

Approaching the girl – meeting Maja

In the summer, in July, after the second year, i went with my new friend Sietze to one of the Dutch islands for a few days. I really loved the Dutch islands, beautiful as they were, and with such a free atmosphere. For many years on end our family had spent long summers on Terschelling, in a cow house or later on a camp site. Terschelling has always felt like my second home and still does. Sietze, despite my protesting, persuaded me to go to the neighbour island Ameland this time, where a bit different kind of people went.

We put our tent on a camp site for young people and it was almost full. Every other tent had their own ghetto blaster or something similar. A great scenario for a nightmare. We would stay for three nights, apparently to test the reach of our suffer-system. The second day i was lying alone on my back in the grass, finally relaxing in a rare moment of relative peace. I lifted myself up to rest on the lower part of my arms. In the far distance, i saw two girls with their luggage coming almost in our direction. I had to follow them with my eyes until they had reached the camping site. I couldn’t take my eyes off them somehow – well, especially not the brunette on the left. This was the promised land. New unspoiled girls, their long hair brown and blond waving in the wind. I couldn’t see her features of her face well from such a distance, and yet i felt already attracted to her, to something in her energy. No tomes were needed here to explain the attraction. From afar she looked like Brigitte. Was i deluded by this promise. I didn’t care. If so, then i *had to* be deluded – in order to be cured, cured from Delusion. The girls put up their tent three away from ours. They didn’t see me watching them.

In the evening we went out, something that was normal to do there. The whole camp site went out in the evenings. Our first evening had not been a success – at least not for me – as i, or my mood, was always influenced by the kind of music that was played at the disco or the dance hall. In the end, my – or anyone’s – Body gets the consciousness and state of heart of the singers, composers, players and producers of the songs on its plate to process, one song after the other, every three or four minutes the next process. The music in De Harrewar bar (The Squabble) was quite bad. Anyway, the eighties had started and taken its toll, certainly also if it came to the quality of the music that was produced those days. We had still tried another disco, The Lightbuoy, but that had been even worse. Sietze, however, had got in touch with a German girl there and they felt attracted to each other.

This was nice for him – although i couldn’t understand his attraction to such a girl. I always had this, that i didn’t understand people’s attraction to members of the opposite sex, how for heaven’s sake they had ended up with one another. Nonetheless i appreciated that nature worked that way, as this would mean that most men were not busy with the girls that were nice, with ‘my’ girls. Well, perhaps after my experience with Pandora i could understand it a bit, and yet not *really* somehow. How could someone be attracted to someone – or something – that was not attractive. Strange. It must have been the same principle as when it came to smoking cigarettes and drinking alcohol. These things were dirty, disgusting, sickening, horrible, a repressed nightmare and yet people did them. I was convinced this was the same principle. When people didn’t feel what they were doing, what their Bodies felt, what or whom they associated with, this was the result: ending up with something miserable,

misery that had been forgotten to be Felt. Without Feeling, people could do anything, be with anyone – or even kill. My father, for instance, didn’t feel, at least not consciously, and was friends with everyone. All that doesn’t feel nice was simply reasoned away – if this was still necessary anyhow – and one could concentrate on what was supposed to be the good side of life, the pleasurable side of the contact, as in this case.

Sietze’s involvement with a girl since the first evening meant that i’d be alone on the second evening, and not only that evening. I understood from him that he would keep going with her. That was life. I was not bothered by it, if only for the fact that a potential girl felt more important than a friend who would remain anyway in the coming years. I *might* have done the same, even though certainly not with the same ease with which Sietze had solved the matter. I would have still tried somehow to combine being with the girl and with the friend. I was totally all right with the new situation, although i didn’t like going out alone. Well, it had happened a few times that i had gone out alone, when no one was free to join me.

In general, i had become aware of a fact deeply embedded in My Being that (being with) a girl or woman was more important, and in fact incomparably more important, than having (male) friends or even just one friend. I didn’t have to think about it whether or why this was so. It was So. And it was not because of what cynics would say, that in the end this was merely related to sexuality, to having a sexual partner. It was not about as a part finding another part and making new parts. Although i didn’t understand what I Knew, i felt that the indisputable fact was related to *wholeness*, to the Whole. With (male) friends something was obviously missing. Being with a girl, i didn’t have this feeling. Together, Man and Woman, we made a Whole. We represented the Whole Universe somehow, not one side of it. Merely being with male friends carried an emptiness in it that could never be filled with ‘sense’, no matter how good, great, amicable, funny, sporty, creative, familiar, our contact was or could ever become. With a male friend i could never come closer than to a certain point. With a girl there was the promise and potential to unite, to go beyond myself and become part of Love. Unlike my father, for whom the boys friendships of his youth were the greatest thing for him, the most valuable form of contact – and the closest one could get to going beyond oneself – i couldn’t, in all seriousness, compare the value of Love to the value of friendships. My male friends, up to then, stayed (much) longer than girls somehow, but this was no compensation for being with a girl and for feeling what i could feel in a girl’s presence. I never longed for a male friend, also not during that first year of my studies when i was without friends. The longing for a girl was endless it seemed, even though on the face of it i was not busy with ‘girl’ most of the time – but rather with my band Hemisphere or with composing for instance. The male friend was already in me somehow; he was obvious. The girl was hidden in the dark and needed to manifest in the outside world for me to get to Know her. I didn’t need more of the same, more of ‘me’. To be(come) Me i needed Difference, the Other. The Girl. The Longing to (Unite with) Girl came from the deepest Depth of My Being. I had not been born to have a good time.

I walked through the dunes to the Harrewar bar hoping the music would be bearable this time. I stood there senselessly for quite a while, sometimes changing the place where i stood, sometimes with apple juice in my hand and sometimes without. I was a bit stubborn

trying to prove that i was able to stand there in the madhouse without a glass in my hand. I didn’t like any attitude in people. This included covering their fear of senselessness by showing that they were amusing themselves and doing something: drinking. But then i was saved from my stubbornness. There was a change of deejay. A guy with long hair took over. Great, this meant more hard-rock songs or the like. I could dance now. Things got even much better suddenly. Finally, a nice girl entered the scene. And god, it seemed to be the brunette from the camp site, i wasn’t totally sure. Gee, she looked really nice. I would have loved to be with that girl. She came to stand, safely, at the other side of the dance floor, so i couldn’t see her well, only sometimes a flash when the crowd opened suddenly for a moment, like the sea for Jesus and like the fire for Britt’s desiring eyes.

I became more and more restless. She was with her girlfriend, which wouldn’t make it easier to approach her. But i had to do something anyway, i really liked her. I liked her too much to be able to not do anything. I didn’t like this fact, this lack of freedom, that i *had to* do something. And yet it had to be so, it seemed. The Force Wanting to Bring me to that girl was Bigger or more important than all possible burdens related to (the consequences of) following that Force. This restlessness was related to the Force or, actually, to the blocking of the Force. If i was Free and if the girl was Free too, this restlessness, this unease, even pain, wouldn’t have the chance to bug me like it did now because i would have gone to her immediately at first glance, at first attraction, already that afternoon.

I had never understood why it was not done or even wrong to immediately go to a girl when it was love at first sight, as in this case with the brown-haired one. Why this postponing, why this restlessness, why all these thoughts, why this torture? I decided to go around the crowd so i could be nearer to her, if not speak to her. It was stupid. Somewhere deep inside i was in touch with the fact that i as ‘man’ shouldn’t go after her, after a girl, shouldn’t show motives in this respect. I would sooner or later be punished for it, rejected. Man is, Basically, without motives and a Reflection of Woman’s, superficial and deeper, motives, a Response to Woman’s attracting of him. Woman makes her choice in regard to what (kind of) man she wants to be with, to be part of, to even Become (or Recognizes to Already Be). Only, if she, woman, looks at the forms, instead of at the Force Beyond them, it seems that i, man, walking in her direction, is the one with the motive. And deep down i *knew* that she didn’t like this, this turning things, reality, the roles, upside down in the world of form. Man, as Himself, shouldn’t want anything from a girl, otherwise she wouldn’t be free any more to, with all the space needed, make her choice of man. She wouldn’t be able to feel any more whether it was the man himself, as a self with his own, inherently untrue, motives, who was going through her or if it was she herself being attracted to this man, whether he was acting before its time, before Clarity could arrive, or if it was she herself who allowed him ‘in’ because of natural attraction. Woman needed time and space for *Distinguishing* – just like, on the other side, Man needed time and space for *Manifesting* Himself on an Earthly Level, Woman’s Level of Form.

Despite this inherent difficulty, hoping the girl would not be deluded by my forms, my steps towards her, hoping and *knowing* somewhere inside that she was already in Touch with me, i was about to move through the crowd to the other side of the dance floor. I *had to find*

the girl. But before i moved, i noticed she was gone, i didn’t see her any more. What a disappointment, i had waited too long. Such a beauty like her didn’t wait for suckers like me till they finally do something. I would never see her again, i thought. My head went down and i saw the many shoes moving on the dance floor. I also saw the shoes of the person standing next to me, and, when my look went upward a bit, the rest of the clothes. They seemed familiar somehow, but i had never been good at clothes, i only saw faces and what was beyond their appearance. Eventually, i came to the face of my neighbour. I was shocked. It was her. This person was her, the beautiful girl with the long waving brown hair, a bit curled here and there. I had found her. Or, in fact, she had found me. I didn’t have to move. Like a ghost out of the blue, suddenly she was standing there, just when i had been pondering how to approach her. Somehow i hadn’t noticed her move. Weird. I went crazy almost from the tension of this sudden chance, of the force urging me to meet this girl, to get to know her, to love her, to be touched by her and touch her. My face felt like exploding. I got a strange feeling in me that i had never had before: ‘this is it, this is *the girl*. Not just a nice girl.’ And ‘i need to do something or else nothing will ever come from me.’

No need to say that it didn’t cross my mind that she – or perhaps her ovaries – might have had the feeling ‘this is the boy’ and that i had picked it up, ‘this is the one’ – which, if this was the case, didn’t make my feeling less true, by the way. She might have, for the first time, overcome herself by positioning herself right next to me.

She looked straight ahead, somewhat tensed but sweetly, apparently at the crowd dancing, although she didn’t seem to see anything, as i noticed in her eyes. I had the feeling she was waiting for me, expecting me to get in contact, now that she had made the first move. I went mad from the clichés running through my mind as an opening sentence. I could hardly hold myself not to shout at her: ‘You’re really such a nice girl. I find you so ter-ri-bly lovely.’ It still took me a little while but not too long this time. The Force had really got too strong now, the restlessness got too big, her energy was touching me literally and i put my lips before her right ear. I made the tiny hairs in her ear tremble:

“Bist du auch Deutsch?” i asked. [Are you German too?]

“Wat?” [What?]

“Ob du Deutsch bist.” [Whether you are German.]

“Nein.” [No] She said it seemingly calm but obviously a bit disappointed. She seemed not very talkative with her brief answers, or reluctant to speak to me.

“Aber das ist ja fabelhaft”, i said loudly and with slightly too much enthusiasm. “Ich doch auch nicht.” [But that’s terrific, me neither.]

“Woher kommst du dann?” she asked. [Where are you from then?]

“Aus Holland. Kennst du das?” [From Holland. Do you know that?]

She laughed fully and i was happy.

The girl was visibly relieved i was not German. I think almost half of the tourists were German, so the chance of me being German had been considerable. We were both relieved that the biggest tension was gone, now that at least a few words had been exchanged and that we had even laughed together because of my last remark. We spoke a few more sentences before we suddenly found ourselves dancing on “Satisfaction” of the Rolling Stones.

Although i was good at dancing, still it wasn’t easy to be so self-conscious, so aware of every movement i made, now that i was breaking all previous records in liking a girl. Also this self-consciousness regarding the dance movements seemed to be something i had taken over from her. I had never had this. I was free as a butterfly in dancing. The spontaneity of the beginning of our meeting disappeared and i realized that once this nice song would be finished and what then? Unfortunately, precisely this song had such an embarrassing text, this ‘I can’t get no satisfaction’ that kept repeating itself. We didn’t dare to look at each other. But we made it through the dirty text to the end of the song. And what to do now. I felt a bit empty, without initiative.

Luckily the girl asked me if i’d join her to another dance hall where her girlfriend already had gone. It seemed ‘my’ girl had waited especially for me – how very nice of her. Since she wouldn’t let me bike, i sat down on the carrier behind her, my whole body trembling with joy. She didn’t want to sit on the carrier while i was biking her. And i felt some hidden cramp about this subject, as if, when i had been driving her, this would be part of the old role patterns between man and woman that were wrong. This issue was not at all something to go into in this situation full of promise; yet it was a possible indication for some trouble in the future if we would get together.

No, i was not busy with this anyway, but rather with *her* – she was everywhere – and with the fact and feeling that in an instant i was launched from hell into paradise. This girl had been the Only Reason for being in the Hell, in this case the hell as it manifested itself as the terrible smoky noise and suffocating, tense and somewhat aggressive atmosphere of the dance bar. This girl had been the Only Reason for being in all the discos i had ever been in. Love had been honoured this time. Well, no matter how things would go further from here on, at least we were together for the moment. And although she was far from being quietly in my Heart, at least i felt some eagerness in her to be with me, whatever form that would take.

“My name is Maja”, she said with an air of joy and freedom biking there with me on her carrier through the salty sea air, marram grass all around us, as if life would begin now and the future had no end. “And yours?”

“Maarten.”

“How old are you?”

“Twenty.”

“Oops. I’m sixteen. Doesn’t matter.”

Next month i’d be twenty one. I’d be 21, she 16. Exactly the age that i figured out for Brigitte and me as an acceptable age at which we could finally be together in a relationship. Maja looked a lot like Brigitte. It seemed as if there was a higher form of Intelligence saying that the form didn’t matter. If not Brigitte, then Maja. If the gates of Brigitte were closed to me, there would be another opening. This happened all by itself.

I didn’t dare to hold on to her body while sitting on the carrier. This was not relevant. *I believed, and this never changed afterwards, that it was impossible that a human being could be happier than that fellow of twenty on the carrier of that girl of sixteen with her long dark brown hair slightly curled of which a few bunches of hair were tossed to and fro wildly by the wind, and calming down before his nostrils occasionally, upon which such a little*

bunch was fully taken in, the pollination for life, his entire future shattered now by your scent, your shampoo, your musk and yourself, fully open was his life, only the direction was there, the way of glory, the far fulfilment of the longing that had been so strong and so vague, and the little fellow shut his eyes, only heard the fine sounds of your words through the howling wind and he felt, without touching you, your presence – for always. You penetrated him completely, with a secret, a thrilling secret of that he didn’t know could exist – that’s why it was a secret, of course. But he had discovered it. Chance could no longer be avoided. And it finally had to bow for love. The girl was there. And he couldn’t believe it, having had a childhood that, now that it was gone, finally had meaning: it had brought you together, here, now, you in front, pedalling, with who knows what kind of thoughts and unclear feelings, but this didn’t matter, for everything would come right, and he, in the back, completely blissfully confused, fully enjoying the secret that had come to him just like that, disclosed by the girl hidden under the many, fine hairs, or rather, a tip had been lifted and the rest of his life he would swim in the endless sea in which everything was allowed to be touched, discovered, and it would never be enough and he would never hurt you and he would never leave you and you would never discover what it is to be unhappy, sad and angry and never and never and never and always and always and always...

[Translated from “Het Verdriet” (The Grief) p.42 - 1993] (See p. 340 for a brief introduction to “The Grief”)

The other dance club Maja took me to was an alternative one, The Sucking Mill, that i hadn’t known about and that, apart from the music played at the end of my stay in De Harrewar, was much better than De Harrewar, let alone The Lightbuoy. One could breathe there. And they played songs by Fleetwood Mac, for example. Music to feel at home in, instead of in a freezer. I briefly met Maja’s girlfriend, who turned out to be her cousin. The fact that they could talk together about me seemed more important than the meeting of her cousin with me. Immediately after i had been introduced to Esther, Maja, to be sure, went away with her. So i danced a few songs on my own, giving some space to Maja who just wanted to show me to her cousin and share how it had happened, how she had ‘got’ me. I felt Maja was indeed a bit proud to show me to her. The fact that i was rather handsome in those days, helped in this respect. My appearance was certainly not one of the difficulties standing in the way of being close to a girl.

Esther was really a beautiful girl too, and yet i much preferred Maja. Esther was or seemed not interested or attracted to me anyway, which, certainly at that age, was almost the same. I could feel this without thinking about it. It must be related to the fact that, mirroring her, i myself wasn’t interested at all in her. All the better. Everything was perfectly arranged. Maja felt now the impulse to be alone with me. She asked me: “Do you feel like having a swim in the sea.”

It was chilly. It was 2 o’clock in the night. But, it was true, you don’t need light for swimming. Up to then swimming in the middle of the night in an unreliable sea with big winds seemed like an impossible idea, but everything was possible suddenly. Swimming in the dark had its charm now – with Maja everything became charming. And i said yes, despite

my experience with Nathali – or even long ago with Wendy – that had shown me that i didn’t know at all how to entertain a girl in the water, and entertain a girl generally, i had to admit – if i had wanted to or felt like i had to do this. The only exception to this rule had so far been the dance with Iris, me pretending to be a tough Spanish dancer, if not Don Juan himself. But even if i would manage more frequently or could learn how to entertain a girl, *it wasn’t my thing*. I didn’t like playing any role. Any form i could offer a girl was ‘wrong’, if not repulsive. It was not my Nature. It was something other than Me. To me being together with a girl was enough in itself. And i felt it was also enough for the – for any – girl. Only, she could not feel this Truth. That seemed to be the only problem. It almost looked as if forms – or girls’ attachment to or even just being busy with forms – screwed up our Naturally Being Together and, in the end, also the (possibility of a) relationship.

There we went again. This time Maja permitted me to bike while she was sitting on the carrier, one hand on my waist. *As far as i was concerned i could bike you on my head into the sea: you were allowed to do anything with me and i wanted everything with you, even though by god i didn’t know what, and it didn’t matter: as long as it was not impossible, everything was all right, perfect. If you had asked me i would have collected all the shells from the sea. Unless it was because you wanted to test my love, i didn’t like such funny business. True love was, and didn’t need to be tested.*

[The grief p.42]

At Maja’s tent we stopped so she could fetch her bikini. I got my trunks in the meantime. Unimportant details, but since the girl made such an impression on me, they were branded in me. I really liked this girl. Well, unimportant? What, if i as the boy in the play, was supposed to push the girl into the water again – as i had done with Nathali, and then i felt deeply unhappy and clumsy? This would be terrible enough, let alone if i had to do this all in the nude – then i wouldn’t be able to do it for sure.

There was no reason for the fact that i liked this girl so very much. It was just so. It was not because she looked like Brigitte or whatever other reason in the world of forms, in the world of logic and causality. It wasn’t my hormones either – nor Maja’s – that brought us together, although they played a role in this, what seemed to be, a miracle. Just a role, indeed. They were not the Main Character, not the Centre, not the Focus, not the Seat of the Fire.

It seemed Maja was used to swimming at night. Or anyway she was not apprehensive of the cold water at all. I felt i had to follow as soon as possible. Bad moment to doubt. I didn’t. Still, since we had met, i felt like i’d be running after her all the time, catching up with her ideas. I preferred to have the lead myself, like i was used to when as a kid we played in the street and my brother and me invented games, or when i composed songs and sometimes the lyrics for our band Hemisphere, or when i had been with my friends Hessel and Lex. The time was not ripe, it seemed, to be able to take the lead when i was with a girl – to take the lead in a natural way, without having to force it, forcing it being so far from *Me* that this would certainly never happen. But this didn’t fit me either in any way, to follow her and to follow in general. I was a born leader. But there seemed to be no way, no form available to me, to prove this. It had to come naturally, indeed. Space was needed, patience, time, for

people to be able to recognize my *natural* leadership. Woman seemed too restless to allow the Space in which this would become Clear by Itself. *She was always busy with the next form.*

So now i walked over the loose sand path through the dunes after Maja through the dark, feeling a bit like a dummy, a very happy dummy but still, and even though i tried to prevent it from looking that way. She had obviously the initiative and i could in no way draw it to myself. In order to flower, to show ‘myself’, ‘my’ Heart, i needed Space, attention. If the attention was directed at ‘me’, there was already more Space. This Space of attention could not be forced though. I could not suddenly out of the blue say: “Stop. Stop moving. Stop doing. Stop thinking. Shut up.” And possibly add: “I exist. I’m not a projection screen of your wishes.” Or could i? Continuing this way, i would always be a step too late somehow, a step behind. A next step would always be – now, sooner or later – that a girl would leave me and move on and on and on. This was inevitable in this situation somehow. If i wasn’t able to stop her, to make her finally rest in my Heart, she would *have to* move on, even when in her heart she didn’t want to.

The big dark loudly roaring hole in front of us was waiting, fuming with rage. For now i had to know my place and follow Maja into the icy water. It was very dark, not much of a moon, no lights on the beach or the dunes. The thunder of the sea was very present though. *Almost nude, shivering with cold and in all fluidity we were asked to celebrate the youth, the freedom that had suddenly been thrown at us and we couldn’t leave aside any longer. God had passed away long ago, people gathered in discotheques, our parents were far away from us, with every step we took into the sea together our procreators retired with staggering speed. Nobody, nobody saw the two of us disappear into the darkness. (...) It was the most normal thing in the world, to enter the bitter cold and to founder in the water violence, peacefully let ourselves be kissed and slimed over by the terrible invisible transparent jellyfish. With you everything was normal, everything was new, everything was equally glorious and exciting, without danger.*

[The Grief p.44]

When i went into the water my limbs lighted up. Hundreds of little lights gathered or awakened around my legs and arms every time i moved them through the water. I had never seen something like this, something as strange as this, as unbelievable, such a magnificent creation of nature. I called Maja to show her this remarkable phenomenon. It was truly magnificent wading with Maja, my consort, next to me through the water, through our palace, and our bodies being lighted by so many small sea lights, the fluorescent noctiluca, following precisely the movements of our bodies. It seemed these two bodies at that moment were declared holy, and only because they were together, they had found each other, this was eternity. The declaration could only come from Nature Itself. And only in the *dark* this *light* could have revealed itself. If i hadn’t been brought up so rationally by my parents i would have believed in it being a good sign for the development of our love. It was very beautiful in any case.

This time i didn’t try to push Maja in the water as i had clumsily done with Nathali. It was plainly stupid if ‘i’ was not ‘in it’. *Suddenly a splash close by and a multitude of little fires lit up. They glowed after for a couple of seconds and then died away doubting. The last*

light of your child's grave. You had dissolved. Into the sea of love, ebb and flood. The nuctiluca had swallowed you. And now i. I doubted for a moment, no more than a moment that turned out to be too weak where my thirst was too big, for the unknown, limitless bliss. I dived. And shut my eyes and didn't see anything at all, and nothing mattered any more to me, i wanted everything now, everything that had been hidden from me, whether by accident or not.

We swam quite far from each other, about ten metres. This was perhaps a slight pity but not alarming in any way. My joy was real though, being there alone with this gorgeous girl in the dark night in the sea. The inner joy was much stronger than any possible thought could ever destroy. We just had to get used to the happiness. The tide washing us over was too mighty, we were too tiny.

[The Grief p.44]

After we were done swimming we walked back together over the beach in the direction of the dunes. We dried ourselves and put a few clothes on against the cold. Maja sat down on the sand.

As with everything she was again the first to sit, which brought me to the difficult place of having to estimate the desired distance between us. I sat down. Not too far, not too close.

Now the sitting started, the sitting and staring into the dark, in the direction of the, at first, loud but pleasant booming of the sea. I was cold and trembling – as usual after swimming, also when this happened during the day. Having hardly any fat had its disadvantages sometimes. Maja seemed very busy with staring. I was not interested in staring somehow, but rather in how to get closer to Maja. If she herself hadn't wanted this, coming closer, i wouldn't have had to bother. But when there was a chance she wanted, or loved, something of (my depth as) man, i had to go into this restlessness.

I had to look at you. I couldn't help myself. But you, just as in De Harrewar, looked straight and tense ahead of you, at the sea this time, where nothing could be seen, and nothing could be heard either any more. We were there. The world around us was a world of silence, of longing, light as never before, and heavy, even though i didn't know from what, of the threat perhaps, of a presentiment, based on nothing, a premonition that said that now that everything would go all right, everything would go wrong too. For the first time in my life i was no longer the centre of the world.

It must have been a quarter of an hour at least that we sat there this way. You looking at the sea let's say, and me looking at you and then down in turn. We kept ourselves erect by leaning with our hands on the sand. And every time i looked at the sand i saw your fingers. You had five of them and you had stretched them out completely. I couldn't bear it any longer. Those five naked fingers drove me out of my senses. Slowly, slowly, i moved my left hand through the sand in the direction of your right hand.

Another few minutes passed since i finally reached her, almost. It got warmer, i could feel her hand very close now. My little left pinky lifted and remained above the back of your hand. There, i couldn't straighten it out, it stayed trembling, exactly like i had watched the

male spiders doing in the patio of my parental house when they approached a female. If the male was not cautious, too quick or clumsy, he was killed.

All right, dead then, i thought. And there was the ‘electrocuting’, like i had experienced also when Nathali’s lips and mine touched. The magic moment of touch. With the courage of despair, i finally had laid down my little pink, albeit not yet with its full weight, it was vibrating heavily still, but nonetheless, i touched you, i actually touched you, my skin was fastened to yours, a connection had appeared between us that could never be undone any more. Fearfully i awaited, you, my fate.

But you didn’t withdraw your hand, also not when i slowly carefully consciously started caressing it, first still with my lonely brave little pinky, then with another two fingers added, and eventually also the last two, most vigorous but also the most cowardly fingers joined hands, the index and the thumb, and you, you still dedicatedly stared at the sea, as if nothing ever happened in life, the longing still invisible as always, endlessly far away, instead of so close, at your soft skin. There was no breath any more, this was not the right moment to breathe – i could do that later. My moving of my fingers over her hand happened in a timeless breathless moment.

From the earthly time perspective it might have taken long, very long, before my whole hand had finally descended to fully rest on top of Maja’s hand and Maja might have gotten impatient, but it couldn’t go any faster. I was, as has become clear by now, not into forms like other people. From the form perspective, not bothered by Heart, a thought appears, in this case: the forms, the bodies, must touch and bingo, there you have it, it is already done, they touch. With me it couldn’t go that way. I couldn’t get rid of the Heart as other people seemed to be able to. The Heart needs time to Manifest Itself here on earth, in a form, in forms. Love required time. Maja’s hand was not a thing to me, not an instrument. It was Maja herself.

My respect and love for her and my patience with her were endless, even when she, like Liz, might not have the same natural attitude to me in this respect, to Man Descending in His ‘Own’ tempo which is wholly related to the Depth of Woman’s Resistance to Him. I treated and approached her as if she was my own Heart. She was the Queen of my own Heart. In reality, she was not far away from me, she was always already in Me. And i had to make this Clear to her, that She Belonged to Me, that She was Part of My Heart. Certainly i don’t mean here ‘belonging’ in a possessive way – i didn’t want to possess a girl. This was something radically different. That was the world of forms, in which one form seemed to be able to rule over another form. That world was not Mine. In my world, a girl Recognized she was Part of Me and, out of her own nature, surrendered to *Me*, to the Man in ‘me’.

How very far was this still from the earthly reality as it manifested itself. A girl considered me an *other*, i noticed, a movable form different from her form. How could i Give her My Heart, so that she could See the Truth, the Truth Beyond the Form(s), Beyond how reality appears to be. If i wouldn’t succeed in giving My Girl Eyes, She would always run away, move on to the next form, blind, not even aware of her pain from having to leave again and again – if not continuously.

Maja, at least, had given me time enough, so far.

Strangely enough i wasn’t reassured yet. My hand that completely knew yours now went, to my surprise, suddenly to your wrist and even upwards, along your skin, slowly, slowly, higher and higher, to i didn’t know what. My fingers reached your head that was still directed at the sea. They started stroking your neck, and your hair. I moved your hair over the skin of your face, as if i was discovering ‘woman’ for the first time in my life – and, in a way, this was true. I brought your hair to my face and caressed my cheeks with you. Now, after another while, with your divine hair in my fingers, i couldn’t hold on any more and with one movement i brought my face right in front of yours – close that is, as close as possible. I felt your lips salty on mine.

*I didn’t die, i wasn’t alive any more either, i didn’t know what was going on. I must have felt five tongues of different girls in me, but this moist tactile organ that patiently visited the vaults in my mouth made me leave the world. My senses were so titillated, beyond the limit, that they seemed to have disappeared, i didn’t recognize anything any more. Perhaps i was actually being allowed to be in the world for the first time. My lips weren’t mine any more, not yours either, but **something**’s, something bigger, more mighty, to which we had nothing to object to. Our tongues were not tongues, but inner organs that nobody, and certainly not we, were in control of. They wanted something and we, we were just allowed to enjoy their deeds, their will.*

After that brief, timeless future, after those few minutes of kissing, in which the longing hadn’t been extinguished, but rather had been born to not disappear any more before what had to be done had been done, even though i didn’t know what this would be, i have had to wait for nine whole years, and sixty days on top of that, for your lips.

[The Grief p.44-45]

Indeed, it was not easy to reach Maja’s lips, i remember. I had to do it alone. She kept staring in the dark at the thunder of the sea as if i, or someone, was not touching her at all, as if i was not, slowly, getting closer, as if it was not about her. Also i had to bridge the last distance to her mouth by myself – instead of It Doing it all. It may have taken another quarter of an hour before the electrocution of the lips happened. But when i reached her salty lips finally she gave up her stubborn staring and started kissing along with me. We kissed the sea. We disappeared in the sea – the sea that carried the salt of the earth. The hell of being someone was over...

The fact that Maja didn’t seem to cooperate didn’t mean she wasn’t in favour of or not looking forward to our kissing or, in general, coming closer – even though, true, as she told me later, she already had a boy-friend where she lived, in Doetinchem, Holland. If i did everything without her cooperation she was less guilty at least of her betrayal of her boy-friend: ‘officially’ it was me who moved and wanted it and who seduced her – as far as the initiative to physically intimately touching was concerned.

For me it was a good test, Maja’s non-cooperation, the fact that she left the burden of drawing close to each other – as far as physicality was concerned – completely to me. I had to learn not to let myself be discouraged by woman’s non-cooperation or, in fact, her Natural Resistance in this respect. I had to learn to deal with woman’s Inner Duality: wanting

something and simultaneously not wanting it but resisting – whereby the reason for the latter hardly mattered in this respect, if at all. This education didn’t mean i must or ever would force anything and sort of push her to one side of Her Duality – in this case: to the ‘yes’ to physical contact. It rather meant that on an earthly level i had to be very patient. This was not the end of the world, at least not for me, as i was residing in the timeless Heart anyway. It meant, and this was very important, crucial, in the True Process of Man and Woman Seeking Their Union Beyond Themselves, i had to give as much space as needed to the other side of the coin, to not cover up that side by my, by man’s, actions: Space for woman’s Heart to feel whether it was (still) true for her what happened in the world of form.

Anyhow, it would not have been possible to really discourage me. True Love couldn’t be killed. How could anyone or anything ever take away the Natural Impulse for That. A man fails, he falls and he scrambles to his feet again. It was a test by which i could ‘undo’ or overrule my woeful failure with Liz. With Liz i had been in a similar situation. Knowing for sure that she liked me, that she wanted me to kiss her, and yet being totally paralyzed by her non-cooperation, her pure waiting, her lack of sending me a signal, her being stuck in the female duality – which is in itself not untrue, but is true, and only more obvious in the Presence of Man’s Heart – the duality of wanting physical contact and simultaneously not wanting it.¹ Because of a girl’s usually unseen duality operating in the dark i had to move very very slowly towards her like a predator stalking a prey – even though this comparison with a predator seems totally misplaced if you had known me at the time. Sweetness, innocence, lightness and a continuous state of love don’t seem to match well with predatory behaviour. Yet there was something to it. Somehow, on an earthly level at least, she was not supposed to see or come to know that i approached her. It had to be kept away from her consciousness. And then, suddenly, when it was a fait accompli, we kissed, she had to surrender to it. The eternal question of whether she wanted it or not didn’t need to be answered any more. It was overtrumped by reality. It was no longer relevant. It had vanished into the kissing itself.

I couldn’t overlook the fact that these ‘difficult’ or mysterious girls like Maja and Liz were more attractive by nature; i couldn’t believe it was true that this was just my individual taste. They carried and hid *a deeper treasure* in the dark that they guarded by this non-cooperation and even very perceptible resistance. This treasure was not for me, for Man – I was just the one who must reveal it. In a way it was for the girls themselves or the world, if i would ever manage to reach and open the treasure. Anyway, a true Treasure is not to be consumed; it is for no one. Woman was the Treasure Herself, i intuitively assumed, and the Discovery or Opening of it would mean She could fully Live as Herself, Finally Allow Her Love for Man, for the Heart, to Be, to Manifest, to Take Over Her Whole Body head to toe, from earth to heaven. Until i really Entered Woman(’s world) in my thirties i was subject to projecting things on Woman and Man. I had no idea that, in fact, Man’s Heart was the

¹ Perhaps needless to say, mentioning woman’s duality of wanting physical contact and simultaneously not wanting it, i refer here to the situation in which Woman feels attracted to a man, and of course not generally regarding any man she sees or meets.

Treasure to Be Revealed through Woman’s Body That or Who Has Become His Heart, the Formless through the Form.

Anyhow, i had to approach the Dark in the darkness, or else I would too obviously Reflect and she would run away screaming or, as would fit a girl like Maja better, silently in panic and confusion, with a half-conscious heart-attack.

And yet, I Knew that, Eventually, She would have to Look Me in the Eye. My approach could not always be kept in the dark. My Heart should Shine – Directly into Her Eye, into Her Heart. With Open Eye She’d have to See Me, to Feel Me, to Realize ‘i’ was Her, Living Her as Myself. How many lifetimes were needed for This. For now, i had to touch and kiss Maja in the darkest night at the sea. Love had to happen secretly. Nobody could see us. We could hardly see ourselves. This carried something exciting. There was some freedom lying somewhere, waiting, that was elusive though. If we had crossed it, found it, we wouldn’t have known this, we wouldn’t have been able to touch it.

We ended up in your tent. You excused yourself for the mess, it was just like in real-life. Your cousin came home and we had interesting conversations about, among other things, underpants.² You made tea for me and the two of you drank wine and we laughed. There i was suddenly, three something in the morning, lying with two lovely perfect strangers in a little tent. Indeed, this feeling was what is called ‘future’. This was what is called ‘freedom’. This was what is called ‘home’. For the first time since the gradual disappearing of the parental home i felt at home, so complete that i had the presumptuous certainty that this feeling would never leave me again. I had just become a student, i was going to learn the world, i was in a band, we were going to conquer the world, i was on holiday and lay in a little leaky tent, and it didn’t want to rain, and i didn’t know what happened to me, overwhelmed with beauty as i was, with purity, generous laughs, new smells, new words. I had already found my destiny, my dislike of boys appeared warranted: the oracle of the girl was being revealed to me.

The next day i didn’t dare to go to you. My biggest fear, about the only one, the fear of being pushy, that seems to floor me now, has always been present in me.³ In me unrest had been born. And for good, i vaguely feared already. It almost seemed that being alone wasn’t meant to be, while i was trying to read something in a book on a towel in front of my tent. A book, with all those letters inside.

My friend Sietze had no difficulty in being pushy or whatever. For hours on end he lay in the tent of his new girl. Now and then i saw the canvas bulging out, one time here and then there again. I didn’t want to see this, but the little tent was in my range of vision. During

² I had made a remark about the staggering amount of underpants they had in their tent – for every holiday day one pair – most of them belonging to Esther, i think. And they were quite beautifully made. But i asked – rhetorically – if she really thought that boys care about that when she takes her pants off – and that the next night, if it is still the same boy, and if it is not too dark to see anything in the tent, they are delighted to get a glimpse of the new underpants, and the next day again and so on. Esther laughed and i started liking her as well.

³ At the time, still assuming people to be separate units, entities, bodies, i didn’t realize that it wasn’t fear that i felt. I just felt Maja’s resistance to meeting me again. If she had been open for another meeting i would have felt this through the air and would have been with her already.

every line of my book i looked for a glimpse of you. And finally, at 2’o clock in the afternoon, the canvas opened. There you were. Your breakfast consisted of chips and cola. And i knew, this is the true life. And surprised i looked at the three lunch sandwiches that i was just eating in that moment. Cheese, marmite and peanut butter. I had had a different education.

[The Grief p.45-46]

Maja’s resistance – the first Touch of Woman’s Duality

But now, in the daylight, Maja was more distant – or still, in a way. The few words she spoke sounded as if the fact that we had kissed in the dark the night before had been just a fata morgana or a dream i had just woken up from and projected on a nice girl that i accidentally saw. As if it never happened, as if i was a stranger, she kept me at a distance. She avoided being alone with me. Constantly Esther had to be there. I didn’t know that i had been stupid supposing that we were ‘together’ now, stupid to, already in the afternoon and in all naivety, come to her tent to celebrate our new love. It was not just that she felt naked, seen, when she had just woken up with the sleep still in her eyes. I had no idea that ‘girl’ didn’t like this untimely move of me, not even when we had been intimate, but that she found it an intrusion, that i should let her come to me, whenever she felt like, or, even better, that we would meet coincidentally somewhere again and then come together again spontaneously. I shouldn’t be after her anyway. I was not after her. I already felt one with her, but i didn’t even try to make this clear, since i didn’t know that those complicated things were going through her mind in the dark. I couldn’t follow a girl’s mind. Finally, after being so slow the previous evening, i had done something, i had *moved*, toward her tent, towards her, and now this wasn’t any good at all, it turned out. Yet, despite the fact that apparently i wasn’t really welcome any more – how fast can things go – we made an arrangement to meet on the beach later that afternoon – the three of us.

In the meantime Sietze and i lay around our tents on our back on the small dunes with its sharp marram grass. Both of us had the blues. ‘Girls’ wasn’t fun, as it might have seemed on the face of it. Sharing my experiences with Maja with Sietze and in the meantime playing with a blade of marram i cut my finger quite badly. The blood was pouring out. I put a plaster on it.

At the beach Maja looked briefly at my finger, and resumed staring. She had nothing to say. Only when Esther went for a swim, she couldn’t stand the pressure any more and said:

“I want to be free. I arrived here only yesterday and immediately i have met you, but i don’t want to be stuck with you for the rest of my holiday. I’m staying here for three weeks. I didn’t plan to meet you.”

I was silent. I had never experienced something like this. I had met – if i hadn’t only met – girls who wanted to get rid of me – Iris for instance, more than once. Strange or not – but for a man not really – i could not take this totally personally. Yet, it wasn’t nice either, of course, to be a burden when Love was supposed and had been expected to manifest itself. In any case, up to then i hadn’t met so openly a girl’s desire to get rid of me. ‘Openly’, as far as words were concerned. She shared it honestly, unlike how it usually happened: totally in the

dark, or even nastily as Iris had done it. Nonetheless i didn’t feel a true openness in Maja. It was as if she merely wanted to get rid of some annoying tension in herself, as soon as possible – a tension that i hadn’t put in her but that somehow had been brought to light in my presence. Despite being the front man in our band, i wasn’t a boy much in the foreground. I didn’t feel a need to speak the loudest, if i spoke at all. I rather lived a seemingly modest if not humble life, but this didn’t mean i had no presence, a presence that by its heart-silence provoked things in a girl that she preferred not to feel but were inexorably in her, hidden in her body somehow. And sooner or later i would have to make her aware of the many things she, and not only because she was too young for them, didn’t want to feel up to then. They stood in between us somehow. And they prevented us from staying physically with each other even when Love was obvious – well, to me it was, but it was somewhere in Maja too – even when Love would inexorably stay after we’d split up.

Maja was forced to be ‘open’ about her urge to separate again from me since she was trapped. For three weeks being stuck with me, our tents rather close to one another, not being able to freely fool around with other boys as she might hurt me too openly then or potentially even cause some aggressive reaction in me in the sight of another lover. Or, not appealing either, she might even lose me that way, whereas she wasn’t sure yet, hadn’t decided yet whether she wanted to lose me completely or not, not yet – in case nothing else nice would appear during the holiday, or, who knows, afterwards.

Both Iris and Maja wanted to be ‘free’. I was far from being against logic, certainly at that age. If they wanted to be free, this simply meant they were slaves, slaves of Forces they didn’t want to know or be reminded of. Intuitively i knew, however, that only what they ran away from, the Heart itself beyond me, could give them freedom. And that they would stay slave if they didn’t Connect to ‘Me’, but avoided ‘Me’.

Maja’s longing to be ‘free’ didn’t go that deep. Her ego wanted to be totally free from any form of limitation, so she’d be able without a burdened conscience, to have more boys for herself. It was not just that she hoped for meeting a better example of ‘man’ than me, with whom she could eventually even Unite – which would have made sense, and this is part of Woman’s truth, to keep this option open – but for more examples of ‘man’. She wanted to have the freedom to any moment do whatever she felt like. I was not like that – as Man. I could easily sacrifice supposed freedom – egoic freedom – for the sake of Love.

The Separating Force that was active through Maja needed space now, definitely, but this didn’t mean that the other side, the Uniting Force would be dead or non-existent in her. It was a difficult split and tiring life for the many who again and again need a touch of love and then again need to see to get rid of the transmitter of it. That way whorish behaviour was difficult to avoid, although i would never have used that word at the time, not being able to combine it with the fact that together we would make such a beautiful couple or unity. Noticing Maja’s inner struggle – without understanding it – i, as a gentleman, helped her, finally:

“Don’t worry. I leave tomorrow. We’re here only for three days.”

In turn, she was silent now. In general, a silence came over us, seemingly over the whole beach, taking away the tension. Maja stared at the sand. Did i see a tear in her eye? I

was not sure, i think i *felt* the tears behind her eyes. Maja gazed at the sea again, huge and endless as she was, able to swallow all her tears. It would take them and make her forget they were hers. They were just the ocean.

Esther returned from the ocean. Perhaps she as well had dropped her tears in it, tears that no one would ever see. The space was gone now, the Space in which the drama of Man and Woman could have revealed itself, including love.

Not long afterwards and somewhat sickish i walked back from the beach, alone, completely confused. The next day Sietze and i would leave the island. I didn't want to go, but i had to somehow. I couldn't stay in this situation.

Before splitting up, Maja, relieved now – for as long as it would last – invited me, with the same eagerness of the preceding evening when we had met, for spending our last evening together in their tent. Now that she knew i would be leaving, she felt free again and could again enjoy being with me.

It looked as if our goodbye had to be celebrated. Maja would make things cosy in their tent, she said, with candles and music. They would dress nicely and there would be some things to eat and drink. She didn't feel like going out every evening, Maja added. I felt her enthusiasm about organizing and the prospect of the evening together the three of us, she, her good friend Esther, her safety, and her lover for the moment that she liked – or perhaps secretly loved – but that should in any case stay at some distance. The aspect of distance was settled in advance, i would leave tomorrow, so now some nearness could be allowed again, she didn't have to be 'nasty' to me or irritated. The inner joy of nearness tasted better than the pain of the other side of the same coin, the pain of separation.

And, indeed, the sphere in the girls' tent that evening was remarkably good. I didn't even manage to spoil the party somehow – even when it turned out that i really didn't drink wine as they did. Juice was available. Quite some laughing was going on. Although i had preferred the kissing, i didn't resist the laughter. I didn't withdraw from participating in the joking. I could adjust to a girls' whims, it appeared, and not for the first time. I could wait. I would wait till the very presence of love of my Heart would have secretly burned all appointed but untrue importance of all these whims, these accidental forms, these changes, these empty pastimes. I could Wait, for i didn't need to be satisfied or fulfilled – unlike, as i felt somewhere, Woman needed this or, at least, was attached to, or lost in.

In this good atmosphere, now that things had turned around again, i considered staying longer on the camp site. Also when it hadn't been the summer holiday, i was free to postpone my return for however long i'd want: for love i would easily and happily sacrifice everything, studying first of all. Only, the 'problem' was that i didn't want anything for or even as myself. Not really consciously, yet i felt being a reflection of Maja, of Woman. As a mirror i could follow all her movements. I knew that if i stayed longer she would become restless again, feel trapped, imprisoned by the presence of my free, duality-reflecting, heart. Then i'd have to say again and mean it: 'i'm going', and she would be relieved and we would have a good time again, perhaps even kiss again. And i'd feel like staying longer... This didn't solve anything. So, almost as a man, i decided to leave, to give her space. I was not attached to her, this girl that somehow was the most attractive girl i had ever met and that i'd die to be with. I, beyond

myself, just loved her crazily much. This was something radically different from being attached to her, or having to be with her or make love to her.

Maja followed me outside when i was eventually leaving the party for my own tent to go to sleep. When we stood there outside it was not clear whether we would kiss again or not. It took a bit too long, this uncertainty. I felt her duality reappearing: yes or no. No matter that i was a reflection, and could in principle have stood there again for a long time in between her two sides, something else took over. I had had it for now with her duality – or with my own position in this. This was a first modest answer of Man to Woman’s Duality Drama. I felt i couldn’t repeat my masterpiece of the night before on the beach, requiring utter concentration, dedication and effort, to let it almost take a whole hour from the moment of sitting down to starting moving my hand through the sand in the direction of her hand, to crawling up her arm and finally reaching her lips with mine.

A joking atmosphere, too many forms, too little direction, was not good for Man’s concentration.

“Goodnight”, i said. I gave her a hug and walked away. Behind my back i felt her confusion at being left like this after such a nice evening together, and it suddenly not being she who decided. This time, however, i could resist a man’s natural tendency – very strong in me – to taking care of woman’s confusion. I just zipped open my tent, took my toothbrush, brushed my teeth between the marram grass without feeling torn. God, i, whatever ‘i’ was, so much wanted, if not needed, to be with this girl, no matter that this urge was a reflection of her secret Call upon ‘me’, upon ‘my’ Heart in fact, not to leave her like this, in this confusion, this eternal duality. And yet, something else was Stronger now: the Force of not reacting to Woman’s longing for (‘me’ as) Man as long as this longing was not clear enough to Herself. If i reacted to it, if i took upon me the role of wanting to unite, *one* side of her inner duality, then *automatically* she would go to the other side: resistance to Uniting.

Once again, it was not that i had all this clear, but i was certainly in touch with being fed up with being used for this ‘game’, her game for which she needed an external player, since she would become crazy if the whole dual drama happened only in herself, in her head. When i use the word ‘game’ i don’t mean to suggest that this play of duality wasn’t actually Woman’s reality, or that it was a pastime she made up, let alone a nice pastime. Anyway, i went to bed and if she wanted to be with me, or to kiss with me, i would notice and be glad to notice. I was here in my tent and she knew where to find me.

She didn’t come to visit me that night, although it went through her head. All possibilities go through one’s head when things get hot and there is time to let things go through you, certainly in such a situation. The mind is not so much clever as it is just simply showing all options. The Deeper Forces Decide. Bloody Forces, ruthless as they were. I could – and, somehow, Should – have lain there with Maja in my arms. Just lying there together would have been enough. And yet, it could not be. It *could* have been, it *should* have been and yet it couldn’t happen.

At the end of the next morning Sietze and i packed our stuff, took down the tent and lay down in the grass, defeated, a blade of marram in our mouth. Already before saying goodbye to our girls – perhaps forever – we both felt nostalgic. Sietze, in turn, seemed to be

quite touched by his new girlfriend from Germany and, just like me, hated saying goodbye now. I had a last short meeting with Maja in front of her tent. I didn’t want to ask her address. If she didn’t give it on her own initiative, i shouldn’t ask for it – even though i died for grasping at a straw like that. If she wanted to get rid of me, i had to and would totally respect that. Only, life was not that simple any more. On a deeper level, i felt she did not want to get rid of me, on the contrary. I was not cynical and did not assume that she had come to stand next to me in the bar-dancing only because i was the least bad option for her that evening, that she had only needed some attention and to kiss some boy.

Instead, she wanted to get rid of her difficult feelings that, somehow, rose to the surface in my presence. She would have liked to be with me if this could have been possible without those torturing feelings that were not just about binding herself to me or to anyone when, supposedly, she wanted to be free, but a confrontation with her entire being. She didn’t want to become aware of herself. She assumed or, somewhere inside, *knew* that the outcome of this would be very difficult – too difficult – to bear.

It was not possible – for now. I had to go. Otherwise she would go. I couldn’t yet swallow and digest all her difficult feelings, if any of them at all, let alone the depth of the trouble. I was still a boy, not Man. If i only knew what to do to Free her... I’d cry the oceans for her. A thought that later would turn out to be prescient.

It was a painful goodbye. I didn’t give her a kiss. There was no space for it, i felt. Somewhere inside i felt an impulse to cry. If this would come, better not in her presence. I didn’t want to walk away. I walked. I gave my legs an order to walk. She gave my legs the order, as she didn’t know what to do with herself. As a slave, with the big rucksack on my back, i walked to the boat. Something, someday, would happen with all of this, as slavery was not My Nature. For now, however, i sat squatted in a corner on the deck of the ship, wanting to be alone for heaven’s sake, like a wounded animal, avoiding the crowd as much as possible, the noisy crowd that felt almost like an enemy with their shallow existence of trying to avoid the pain of life, of love, which was the same. And this pain that was resisted being felt by them was only digging deeper into my wounded heart when, unintentionally, i saw someone, more than as a vague shadow.

Two tears were slowly coursing down. This is the first time in my life I’m doing something i don’t want, i thought on the boat, on my way to the coast, on my way to my dry small room where a girl hadn’t visited me yet, a girl who wanted to know, feel who i was. I refused to wipe away the tears, the two, sad tears, cruelly separated by an insurmountable mountain of a nose, that had to continue their way in all solitude, without a clear end, without the slightest meaning: this was my punishment, i had to repent, even though i didn’t know what for, i hadn’t been brought up in a Christian way, i hadn’t done anything wrong. I crept away into a corner of the deck, against the brute noise of a big iron plate below which the machine chamber should have been. Nobody hears my tears here, i thought, nobody knows what i’ve been through, what had started, what is over, and no longer do i hear the seagulls calling.

[The Grief p.46]

Also Sietze's eyes were red, i saw, although there were no tears. This strange nostalgic unknown pain connected us somehow, and yet we had to suffer by ourselves. He was sitting on his own. We didn't feel like talking about our feelings. Squatted on that deck i realized i had never felt so strange in my whole life. This was quite something, this state far beyond any word could ever possibly touch or approach. What deep human pain i had gotten in touch with here. The fundamental Pain of Separation between Man and Woman, between Maja and me. This was something i didn't know. I didn't get it. I didn't know what to do with it. I didn't know how to solve it – if it could be solved at all. I didn't even know if it was a problem. It was pain somehow; my entire body was suddenly invaded by pain. But it wasn't a normal pain, not comparable to a little pain from cutting in my finger, nor to an intense pain caused by a dentist drill. This pain took over my whole body somehow. And it was not really traceable, it seemed, although certainly my whole chest area felt very strange, unknown, touched by an invisible Force – and vulnerable.

The whole thing had to be a strong intensification of that one time i suddenly cried when, much too late but still, it dawned upon me that Iris and i weren't together any more. This girl Maja – although she pretended and wanted and hoped to be just a normal girl – touched me deeper than all the others before, including Iris and Nathali, girls with whom i had kissed as well and whom i had loved too and still loved. What was going on here. I didn't know myself like this, not at all. I had associated with something in – or via – someone that was unknown so far, apart from that one brief preview that i just mentioned and that could hardly be compared with the depth of pain i experienced now. And my body responded very strongly to it. I hadn't known this feeling of separation, hadn't known it existed, this feeling of our bodies being not together but separated, that it even hurt in a physical, though strange, way. Our bodies had always been separated, and now that i had met her, it suddenly hurt so much. She carried something within her that triggered this strange feeling, something that as a boy i hadn't got of myself or at least couldn't get in touch with without such a girl as Maja.

No longer deafened by Unconsciousness i dare to say that without having seen the Jesus movie not long before meeting Maja – or at least having had a similar experience – it would not have been possible for Maja to come and suddenly stand next to me in the disco. Not that seeing the movie in itself was so important, of course, but my being so deeply Touched by it, by what i recognized in myself and what started growing in me, by the Jesus in 'me'. It made it possible that, despite and beyond herself, despite Woman, she was Drawn to the Man of the Heart, even if this Heart had hardly manifested itself yet. She called *Me*, or the (Archetype of) Jesus, if you please. Or else we wouldn't have met. Jesus himself hadn't had time enough to Go into Deep Relationship with Woman. Or else, if he had done so, His teachings and wisdom would have become very different. They would have Deepened much. No, and sorry that it sounds weird and probably megalomaniac, but this was My Job, in a new body. Of course, i know that all of this appears overdramatized. Of course, i realize that most people don't believe in a higher mission, since it is not something at their experiential level, and they prefer to ridicule it. I don't argue here: i just say it was, Beyond the illusion of 'self', 'my' higher mission to Bring the Heart's Love to Earth, and this could only, naturally, happen through the Love-Attraction between Man and Woman.

In the bus from the shore to Groningen the blues continued and added now a sort of hopeless anger that made me, almost incessantly, curse myself without words that i hadn’t asked for Maja’s address. I had to do something with this strong overwhelming feeling that had come over me. This was not normal any more, to just accept it and that’s it, life goes on – without Life, but still. I couldn’t just let her go like this, as if nothing happened or just something nice or sad or both. This what i felt couldn’t be only *my* feeling. It had to do with *her*. Other girls – up till then – couldn’t provoke this woe in me. Was i, as i had *thought*, *really* respectful to Maja if i ‘respected’ like a gentleman the whims of her changing moods, ‘her’ duality that played with her even more than with me? Or was i disrespectful in ‘respecting’ what a woman merely shows and *seems* to want, in ‘respecting’ what she *says*? What if it wasn’t true what she said and showed, and was not her own deeper truth?

It seemed she was happy, relieved, to have gotten rid of me, to be ‘free’ again. But she was not really happy. On a deeper level i didn’t feel she would be really relieved, relieved of some undetermined burden she felt inside, a resistance, a restlessness. I seemed to be affected by her restlessness. I couldn’t get rid of it when i had returned home. I wanted strongly to go back to the camp site. But then she’d feel even more imprisoned, if, beginning to know a little how she functioned, especially for her i returned – which would be true, but it was also true that i had left for her. Anyway, returning wasn’t a serious option to consider. I would at least have liked to write Maja. I was experienced in this thanks to my abundant correspondence with Nathali. And i felt sure in my writing. Unlike speaking, in writing i could say just what i wanted or felt, just my truth, without being disturbed by the eyes and energy of the other(s), other bodies that usually carried inner cramps that prevented me from speaking or distorted what i had to say. I needed space to be able to speak the truth, even when it was just my truth.

The big problem with writing Maja was that i didn’t have an address to write to. Where could i send a letter. The only thing i knew was her name Maja and that was it. The chances of reaching her that way were almost zero, it seemed. Still, i had to write her, i couldn’t contain myself. I would send my letter to the camp site address – a big camp site with many hundreds of guests – with only Maja on it. As i was into statistics, i considered the chance 1 per cent that she would receive it, a true miracle. But this was better than no chance at all. She was all worthy of trying the impossible. If not by ink then through the air i wanted to honestly let her know how much i was touched by her. In eight pages or so i wrote many things that merely filled the space, they were not to the point but i found it somehow not appropriate to write eight pages long: “I like you so much. God, i like you so much.”

So i made up things around this statement, which was not so difficult for me. I could write – since, as i have said, during writing i wasn’t too much blocked by other people’s near presence, or rather lack of presence. Already in primary school i could easily write. In secondary school my writings – and even a poem, about one of our cats – were appreciated and rewarded with high marks by my teacher in Dutch, a great teacher who i liked and valued very much but who, quite some years after i had left school, had been ‘frozen’ out by his colleague in Dutch language. My teacher was, relatively exceptionally, gifted with *heart*. Not everybody could stand this. Also at university i got high marks, this time for my scientific reports. I could think logically, which was not a disadvantage in a scientific surrounding, and

i could put it on paper. Writing love letters appeared to be no weak point either. What i had written to Nathali had been appreciated by her and this, supported by my strong will and sincere love, kept the fire between us going for a whole year, bridging 1100 lonely kilometres, not belittling by this her own steadfastness in this respect.

Yes, it’s true, in a meeting with someone – a boy or, especially, a girl – i was so much pervaded by the state of heart and consciousness – or, rather, unconsciousness – of that person that i could not easily speak, if at all. My parents had been worried there might be something wrong with me as a little kid. I didn’t seem able to speak until i was 4 years old. Very fortunately they had somehow trust in me and didn’t send me to a therapist who would, despite ‘good intentions’, have screwed up the whole thing instead of ‘repairing’ me, repairing what didn’t need to be repaired since i wasn’t damaged. I needed space in order to talk. In general, speaking needed space, and this was something not abundantly offered by the candidates i was supposed to speak to in my youth and later as well. People hardly, if ever, gave space, unconsciously obsessed with themselves as they were, with their ‘own’ mind; and they, their minds and bodies, were dictated by their past and recorded experience, if not conditioning. People were unavoidably ‘eating space’ when they could not or resisted emptying themselves, when they weren’t attuned to the Formless Beyond the crowding forms.

Only, or mainly, the Heart could speak through me. If i tried to speak ‘by myself’, in reaction to what others said, i could easily start stammering, or at least i felt hurried by the other person who had already a next thought that he or she often seemed to have to say as quick as possible, or at least it was pressing and i felt this pressure of someone’s mind. I flowered best in space. In space something original could appear. In the cramp of no-space only repetition of the past was possible.

Being on my own, writing a letter, all this didn’t exist. There was no problem. I attuned to the one i was writing and then, of itself, things appeared – even though not all of it was so interesting, to say the least: the mind got increasingly a grip on me too in the course of my twenties.

‘There you go’. I put my letter in the letter box. It felt almost as if i could put my letter just as well in a bottle and throw it in the sea, addressed “to Maja”.

The miracle happened though. Maja received my letter. If not, wouldn’t my whole life have gone differently? Or, if not Maja, wouldn’t another girl have received my letter, have appreciated it? Indeed, i received a letter of Maja in return, nine days after i had sent mine. She wrote she hadn’t expected i’d write her and “certainly not sooooo”, not the way i did. This meant she almost couldn’t believe i had written so positive about our meeting and about her and the fact that i really liked her. She wrote that she hadn’t planned to check to see if someone would perhaps write her on holiday. It was rather a joke to check for a letter box once, saying ‘let’s see who thought of me again today’. Maja’s self-esteem was low, to put it mildly.