

The progress of getting lost into the earth

Wednesday October 19th. During Pranayama I keep being distracted by thoughts about being distracted all the time. I have quite a few conversations about this in my head.

Despite being so sick I had a good evening yesterday at Emotional Body-Work. This was due to the leg exercises we did, through which I felt my power. This time this was not accompanied by anger or rage but by big joy with lots of laughter. With full power I kicked against the pile of mattresses.

I start realizing simple things, like: a human being is able to live without being in love.

Also, I realize that I have always been senselessly thinking. It gets me nowhere, absolutely nowhere.

Rarely have I been in such a strange state of consciousness. Helped by EBW and breathing exercises, my surrender of the last three days has provoked quite something. It just happened that I thought nothing!¹ I let myself be carried away by physical and sensory perceptions without having thoughts about them. We're getting somewhere.

It started after the last half an hour of 'Angelique' on television. The end was that her man was burning on the stake. Angelique was left behind silently weeping, tears coursing down her cheeks. I cried deeply from my belly. And another time. Also much. In between exuberant laughter. Things started flowing... very cold... very warm... I became totally weak, faint, giggly. And now I have a perfect, free, circular breath, as a gift from heaven.

(The strange thing is that the faint feeling started after having read that every moment is beautiful. Hm. Something similar five months ago with that (comparable) orgasm: I was reading about enjoying.)

I can't remember this, but it looks like a pre-stage of entering spirituality. Opening myself in a rapid and thorough way as I 'did' or allowed, made me open for deeper spiritual states as well. The opening in my case was not restricted to the energetic body. Apparently I had gotten so sensitive by then that just reading about something made it already happen what I was reading about. It wouldn't take many years any more before I understood that this principle, this radical openness, this easy tuning into whatever 'outside' of me and resonating with it, also meant that if I seriously, selflessly attuned to master(s) I became the master myself.

Getting orgasmic, by the way, was a good sign not just for the sake of enjoyment itself. Of course, humanly, I liked these outbursts of joy, but that was not what the orgasmic states were about. My body was prepared for – or already actually participating in – becoming radically freed from personal cramp (including on a energetic level) so that I(t) could be a transmitter of Free energy and a Transcender of human karma: whatever would come to me

¹ I may have described similar states in 'Suzanne' but that was a novel in which I had later, tuning back into that period with my by then expanded consciousness, filled in feelings and states of consciousness, thus getting a bit ahead of reality here and there in order to squeeze the development of consciousness in one story covering only one week.

and enter me that was not pure – virtually everything – stood out against the free orgasmic state; the blocking that the entering caused could not happen unnoticed. The Free state in which you can laugh about really everything, was important for my later Work. I'm talking about divinely Laughing, having no bonds at all, no blocks of energy, no energy, nothing to hold on to. It is the opposite of the earthly state wherein patterns, blocks of energy, determine not only one's body but also one's life, one's direction, one's perspective, one's attitude, one's relations.

It seemed that, in this case, exceptionally still watching something on television, I got a good nose for it to go there where I could deeply cry from the suffering here on earth. Nothing functioned as good for Coming Down as this deep whole-hearted whole-bodily crying, whether you 'used' your own sad situation for it or other people's situation – well, as long as you were not stuck in self-pity.

And now, 24.15, in bed, I am 'high'. I can't help it. I like everything, especially this remark: 'I can't help it'. This is crazily funny. Ingenious too. I'm laughing even as far as into my anus. I actually feel the laughter there. The food rises in my oesophagus.

Tuesday 25th.

With Anne it seems kind of finished. I've been with her for three days. It appears that both of us were afraid to hurt the other, because for both of us the other is far from 'the one'.

Well, obviously, considering what I did – or allowed – during the French week, openly being in love with Suzanne, making love with Marianne and dating with Cecile, I at least didn't let my fear of hurting Anne determine my acts. I don't insinuate being proud of this, but for me it was an important next step in my development. Whether for another type of man it would be a progress to take a woman's feelings finally into account and let his behaviour be significantly influenced by this, for me the opposite was true: no longer to let my life be determined by trying to prevent pain in a woman to manifest, pain that was there anyway – realizing that it was not my task to keep this pain down, suppressed till the end of times, realizing that it was a form of self-obsession that I, important I, didn't want to play a part in Woman's Pain, or rather that I should be purely the reliever of it, not contributing to it. Well, the latter made sense in itself, but I was not that far yet. First I had to become Part of the whole Drama, not stay outside of it with clean hands and dick and heart. I had to be Faithful to Maja who 'sent me to the many', going from entering her – right – Body to the wrong Bodies. This had just started.

There is a mix of many feelings: anger, sadness, disappointment, even feeling offended, pity, relief, being fed up with the whole fuss, satisfaction. The latter has got to do with the fact that I have told her fairly open how I saw our relationship and whatever else that was important.

I laugh over this being offended. Again a feeling that I could put on the list of earthly feelings that I had finally met now and could feel in myself as my own.

Apart from some moments I'm already sick for 15 days by now.

Last Friday, by the way, I've walked with Rita (the older woman from the second workshop week at Veenpluis) through the Drunense Dunes. She couldn't believe it that I, a young beautiful man in the strength of his life, came to visit her, an old ugly woman, living far away. This remark, together with the timid happy amazement in her eyes based on a life of experience, keeps resounding through me. It shows the world, that the world is based on interests, not on love. It shows that I'm different. It shows that, from the normal earthly perspective, in the eyes of both normal men and women, I must be a loser. A friendly loving loser. Who doesn't use his energy to simply get the best for myself, but wastes it on people and things that are of no importance or value here on earth.

It is true that afterwards I could understand Rita's disbelief better: how terribly tiring with that chatterbox.

By the way, for the first time in my life I've lost my way. A dream came true. This was, with my perfect geographic orientation, a big wish of mine in the past: to at least once get lost somewhere. Even though Rita was the one who lived in the area, I said "no problem, I can't get lost" to her when she got worried about the way. I felt stupid when after an hour on our way out we came to the same point again.

From all the signs in those years showing that I was really (progressing in) coming down to earth, this was the clearest. I lost my immunity to getting lost, I was losing my overview, the helicopter view. The Heaven stopped looking Down. The clouds became too thick. I couldn't enjoy it at all, the fact that my dream had come true, that I had got lost on the earth. It was just sad somehow. Going into Woman meant losing Overview, losing Man. In the myriad of women, in the labyrinth of the earth where you seem to come to the same point over and over again, I had to find the Overview again – ripened by losing the way.

Getting in Touch with Woman in the beginning of my thirties I indeed started to lose my previous infallible geographic orientation at a rapid pace. Where was I? In unknown places in nature where I had never been before I had always known where to go, how to get out, I was never lost. It was not even a question where to go, I just knew. Now in the inland dune woods I was slightly shocked to find that I didn't find my way any more, and also embarrassed, since I betrayed the trust a woman had put in me. Rita had said; "Well, I don't know if we should go that way", when I was about to walk there, "I don't know that way so well and soon it is getting dark." And I responded as if I still was the old Maarten, with the certainty of a man who doesn't Know Woman yet, the boy who didn't, unlike all the other pupils, put a question mark at the end of his answer to the teacher who asked how much 32 times 7 was. I was reminded of Maja who asked how I could be so sure of everything. Well, because reality just was as it was.

Even though this was just about showing Woman literally the way in a physical sense, it felt good and above all but natural to show (a) Woman the way. Only, there was one thing

that I hadn't taken into account. In my own, Male, world I knew exactly the way and I assumed I could just take (a) woman along in it, with me, showing her the way and that she could totally trust me in this. Now, as a beginner in Woman's world – which should have been about Love, I supposed naively – I immediately lost the overview. No wonder Maja left.

I was not afraid of the nearing dark – I hadn't really met it yet – and went into it, with Rita at my side, and got lost. After a while I didn't know any more which direction we came from and where we should go to get out of the nature reserve, to find Rita's car again. When Rita asked if we should go left or right or straight, it only got worse, I was immediately confused, I had taken over her doubt, her not knowing. There were suddenly three options instead of one. I started thinking upon her question, trying to remember instead of seeing directly and saying 'this is the way', as I was used to.

As I was not used yet to my new, more modest, humbled position, I took her right, on the remainders of my self-confidence, to, after a while of a suspiciously long next track with all kinds of curves, have to admit that we arrived at the same spot again as where Rita got worried earlier. At least I recognized that it was the same spot, but this didn't soothe me somehow and didn't take away the worry that had got me also by now. And Rita, noticing my doubt, re-activated her previous worry again.

My first getting lost was a fact. My entering Woman's world, entering confusion, was successful. Now the next stage still to go, how to get out again, through the fog, through the dark. I was not enjoying my success, the changes in me since Maja, since entering Woman's world, that were by now undeniable. And to think that this was just the beginning, as I sensed...

Yet, I didn't have a serious impulse to quit the debilitating journey and go back to where I came from, to my well-known safe male world of overview. I Knew there was only One Way: Straight forward, Going into Woman, with my Love for Her Outshining any possible inconveniences, pain, frustration, distraction, humiliation, terror. To Know the way in Man's world – inviting Woman and hoping She would join – was easy. But to See the way in Woman's world as Man, that was different cook. I had no idea that hardly any man, if at all any, had ever managed, staying Alive – or rather Resurrecting again and again – *as Himself in* Woman's world.

Although the direction of all men must be the same in the end – Going Down and giving their Heart in and to this cramped deluded Female world of form – I was yet, through and despite the confusion the first entrance of Woman brought about in my system, vaguely aware of the fact that it was exceptional what 'I' was 'doing'. And this exceptionality had got to do with the fact that I Felt 'my' Love for Woman was so very Strong, Powerful, Inspirational, entirely Selfless – never really having confused this Love with sexual attraction – that it would always overpower any possible 'self', self-interest, self-obsession, any possible fear.

And, indeed, as I later learned much better, how very frightened was Man to *Really Go into Woman*, to Actually, Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily Live Her, Wholly Touch Her and Be Wholly Touched by Her, instead of to merely and more or less greedily go into Her physical body, Her flesh, Her form. Man was afraid of losing Himself, to completely be

Swallowed by Woman's Dark Earthly Force. And in and due to this unconscious fear, this was exactly what happened.

A big difference of me compared to other men was that this fear would never ever win over Love. This fear was, in the end, a blind copy of Woman's fear, fear of the Dark side in Herself, fear that if the Dark Beast would show its head above the surface, come into the Light of Consciousness, it would appear that Man's powers to kill the Dragon would by far not suffice and then, if this turned out to be so indeed, Woman would not be able any more to press the beast down again into the unknown. And She would lose Her social position, be ridiculed, banished, killed as a witch or demon.

The Great Force of the Love I Knew inside me simply made it impossible for me to let myself be stopped and held back in any sense. I would Go to the End of Love, the Deep as Deep could be, if I had the chance. I looked for the chance. I was a Warrior. A Warrior of Love. In My Heart the whole Battle would take place and nowhere else. The fear of men – copied from Woman – created an *other*. In my case, in the Ground I would not tolerate this form of creation, even though I had to come to Know this world of 'me and the other'. Woman was Part of My Heart and She would always Be.

In all immodesty I must say that I couldn't see the difference between this great Love I was apparently blessed with and Intelligence – the latter should not be confused with extreme cleverness, which is something of this world, while the first is Something Beyond that. At some point in one of those years I realized that, in fact, in Truth, there was no fundamental distinction between Love, Intelligence and Courage. By the latter I don't mean the usual courage that some men could show and that I don't mean to and have no right to belittle at all, but the Courage to disappear as self into All, into Love, into the One Intelligence. Really Seeing something included the Courage to Live it. That I Saw many people not living up to their realization of whatever meant in my experience that they did not *Really* See it, not in all extremeness, Radically. They still kept, at least, a door open, if not many doors – to the possibility that things were different, more in tune with their self-interests. In Radical Seeing there was no self-interest any more, no split between Seeing and Doing or Living it. This included the Courage, therefore, to totally Give oneself in Love, and then, thus, to Disappear in Love.

It might seem paradoxical. At first sight or inquiry, i rather seemed to be a loner, not so social as other people were. And yet I had this quality, this Potential, to Totally Sacrifice myself into Love, Wholly Disappear into Love, into Whole Relationship – for which an 'other' or others were needed. I could not 'Disappear' on my own.