

Notes of Early Exploration

This is a collection of notes from another form of this moment, which I have memory of, and with the concept of time, is called the past. This past translates into dates from about the summer of 2008 until early 2009. Actually it "started" earlier, but back then only scattered events, mostly discarded in ignorance.

I enjoy to write and share how the same old looks from here. Expressed differently and as all other aim at what words cannot reach. These are notes from the journey beyond "this world", only to come back and see them as one. As "the beyond" is manifest with different relish through everyone, I express these notes, with the touch of "me".

Who then am I? An ordinary human, who enjoys to play, live and unconditionally share who I am. Which is a portal and playing a role, capable of endless sensation, here to enjoy the ideal amusement of our choosing.

Through "you" what is beyond concepts is expressed into "this world". I see two similar views to preserve what is. Too see the love manifest in this world, shine through all and change, the flawless sensation of play, here in "everyday life". In "this world" of symbols, all become portals to that beyond.

Also the experience of different levels of magnification exists. If zoomed to one extreme, all we see is the playground. We are overwhelmed by the sensation of "reality" (take things personally, as if we really were only a role) forget who we are and why we are here.

The other extreme is "the beyond", which is at the root of any sensation. At the depth and other side of all, as: external form, thought, feeling, will. Zooming out, leave the body, past earth, beyond space. Zooming in, experience oneself as the portal or as in sensation yet more physical.

In the first view we never left the playground to visit the beyond but let the beyond come to us. Ultimately there is no difference, as with everything. Why not just experience the fantastic play then?

Note: Leave the world of symbols as sterile concepts. See the beyond. Come back to the world of symbols as portals.

Time, more and more I began to question what it was. First I wondered if what was before really was, it certainly was not the same form as now. It felt more like the past was a dream. Did it even matter what was before?

Further in the odd new perception of time was the connection to other people. Whenever I meet someone, I simultaneously have the experience of having known them forever and this being the first time we meet. Again, does it matter? Or does it help to adapt and connect with how it is?

Later I expressed "I have no baggage" (emotional baggage) yet I certainly have experienced change throughout life, have memories and all this certainly influence what happens inside and how I react. At times an exploration of this can be fun and bring some insight to why. And also it holds no meaning when we choose to celebrate what is and when we want to change it.

If I recognize I'd like to change, why blame the past (as in: others actions, upbringing, society, "accidents", time, I do this because of that...) or explain at all? It won't change what is, it will only stifle change, keep you in what you wish to change from. What happens in me only I can chose to react to, be responsible for, and "do" something about.

Next, I more and more experience an extraordinary effortlessness. At its peak I'm moving in a regular sense, however it feels as if I'm still and the environment is moving, changing. The perception of no time and still change became the sense of: I change and experience "me" as everything, me and the surrounding as one. And other times as nothing, a mere spectator, what happens happens through "me". Whichever view, what "I" do is completely effortless.

Note: Why hurry? Time is another concept.

There is no "way" to get "there", there is no "there", it is all an ever changing moment, of which "you" appear to be the center of experience. Every doctrine or attempt is futile, yet if kept up, you might eventually see there is nothing to understand. To understand is limited and in this matter only an obstacle. The more I explore, the more I see is available to explore. Question to "try", particularly to try controlling, and above all to try controlling yourself. Are you not one and especially not one that can be trusted? Not even by "yourself"? And if not who controls that which controls...?

Note: Effort to control will divide and end the effortless.

Somehow what is written becomes flat, not only do I run the risk to conceptualize. As talking about a swim or sex are incomparable to experiencing it. Here what is "inexpressible" (which itself is a concept...) is written about. Why than do I even bother, seek to explain this joke? This question itself can give away the trick of "reality". It is imposed we do things to get somewhere, not because we will it, what we share through it. If writing this was an inconvenience, you would not be reading this. Here I'd like to share a story.

I stood still, leaning over the bar of the bicycle, experimenting with what to have beneath the thin paper I was about to write a note on. A few cars were idly going by. Suddenly attention shifted from the philosophical note taking to roaring engines. Two cars whooshed by and stimulated an

enormous delight in me. In addition to the affectionate connection to speed, play etc. their motivation differed from the "zombie drivers". I later imagined asking all drivers "If you could teleport to your destination instead of driving, would you?" The dead-driver answered "Yes!", the alive-driver answered "No! Why would I?"

Note: The meaning of life is "THIS"!

About that trick and all tricks, ideas. You will stay on one path as long as you believe you have to. Therefore, if you are convinced you cannot you cannot. Maybe you can at least see it is possible for others but are certain you can't, rejoice in what is. From here if you are willing to explore, you can start with a taste of the beyond, and soon find yourself wondering: why do people take life so seriously?

Note: What world do you live in and what world would you like to explore?

As all paths, the path I am on in this form "ends" with death. One could say "If you are in a hurry, you are in a hurry to die", one might also argue "to hurry in essence is to walk ones path perfectly". How can one tell when all is perfect? Here in my path there is sense of intense enthusiasm, curiosity, love and ease. These are different from the temporary feelings, it is more of a general view of whatever happens along the path. I hope you are on a path you will, love and feel gratitude to.

Note: You know when you are, you need no excuse.

From the playground to the beyond is an endless variety of increased sense, essentially perception and sensation is enhanced. Whatever form, we can enter through it, experience it fully, by gratefully going into it. To go into, flow with, let go, cease the struggle to keep it out, give up trying to control, let what is be etc. is like as much "doing" as falling asleep. Merely let the sensation be, feel it, let it carry you along in whatever direction, share, and all will be taken care of by itself. When we struggle to get away, or for control, it does as much for us as trying to go to sleep when we are not tired or cling to staying awake when we are sleepy.

In the early stages of a love relationship, before serious concepts are introduced, when we still relate out of love rather than commitment. We can feel the connection beyond this world, have the feeling we cannot live without the other. What we surely cannot live without is that beyond and in this form we allow it to flow into the playground, into us, through the other. Our beloved can in this sense mean more to us than anything of this world. Through where we experience to be in love, where we

feel safe enough to just be, open up, share, let the love flow. Free to explore for any who wish, dare to share and risk all.

I'd like to share a taste of this. An autumn walk, somber mood, gloomy atmosphere, murky water, serious attitude. I do my best to think a way out of it, no success. I share what is in me, the obstacle, we both do. No matter what, the importance is in letting it out. In a moment it all changes, as if I previously blocked the essence of life, the love, whatever beyond, only through holding on, trying to fix it, instead of being it, open to go through. Color returned, all became playful and easy again, what was before endured was now a dance.

At times even love is rejected in fear. Anyhow, I suppose this form is the most common way to taste the beyond. When love often is evaluated as "Good" and there for, the conditioned mind can accept it with more ease. Again love might not be the best example. What I'm aiming at is the evaluation "Bad" or rather "Caution! This might lead to undesirable consequences" hinder us to experience the current sensation. Luckily, if we translate the evaluation itself to a sensation, this to can act as an entrance.

The enhanced perception may contain more restrictive evaluations. No matter what situation only our resistance to it will make it prolonged and cruel, fear itself is no problem if we don't make into one. It sure looks easier with situations labeled pleasure full. Too see them all as entertainment, a wonder ride is all around us.

Note: Exist, Gray, Flatline, Die? Live, Color, Feel, Play?

What happens when I let it come? Become one, flow with etc. As the previous section somewhat theoretically said: enhancement and depth of experience. The concept of time is lost. Whatever is done is done for the pure enjoyment of it and becomes all there is in the universe. Eat when you are hungry, differs from: ought to eat, to get energy, to carry on. Let the taste fulfill you. Share sensual expression, one touch is all there is, differs from: foreplay to have sex, sex to come, come to reproduce. Be the pleasure, experience the slightest of union as an infinity. Take a trip to explore the world, to broaden your perspective, differs from: an escape, get away, recharge the batteries. One endless breath, let the serenity come. Walk, soar. Be the music. Stand still, feel the vast power behind you. As I write, it is written through me, I am the writing, a dance with the keyboard. Let the ecstasy come, this is all entertainment.

Pain then? How can pain be entertainment? We see only a flat playground, a gray cold dead world, filled with sterile concepts which there is nothing more to. We struggle to live, take things seriously and personally as they were all that mattered, to live here must truly be frightening. If we leave this world, detach as in death, there is nothing, empty and calm, nothing matters, and in the end it is really dull. If we see them both, everything is meaningless and that's when everything is all there is, the meaning of life, in all forms. From here one can be grateful for all stimulus, we avoid to flatline. Free of restrictive evaluation, no matter tears or laughter.

Note: Only all, scary. Only nothing, dull. All is nothing, nothing is all, Play.

Further on our journey, in the world in between, the whole, where there is no time and everything is alive, we play and explore, for fun. I'd like to share what "full body sensation" is to me. It is the continuation of enhanced perception and sensation. What is experienced intensely. One could make endless lists and explaining concepts about this, I'll just give a brief clarification of intensity. Thoughts and feelings related to a situation are but two levels to experience a form. Say for example:

Allot of ideas are in my mind, I feel creative. A continuation of this could be, to see, picture oneself as someone or something manifesting this creativity and these ideas. This is very individual and one could jump to any phase. Together with the thoughts and feeling, I see a mystic and a shining star. To go down this path, what I picture is sensed. The star is in the center of my chest, it feels light and fresh, the mystic grants me a peculiar smile with a piercing yet gentle look, I laugh. A tingle, slight vibration, presence, pulsates through my body. The smile broadens, as the pleasure full presence spreads out through the body, the star heats up and shines out through the whole of me. Especially hands and fingers feel the liveliness, down onto the keyboard into this text. I, the text, and the keyboard, become one, where does all this come from? We are one, I am it, there is no difference, I am with you, it is a full manifestation.

In this state writing is truly effortless and amusing, I somehow chose to go into it and use it to type, with overpowering enthusiasm. During what was just explained "I" zoomed to another depth, not to the ultimate beyond, but far enough to feel enormously blissful, serene and wanting to write...

Note: Give up. Come back, by choice, by will!

The sun is caged within the chest, exploding energies want to burst out. There is so much I'd like to share. Let the text go where it wills. As mentioned before, due to resistant evaluation, what is deemed a pleasure full sensation is often easier to enjoy. Here is a trick. It is all the same, what is, and we can choose to enjoy or fight it. Caution though, if this or whatever becomes a must, a goal to struggle for, ought to, should etc. it is all lost.

For me love is I melt, I really melt, a blissful euphoric feeling, and incredibly intense when I go with it. At first I didn't dare to go with the opposite, afraid to forever stay there. A broken abandoned or frozen closed heart. The chest pierced, being hit by gigantic sledgehammers. A sensation of the heart, alive and as large and as my field of view, shrinking and hardening into metal never to open to anyone again. Short of breath in chest pains, tears, and so very alive! Willingly through it, it all changed. What a ride, somehow a sweet pain, beautiful but scary at times. Thanks for everything, keeps me from a flatline, I live.

Another full body sensation was being torn asunder or every fraction of the body twisted in opposite. Tears, and tears and laughter at once. This was how love in me stimulated pain in me,

through the pain stimulated in another through thoughts... In the midst of it, for a while, everything was real and serious, and then changed into a play, a joke, an entertainment. It seems in every situation or through every change the choice will come again.

Note: Love n Gratitude or Resentment n Anger.

Sense can emerge at different centers in the body, in relation to what one is involved in. Typing this, the hands are on fire. Further experience of the depth inside can vary greatly, the experiences are endless. Drift back, zoom out and into the infinite expanding space within. Become a crack in the environment, the edge between body and outside turns into steep walls of the abyss, you are the portal. Lunge into the waterfall, sink down into and go with the vast river that runs in you. Experience the total opening. Move as one, merge with the surrounding. Rooted to the earth receiving energy from above. Look down, see you and the room in you. Soar. Inhale and expand, exhale and dissolve, into unity.

The deeper the connection with another human, the more intense the transformation. The surrounding fall away together with the concept of time, and you two are all there is. Appearance changes to alive and pristine, soft and beautiful, a glow radiates from the other. As a wall of concepts or thoughts about the other is gone, what is beneath the mask is revealed. You touch each other beyond roles and social concepts. A spark in the eye grows to a look of fire, and if both go with it the intensity spreads outthought the body. You are both fully in flames, release the warmth and blaze of the sun. If the love is allowed to flow throw us, all is possible!

On the whole what was just shared is the possibility for an immensely richer sensation of every day, the only day. Between the playground and the beyond is infinite exploration and to visit the beyond in pure is as dying and coming back. However one shares that with words.

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