

Wednesday morning 5 o'clock.

There I am again – silently laughing. There is still something to do, I notice. For instance: sitting more straight up. But it is no longer to attain something. The character of the doing has changed. It is now based on intelligence, on the intelligence that has always been there and to which I can now submit myself. By total submission becoming totally free... My own intelligence appeared to have been just a barrier. It had to be unleashed.

What a painful process this was sometimes. To discover, and to admit, that I was not (so) intelligent as a matter of fact (although the intelligence of my intuition was good). You start assuming intelligence when you get high marks all the time, when (almost) everything succeeds if you (really) try it. Thinking and interpreting – not happening in full awareness – stand in the way of the manifestation of Intelligence. Let go of thinking, there is no one who needs to think.

Every time when I do or even just feel the tendency to do something, of my own accord, I have to laugh so terribly. This is intelligence.

I remember how, on that Thursday evening before coming here, I thought: no I don't take my shaving stuff. In truth I couldn't care any less how people see me. In hindsight, a better preparation for the retreat was not imaginable. Don't let it matter how others see or experience you. Or rather, become aware of the fact that all day long it does matter to you. And you will be enlightened.

Yes, it is One or the other: it is Nature or it is 'the others' that you allow to live you. The others give you your knot. Nature unties your knot of Itself. Nature Itself and only That Brings you to Enlightenment, Shows you the Nature of Itself, of Reality. 'The others' try to prevent this from happening.

Since Tiara – since society – came into my life three years earlier I had started to shave myself, without any reason coming out of myself, but only from Tiara. Shaving stands for unnaturalness. Razing out what is natural, what reminds us of our animal nature. We want to be better than nature, no slave of its wildness. We want to control. The seemingly successful lie of civilization should be taken seriously. The boy gets a razor for his eighteenth birthday. Happy birthday to you. You're grown up now. Welcome to society, welcome to killing nature.

Not only didn't I shave myself – and afterwards I never did any more – I didn't cut the beard hairs with the scissors either during the retreat, which had been the alternative that I practiced modestly until I was 33 and met Tiara. Before the retreat I had said to myself: if Realization of Truth will Be There I'll never shave myself any more. Up to now, 20 years later, this 'promise' is still kept.

There is still this 'muscular pain' from cutting the wood. How crucial. I have been able to use this pain for the big push, the last desperate offensive of the 'I': to get rid of it, to be able to feel it, becoming aware of it, so that it could disappear. No matter how subtly I felt and did my best, it only grew worse. My whole body went nuts.

My breath is superficial. I feel the tendency to do something about it. And have to laugh. What a relief. I was reminded of the cranio-sacral teacher who had said to just not breathe when breath doesn't want, no problem. And he simply continued his work. No discussion, no hassle. For a minute I hadn't breathed indeed, before I had to, of course, but then it wasn't 'me' any more who breathed. One deep breath came of itself, from my belly, it seemed.

Now I understand why enlightened people are often so beautiful. They don't do anything. They don't block nature, the flow of energy. Look at that beautiful Ramana. They don't make themselves smaller than they are.

As a reward for all my senseless – and effective – efforts a strong wind rises with a beautiful sound. More I do not need. The wind. What a present, the wind... Who'd like to try to stop the wind? The wind, it is there, you don't have to, cannot do anything for it, for the wind. You can only really love the wind if you don't fight it any longer. You can only really love your children (or parents) if you let them be completely who they are, if, as a host and hostess, you accept them completely, if you absolutely don't want to steer them into any direction. Who wants to steer the wind? Who wants to change 'the sound of the wind' that rages through the trees? The sound of the wind does not exist, you cannot change it. The wind itself is not audible. Only through the obstacles on its way the existence of the wind is perceivable.

Who wants to go to the moon in order to change it – because like this, as the celestial body stands there now in space, it is really not done?

Empty yourself. Every laugh over an attempt at doing makes me empty, and the breath, a new moment, can come to me again.

After I did not touch a cookie, because – and in spite of the fact that my head, my conditioning craved for it – I felt inside that my body did not want it, that it was not good for my body, things went very fast.

One hour after the arrival of Sayadaw U Kundala I was allowed to see the 7th Light. What a beautiful present.

I've had the first ceremony. Reciting. Such a ceremony is not good, nonsense. It evokes tension. It's just the way it is that people are afraid, for instance of doing things wrong. Instead of coming into the feeling, the radiance of what you would like – for instance: may all living beings be free from harm – it is fear, tension, that is being transmitted. This is not good and in any case it does not contribute to peace, as it claims.

Be love and radiate this. In silence, or anyhow. Just see to it, by doing nothing, that you become enlightened yourself and you radiate of itself.

Bowing for him is supposed to be an honouring of 'his' qualities, truth, wisdom. Why would you bow for the truth, why honour it? To Truth, Reality, it is of no use, nor to anyone. Be the Truth, I say. You do it out of impotence, fear, longing – which are all the same. Take the power in your own hands by handing it over. Let the Power flow through you. Be one with it. Stop the nonsense, stop longing. Surrender now.

I notice that if I do something for a moment, I am for that moment, that moment of doing, unhappy. So then I stop doing, for heaven's sake. What to do.

While I am wiping my ass after having pooped nicely aware, I look at my dick. The dick of an enlightened one, I think. An enlightened dick. Although on the outside you don't see anything strange, it is free, free from desire. It just acts when he feels It, and otherwise it is all right too. In fact, he is not strange at all.

Since I forcefully told Madame Cini that Pir gave me the name Azar Baksh – and also what it means: holy master – her attitude to me has changed radically:

. *Although I have told her I'm a vegetarian, there is suddenly fish in the food, which I don't eat, of course. No problem, I eat dry bread, I like that infinitely better.*

. *I get no food at all any more when I'm late.*

. *My blanket for the nights – given because of solicitude in regard to the cold nights – has been taken away by her at a certain point when I was gone from 'my' tent. I can understand that, from her feeling perspective, only the Son needs this special care, not the Man.*

. *As the only person I don't get a knife, nor water at breakfast – so that I'm almost forced to ask her for it, so that I need her.*

. *Avoidance behaviour, as far as looking is concerned and also in general.*

Second morning meditation. *(During the first morning meditation I was sleeping nicely and thinking of Janna, how I took her at my hand and somehow she was sitting on me at a certain point. This gave me a lovely hard-on.)*

Every tension, every fear that I come across now liberates me even more, for I cannot help but laugh when I meet them, when I am aware of them. And laughing liberates, at least here, in this retreat, in full awareness. And, in general, it does, if you don't laugh in a contorted way but laugh at reality – including at an attempt at deviation from it, an attempt at doing something.

When I, by accident, breathe a few times, I stop almost of itself by now. Suddenly, then, I'm (totally) fed up with breathing.

I hold my hand almost 10 centimetres in front of my heart and I feel it beating, radiating. A lot of It is being emitted, by It.

I just feel that not being in Samadhi means holding something up. Surrender it. If you truly, sincerely want It, if you dare, if you are willing to give up everything for this, everything the 'I' always clings to, then things go fast, very fast. If you want to go fast with the 'I' you stay behind.

Only a few months ago, I think it was May 1999, I had got to the point where I, so I examined, was ready for really anything in order to come by It, to live in It. I was willing,

ready to give up house and comfort, family and friends, music, singing, the conservatory, all so called little pleasures, and to take the plunge into the deep. Maybe it was since the appearance of my book Suzanne. What was now still left to be desired by me. I had had everything, examined everything and lived to see it. Nothing brought That really. I was ready to go to Sri Sri and to stay years with him, to leave behind everything and to do whatever he told me. That is the surrender of the ego. This is not a surrender to the ego of the guru but to the Truth That is served by the guru.

Lunch. *I'm just reminded of the fact that I have recently bought new better recording equipment to record music in an at least technically qualitatively good way. The day before I came here I read already a bit through the manual of 180 pages – a study in itself. What did I come across? The undo-button. There's really a separate button for this on the equipment. In your head it's just so. There is a button too. I have tried it out in advance a few times, at home and on Terschelling. And it works. You can, just like that, by a button in your head, undo the doing.*

I'm reminded of Tiara who asked: 'Where is the button? Help!' But you have to dare it, of course, dare to use it. To switch yourself off.

It is true that before I came to really believe it myself I had to do 11 days of Vipassana first.

Second afternoon meditation. *During the first meditation I had a walk instead. Somehow I'm not interested in the official program any more, if ever I was. On my walk I found a stone that I like to give to Sri Sri. (I did.)*

It looks for the pain. Follow it. Feel very subtly where It wants to take you, where It lead your body to.

There are spontaneous yoga-postures – like the ones Muktananda had – and releases of contractions in the line of Ada Da.

Everything pulls You to pain.

Everything pulls You to It. Just let it happen. Feel subtly. Follow.

If you are serious about 'improving' your life, if you want Samadhi, Enlightenment, then look for the pain. Learn to have a good nose for pain, that is: follow your intuition in this respect more and more. And you'll be there. Go into the pain, relax in the pain, there's nothing you have to do, nothing you can do. You are pain, already! So what does it matter,

what can you lose. You can only win. So why not. Why not go totally into the pain that is there anyway.

But people are less afraid of a Hitler than of an Osho who was not allowed to enter Germany, who was put in jail in the USA and expelled from there. Someone who is love and radiates this is more threatening – and accused of being an impostor – than someone who radiates hate. Hate, power and so are known, Love is not. For Love one needs to dissolve.

Jesus can easily be murdered again.

As long as people stay afraid of death there will always be wars with many killed – no Love. If you want to kill someone anyway, do it consciously then. But well, then, in consciousness, you cannot do it any more, of course. Killing happens in Unconsciousness' Dark.

What a great luxurious position. I don't have to any more: meditating, whatever. And yet I continue. Intuitively I feel that I can be cleaned even more thoroughly – in any case from, and possibly besides, the tension in neck and shoulders.

It is really wonderful, paying attention to your 'own' pain.

Third afternoon meditation.

Doing is Dhukka – suffering.

The previous hour I've let my body follow the pain. It went there where it liked to go, in a sitting-lying position, in strange yoga-postures.

This whole hour now I kept sitting up straight on purpose. I think after all that there is more Power in that case. Maybe I don't have to follow all those strange movements completely. Perhaps this way, or at least if the posture of sitting erect is not too rigid, the two important places in the spine, the two rotation points above and below, make better contact, with one another, and allow contact in general. The body, and thus also the pain, might flow better through this way.

It feels good. Stronger. More earthed?

It was only later that I found out that in the end there is no right meditation posture, if only for the fact that one is not always in the same state. The body follows. It is (in a continuous process of) being Put in a posture – like you are being Breathed, if you're not in

the way and don't breathe by yourself as almost everyone (unconsciously) does. To put the body in a certain way by yourself, in a straight jacket dictated by the mind, in order to reach a perfect posture, is rather aggressive and manipulative. The perfect posture doesn't exist.

Regarding being bowed to the ground, in Buddhism this natural spontaneous movement doesn't make sense. As in other Eastern paths, in Buddhism one doesn't become one with the world, but rather escapes the world and at most looks – indifferently – at it. This is the 'normal' spiritual attitude of old in which Woman (with Her earthly inheritance) doesn't have a place, but it is all about Man's way to be freed from this painful Female world.

It is true, sometimes, to reach and manifest a next pain (and therefore, to let it melt), the body may ask for straightness, at the right natural moment – for instance when restlessness has the body in its grip and a hard Male straightness is required, no roundabouts any more. But, in principle, the 'I' doesn't need to control this process. Subtly feeling, following the truth of the moment – allowing Nature to put you straight – should be enough.

This is not to say that one can skip the struggle with the meditation posture. It is relevant. It is not a side issue, or merely a distraction. It has to be dealt with. Every time you meet the world, humanity's karma through whoever it comes to you which happens anyhow, your sitting posture will be affected, will be in a worse position. Your fight with the sitting posture reflects the fight between You and the world, between Consciousness and Unconsciousness. In your back, and the various pains and blockades it manifests, this whole endless struggle is reflected. Every chakra, every life-sphere has its trouble to process.

The fight with the posture is the Fight to come to See and totally accept the fundamental and in the end uncontrollable Duality of Existence. The Weakening Force is just as well Part of the Truth as the Powerful Force is – the crushing Force and the Force that Wants to put you erect. The sitting posture is no exception to this law. The thing is, in the end, not about winning the Fight - although it is very worthwhile and even indispensable to try this – but to lose the battle, consciously; or: be blown into Consciousness thanks to losing the Dual Battle.

Suddenly, with tears, my brother comes up. 'I love him', I felt immediately and in fact I felt this for the first time in my life in this way. I mean real deep love, as you can feel, briefly or for a longer time, for your Big Love, for the beloved. It is not the same as the common love that is 'agreed upon' in every family: you are a family, relatives, and therefore you love one another. Behind the agreed love there is trouble, difficult feelings, but behind that there is in turn Real Love that I am allowed to feel now.

He has always already been the one with whom I was thrown together most, with whom I did most things together. But still, to feel this now, Real Love, for a family member, for my own dear brother, that's quite something. He is really a splendid fellow, with a soft nature, of whom you won't find a second one so easily.

Undoubtedly this rises now to the surface after this hour of concentration (without effort, and therefore attention) on the process of descent, engagement, of my head and neck onto my trunk.

What a pain, around neck, head, shoulders, shoulder blades. Fortunately, I'm not troubled by it, no longer after my Liberation, the Redemption, after being Freed from dependency, from attachment to having no or less pain. In this way an hour of pain without cessation is very easy to bear. Certainly if it occurs in trust, indeed: 'I' Know where this is going, what the result will be.

It was not easy to actually feel this love when head and arms were separated from the trunk, of which the heart is the centre – or at least in my case this is.

Only, I don't know any more whether I'm still Enlightened as a matter of fact. Ah, what does it matter anyway?

Evening meditation.

I can stay well in Samadhi for the whole hour. Apparently, it was so deep that in the end I hardly experienced my body any more and I made a movement in order to feel it. Very vaguely in the distance I experienced something that in the past I would have called 'pain'. I experienced only energy. There was only Consciousness. A wide infinite Consciousness beyond the borders of this body. There was no 'I'.

And that while before the meditation I had fallen back considerably far. On physical level I had lost the contact between the groins.

Now I got it. Every time you forget you are Consciousness and you don't exist therefore, you sink away, you get lost, get tensed, you become contracted. Feeling the pain this afternoon was most likely not necessary and silly. I could hardly believe it, that I was 'out' again.

I am here again.

Thursday early morning meditation 5 0'clock.

I have concentrated on Consciousness. Consciousness concentrated on Consciousness. There's nothing more. Consciousness Is Aware of Consciousness.

During every movement stay aware of the breath, stay in Samadhi.

First morning meditation

For a while I paid attention to the blue pearl that appeared again. And saw (other) colours as well. Also some attention to Consciousness itself again. The Samadhi wasn't bad. Remarkably, I saw my spine, from inside. I saw my chest and also my pelvis, I think. I saw them clearly, from inside, just as they are. Apparently, this is possible. A strange experience, from the normal 'blind' perspective. But now it is not strange in fact but very real. Inside we have an Eye. The Eye is everywhere, inside, outside. It doesn't distinguish between inside and outside. There are no borders of the body, not in reality. And this turns out to be so if Consciousness is so powerfully Present.

There was being surprised at a certain point. There was wondering: why is there no happiness? There was no emotion involved. Why are the other beautiful states not there: feeling one (with all), peace, content, bliss and especially love? Where was love?

Sayadaw about this: 'Just know consciousness. Consciousness is the nature of Dhamma. Love is also nature of Dhamma. A typical Buddhist answer, in its simplicity and sobriety. There is truth in it, but it is still a mystery, you still have to Find it yourself.)

Second hour.

In the half lotus I do sit stronger again than just now on the knees.

Somewhere, somehow, It gets lost and then the (conditioned) 'I' tries to get It back again. This doesn't work, of course. Yet, also when there is no bother at all about having lost It, It is not there, It does not return. The uncontrollability of reality has once more shown its face, proven its truth.

Again, in the previous mediation already, for some time my throat/tongue has been fixed. Did 'I' do that? And is it bad? Or is it nature wanting this?

Third hour.

Over and over again the head shocks, bounces towards the right place, backwards, so that it is placed straight on the trunk.

And now I really don't know any more.

I is gone.

It is gone.

What is this?

Some pain shows up.

Ah, the good old days of pain. That was easy. Then you had something to do, something to concentrate on, to overcome and – possibly later – there was something to laugh over.

But now, where should I, It, go? Where should I direct the attention?

To nothing.

Not 'direct', no. But then what?

There is nothing to 'overcome'.

I even don't know any more if this is Dukkha. In any case it is not nice either.

It is ignorance – even though, paradoxically, I know this and for the rest I am aware for that matter.

There is some tiredness, boredom.

It is true, there is some missing of love. Isn't this Dukkha? 'I' wants something else, it is true, so it is so.

The entire morning I had kept sitting up straight; it doesn't get any better. Good to know.

I give up.

Here follow some notes that I made as a preparation for the coming, first, personal interview with Sayadaw U Kundala – things that I would have liked to hear some feedback on from a very experienced vipassana teacher. It is true, I would go 'my own way' anyway, but that doesn't mean I could not listen carefully to and appreciate a lot what he had to say about these things.

. Kriyas and yogic postures. Related to this, sometimes the eyeballs go upward. Should I follow the movements or rather keep sitting straight?

. Is this indeed the 7th stage, as it seems? And should I still keep meditating then? Does the focus of attention move to practicing in daily life, at home, in my own environment, with people, with the world around?

. Is it especially by having 'good faith' that one doesn't fall back, or what?

. Is it good to stay – or try to stay – in Samadhi all day long? Also during daily activities?

And I made, in view of the same interview it seems, some short overview of the last days.

Monday evening, 4 hours of constant meditation. Sleep – being aware of sleeping – everything is consciousness.

Tuesday morning: depressed.

Tuesday afternoon: two different meditations. One was really painful. Besides that: seeing colours, the blue pearl and the (golden) statue of sitting Buddha. The other, terrible enough: I have to give up. Every effort is useless. There's no I. There's no energy left for effort, for the 'I'. There's just consciousness. I feel very one with nature.

Tuesday evening. The state stays.

Wednesday morning. The state stays.

Wednesday afternoon. I celebrate the Free 'I'-less state and take a walk in the woods. Somewhere out there I lost the state of Pure Consciousness, the state wherein Consciousness is constantly Obvious and Ruling.

Wednesday evening. I felt I was only energy and radiating. There was no or hardly body any more. This energy was a very wide consciousness, in fact. It was always there, here, and it will always be. So now I'm just concentrating on Consciousness itself.

After 2½ hours of sitting:

For the second time: I give up. There is no fighter any more. There is nothing to fight against. It is not there. Apparently, It doesn't want to come. What does it matter still. Sitting or not sitting. And what's more, there is nothing to give up.

'I' is angry again. 'I' works myself up again.

After lunch.

Sex is just aggression – or at least normal sex is. It is the expression of pain, (it is the wanting) to get rid of pain. (SEX=PAIN)

It can start in love as well and transform into aggression, because love is too scary.

In some kind of a Samadhi-drowsy state suddenly a sentence appears: Wanting to prove who you are instead of just being who you are.

I have tried it but it does not want to any more. 'I' is at its wits end, desperate. I is getting crazy of it, angry. As far as I knows I doesn't do anything – except for being angry, especially desperate, and being quietly aware of this – and yet this (by now awful) Dhukka is there. What can I not-do more?

The conclusion is just that: quietly being aware of your becoming crazy, your being desperate, your wanting to scream.

Exhausted I throw myself on bed. For the first time I wanted to go home this morning. I never have this. Not this retreat, not in any previous retreat.

I dreamt, for I fell asleep, among others that I carried and was lugging about with a very big long bass, quite a few meters long. And I was afraid that I could not hold it any longer, that it was too big for me.

Sayadaw told me in the interview:

'When noting is strong, love cannot come.'

'Just note consciousness (when the noting mind is gone).

'Just note continuously; then you won't fall down every time.'

About the yoga-movements: 'Note the breaks in the movements. Stay there, don't follow the movements.'

After the interview with Sayadaw 'I' is more peaceful again. In the presence of those two, Sayadaw and his translator, I can at least feel love again. Apparently, around other people this is more difficult currently.

I realize that again and again I take it too easy. The 7th stage has been reached but I keep falling back. I become too easy, too indolent regarding noting and awareness. For instance, I go and look for beautiful stones. Even though I do note greed, I allow too many gaps. Consciousness should be unceasing, all the time be obvious.

Since the Truth of no-self was Seen by 'no one', the same process of meditating reality went on, but now I was, in fact, meditating others, their not Seeing (as) the Truth yet,

their (in the end impersonal) unconsciousness. My ‘own’ process was not interesting any more, in a way, if indeed the structural illusions were Seen through, if the basic truths were lived to see from inside: the impermanence of everything, the painfulness or unsatisfactory nature of everything and the uncontrollability of everything (the reality of no-self therefore) – which was a good fundament for the Dissolution of all ‘normal’ human preference for the good side of life, of any form or level of Duality. But for the Heart – as it wanted to manifest here – to Go Down into the world, the human dramas of others, dramas hidden in Unconsciousness, were indispensable. It felt only natural to me that, once you’ve Seen the Light, you go – almost immediately – (back) into the Dark. Truth doesn’t hold on to anything.

Yet, still, this meditating others – which meant that it was as if it was me who not only experienced but was also sort of locked up in their states – was a strange phenomenon and not so clear as the Truth had become. Indeed, there was no single state to hold onto in ‘my’ Realization, nowhere to hide – not if I was supposed to be in the world and would thus unavoidably keep meditating people. Only ‘my’ Heart – since It was experienced now here and consciousness could, fundamentally, not be Deluded any more – should, after an unavoidable struggle in whatever sense related to this extended meditation (on others), sort of Remember the ‘way out’ of the hell, the hell of Unconsciousness, the hell of Unfelt Pain. And that again and again. As Truth the relationship with the world, with people, had to start over again, in a way, or, rather, Deepen as never before, in a non-personal but holistically feeling way now – starting with sacrificing the Overview that was Found, living again people’s doubts, uncertainties, fears, resistance, mist and so on. Since ‘I’ stopped radically being a problem, the world locked up in ‘I’ came in all the stronger. Truth was Mighty and, on earth, so very vulnerable at the same time. To, again and again, ‘survive’ and recover as Truth I had to become Conscious of their Unconsciousness in this Body – without any separation whatsoever – I had to Love their un-love, find Peace in their chaos, find the One in their Two, without dissociating myself in any way from them indeed. Otherness had to be brought back to Sameness, strange to familiar. No tricks of Consciousness on the way, Consciousness could not via any form of techniques skip the big, sometimes dangerous and apparently unhealthy, struggles that the Body had to go through.

Being in the presence of Sayadaw and his translator, these very advanced ‘students’, was, for the moment, quite a relief of people’s struggle with and as ‘I’ and I could feel love again indeed, I-less Love.

The appearance of the bass in my dream was strange for I didn't have much with the bass as a musical instrument. As a great music lover I had, not accidentally, always been attracted especially to melody, harmonics and the general atmosphere of the music and less to rhythm and bass sounds – besides less to lyrics. But the bass stood for the earth – the earth (Form) hadn't been my favourite either, or at least in the past that was, before Freedom of the One as Two, as (no preference between) the Formless and the Form, restructured 'me', this organism. I did nonetheless my best to drag the bass along with me. Its appearance was related to the Heart Going Down into the lower spheres, the Darker spheres, into Form Itself. It was not for nothing, no random incident, that I had fainted during the biology lessons on sexuality, representing the world of form, dark form, opposite to formless Love. Biology treated sex as a form, indeed, instead of as (an integral part of) Love, which was absurd. Biology was not a science studying *life*, but studying form. They could not tell what 'Life' was.

Similar to being worried in my dream if I could carry the meters-long bass, I (or Consciousness through me) was concerned if I could handle this Going Down, with my vulnerable Heart, if I would not crack down sooner or later. The worry was not without reason. The cracking down had happened before. The weight of the world to carry in the Heart was big, very big. Carrying the (stuck-ness, darkness, unconsciousness, lack of love of the) earth in one's open Heart Was – and is – the biggest ordeal on earth. The Light was light, the Dark so heavy, tiring, exhausting – and a Body vulnerable. Going Down into the world of slowness, thickness, slime, of hate, making black, loveless sex, fake, power and manipulation and hidden competition demanded a Power that, even though it was not at all the same, was not separate from earthly force either – not meaning physical (but rather energetic) force by the latter. My perseverance in sitting straight up – and the bigger force I felt thus – was a sign that I would not hesitate, however. I had no longer a basic resistance to 'force'. I didn't confuse power and force with aggressive, hard, ugly, insensitive men any more. Basically, with Truth Behind 'me', I was not afraid, not at all in fact – even if on manifest level all kinds of emotions or whatever obstacles might rise to the surface.

A first, inspiring, result of my Transcending presence had appeared. As I said, Jalata the old ex-non who was converted to Buddhism, sat in front of me during the meditation sessions. She had been practicing vipassana for the last twenty-five years or so. And she was really very happy that she was allowed to finally meet and See on the 5th level, which had not happened earlier despite the fact that she had meditated a lot and intensely, and despite the

fact that she carried a sincere longing to in this lifetime still have Insight into the 5th level. For the last 15 years she was meditating for at least a glimpse of this 5th level, to no avail. No wonder she was all smile and beaming. It was meant to be so that she came sitting before me – even sitting behind me would not have had the same effect, probably. For the manifestation and maintaining and development of Consciousness I always prefer to, if not face to face, then sit, stand or walk behind people instead of in front. ‘My’ Heart and its Realization carried her where she wanted so much to be before she would die – not ignoring here Sayadaw’s Heart when I speak of ‘My’ Heart, despite the fact that Jalata’s Realization happened before Sayadaw’s physical Heart-presence appeared: someone’s presence runs ahead of his or her physical appearance. It is true, I can do no ‘miracles’ on my own: Jalata had to be dedicated and open to let her Insight happen. But that was not a problem – certainly not in the context of all of us seemingly separately meditating, as individuals, instead of that people would attune straight to ‘my’ Heart, which would have been socially and spiritually unacceptable.

In the End it is the Heart That Does everything. The practice may support, but without the Depth, the Reality, the Actuality and the Power of the Heart a Realization won’t Happen or, if Ego is somewhere involved in the realization, it is an empty realization: of Consciousness, without having gone through the struggle of the Pain of Unconsciousness, or: Man without Woman, the Formless without Form. The Heart Radiated the depth of ‘my’ Realization, and since ‘I’ had included also the 5th level on ‘my’ way, Jalata’s Heart, if it was ready indeed, if it was considered humble enough, could resonate with the Same Heart ‘behind’ her form. It was a great joy to see her so happy.

Fortunately, no credits could go to ‘me’, or even to supposedly ‘my’ Heart, since my good state in which my Heart easily radiated its ‘surplus’ into the room, into the world, seemed to disappear again – or at least regarding the manifestation of the Heart and Its Enlightenment on an earthly level, for the Heart Itself wouldn’t subside:

Second Afternoon meditation. (During the first afternoon one I lay on bed and dreamt the dream with the bass. I was exhausted, before and after the interview with Sayadaw.)

There I am again. In all rest – and I even laugh at it – I start all over again. The Enlightenment is a memory that I can note as such. Then that silly memory disappears again. It was and is a good lesson.

I feel very quiet now. I am not Enlightened (any more). I therefore don't have to show or prove anything to Sayadaw or whoever. I don't need to show myself that I will be able to help people, lots of people and in a very good way. There is nothing to show. Just noting again, what is noticed, seen, felt. Back to zero: note rising and falling of abdomen.

This state took at least 10 minutes. Now I note: wanting again (to be in Samadhi).

Next ½ hour.

I feel only hate still. Hate! At this moment especially for my neighbour woman. My god, she should be decapitated. Now, immediately. We must stay in the moment, not think of later. Rarely if ever have I felt such a hate. Except for this one event in another meditation retreat some time ago, I can't even remember any manifestation of hate in 'me'. I even become actually sick of it. The woman is so very strongly locked up in her head. It is utterly senseless she sits here. There is absolutely no go, no energy, no spirit, there. How for heaven's sake do you think to reach anywhere without energy?

It was not easy to be fully aware of the fact that the Process of meditating people, the world, was already in full swing. Again, one meditates also their unconsciousness and, at first, seems to fall prey to this as well – even though not in a dangerous form when Consciousness is so very present at the same time. Despite that my neighbour woman was 'officially' a meditator, the hate I felt sitting beside her didn't lie. In the current state of profound Consciousness I could feel things of the Dark that earlier were inaccessible. The hate I felt and that wanted to express itself in the form of decapitation, could only be a reflection of the cramp she was in (and, apparently, tried to meditate through by coming to the retreat) and that, without knowing how to get rid of it up to then, turned into hate, self-hate if she didn't project it on other people (as well). The stuck cramp that in due course had transformed into (unconscious) hate, Wanted to be Meditated, by Consciousness, regardless of through which person(s) this could occur. If my open Body could be of assistance here, I was not against it.

For going deeper into the Transcending Process of Unconsciousness into Consciousness, input from others is welcome, be it hate, resistance, ego, pain, grief, lies, slime, tiredness, pretence, just name it. In the end one can See the relation between all those seemingly different states.

Needless to say, I didn't really want this decapitation. One must 'simply' See the Dark Force, its nature and intensity and what it is heading for if it would be uncontrolled and given free rein. There's no need to take impulses that come to you seriously. It was rather symbolic

though, the form that came to me – decapitation, or: un-heading, as it is in Dutch – for the woman in question was extremely in her mind, and I had liked to have given her a *living* perspective of life, Life Itself, instead of her usual separate look at it. Knowing what it had given me to be ‘decapitated’, I certainly granted her a similar experience at least, so she could make up her mind – or Heart – as in what direction in life she felt she needed to go. For most people Life Itself is just too much, too far, too complicated, too Real, too painful, too vulnerable, too scary – and the mind takes over (in a hidden, modified, safe way) the fear that the Body is not allowed to Feel on Life-‘level’. I was sure she would not make it in her life to include Bodily Life. She would not allow her potential attraction to a Man like ‘me’ who is Alive, through the resonance of which she could be drawn into It as well.

And again I’ve gone and lain down on bed and fallen asleep.

*And now I go for **the third afternoon meditation**, the most difficult ever, considering how I feel at this moment, considering that no single limb or whatever part of the body wants to be at its proper place any more, or at least the place that biology seems to have assigned to it.*

Again starting all over. Thus, a child of 36, I discover the linguistic connection between bored and bother.

Some people here walk about as a corpse. (I won’t look in the mirror.) One of the corpses has just departed from the retreat, so white and withdrawn as she looked, permeated with affliction, suffering. That one didn’t persevere any longer. Yes, vipassana, and certainly two weeks of vipassana, is quite something. Vipassana is considered the hardest way. But also the best, deepest, most thorough – if you only maintain. It’s for the die-hards. If your face becomes too white – so to speak – you’re taken out of the game.

I’m unhappy, I speak to myself. This is a first – although I had serious premonitions of this in the past when I started to be closer with women finally. It feels like a first true meeting. A breakthrough in regard of meeting the world.

I walked into the morass. I walked on but deeper and deeper I sank away.

Or is it a kind of game of goose. I was already there, at the end, but walked then anyhow on the well and had to start from about scratch again.

Suddenly I can see the whole happening here as a little match. A competition for enlightenment. The one who is there first and stays there, wins. Fortunately, my front

neighbour woman is not there yet. Of all other people she's the only one who reached the 5th stage and possibly even the 6th. It reminds me, again, of the primary school, arithmetic. From the leading bunch one had escaped and she went after me. To no avail. My lead just got bigger. Yet I was glad if she was absent for one or two days, so that my lead could grow considerably. The other way round, when I was ill in turn, was of course a disaster. The illness, even if I had a 40 degrees fever, was no problem for me, but all the more that my advantage decreased. This was terrible. Powerless I lay there on the couch or in bed. You can imagine how I felt when, not even halfway the last year of primary school, I was sentenced to drawing and, just as stupid, reading. What a disaster, what an injustice. Now I even was present while my lead of three booklets of sums got smaller and smaller.

The pain in my heart is back again. You see, I have to start rather anew again. Yet it is nice, this pain, especially if she's in my heart. Then I have the idea that she makes sense, that I advance.

The meditation is over. It wasn't close as bad as expected. I was at least for ½ an hour in Samadhi. It seemed just a decision: come on, now you will not do, you wretched fellow.

There is a progression. Now that the meditation has finished I again and again close my eyes for a moment when the neighbour woman acts so terribly nervous once again. She's a nervous ant that doesn't know any more which way it needs to go. Because of this I stay in a sort of Samadhi state while writing.

Besides I have noticed that again and again stories show up, especially future conversations, and if I stay just a little too long in them, Samadhi leaves me. It is true, however, that I can return in Samadhi fairly easy.

Daring to breathe is very important. Instead of holding 'safely' on to the tension.

My notes are, indeed, those of a beginner again – certainly if I compare this with what I have experienced the previous days until yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon and how conscious I became and was then.

The Big Disillusion.

And how to deal with it.

Having reached Nirwana and been found too light. I have been sent back, just like, in the realm of love-life, when my beloved had left me and in was back at scratch. Yet, this now is impossible to describe, it is even much worse than when your lover leaves you. It is Love Itself that I, in my ignorance, abandon... (Because of the Samadhi I feel very powerful again now, by the way.)

Well, just start all over again. For It is the only thing (left). I have had everything else. It is the most beautiful. The purest. The truest. The Only indeed. And It will succeed. I just know. This week not any more, I don't see that happening, not in the remaining two days. It happens in the game of goose as well, you just start over again. I'm going to eat something now. This morning I have stolen three sandwiches. Nice.

The very moment you begin to do something... This is the moment you got to catch. First you notice the wanting, and then – sometimes it comes almost simultaneously – the doing. Don't do it. Wait for a moment in consciousness and then do it slowly. This way you stay conscious. Otherwise you fall out immediately (and you are, unconsciously, unhappy again).

I remember that when I was There, when Truth was Obvious as the sun in the sky, and i had taken a walk, at a certain point I stood and walked somewhere naked between the ferns. There were no people around, if they had ever existed. There was no human made sound reaching this place. Somehow the pure state of Consciousness That had Taken me, the state in which there was no hiding from the Truth possible nor necessary, urged also the body to be in a pure state, naked, without clothes. I was back at the beginning. I felt like Adam – without Eve, yet, for however long this would take. I felt we were beasts, conscious beasts, me and Eve who could not come yet since I hadn't created her yet, since my breathing into the pain of the world was not deep enough yet, not steady enough – pure, yes, but not strong enough, strong enough to Counter the Resistance of the Earth to Consciousness, to Man Himself.

Now that Adam was Clear, Pure, Conscious, Egoless, I had to, from Inside, find out where it all went 'wrong', to formulate it this way. What was 'the sin' about, why was it so strong, so attractive that people were 'willing', seduced or forced to leave their very Heart for that. Since Consciousness was so very Present now I could say a lot about it already but I needed to Find out Straight, from Inside. Indeed, I needed Eve for this. My immaculate state as Man, as Pure Consciousness, was not Enough. And I would not Find her on my meditation cushion. Buddha stopped here, no matter His dedicated teaching for the remainder of his life after His Realization of the Truth – just as Buddhism as a whole represented the Male side of

life, of spirituality, not the Female. I had to go into the world, however, into the Dark. Woman was Waiting for Me, for Man, as I had always Felt. Woman was Part of Me.

During evening Dhamma-talk.

Suffering and Consciousness don't go together.

When I have backache and I 'enhance' the Samadhi, the concentration, the consciousness, then the pain dissolves into the general energy (=consciousness).

When you are troubled by someone's energy you don't have to contract. Rather enhance your concentration, your notation, your consciousness.

Pain cannot beat Love, cannot beat Consciousness. Love is Stronger than suffering.

'The Good' wins over 'the Bad', eventually. 'The Bad' is just a strange separation of 'the Good', of the One. 'The Bad' will return into It.

I can't make up from my notes if this was my 'own' 'insight' – appearing in that moment – or that I heard it at the Dhamma-talk and wrote it down. I guess my 'own'. 'Own', we must understand, is something that is absolutely relative, but what I mean is that probably the insight reached me in another way than via U Kundala's words. Anyhow, as it is simply put as here, I can't undersign this, certainly not if the terms 'the Good' and 'the Bad' are used. Or at least it doesn't hold true for humanity as a whole, but only for the few who have the intelligence and drive to go very Deep into Truth, who become so Conscious that, indeed, the Dark Force has no chance to sneak through and take over the Heart's Natural Ruling and Overview.

Be Conscious of Consciousness!

At some point I suddenly saw my face from inside for a moment. Weird things are possible when the normal, limited, earthly view is left behind.

Evening meditation.

I had a good Samadhi. A very deep breath: Sex and heart were united, were one centre instead of two – sometimes the head was included in this one centre as well.

I notice that a lot of attention is going to how others hear me, if they will be irritated by my loud Samadhi-breathing. That is: fear, which I often cannot note yet, but sometimes I can.

Later, at a closer watch, I stopped calling this fear. Being in relation is different from meditating in, let's say, your own meditation bubble. I would now rather call it a scanning of people's reaction to 'my' state. But it is true, *in relation* there may be a natural worry that one disturbs other people's process, whether this disturbance shows itself in the form of irritation or otherwise. It was, for instance, well possible that via my sounds – which carry unavoidably some transmission – they were forced to attune to a deeper state than their system would otherwise apply for or even be able to process. Or, of course, they could find it too distracting from their own Process – even though in principle they could easily incorporate the distraction in their meditation as a meditation object.

That I wouldn't slow down or even stop 'my' developmental Process of Consciousness because of 'others', wherever in their Process they would be, didn't mean that I was cold or indifferent to their reaction to 'my' state. Moreover, people's unavoidable and natural reactions could be taken into the Process as a valuable input for meditating on 'me and the world' and (in relation to) 'Me and the world'. The Impersonal Overview shows what is True here. Anyhow, someone's enlightenment doesn't happen in a vacuum. Inherently, there is response. If, sooner or later something of this state of enlightenment should be given in a more obvious way than via breathing sounds only, it is valuable to meditate the world's reactions to it. It is not a funfair happening. The reactions are usually very resistant, in then also potentially dangerous. So far, too much Light has never been accepted on earth. In that sense, one could call it a natural 'being on the watch' that I was aware of, and could note sometimes.

A lot of attention is located directly at the movement of the breath and the possible pain rising during this freeing powerful movement of the deep breath. Especially in the beginning there was continuously a stinging pain in the left shoulder blade.

Several times I noted a feeling of contentedness.

The noting mind was noted now and then.

Sometimes there was consciousness of consciousness. This is very good when this happens. A human being can't wish more than this.

A fair lot of stories again, which I come to realize fairly late, I find. Even though I'm in Samadhi still I go along with them for a little while. Let the head rest and 'I', ego, is gone.

During the meditation I felt hope again. Well, hope? What is that? It was, in fact, rather an inner feeling, a knowing that It will succeed.

How nice was it to be just aware of Consciousness. People will now understand when I say: there is nothing more to wish than to be Conscious of Consciousness.

Friday 16th, early morning meditation.

I'm fairly well in Samadhi. That is, the breath is rather deep, regular, and yet I can't say that I'm really that deep in Samadhi, even though it is still there. There is all the time awareness of breathing – the movement, in and out, the rising and falling of the abdomen, the pressure of the abdomen, the sound through the nose – and also of the possible reactions of others to this. Often it could be noted as fear. This time the intestines and the stomach were making sounds on top, well audible in the silence of the meditation. Further more I could note that I was not so well able to note. The noting failed to come. Perhaps there was not so much going on anyway.

If this account was somebody else's and I'd read it, tears would well up in my eyes really well now. What is left of the Enlightenment, the inspiration, enthusiasm, the deep Insights, the future pupils. Just... Nothing. I just am now. I am learning my place.

Not a bad starting place after the enlightenment: not holding on to It, but finding your new place at scratch. The extra days – the days after the final Process of Enlightenment coming and leaving and coming and leaving, that I still 'had to' be at the retreat – were somewhat confusing. I knew something so profound and irreversible had happened, but I couldn't catch it in a form, and It seemed to have just disappeared among the other participants. Being without experience in that respect, I was not aware yet of the fact that, from then on, I – Consciousness through Me – would Learn and Grow via other people, via their Growth; Growth was not mine any more. It didn't make sense to, for myself, keep repeating the same Insights that I had Seen now.

At that retreat, however, I could not seriously start this Growth process via others yet. They didn't Know yet they were My pupils, absurd as this may sound for most people. But it is true, also this, also the teacher-pupil relationship is nothing personal in the end. It is about Consciousness 'Teaching' to Unconsciousness – in whatever way, not necessarily through words – it is not about persons. People's (attachment to) Unconsciousness is Consciousness' Food. And the other way round: Consciousness is the Food for Unconsciousness, if it is willing to Learn.

In the meantime, since all this was not totally Clear yet, I continued noting. The fact that basic structures of Truth had been Seen through, didn't mean that there weren't still

endless things to become (more, deeper) aware of, valuable as they were. There was all the more space for them now to emerge, now that lack of Clarity about those basic structures couldn't fundamentally delude or distract me any more. It is true though that the big excitement of the retreat was passed now. What had to be 'done', what had to be meditated through, what had to be Seen, was Seen.

I could say that something good to still do – allow – was to make the enlightened state more stable. But, as it would turn out later especially, this instability was part of my strength, paradoxically. I needed this to be able to meditate people directly from inside, taking over their states, instead of being in a stable own position from where I would meditate and feel people. Becoming like them – without losing Myself – was one of my Siddhis (divine qualities of a master). I would Bring their karma into my Body and, sick from it and weakened, living the range of emotions, I feel y way through the trouble and resurrect as Myself. I sacrifice the Enlightenment to find it again – and, by this, repetitive process, the Heart Goes more and more Deeply into the Earth, into Woman.

First morning meditation

Getting excited is becoming tensed, tension you 'need' to release again by an orgasm. Stay calm, follow the flowing of blood to the genitals and the becoming moist. Sex is contraction that you want to undo by means of sex. You only make it worse this way, however; the fixation grows. The whole show continues until you become so frustrated that you (cannot but) See. But not many are granted this – suppression is the norm. Suppression of Insight.

The meditation was again rather tranquil. Perhaps slightly less deep than the previous one. During the last meditations I'm not sure any more if I'm in Samadhi. I think I am.

Later I still could have this not-knowing. The state of Samadhi became normalized, a normal part of daily life, and on feeling level it was less deep compared to the Samadhis during the first shocks of being confronted with a much deeper state than we normally dwell in. In the later mixture of Samadhi and daily life-consciousness it is not so easy to still distinguish clearly the Samadhi state in the background. On feeling level the typical Samadhi state(s) had been 'sacrificed' into touching the Earth with the Heart, with the state that I Realized without the need of this being a deep meditative Samadhi state. If you touch the world, the Samadhi state as such weakens. I saw this same process also with my master SriSri. He also went to meditate in India every now and then, to replenish the state, to counter the loss of it that, obviously, visibly and feelably, happened in contact with the (Western, and

in general with the) world. It didn't make sense to be attached to the deepest Samadhi possible, to guard it and keep it for oneself.

Second hour.

I tried to feel what happens to me when someone passes close-by, like Odin in this case, who is a real cocoon. In a tensed way he's doing everything very slowly, he's therefore not in contact. If I don't stay very alert, don't keep noting very sharply, consciously, I contract as well, just like him, I notice: my upper back (and shoulders, neck and head). If then afterwards I am open again, I know better why. I'm about crying from pain at my heart, literally; this is his unfelt pain that I feel. It is the same principle as I had with my mother and recently with Satya (Angela) on Terschelling: I'm crying their unfelt pain.

There we are again. If the world keeps crying, I cry along. If the world is angry, at or in a war for instance, I cry along, for I feel the pain behind it. I can't shut myself off, can't seclude myself. Only, I don't have to get lost in it either, in case It manages to stay conscious all the time.

Easier and nicer it would be – for 'me', if that existed – if I, paradoxically, withdrew in(to) all openness. Enjoying the profits (of radical openness) without the expense. But this is just not possible. The more open you are, the more you'd like to, are able to and have to give. There is no ego any more. That means you are part of this world. Also in a secluded place you will feel the pain of the world, of people, of animals. She just goes through you if you are open. It goes of itself that you transform it – just like you've done with your 'own' pain. There is nothing to choose. You can't choose to be 'good' or not, for instance. If you're intelligent and have courage, you must do good. Unconsciousness – also manifesting as unconscious people – doesn't know 'good'. There where no love is, where pain is not being lived (to see), you cannot think her up, cannot choose this love. 'Now we'll do love'; this is absurd.

Suddenly the full magnitude of the pain of people, of the world, penetrates me, comes home to me. My god, I shout internally. My god, how much ... How am I going to do this? How can I live if I let all this go through me... literally live, to be able to give at least something, to clear at least something of this whole mess.

Second morning sitting meditation.

I also understand now why there was hate for my neighbour woman. I'm a mirror. I knew it already, but I keep forgetting it, since I seem to observe, in this case, the hate in 'myself'. But if there is no 'I' any more, there is no hate. It is around me and it goes through

me – freely, if I notice her and don't let her take me over secretly in the dark, for example because I might have resistance to the idea of hate, of the hater in me or of hate in general.

The hate is in my neighbour woman, although on the outside nothing shows this. She has completely fixed the hate in herself, put it in the prison of her body. Her body has become hate. And she will not get relieved of it this lifetime, I see this at one glance.

The whole meditation long I still feel the tension of Odin, but now I focus again on (pure) Consciousness and, in spite of the pain, extra pain of Odin, I am happy. As dear Marie-Louise had answered to my question how to deal with all the pain I meet in people – what a joy to embrace her, by the way, physically-energetically I mean, what a Love was in this embrace – I might better direct my attention. If I direct my attention at Odin, then I 'am' him, that is his tension, for he is certainly not who he is. Let's from now on try to 'concentrate' on consciousness itself.

I didn't have full Clarity yet here that regarding (selflessly) meditating others – which was in a way a new thing for me to 'do', at least to do this so consciously in the moment, in direct contact, and not only or mainly later when I'd be alone again, as with Tiara happened a lot for instance (and that less consciously because it was not yet totally I-lessly) – one must toggle, alternate between their limited, (relatively) unconscious and contracted state and Pure Consciousness Itself. But this is what 'I' was – continuously - 'doing' or allowing ever since Enlightenment happened here some days earlier: meditating their Non-Enlightenment, their self-obsession, worries, and so on. Together, Allowing the Natural Alternation between these Two, between Freedom of Selfless Consciousness and the Prison of Unconsciousness of the 'I' – or, beyond what it seems: their Simultaneousness – is What the Heart Is and Does. The Formless (Consciousness) and the Form (Unconsciousness) Are One – as the Very Heart Itself.

But certainly, I would not really follow Marie-Louise's way, affiliated with Advaita Vedanta. She would listen to where someone has a lack of clarity and let this lack of clarity resonate in her world of Consciousness that seems to have an Overview and that should represent the Truth. Consciousness, then, was supposed to reply and offer a way out of the cramp, out of the prison someone('s mind) was in. I would meditate people Whole-Bodily, not only and even not in the first place – if at all – give the right truthful answers from the perspective of the Space of Free Consciousness, even though I could in principle do this from now on and tempting as it could have been in principle, (much) less painful as this would be. I would not, as she did or tried to do, protect Free Consciousness against the 'filth' and pain of

the Earth as it manifested in people. Here, through this Body, the Mirror would be Pure, that is including the dirt that was an integral part of the Purity Beyond pure and impure.

If Marie-Louise had allowed Whole-Hearted and Whole-Bodily contact with the people of her audience, if she had been fully Present as Body, she would have to let go of her focus on the level of Consciousness, and Pain would easily take her while she was sitting on the stage. I was impressed by Marie-Louise's energy anyway, I must say. And I remember how in May I, almost like a woman, was looking at her on the stage and then to 'my' little dear Angela who sat next to me. What a comparison. Angela was so much more unconscious, and smaller, and less attractive, less beautiful. In a way an estranging experience, but very revealing at the same time. I Knew there is in principle no limit, in this field of Man and Woman, of men and women. If I was supposed to be a Divine Man, then the most developed Woman – or women – should Be with 'me', this went without saying, this was just Nature. As Man – Representing the Freedom of Formlessness – I was not in any way attached to the form in which the Divine Woman would manifest Herself. Could have been Angela, in principle – if she Wholly Allowed, Received Me as Man, if she was Capable of Recognizing Me, if she was Willing to Go Down with Me into the Pain of the Earth, of Woman, if she was Willing to again and again and against her Egoic nature Sacrifice her natural resistance to Man into My Love and Her 'own' Love for Me. That I as Man should Create the Divine Woman by Myself, was something else, but all the more relevant. Comparing women didn't make sense in that respect. I had to Do the Work Myself.

I had a short bliss again after the meditation. How nice it is that experiencing pain can lead to bliss. The bliss has really got to do with consciousness. This also explains for many of my so-called secret amusements that I always had. This happened when something of the truth reached me. That's why I also started radiating so much when reading the books of Albert Helman. He was more into the heart, much more than average, and in that sense closer to the truth.

I've had a good meditation again. For quite a while I've been in Samadhi, varying from a lesser to a greater depth. In general, more consciousness was present, even though in my observation I still miss to note many stories, talking and thinking, when they happen. At least I don't miss the missing.

I'm really fed up now with these people here. Note: fed up. And I go outside. Nicely move. Fairly nice, that is. For I still have some tension. But this might always stay as long as you're not only attuned to Love, to Consciousness, but also to people.

By the way, I saw Madame Cini and her husband Odin in an unexpected embrace. This picture should have been lovely. But Consciousness was now so sharply Present here that It Saw immediately and without mind-doubt coming in between that MC's ego had to celebrate her victory of getting the renowned and, indeed, honorable monk Sayadaw U Kundala to their holiday house functioning as retreat center. The joy of this success was too big to keep it for herself. Man just followed Woman as a 'dummy' into the hug. And I don't mean this 'dummy' in any negative sense. I myself was, or had been, anyway part of the 'dummies' who seem to need to follow Woman's whims like a slave, not 'bothered' by Consciousness.

Consciousness Seeing the scene I didn't really like the hug, I didn't feel that Love wanted to take a shape of Itself in the form of an embrace. Hugging Ego was a nasty picture somehow, if not disgusting. It showed what mankind – or Man – had always done. How unfaithful to Love He was as this, unconscious, slave – Love that eventually also wanted to manifest in and as Woman. How little did he know, not even that in this embrace with Ego He got much slimed over inside. He 'forgot' to be Aware of what really happened, what transmission succeeded in the Dark, and now he must later become aware that 'something is not right', something seemed to have weakened Him, and begin the probably long and difficult, painful way back to the truth, to Feeling consciously after all what earlier he missed.

In 'my' turn, it was in itself a victory that Consciousness here could not be fooled (so easily) any more by form, a deluding form like an embrace for instance, just like all forms are deluding if Consciousness is not really Present. The 'lie' taking the shape of 'love', had not been missed.

How long would it take, how many drops of Consciousness on earth should be shed, before Man stopped being a slave of Woman's Ego, stopped being faithful to Her Ego instead of to the Divine Woman She could Be? I didn't know, I only Intuited I could play an important part in this matter. I was Born a King, not a Slave.

First afternoon meditation.

If you completely accept anger – and, in general, suffering – if you give space to it, don't hold on to it, it blends into consciousness.

I just returned from a long walk. Strange: despite that I have kept a rather good contact with Consciousness during the walk, it is, when I sit again now, as if I have to start again a few steps lower, and there seems to be again more tension, contraction in my body. By one jump (the jump of Osho) I can return in It, but the received pain does cause more distraction, gets me easier out than when the body is cleaner, than before the walk in this case. Also, the jump itself is probably a bit more difficult to allow – although I begin to learn that 'I' can 'do' this at any moment, in fact.

Had a great experiment just now. Since It is lived to See, there is a lot of space for experiments now. The experiment shows how strong Consciousness is! I go and sit sagged to see if a straight backbone – the two rotation points connected – is a necessity, a condition, for Enlightenment. I take 'the jump' and what happens? I am – by what? by It, by the Force, by Consciousness – put up straight of itself, to a connected backbone that is. Connected, indeed, for in my experimenting it was shown that the entire back doesn't need to be dead straight. The issue is whether the Force can flow through or not, that there is contact between the two rotation points. That there is contact between the Earth (the vertebra in the lower back), the Heart – the Human in the middle – and the Air, the Heaven (vertebra in the neck).

You really don't have to do anything. Take the jump, in any position, any situation, any time, any place, in any company, in hate or while making love, in hope or in despair. Don't be afraid. Nothing's going to happen. You're just gonna die. That's all.

The only thing you've always been afraid of – in the background this covers every little fear – will happen: you die, the 'I' dies. Good, then you'll never have to be afraid any more. For you are dead already, you cannot die any more.

Take the jump. Be a beautiful butterfly, soft as velvet. Meditate for years and years or take the jump now. Take without taking. Just let go of your ego. E – go! Just let go of the cramp in your head. You even don't have to find the button in your head to be able to turn it.

Pay attention to the head, to the body(-mind). And then, at once, let all the tension flow out of it... by, radically, not doing anything any more. Just be. Don't try to understand, then you'd miss it. Just forget all you have learned, forget all about you, you are not important any more. You don't exist for this experiment. Afterwards you can be unhappy again, as long as you need, no problem. For now, be the 'innocent' child again, without 'I'. Look with its eyes into this beautiful mad world.

When you allow this to be, you will feel your belly opening, so wide, for the breath. Your breath is your life. The deeper you breathe, the happier you will be, the more Enlightened.

(All this happens here. Only, it is still difficult to keep the experience while writing down the experience. The content, the happy being state in this case, has the tendency to decrease while writing, while paying – even if just a slight – attention to formulating the sentences. But sometimes I do already manage, to stay... to let the ink flow directly out of enlightenment without leaving It.

Second afternoon meditation.

I felt and still feel now all the needles they ever jabbed into my body, at the doctor, in the hospital and certainly also by the acupuncturist. It still hurt.

If you're sensitive enough you can feel that. It feels like metal pain. Smarting metal in your body that shouldn't be there according to nature. When you are awakened back to natural, intense life – opposite to being lulled to sleep, being in a drowsy state all the time as if everything is veiled, deafened, musty – the Body feels how it is neglected, disrespected, mistreated in this world as if it is a form, this world that has become Descartesian, split, deadened, 'un-livened'. It feels all the pain again that you were not and are not supposed to feel if you're normal, 'normal' meaning insensitive. The Body is ordered by the tyrant mind to adjust to its wishes. The Ego rules, the Body is a slave. Of course this goes wrong, the whole principle is wrong, unnatural. 'Consciousness' is dangerous if it is separate from the body. In reality this is Unconsciousness masked as Consciousness and presenting itself as such, just as it always tries to delude. There is no overview that includes real feeling life on earth, that includes the (whole) Body.

During my long walk in nature I passed below power lines. To my surprise I got a shock. I'm sure that officially, technically, nothing was wrong with the power lines. But, consciousness being so present, I could, even much better now, feel things that people don't want to know – that is: the Ego doesn't want to know, attached as it is to comfort, and secretly, without wanting to know this, attached to killing Life while always claiming it serves life and is against death.

In my breath it is very well shown whether the I 'helps' or not, that is: if it holds, blocks even anything – from fear, of others. God, the entire ego is fear of others!

In spite of the pain in the back I completely radiate, with a deep breath – because finally again I ‘do’, put into practice what I just praised: letting go...

And now, God, there is a big bliss again. Thank you. It happened without forcing anything this time, only by pure letting go.

Let even go of Samadhi. Just go out of your ‘I’. Be!

I think now I understand why sometimes, if not all the time here in this retreat, my body goes, bends forward. (‘Bent’, I must say; amongst others because of Sayadaw it doesn’t happen any more now.) It is the Love, the Bliss, the Radiation, the Energy That, when I exhale and don’t do anything, becomes ‘too’ big. (Certainly if there is pain in front of it, it seems too ‘scary’. Just do it! Dare. This has given me so very much.) When breathing out without any holding on, when you totally let go, the force rises of itself along the spine, the shoulders go upward, the head is drawn backward. You are being straightened of itself. When the Force becomes too big, I start shivering as now, my legs are trembling continuously. It is just too much, the Energy. The Body needs to adjust, learn to contain this Force. No matter how I call ‘the Force’, ‘the Energy’, I feel clearly, straight, this is about the Heart ultimately, just feel.

Not doing anything by or as yourself is Enlightenment.

I sit in bliss for half an hour now. It weakens a bit now, but clearer than ever I feel it is all about the Heart. This is the centre, the centre from where you radiate.

If you become aware of your fear, if you let it flow and laugh at it, then you really go into bliss. Contraction that dissolves means bliss, a lot of universal energy is allowed to enter.

It seems that now that I can leave the Enlightenment behind, my meditation process is going really well, after having started all over. Without will you can See really well, See into whatever. Being without will means, on bodily level, letting go of belly and diaphragm, not keeping yourself upright!

All the same I miss so many things that I don’t note, that I’m not aware of. It’s almost worrisome. I know the pitfall by now. The holes, omissions... Also the long bliss of just now. I become enthusiastic of it and that’s the danger – unless you are conscious of the enthusiasm in time. Especially the ‘future’ conversations (in my head) I let continue so very long. And then the contraction is there again for a while, unconsciously. Enthusiasm is contraction.

The man owner of the retreat-centre here, Odin, is such a very dear man.

Surrender and the result is that your anus lets go. To remember this remark I pulled the anus inward a bit, it contracted slightly. Wanting to remember something means contraction, fear, lack of trust – even though the aim is to give something of beauty or value. The beauty doesn't need to be retained in a contracted way and doesn't need to be retained anyhow. It is there, incessantly.

There is a threat ('dreiging') of bliss, I noted by accident, instead of tendency ('neiging') for bliss.

Suddenly I see how utterly idiotic it is not to be happy every moment, idiotic to stay sitting in your cage. It is just absurd, that's all.

Every time I'm thinking – instead of staying conscious – I'm not happy; that is: I'm unconsciously unhappy. I cut myself off from reality this way – even though theoretically this is not possible; a weird situation that, if not addressed, can only lead to cleavage, confusion, a schizoid character.

It feels like the last (big) problem doesn't exist any more: the will to enlightenment, that is: the will to be Taken beyond one's will. Even this (last) will had to be dropped, due to frustration, 3 times big frustration. Thanks to conscious frustration, the energy for it has disappeared and doesn't return.

This doesn't mean that my stories, for instance, the (future) conversations in my head, are over. It's not that I don't create little silly problems any more. What I say now is that problems are not there. Instead, there is Love. Quiet, peaceful Love looking calmly at everything, embracing everything, taking everything in.

I will pay more attention (=Love) to the conversations in the head.

In ½ second after the previous writing, I get it, the 'trick' of life: start again every moment. (See my lyrics "Alles voor even" – "Everything for a moment", which was recently considered too Sartrian by 'the jury' of the music contest.) There is only now. Don't hold on to any past, do not longer hurt yourself and others with this. Don't cling to a future. She'll never be here. Even if you forget this thousand times. Every moment is a new chance. Every moment you can be soft, loving to yourself – and therefore to others, animals, to the world.

Law of Azar: everything reached by one's will, will be broken. For the will grows out of lack, out of want, out of Dhukka. Only what and all that grows out of Love will be lasting.

Burn the fire of the will – by living the will consciously. For the same will that is heading for reaching It, will also try, must try, not to lose It.

And now there is a great peaceful love that is looking at everything.

People start already to talk a little this early evening of the day before last. God, I don't feel like that at all, the whole puppetry soon again, words, sentences, explaining, reasoning, everything rubbish. It's also that I cannot do it any more, after 14 days of silence.

Whispering is possible.

This afternoon I tried it during the once again very lovely walk. Sometimes some sound comes out, a part of a word or of a sentence. But it isn't up to much yet. Well, if I talk very calm, quiet, from myself, it is kind of all right. If someone is willing to be with me, instead of talking to me, then I'm willing to, slowly, talk. Talking is part of being then, and therefore not unbearable, but natural.

Just like with pain and so on, I have become also very sensitive (not to say allergic) to will, which is actually the same as what contraction on bodily and mental level is. Within one or at most a couple of seconds I see through it, I am up to its tricks and can let it go. The speed of the Seeing is related to the by now conditioned frustration, to beginning to feel the bodily-energetic discomfort. Thus I am alarmed immediately: oh, I do it again, I contract again. I want something again (greed) or resist something (aversion, hate), which come down to the same thing in the end.

I love Love, I don't need to go there any more...

This consciousness regarding the Will (versus Love) feels like something very important – certainly for 'me', but I think for everyone.

Almost 7 o'clock, Friday evening.

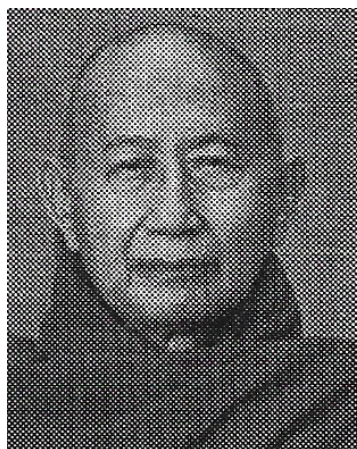
I'm sitting in the sun in front of the murmuring brooklet, at the same spot as where I found myself One with nature some days earlier and nature was sparkling as never before, as if nature is one big unrecognized bliss as itself. The sound of the murmuring brooklet is

indescribable, so lovely, so peaceful. If you're intelligent, if you have a special intelligence, you can here, sitting at this brooklet, watching, hearing, feeling and being aware, become enlightened in one day – that is: if you go to the bottom of things, fathom the being of this miracle of nature thoroughly.

No, I don't feel nearly as Enlightened as three days ago. My whole body feels strange, vibrating, uncertain. Yet something very good has happened, I feel this from a very deep place and intuitively. And not just for the moment that It Happened, or the moments that It Happened, but structurally. Like some big operation has happened. I might feel bad now, sick, weakened, uncertain or whatever, but inside, at the root, some disease has been taken away: 'I'.

Next to Love, also courage is demanded now – or isn't this the same? doesn't Love always, inherently, include courage? – even more courage, to dare to be a Mirror now. But somehow, to be honest, I don't believe in 'courage' either any more. What am I supposed to do with 'courage', in fact? Nothing is 'supposed', even courage is not demanded. How otherwise, if something would be 'supposed to', can there be Love? Courage or whatever, True Love encompasses everything. No single quality is needed to get anywhere, no quality needs to separate from other qualities, from Love, from the Whole, to stand out suddenly, to rise (far) above other qualities, in order to reach Love, the Whole, Itself. Love – or the Heart – Does everything.

Friday evening, during Dhamma-talk by and in the direct presence of Sayadaw U Kundala.



I feel warm, clear and loving, with an open heart which is very present. Love becomes stronger and stronger, as a matter of fact. My heart becomes warmer and warmer. Would it

be Sayadaw's presence that 'I' begin to radiate so very much? (For) on Wednesday and Thursday I was not that open. On these days Sayadaw was also here already, however.

My heart is really hot now. God...

I have never experienced something like this. My heart becomes so incredibly hot. I feel that I can and might shut. This may not seem how things should be in the end, but if I don't shut it becomes almost or really unbearable, this heat of the Heart. Heat=openness=flowing. Sayadaw, help me through this, through this overwhelming Love pouring out of 'my' Heart. It feels like my heart will burn. (Indeed, after the retreat my chest was one big reddish area, my skin had burned from Love.)

In this huge Love, pain and tension are not important at all any more; they are hardly perceivable still – even when at the same time I feel quite a pain in the back still, wow, but this seems something of another level or sphere.

It has been quite a while now that I have stopped making notes of the Dhamma-talk. This is really food for children, much too simple. The instructions, how to stand, walk and so on, are still so very far away from the Heart.

It is especially the little place in the middle of the chest, of the heart, at the breastbone, that is 'unbearable'. On top of this I feel now a strange continuously stinging pain in my right lower arm that I have never experienced before.

I get pain in my legs. It is easier to pay attention to pain during sitting meditation than when a lot – or even a little – happens around, for example a Dhamma-talk.

For a moment the warm sensation ebbs away to cold(er) when even for a moment I become afraid of the pain. Being afraid of pain is having pain (from the pain). When becoming conscious of the fear I become almost instantaneously warm again. I have changed the sitting posture.

I shut myself a little yet. In other words, I must be less aware, less attentive.

God, that was really close, I had almost let a fart now during the deadly quiet, ceremonious and very slow departure of Sayadaw. That was because we had to bow three times on the ground. If you use the muscles of the abdomen hereby you press out a fart very easily. By utter effort and willpower and use of all the available muscles down I managed to prevent the fart from manifesting in the outside world. This cannot be Love therefore...

In spite of this great success, keeping the fart inside, I'm not really good at these things, ceremonial fuss. Earlier I, like everyone in his or her turn, was granted the opportunity to serve Sayadaw – literally I mean, by serving him his dinner on a tray at 11 in the morning. This is called Dana, to serve a new word to the reader. Silly as the form itself was, I was not

against making use of this opportunity to be closer with Sayadaw. On the contrary, so I made use of it. The closer the better, as far as I was concerned. Reading books of masters may have been great so far, this last half year, very beneficial for ‘my’ development indeed, being physically close around like with Pir Vilayat and Sri Sri was doing even more with me, deeper, directly.

Somehow, however, I usually – almost with dedication, it seems, though not on purpose – manage to screw up even these little ceremonial things, like serving a diner. No disaster happened, but noticing the reaction, the facial expression of his accompanist, I had made a big error by putting his diner at the wrong place. Fortunately, the times of whipping are over – or at least here.

Just now for a moment I did again something with my will, which ‘I’ found out a bit late. Now I am a bit sad because of this. How miserably do I and everyone look after him or herself, after Love. It’s almost unbelievable.

My god, my 7th chakra is so extremely widely open that it seems as if the entire content, the last dead weight, pours out.

At the same time it is as if the Divine Energy is flowing in rapidly. Are both directions working simultaneously, indeed?

What about senseless interpretation then?

There is a big pain in my heart, between the dimple and the breastbone, a streak of ‘pain’, the pain from opening.

In this very moment that my heart burns, explodes, right of the middle now, I think of Maja, my first big love, and start a conversation. Again she doesn’t dare. ‘But I just like to give you something beautiful. I don’t want anything from you,’ I say. She thinks I’m too scary. It hurts, but it does not really matter.

I feel a Buddha, sitting here firmly in half a lotus breathing from my abdomen, a vague smile around the mouth.

Suddenly I feel very much touched that we altogether, this club of people, have accomplished these two weeks and are jointly going to face the last day.

My dear heart, what happens to you... And that while in the past I thought it was all symbolic, the heart, the sayings, writing and singing about the heart and so on. (According to Adi Da, by the way, the Spiritual Heart is located at the centre of the chest.)

This heat of the heart, becoming almost crazy from bliss and pain and really not knowing the difference any more, is one of the events in my life burned into my memory, perhaps the craziest highlight. And I have to cry again, even now while writing this, thinking of this body sitting there as in school, in the classroom in front of the teacher. The teacher was radiating awareness, love, dedication and he couldn't stop and I couldn't stop exploding. My heart was exploding there, I could not sit still any longer, moved my body this way and that way to for heaven's sake be able to endure the huge bliss-pain, and everyone kept acting as if nothing happened, including Sayadaw himself. It was completely absurd. We were carefully taught, precisely instructed how to be aware when you moved your foot a few centimetres to the front – while I was *Actually* Exploding there. We were taught how to make a next step in the direction of the Truth while It was happening, just there, in our company, in that very moment. It was as if, no matter what, the form had to continue, the teaching, since we once agreed upon this. As if the form could easily, without problem occur in the daylight and the Heart and Its Real Process had to happen in the dark. It was not done to pay attention to what was *really* going on.

As far as I or rather this Body was capable of, the explosion of the Heart into the Body was allowed. It seemed all too much to bear, the Heart was so big; how could a body bear this, conduct this All. The last part of the Heart to be Taken into the Explosion was the right side, indeed. Honestly, I could not say for sure whether 'I', the body, the heart, would make it. I might become crazy if some border was crossed that I should not cross. Something might collapse here, be destroyed or handicapped for good. That I had to pee urgently didn't make it easier. But who is going for a pee in the company of Sayadaw, and during such a unique Process that felt like the finalisation on Conscious-Bodily Level of the Enlightening Process of these two weeks.

When finally things started to ease down a bit, I had somewhere the feeling I could have allowed even more in principle. But what to do, this was what it was, a huge fire in my Heart that was not mine any more and that had never been. At least the body was still there, it had survived the biggest attack ever – of Love – there was time for further, future processes.

There was no way back any more. I was Taken by and into the Heart for good, I was Taken back. I had Returned. Whatever would happen and not happen in my life, I would only and only Serve the Heart for the rest of my life.

Also, this event was a good preparation for learning to See how the Heart had to operate underground, indeed, strange as it may sound when one considers the obvious fact of the Light (of the Heart) being something from above the surface and the Dark from below it. How people could not See the Heart's Process(es) and did not seem to want to either. They could not deal with It – just like 'my' Body had almost not been able to handle It; but somehow in my case my heart was 'pushed or burned through', had received dispensation to return into the One Heart. No, the Heart, Real Life, was not comfortable, not at all. It was as intense as hell. The heaven was not a quiet garden of Eden where you were supposed to play harp till the end of times. If not separate from the Earth It was a tremendous Fire. What's more, there existed no Heaven without Hell, no Formless without Form, no Bliss without Pain. The Heart was the Very Meeting of Heaven and Hell, of Bliss and Pain, of the Formless and the Body, Spirit and Matter. And this Meeting was the Fire and the Truth.

It was safer to consider and define ourselves as pupils and teachers, safer than to Allow the whole body-mind structure to Be – Completely – Burned in and by the I-Killing Fire of the very Heart, the Very Source and the End of all. This event, what had happened by the end of these two intense weeks, was the Actualization of 'my' Realization into the human Body. Consciousness took shape in and as the Body. It was the Very Heart Itself that Brought Them together, Made Them One, Made Them Realize their Oneness. Just as 'I' – or rather: Consciousness – could no longer be structurally fooled, 'my' Body couldn't any more. They wouldn't live different lives any more, even though in my case this weird separation had never been that strong – well, at least this was not the case compared to others. The Heart had cured 'me' for good – by Undoing me, by Showing to Itself the Two Sides of Duality, Showing this so intensely and extremely that They became or appeared to be One. The Heart could Go Freely into the world now, into Duality, no Side would ever succeed in deluding It. This Heart-Body would become obviously sick from any lie it met, from people's attachment to any side of any form of duality, from their Resistance to the One Heart, to the very and earthly Reality of Body and Consciousness Being One. This Body had Become the very Heart Itself. The body as such, as a form – as what we were taught it was – stopped existing.

All people were in My Heart now. I couldn't keep even one out any more, not since Body and Consciousness exploded, burned together in and by the One Heart. My love would nor could be withdrawn from anyone any more. The mind here could have tried in the past,

but now that the Body had Become Consciousness Itself, this option, this attempt in fact, this dream, was just not possible any more. 'I' had no borders any more. The Body felt everyone's Pain, immediately. Everyone touched 'me' in My Heart – even when at first, in a meeting, in an association with people, I would have to Feel through their resistance to Love, to Me, and when, on the face of it, my attitude, state, seemed different from Pure Love. Related to this, people would not come to Understand My Infinite Love, the Selfless Love of the Mirror. But indeed, no preference for some people above others was possible any more. I could only still Respond, as the Heart, as a True Mirror. For people it could and would look like I'd have a preference, but in reality this meant that they didn't want to, didn't dare to look in the Mirror.

Saturday July 17th early morning meditation.

My open heart doesn't experience these recitations as somewhat unpleasant, it doesn't like them at all. I try to concentrate on Consciousness. Immediately this brings joy. Soon after I had sat down, the heart had become active and painful in its openness. Breathing was less deep and regular than usual.

This open heart feels so very much aggression in the world, even here among the people who meditate for two weeks already. You can imagine what this says about the rest of the world. Just look. Small actions that are done just too – or even much too – rough and fast. This is aggression. Part of karma.

Meditating itself went a little mediocre, if I would use my former judgment. Now it is rather an observation. As always now consciousness is continuously aware of breathing but for the rest it was a bit slack, in the sense of little effort. My lower back didn't yet want to be straightened up so early in the morning. Ah, sometimes I just don't know.

Saturday first morning meditation.

Meditating is still not going really well. I don't know any more if I'm in Samadhi or not. My eyes are certainly hanging, but I don't experience the imperturbable observant (Consciousness) who or that registers everything quietly. Probably it has got to do with the big pain (which is joy, I tend to forget again somehow; they are the same) in my heart. For only after the gong for the end I can breathe better in my belly again and I feel immediately many clearer pains in my heart again. Yes, things become obvious finally: it has got to do with 'the others'. With this open heart much too much 'dirt' of or, if you prefer, via others comes in. I still cannot keep this outside. When the others are gone I immediately brighten up,

light up. I become clear again. I can sit again how I want. The tension in the head immediately starts to release. “L’enfer c’est les autres”, Sartre wrote: the hell, that’s the others. It is not true, but it is tempting to believe it.

I see this pattern during – and after – both last meditations, since the heart-explosion yesterday evening. And during breakfast again. Same phenomenon. This is impossible to be a coincidence. When I see Sayadaw there is joy and love. When I’m in the presence of others...

I don’t exist. I become (the state of) the one(s) I am with.

I Knew it, even if it’s tempting to become confused from all this. But yes, it’s the ((non-)presence of) others that pulls you back – and it has always been that way – the others without them doing anything wrong. Now that it happens if full Consciousness, everything is different. Everybody is pulled back, kept small, by ‘the others’, by the way.

My heart is now so extremely open that I’m almost becoming crazy. And that while knowing that I’m supposed to appear again among the others... and the travel home tomorrow... One thing is sure. As a child I have never been this open. A child simply won’t survive this. Or it becomes crazy.

This extreme openness cannot be maintained. I’ll have to go some way backward, quite some steps back in the goose game. I know this now already.

As if possessed the heart-energy gushes out of me and also above my head there is a busy traffic artery.

I feel (being) Ramana. But he was certainly not so desperately open as I am now. I can See that.

Openness without having enough Force (yet) is not nice. Sri Sri, please bring me something (of the power) of the Himalayas, indeed. Something to protect when it gets really too bad. Maarten, I ask you humbly, deal with yourself in a loving, soft and slow way in the coming period. Don’t be severe, heavily distressed, disillusioned or desperate. Stay quietly aware, conscious. Note or be aware of consciousness.

Sometimes, when I allow it, it is not a problem and not too overwhelming, and then I must laugh blissfully.

Under the shower and after 1 ¾ hour of meditation – or trying to meditate; there was especially attention for the heart, a general attention – I notice that I had quite lost contact with the Earth. The whole happening in the heart seemed too much for the body to be completely conducted. What a terrible state you enter then. And to think that year after year, every day, every second, I have been sojourning in this state. It seems the Heart becomes

unmanageable – or should I say: the hidden, contracted and distorted afflictions of people, of humanity, that keep on entering, become unmanageable – if there is no contact with the Earth. The heart cannot catch up, cannot get rid of the dark energies any more. There is no ‘guidance’, no direction.

The shower was patiently pouring on my body, on my heart, and I thought: how can I enter the world with this open heart...

A second and last personal interview with Sayadaw was still on the program if you felt like and I certainly wanted to make use of this opportunity. So I prepared again some questions that, from the perspective of where I was now, were still interesting, while other, most, questions had fallen away naturally, and even though I could already predict what the answer would be, the answer from a typical Buddhist teacher.

. Is it good to keep focusing, concentrating on pure consciousness itself? Is being aware of consciousness ‘better’ than trying to note?

. Is it in my particular case good to keep meditating – also after I’m back home – not to fall back?

. What to do with this terribly open heart among people? I feel all their hidden pain.

. How to conduct the overwhelming stream of heart-energy? It feels almost like a dilemma. If I sit and have a good meditation IT starts again and it seems so huge to totally allow, it seems to become unmanageable.

. What is the Noble Dhamma, in fact? Once you are in the 7th stage you can’t fall back any more? Is there more than the 7th stage?

16.15

This was a strange experience: me heading and heading for Enlightenment and in the end the glory would be there: the Noble Dhamma. This, as the Buddhists say, is the great terminal station. So, at the end of this retreat I have asked after all what it really means, this Noble Dhamma. What is actually the great Insight that the Noble Dhamma reveals? For, truly, can you experience even deeper Insights than I have found now? Consciousness has experienced from Inside of ‘me’ that all is one, one Energy, one Consciousness, one Love. There is nothing to attain, to reach, to keep, not even Enlightenment. There is no ‘I’. There’s only this One Reality Itself. There is no preference any more in Truth, no delusion by one side of the Duality of Life.

The only thing I could still imagine that might be Higher, of a Deeper Truth, than what 'I' have Seen, is that also the last feeling of some self that would be here, disappeared completely. What I mean by this last feeling being gone is that I would experience that at this very moment the other is the same as 'me'. That there is the feeling or consciousness of Only Process Going on, Only Consciousness Meditating Unconsciousness, Pain – no awareness of different 'bodies' any more, bodies that have different functions or different levels of development and realization. But I guess this goes too far. I guess that distinction of (human) forms is and will stay also part of the Process.

Sayadaw and Dala Miri are surprised that I don't know what the Noble Dhamma is. I know very little (nothing, in fact) of the theory, I say, only of the practice. In practice I learn fast. And what am I being told? The 5 parts that together form the Noble Dhamma are:

- . no killing*
- . no stealing*
- . no adultery*
- . no lies*
- . no alcohol or drugs*

I was perplexed...

"That's not difficult...", I said with an air like 'Is that everything? You're kidding me.' Not to be arrogant, of course. But it was really too foolish. Such an extremely simple thing. And now they started to interrogate me. Sayadaw asked me if I would not kill even one little ant. No. Don't I ever lie? No. Don't I ever drink alcohol?

"I never did. I don't like it."

Well, the statement that I never did was a sin against the 4th dhamma. But I intuited the question was about my basic position and drinking behaviour in life, and not if I had not even tried it a few times, disgusting as it was.

Something similar held true for 'cheating' Tiara once by making love with Ariana. I was not against experiencing things straight from inside – how otherwise should one Learn Life – but there was no attachment from my side to be(com)ing a mirror 'who' needs to act out patterns of someone I meditated, associated with.

They looked at me. It was silent for a while. The 80 year old Master smiled, laughed, even though he seemed to feel very well and to 'enjoy' himself all the time.

“Then you’re perfect, an enlightened one...”

And he gave me the Pali word for this, but I forgot it immediately again.

God, did I do the entire sit-marathon for nothing? I am already perfect. I am already Enlightened. As a child already. Never I have wanted to commit adultery. (I feel who my woman is and how beautiful she is and then most of all I like to make love to her. Why should I want to lower myself to lower love?)”

Well, this subject has deepened a lot since I Went into Woman, since I Learned Woman from Inside. Yet, even then and just as before, I was still not interested in making love for my own pleasure – but, if in anything at all, in giving my Heart and being Open for the real consequences of the intimate meeting, for meditating the Pain I couldn’t help but and should absorb during and around the seemingly physical encounter. As Man, anyhow, it turned out to be Natural to, in principle in all openness, Go into more than one Woman-form when this is Part of the Process of Man and Woman, when the Manifestation of Truth on Earth is involved in being Received in what seems to be a ‘physical’ way as well. In general, when it is about sexuality and Man and Woman I didn’t and don’t feel any affinity with Buddhism; I failed to discover any Truth there in this respect – not surprisingly, if no one walking the Buddhist path has ever gone in an Authentic and Conscious way into ‘Man and Woman’, if Woman is non-existing in Buddhism.

And it’s just that I cannot lie, just like my mother. Also this I tried once, in primary school. It felt so terrible when, thanks to the teacher, the truth showed up that I never did it again.

Stealing: I tried this two times. Once, as a twelve year-old, under the influence of especially one of two friends – although I was not against my act – I stole a package of three tiny sesame cakes. I thought the big warehouse of a few floors should be able to afford a loss of 69 cents. Later, after my studies, I took home a shawl that someone had left behind somewhere. There was no craving for material objects involved. I just ‘had to’ do it, try it out, learn how it feels.

With alcohol it was, in principle, like with cigarettes. You try it once, feel the consequence, and that's it. Or at least as far as a possible craving is concerned. I had tried it a few times still, to bear the awful taste to see if there was some nice effect.

The silence has just been broken officially. Pity. I must return into life with my open heart.

My god, I was already enlightened. They've never told me.

I didn't consider this Noble Dhamma with its five recipes true Enlightenment, however. I found it rather silly, in fact, almost childish. It's true that people who do not have these tendencies by their very (heart-)nature are from birth on already closer to an enlightened state and they have (much) more chance to Understand it and Be Enlightened, but Enlightenment Itself must Happen still, the Truth needs to be Penetrated still, or Be Allowed to Take you. Acting 'good' means in itself not so much, cannot do so much 'good' on earth if it is not Supported by the Power of Lived Insight into the Nature of Reality. This Reality is not only behaving 'good' but expresses Itself also in and as the Other Side Which obviously is also Part of the Truth. Truth Itself Is therefore Beyond the Noble Dhamma. It is true, however, that when one Surrenders into Reality, things, ways of behaviour that hurt living beings – including yourself, your body – become difficult to maintain or fall away naturally.

Yet, behaviour – a sign – may never be confused with Truth Itself. My natural ease concerning living the Noble Dhamma was no more than a sign.

During Dhamma-talk

My heart starts aching immediately again in Sayadaw's presence. I try to note this bliss-pain more carefully this time. Not to be simply shot into the big bliss-pain and that's it, trying to survive in the heat.

The translator was astonished about the fact that I could feel Sayadaw('s radiation). Was Pir Vilayat the first I could feel so well in my heart? I think it was Imre Valloy, the spiritual teacher of Tiara. Indeed. This typical heart-energy I felt in Imre for the first time, although as far as intensity was concerned it could not be compared with what happened now. Yet, I was ready for it, then, being prepared for receiving the Heart-energy and thus also for transmitting it. With Osho I never felt the heart-energy, even when I read almost only him for two years.

Some notes that I wrote down during and from the Dhamma-talk:

If you See the nature of Pain (3rd stage), your noting becomes stronger, powerful.

If you manage to see and note the pleasant feelings as ultimately being Dhukka (suffering), you can overcome the greed in those so called positive feelings.

3 qualities in the 6th stage are, firstly: neutral feeling, equanimity. There is little or no fear, little or no delight either. Secondly, you take 'positive' and 'negative' equally, without prejudice, not personal. Third: there is no effort in noting. Noting of rising and falling of abdomen, for instance, becomes very easy.

The danger is that you get lost in, keep dwelling in the neutral feelings and you don't notice – especially – the greed in it, the anger and the delusion. The neutral feelings are feelings that in the past would have touched you but now not any more. Sharply noting the neutral feelings, you will See the impermanence of them. It's not easy to see the neutral feeling, however. It is like a footprint of a deer on a flat rock. With a high degree of meditation, however, of concentration-power, you can See it. You see the footprints toward the neutral feeling that looks like pleasant feeling and the footprints away from it that looks like unpleasant feeling. In between there's (the flat rock and) the neutral feeling. If it is not clear (enough), then go back to noting the rising and falling of the abdomen. Just like the rising and passing of the noting mind – it is fleeting – the rising and falling of the abdomen are not permanent. The rising and passing away, belonging to the nature of matter, are not permanent. Seeing all this means overcoming the 6th stage and arrival in the mature part of equanimity. There is conformity and adaptable knowledge, knowledge of maturity. Then, from a normal person you have become a noble person. It is the path of the stream winner. The gateway is closed now. You'll never go back to the lower stages.

Four stages of Enlightenment in the 7th stage: silence, noiselessness – boredom – uncertainty – doubt. It is difficult again here.

That gave some support, I must say. I had come across all these stages, but I didn't know about them, so I had to 'honestly', without guidance, suffer 'myself' a way through them. No problem. A stream winner is Taken by the Stream, It goes by Itself, even if the Stream is syrupy or takes another form, another disguise.

Dala Miri had, indeed, previously said in one of the interviews that I'm a stream winner. And it was true. Although I don't think I had heard the word before, I knew immediately what she meant. It was as if 'I', if Something Knew all the stages already, I just needed some space, two weeks to Remember them. In the right setting 'my' deepest, strongest qualities could finally flourish, Consciousness and Love. In the right setting, unburdened of

(in themselves valuable) obstacles that were there to be left behind, like education, music, books, friends, lovers, they could develop unlikely fast. The emphasis here was on Consciousness. But I didn't feel Love and Consciousness as Two separate Forces. There was so much Love in Consciousness. I was sure that my relationship with Woman, and women of flesh and blood, was now radically influenced, determined by the recent Jump of Consciousness, Its Explosions. The Becoming One of Consciousness and Body on Friday evening was in fact the result of Love, of Allowing the Two, Consciousness and Unconsciousness, Spirit and Matter, to Be Attracted and Unite. Heart's Orgasm of the Two into One Body was incomparable to what I had known up to then as orgasm – even though they were ultimately Related. Anyhow, only now, when Consciousness was so very Present here, I could Give to Woman what a Man must Give on the grounds of His Nature: Consciousness. Man and Woman have a Natural exchange. Woman passes Unconsciousness on to Man who Transcends this in His Heart. Without the Presence of Consciousness this is not possible. His Body is not a male body but a Transformer. His Heart Does or Is this Process of Transcendence, in fact, but It needs a Conscious male Body.

During the Dhamma talk it was again, but now extremely, difficult to hold my pee. This was the worst holding pee of my whole life. My bladder would explode, it seemed. Holding the pee was certainly the biggest challenge of the entire retreat, even more difficult than sitting in unbearable pain, let alone becoming enlightened.

The – final – release of the pee was at the same time the end of the retreat. I didn't feel like talking in the least and took a walk on my own. I saw red deer.

And I wrote:

I see, I hear and feel people crying for help

But the people do not know they are crying.

So I must help them in disguise

Secretly, by being (with) them, I let love rise

In every tiny opening, in a moment of attention, of relaxation of the guard, I come in.

Shortly after the retreat of no return, the retreat of no escape, the retreat in which Enlightened had Happened as 'I' had predicted beforehand – it was Truth Itself Foreseeing this, in fact – the retreat that allowed Consciousness to Go and See beyond Enlightenment, since also Enlightenment had appeared to be a non-permanent form, the retreat of the definite

end of 'I', I made a few additions of various kind to all the notes made during the retreat, things that were going through me somehow.

Don't be (so Dutch-like) modest, I realize, or you won't get anywhere. If, without ego, without self-interest, you focus on grandiosity, you become so grand yourself too. Only, you aren't there any more, then. You can only be small – you with your thoughts about how important or unimportant you would be.

My memory is becoming like a sieve.

Many people, meditators, seekers, pupils, would via the 'groundwork' of the body, via allowing and following energetic movements, reach much further in their development as a human being, in the development of Consciousness. But people easily skip this – and not without (egoic: pain avoiding) reason. Via the body one can learn everything, everything, all insights come to you, if as a scientist you follow all processes, without interpreting them. (Discovering, Surrendering (in)to) Truth doesn't need any form of interpretation, not any form of interference of the mind that inherently does not Understand.

I noticed that the physical, gross-energetic conditionings seem much stronger than those of other energy levels. Never the less, letting go is total, a total affair including old bodily tendencies – even if tensions, contractions, seem so very stuck, even if letting go of them evokes a big resistance.

My body is not 'ready' yet, I see. Only, this is not a problem and in general there is no single problem any more. I can quietly, without hurry, let the body be undone further.

This letting the body be worked upon, is, in principle, if everything else is Seen, the seventh level of Consciousness (with its 4 stages), wherein eventually, as Adi Da calls it, translation of the body takes place.

If there is no single idea, or thought – about myself, about anything – my body goes of itself in the direction of its natural posture. This moment it still looks a bit weird, for the shoulders go much up and inward then, so that there is no space left in the triangle head, neck and shoulders. It is not a steady whole, everything is constantly moving, as one whole organism, like a jellyfish or a sea anemone.

Hm, what's wrong with this, in fact. Doesn't the human being come out of the sea originally?

Sometimes a thought or thoughts about the cause (of physical blocks) appear: situation of my mother when I was growing in the womb, birth itself, having taken over energy patterns – that kind of stuff. I let them and they vanish again into nothingness. At best these kind of causality thoughts can be used later when I'll be teaching, to help people see that their 'guilt' is not true, not founded in reality. There is always something preceding their current 'wrong' state, something that could not have gone in another way than it went. If you understand the Causal World, that's the end of all blaming, all guilt, the end of the entire concept of a 'free will'. It doesn't matter here that the Causal World is not the Deepest Truth in Itself, it is part of it anyway.

I can say a lot of things but everything needs to be gone through, to be lived to see. Experiment for instance with fixating the eyes, not going along with the tendency to move and unrest. This brings peace to the mind. Thoughts have nowhere to turn. They thrive on movement.

Many things, methods, are a 'trick', like letting the eyes rest, directing your attention to the third eye, or to the tip of the nose which I have received from my master. You can try them for years on end, but they are not a real success. Then, suddenly, it happens. You got the clue. (Merely) in theory, this can happen already after one second. In that moment everything changes. You're not of this world any more, or at least not like people experience this. Suddenly your breath deepens, is set at liberty; the universe comes through you instead of you passionately trying to obtain a place in the universe.

However... you can forget all methods and tricks if you are able to let go, every second, again and again, continuously let go of everything – especially any idea about yourself, ideas in general, opinions, memories. Are you really willing to allow this, to forget, to let the supposed importance of yourself go at any moment, to sacrifice it on the altar of truth, to live without any form of self-image? This radical letting go is the most direct 'method' that is no method any more, in fact. Eventually, every method turns out to be senseless if sooner or later it appears you are not really nor totally willing to let go of yourself, if the method or the trick doesn't tire you out. If it doesn't exhaust you, any method

reinforces you. Of course, in principle it's possible that, in spite of the method you follow, you are Ready to let go. In principle, it is also possible that you increasingly, gradually discover that your world doesn't totally crash down when the I-cramp is let gone more and more, when you feel the tension being drawn out of your energetic body, when this is no longer needed to support the false self-image.

In my case the most important letting go of self happened earlier already, during and after (but related to) my relationship with Tiara. If you allow Intelligence – that is, inherently: Selflessness – to live you, then even a 'dirty' mirror can and will be used to be Freed beyond 'I', beyond self, self-image, beyond ego. True humbleness finds its 'own' way. It cannot be stopped, adjusted, redirected, manipulated, or even helped by any method, any path. What is possible though, is letting the selfless quality of humility resonate with humility as it is already (more deeply) manifested in another human form. Even then, however, you must be Ready to let the (resonance of) humility of the 'other' take you over. Again, you can't *do anything* yourself. You don't exist as such, as a doer. Consciousness will be Allowed so that this can be, radically, Seen – or, as usual, not.

The two week vipassana retreat was a perfect setting to see through ego-patterns and – tendencies, ego-lies, ego-preferences, that on a deeper level still persisted after my already quite radical humbling process with Tiara, that had been unreachable at that time. In that earlier Process, which happened necessarily via her, it was Shown to me that 'man and woman' is not (at all) about 'me': Woman Needs to Be with Man, not (at all) with (a) me – no matter how seemingly perfected this 'me' would ever be able to become. To be honest, without my process(es) with women since I was 30 – especially those with Maja and Tiara (and to a lesser extent, but also indispensable, with Balaya – without their Willingness and Longing to, at least temporarily, be with 'me', in general with a Heart-man in fact, the Truth of No-self, Which is the Truth, wouldn't have been Realized here, now in this vipassana retreat. But all right, things had to go this way anyhow. It is an interplay. In turn, without having Realized the Truth, I wouldn't have been able to Go, from 2003 on, much much Deeper into Woman than happened and could happen before the Realization. To Go Really Deep into Man and Woman, Man Needs to Represent Truth in the Dual Relationship of Man and Woman. Obviously, when Truth is not Clear and not irreversibly Manifested in and as a man's Body, then this is not possible, or at most marginally and always over and again Man will come across the same barriers regarding Going Down into Woman, into Her Natural Darkness, simply because the Light (of Consciousness) is not Strong enough, not Stable

enough, not Clear in all possible situations that Woman on the grounds of Her Nature and Role Needs to Test Him with. Without Truth, without Selflessly Knowing Himself as Such, Man cannot Be with Woman, cannot Stand, cannot Survive – only physically (usually), but not as Man.

I smell it when 'my' farts are karmic farts, when I'm meditating other people. Sometimes I go with my finger along the buttocks to smell the content of the fart. A true scientist investigates everything, at least if it doesn't harm others, people or animals. If you're not even willing to go with your finger along the line where the buttocks meet to be able to smell the fart better... well, then you might just as well forget about It, then you'll never get anywhere.

Just as a long retreat as these 16 days can bring you more, can take you (much) deeper than a short retreat of a weekend or 4 days, keeping meditating in sitting posture for a long time can 'yield' more, wider consciousness, more or deeper insight, than again and again one hour and then again the unrest of the switch over to walking, the distraction of the eyes and so on. None the less: intuition is the most important. Sometimes I felt something important, a breakthrough, was about to happen and then I would have been crazy if I had followed the program, just for the sake of the program itself, or if I had stopped after three hours for example. By trusting intuition this intuition becomes better and better.

The counterforces are active, certainly also and even very strong in spiritual circles. Therefore I cannot thank or honour the sangha (the community of people who head for the same, spiritual, goal). I can only thank the Buddha, the Truth He is.

As no other, every master knows of the Counterforce. The more conscious 'I' become, the bigger the Counterforce. This, what happened in this retreat, is just a presage. Over and over again I will be tested. The more I can bear, deal with, the heavier it will be. There will be no end to this. Quite something will be coming my way. In spite of and thanks to this: through 'me' the Counterforce will become conscious of itself and thus dissolve into the Force. Consciousness is the only thing that can save 'me', help 'me' with letting the Counterforce go through me – for It is not a thing, not a form. A subtle balance, a middle way, needs to be found and followed. Too much resistance, too much unconsciousness can be lethal, without exaggeration. On the other hand, the Counterforce is, it is part of Reality, and therefore integral part of the Process, of human Development. No need to avoid it, in itself.

I realize that I have had a great advantage regarding the fact that in the past I have never had anything to do with Enlightenment, no affinity. Not before the last half year, when the soil was ready, I have read a lot about it suddenly. I haven't had the time nor the aptitude to look up to it in any way. Not long before this reading, one year earlier, I had started meditating when the moment for this came naturally. For many (about 8 or 10) years it had lain hidden somewhere on a shelf, a few square centimetres of newspaper with the address of the meditation centre. Already after 2 months of practicing meditation now and then, I felt I 'needed' something of an old wise man, his wisdom that was lived to see. For only in this way, sitting there meditating, I did not and would not get much further, if at all. This insight was a very important and in a way even the most important fruit of meditation. It was a blow, a silent blow with a sledgehammer. In fact, it was already what it is all about in the end: surrender of the ego, a recognition of something beyond self, a recognition of the fact that 'I don't know best', there are others who can see things better, more total, than me. This has been a giant step for me, the step. From then on things went very fast, in regard of meditation and allowing guru-consciousness to enter me.

When I supposedly said "I am Buddha" – which I hadn't; only later I had said "I Am Azar Baksh" – the reaction to this was revealing. We need to meditate, but 'God' – Buddha, in this case – is unreachable, by definition. It was blasphemy to say it. God, what are we meditating for, then? Is it some kind of occupational therapy? Is it about giving yourself the feeling that you're doing something good? About stroking the thought that you're purifying your being from karma if you sit and meditate?

They don't look openly, at me in this case, but at whatever. They approach reality from ideas, from theory, from teachings. People are put in a box: Oh, this is one of those, one who gets out of control and becomes almost crazy. They have read about it or have perhaps even noticed a tendency like that in themselves and they are started at it. Then they try to counter it, instead of trusting the process, trusting reality. Striving for enlightenment is lovely – 'we all do that, don't we?' – as long as you take it easy. Becoming Enlightened has to be averted.

But who ever became enlightened without danger, without any risk involved? You go on to the end of the corridor and then, instead of being seduced and deluded to take the right door of craziness or the left door of being enlightened, you go on, and on and on. There is no end, all doors are illusory.

No, not 'looking up to' is the way, but rather feeling a natural respect for and inspiration from what is possible for a human being. Instead of, below the surface in the dark, resisting it, by easily submitting to duality a priori: He up there and us worms down here.

An independent mind is demanded. Make sure you don't abide to the rules, (in this case for example leaving the camp). Rather, investigate in yourself and in all openness the essence of the rules – or what they intend to accomplish, why they had ever come into existence. Then you are 'free' to follow one rule while disobeying an other. Never belong to the sangha. This is another, old, pitfall, which limits the freedom to Realize Truth, or at least this is so when you are inclined to take the sangha seriously.

But this way, as in my retreat, it was okay. I needed to be tested anyway. I don't say you need to avoid (meeting) people.

The role, function and existence of the (living) guru/master is not only underexposed but almost completely unknown. As if we're all separate individuals, as if every body - that is supposed to stop existing at the borders of its skin – has to completely reinvent the wheel by itself. As if there would exist no love and love-attraction, no resonance. But, if seriously and thoroughly allowed, attuning to the consciousness of the master or totally loving Him opens you for and gives you that same consciousness. The Deeper, Selflessly, 'you' Allow Him, the more (radically) you become Him.

Lastly I'd like to say that it was remarkable that, despite many physical troubles during the retreat – or rather becoming aware of seemingly physical tensions, energetic blocks, and many pains of course – I have never in my life felt so fit as during these two weeks. At some point just outside the meditation tent I was squatted at my heels, feeling the state of the body, radiating as it was, and I was amazed how fit I felt. It had gradually and almost secretly improved over the first one week and a half. And now, at that moment, it suddenly became very clear to me. In fact, the more Consciousness was Present, and therefore ruling – instead of the mind – the fitter my Body felt. It was, at least from the normal societal perspective, all the more remarkable since I had a minimum of exercise. Most of the day I had been sitting, meditating, with a few maxima of up to 4 hours, next to also quite some walking meditation still. But the latter was done and should be done in such an extremely slow tempo that, again from the 'normal' scientific point of view, it couldn't have added to the fitness of the body. The walks I had in nature, lastly, were too few to be able to have contributed substantially. Moving in itself, exercising, walking, doing physical practices and so on, so was the inevitable conclusion, was not what made a body fitter.

It appeared that my body was no longer a body and it had never been, in fact. It was a Body. That is, it was a perceivable, feelable, visible, audible form of Consciousness. It was Consciousness Itself. The less Consciousness and body were separate, the fitter I felt.¹ The whole Body was radiating from inside. It didn't need anything, any impulse, from outside to become enlivened. The Body was Consciousness Itself That Was Life Itself. The body didn't need any form to make it alive, didn't need energy from outside in order to live, and in order that 'I' was in the position to become, to Realize Consciousness. On the contrary, the Energy (Woman) followed Consciousness (Man). This was a radical Seeing that was lived: Life Starts with Man, with the Presence, with Consciousness. Woman, the Form Followed. In the form-world it seemed the other way round: Woman seemed to be the bringer, the bearer of life, since through Her Female bodies, life was being reproduced. 'Reproduced', indeed. It didn't Start there, though. To, in order to get fit, to get (more) energy, turn to whatever kind of forms, was the egoic way. To turn to Woman, to Energy, in order to get something, anything, was the Ego way of greed and no-trust. In Trust, Man Appears and He will provide anything that is necessary, including Energy, since Woman is not somewhere or someone else for Him, but Part of Him.

At a certain point in the retreat this following of the Energy went so far, it became so intense, that there was only Energy left, One Big Ball of Energy That was the Universe. There were no borders left here – not of a supposed 'me' or a body that people called mine, nor of others or of things. This revelation Showed that there had never been borders. It was not that after the experience the borders would close again where my skin was. It was an Insight into the nature of Reality That was Always there, an Insight into all and everything being Energy, all and everything being Connected, all and everything being One, although the Real all-Unifying all-Being Force Beyond this Energy, Consciousness, was in a way overwhelmed by Its Form during that meditation, by Energy; Consciousness was Looking impressed at it, at Its Own Form, at the Magnitude of it, the Endlessness of it, the Power of it. It was Feeling the complete fulfilment that Energy seemed to provide if, as now, it was present everywhere, inside and outside without any difference, so very much intense as it was, all individual forms

¹ Meeting the world again, however, means also meeting Unconsciousness to a severe extent. And then, things are different again. The less Body and Consciousness are separate, the worse you feel amidst of 'normal, contracted life' – that is: on normal feeling level. Only, if you'd stay in the Unconsciousness that you inevitably take over, without Transcending it into Consciousness, without Liberating it, you feel even worse. If you have become so Conscious, Unconsciousness turns out to be the Hell.

being irrelevant in the sight (or feeling) of Form Itself, Energy Itself in its Essence. The One Ball of Energy in which 'I' had disappeared – only the Eye itself was left, next to the Energy – felt completely safe, full, warm, vibrating with life. Where I should have been, or my body, there was only Vibration left, intensely vibrating energy. The experience was a continuation into depth of the experience I had after having met Sri Sri for the second time when I travelled by train and 'I' seemed to be – energetically – so incredibly big, certainly if compared to the ridiculously small fellow passengers in the wagon. Only, it was much more radical now. There was no 'me' any more, next to others, there was no difference. Now the whole Universe was included, was 'Me', was this One Energy. The Eye had Seen through 'me' what can be called the 'End of Energy' as the Factor that seems to determine or even be, make up the Universe. This was the 5th Level or Sphere of Existence. Beyond this, in the 6th Sphere, it was Clear that, in fact, beyond what seemed to be so, it was Consciousness That Ruled, That was of a Deeper Formless 'Substance' Beyond the substance that Energy was, Consciousness That was Creating or at the Basis of Energy, instead of merely Looking at it. In the meditation it was on feeling level so that the Energy seemed to be the One, it really felt so. Yet There was Something Looking at this Energetic oneness and even Feeling it from Inside, without separation: Consciousness. Consciousness included feeling but was Beyond as well.

In spite of this deep experience albeit not contradicting it, it became clear to me at the end of the retreat, in a flash of Overview, that something was not totally Clear yet. In a meditation the words literally appeared in front of me, appeared in Consciousness: 'Energy is Consciousness'. I Knew immediately that this was so. But I felt there was still something lacking in this Seeing. It was that I had not totally Lived the Fact of this Final Truth, not Whole-Heartedly here on earth, that is: Whole-Bodily. For that to be possible, a Woman-form was needed, this being related to the fact that Woman Represented Energy and Man Consciousness, Woman Represented Form and Man the Formless.

This Process of Man and Woman Meeting is even more Profound, Basic – and 'preparing' for Holistic Enlightenment – than the processes normally associated with Enlightenment. I'm talking about the Whole-Hearted, Whole-Bodily Surrender into the Opposite Sex.

The Radical Insight into Life (as Two, Consciousness and Energy, Man and Woman, with Its Natural Order) meant also that I could radically stop looking for a girl, for a woman, a tantric woman or whoever. As Man I needed to Be Responsible: Be Who or What I Am: Consciousness. If Consciousness was Present, Woman, the Form, would Naturally Follow. No need to look for Her, although I shouldn't close my eyes either, stay attentive. In

principle, I shouldn't *do* anything, only allow space for Woman to Recognize Me as (Her) Man.

Of course, this 'theme', the truth of Man and Woman, returned immediately – from never have been really gone – now that 'I' was released into the world again, starting with taking the train home from the South of Belgium to the north of Holland. Being Dissolved into the Truth, Being Freed Beyond and into Duality, hadn't taken away the Necessity to Go again into and give myself in and to the Duality of Existence, Man and Woman – even if in this Freedom it wouldn't be the same as before any more, even if I could not be fooled any more by the incredibly powerful Deluding Female Force of Duality.

The train travel was too short, too flying, too safe, too separate for girls to Recognize. At least I survived and managed to reach home with my extremely open heart.

The warrior was home. And God, what a battlefield it has been. What a bloody Fight between Consciousness and Unconsciousness. The Realization of Truth that had Happened to me now outshined all previous Realizations. This time the very root of Ego had been Taken away. All preference had been Transcended. There was no one any more to decide or choose anything, to escape or hide anywhere. I knew it and now it Was So. The Truth was All That was left, the Truth That Was the Heart. Now this Truth had to be Shown, Given, Transmitted to Woman. Or else it didn't make sense, the whole fuss of Realizing Truth, whether it had been a huge Battle indeed or not. I had not been acting out one of Man's personal hobbies by Discovering the Truth. Man as He Is didn't like to fight – not if Woman was not Involved somewhere.

As I have indicated, I – I must say Woman, in fact, for I hadn't Realized Truth for myself or even for Man – had been lucky that there was no attractive woman in the retreat. It was very well possible that Enlightenment would not have happened here. Beyond persons doing anything, 'she' would have Drawn 'my', Man's, Attention all the time or for a (too) great part, whether I wanted or not, whether I tried to catch up with noting it or not. Her Seducing Force would – before it was time, before the Truth was Clear – have Drawn me literally into her, with or without *physical* sex, but Sex would have been there anyhow. The attention, the consciousness, would again and again have been directed at the Dark but in fact continuously. Now, without the Seductress, there was time and Space to Let the Light Take over. If a form of Woman is Open for (a) Man He, naturally, goes in – or, beyond what it seems, She just *Takes* Him in – also if His Strength and Power as Man is not Strong Enough (yet) to Let it Really be a Meeting of Man and Woman.

Quite a few years later, on 14 August 2007 I wrote, in retrospect, a hearticle on the – here partially described – Enlightenment Process that I have mentioned and cited from earlier and that is called ***Enlightenment, a side-effect of serious selfless Vipassana practicing:***

Originally this essay was written in response to a question of the editors of a newsletter to their readers that I received by accident: does enlightenment occur gradually or suddenly? It appeared once more that many people have difficulties with serious answers, as I never received an answer back nor was it published in the newsletter. It's like when you meet an acquaintance or a friend and you're asked 'how are you'. You're not supposed to answer sincerely – which I never understood in the past. There's no question mark at the end of the 'question'. Only very few people manage not to feel uncomfortable when you answer seriously. In this case it would have been nice to just freely and cosily philosophize about the subject. Original experience is 'dangerous', it spoils the bodiless party of dreaming minds.

Some years ago during the first retreat that I guided I was asked the question as to whether enlightenment takes place at once or gradually. The question – like questions in general – can and could only come from a (from Body-Life) separate (and life-observing) mind but, nonetheless, I let it go through me seriously for a short while – as I have no standard-answers – before I said: both. Gradually and Suddenly. Gradually in the sense that (the Realization of) It is Part of a Natural Development of a human being in the course of his or her lifetime, if It is not blocked from Happening (which is usually the case). But even if one follows Life's Natural rhythm – that means: one has been Whole-Heartedly and 'even' Whole-Bodily Surrendered into every Level of Human Development (or Plane of Consciousness) – even if, thus, one becomes Ready for It, It happens Suddenly. And It can Happen more than once Suddenly. The actual Falling into a Deeper or Wider state of Consciousness is a Quantum-leap. It doesn't know time. Still, in this world of Space-Time one can or might feel It Coming. Looking back I could feel It Coming. In the period just before the Dualities exploded in 'me', I was not so much busy with (realizing the state of) enlightenment but I certainly was taken by the Force of Consciousness. I remember I made some notes like "Where is this going to? Who can still follow me, understand even a bit of 'where' I am?" It was about 3 weeks later during a 16-day Vipassana-retreat that the explosion(s) Relieved 'something here' of – as it seemed at that moment – any (illusion of) 'I', any Duality thus, that Nature was experienced as Nature Itself, no longer as someone or something looking at nature.

If you're still interested, I'll tell you what happened. As some might know, in Vipassana-meditation you follow as (and in the right but rare case in Energetic Life Embedded) observer all 'forms' that come in 'your' awareness, whether physical sensations, feelings, sensory perceptions or thoughts. Basically, however, on feeling level, all forms can be considered to be part of a simple Duality: nice and unpleasant, or, if you allow more sensitivity, as in my case: bliss and pain. More and more in the course of the meditation days the whole human drama narrowed into (or became obvious, as being) the duality of pain and bliss (or hate and love – or resistant, stuck

or flowing free radiating energy). All 'I' did was follow the alternation between one side and the other, pain, bliss, pain, bliss – well, not saying by thus that it was so easy to get to that point where Duality stood out so clearly in the normal multitude of forms: one's focus needs to be sharp, to name one thing. By not resisting the Natural Duality of Life (or the swing of the coin instead of (secretly) choosing one side of it) – and this radical not-choosing is very rare, I understood later – it appeared that this alternating went on quicker and quicker, by itself, by Nature, without anyone doing anything or it should have been Consciousness Itself. Pain, bliss, pain, bliss, pain... 'I', or (the Absence of 'I' That Is) Consciousness, was totally absorbed in it; pain and bliss were totally absorbed by Consciousness – even unbearable pain was 'just' unbearable pain – and it all seemed to come to some kind of boiling point, or explosion or orgasm (which, by the way, is also related to the releasing of the inherent tension of the duality of Life, of Man and Woman).

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

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 (of what seemed to be the One) 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.

Next day however, at the same retreat, I felt Enlightenment leaving me, subtly but still noticeably. As a conditioning from a past I soon started wondering 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. Me happy. Contented that I could stop resisting the apparent resistance to Enlightenment, it came back again though, the clouding, the 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. Unlike at primary school, where I had sat with folded arms after I had finished all the sums, when also the last extra arithmetic books were done by me and I was waiting for the teacher to tell me what to do next, now the answer came instantly. At the time, at school, it was the simple 'truth' of normal society that I proved to be capable of dealing with properly, now it was the truth of spiritual society. There's something to it: as a kid you get the (relatively) simple outer truth to deal with, if you want to grow up you get the deeper inner truth on your plate to Find out.

'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 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.

At that moment only one thing was almost but not totally Clear yet. The words literally appeared before 'me', appeared in Consciousness: "Energy is Consciousness". I knew immediately that this is so. But also I felt there was something lacking in this seeing. It was that I hadn't yet totally Lived the Fact of this Final Truth, not Whole-Heartedly, that is, here on earth: Whole-Bodily. For that to Happen (a) Woman(-form) was needed, as in the Duality of Life Woman represents Energy and Man represents Consciousness. This Process of Man and Woman Meeting is even more Profound and basic (and is the thorough 'preparation' for Holistic, Whole-Hearted Whole-Bodily (that is: Real) Enlightenment) than the processes normally associated with Enlightenment: I'm talking about the Whole-Hearted, Whole-Bodily Surrender into the Other Sex. There is much too much to tell about this here now, however. I've written a rather voluminous book on Man and Woman in which all or at least the most important aspects of Man and Woman's fight (or love, if you want) are dealt with. For now, let's just say that it took still two and a half years – of which two very hard years with the woman that appeared as an Endarkening trigger for this Enlightening Process to Unfold further and Let Itself Be Finalised – before the in itself permanent state of Enlightenment (that is: the Flexible State Beyond Enlightenment and Non-Enlightenment) became Total, that is: Embedded in the earth, or was Born into and out of (but didn't Originate from) the Womb of Woman. After I had cried all Her tears on the bottom of the sea, the Divine Woman literally Appeared before 'me', Saw 'me',

Recognized ‘me’, Recognized that I, Man, Her Consciousness, finally Saw, Whole-Bodily felt Her, Her deepest Pain, Her Darkness (or: Unconsciousness) That Is Her Deep Pain, and found ‘me’ finally worthy to Go into, Melt with Me and She did. She went in me – or in fact: Back into Her Source, Man – and never left me any more, at least not Fundamentally, as Man is Always Present here, even in the deepest misery. How would I be able to leave Myself? ‘We’ (or I) were One, Reunited. The (non-Ultimacy of the) Duality of Man and Woman (or the apparent difference between Consciousness and Energy) had been Gone through, Lived, finally. The delusion of the world presenting us always Two had been Overcome.

Although answers are not bound to questions, let’s go back to the question. Gradually or Suddenly...

I could say Suddenly, but – I’m talking now from the perspective that True Enlightenment Inherently Touches and is continuously Touched by the Earth and is not merely Enlightened in Its own bubble – only Suddenly if one has already been Surrendered into every (and thus doesn’t fundamentally resist any) area or Level of Life; if one is always not only continuously truth-loving but also actually truth-living. If one would associate a steady (‘steady’ in respect of silent, humble, continuous selfless dedication to (and in fact already as) Truth), wild, always truthful life, free of any norms, never surrendering to any Lie – a life that sets the bedding in which the sudden explosion must occur – with gradation, with gradual development ‘to’ (the Realization of Being Itself, of) That Which is Beyond Enlightenment, I’m all right with that formulation (too). In any case it must be clear that It cannot happen to anyone, at any moment, spontaneously. Supposing this, which is something that can sometimes be heard or read in spiritual spheres, is total nonsense. Without any judgment, but just as a matter of fact, if you live a normal medium safe life, spiritual or not, trying, hoping for the best, if you’re not ‘extremely’ in Love with (or even as) Truth Already Beyond yourself, you don’t have to worry: Enlightenment won’t bother you suddenly and not at all.

From the beginning the ‘gradual’ Process goes on without ego. That means any Real ‘Growth’, or Dying into the Realization of no-self, necessarily Happens only and already, actually, at a moment where no Ego is (ruling) – the Ego that inherently prevents this potential growth). Any sudden ‘Jump’ or ‘Fall’ or Quantum-leap or Explosion or Orgasm in Consciousness Happens already in and as Truth, not as ‘you’. As ‘you’ nothing, absolutely nothing can Happen. There’s no gradual development at all for (a) ‘you’, nor sudden ‘Jumps’. A ‘you’ or ‘self’ or (from Bodily Life) separate mind can never Understand anything about Enlightenment, only question. And it can think, presume or hope (or question) that well-known people like Byron Katie or Eckhart Tolle are Enlightened and that – understanding what they say – It, then, can happen to all of us in principle. Only the Egoless Itself – or Consciousness Itself That Is Already Surrendered into the Pain of the Earth – can See that although these people (and many people giving Satsang – meetings in (supposed) truth) certainly realized something, are in touch with a deeper, subtler layer of life, they are not Enlightened, or at least they are still quite far from being fully, Whole-Heartedly and surely from Whole-Bodily Enlightened, far from Being Present Beyond and at the same time Living the Duality of Life. Speaking of Whole-Bodily Enlightenment, this is the deepest and most painful and resistant part of the whole inherently Holistic Process, which is the part that most spiritually interested people have no (and don’t want to have a) realistic idea about if any clue at all, the part they are not in Touch with. Whole-Bodily

Enlightenment is only possible by Being in Conscious Whole-Bodily Relationship with people, which certainly includes ((a) partner(s) of) the Opposite Sex – not by, possibly, Realizing things about the Body, not by merely looking inside of it as something other, other than the Seeing Itself.

It is true, there are different Levels or Spheres of Life (or Consciousness) on and in which (partial) enlightenment takes place, that is: the Relief of the burden of (inherently Reality clouding) Duality, or better: of the Unconscious aspects in Duality. Up to now Indian Masters – who, to a considerable part, determined the picture of the enlightened master – have never been fully Enlightened, but their ‘Relief’ happened mostly on 4th or 5th Level of Life (in a scheme of 7 Levels, in which the 7th is no Level anymore, but is already Holistic, Beyond any Duality, from the beginning). In the West, most people giving Satsang – who are usually associated with a spiritual path called Advaita Vedanta – are dwelling (or have realized ‘something’) in the 6th Level, the Level of Consciousness, which in itself does not at all mean that all other 5 Levels are Clear. In the true case a realizer must have Seen and Whole-Heartedly Felt ‘hell’. Without hell no heaven, and without (this) Duality no (Ultimate) Oneness. (Of course, this shouldn’t be turned upside down: if you face hell, this doesn’t, in itself, lead to (full) enlightenment.)

Practically, always honestly and humbly feeling one’s pain of one’s separation – even though in the end it’s not one’s personal pain – Does the whole Work – Gradually and, suddenly, Suddenly. The Egoless Feeling of the pain that the Ego Is. The speeding up of the alternating of the poles of Duality (into a climax) can only Happen without Ego, that is: without any resistance to but being wholly Surrendered into Pain (as one, inescapable, side of Life) – even though, ultimately, also ‘resistance’ is just part of the Selfless, it’s not yours and needs to be Seen just like other contents of Consciousness.

Somehow, and not without reason, the (inherently temporary) ‘spiritual’ puffing up of the one side of the coin into whatever spiritual ‘goodie’, is (much) more popular than the actual Work of Consciously Feeling through Pain in all its gradations and variations). In Truth there are, ultimately, no spiritual tricks (or practices) to hurry Enlightenment up (or whatever is on one’s shopping list). Even Consciousness (or meditation) cannot serve as a ‘trick’, as a way to Enlightenment if it is approached from and used in a self-centred way. In my case, by the way, (the drive for) meditation appeared spontaneously (when other stuff was dealt with) and was not ‘done’ to reach any goal.

Anyhow, True Enlightenment is not at all the state of paradise many people still stubbornly mistake it for – supported in their unconsciousness by teachers and masters. In fact, in a truly Enlightened state, in which the supposed borders between the former supposed ‘you’ and your (human and other) environment have dissolved, you’ll feel more Pain than you could have ever imagined existing. Your own pain has stopped and instead you are granted everybody’s pain, the pain of the whole world. Only the truly humble (or crazy, from a normal perspective) can Allow this Truth to actually be Lived in and as the Body (here on earth, not (at all) dissociated).

Enlightenment has no end. It is ever Deepening. The Deeper the Heart is Touched by the Pain of the earth or the Deeper the Light Sacrificed into the Dark, or Consciousness into Unconsciousness, the more it Deepens, the Deeper the Formless Manifests into the Form. But, true, there is a marker in the whole process (that could possibly manifest as several shock-points):

the realization of no-self, non existence of any self. From then on the Only-Existing Process seems totally Different. It appears Always Already to have Happened Selflessly. There is Only Process Itself, no one, Only One, One Functioning as Two.

Home again and now? Could or should I (first) keep it for myself, the Enlightenment, the definitive and profound end of the illusion of self, of 'I', the being blown Beyond Duality by having gone totally into it, the explosions of Preference, the Insight of all being the same, the Heart exploding into 'my' Body by which It had 'made' it Consciousness Itself? Naturally, a first moment came in which this issue was tested and it came already very soon, a couple of days after I got back. Strange as it may sound, but to be absolutely sure that I was not fooled again as had happened a few times in the retreat (and which was not unnatural to happen, by the way), to investigate in all fairness and openness whether the state of Consciousness I was blown into was permanent this time, as it seemed to be indeed, I immediately signed in for a next retreat of vipassana of a week that would take place in my hometown and under the guidance of my own meditation teacher, Ferry. Strange indeed, for if Consciousness is so very present after a retreat, and certainly this one, there is a natural movement back into the world, a natural tendency to share and give what was lived to See. My subscription would have been logic if I felt more could have happened still but time had run out. No, everything that was to be Seen now, was Seen – since the remaining issue of Consciousness and Energy Being One had to lived to See with (a) Woman. It was time for the world again, for Woman. And yet, I signed in. This had to do with the fact that I Intuitively – but also Consciously – Knew something very Important had happened in this long retreat, something that could be and in principle was already relevant for the (Spiritual) Development of the whole of humanity, or at least, if the Manifestation of it into the world still had to happen – indeed – then at least the very foundation for this had been Created, indispensable as this was and would appear to be. Something so relevant must be done very thoroughly, I knew. 'I', Consciousness, had to be absolutely sure – not almost – about 'my' state, about Itself in fact. If it had been about 'me', I wouldn't have signed in. What in such a retreat could possibly still be interesting for 'I' to 'get', or even to See? There was no 'I'. The game was over. 'I' was now Responsible for the world, not for myself any more. Perhaps I'd be only meditating other people for that week. Even though laughing had always been very easy for me – especially over the absurdity of life – and I seemed to do this much more than the average man, I was *completely serious* at the same time.

There was still a place left for the summer retreat. I was in. Now that I had Ferry on the phone anyway I felt spontaneously like sharing a few things of my deep experiences I had in the Belgium-retreat, even though beforehand I was not sure if I would say anything to him, if it would make sense at all. After all, I had had my shocking experience with Madame Cini. While I was talking to Ferry, sharing, I felt already soon some hidden resistance appearing on the other side of the phone, in the silence and in the conversation. The resistance was related to a refusal to accept that what I said could be true, be real, a refusal to accept that Enlightenment could have happened here. To not offend me, to stay good friends, Ferry merely tried, by words, to stay open, to leave it in the middle whether it was true or not. But instead of feeling and listening openly to what I had to say, instead of allowing the possibility of being touched, Ferry went safely into his role as a teacher. He understood my enthusiasm but somewhere I was deluded to his opinion. He tried to say it gently and he stuttered a lot when the moment was there to get me out of what he wanted to be a dream. The whole would have been quite funny if there hadn't been the cramp around it. That he looked up to me, as I found out later, didn't make it easier for him. Well, I was not attached to Enlightenment anyway, let alone to someone believing the manifestation of it here or not. Ferry was a good guy, we could go along well, he was a good meditator, a good teacher, but if it was about the Real Fire of Life and about Man he was not there, he was not really present. He couldn't resonate with what was going on here. He couldn't compare.

Nevertheless, I felt strange after the talk. As fresh as the Realization was, this was already the second, seemingly different form of (obvious) resistance I met. My Consciousness-Body went to work, to feel through it. The work would never stop any more. Why not begin immediately, indeed? Why first a break or a holiday? Life was short, there was no time to waste. I needed Resistance for the actual manifestation of the Heart here down on earth. Thank you, Ferry. No irony. And I would come to the next retreat anyway.