It's Me. It was no matter that I was sitting in a buddhist retreat, that's just the form that was needed, since, like it or not, buddhism carries a deeper Intelligence, a deeper Insight into Reality than christianity. Buddha and Jesus Needed to Become One, One Body, One Consciousness. Extremely sensitive as this Body was and Surrendered into Pain, 'I' was suffering for people's 'sins' as Jesus, but the Body needed the Power of Consciousness that Buddha had in order to stand (much) deeper layers of Pain that Jesus could not reach in His short life and in His separation from Woman's Dark (even though He did not judge that Darkness).

Was it coincidental that Jalata sat in front of me during the meditation sessions? She was perhaps 75 and she had been a nun for almost all her life. Then, at 60 or so, she quit christianity and became a buddhist. Via Jalata it was easier for Mary to make herself known to 'me'.

No, Mary, I would not forget you. I was about to Come. The Explosion of Duality was about to Happen. The Pain of Jesus and the Bliss of Buddha would Unite. But it was good to Hear You, to Feel You, Feel Your Love for Jesus the Son, to Feel how Soft and Receptive Your Love for the Man makes You. It was good to Feel You were Behind me, at My Side, to Feel You didn't want nor Need to stay as a separate Holy Mother any more, but would Follow Me Down, Follow no longer the Son, but the Man He was about to Be(come). Yes, I Heard You and I Always Did. And that's why, for Your Further Development, I was not supposed to Find You in the church. You were in My Heart anyway. Only, I could not Recognize You in the way the church depicted You. Reality, however, the Deeper Reality, is not bothered by

forms like church and religion and Shows and Finds Its Own Way. You Found Me. You are Ready to Be United with the Whore. You will Follow Me. I Am the Father and the Son.

Mary's Appearance was more than a symbol. It could not be compared to religious symbols as used in the church. Egoic use of symbols is questionable anyway, to say the least. No, Her Coming to 'me' was not a dead form that I saw or attuned to, it was Wholly Alive, Vibrating with Life. A symbol that comes to you while you're in a deep meditative state is not a symbol merely standing for something or even Something. No, it is Part of Life Itself, of Its Intelligence, Showing itself at the Right Moment in an Authentic Process.

"Only by doing absolutely nothing, not keeping up or living up to anything, not holding on to any single thought or feeling or path or whatever, you arrive in Samadhi.

Nevertheless there are thoughts, I cannot but notice, but they are of a Dhamma-nature. That's different. Many of them are teachings, statements of the Dhamma, explaining things.

Yes, I feel like our little lake that I pass alone – in the distance people are having breakfast. This little lake is still, one smooth mirror with a splendid fine mist above it. In the distance trees are shadows. I am this lake, of a glorious depth that can't be seen by normal eyes, of a beauty that no one can contrive, that I hadn't considered possible, that is indescribable. The sun is shining through the mist that slowly passes the lake. That's why I can look her straight in the eye and she holds me.

Sri Sri, help: should I really continue still the... conservatory, learning something earthly, something other than learning to transmit my Love (but it will go of itself when I have arrived completely). Just like Muktananda – oh, how much do I understand him – I'd prefer to meditate the whole day long. Meditating is not the same as retreating, it is on the contrary being in full touch with things, with life, it is participating, it is real life... but who understands this.

I just had some food after all, to be able to keep my body on earth.

I love the people here, people in general. They're beautiful, but oh God, they don't know...

Saturday. Morning meditation.

Pity, again an hour has passed. And that fast. I was just starting. It really seems as if time stops existing. I've sat quietly for an hour.

Many 'thoughts', or in fact Dhammas, pass. I say them in the form of words. 'Having' thoughts or rather seeing them float by in a state of deep tranquillity while deeply breathing is so different from 'normal', from how it usually is, when you're in your mind, instead of in awareness. I'm no longer being carried away. They come to me as truth. Thank you. My love for words returns! The inauthenticity has left. The spuriousness that others, the lost (as I was lost for so long), have put in them, is gone. I become 'independent'. That means I can start using words as 'I' mean, as It mean(s).

I just had a 'conversation' with my father: how much I appreciate you and more and more. That you, just like my mother, probably cannot follow me any more (for a part) and that this will only increase. But something will understand, feel, experience it, though you may deny this. I have received a lot from you, father, a lot of good that you have adopted, learned. I see how sensitive you are. You're just like me. Only, you didn't really want to investigate it. You investigated outside yourself, instead of inside.

When I put down my head on my neck I have a very long backbone and a yet even deeper breathing. There's a total consciousness, it seems.

Can I still fall out of this 'delightful' state? Yes, I feel. Certainly. But I still have more than a week to let it become stronger, to condition the Samadhi in me.

(Being in truth cannot be conditioned. Yet the Samadhi has to ripen, become stronger, so 'I' can constantly bear such an amount of energy.)

It is that 'I' give myself an enormous healing here this way, or cure. That is: It gives it. I only allow it. I'm no longer afraid of Power = Love = Consciousness = Unity = Nature = Life (death included).

The introduction of a possible future book:

'Will you still be able to understand what I say, what I experience and would like to give you? Those who, just like me, feel the deepest Love for Truth, will certainly be able to. Their head won't understand (everything) perhaps, but

that's not necessary, that's not how comprehension works, that's not how the transmission of it, of Truth, of Wisdom, works.

Only a few will be able to follow me completely. For this one needs to have experienced something similar oneself.

The one who is afraid of truth better not start the book. Not much of it will get across, but you may try, maybe somewhere there is a small spark that sparks across and eventually causes a forest fire in you, in which you will go up in flames and nothing will remain of you, which is exactly what you are so afraid of. All around you there are flames, fleeing isn't possible any more, in full awareness you die.

I have seen several animals coming through me, at home already. With the snake as the most obvious. It is as if the evolution passes through me. The aggression is (allowed and there) completely without judgement, without morality.

The human animal, divided into Two, 'is' the judge, the species that presumes to be the judge of all. The animal, seemingly unconscious, has no judgement to aggression, to whatever. The judge is also part of Unconsciousness however, due to lack of, resistance to, Surrendering into Reality. As nearly always, mind is confused with Consciousness. For True, Embodied Consciousness Both are Needed: unconsciousness and consciousness.

Earlier, at the end of the '98 autumn retreat with Mettavihari I had already been in Samadhi: sitting for a few hours at a stretch without feeling a single spur to stop sitting and stop being aware. Once, with Tiara on the sofa – being one with Woman – I had also been in a form of Samadhi. It was not me who was talking but It through me. Using this word in this context is true – but don't use it too easily (word degradation and defilement), for instance in creative expressions.

Why would it be so bad when there's rain falling in paradise. Also, it is needed to grow.

I have no control any more. The process is going entirely by itself now. Thank you...

Still about how I Know that enlightenment will be here: ... 'I' don't decide any more. I am being 'pulled to', I am being moved. It is really stronger than I. Oh god, so much stronger. What a lot of energy a human must have(!), to be able to resist It for so long and so stubbornly. Amazing!

You ask me how I manage to sit that long? It is simply because I'm not there any more.

How do 'I' or how does It manage to no longer be there, you ask? Do you prefer a long story or a few sentences or is it okay that I radiate, shine (on) you?

Sometimes I contract my abdomen. It hurts a bit now. If pain comes I laugh for a moment and the smile stays round my mouth and I welcome her. (It is true, however, that I have forgotten to pee for as long as four hours already, maybe this is causing the belly pain now).

You just gotta jump! Let go of the contraction in the head at once and in the rest of the body as well. Forget you are someone.

It is important that your breath is totally down below, at the pelvic floor, in the anus, in the sex organs. But if 'you' let go of the I-cramp, this goes by itself.

You can also work via the body as an entrance but this goes with (great) difficulty: more struggle is included, and it is more painful.

I sit now with both legs stretched forward. In Samadhi. In every posture you can be in Samadhi, in principle. Some postures make it a bit easier.

An important event happened on Monday, the third day, when I came across my lifelong severity, hardness on myself – which almost everyone has but usually rather unconscious and in my case it was much more extreme. It is a good quality that can serve you on the way to enlightenment, if you use it properly (and you simultaneously have a love for truth, even if that love is hidden or intuitive).

Then, afterwards, I've been in love for 24 hours, as I mentioned earlier. That is: after having 'tortured' myself so very much, having kept sitting in pain to an extreme degree - just until it was enough apparently and I got insight. It was no longer necessary. I'm allowed to shift my position now when the pain becomes too big. But, as the teacher in me emphasizes, in no case take this moment too early! Only if all energy has been involved in something, all, if you are finished, done, then the cramp lets go by itself (in this case 'self-torture').

To stay in Samadhi, you only need to keep breathing fully, without contraction, in other words: to stay aware of your breath, of your (energetic) 'self'. Being aware of self and being aware of breath is almost the same. Block your breath and you'll run after your thoughts and emotions. That's stupid!

Egoic breathing by one's own, unconscious will, was of course no solution, no way to sustain the breath, no alternative to following the natural way of the breath in full awareness.

Gopis, yes. But I sincerely believe that it is not my ego that wants to be admired and loved. Real admiration is wonderful, pure. It is good for 'me' and for 'them'. Only egos can be against admiration, worship (of others than themselves).

God, I feel so strong, not feeling dependent any more on the so called judgement of others, of egos of others. How great it is to be able to let my face hang, exactly how it wants to hang.

It was not that I was suddenly attracted to have many women – muses – at the same time. It was rather that I became aware of a Divine (Male) Force – through me – that was naturally attractive to Woman. Since the Truth was so very near now, this meant that also Man was very near – in the end there was no difference. Man Married the Woman-Field – not one specific woman. Suddenly, now that I got in Touch with the Depth of Life, now that I was going Beyond Duality, it felt but natural that more than one woman could embody that Field.

Although earlier in the retreat-notes it was I myself who had brought up the subject of making love to them, one better not be blinded by this form. The making love itself was not what it was primarily about. It could be a natural consequence of Woman Loving (Me as the) Man Who Sees-Feels Her and Represents the Truth of the One Heart. It is about Allowing Woman to Love Me, to Recognize the One Beyond Her Two. The Form the Formless Love takes is secondary. As long as I as man was not Beyond duality, the 'idea' or image of gopis would have been strange. In that case I would instead have been limited to the supposedly normal world of Duality in which one man and one woman take up their role in that fight.

More important than the possible making love is the Process of Creating the gopis in such a way that they can Freely Love Man, Finally, to Allow them to Make Love with Me in their Heart, no matter the outer form. This Creation is not the same as manipulation. It is Allowing, as a Mirror of their Own hidden Potential, their Deeper Potential of Love to manifest, which is something that in the normal earthly reality doesn't happen; being in love is by far not enough for this. Only Man Himself as He Is can 'Do' this, by His Selfless Heart Only – and whether or not He plays flute like Krishna, but sure enough his Heart must Sing... His Heart is the Divine Attraction Beyond attractiveness. (For) He has not Submitted to the normal Female Layer of the Earth as Form but is Beyond himself Determined to Give His Formless Selfless Love to Her. The Earth is so Dark that This is only possible if He gains Full Clarity not only on Himself but also on Her, and therefore on Their Relation. It is only Possible if He Creates Her – out of His Own Heart – as Himself.

The image of Krishna with 'his' gopis dancing around him, may trigger the ego(ic longing or desire) in a man, the image is worth nothing more than a fantasy if Man cannot make the 'gopi' Conscious. Man cannot do anything with an empty gopi dancing around him, merely enjoying herself and her energy, her attraction to the Man she seems to love – not if she is not whole-heartedly and whole-bodily willing to sacrifice her nice energy into Truth, which would be a highly exceptional situation, though not impossible in principle.

I had a beautiful discovery during my latest walk outside out of the camp: one doesn't get tired of walking (far) but of not being aware.

Also when listening to the Dhamma-talk or during a meeting or whatever, be conscious and you'll leave from there radiating. Do not want anything other than what's currently there.

In exciting situations, for instance in a cave or with people, it is difficult to stay in It. I completely forget.

The lake is not afraid that the fish in it will swim off with him.

The belly is completely loose now, the support is in the lower back. The pelvis is vertically tilted, perpendicular to the ground.

I get tensed of not being aware. I lose 'my' energy because of it. For instance my legs become 'empty'.

Suddenly I see, experience, the connection between fighting and unawareness. When I'm not aware, or in any case when I've been unaware for too long at a stretch, I start to feel bad, tensed. And when I notice this – for instance after having sat down – I start fighting. Other people will do something in such a case, something 'nice' for instance. In my case, I'm not going to do something, but I want to feel differently anyhow: the tension must disappear. But there's nothing to do. But wait until, of itself, it goes away.

I feel now the tendency to fight arising – instead of noting the fighting. Eureka! This is very important.

After having meditated the tension away by being aware, that is: by Surrender, there is so very much love I feel for everyone and everything, up to tears behind my eyes. I am touched. I can give it. I know.

'The (big) fight' yesterday with my father, wasn't it fighting with the Force that secretly whispers in the Dark that I am 'not allowed' to be powerful, and to radiate?

It sounds a bit unkind, but can one become enlightened with such an odd body as Patrick's (one of the male meditators)?

My recipe for someone else here, a woman who seems to be not really here on earth: three times a day ... fucking, I mean.

Indeed, I can sing the praises of meditation and never stop, the value of meditation cannot be overestimated, but that doesn't mean that this is the thing to do for everyone at any moment in his or her life. The woman in question was as dry as dust. Well, if the meditation would reveal that she should go more into life, into contact, that she should give herself (much more, whole-bodily), then the meditation served her well. But I was afraid that something like that would not be the outcome of her meditation efforts. And that she would remain 'deluded by consciousness', as I called it later. One can be deluded by 'energy' or by the other side of the coin of life, by 'consciousness'. Meditation, becoming more conscious, may seem a good alternative for people with resistance to or fear of going fully into energetic life but it is not an alternative. Consciousness brings or can bring Clarity about Life, but what is 'Clarity' without 'life'?

If meditation functions as one of the endless forms of escape from real life – paradoxically, for Meditation represents the Formless (Which is Real Life, though without form yet) – this must be seen as well, just like all other forms. Right Meditation can show this, by the way. In principle, It shows everything.

Experimenting outside the ‘paths’ (with Vipassana, with life) is not just a good thing to do but it is indispensable.

Micrometre by micrometre I feel my neck, head, sinking onto my trunk again, for my (conditioned) head/neck still and continually wants to flee upwards, to stretch.

I might have been nearing the end of ‘me’ closer and closer, the consciousness in me still thought in terms of ‘my conditioning’. When the remainders of ‘I’ have been left behind, there are just Forces left, Forces that do indeed condition a body and a mind. If one of the Forces had the upper hand in one’s life - no problem, and it was even ‘normal’, this unbalance – then at least the Other Force, the Other Side, should be Explored, Allowed as well, sooner or later; unless we didn’t care about Truth, of course, about the One as Two. But, admittedly, with our language it is difficult to speak truthfully of what is beyond ‘I’ when referring to the ‘place’ as which Consciousness manifests in a perceivable form. The Body, with a capital indeed, is for ‘me’ not a bad way of referring to it – the Conscious Body, that is. Or, as is often done in this book, the ‘I’ and ‘Me’ and so on are put in between commas.

Anyhow, when there is not any (hidden) identification any more with any side of any variation of, and Level of, Duality – which is something that seems to have never happened on earth – then it can be said there is no I, no trace of ego, left any more and there is only One as Two. Having no identification includes having no attachment to de-identification – or no-identity – either, to make it more complicated.

Samadhi is also impermanent.

One may think that I’m asleep when I’m in Samadhi, certainly when my body is ‘lying’ on the floor with a deep relaxed regular breath as one may have during sleep. But I do not lie and I do not sleep, I’m fully aware.

Adi Da, sometimes I’m allowed to feel you. I’m so glad you live.

A fly is quietly washing his hands on my arm. He's not bothered at all by the fact that I'm on the road to Nowhere and Everywhere. Would he at least notice the difference in energy between mine and that of a beginner, a less conscious Body? I have entered the consciousness of a fish, a snake, a lion, an ape, but not yet of a fly.

At a certain moment during the walk I lay naked in the sun in that meadow full of flowers.

After a while the penis got erect with the mild sun heating it. As I found the no-sex vow for Buddhist meditators silly and anti-life I was free to do a little penis experiment. In front of the altar of Truth no Buddhist could maintain that the penis was - unlike the rest of the body - the 'bad guy' that was obstructing people to walk the Path of Truth. How could even any, the slightest aspect of life be an obstruction instead of Be Part of the Same Truth? And, moreover, if one would Realize the Truth (helped) by repressing the Sexual Force, what was the value of that (partial) Truth if It was not connected to life itself? The Sexual Force *was* the Representative of life. Truth could not be Given to life, to people, if it was not Connected, if It didn't Know life, from Inside, if It didn't Know Sexuality, if It didn't Know the Two therefore.

First the wetted glans was stroked, in full radiating love, its sensitivity investigated. Then my hand went along the shaft, to and fro. Doing this, I didn't understand at all the purpose of it, however. The penis became less hard, also. And I quit the experiment. Only vaguely I still recognized the movement in similar situations earlier in my life. But for the rest there was no comparison. The thing is that at first I had followed. I had followed the flow of love. Then, at a certain point, I did, the form took over, and It was gone. Without love the sense of such a happening was gone as well.

It seemed that the returned Innocence could not be fooled any more. Body and Love were one. Without love the penis got weakened, as if this procedure was the most normal thing on earth.

Oh, what a calm, what a peace, what a delight and Love when, after a while, I remember that I can lay down my head – and do so. Gone are the thoughts.

Thanks, thanks, oh parents, for not repressing my intelligence as a child (too much).

Although and because there is no speaking you see people (more) naked. It's a pity there are no attractive women here. There is no fear of distraction.

My awareness slackens somewhat. Just now in the 2nd afternoon meditation I might have been a bit too enthusiastic. Is that possible, when at the same time I stay Aware? Anyhow, a little tiredness comes up and, also, I was again slightly fighting, without knowing it.

Being aware afterwards is at least something.

I'm going to pay even more attention to my neck from now on. The neck is becoming increasingly important, I feel and notice. While having a shower – later known as 'the douche event' (half joking) – I Saw-Felt clearly that by lifting the head, even if 'I' did this extremely subtly, a division takes place, a separation from reality, from truth. It's important that I could and can feel now on a physical-energetic level so well the Separating Force being active. It seems it cannot hide any more from Consciousness. It cannot, as usual, separate in the Dark any more – or at least not separate 'me'.

I just experienced that every fast movement of the head gets you out of Samadhi. Also during sitting this phenomenon takes place. That is, every movement that is not done slowly, deliberately, not carrying the presence, separates the head from the heart (and from the sex centre, from the lower realms of existence in general). This is quite something, this discovery...

Every time you do not feel good, or you do, in any case when you're not one with existence – that is: you're unaware, for in reality you are not separate, you're not that powerful to be able to be separate from it – you want 'sex', consciously or not. You want to Reunite, in fact.

*Later this will be known as ‘the forest event’⁴. I walked through the forest and hoped, again and again, with every one of the five little houses I passed, that a woman dressed in a beautiful tight gown was already waiting for me. Everywhere and every time you don’t feel good, not one – so also when you **think** you feel good – there is sex. Everywhere, the whole day long, there is sex. Sex = being separate – instead of being together. It is not a form primarily. It is a longing for Reunion. That ‘sex’ hides often and most of the time in the dark and masks itself as other forms, doesn’t mean it is not there.*

In the forest I suddenly heard a loud creak behind me, coming from a tree. For a moment I was startled but in no time afterwards, in a flash of lightning, there was the hope that a beautiful elegant woman would climb down the tree, a woman who did not let herself be distracted by the world, by forms, but who has contact with herself and is therefore quietly longing for me, for her beloved. Absurd but true.

Long meditation retreats like this one were great in offering the opportunity to become so aware of things that in daily life are easily and usually hidden in the Dark– although they are there – that they cannot stay unnoticed any longer. *The woman was always there.* If there had been an attractive woman amongst the participants of the retreat I had directed my attention to her. Now, in this absence, *the woman* had to come from the trees, like a ripe fruit. ‘The forest events’ certainly contributed considerably to ‘my’ Realization of the Utter Importance of Man and Woman, Seeing that it is not just an issue, a subject as other subjects. It is the Subject, the Only Subject, it is reality itself. The One Exists Only as Two. Without the Two there is no One. I was not crazy, not obsessed with Woman, just (much) more Aware. Or, in fact, I Discovered everyone’s natural Dual Obsession with the Opposite Sex, including mine, this Obsession that could exist as long as there was a ‘me’, an ‘I’, as long as It was not fully Aware as ‘Me’, as long as I represented (merely or even partly) one Side of the Coin, as long as I hadn’t United Man and Woman in ‘Myself’, in ‘my’ Consciousness-Body. And even then, if that Union would be There, ‘Woman’ would go on. Duality would go on. Only, I would be Free in it then, no longer be an unconscious slave. Fundamentally I would

⁴ I was again half joking here with this remark of ‘later this will be known as...’ Anyway, it was obviously inspired by reading the autobiography of Adi Da, in which he also had certain important events on his way to enlightenment which he gave names.

not, secretly or anyhow, want anything from Woman any more. Things would, finally, have been turned around – and in this retreat they were fundamentally and for good turned around.⁵ Woman would finally have the ‘Freedom’ to, in my Presence, in Man’s Consciousness, Want (from) Me, Man – like the Deeper Reality Says it ‘should be’ or rather is. The Beggar Stopped existing, the one who Offers (the Heart) was There. Similar to Adi Da who Offered a Relationship, I Offer Woman a Relationship, I Offer Her Man. Without (Present) Man there could be no True Relationship of Man and Woman, when Man indeed doesn’t Realize and Consciously Represent the One, *next to* playing His Part, Role in Woman’s Duality (as the Male Side). Man Was Man and Woman, the One *and* the Two – while Woman Was the Two. Only in Surrender to Man She could Be (Part of His) One, One Heart.

Every body, including monks, had women – and men – ‘climbing down the trees’, descending from Above. The thing was to See this in all Clarity. The thing was not to get busy with something else, something of seemingly deeper importance, but to take it totally Seriously and to Feel so unlimitedly much Love for ‘the Other’ – and this Love Was There, in everyone – that One Eventually Unites with Him or Her: He Tears Himself Apart into Her (Two), She Explodes into Him, His One Heart. It was a pity that an intelligent Dhamma as Buddhism – or at least the branch of Buddhism that I was associated with here and that practiced vipassana as its main meditation – hasn’t incorporated Man and Woman, just like, as far as I knew, almost any path or religion has ‘forgotten’ to do so, by the way. Or, if they have done so, I don’t see any substantial result of the theory been brought to reality on Earthly Level. It is, literally, not *incorporated*, has not become flesh.

Masters also have, hidden, this ‘Obsession’ with the Other Sex – as it is Nature, Part of Divine Nature. Only, they don’t want to See it, so they *do* not See it. It doesn’t fit their teaching or religion or path. They do not wish to be judged. ‘Man and Woman’ is Something with big judgements attached, to protect it from the Eye of Truth. So often, usually, masters ‘have to’ act out the subject of Man and Woman in the Dark, especially all that’s related to

⁵ The basis for this turnaround had happened earlier, however, with the Syrup leaving ‘my’ Body – Syrup = ‘self’ taking energetic ‘shape’ (which results in sleepiness, un-presence etc.) – and Clarity Came that ‘relationship and all its trouble’ was not my thing, my problem. As Heart-Man, living from and as the Heart, I fundamentally had no problem. I Was, Already, in Relationship. I Was, Already – and unlike Woman – in Love. In fact, the event of the Syrup leaving the Body, was, in its turn, a consequence of ‘my’ sacrifice of (being with) Tiara, my beloved, the representative of Woman on earth, into Truth, half a year earlier – which was the actual end of that intense relationship.

sexuality. Krishnamurti had a life-long secret affair with his secretary. What is this for inferior Truth, if the teaching is something else than the act? Sai Baba masturbated boys for their own good and whatever else he did with them before the Eye of the Lord. Muktananda seduced and fucked girls in their early teens. Priests of the catholic church have sexually abused countless children. And so on and so on. Of course it goes like this if there's no Clarity on Man and Woman 'and' Sexuality, as long as masters and teachers assume they need to satisfy their lower interests in the Dark, for otherwise people would walk away from them – that's a nice kind of 'freedom' – as long as supposed personal interests are not sacrificed on the Altar of Truth. The whole thing is as black as ink.

Only if you're fully Aware of something can it be Transcended, can one go Beyond it. Fighting (and secretly protecting) the Dark (Side) never led to True Enlightenment, to a True Realization of Truth.

The masters never Transcended in their own Body Woman's Natural Obsession with the Other Sex in 'Whom' She Wants to Return. So, there's only one conclusion: they took it over, UnSeen, and 'have to' live it, act it out in the Dark – or repress it, as for instance Buddhists might try, usually without success.

Masters never Really Went into Woman. Going into Woman's body is not the same as Going into Woman. One Needs a very big Heart for the latter. Going into Woman is Going as Heart into Her Dark. Only the Pure Heart can Survive there. A master, if he's not Ready for it, easily gets Swallowed by even an ordinary woman, let alone by a woman with a powerful Dark Force. It was only thanks to 'my' Heart that 'I' Survived the intense Relationship with Woman in the form of Tiara, if we consider the fact that it took place largely before I started to meditate. And true, if 'my' Heart would not have been frustrated with Woman's, Tiara's, (lack of or at least limited and hidden) Response to It then I might not have started to meditate. By 'Surviving' I mean Becoming Her, Living Woman, without losing Man but, on the contrary, Manifesting Man through or via Woman. Or: Becoming Woman without becoming Woman, if you can follow it – Incorporating Her without letting Her Rule in you.

Since 'the forest event' I Understood more Deeply than before, Wholly from Inside, Woman's Obsession with 'the Prince on the White Horse', the One She was (and had always been) waiting for. It was originally a Natural 'Obsession' – or call it: Divine Attraction – that, on earth, in the Egoic Realm, had become an 'obsession', indeed, because She kept Her Attraction to Man, Her Deep Love for Him 'safely' in the Dark. She didn't Want to Admit it. She Resisted her Original Nature. And so the horse always rode past Her. She didn't dare to truly Open for the Prince, Who would have Responded, Immediately. Instead She opened

(Her body) to ‘the dark man’, who could not Mirror Her Own Darkness, who could not Reject Her (Betrayal of Herself, of Her Own Heart), whose Love She could not lose, because he could anyway not give her Love; being an unconscious copying machine, the dark man wouldn’t know how to do that, how to give Love. Woman wanted her dark to be Loved, Taken by the Prince, but She didn’t want to Dirty Him. Then all would be lost. As long as the Holy Prince was still Pure, Pure-Eyed, Pure-Hearted, there was at least still hope. And this way, without Invoking, Introducing the Prince in Her Darkness She’d take the hope with Her to Her grave(s). A sad ending of the fairy tale that was reality, every day, the whole day long. Until ‘Me’, as far as I was concerned. I would Reunite Dark and Light. I would Show Woman that I was not afraid of Her Dark. I was not blind. For I Was (a) Man. I Was (a) Heart. I would Wholly, Holy, Live Duality, let Myself be Dirtied, Weakened, Clouded, *and* Cleaned again, Returned to Power, Become Enlightened again – all by the One Same Heart of Love. I would Trigger Her Dark to show its face, over and over again and, Eventually, leave Her no choice but to See. If, with the by Me Given Eyes, She’d See Her Dark – because *the Heart* was There, Already – She could See Me as well, My Light, My Eternal Love, My Non-Rejecting Heart. She would See the Prince had Become a King. Her Attraction would Outshine Her Resistance in the Light of His Body That Was His Truth. She would stop acting, stop faking being and stop desiring to be a queen. The whole show would stop because She simply, naturally, Recognized She Was the Queen, His Woman, Always – and not as a self, a self that came into existence because of Separating from Him, Her Man, Her King. She Had to ‘Do’ this Separation, Urging Him by This to Be(come) Conscious, of Her, of Himself as Man. But Now it was no longer necessary. Or at least, next to Separation also Unity would Be There. Consciously Living Both Unity and Separation Simultaneously Was the Oneness of Man and Woman, the Realization of Their ‘One-Bodiness’, Being One Body of Two forms, the One as Two. *Radically* Seeing, Accepting, in the Full Light Surrendering into (the Painfulness of) Separation leaves it powerless. The Separating Force is no longer in control, no longer Ruling in the Dark. Man and Woman Found Each Other – again – *Consciously* this time.

This was Really Something, Something Else – Something different from the Noble Dhamma. This was Way Beyond and Deeper than Man’s Truth (Dhamma). Without Woman, without Her Embodiment of Man’s Truth, Man’s Truth was a nice exercise, in itself going deep; only, not Touching the Earth, not Touching Woman, leaving Her in the Cold. Sitting with a straight back was not Enough. The ‘head’ – Consciousness – had to Bow, Bend Forward and Touch the Earth. ‘I’ Was the Touch. ‘I’ would Embodiment the Whole Touch, the Living Proof that Woman’s Body Is Part of Man’s Heart. The Body was no body. The Body

was (a form of) Heart. Only if Man Finally, Finally, Took the Whole Body Seriously, the Whole Woman, then would This Truth Be(come) Clear, the Body would Shine (as) the Heart, instead of merely or mainly (as) Ego.

The Noblest Dhamma for (a) Man Was: to Become Woman and, thus, Find Man... Find Man everywhere – not before going through a Hell of an Ordeal though. Only by Going into Woman This will be Known. Not by pondering, philosophizing or even meditating in the gallery or wherever.

The Meditation proceeds

“Still about the neck. I got it. Samadhi needs two bodily components: straight back (lower back, pelvis and the head straight on the trunk (my ‘neck’). In fact it’s about the energetic connections between what is higher and what is lower; it is not about pure straightness itself. Or else, if the two connections (round the two rotation points, the pelvis and the neck) are not energetically happening, one starts to talk through the back of one’s neck. If one of them is lacking ‘It’ is not there, you are not there, not present, not in the here and now. These two rotation points are very important in daily life.

My whole life I have withdrawn from either of the two connections, or both at the same time, as soon as peril threatened. Supposed danger always threatens. Rarely if ever it is real.

With every movement think of your lower back – and neck – and automatically you’re ‘aware’. Don’t escape!

What a wonderful place it is here and what an arrangement. Put thirteen people, strangers, together and do not speak to one another for two weeks. Terrific.

If you do not know, you suffer. It cannot be otherwise.

When I’m in my head, having a ‘conversation’, I avoid the pain that is there, I move without being aware of the pain. But, just now, I could just get it still in retrospect.

In this light quiet late afternoon meditation some ordinary garden conversations come in between suddenly. What is this now?!

During writing down this I feel the tendency to make something more beautiful, interesting, of it. As if reality itself is not enough. As if the attention must be drawn and kept by something other than truth, by something of 'interest'. Ha!

In Samadhi, movements, even very difficult ones, are very soft and flowing, gradual. There is energy that wants to move, no ego that wants something and, by means (misuse) of the body, goes after it.

I may feel a bit uncertain regarding the last meditation – after one (official) hour it was immediately enough for me, there was no tendency to prolong it, to keep sitting, as otherwise – yet I feel as never before so quiet, peaceful, calm and whole. I'm holding up my being taken short of peeing – the toilet is constantly occupied – and it doesn't disturb me at all. Even this small – illegal – writing now is not disturbing.

Nevertheless, it is incredible how by a little something – for instance a doubt, hesitation – you can get out of It, out of the peaceful state. Or by eating, by greed: taking too big bites, for instance. If this is already the case here, in this quiet surrounding, how will this be in the madness of the town. My god... People will never make It that way.

***Evening meditation.** First I meditated shortly in my hut. There was a quick alternation of big peace and restlessness, thoughts, stories. It was Recognized as Dukkha (suffering)!!! I even had to cry, with tears and all. The alternating of the two sides of Duality is suffering.*

Evening meditation (official).

As never before I experienced such a big bliss and love...

My god, is there an end to the depth of this...

So much, deep love...

I've certainly reached a next stage – although I feel as well that I can still fall out of it.

God, I could hardly hold my laughter – the bliss was so very strong.

At a certain moment I was afraid that the others would lynch me, because they feel of course something important is happening to me, something they do not have (yet). And I had to laugh so tremendously over this. There were many thoughts that were extremely funny, in fact. It was comparable to the few times I tried out a piece of hash-cake in my twenties. It was interesting you could reach the same effect without any means from outside, just by being very Aware.

I felt a lot of gratitude towards Pir Vilayat, a great lot. And also for Muktananda. By his writings I will reach the Noble Dhamma so much earlier – Enlightenment.

For this evening there was, at least half of the time, a lot of the spontaneous yoga posture in which my body was bended forward with my head touching the ground, but still sitting on my knees and the spine carrying it all. This gave a deep breathing.

I just follow 'my body's will'. I do nothing. I am being blessed, enlightened, by itself.

I had a meeting and conversation with Pir in the ether. We had also a lot of fun, Pir and me, a lot of laughter. In general it was very cosy, and comradely and lovable. I thanked him deeply for what he had given me and everyone.

Have you followed the Sufi-path? Pir asked. Well no, I said. Rather my own way. That is: I learned everywhere, on many paths, from many people. I told him I was with the Sufis just because of him. I said that in my case transmission works via people, and that he is such a wonderful human being. He laughed aloud inside and smiled lovingly.

During the meditation I also cried shortly but deeply, which I allowed without sound, and which, when I was aware of it, transformed into great bliss. There was almost no transition. Immediately when I got aware of the pain, bliss appeared. Fortunately, I didn't forget too often to register the bliss - I think hardly, in fact. How is it possible anyway to not be aware of that intensity?

When I thought of 'my Task' I got serious all of a sudden and felt strong, a big force, just as suddenly. I saw a lot of people sitting before me - among whom Naomi – who came to me to be radiated.

There was also a great peace and, oh god: love...

Belly, heart and head were gloriously and heartily connected, one.

Also, there was a moment of deep disappointment – which I felt now once more briefly. (When I relax it is ‘good’ again.) I guess the disappointment was not there because I had to repress the bliss, or at least the laughter from it. (For) I noted the repression and in that sense it was rather holding, containing the energy than repressing it. Or was it because I noted too little? It doesn’t seem so to me. It’s just that the Dhamma (Truth) does what It wants.

Very much is happening in me (body and...) at the moment, I feel. Shall I go to sleep. Or must I still go further, still press on a little while, see it through, go the whole hog and, who knows, I’ll be ready, for good, Life will be One Meditation.

No, not yet...

At the left corner of my mouth and that whole region a lot happened as well. It seemed to be related to letting go.

I wonder if I don’t dare any more, to go and sit! – this is ludicrous. (For) It is so very big. It. Infinite. I disappear... (I’m sleeping.)
