

Some notes I made during the taped Dhamma-talks, somewhere around that day.

“You can see for yourself which form of Vipassana yields the most or most important Dhamma for you. Standing, sitting, walking or lying. Generally, you should recall, analyse, which meditation circumstances were most favourable for you. (For instance: straight back.) And the same regarding unsuccessful meditations. For instance put a little less effort in it next time. All this to make corrections, to adjust.

Contrary to the third phase in which there'll be a lot of pain, in the fourth phase you experience a lot of bliss and, in general, will have pleasant experiences. You experience the rightness of body and mind. Noting is easy.

There are phases of good and bad noting, due to past deeds in this and former lifetimes.

If you haven't practiced Samatha meditation you can, possibly quickly, find the Dhamma – despite a lot of pain and discomfort on the way. Samatha meditation is any form of meditation wherein you practice concentration, concentration on whatever object, like a word, a mantra, a colour, a flame, love and so forth. Vipassana is the other basic form of meditation. It is the opposite, in a way. No concentration on a specific object but total openness, openness for whatever objects may want to pass by. The meditator just follows, doesn't leave out or wilfully ban 'other information, as in Samatha meditation.

If you have practiced Samatha and Vipassana you'll find quickly and comfortably.

Patience with pain leads to Nirvana. Maintain a relaxed mind. When pain comes, relax the body a little and investigate.

In the fourth phase pain becomes worse at the first noting. At the second, it lessens. At the third noting it removes. If the Samadhi becomes stronger, pain shows up and disappears again. The most important then, is to note shortly, be aware of: pain. Then, only the cessation of pain is distinct. Pain is no longer important.

The noting consciousness also disappears in the long run – just like with sound that you don't hear any longer after a while.

You will find the Noble Dhamma soon.

Watch attachment now.

In the fifth phase there will be very pleasant meditations. There will be mental bliss: peaceful. Also the peaceful state can disappear in its turn. The quick alternating of coming and going of it seems painful. It is Dukkha (suffering). How can you catch up with them? Just note: knowing.

When you realize: this is Dukkha, it dissolves.

The Noble Dhamma comes within sight.

In the sixth phase the process is very subtle.

You can become overexcited (mental agitation), which doesn't advance the Dhamma. It can happen when you note only or mainly the aspect of Sukkha (pleasure, delight) instead of also (or at least more of) Dukkha. There should in this respect be a balance in noting. You should note incessantly. Overexcitement leads to looking into the past and the future. To counter this: look into the present. Note the fear that this beautiful state can disappear again in the future and thus return to the present.

In this phase, watch out for lethargy and lack of effort. Concentrate on effort. Know It doesn't come easily. Count your blessings.

If the yogi becomes melancholic and there's a lack of acute awareness, meditate on Buddha himself. This leads to joy and satisfaction.

The five joys:

light joy

momentary joy

oscillating joy

transporting (transmitting) joy

all pervading joy

Pain doesn't have an origin, a place, in the body. It arises there, then here, then somewhere else again."

[End of notes from Dhamma talk]

"Saturday, July 10th 1999. Night meditation.

What yesterday and the day before was felt as pain near the heart has been, I am sure now about my intuition then, the opening to bliss-love.

Early this morning I sat once more in total bliss. Immediately when I sit down, bang!, it is there. Amazing.

I have to face death. By accident I killed – almost – a daddy longlegs, the big ‘mosquito’ that doesn’t bite. This moment he is floundering in front of me on this notebook. Should I kill him? Should I play God? Should I stand up and look at it? Should I see that I live and when I live I unavoidably kill?

Oh, after five minutes he scrambles to his feet, more or less upright. And he even flies away now. Bye.

I feel guilty when, during writing just now, I haven’t been aware.. My god, thoughts – guilt, in this case – are so very funny when the heart is so open.

I breathe as one. There are no blocks any more.

And that’s me saying this, M. J., the block himself...

‘Teaching’ appears again. (Imagining teaching people truth, with all the content of the talk going together with it.)

There is some odd feeling in the legs that in the ‘past’, a few days ago, would have been experienced, felt and described as pain. Now I’m not or hardly aware of it any more – only still when I tried to watch it shortly.

I passed pain... Thank you.

That is: I passed the problematic character ascribed to pain, passed getting busy with it when it is there. I passed the ‘I’ that comes into existence when pain should be gone or changed.

After every sentence, after every experience, I think and want to note down ‘Thank you’, for that’s how I feel it in reality.

Yet, there are many fears (mind conditionings) coming up during the bliss:

- *that I’ll screw it up all the same*
- *that It will leave me again*
- *that I must watch out – regarding the neck, for instance, to see to it that it stays in its proper, connected position*
- *that I will cramp again, fight again*

This is all the same!

About writing and while doing so having difficulties with or not being able to be in the here and now:

It is like photographing. One creates an image of reality. A sketch. About reality. In a certain sense, an image or a sentence is not even a fraction of reality. Me neither. I exist anyhow only if the whole reality is there and not as a particle of it.

Before I came to this retreat I made the joke to Satya that after one week I'd have to sit out my time here enlightened. But blimey, although it is true that I haven't attained enlightenment, I do have attained the total bliss, sure enough. Amazing, so quick. Thank you, Satya, for having faith in me.

The ordinary things continue but don't touch me at all any more. Except for funny thoughts. That means, currently: all thoughts - well, at least many of them. They – still – make me laugh. Perhaps this (laughing about thoughts) will also disappear. I really couldn't care any less.

I seem to be able now to, very subtly, transform bliss or the blues into Love. It's of no importance (any more). When I'd like to feel Love, I feel Love. When I'd like to be serious, I am that. And yet, simultaneously: everything is Love. The love just mentioned is rather the soft Love that people will recognize as such, as love. (There is an All-Pervading, All-Being Love, however, That Includes but goes Beyond the 'soft version' of Love.)

My eyes do not need to close any more. The bliss, the Love, It, Awareness, continues anyway.

Goodbye, you people. I'm leaving you today. Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye", from 'The Wall' by Pink Floyd is the song I have to sing over and over again. M. J. is leaving you. Azar Baksh will be here. 'Will be', indeed, for there is still something left of an 'I-feeling', an 'I-awareness'.

It's all a matter of letting, of daring to let your breath run of itself, to let go of your breath, a matter of letting life, daring to let life in its fullness, go through

*you. The thing is not to live by yourself, not to be seduced to breathe by yourself.
That's all.*

I'm having awfully funny, absurd thoughts, like during the morning SILA session (reciting Buddhist texts). I'm conducting the choir that recites: "Act as a blind person, although my eyesight is good... Act as a deaf person although my hearing is good..." and so on, with all sorts of violent and then suddenly subtle movements of my arms, hands and face guiding the whole show.

And, yet, there are also 'gross' thoughts still. A little spider runs up to the woman whom I gave the recipe. I tell the courageous spider:

"Ah, just eat her. She's done anyway... She won't fuck. She has given up and spins out her seeming life; she takes refuge in spiritual practices." As if, when and as long as you repress sexuality, It, Life, can or will enter you. As if there would be something to See without Life's (Big) Energy.

Still, sometimes when I write, I hold my breath – when, therefore, I 'choose' being unaware for a moment and so I am.

For a moment the thought came over me: Do... For heaven's sake, do I still have to or am I able still to do something, anything? I have absolutely no idea what this could be.

For instance: do I have to go again to the conservatory next? Will I lose It there (temporarily)? Should I continue meditating afterwards, after this?

(Ironic:) Please, allow me to still do something with my neck or something. Please. Throughout my life I have strived, done. And what now...?

I imagine again my satsangs. Usually I'm silent... sometimes I sing and play a song... and sometimes I say something... It depends on the moment, on who are there and how they are in that moment.

A miracle! "The resurrection of the daddy longlegs". Will this be the title of this book? Or "My first beard". Inwardly I split my sides with laughter.

During the whole meditation I sat erect. No ‘ground-yoga’ (subtly touching the ground with my head) this time.

And now the gong has sounded. It is time to eat. Everybody has gone to the dining room already. I, however, do not feel any motivation to put things into my mouth, to let my jaws go up and down, to swallow, to have, again, that sensation of digesting food in my stomach. Isn’t Prana sufficient for me?

Prana is the subtle energy in the air, or everywhere, vibrating with life. I realized some time earlier that I always saw and had always been able to see this Prana; only, previously I had confused it with ultra fine rain.

Reason tells me yet to go and eat – if only for learning to be among people in this State and not being ashamed of my nearing Enlightenment, learning not to dispose of it because others, egos, will feel uncomfortable in the presence of this State. This learning school might very well take a long time once I’ll be home.

Pain in my back. Should I note better, more consequently? Ah, damn it, pain comes when it wants...

I’m standing outside now, moving, dancing. I wouldn’t be surprised if Muktananda also danced like this. It’s not happiness that I feel. Just awareness. Among other things I’m aware of the fact that my whole body feels so flexible, without blocks, free, fluent. This is dancing. Following the movement, not making movements. Currently I’m allowed to understand what Osho always talked about. Being the movement totally, being the dance, not the dancer. Oh, Osho, thank you! What incredibly value have you been to me.

1st morning meditation.

It seemed to take at least 10 minutes of meditating before the relative unrest of the breakfast – karma of the others? – had disappeared from my body. A ‘normal’ person – that is: someone who’s not meditating – should have heard me calling this silence ‘unrest’. He’d think I’m crazy. And for him, a normal person, I am. Or was it the taking in of a nice bit of food that gave me the unrest, that made my energy and consciousness withdraw? Properly speaking, this is not a question. It is something arising in consciousness. It doesn’t stick around as a question. When a question arises I’m not looking for the right answer. I let things,

possibilities, resonate in ‘me’. As long as I live, the investigation continues. Next to discovering many things that have already been discovered, have become conscious before me – I nor anyone can’t get out of it to repeat this, although it may be done possibly faster – I will realize and ‘add’ my specific unique ‘own’ Insight(s) that have become aware through ‘me’ to the evolution of mankind.

The first hour there was no bliss, but ‘just’ Samadhi. I don’t know how deep this went. Often, the noting mind has disappeared already. Sometimes it returns, I note. Then I wonder, what is the sense of noting? And I can only laugh.

Especially after and because of the sit-lie posture of being bended forward with my head lightly touching the ground I get back into the great bliss – in other words and very relevant: after the very deep breathing therefore, the deep breathing that is full, spontaneous, natural.

‘Teaching’ appears again. Hi.

The eyes really do not want to, cannot be shut any more.

Just now, at the end of the first morning meditation, I had to cry very deeply when with my finger I, almost, touched the little heart spot in the middle (breastbone). My god, what an awful lot is there. Or nothing.

There is more pain in the legs again. I just notice it. There is no fear of a relapse.

I asked for toilet paper this morning. These things continue.

To my surprise I could already very subtly feel that I had to poop. We need to poop consciously, feel in full awareness the turd(s) coming out of the anus.

In all fairness, the questions that are still left do not matter anything at all to me any more. That’s how great the trust is. That’s how big It is.

The answer is there. It is reality itself. No longer I am the questioner. I am reality itself.

It seems as if I've gone through the 5th phase in about one and a half meditations. Is that possible? Why not. It happened just after the Dhamma-talk that was (among other things) about this, about how peace and chaos (or unrest) alternate, quickly. I Recognized this. There was Knowing.

Now (in 6th phase?) I need to, next to Sukkha (happiness, bliss) also keep noting Dukkha (suffering) that gains some ground again but is difficult to recognize because the state of Samadhi is, in itself, so wonderful and new. In a state of bliss it isn't so easy yet to detect pain. But there's no despair.

There we are: Pain again. First I think: Jesus, this is violent.

Then: ah, all right, go ahead, you're welcome too.

Then – everything goes so quickly now –: are you, really (welcome)? For I think: 'I don't know what it was that I deserved this, what sins I have committed in the past.' And now I burst out laughing lustily.

The biggest sin of humanity was to present the appearance of sin as real. The word 'sin' is the most idiotic laughable term ever invented. People rather give a name to something than investigate in themselves – also energetically – the truth behind it.

The straighter – the more connected – the spine, the bigger the love and bliss. It needs to be flexible though, which means that it can allow energy to be conducted through it. Strangely enough, this (flexible) straightness, can only be attained by surrender, not by straightening rigidly. It is reached by going along with the (curved) movements.

Yet, again and again, you've got to sit straight. It is searching-feeling for a posture till you become crazy from it. Almost crazy. And just before you reached total madness you suddenly go the other direction – the direction of freedom instead of craziness.

I shifted my position. The pain was too big.

Now, sitting on my knees, there is a weird feeling, something of being lost and disappointed. As if I'm heading for a breakdown. There is fear. An idiotic fear of insects, for instance – and other vague fears, and something bigger? I don't know 'myself' like this. More and more it looks like I have to go through, live to see, all general human things, feelings, tendencies, dramas. What can I call

'mine' still, something that has to do with 'me' specifically, with my past, with my constitution, with my conditionings.

There is really a lot of Dukkha by now. It is Dukkha in general, without specifying itself. It looks a bit like dejection.

The devil! My neck has been separated from my trunk for quite a while already. This leads to unawareness. Or is it rather the other way round? It must be the same. It's one, one process. The issue of 'the chicken or the egg, which one comes first' does no longer exist. They were always together...

It was a very weird meditation, this third hour. I don't know where I was. There was awareness, but for the rest? I think I have/had to plough through some Dukkha. Let me consider and note this not-knowing as Dukkha.

Maybe I haven't had my lower back properly after all? For I feel so weak now. Sometimes we need to go through substantial portions of Dukkha. Just sit with it – as good or bad as it goes. And suddenly something breaks through, often (an) insight. The energy to still hold on any longer to the tension is gone suddenly.

The slight fear is, of course, that I will fall back again, instead of that something new old pops up to be faced, to be dissolved into reality.

When I'm not aware enough, I can make a (small) competition even of meditation.

There's uncertainty about my posture. God, I thought we had gone through that after all! It seems like centuries ago.

Well, let's take a shower. Sometimes something simple is the solution for a problem that doesn't exist. And I undress.

Maybe I was unconsciously getting attached. Pay attention!

That I, secretly, do not want something (this, just now, aversion) has been noticed. Be attentive, mindful.

Or do I, did I, fly away a bit? Do my legs have to be on the ground again? Isn't that the same as allowing the lower back to be straightened?

*God, and only an hour ago I said that questions aren't important any more.
Anicca, you devil!*

Am I, sometimes solemnly, sometimes cheerfully, saying goodbye to something.

Afternoon. Again such a weird meditation! Where am I?

When I kept sitting after the official end of sitting meditation – for I had arrived too late due to my perseverance regarding wanting to reach and cross the border of France – I started, after three quarters of an hour, to breathe deeper again in the Samadhi way. One subtle perception after another – with or without noting mind, this was not clear – came by, faster and faster, ever faster. And there I was, all I 'did' was trying to keep track of everything, to be aware of everything. And that was a lot, but it was necessary to keep noticing as sharp as possible – or else Truth would not be met in Its very Depth, Its Essence. I observed everything that came by, all the details, although they were basically just chaotic forms (in their plenitude) alternated suddenly with peace, a vast peace, one powerful field of energy wherein chaos did not exist or at least was not on the surface to be noticed, distinguished. The peaceful energy was stronger somehow. But soon the war of individual forms, the many, returned, sooner and sooner. The chaotic side of the coin was, obviously, the painful, contracting side: Dukkha – and the peaceful strong energy was Sukkha, bliss, delight, space, expansion. The many chaotic forms were in fact so many that after a while only 'chaos' as such still appeared in awareness – alternated with peace.

Would I become crazy!?

At a certain point I could no longer hold on, I was done. I admitted it: 'Yes, I am also Dukkha, I admit, I am also Dukkha, I cannot break away from it, can no longer hide from this fact.'

*And I had to actually cry, from giving up, from exhaustion from surrender.
(From disappointment perhaps? Well, no, not so much or even not at all.)*

The energy for, on an even subtler level than two days earlier, holding on to an identification of an 'I' with the good side of the Coin of Duality – in this case Sukkha in the form of Peace, One Big Powerful Energy as reality, instead of many

many chaotic forms all together forming reality as a bunch of separate things, entities, objects – was gone, finished.

Then, in this surrender, in the acceptance of suffering, I realized: ‘No. I am not Dukkha. And I’m not Sukkha either. I am neither of them!’

Now I had to cry again. The crying blended into laughter-bliss.

Yes, I admitted, I had unconsciously attached myself yet to Sukkha. I had identified with it. Somehow I had been satisfied with how well I was doing (the process). But I can only follow – the process can only follow itself. Everything there is, everything that exists, Dukkha, Sukkha, passes through me. I only need to observe. Not grab something, not identify with anything, not hold on to any thing, to any idea about ‘myself’, or about the state that is there when ‘I’ am no longer there, which (no-I) happens again and again.

And again I cried. With convulsions this time. And after three seconds it really, much stronger than earlier, passed into big bliss. My previous bliss state seemed to have occurred many years ago instead of a couple of hours. I felt being Ramana [Maharshi], so full to overflowing with love, so soft as he could look, so conciliatory with all that comes and goes (and with what is eternal, immutable).

All this belongs to the 6th phase, I’m sure.

Also past and future (especially in the form of ‘teaching’) had come floating by again. Fortunately I was aware of it.

Done, pffff, I’ve gone through another climax – after the one of two days earlier. I’m literally puffing, such a hard work as it is. But it is a wonderful, ingenious process.

In the Hearticle “Enlightenment – a side effect of serious selfless Vipassana meditation” (2007) I refer to this intense meditation of ‘war’ and ‘peace’ as the event of the second explosion or climax of Duality:

After a while however, about one day later, ‘I’ started to feel more and more restless again. At the same time I did not feel restless, because Consciousness was still meditating all that passed by, Looking at and following what went on. I called it ‘chaos’, ‘war’ or ‘unrest’ what I felt ‘in’ or around ‘me’. Once I noticed clearly the (in the end Impersonal) resistance to ‘go into’ or (totally) allow (‘my’ helplessness in respect to the appearance and increasingly worsening of) the

chaos, it disappeared – and the previous state returned. But again, at first subtly, then more obvious, the war took over, and again it disappeared when totally allowed and observed, when I didn't separate from it. Thus a new Duality started intensely to alternate sides: war and peace – or chaos and rest (or order). Following now these opposites the same thing as in the meditation of two days earlier happened eventually. I'm talking about an orgasmic explosion – as there was no 'I', no person blocking It, preventing It from happening. It is difficult to locate where the explosion took place exactly: It happened in Consciousness and Consciousness was everywhere. The state of Peace beyond peace and war that I was 'in' after the climax – or that I even Was Now – was 'Deeper' than before, than after the first explosion. Nothing any more... When after some time (...) a thought became recognizable it was something like "So this is Enlightenment..." Nothing. This is all. Nothing about it, all people's fuss for nothing. Nothing special. Everything is just (as it is). Nothing to be desired (any more or anyhow), nothing to be changed, not in 'me', not in the world.

Let's hope now that it isn't nonsense, all this. But this, this hope, this remark, is nonsense: I know now what is true. I have always known. This is true. That I'm sitting here writing passionately in the deserted meditation tent in the intense torrid heat – about 40° Celsius, I estimate. This is true. That I feel a gigantic (Life-)Force through me. That is true. That the world vibrates with possibilities, and that 'I' opened myself for that. That is true.

Truth gives quite a slap here to the Ego – that is masked as a smart or intelligent mind that is always, by definition, in doubt – that wanted to interfere again, making 'me' doubt, wanted to split 'me' into Two again, into reality and the questioner of it, seducing me not to believe 'my' Direct Experience. The Ego wanted to sneak in through the back door, and got a slap in its face, for 'I', Consciousness, was everywhere now, also at the backdoor.

Thank you, Ramana. Thank you Jesus, Adi Da, Sri Sri, Muktananda and all the gurus who have helped me and so many and so many who do not know they're helped by you. I love You with all my heart. I love You... I cry, for it's so true. I love You so much.

And I hope and think and know that in a while people will also love ‘me’ in about the same way – as they’ll recognize ‘me’. Thank You, thank You, for showing You.

This is really what showing yourself is, Satya (Angela): your Self, the Nothing, the Love. It is not primarily about showing your emotions, as you suppose and want me to believe, it is not about showing your difficulties, your petty and so-called problems, etc.

God, and It - the climax and the relief, the insight - happened again after the intense deep breathing = no longer stopping, stopping the Force no longer = no more fear, no more fear that others find me too strong, no longer wanting to be ‘modest’ = breaking out of the cocoon!! (And, to give a shape to this, I just flung down the pen!)

Combining life and meditation, that is the way.

Thank you, Y (probably the dry woman living in her head), for tens of years of meditation that do not lead to Enlightenment, for you got to live.

If you don’t live, what is it then you’ve got to look at in your meditation? At Death?

Merely ‘living’ doesn’t make sense either, is not total, without ‘reflection’, without becoming conscious.

During the hour-long walk to France I was able to keep walking fairly aware for about an hour, I estimate. I didn’t walk so fast, but certainly not as slow as in walking meditation either. This is encouraging, for after the retreat I’ll have to go again into life, walk, talk, sing, do my shoppings etc. The town... ‘life’? What do you mean?

Thank you, Advaita Vedanta, through which I made a big jump in a very short time. The jump? Yes, it seems so and it doesn’t matter any more if it is the Jump the masters talk about.

Ah, a sweet little lizard walks past me at a distance of 10 centimetres, with its little tongue going in and out. The world is so beautiful...

For nothing else I live here on earth, nothing but bringing (back) the Truth (in)to people – and helping animals, if possible.

I felt very frustrated and tired when on the way back from France it was noticed that 'I was gone' again. Apparently, fear had again taken possession of me. Being late..., this fear that goes usually underground.

It all gives me distress in my throat.

I have a beautiful view through the window of the meditation tent. Apart from the beautiful nature I see Odin sitting reading a booklet. And I am overwhelmed by love for him. Yes, even for the most difficult, most tensed people I feel love. As a matter of fact, those people are not necessarily the worst of them. Often it is just the reverse.

Can 'I' stay? Don't I have to return to 'I'? We'll see. Oh god, we'll see.

I feel like Adi Da, not long after he had become Enlightened.

I have even been allowed to shortly see the small blue pearl (of Muktananda). Ha. But, in all fairness, for me nature is more incredible, more impressive, mind-blowing, I-blowning – more than a blue pearl.

I'm still sitting here, even though the meditation has finished. With eyes wide open I'm sitting here merely radiating – even when many thoughts pay me a visit. And I'm sweating! Especially under the armpits. It is an odd smell, I must say. God, what (a karma) have I been sweating out here.

The meditation gong sounds. Continue again? Seeing what comes still, what can change still. It's difficult to believe that this is it..., isn't it?

There is Love... There's nothing left to say but this.

(I close the book.)

At about 14.45 it has happened. Finished. Completed. (The) I can go.

I do feel like swimming, letting the body eat a little, or nicely lying down in the soft grass for a while.

For ½ or ¾ hour now It is radiating Love here, enjoying. Nothing changes...

It notices that It begins to meditate on others, just like happened to Adi Da. They, one by one, are so very welcome to It too. They're splendid people. The first two people (I and H) soon shift their sitting position when I send Love to them. Only Ilse doesn't move, doesn't respond to 'my' Love. She's a bit different anyway. I feel pain in my heart when I meditate on her.

Sometimes I still tense my belly for a moment. Strange, that something like this still continues in this state.

Also, I am curious whether It, with this look, dares to look people in the eye, face to face. Or that It withdraws Its energy again then. Why would It do that?

In principle, this withdrawal happens almost automatically. For a Meeting two are Needed. If one of the two resists a Real Meeting, a withdrawal is on the program – unless, as the present one, you'd be separate from the other person and not feel, not become his or her state (of withdrawal). If you stay aware of 'withdrawal' or 'avoidance' there is no problem and Presence stays. Only, if you forget to notice and are seduced to go into the words being spoken, then you really withdraw indeed.

I feel a spontaneous tendency to sit in front of the people. I'm very willing to sit among them, but somehow it seems to me that if I sit with The Heart directed towards them, (the transmission of) The Power will become stronger.

I don't feel so much any more like playing meditation. I want to write a nice book. And that while in the first days of the retreat writing appeared to me as awful. I could for instance write about the boy of about 10 years old. A book drenched in truth, not about truth, but from. The boy lives the truth.

God, why do people walk so ridiculously slow. How can you ever become enlightened that way. I feel the tension of the 'attempters'. Others are only walking there a little bit, it seems like a waste of time. What do they know.

The next meditation, the late afternoon one, I sit, for 10 minutes already but nothing changes (any more) and it feels like it won't happen any more either. Perhaps this holds true for the entire next week. I have reached the eternal, the

permanent, immutable. I'll ask tomorrow nevertheless: what follows after the 6th phase.

I'm 'bored', now already. I must get busy, I feel. With music. With a (new) book. Or with be(com)ing Enlightened, or building up a group around me. I like to be with a master who helps me along. I cannot easily assume that this is the end. Or must I go deeply into the literature, so that I can also help people better who experience other things than I have gone through. But one way or another I don't believe in that. There's nothing I need to know to be able to help. I 'myself' am the help. If people want to – dare to, for it is painful – be 'helped' they will attune to 'me', to truth.

But, let's ask Sri Sri about this issue.

My breath is very slow and deep.

Let's close my eyes yet after all. For, here I am, all the time looking about princely, especially at nature. Amazing! The wind, through the trees, gains enormously in intensity. I'm shining. I love the wind so very much...

The primary school event crosses my mind. I have finished all arithmetic books, also the extra three ones for fast pupils. The rest of the school year, the biggest part – it was only autumn – I had to draw and read and this was presented as a great privilege. Bah, I wanted to continue doing sums. 'Miss, I'm ready.' With such a face I'm sitting here, my arms crossed. Well, enlightenment, that was easy. Now a woman still. Apparently it is more difficult to find a woman, one who fits me – except for or next to the gopis – otherwise I had found her already. They're certainly more resistant than enlightenment.

At the age of 30 I have fucked for the first time.

At the age of 36 I have become enlightened for the first time. There's a time for everything.

At the age of 36 I have a beard for the first time and immediately I become enlightened. What do you think of that?

It is strange that there are so many thoughts. I had thought this would have come to an end. Masters told their pupils this. Yet again we see: ideas (about

Enlightenment, in this case) are senseless. One cannot think on reality, one must experience it.

After all I think that this sitting posture (in (half) lotus, with (half) crossed legs is not healthy, in principle. Although I am no longer (personally) touched by the pain, I feel the pain almost constantly when I fasten my attention on it for a moment. This can't be good. Nevertheless it is good not to be dependent on (resistance to) pain any more, no longer be a slave of it. And that's why we must go and sit in the pain posture. Ha! I laugh over this deep truth. Being free is only possible if you can be in pain just as easy as in a pleasant state. Freedom can only be there if your functioning, your behaviour is absolutely not determined by avoidance of pain and discomfort.

Suddenly I like to read the story of Jesus, how he got enlightened. It's a shame he hasn't written an autobiography.

Did you ever! I'm there – and I'm not happy. For I want to do something with it. I'm sitting here, waiting, with big vivid eyes. A week to go still!

Your fears come true, they say. You create yourself what you don't want. Has my most absurd fear ever become reality. Will I indeed be sitting here, being, for a whole week still, enlightened and unemployed? The joke of the tiny horror scenario appears to be no joke but seems to come true.

I feel like cutting wood, or sawing.

I'll ask Madam Cini for some work.

Okay, meditating on others.... Practising this. That's also work.

And taking walks.

And writing (a book).

I can't think of much more that I can do.

I had taken two booklets with me to here. I can read those – certainly if this had made sense.

Wait, perhaps I can create melodies, for my music. At home I can devise the chords with it, then. Or I can write lyrics. The meditation is over. I was just sitting there for an hour among the meditators. I couldn't meditate any more, (for) I had become mediation.

Well, I'd started writing lyrics, indeed.

"I have a dream'

Once someone said

But my dreams are over

And now I'm slightly sad

'Cos my dream came true

To pass beyond all dreams

Then what now will I do

Just be happy, so it seems

My great mistake:

To really catch this dream

That once I'd be awake

Exploded in the Real

So now a little blue

I am to my surprise

If only I'd been wise

Not so quickly drink the Truth

Oh, had I only

Wanted to be rich

Then always for more

My greedy hands would itch

Oh, to be lonely

To long for the other

How dear was this once

To love one another

Now I am afraid

*My love will flow to all
Man, woman, animal
Medium tall or small
The sun and the shade
When, oh, did I fall?*

Somewhere else in the notebook I wrote down some questions, that I might ask Daw Hla Mra or, preferably, Sayadaw himself (U Kundala).

Dear Sayadaw,

There is not any problem (any more) with staying conscious, aware – for example not even when listening to the Dhamma-tape and I'm among others. It's even terrific, such a 'distraction' in the truth. To be with others gives a new input.

What to do when Consciousness refuses to leave? Keep practising, keep meditating? Train myself to be able to stay in Samadhi during daily life as well?

There's no gain without full attention', I note down.

Other questions:

- *Is there no – and never again – Dukkha in stage 7?*
- *Is there a stage after the 7th? [Later: In my experience, there is, and the 8th stage is related to Man and Woman, to the (Conscious) One Going into Duality. In the 8th stage there is no resistance any more to Wholly Living the Opposite Sex from Within. See my Hearticle "The 8th Stage"]*
- *What are the things I need to be especially attentive to, by gaining the victory over stage 6?*

The answer in Buddhism to the last question is:

'I don't want this Dukkha any more! All this!' This is the transition to stage 7."

Later, in my sometimes self-made English, I called these kinds of points of transcendence: 'Fed up-ness point.' Such a point cannot be reached by oneself, by any effort, by one's own will – for, of course, if it is the Ego that has enough of suffering, it won't work, there'll be no transition. No, It happens, (only) if one has been humble enough to not hide or

avoid difficult situations, inner struggles, but to again and again Let Consciousness shine on the issue, that is, especially, Consciousness as (Manifested as) Body.

Saturday

Evening meditation

Gee, my entire body is flickering. And it is hot. It is as if the entire body, everywhere at the same time, is releasing its lifelong tensions, cramps.

For the rest, there is nothing. 'I' am aware. There is awareness. There is breathing. But what is it, breathing?

Something in me – ego – still cannot believe it and wants again to create tension somewhere in the body, wants again to 'help' the breath to work 'well'. I have to laugh greatly about it.

Something still wants a straight back. How strong conditionings are!

But no, also during the 3rd meditation of an hour nothing changes any more.

Exactly five years ago I practised the forced circulating breath for the first time and for a week at Veenpluis: no breaks between inhalation and exhalation. It was about the beginning of my journey. And now! The wonderful circulating breath happens all by itself.

Night meditation, Sunday, July 11th 1999

I assume I'm not there yet. I dream normally.

This was, again, the disadvantage of reading – not so much, but nonetheless – about and of (supposedly) enlightened beings. It is difficult not to compare but only trust Direct Inner Experience. If 'they', the Indian masters, say that in case of enlightenment there is just a dreamless state during sleep then having dreams seems to be a sign of non-enlightenment, of a normal state. Yet, some confusion, some delusion, is not bad for the Process. If one manages to See it, See through it and Beyond, it only makes one stronger. The Overview widens, becomes sharper.

One simple thing to see in the course of time is that the Indian enlightenment scene has its favourite topics to talk and write about. The three states of being awake, being asleep with dreams, and dreamless sleep is one of them. This topic is not so relevant, however. It's rather a tradition to talk about

it. As good pupils, parots, the next generation talks about the same irrelevancy again. All that fuss for nothing, because once someone in the past found it is so important.

Also, since yesterday before going to sleep, some tension in my shoulders has returned. My quiet circulating breath is no longer totally intact. The healthy tension in the lower back and the pelvis is not there, I think, but this moment I'm not sure of anything any more. I feel tired. It seems that I can start all over again.

Well, I may feel so, but there is no fighting any more. There is only, in the distance, still a slight tendency left to fight, just detectable. And in the sitting-lying position, head touching the ground, there are again two attacks of laughter. The sitting-lying is deepening the breath very much. In that position it is as if my body rests after and from life-long fighting, from doing, proving and trying to fulfil itself.

I'm here at school, in a small class. The School of Life. There is a high degree of 'self-education'. Otherwise you'll never learn, Life – Life that has been unlearned especially at school.

There is no fear that I'm not nearly as far yet as I thought.

My breathing has never been so slow. It doesn't feel bad at all, to say the least.

There's pain at the heart. Intuitively I have to think of the fact that yesterday I, wilfully, meditated on quite a few others.

This is a big subject that was only touched here, not thoroughly addressed yet. In itself, meditating all together in the same 'direction' of Truth, in one field of consciousness, seems a support in the process of Consciousness. But this support is relative. If also from the beginning of the retreat I had meditated other people, Truth would not have Visited me with the depth with which It did up to then – the common meditation field also includes Unconsciousness. I would all the time, from the beginning have had to find a way through

their hidden resistance to Truth, while in my case there was hardly any left. Not only thanks to my ‘own’ determination and dedication to Truth, but certainly also thanks to the power of the masters I had allowed to take me over in that period, I could stay easily focused, however, on the Process – even if I, indeed, had never practiced any form of Samatha (concentration meditation).

Yet, the subject – ‘the others’ with their hidden karma, tendencies, patterns, pains, stuck-ness, Unconsciousness, resistance, confusion – was there, certainly. If, as Selfless Truth, you meditate their state, then you – not on a Deeper Level, but on manifest, conditional level – seem to fall back (in)to their state. No problem in itself, if Truth is Strong in the Background, Clear (Enough) to Allow you to not be (fundamentally) deluded by it, by confusion, but to humbly Meditate, Feel through it, and bring the non-clarity back to Clarity, the illusion into Reality, the Pain (that Unconsciousness Is) back into the Heart.

Truth was almost ‘perfectly’ Clear to me at that moment, even though not totally yet. If so, if Truth is (almost) Clear, if the One thinks and feels for you instead of the individual, it is only Natural to meditate others indeed. The Process just continues. Only, from now on you need other Bodies with their obscurities to Go Deeper into Truth, to Manifest Truth as Body more and more Deeply. There are Always Two Needed. (Clarity of) Truth Needs Non-clarity, Confusion, Darkness, Illusion, Lie – or else it cannot Grow Itself into this (deluding) world. If contact with other people would stop after Realizing the Truth, the Conscious Process Itself would stop, there could be no deepening any more.

It’s all an ingenious Process. It was not for nothing that I meditated other people already, seemingly just before its turn. For ‘my’ last step(s) into the Realization of Truth, Truth Needed some cramp of my fellow-meditators – since ‘I’ ‘Myself’ was in a too great condition, with ‘my’ Samadhi, the bliss, the Love, the circular deep breathing. (Some) resistance was needed to be able to go a phase deeper yet, to give the Fire of ‘My’ Heart the fuel to Go there, to not stay where I was. For Realizing the One, the Two are Needed. The Friction between the Two is exactly What Makes you Conscious (more and more Deeply).

I didn’t meditate the people from a strategic point of view, however. It was an intuitive following of the Flow of Love, following It there where It Wanted to Go by Itself. If there is a ‘perfect’ Listening to the Flow of Love, including all Its obstacles and resistance on Its Way, Truth will be(come) Clear, at last.

If ‘your’ Love is True, not yours, you constantly meditate Un-love. You don’t dwell in Love for a longer period. It is soon or immediately Sacrificed into the Unlove that is so abundantly available here on earth.

The principle of my meditating other people here was, fundamentally, not different from my process with Tiara: going into confusion and, then, gaining Clarity In general, it was not different from my Process with Woman, especially since Maja: going into the Two, to Understand and Be(come) the One.

There is no despair. There is nothing.

There is looking, from the meditation tent.

What a sight. The morning light has just appeared. Above the trees there is a soft light orange blaze that higher up becomes bluer and lighter yet. An astounding subtle gradualness. Then there are the contours of the trees of the forest, finely coloured shadows if they're far away – purple, grey-blue and orange – and more clearly visible if closer. At the lower side of it, 'under' the forest, there is a magnificent layer of mist. 'Below' that, in the foreground, there is the little brooklet landscape with all kinds of species of plants, flowers and grasses. A few close trees stand out lovely against the light and the mist. There is one dead tree without leaves amongst them. It has only six stumps of branches left. This completes the whole scenery, that beautiful dead tree amid the living ones.

And now and then a human being passes. It doesn't detune in the least. They're part of the same natural beauty.

First morning meditation.

Enlightenment works via breath. The brains need sufficient oxygen for Insights, for 'exploding' (of the Dualities). Deep breathing means feeling completely comfortable in this world, accepting it as it is to the full. The neck is important for the transport of oxygen – or the hindrance and reduction of it – to the brains. The less (hidden or obvious) tension in the neck – and this tension in the neck goes always (!) together with tension in the pelvis and lower back – the more enlightenment there will be, the closer enlightenment will be, the easier it becomes to be Drawn (in)to It.

Just now at the table, at breakfast, the pain near the heart increased badly – so much that I could hardly breathe fully any more. It makes sense to relate this to

my fellow-eaters, once again. Now, anyhow, a hardly ‘controllable’ bliss bursts forth.

My god, in this very moment of writing, it - is - vi - bra - ting around the region of my heart, incredibly. It seems to be one big open endless hole where energy – Love – can go freely in and out.

There I am, me who had to laugh so much about and felt a dislike of those people with a constant smile round their mouth. Now I’m sitting here, exactly like that. But well, there is a difference of course: a smile that has gone through the pain is free.

Freedom, that’s what it’s all about. It’s the same as Love, the same as being One, and so forth. People who assume that total freedom means that the dark forces have free rein now, that you can kill or rape someone just like that when you feel like at any particular moment or if it seems to serve your interests, do not understand, are ignorant, not free, a slave of ego instead of being free beyond. In total freedom you cannot do such things, there is no impulse, no tendency to do so. People who kill are un-free, they are a slave of their own pain. And they ‘need to’ act it out and live this pain ‘into’ others. This happens in the unconscious hope of freedom, but in reality their un-freedom, their being chained, only grows even bigger this way.

It lets me alternate continuously between complete, big bliss and seriousness. The bliss is almost unbearable. That is, I almost have to express it, release it. (Now I think I know how XTC feels like, why people take it.) In turn, the seriousness is there to be able to transmit ‘my’ Knowing. Both feel as the same love.

I feel strong as a lion. This is surprising, after the night meditation.

In IT the flow of up and down may continuing, it doesn’t touch or rather bother or trigger me any more (as it did in the early morning indeed). I am not the Dhukka, I am not the Sukkha. No imbalance is created in the background.

Yippeeeee. I want to dance, sing, jubilate, shout, roar, make love, swim, run....Such a very great joy as there is, such a very great freedom.

Thank you Pir and Sri Sri. And also Ferry, my own Vipassana meditation teacher in my home town.

Oh, this is one of the most beautiful moments of my life. There is already such a – for ‘normal people’ – incredible amount of and such a Force of Love and bliss, and now on the floor a little lizard pops its little head into the meditation tent from behind the canvas and looks into the room for a while. Strange beings, those humans, I see him thinking, but he feels quiet as well, at ease with all these ‘peaceful’ meditators who try to keep everything with themselves, their aggression etcetera. Oh, what a terrible sweetheart...!

And the wind rises, gathers slowly and increases with its deep intriguing sound, its flowing blowing.

Not until now, beyond fear, I feel clearly how afraid I have been all my life, just like everyone. Most of them don’t know this truth regarding themselves either. Fear is too big, too frightening, too threatening to be conscious of. I thought this only applied to me, but no, it applies to anyone. Otherwise, if you allow it without being ready for it, you can end up in the madhouse, indeed.

Yet, in the valley earlier this morning, I still notice fears within myself – even though they probably neither can nor will secretly sway me any longer. They look like old conditionings that still arise of themselves in the situations concerned (for example, a nice woman approaches in my direction) but that will disappear when I’m conscious of them, I suppose, and when I can laugh at them as I do already, no longer waving them aside.

The Buddha statue on the photo at the side looks at me with eyes closed.

About the woman this morning, the one I just mentioned. I realize now that the fear appeared because in similar situations in the past I behaved un-free, had put a cramp on it that now became perceptible again and that felt unpleasant, of course. I should prefer to just walk up to her, smile, say nothing for heaven’s sake or at most a soft greeting, and embrace her lovingly, being one energy together, dissolve both cocoons into something much bigger than the two of us.

Well, in reality it is not as simple as it appears to be in the world of Consciousness. If Consciousness comes out of Its cocoon and Truly Meets Woman here on Earth – or: the Force of Unconsciousness – then it will be quickly shown that there exists a huge resistance to Consciousness, to Man. This picture of Man and Woman meeting somewhere in nature and walking into each other’s arms and becoming One is very nice and it was very kind I was

allowed to borrow it from Woman for so long – since, indeed, it is Her Picture: being Saved by the Divine Man and Taken back into his One Heart – but if Man’s Eye opens to the reality on earth, it is utterly unrealistic.

No, I better, more and more deeply, See Her. I better discriminate, not project Her fear of (Dissolving into) Man on Myself, as if I would be afraid of Our Union. Nothing, nothing in Me is afraid of That.

I confused Woman’s Resistance to Man – which is not always so easily recognizable – with what seemed to have been my fear. Neither is it easy for people, or even not for Consciousness, to See that there exists only Relationship, being in Relation. My response to one woman is, in principle different from my response to another woman. Most women have a strong Resistance to Man – and nothing wrong with it, nature should be so – but not all women and certainly not to the same extent either. If a Woman-form is more Open for Man, I could simply walk to her and embrace her, just like that.

This event shows that as long as Consciousness does not Truly, Wholly Relate to, See-Feel Woman from Inside, Actually Feels Her Pain of Separation from Man, Consciousness is in a hidden way self-obsessed. It is not Surrendered into Woman’s world and perspective and inner feeling but assumes that if it is Perfect as Itself – for instance, no fears any more – that all problems will be solved sooner or later, or in other words: Man and Woman will Be Reunited. Consciousness is Blind without Woman’s Blindness, without Her Unconsciousness.

Every time I contract, even in the slightest, when I don’t let the breath flow freely for a 100 per cent, I have, when ‘I’ become aware of it, the tendency to say ‘sorry’, ‘forgive me’, and I say this internally. ‘I’ll do my best to Let You. I’ll do my best to Let You pass through me, without my interference’.

This phenomenon has been occurring for some time now and it was a very good sign. A sign of softening or rather surrender (of the ego) to the Greater, the Wider.

(For) to whom do I say ‘sorry’?

If you can answer this question, can truly See into it (with a capital indeed), you are Enlightened as well.

It comes down to very subtle, I just notice, for also during writing I still contract. If you are too far gone already in your contraction, in your unconsciousness, you don’t feel a ‘sorry’ any more. You need to be conscious every moment, conscious of ‘yourself’, of Nothing, of It – also, therefore, of your ever and again returning contraction tendencies.

This applies to me too. Of which I become dejected for a moment – even if I know it is good. In that sense I'm not there yet. Also I still need to be conscious at every moment, which is rather some job. If I want to be able to help others, which is my task, I'll have to. I have to be conscious every single moment. How otherwise can 'I' help when there are moments that I don't allow It to flow through me. How can It reach others if I or another enlightened being cannot, do not dare to be the channel – for instance when he 'prefers' to be in his head during writing about Truth, or about how he – I – can help other people (and he therefore contracts).

I find this a beautiful Insight. I, nor any one, can help other people, if I or whoever doesn't let It go through him. For only It can help people, not me, not you, nothing that you do, or think of, contrive. Only realized ones can help. You can help yourself as well, if you have the guts, if you dare to open up for It.

3rd hour. *I saw already and see even much clearer now – amongst others through the contraction that occurs considerably and is much worse than I saw a moment ago – that I do that writing in no way for myself. It is much easier and much more agreeable to just keep radiating in the Fullness of Life, in Consciousness, in the Presence - and not again and again isolate a particle of this big Truth by writing it down and thus hand over pieces to the seeking reader who, via those pieces, will never see the One, the Truth ... And yet he might. Look at me.*

In a way it is an insult to It. It is an unavoidable 'bad' compromise.

The reader will have to drink this book in as a whole, not pick out sentences or pieces. If you only taste a little bit of what is behind all this, you get warm and you're probably already lost to normal life (and seeking for the Real).

I start now having the intuitive feeling that there is More, more than this State – the feeling that the tensions that I feel have certainly got to do with that and not or not only with a backsliding, with not being conscious enough of old conditionings. Let us, you and me, hope so. Ah well, no, Truth will rise to the surface anyway.

Although the Dhamma's keep coming, I'll have to stop writing for a while. It still becomes too much obscured from taking notes. The contraction/ the 'I' comes too much to the fore then. I'm sorry I'm not that far yet. But it'll come. It knows.

Here follows a period in which I don't feel in the least like making notes – unfortunately. It is difficult noting down memories in the present.

I wrote down quickly a few short remarks so that later I might still be able to remember what was going on. One of them was:

All right: Dhukka, now it's between us.

And I had underlined it indeed. An enormous will-power, a great spirit-force took hold of me. And I sat for four hours on end, legs crossed in the half lotus position. No rising to my feet, no toilet, no looking around. Just an intense concentration on all the bloody forms passing by, whatever form they would take, wherever it would take me, this dedication.

I just follow from now on, I won't do anything any more.

This was the Right Divine Spirit. Not any intervention any more. No me but YOU. You Decide. You Show. You Rule. And I follow.

If You Show me pain, unbearable pain, then this is SO. I'll be Aware of it, as Thee.

I got big pains in my leg, indeed. It became worse and worse. It was like a huge shot of pain that should but forgot to subside after a while - it stayed. It was testing me. Awareness of the pain kept going on, I noted the pain, pain pain pain pain and still awareness continued when after a while it turned unbearable. Nothing else seemed to exist any more than this now continuously unbearable pain. I noted 'unbearable', 'unbearable', 'unbearable' but 'I' would not move, not move my leg. I sat straight in the hell. This was a Fight between Dhukka and Me and to me it was Clear Who would win – even when weaker moments came by that tried to seduce me to give up and make way for the pain, to stop being so hard on myself. For me it would have been a matter of being hard on myself if I would have let the pain win, let Dhukka win, if I would have let myself win. Being so far already in the Sight of the Divine, how could I bow for unbearable pain and betray What is Beyond that? How could 'I' Be Free if I had to bow whenever a big pain would arrive any time in the future? How could 'I' Be Free if 'I' could not sit and Meditate all that I was offered to Meditate, to feel, to See, but would have to adjust and be on my guard for possible pain of whatever form and intensity? And I wrote:

It's just unbearable, the pain, that's all.

It managed. In the third attack of unbearable pain I even sat up straight. The legs didn't move. Even now, writing about it many years later, I feel again the shot of pain through my left leg (and during editing later, once again). Anyhow, the pain finally gave up, subsided, and I could easier note other forms again. Passing the test of unbearable pain makes one fearless in this respect. If you can bear unbearable pain, the earth is open...

I'm not afraid any more. Haha.

Yet I do not recommend to people, who understand what I mean with the Freedom Beyond Pain, to just start sitting in unbearable pain in order to conquer it and, in general, to speed up their Process. In my case, considering the Whole Process I was involved in, it fitted and was necessary, in fact, for the Work That would soon come – or, rather, That would continue in a deeper way, since, in itself, the Process with Woman had already started seriously. Nevertheless, in order to Go Deeper into Her, into the Earth, into Her Pain, I needed to be better prepared. I needed to be in a Place where it was sure I could not be seduced at all any more away from (Feeling) Her Pain, which was something She would try over and over again. I, My Body, needed to be able to bear – and Show Her that I'm Stronger than – whatever She would and could Offer 'me' in that respect. Later, indeed, it appeared my education in bearing pain turned out utterly useful, even though this Pain that Man has to bear in the Process with Woman without losing His Presence, without 'going out', seems to be of another nature than what seems to be merely physical pain. The same perseverance, spirit-power, dedication and Freedom is needed – Freedom, again, in the sense of on the Deepest Level having no Preference for the Painless above Pain but Actually Living a Radical Dedication to Reality as It presents Itself without egoic interference, without secretly choosing the Painless (or less Pain, which is a seemingly mild variant of the same attachment, the same Lack of Freedom).

The last short note I made in that intense meditation period without writing, was: *I don't want this Dhukka.*

I took over the Buddhist way of phrasing here, if the translation from Burmese was correct anyway. I myself would not formulate it that way, at least not now any more. But I agreed with the content of it at the time, at the point in the Process of where I was then. I didn't want to be a slave of the Force of Unconsciousness any more in which Dhukka,

suffering, is being prolonged and prolonged, even when or in fact precisely when ‘I’ was not fully aware of it. Therefore, “I don’t want this Dhukka” doesn’t mean an ordinary resistance to pain, to suffering, in which people withdraw easily from feeling, from being aware. It rather meant a going through and beyond it, an Allowing of Something Bigger beyond the pain That can Transcend the pain, That can take you beyond the usually automatic and secret association or bond of ‘I’ and pain (usually suppressed or unconscious pain): whenever pain threatens to show up, the ‘I’ (or Ego) shows up as well, trying to protect the organism against the pain.

The ego has a hard time with me, a hard time to survive.

And indeed, if the fear of pain is left behind, the ego loses all grip on you. The way to Enlightenment is Open now, in principle. The fear of pain in whatever creative form it may manifest, is very basic to how almost all people live. In reacting to this fear they are convicted to a life full of ego, based on ego, ruled by ego.

The general Buddhist attitude of old towards Woman – neglecting Her Existence for a great part, not letting Her be a Natural Part of the teaching – was and is certainly not mine, as is abundantly clear by now. Divine Nature was my only Teacher, not Buddhism. I was Naturally Drawn to Woman. Also here in the Buddhist retreat. As none of the women who were present in the retreat in flesh and blood was suitable to represent (part of) the Divine Woman, I returned to Gurumayi Chidvilassananda.

Gurumayi when I look into your sea steeped eyes, I understand more than you or whoever could try to accomplish with words for a whole lifetime. I saw you, in your eyes, I felt you. But what was the most striking, asking the most attention, was that I was you. I felt exactly who you are, I had the same eyes, same mouth. Thank you so much.

This happened during the big battle of 4 hours. At least a few notes were taken afterwards:

Pains. Terrible. During the third unbearable one I went to sit up straight again. In total I have sat for 4 hours. What a fight!

The fight is not over yet. I feel this.

I won't fall in the trap again. The trap of not being aware enough, not extremely subtly aware of Dhukka.

I put more effort into it and it goes well. (There is much pain, ha. I just laugh it in its face.)

A feeling of satisfaction after 4 hours of fight.

For the time being Dhukka may think it wins, but we'll see if it will.

There was not a trace of shame left in front of the others, shame regarding my crazy kriyas and especially yoga-postures and deep, well audible breathing. I was a beast. A beast with a beard.

A noting, aware, beast.

And sweating! What a smell. It was the same I had in the beginning of when I was with Tiara and that she disliked so much. Also then I had, for the first time, sat in Samadhi.

Man plus Woman = Samadhi if both surrender.

Here followed again a period of no notes.

Monday morning July 12th 1999 About 5.15/5.20

Dhukka = Sukkha. All is the same. And that's it! Everything is one. It all doesn't matter. Headache, no headache. Enlightenment, no enlightenment. Pain in the heart or joy. It's all the same. Tension – no tension. Light – dark. People think good of you – bad of you. Bliss=pain=bliss. 'Fuck' – not fuck. Writing down – not writing down. Living – dying. Who cares? Noting – not noting (what is being meditated). Samadhi – no Samadhi. Eat – not eat. If you die, who cares? What will change? Nothing. You were nothing and you remain nothing. Something – nothing. This is also the same. It is all the same Energy. I don't feel strong and not weak either.

This is It in Which I Am. This is It That I Am. I Am It. I am nothing. There is no I that can decide or 'bliss' even anything.

Dhukka is gone. Sukkha is gone. The difference is gone. Every division is gone. It's all one."

Perhaps needless to say that this State, this great Insight, was due to 'my' indifference the previous day during the big battle, indifference to sitting in big pain or in big bliss. Or,

let's rather say, it was due to indifference combined with a big drive, a very strong will-power and utter dedication, which is not a usual combination in the human world, to say the least. To Fight Indifferently for the Divine. The Indifferent Warrior. The State hadn't come immediately after or during the big battle. First I had to be Tested. The big battle had been fought, I had sat in unbearable pains, I hadn't submitted but had stayed in Pain and still I hadn't won, still Dhukka was there. Was I really so indifferent, still, Divinely Indifferent? Still, after having sat in unbearable pain for so long for nothing?

'I' was – for there was no one, no 'I'. 'I' had radically stopped 'doing': '*I won't do anything any more*', I had said. The Trust, in Life itself, in Truth Itself, in No-Ego needed, was Complete. And the State came the next morning.

Understand that 'fighting' is, ultimately, not something you do. If you Go Deeper into Reality, you are Forced to See that the Fight and 'Fighting' are already there, Always Already. The Fight was there before you have been born. You just join in. Where can you go? We exist as the Fighting Dual Forces. You can pretend or believe or prematurely define yourself as being beyond the Fight, but then you miss the point and you cannot Truly Understand the One That Exists as the Two, the Two Inherently Fighting Ones. Denying (or withdrawing from) the Existing Fight is also part of these very same Fighting Forces, by the way. There's nothing wrong with fighting anyway, nothing wrong with Reality as It Is.

Letting the Fight of the Two Sides Happen, Consciously, by Itself, through you, cannot but lead to Enlightenment, sooner or later, to being Free of Attachment (to either Side of any form of Duality).

There was a fight, a huge fight going on – in me, through me – but there was no fighter. I didn't fight in the sixth state climax.

It's like an illness, it is an illness. You're all ill. Really. First: feel that you're ill. Have the courage to let your ego be surpassed and admit that you're ill. It's not your fault, but still, 'you' have let the sick world, the sick society in and now you're sick yourself as well. Apparently, there was no way of going around it. And it's worse than you think or hope. The illness has eaten you.

Stay with the feeling, with the sickness. Accept it. Just be aware of it. Note it. Don't do. Just wait until the illness is over. You can fight, but then you only make it worse for yourself.

I sit here redeemed. As if I'm ready. As if now I understand, understand It.

Miss, I am ready. What should I do now? What am I allowed to do now?"

I sat there with my arms crossed in front of me, exactly like I sat in the past in primary school when again, as the first, I had, eagerly, finished all the sums and was waiting for the miss to give me a next task. I felt like then, I looked in front of me with the same eager look, big present eyes, and radiating. The sums had been a piece of cake for me. Becoming enlightened – and letting go of it again – was, in principle, not much more difficult, it seemed, albeit more painful without doubt. It arose out of the same Intelligence. Only now I was grown up. I had just grown up. Without Understanding the Basics of Life, without Seeing Reality, without Surrendering into and Going Beyond Duality, it cannot be maintained that one is grown up.

It doesn't matter. A group of devotees around me or not.

Pain or no pain.

To sing or not to sing. Continuing the Conservatory or not. To meditate or not to mediate.

A daddy-long-legs buzzes in my ear. Every time I turn or move my head he starts buzzing. Then he flies away. To the light that has just been kindled by the night.

My heart is at rest, at ease – even though it is obviously not used yet to this state.

What respect I have for all these sitting people. They do not understand, but believe none the less. That's why they're sitting here.

It took just a small quarter of an hour. After the titanic struggle of yesterday, it was easy enough, this last climax – even though I had to keep noting very sharply, very subtly. But apparently I was ready for it. God, how I breathed yesterday, breathed my heart open...

This night before going to sleep, I thought: I have to continue meditating and I did so for about ten minutes. But I was given the confidence that my heavy and beautiful fight of that day hadn't been for nothing after all, that the next day I wouldn't have to start all over again.

This early morning at 4 AM, after waking, I breathed a few times deeply through my heart. Then, for about two seconds, it was as if I'd start crying, crying deeply. But then, instead, bliss came. And what a bliss! Such a giant bliss that it was frightening. Fortunately I could note the fright as well. I felt myself all sexuality, making love without making love.

Did I feel some fear just now that I can lose this again? There is no fear of losing the Insight. But there is indeed a slight ‘tension’=fear shimmering.

At the time I somehow seemed to consider these two the same: feeling tension in the energetic body and fear. I consider this an interpretation that I had learned at some point, I guess from bio-energetics, from Alexander Lowen and his scene. Now I See that There Are Two Dual Forces: the (Female) Contracting one and the (Male) Expanding, Freeing one. The Contracting one is not at all necessarily associated with fear. In fact, more people feel fear if the expanding freeing Force is about to take them – or in general if they somewhere realize that they don’t have control over these Natural Forces. Anyhow, Knowing the Forces from Inside, Being Blown Beyond any choice thus, any unconscious preference, any attachment to one of them, transcends the fear. Knowing Reality as It Is Beyond any form of ‘I’ is the end of fear as we usually know it. As long as there is ‘I’ there is fear. Being in Unconsciousness, in the ‘I’-Cramp, not Knowing (‘and’ being separate from) Reality, inherently means fear.

Going into the world of form, body, matter, means contraction, it cannot be and doesn’t need to be avoided. Nonetheless, since Form appears to be pain(ful) - as can be Seen and felt on a deeper level – there’s a lot of Pain involved in this contracting movement, which usually people don’t feel since they have become too desensitized already. Avoidance of pain means creating fear.

No, I won’t do the early morning bows for the Buddha. I sit here quite comfortable. Why does a human bow when it doesn’t come spontaneously, naturally.

Thank you, Osho. I somehow think of you first when I’m thanking now. I don’t know why.

For two years I had read (almost) only you, drunk in your immeasurable wisdom, let my entire old thinking be turned topsy-turvy and be destroyed for good. You were the first Wise who has reached me deeply. Thank you, Osho. Although I do not bow, for you I bow.

What a courage and perseverance and faith – to, after this hour of sitting, rise and start ‘walking’ immediately again. Day after day. Because we know there is more than this life of Dhukka. And damn it, they’re right. Intuitively everybody knows. The separation is the suffering. Osho was right. Jesus was right.

Shall I and should I go on meditating? I feel a subtle uncertainty in me. Or is it still something of my heart that wants to be freed? Or would the devilish play start again? I have to laugh loudly over this. Let it just come. Then we'll get nicely back to work. You don't beat me any more, you don't touch me any more, you 'devil'. This determination is invincible.

Let's go out for a moment, enjoy the splendid morning at 6.

Okay, come on, you Dhukka...! This is the clue. To totally go for it. To have this courage.

There will be one rule only for my possible 'devotees'. They're not 'allowed' to worship me, to honour me. Not bow for me or stand up when I enter. My god, what nonsense! This has got nothing to do with Truth. And anything that isn't Truth is untruth. How ever can you honour Truth by means of untruth. This is not possible.

Love me, love the truth. That's all, the rest will come by itself. Surrender. Feel love – for me, for your partner, for whoever, for yourself, for the world, for your hate. It doesn't matter. But don't confuse rituals with love. It is possible, but very difficult to perform a ritual with love. The few ones who are capable of this have no further use for it. Without the ritual they feel the love also. The ritual itself doesn't give any love. You must 'do' this yourself. By letting the hate, the aversion, flow away of itself. You never have to do anything. You only need to stop doing something – and this stopping is not the same as doing, it is not an act.

Maybe I will bow for my devotees. Show them my respect in this way, respect for their heavy struggle. I'm not in it any more, I don't need respect. I like to give them something. What can they give me – except to feel love themselves, to take themselves – that is the Truth – seriously, to stop doing.

There are (practically) no preferences any more and in any case: nothing touches me any more, I mean I'm not to be put off any more. Seeing the Truth makes me strong inside as hell.

Undoubtedly there are even bigger pains to go through. But, if needed, if it would get too big sometimes, I'll be able to see and say then in full consciousness: this is too much. It will no longer be an escape. One must Know Pain, from Inside, not be afraid of it.

After the meditation there was breakfast – no chocolate spread any more, Azar – and then I went to cleave wood. This seemed to me the best thing to do when you happened to

have become enlightened. Strangely enough I didn't get any injury from the heavy work. Apparently my body has been released from tensions very well.

Now, during the next (first morning) sitting meditation, I feel a spot of tension near neck and shoulders. The tension in the neck stays the entire second morning meditation. Weird, isn't it?

During the walk – a very conscious walk – I had the impulse to sit naked in a small sunlit pool of water with mud. A flashback of the pee and shit stage of the child, it seemed. I stood before it and didn't feel like it any more. There you are then, I thought, sitting...

This is how it went all my life.

A party, for example: for a long time this sounded very nice and appealing. Yoo-hoo, we're going to a party. But then you were there, you were sitting there. And then?

The heavenly promise becomes empty once on earth, just a dead form in itself. I have always felt that the world was covered with, bathed in, permeated by Dhukka. To even add to this with a party...

First afternoon meditation.

Actually, pain is not at all annoying, I notice. It's just awareness.

My headache is even increasing, my smile becomes broader.

I go, during the first afternoon meditation.

During the 'big battle' the kundalini has risen considerably, as a matter of fact. In shocks it went upward. Only, once it had reached the top, I did not know so well what to do with it. Certainly the headache has to do with this. A relief after a lifetime of tension gives a headache too.

The tension in neck and shoulders is, for an ordinary person, just normal muscular pain. I, on the contrary, wonder if I could have stayed in the moment – in consciousness – even better than it already went. I wonder if, in case I had managed to do this, the tension would indeed not have appeared or have disappeared again easily. But probably it went much too fast for that. I did it too fast.

People won't believe me if I say that I really haven't done anything to get There. Yet I say it. From the nature of things no compromise can be concluded with the Truth. I haven't done anything...

I have only felt, ever more subtle, what the Truth is. All I 'did' was not being afraid, not afraid of doing nothing.

The 'burns' around the region of the heart (the heart area includes not only the left side but also the middle and the right side of the chest) which are there since 1 year (Pir) or half a year (Sri Sri), have become even much and much redder. This is really remarkable. And it is not from the sun. And not from burning with fire, steam or another form of heat, at least no heat from outside. In other words: the heart region is burned by the heat from inside.

If you don't feel pain, or at least too little to gain insight, then you better go and sit in such a posture that you are forced to feel (consciously), cannot help but feel. Otherwise, if you do not understand the suffering, you won't get There, you won't get at What everyone wants in his heart of hearts.

I notice that old patterns, conditionings, still arise, but they don't take me any more. I'm not troubled at all any more by them. 'Oh', I note, when one of them appears, and then it lets go.

Eureka! I see a blister on one of my hands. My dear soft hands that have never really worked – well, not much physical work, that is – have a blister. I have worked.

In fact, my connection and reunion with It are there due to the fact that I was and am so sensitive. Because of this I was never really deeply satisfied. It was always that way. I was always unconsciously conscious of this. There was no other option than seeking. It is thanks to 'my' strong will that I have gone all the way for Real Happiness. Not half. Not talking about Enlightenment – out of fear. But act! Do! Without doing!

I am now so powerfully drawn to the Light, to Enlightenment, that if I just lie down, I spontaneously 'do' or rather allow a tantric breathing. (Is there even more then? Should it be anchored even firmer? Or should I just understand and experience even better – more all-embracing – how I can reach 'my' people?) The kundalini rises slowly via the back, via the spine it goes around the head, and via the front, via the heart, to the sexual region. This is how it is supposed to be: via the heart to the sex. Why so few do or allow it this way? Ah...

I wonder if, in this state, after all that happened now, I still should go in search of and meet a tantra-woman, the one Sri Sri was talking about.

A wasp floats around me. For a moment it seems to want to sit on me but then flies directly to the forehead of the Buddha, exactly on the place of the third eye, between the eyebrows. Thank you, wasp. Yes, from your enemy you can learn the most. For the third eye unconsciousness is pain.

Funny, today, before as well as after The Happening, my neck is being drawn backward all the time. Instead of to the front. Just like my body was all the time being drawn to the right and right to the front but yesterday suddenly to the left. (I kept checking if the little buckwheat-skins in my meditation cushion were unequally spread, but no.)

God, how free I feel, everything is open.

I can have a nice pee, I can go for a little walk, or keep hanging around in the meditation tent on my own, enjoying the flies and the wasps. Or still a bit of tantra-breathing, that is: even a little more aware than happens anyway now. I can write another few senseless things as I do now. Everything is possible, everything is good. This state amazes me and it doesn't. She is so very normal. Experiencing total freedom is so very normal.

You should go about with your body as with your own child. Even though you don't always understand what it wants, let it go its own way, for it really knows best.

Samadhi is just letting your eyes sink a floor lower. Also here, stop doing, let them hang, your eyes!

If there is a pain – in the neck in this case – I am drawn to it. In the place where no pain is it doesn't feel comfortable to me. In the pain it does. Funny. In fact, this mechanism has been there my whole life. The party is where the pain is. This Insight gives a deep breath. Truth gives a deep Breath, spontaneously, naturally.

There is no energy any more for staying at an untrue place. I'm getting tired of it fast. Everyone is tired. That's why people sleep so much.

'The party is where the pain is.' The party of the release of pain, the dissolution of it – which happens, or starts, noticeably or not yet, as soon as Consciousness is shining on it. If

Consciousness is there, if there is a Presence, there is expansion, there is a surrender of the cramp, of the contraction, of the pain into Something Wider, Bigger, Unlimited. There is ecstasy involved in the release of pain. If one Consciously Touches the pain, makes it Conscious, if one Feels all there is to Feel about it, then the other sides becomes obvious, comes to the fore. If one doesn't want to Feel (Pain) Selflessly, if one hides in fear, one cannot enjoy the Real Party, one has to try to satisfy himself with parties, inherently fake parties. The Real Party is the dissolution of Form, the Surrender, the end of holding on to Pain, to oneself.

My Body, so very Conscious now, was scanning for more Pain, for more Transcendence. In fact, it is Consciousness ‘Doing’ this: looking for Pain, for Unconsciousness, for stuck-ness, for separation from the Whole, in order to Bring it back into the Heart of All. This Process of Transcendence is only Natural. It Happens anyhow, but usually very or extremely slow, in the Dark and with a lot of resistance. Why not allow it in the Light? If the Light of Consciousness is Allowed the Process goes thousands or millions of times faster. And why not enjoy it, even if it's painful? Nature can be so joyful. Ecstasy is there if it is Allowed. It comes by itself. Only, and this is where people walk away, it is inherently Married to Pain. Understand Duality and All will be Revealed for thee.

Interestingly enough, if Consciousness is so very powerfully Present, then there is indeed no energy left to waste time in whatever kind of comfort-zone, or waiting room. The Process Itself, the Process of Transcendence, the Movement, has become the Truth or, rather, Appeared to Be the Truth. Where nothing happens deadness reigns, lifelessness, forms having taken over the lead in the Dark.

Let your head hang and it will be put straight. Inherently unnatural arrogance dissolves.

Oh, the little spot between, I think, the first neck vertebra and the most upper vertebra of the back is so very very important. Just try, without this, without contact between these two, to get into Samadhi. And try to become Enlightened without Samadhi.

I notice very subtle moments – flashes of a second – of, for instance, being totally fed up with it, with being too restless for a longer deeper Samadhi to settle itself. After a fraction I have to laugh at it. Before the irritation, the anger, has really time to manifest, she has already been transformed, into Love, into liberation. For consciousness was there and nothing can match up to consciousness.

'Tired' of all this consciousness. There is not a moment of break, of rest! Ha!

Very quietly I'm looking at my being over-agitated.

How did you address this again? Oh yes, keep noting the present well, ceaselessly – for instance breath.

Keep your eyes seemingly pinched, loose and let them hang low, also in daily life, during the daily activities and walking. Otherwise, with 'normal' eyes, you loose hold of the little spot in the neck and that is tiring.

Just be more busy with the daily, the non-sit activities, to learn to be in It there as well.

Everything slow – not too slow – is really better. Or at least now it still is. You don't have to note (any more). Just stay in this state (of nothingness).

Suddenly I'm fed up with the presence of others. And in my current state of freedom I just leave. I want to be alone for a moment.

The next thing will be that I become a fakir. Spontaneously I lie down on the hard ground in the tent, next to the soft matrass.

I'm no longer afraid of others. As long as you're not enlightened and are still in your own cocoon there is fear of the other. As long as you think that you are someone yourself, the other is threatening.

Now I see the true being of everyone, for I see it of myself. That is It Self.

I keep having thoughts of calling Ferry. To, without any arrogance, give him a number of tips, things that have helped me very much on the path of realizing Truth and that in his case – as a good teacher and friend – have been underexposed, have not come up for consideration:

- For quite a few people, like me, it is better to first, even if shortly, start with Samatha meditation (=concentration meditation, focusing of attention), in this case following the breath, to let the mind quiet down. A year long, after I started Vipassana, I sat in complete chaos. That's why it was not before a year that I reached Samadhi and that only in a longer retreat (with Mettavihari), on the 7th evening of the 8 days.

- *If it is there, let pupils follow energy-patterns in the body. This has been very important for me.*

- *Tell students, the motivated ones at least, something more about the various stages. This gives some kind of an anchorage and also inspiration. A consequence was in my case, for instance, that in no more than about two meditations (!) I had gone through, was taken beyond stage 5. I had known in advance what to expect, for what to be on my guard.*

- *Students' own preference for more walking or sitting should be respected. They should be allowed to follow their own insight and experience.*

- *Regarding walking meditation. For those who are able to: follow the whole energetic movement of the foot. This is really better. Otherwise you stay in your head.*

- *Sitting posture is important. There appear to be two most important places in the body, the two rotation points: the lower back and the neck. And it is very important to let the head hang, as it wants, without putting it in any posture by yourself, by what the mind thinks is good – which is never good. Let the students investigate these things and in general.*

The headache is decreasing. A bad sign, I think immediately. And I have to laugh. Everything is really upside down.

Hey, I'm singing again spontaneously – since somewhere in the 6th stage and certainly in the 7th.

Am I tired of the big battle, or from not incessantly being in (deep) Samadhi?"

Here was again a period of not making notes. Only:

Sorry. (Difficult period of coming to realize that something 'other' began to occur.)

! There is one consciousness. Everything is consciousness! This is seen. This is so.

Also sleeping is part of this one consciousness that continues always and everywhere. When I fell asleep last night, I was at first aware of my sleep. I was painstakingly aware of the process of falling asleep and then saw myself – or should I say my body – sleeping. I've never had this before. It became even stranger: now, very suddenly, I was looking from some place above at my body sleeping down there. That place was maybe 50 meters or so above the body, but the distance was not so easy to tell. There had been no gradual rising to that place.

Suddenly 'I', consciousness, was there. From the normal perspective it felt weird, at the same time it felt totally normal, this Out of Body Experience as it is called, Seeing that small body peacefully sleeping down there on the earth. Later I lost the awareness of sleeping and I even missed the bell at 4 o'clock.

Dhukka came back.

It pulls so hard at me that I wake up. Shortly after waking I realized that it's not Dhukka. Dhukka ceased to exist as such. It is IT. It is IT That is pulling me still further.

My 7th chakra at the crown of my head is open extremely wide! God...

(I feel again and again the tendency to use words that are not so big, to not let things appear so fantastic, but energetic outbursts are liberations. They're difficult to describe quietly: 'Then the volcano opened quietly and spitted in all peace its lava over the surface of the earth...')

All right, You know I'm ready, ready for It, for You, I have found You already. But You have more, even bigger, plans with 'me'. Say what You want. I just follow. (I have a very stable Samadhi now.)

Difficult: Over and over again I start teaching before an imagined audience. It's bigger than me. It happens. I don't do it, nor want it (as me). I understand Sri Sri's words: 'Keep it with yourself. One day, when the time is there, It'll come out.' And also Timo's words: 'Wait...' Be humble, I keep saying to 'me'. Be humble. Maintain.

There is a state of extremely subtle, delicate feeling and seeing now, and following of the movements and softness in it.

What do You want? There is whispering. I invite You, very subtly: come... come... come... You're welcome.

Ah, I see what You want. You want my body to 'disappear', to be totally free of solidity.

Ssssh... quiet... 'I' feel I'm in a delicate intimate dialogue with It...

Gee, 'pain'/It is back again. I'm surprised. What're you trying to tell me, honey? You can tell me, You can trust me. I will do Good with it, with Your ultimate wisdom.

There's mainly bodily awareness now.

Pain, why are You so big now, why do You do this in me, with me.

I shift my position. That is allowed now. 'I' have gained the victory over the pain already. And the pain is and will be here anyway. Thank you, Buddha. Thank you, Jim (Vivation teacher).

For a moment the neck goes back upward. Afraid (that it will fall off or) that it cannot go back any more. The confirmation comes now, very slowly, that the process is going well. Trust. It has everything under (Its) control.

Wow, I love Your pain, Your pain is great: Really Great.

I have complete trust now.

Riekent, Lidy (my parents) and Brick, thank you!

Perhaps there will be no end to it, I think suddenly. Perhaps I will feel ever more subtle.

This is just like in one of the intense meditations it was Shown that there exists no smallest particle – which, indeed, is not possible, of course, a smallest particle.

IT is bigger and bigger, there is no end.

IT is smaller and smaller, there is no end. If 'I' dissolves in IT, Consciousness – of Which everything consists – is, therefore, in principle able to feel infinitely subtle.

(Has this ever been Seen this way?)

The insight that there exists no smallest particle, by the way, came through Seeing-Feeling Straight from Inside. Not through observation from a distance, aloof, as the scientist in vain looking for the smallest building block. Poor scientists. They don't Understand Life, so they start observing it, as an *other*. This is senseless; they will never Know this way. The rainbow will always be at the horizon. They don't get it that they themselves *are* life, including the Eye That Sees Straight – but they 'are' ignorant Consciousness, for now. They are afraid of Being Life. Instead, they're looking at It and trying to be better than It.

For almost 4 hours now I'm meditating in the tent. That is: 1 to 1½ hours there are weird, very weird yogic movements, yogic postures, yogic contortions.

Just like Buddha under the tree I wanted to say: I won't go away from here before I'm totally enlightened, I won't leave this tent. But if there will indeed be no end to the surrender to and becoming conscious of It (Which is Consciousness Itself), can I say this then without perishing from dehydration – my body at least.

And I keep saying ‘sorry’ when I deal with the Subtle Truth too rudely.

A combination of Vipassana, Vivation and spontaneous Yoga (allowing kriyas and whatever kind of energetic movements) is not so bad.

The ‘solicitude’ incident.

Madame Cini, the Belgian lady organizing the retreat, took me aside to talk with me. I had preferred to stay in silence, all the more since I already felt in her energy that something ‘not good’ had to be communicated to me. *She said that I shouldn’t exaggerate. Sitting for 4 hours... I should also walk, do walking meditation, for the energy. And above all I should not sit in my little tent.*

Of course this meddlesomeness rises especially from ignorance. And from fear. Also here I am a mirror, amongst other things a mirror for what is possible.

To make the ‘solicitude’ of Marie-Cecile even worse, Dala Miri, the Burmese supervising student of Sayadaw, had misunderstood me and told her that I had said: ‘I am Buddha’. Madame Cini was utterly concerned by now. She thought I would become crazy. I had to meditate under supervision by all means. She said she had also been young and wanted to become crazy as well.

What to say to this?

And anyway, whatever I said, she didn’t hear me, not at all. It looked like she had realized the dream of her youth. Except for the fact that she saw I was very sensitive, she didn’t see who I am. Not that I could expect so, but still.

I felt like Jesus, crying in the wilderness, one who saw It but was not heard.

At a certain moment when we were walking through the garden and the attack went on, something in me – unfortunately or not – ‘decided’ to say that it was not for nothing that I had received the name Azar Baksh from that dear Inayat Khan. I could not disregard this. I said I have received and enjoy Pir’s trust. And I said more, but it was all in vain. Tomorrow we’ll talk further, she decided, with a red face.

This is not a good idea. I don’t want to talk at all. I don’t want to explain myself, account for myself. I get so tired of this, so disappointed, that people do not understand Truth. They talk about it and act out of ignorance. They are in their own little world and think, project on me, that ‘I’ would be in mine.

“You must walk more,” Madame Cini said.

“I’m gonna walk.” (I didn’t tell her that I made long (illegal) walks outside of the camp.)

“And you must sleep too,” she added.

“All right, I’ll be sleepwalking.”

I really try to adopt a cooperative attitude, not against the grain. But somehow she doesn’t like my answers and stays ‘concerned’. Tomorrow at 5 o’clock back to the classroom reciting prayers. I can’t believe it. This is also something I’ll need to learn, I ascertain sadly. If someone really tries to attain It, they get scared. Feeling Madame Cini’s repressed aggressive energy, I may even count myself lucky that I don’t live in the middle ages. At the time I would have ended up at the stake already.

This whole event was rather important for me or should I say for Understanding the world via my own direct experience. I let it go through me quite a few times later. Triggered and confirmed also by events soon after the retreat, something changed in me here, in my perception of the world, of people. I came to understand that people are not really Serious, not when it really comes to it. It’s like people are playing games. And their spiritual practices are just part of these games. For heaven’s sake, was there anyone out there who really wanted to – or rather Needed to – Realize the Very Truth Itself, whatever It would take.

I started to See that wherever, even here in this Buddhist retreat, Truth is not respected, not Loved, not Followed. It is rather the path that is people’s love, a love that they chose, as there are more loves they choose in their lives. Who really gets so happy in their Heart – like me – when some Truth is being Revealed, irrespective of the revealed content which usually carries Pain somewhere in it in whatever form?

But what was at least as important for my Process of Going Down and Deeper into the world, was learning about the Resistance on Earth against a True Manifestation of Truth. It is huger than huge. This event seemed just a pinprick but I learned a lot from it, certainly from the rather powerful energy that was behind the woman’s words. The Resistance Force tried to manipulate ‘me’ away from the Truth, from not Actually Touching It or Being Touched by It. This Force was what made her upset, not her concern about ‘me’. That’s why I have put ‘solicitude’ between commas a couple of times. It was the Counterforce That had been activated by my Approaching. The Counterforce is always There, in fact, but usually you don’t see It, It always operates underground, It always wears masks. For instance, but very

often, It uses solicitude, to get you, to seduce you, delude you, confuse you, to manipulate you. I remember her very agitated state, her tensed face. Walking next to her and being so brightly aware in the retreat I could feel in my body the very unpleasant feeling of her Manipulative Force active in me – manipulative even if she herself might have believed in her solicitude. That moment I could hardly believe it. The organizer of the Buddhist retreat, the one who had meditated so much in her life, wanted me to honour Buddha, not become Him, not Be Him. Finally there was someone Coming so Close to the Truth – not saying I was the first, but anyway, rare it is – so determined on his way of Becoming It, finally someone taking Buddha and His Truth totally serious, and wasn't this what He had in mind, what He wanted to transmit, and now 'they', the ones who 'should' facilitate Realizing the Deepest Truth, were obstructing 'me' from getting too Close to 'Buddha's' Truth. Well, at least the main organizer of the whole retreat, but if not she than other people would have taken over the role of stopping 'me', stopping the Truth from Being Realized on Earth, Whole-Bodily. And this last addition is very relevant. The Counterforce – or Separating Force – 'Wants' Truth and Body to stay two separate things, magnitudes. They should not Merge, Become One. Madame Cini might have been less concerned – if at all – if 'my' whole Body had not been not involved, if I had not Allowed the deep breathing, the kriyas, the bending down with my head touching the ground, if I had not followed all kinds of energetic movements, tendencies. If anything, why was there no celebration of what happened and still happening through 'me', of Truth having won over Dhukka, of Being Freed Beyond Pain – instead of obstruction?

Well, the 'simple' truth here is that if one becomes so very Bodily Conscious of Pain, one becomes a mirror. Jesus was a Mirror, reflecting people's pain they didn't want to feel inside themselves. The Mirror had to be Killed. If there is anything people hate, it is pain. They don't want to face it, feel it, deal with it in a mature way. In a way she said to me: 'Stop revealing pain, I don't want to know. Let's meditate all together on our beautiful path, but not go too deep into the pain. It hurts and it is dangerous. Stop. Now it is enough. Truth is just a direction, you must not actually go there. It reveals too much.'

No, Madame, I would not turn crazy. I never felt so good, so sane, so clear. My direction was the opposite. The deeper I sank into Reality, the less crazy I became, the more Healthy, and the better I could see people's craziness, in their dreamy gloomy state. Not living in Reality is being crazy, in a way, even though there are differences in people according to their 'practice' of this. In a way, the world is ruled by crazy people living in their own world, in the mind – and we don't (want to) know. The most conscious people, the one with (a much better) overview, do not rule.

For my manifestation here on earth it was important that I had said to Madame Cini that I am Azar Baksh – even if on the face of it this seemed to be a bit if not very grotesque. I had a strange feeling about it afterwards, and yet it had to be said. The strange feeling was related to the Clash of Forces that only really manifested well in that moment of ‘revealing’ that I was ‘Azar Baksh’. It was not about ‘Azar Baksh’. It was about Something saying, through ‘me’: Enough! It’s been too long already that lies and manipulations rule here on earth. I have Come here to Establish Truth. And nothing and no one – you hear? no one! – is going to stop me from Doing So. So, it was not ‘me’ being offended or something of that kind that I had to put suddenly some force into the ‘conversation’ by saying – with a louder and determined voice, indeed – that “I am Azar Baksh”. I was rather saying, almost shouting in my energetic memory but that wasn’t really so: ‘The Truth will Win. You don’t see what I’m doing. You may try to obstruct the Process. It won’t help you nor anyone. Sooner or later everyone must face the Truth.’

In that conversation I also felt a dangerous energy somewhere, indeed. It was not just a neutral attempt to manipulate me. It was not for nothing that I got an association with people being burned in the middle ages, if they went their own way, which was seemingly against the interest of ‘the group’. Socially respectable as Madame Cini was, she hid her aggression. But since this event my privileges were suddenly gone – that is, especially, getting extra food after 12. From then on she ignored me almost completely, as far as possible. I was no longer her sweet sensitive ‘Son’. Woman, she assumed in the depth of her being, was here to serve the Son to become a Man, not the Man Himself; He had to Do It all by Himself, Create and support Himself – which was not untrue. For Madame Cini – or at least for the inherently separating Ego – I had suddenly, in my unexpected shocking her awake to a deeper Reality that was already here instead of nicely cosily preparing for later, become dangerous and I had become the scary Azar Baksh, a wolf in sheep’s clothing. As far as she was concerned – and as far as most people were concerned – Jesus should have been and stayed ‘the Son’, not become a Man. I betrayed her. And I was not sorry. A Man Realized the Truth and was not serving Mommy, not serving Unconsciousness, not serving Her Pain to stay firmly in place (behind Her caring) but Feeling it, Transcending it and Touching it by being a Mirror.

And, by the way, the slow walking meditation was not the way to get energy in order not to sink away in consciousness while forgetting the body. No, Consciousness Itself enlivened my whole body. I was as fit as a fiddle. She had just learned her lessons, the teachings. And she repeated them to me. She did not Know. It does not matter whether they are of a Buddhist or another nature; people on earth repeat their lessons, they do not Know.

Tuesday July 13th. Night meditation.

Sitting. Next to a lot of senseless thoughts nothing happened.

First morning meditation.

Dhukka is really back.

Pain is back, frustration and sleepiness. And... depression! I cannot even smile any more.

It was halfway the meditation that I felt 'I'm done up.' This was a relief.

It appeared, not much later, that in fact my tongue was pressed firmly against the palate. I've let it go.

But for the rest there is actually nothing, just like in the night meditation. Thoughts, conversations, sleepiness. I had the feeling that 'awareness' was constantly present but it was not deep, not sharp (in this depression).

Second morning meditation.

The meditation is over. Again: nothing.

I mean this in a negative sense. It is difficult to keep seeing this in a positive way, or let's say, to stand and look at the side of it. I have the feeling that I have to, almost, start all over again. I am just Maarten Jongman again. I find my feet on the ground (of depression). And still, even though a bit less, there is this tension around the neck (and the shoulders).

First afternoon meditation.

First, shortly, I have been angry: I don't want that shit depression. In this angry meditation there was a much deeper breath. During walking meditation there was a remarkable awareness. There was a clear view of everything around me, including of myself, the whole body. 'I' was not looking down to find a body there. The whole body was seen, in its totality, as one. What's more, the whole body was seeing.

At last there was pain again. That is, 'I' had managed to make contact with the pain in neck and shoulders.

The Samadhi was finally good again and clear.

During the interview with Dala Miri – she finds my meditation progressing – I'm still sweating quite a lot. And this moment I can say: I flow again.

I saw lights, especially blue light. I also saw again the blue pearl that Muktananda adores.

And at a certain moment I saw with my inner eye a clear image, a statue of the Buddha, a golden statue, as it seemed.”

Seeing the golden Buddha, after my experience with and as Jesus and also with Mary here in the retreat, symbolized for me that now the East and the West were One – in this body that is. Love and the, indissolubly related, Surrender to Feeling people’s Pain in ‘my’ Body and Heart, was now Connected with the Power of Consciousness, indispensable as the latter is for the Actualization in the course of time of the Love of the Heart on Earth. Consciousness Brings the Sword of Truth necessary for not being Killed, Deluded, overwhelmed, choked by the slime that the Lie cannot help but spread all around. Jesus spoke about the Sword. I would use It, with all My Heart, with all My Body. As I said earlier, I had never met anyone in my life who, as far as Love was concerned, came even close to ‘my’ utter Love for the Truth Itself which started to reveal itself in rapid tempo now. The Love for Truth (Woman) was so big and limitless and beyond any form of ego that this Love could not but Return into Truth Itself (Man). It meant that Man and Woman were about to Become One – even though the actual Manifestation of this would still take a few years.

Also, learning how and when to Use the Sword of Truth would take years, even though the development of this ‘skill’ would happen totally of its own accord. The Heart would Show ‘me’ when and where to Cut. I would not have to decide.

The East and the West stand for Spirit and Body, the Freedom of the Spirit, of Consciousness in fact – represented by Buddha – and the suffering of the Body, represented by Jesus, hanging on whatever form of a Cross. My Body was a conscious body, it was aware of Pain. Every truly conscious body is continuously aware of Pain in whatever uncomfortable form it presents itself. This Pain, this big Awareness of Pain, is exactly what was necessary for the proper use of the Sword of Truth. Knowing the Pain from Inside, the frozen Pain outside can be Cut Free if it is Asked for on a Deeper Level.

Second afternoon meditation.

It went worse, again. Less concentration, less Samadhi. The tension keeps engaging my attention. At the end of the meditation there was an enormous pain. Out of despair – hope for something... – I stayed in it. And I ‘ve set up a new pain-record. I have put my shirt between my teeth. Otherwise I ‘d have become nuts.

Ah, It just doesn't come off any more. I'm a beginner, showing up at the first Vipassana lesson. Really, everything is uncontrollable, it's not a theory. And the meditation process holds the first place in this respect.

Third afternoon meditation.

True, it has been bad, very bad. But never before I've had it this horrible, especially as far as mental and physical suffering are concerned. By the end of the meditation, it was almost 6, I had enough of it. I was ready. I couldn't do anything (any more). I have given it all. And it doesn't work. I, as an independent power, don't exist. I have no orders to give. Nothing whatsoever. I am ordered, on the contrary.

'I' just go and lie on bed.

I feel it is not over yet, but I give up the fight for now. I cannot win. When I have gathered some energy again, courage, I will go and fight again.

In any case there is relief now, also physically. What a state. I just didn't know any more how to 'have' my body. The various parts just didn't want to belong to one another any more, to one body. What a hell. I'm fed up for the moment.

What I did not really realize, or at least not enough, is what a big influence the ‘talk’ with Madame Cini had upon my state, upon the meditation process. In fact, the Resistant Force she carried in a covered way, clouded and overshadowed the entire meditations afterwards. ‘I’ was in a terrible mist. Consciousness was ringed round by mist, by Unconsciousness. Luckily there was time enough left to pierce through the Resistance, the Resistance against Truth manifesting Itself on Earth, into the Human Body. This Resistance is of a Female Character. And Madame Cini’s resistance was needed as a matter of fact. Without the Female Resistance Man cannot Actually Come Down to Earth, cannot Truly Manifest Himself as He Is into Woman’s Earthly Realm. Meditation (or: Man, Consciousness) is empty and senseless without content, without form, without Woman, without Her Natural Resistance. There must be something that Man’s Consciousness can Pierce through. Or else He is unemployed and stays non-manifested. Without Pain, without Form, Consciousness cannot do anything, It is immobile, a Transcendental Potential. Madame Cini was so good to follow her female intuition and bring me the next layer of Pain, of mist, Unconsciousness. In principle, Woman who Brings Man Her Resistance Loves Him – albeit usually from behind the Wall – and Trusts Him in being able to Handle it, to Transcend it in His Heart, to undo

Her Form, Her Wall, and to make Her Conscious thus. If He's not worthy of Her (Resistance) She doesn't bother about Him.

(Continuously) Meditating other people's contracted states was, in fact, 'simply' the next stage after Enlightenment Frees one from oneself. The extent of the normality of this hadn't fully blown me in the face yet. But it is true, I couldn't sit among people any more, like during the Dhamma talks around the table, without continuously feeling pain at one the places of my Heart. Physical distance certainly made a difference in this respect: the closer other Bodies were, the more Pain radiated into mine. Continuously meditating other people meant continuously being in Pain.

During the Dhamma-talk (in French) on the tape: the right side of the heart plays up enormously. It feels heavy. Through the heaviness though there is (big) joy. Only, my body is still full of tension from (amongst others) this afternoon, the fight. Now I'm going to try to be fully aware of the efforts, of my exertions – that is: of 'I'. Also wanting to 'note' is an exertion. Just so with trying to persist in sitting in pain when this is offered to me.

I just had a really very lovely hour outside. Never before I've loved nature so very very much. Very quietly, just being part of it. Being in wonder. Enchanted. Feeling peace in the entire nature.

Just stopping all exertion, all doing, just stopping the tiny 'I', stopping the contraction, contortion, or tension or fear of losing or anger when It or anything got lost. Just stop. That is really all. It is truly simple. It was not a lie. Even the effort is no longer an effort. Because it is being 'done' consciously. Because there is no clinging to any form of result. 'I' just do. 'I' am being done.

I wonder how long this completely free state – free of 'I' – will take again in turn. I have been fooled already a couple of times before now.

Also, we can stop vipassana now. Or at least we can stop it as an effort to attain something: Enlightenment, for instance, relief of problems... All this is seen through as not stable, not True. As a continuing source or 'place' where insights can arise vipassana is perhaps still nice, valuable. Let's try it, if this still makes sense indeed...

Every time pain appears I just need to laugh so terribly. What a pity it is, in fact, that I need to restrain myself here. Let's go and have a nice laugh all of us together. I'm volunteering for starting, if needed.

This laughing is not meant as a therapy, laughing therapy. In that case again you'd have to do something. No, not any kind of therapy is needed at all. Although it seems so – and it's not bad to first realize our illness – ultimately we are not ill. We make ourselves believe so. How can you recover, if you're not ill. You don't have to strive for anything. Stop striving. Who or what is left then? From experience I can say: by striving you can't achieve anything. Absolutely nothing. Except for the insight that by striving you can't achieve anything. That's the good – if not indispensable – thing of it. As I have done: you throw everything, I repeat everything, all the effort you've got, in it. Until it is really completely finished. Then you disappear of itself, naturally, without effort. You've used up all the energy and the result is that you're being undone. From now on you're one with the omnipresent, infinite Energy. Don't do it half, do it totally. Give everything, until nothing remains.

It can be done much easier. Without the Vipassana-effort. See the Advaita Vedanta. When I read just some text of this Advaita Vedanta, could have been any little text, 'it' succeeded immediately to step out, to leave 'my' I behind, let it be undone, for that moment. If there's a contraction in your head, you let go and immediately you'll start breathing in your lower abdomen. That contraction in your head is there due to your exertion."

Well, I don't agree here. The Advaita Vedanta could be used as a quick way to realize an I-less state, indeed. But it doesn't work so thoroughly as vipassana. It doesn't plough through *life*, doesn't address all the pain involved, does not get almost crazy of the Dualities of Life. It shifts easily from one perspective to another, from the limited contracted 'I' to the I-less and in principle Painless Space of Consciousness. It can be very good to get a realistic glimpse or touch of what it is to be without 'I'. Only, this I-less place is rather like a nice parking place, for however long it takes. Sooner or later one has to come back to life. And there, without really having gone through the struggle but having gone after 'easy money', one will be blinded again, having no realistic overview that includes *life itself*.

Nevertheless Advaita Vedanta can and does have its own value in one's development as a human being, in discovering the Truth. It certainly had for me. It can very well show you what the 6th Sphere of Life is about. For Realizing the Deepest Truth it is too light however, it doesn't Touch Deep enough. It doesn't Touch Unconsciousness, doesn't Touch the Earth. It cannot, therefore, truly Transcend Unconsciousness into Consciousness – not at all as a matter

of fact. One rather goes to the world of Consciousness as an alternative of Freedom for the prison of the Dark Unconscious Earth. It is a nice instructive holiday. But to stay there... You enter it, you Touch and Surrender into the truth of it, and you move on.

For a moment I feel a fear that I will listen to the ones in authority and will start to do something again and immediately I burst out in a terrible laughter. It is finished. The energy is just finished, the energy for doing. The do-energy, the 'I', has undone itself.

Soon I'm gonna have a nice sleep. I'm tired with all the fuss, with the whole show. I'm curious if at waking I'll have lost my Insight again – which is, according to my insights, not possible – and, if so, if I will try it again: to become happy. And this word 'happy' makes me burst out in laughter once more.

Fortunately you can only be, never become.

I had indeed radically lost all interest in becoming ‘happy’ in whatever possible sense. ‘Happy’ was related to the ‘I’. If there is truly no ‘I’ any more, the whole problem of becoming or being happy falls away. Indeed, the problem of being happy. Truth Itself, Reality Itself, was not bothered at all about being happy or not. That’s rather the way Ego expresses itself, not Truth. Truth Is, as It Is. If there is Pain, there is Pain; Truth is not motivated to look for happiness or relief. It does not manipulate.

Here, the entire search for happiness or relief came to an end – including the quest for Real Happiness, as some spiritual teachers (like Adi Da) advertise their propaganda which is always one-sided, their crusade against Pain in the broadest sense of the word.

The (Conscious) end of the Search – for happiness, for a painless state, for enlightenment, for truth, for growth – could be called Enlightenment, the final end of the ‘I’, the end of resistance to Pain, laughing pain in its face, the end of all effort to go from one place to another.

Later, in the mentioned Hearticle “Enlightenment, a side-effect of serious selfless Vipassana practicing” (2007) I wrote this about it:

The next day however, at the same retreat, I felt Enlightenment leaving me, subtly but still noticeably. Like a conditioning from a past I immediately started to wonder what I was doing wrong and for what reason it didn’t stay. Did I cramp my body? Was I not attentive, Conscious enough? It was quite and even very painful, I remember, to, after Enlightenment, have to go back into the (I-)cramp. Till finally, after a struggle, and not before noticing that there is in fact no I

doing anything wrong, even nothing at all, the fight ceased and Enlightenment came back. Happy. Contented that I could stop resisting the apparent resistance to Enlightenment, it came back again though, the clouding, veiling of Enlightenment, It couldn't be experienced any more. The fight about this second leaving of Enlightenment was even bigger and more painful than the first time. And only after a huge struggle wherein the last remnants of 'I' fought with all their might for survival was there at last a total giving up, complete Surrender. I failed. I failed completely. Enlightenment had been there and I could do absolutely nothing to prevent it from leaving again. Now the fight had totally Stopped. What happened was that Clearly Seeing the hopelessness of the entire enterprise of I's attempt to have any influence, to make any difference, on Enlightenment staying or going, destroyed all interest in Enlightenment ('having' or even Being It or not), in any side of the Duality. Enlightenment as form (separate from the Formless) stopped existing.

Since this was So, All was just So, this Conscious I-less Body started spontaneously and even immediately to meditate other people 'after' I had sat for a few seconds with folded arms as in the past at school when I had finished all the sums and I was waiting for the miss to tell me what to do next – again a miss, older this time and Buddhist, was sitting in front of me. 'I' saw immediately that there is no end to this, to this meditation of people's pain or karma or even the world's – and as long as not everybody is Free, here there is no one or nothing to be Free either. So I went on meditating, but not as (the lie as) self any more but as (Bodily Living Heart-) Meditation Itself.

In case this is indeed the real enlightenment, which I suspect, then I must say that it is in no way as spectacular as my previous Insights. They were explosions, after which I felt really great. This now was a simple, though perforce, letting go after the heaviest struggle, biggest fight. I didn't even feel that good; I felt only relieved, it is true. Relieved. The show is over. In any case for now.

This will be a nice little book altogether. And Sayadaw arrives just too late this afternoon, he cannot instruct me any more. Yes, from a distance he could have just seen me for a moment when he arrived. Now I have dissolved.

Oh, I love my people, my 'devotees', so very much. Whether they will come or not, I love them, all of them.

By accident I start to note something again and I double up with laughter. (What is meant by ‘noting’ is the normal practice in vipassana of ascribing a word to whatever is being noticed.)

I have to admit it: it (the misery) starts with the mind, with making yourself believe – or accepting that others make you believe – that you need to do something. [Admitting this I referred at especially the period in my twenties in which I assumed that ‘misery’ originated from the body, from the body failing to function properly.]

Poonja, I love you. I am/is exploded. Now there is only Love.

(Poonja was an Advanta Vedanta teacher, a pupil of Ramana Maharshi)

I just see myself coming Thursday sitting with Sayadaw during the interview. Quietly shining I say: “There is no I. It was all just a joke.”

And together we have to laugh aloud over it.

“Sorry, Sayadaw, I can do no more, I can practice no more, because the I has left. Who should practice?”

Ha! And that while this morning I felt as depressed as a door...

I hear a shot of a hunter somewhere around here and my face clouds. I am reminded to the fact that I will take my task seriously.