

The farewell to Maja, the beginning of Damiantha?

Something unusual happened. All these years before Maja i'd been alone, no girl, not a chance of a girl – there was even hardly any meeting with a girl except for Mickey. And now, three days before Maja ended our relationship, i met another girl. Since they were intense, i remember exactly the days these events took place. Maja had called me on Friday afternoon March 12 1993. A few days earlier my brother had told me he had met two girls in the student restaurant and he would meet them again on Tuesday the 9th, at the same place. I asked him if he was interested in (one of) them as a girlfriend. He was not so sure, even though one of them was quite pretty.

I wasn't aware yet of 'my' ability – or, in general, of human's ability – to feel people through someone's story about them, even just by their name being mentioned or by any other clue or reference. But this didn't mean this potential wasn't active yet. The result of my, not very conscious, tuning in to the girls, was that i had an impulse to meet them – especially, or in fact only, the pretty one since i somehow felt some (potential) openness in her for 'me', even though she'd never seen me or heard about me. My brother didn't mind me joining in. And so the four of us ate in the refractory. When i arrived my brother and Damiantha were already waiting in the corridor. The moment Damiantha and i saw each other some kind of a flash went through us. She looked like a typical beautiful blonde, at least as far as her outer appearance was concerned. To me she looked exactly like Marilyn Monroe, to whom i didn't feel attracted in the least, by the way. Only, Damiantha looked less energetically present and more modest. Anyway, the flash that went through us didn't have to do with any form of outer appearance. No, Damiantha recognized something in me, through my eyes. She was shocked by my eyes, enchanted, and felt very attracted by them, beyond normal attraction. Later she said that she saw Jesus in me.

Damiantha had always had a lot of attention from boys and a lot of fuss and trouble with them. Jesus was her big love in the background. Whenever she didn't succeed with them on an earthly level – continuously, in fact – at least He was There, even though He wasn't here. It was the first time someone felt this deeper association of me with Jesus, at least the first time someone told me so. She wouldn't be the last one. Many followed over the years. Even strangers on the street sometimes made a remark about it. It wasn't in the first place my appearance with my long hair that reminded them of Jesus. Certainly lying for four years on bed – forced to be cleaned from 'the world' by a Deeper Force That Wanted to Unite Man and Woman on an Earthly Level and had disguised Itself as the force that made me ill or at least energetically weakened – had added to the recognition.

I don't mean the lying on bed itself, of course, but the suffering for the world i had 'done' or rather allowed¹ there, the suffering for other's 'sins', as by myself i had always been 'happy' – even though now i couldn't use this last word any more, it having lost its meaning completely now. In any case, as for me, i had always been in a state of being and feeling non-problematic. When i laid on bed in those years, however, others started worrying about me.

¹ It is true though that i – or the mind, in fact – still resisted this naturally given function with all its might.

This was a projection of their own problematic states, their own self-concern, when it comes to not accepting the body being so vulnerable, subject to decay and death, and reflecting the world. I had taken on people's unconscious suffering, which had started already before those years – and this would also have happened when people hadn't projected their own problems of 'self' on me. In fact, already since my birth, before my birth, i had taken into my body and heart my mother's state, Woman's state of feeling alone, separate, isolated, which had to do with the Absence of Man and was symbolized and actualized by my father going to parties, smoking, drinking, playing games, sleeping with women – in itself not the end of the world for my tolerant mother – and leaving her alone with two infants in a flat in a new suburb of Amsterdam.

It's true that one could see those four – or, in fact, more – years on bed being reflected in my eyes, although, as soon as i regained some energy and when subsequently i could be with Maja therefore, 'i' seemed eager to go 'up' again, away from the earth's suffering. I – still – felt somehow that suffering had nothing to do with *Me*. I could have taken the first bus away from it if i had had money to buy a ticket. In *that* sense at least, i was ordinary. My heart had always been different, much more open and present on earth than what i felt in any other people. My mind, when it developed, didn't function the same way as in other people. And in addition, since my breakdown just before i'd become 26 my body radically changed in how it functioned, and was nothing any more like what people considered normal in case they would have been able to feel it as their own experience. My outer world, my behaviour, from then on at the margin of society, changed with it. Before 26, at least my outer world seemed normal, when it comes to the things i did in life: sports, school, university, friends, family, going out. Normal, even when i didn't have a steady relationship with a girl; i had at least contact with girls and sometimes (ultra) short affairs – kissing at least. I always kind of 'had to' act as if i was like others and, of course, i adjusted but i hadn't met anyone who felt things like i did, who felt and experienced life from the Heart's perspective. That didn't make me lonely, as one might expect. The Heart was always there. It was rather the opposite. People – and this even seemed to apply to virtually all people – were lonely somehow in their lack of experiencing life from the Heart but rather as a conglomeration or collection of loose forms that tries to make contact with other forms, other collections.

Anyway, finally, at 26, my outer world, the form that my life took, seemed to adjust to, catch up with the otherness of my inner world. But yes, even then, this one thing, not identifying with suffering, was still 'normal' at least. Until Maja freed me finally from this arrogant stubbornness, simply by her rejection of 'me' – which was fair even though her rejection had to happen in (and thanks to) her state of unconsciousness 'and' utter confusion that seems normal in this world of the Two, of Duality, certainly when it comes to 'love', to allowing a bit of intimacy and then wanting to get rid of it again.

Well, i said i didn't identify myself with suffering before i was 30. This was rather a consequence of still believing in the substance-less, incorporeal creations of the infinitely deluding mind. For i remember, and i mentioned it earlier, how very caught i was, so very much touched in my heart by the Italian movie i had seen with the Jesus-like figure in it.

Yet, on a manifest, earthly level, there were only 4 instances in my twenties where i had to cry, cry unreasonably. Next to this movie, it had been when Maja had left my room and me after my unfortunate yawning, when my grandmother died and the senselessness of her, stiffened, life and death got deeply into me, and one year later when i broke down and my body was finished, when it could no longer coop with all the cramp, stress, heartlessness, unfelt pain in the world that, secretly in the dark, had found its way to my heart and revealed itself as my bodily-energetic state. The Power of the Deluding Force, as She speaks as the mind, was so big though that the mind just raged on. It didn't know yet what to do with those events at the time, with these tears. It couldn't 'place' them in or See them as part of a larger Whole. It wanted to continue its mission to 'save the world' – that, of course, originally stemmed from the heart – even though not as a Don Quichotte fighting windmills, that wasn't my way, but, in all reasonableness, through whatever i could contribute. The mind preferred, if not ordered and manipulated me, to fight for the good cause, rather than Feeling or even just valuing the actual feeling of the painfulness of the situation itself. Let alone that the mind could have been so intelligent to see the relationship between four seemingly individual events of crying, deep crying, to see their connection with the Heart, with *Me*.

Myself – and not only i – have had for a long time the idea that i had been very much 'up' during the second half of my twenties. When i finally felt deeper into this issue, this appeared not to be really true – or at least there was more to say about it. In general: what seems to be so, is almost never really so. In fact, 'I' – or the Heart – was Going Down. Only, now, in that state of 'withdrawing', in that space of finally feeling (more), it turned out what an incredible and separating mind-world i had associated with. If only for those 22 years at school, of which 20 years of mind-fucking – starting at an age of 5. I'm not against using the mind, but once this function in the human being is developed, there are next important functions to be developed and for the sake of a balanced human being it's no good to keep hanging on to the mind as the alternative for or complementary function of the physical body.

In those late-twenties i had a big task that wasn't even clear to me as being a task, let alone the hugeness of it: digging through, undoing, many layers, many walls of mind, in order to clean 'myself, or in fact, to clean the Heart. This work, struggling through the mind-forms that i associated with, didn't make it *my* mind. No wonder that people who tried to help me only made things worse with their extra contribution of mind, of not Feeling, but, in their Separation from Life, thinking they know (better). In general when people *consciously feel*, i, the Heart-Body, doesn't have difficulties with them. But when, as usual, they're in their mind, i get sickish, since then it is, by nature, me, 'my' Heart-Body, who has to do their forgotten 'work' of feeling, to take over their forgotten Responsibility of who they are, how they function, of what they don't want to consciously feel but is a fact anyway.

No, finally my body had shown the honest form of the situation on earth. It finally showed how still very far the Conscious Heart is away from the Darkness here on earth. I was not sick. The world was sick, sick from Heartlessness, Closed-heartedness. Nobody told me this. Almost everyone and everything helped me *not* to become aware of this but rather the opposite: to become self-obsessed. Self-obsession is a disease that is *very* contagious. Officially it is not recognized as a psychiatric or other kind of disorder, simply because

psychiatrists themselves are, unconsciously, suffering from it. Psychologists even help people to reinforce the sense of self.

‘My’ state of being ‘up’ was a manifestation of the state of the world that i had to learn not to identify with. In that period i didn’t succeed yet in this respect. Again, the Mind-Force is huge.

I have come back here again to this seemingly finished and seemingly dark period in my life, because i feel dedicated to Piercing through the Lie that says that the periods in which one seems to have a (very) hard time and is more or less unconsciously suffering, are the bad periods that we should leave behind, whereas in reality they can be (the beginning of) the recovery or the context of becoming aware of or even the Transcendence of the Lie one has had to live up to then. (It’s true, fortunately not everybody is deluded in this sense.) If i was forced to choose, i’d rather repeat those heavy years of my late twenties than the early twenties of being a student among students and teachers with whom a real contact from Heart to Heart was, despite the fact that they were quite good people, not easy to establish if it could be spoken of at all.

Okay, back to the girls – the bringers of mind. Dual as the mind *Is*, the girls are also the gate to go beyond the mind. What certainly played a part in my deeper impulse to meet the new girls that my brother had met, was the fact that i intuitively felt Maja would leave me sooner rather than later, even though something in me couldn’t believe that at all, simply because we loved each other so much. If *we*, with the big love we felt inside and floating around us, couldn’t make it, who could? Then everything would be lost. My earthly unconscious knowledge though was not convinced of Maja’s faith to Love, while at the same time my ‘own’ faith to Love was completely normal to me, Natural, taken for granted, and i would never ever break my unspoken Promise of never breaking with Love.

So, incredible to myself in a way – for i would never replace Maja for another girl – i started already investigating another possibility of manifesting My Love That was stubbornly Asking to Be Manifested somehow. If not with my Queen, then, sad as it was, it would be otherwise. After all, would i be truly Faithful to Love if i just sat there in my attic room after Maja would have actually left, dreaming about the past, dreaming about Love – Pure Love without *form*? I already feel tears welling in my eyes writing this. Since i Know – and intuitively i Knew – the answer is no. And yet it hurts, to have to Sacrifice the Purity of the Love of the King and the Queen into the normal earthly hustle and bustle of man and woman, even though, indeed, i wouldn’t rest before – and possibly not without whatever great struggle, i didn’t care – i could ‘re’-establish that Very Same Pure Limitless Love of the King and His Queen That had been Revealed through being with Maja – but in the Form, in the Body.

It wasn’t lust, not the sexual drive, not carelessness, not unfaithfulness to Maja, to My Love for her, but Love Itself That Drove me to meet that ‘pretty girl’ Damiantha before Maja actually broke up with me. And it hurt that i ‘had to’ do that, even when it seemed to be just ‘meeting a girl’ and that’s all. Not to be grandiloquent about it, but yes, it was a Sacrifice, not a blind running after a lower self-interest. For me, if there had been a self, i would have preferred to keep on hoping – and trying – that things with my Queen would be solved, the

‘misunderstanding’ would be solved and, if not, if she would really finish, to dream about her. Fortunately, the Deeper Forces were too strong for any possible self.

In the refractory that Tuesday i came to sit straight opposite Damiantha. We couldn’t stop looking into each other’s eyes again and again, at least for flashes and sometimes for quite a long time. She looked into the Mystery That Man Is and That would Totally Take her if only she would Look long enough, deep enough. I looked into her eyes of Longing, of uncertainty, of not knowing, of fear, her eyes that became beautiful and radiating when they looked or attuned to Man no matter what difficulties or pain she’d be in. The other, pretty ugly girl, Marga, started getting restless noticing Damiantha’s connection with me, but she wasn’t yet in a panic since if Damiantha and i would end up together, my brother was still available. She didn’t yet know that my brother didn’t like her really, although she could have suspected it. In any case the diner together had been successful enough to have another diner together with the four of us, the coming Sunday already, this time at Marga’s place.

As i said, three days after that first diner, on Friday Maja called to relieve herself by breaking up with me. The big crying started. Our parting wasn’t in any way less painful because maybe another girl wanted to be with me. I was not busy with that. I collapsed on the floor and cried and cried. Until Maja came that Saturday to say farewell. I was immediately taken again – or still, in fact – by ‘my’ Love for her, by her (repressed) Love for ‘me’. Although on a certain level i didn’t agree with our break up, i took Maja’s rejection as a man who knows he’s not in control of Love – and, to her surprise, i didn’t make any attempt to persuade her, let alone to beat her, as she had feared, strangely enough. Instead, we had a very good time, in fact. And so she decided to stay the night.

On Sunday, now that she felt free again, relieved of the burden of Love – similar to our meeting on Ameland ten years earlier when she felt space again for me when it was clear that i would leave the island the next day – Maja still didn’t have an impulse to go. Only, time ran out. I had an appointment with my brother, Damianta and Marga at 3 o’clock. At 1 o’clock Maja and i ended up in bed. And at 2 i had my Initiation in the Flesh, finally after that half year of crazy Love. Almost immediately afterwards ‘I’ started crying. ‘I’, or this Body anyhow, allowed the Pain of Separation to be felt through, which became visible in the form of a spontaneous flood of tears. Maja had no idea what attitude to take while i was crying stretched out on the bed. Suddenly, unlike in normal daily life, Woman turned out to be so unhandy when She saw her own tears being cried by a man. Something in her was unwilling to be with it, to face it, to Feel what was going on, to See Herself. This unwillingness to See Her own pain through my form and ‘my’ tears was something that would manifest more often over the years, albeit with other Woman-forms who took over Maja’s complicated task of bearing my Love.

After the flood finally ceased for now, we went downstairs to the kitchen for a last drink together. It was certainly not out of misplaced, unnecessary compassion after my tears that Maja started to doubt. It was rather thanks to ‘my’ (borrowed) tears and crying through the first Pain, that she felt a bit relieved of her stuck drama and some space returned. There was space again for the other side of Herself: love, and a longing to unite with Man. Maja said she didn’t know any more if it was good what “we were doing”, if we should really split up. I’ll never know what would have happened if i could have cried the floods of tears not only at the end but already *during* our relationship and would thus, again and again, have

created space for Maja to breathe, not feel choked by Love, or in fact by the fear that Love will be Killed one day, for good – if i could thus have countered the Separating Force in time.

“What do you mean: ‘we’?” i said. I didn’t like this at all. “It’s not *my* choice.” I was all right with crying, but i didn’t want to be held responsible (yet) for Woman’s decision to choose against Love. Although i felt more One with her than she with me, i didn’t get it why Maja said ‘we’.

It is true, i was not Man enough, not Free. To be Able to Guide Maja through her ‘own’ duality, to Show her that she doesn’t have to choose either side of it, that she can ‘just’ allow the tendency to (want to) leave, to break up, but doesn’t necessarily have to *react* to it, i should have been Free myself. If she hadn’t reacted (in the form of *deciding*), her identification with the Separating Force – as if it was she who wanted to separate – would have eased or would have even disappeared in the end. So, although on a Deeper Level i Accepted the ‘rejection’ – or, in fact, Woman’s *reaction* to one Side of Herself, the Separating Side – on the level of the world of form and manifestation i stayed in the male side of the coin, the one of the One, Unity, Non-Separation, Togetherness.

Something, something *seemingly* stubborn in *Me*, didn’t want to help her change her mind, although in that moment she was at the verge of it and ‘i’ didn’t want anything but that. With a few simple words i could have much supported the side in Maja that didn’t want to say goodbye to what she had, finally – since the man in me as *form* was not so much in the way as she was used to with men – (unconsciously) discovered in her life, the side that wanted to Unite with Man. It was the Call of Truth that i had to be faithful to. It Told me that – at least eventually – Woman needs to be Totally Responsible for the Fact that she wants nothing more – and even unconsciously desperately so – than Being with *Me*, Being (Part of) *Me*, (of) Man Himself – which is not about ‘me’, naturally. In the End this is just True. Only, we were far from that yet. Even when i was in Contact with this Deeper Truth indeed, it didn’t mean that Maja was this too, or at least it didn’t mean that she would be faithful to That. It meant that ‘My’ Heart was not on earth yet, or – not denying that this was true anyway – at least she didn’t recognize this Heart being earthed. She felt alone in her difficult decision(s), not Embraced, not Embedded yet by and in the Heart of Man Whom i was Supposed to Represent and Be. It is true, however, if ‘my’ Heart had already been substantially more down to earth, she wouldn’t have trusted me either as someone who could support her in taking a decision, simply because she put me in the box of ‘man’ who, from her perspective, has other interests than she as a woman. She didn’t – and doesn’t – understand Love.

Unfortunately or not, there was not any form of ego that wanted to come through me at that very important moment that could decide my future, my love-life (and there is no Love without Truth in the End), no ego that could have helped me with what i seemed to want: at least to stay longer and preferably for ever with my beloved who by far outshone all the other girls i had been with or should have been with. Of course, *if* i had helped her change her mind, there was a big chance, and in fact a certainty, that after not too long the same drama would have occurred. And even then, if i had helped her ego by taking it over again and acting as if it was mine, then soon the same problem would start again or let’s say it would come to the surface, since the root of the problem was still entirely intact. Well, almost entirely: by not reacting to her decision to leave me by means of any form of manipulation but

just crying from the Heart instead, i at least gave her – or: created – space, only in which the Truth can be approached, space that is not attached to either side of Woman's Duality.

In a flash – not necessarily a totally conscious flash – all this was being pre-viewed, pre-felt. The premonition or intuition made it clear that i didn't feel at all like having to live one side of Maja's duality. My Heart was Beyond that, and this Heart, this 'Place', was where she Belonged. If Maja didn't want to acknowledge this, i was not the one who would fight forever about it. I would be lost if i did so, a pawn, a marionette in her world. By My Very Nature, My First Love was Truth, My Second, albeit She was Integral Part of the First, Woman. I Had to Sacrifice the *Form* of My First Love – She Being the Form – in order to stay Faithful to the First Principle, and therefore also to the Second, to Woman Herself. The other way round, first serving the Second Principle, doesn't work.

Seeing us again sitting there in the kitchen, Maja totally confused in that crazy moment that she would say farewell to the one she loved, it would have been so easy to manipulate her a bit (or more) into what seemed to be 'my' direction – staying with me, not breaking up. She was on the edge of 'breaking' – everybody could have seen this – and yet i couldn't, i just bloody couldn't. I was not made for it. I knew it was normal, a bit of manipulation, everybody did it, man or woman, but i just couldn't. Even now i cannot. If there is no 'i', there is no direction in which Woman – or anyone – should move with or towards 'me'. 'I' didn't have a direction, 'I' was not a slave of Duality. 'I' didn't have interests, not even my Queen Maja herself was an interest of me – She was Part of Me, That was something else. Something in me Knew i should have stopped her, taken her in my arms, let all her doubts disappear in my arms, in my heart – for that moment. Woman was waiting for me to make a move, to move along in her world, now that she had cast the first stone. I didn't. I didn't cast it in return.

Woman couldn't say it. Maja couldn't Say she Loved Me – even if she had said it with words. She couldn't say that, in fact, she wanted very much to be with 'me'. Woman couldn't Cry. She just seemed to be – and to be lost – in a huge fight within herself, one side of herself against the other.

She couldn't say it.

I 'could not' help her.

I could not help her yet. My One Heart wasn't planted Strongly enough in the earth yet to Outshine her problem of Duality. My arms would never be able to hold her tightly enough – no one's arms would manage to hold Maja, the Queen of Solitude.

So i brought Maja to the railway station. At 3 the train left.

The last embrace.

The last kiss.

The last look in the eyes.

The last wave.

The last dot.

That was it.

My Big Love.

Done. Over. Finished. Finito.

This whole Ordeal in those ten minutes was of utter importance for the future Manifestation of the Man in me. If i had gone into the ‘normal’ Dual Game with Woman i would have become part of Her world and i – and, more important, She – simply could have given up on the Man in me, on the possible prospect that the Man in me would manifest Himself through me, that the Heart of Man would be Embodied by ‘me’.

Instead of going straight to my appointment at 3 o’clock in the pub i first went back home, accepting the fact that, despite my difficulties with being late, i would be too late. I didn’t do anything at home, in fact. I just needed this moment of emptiness, of nothingness, of space, of senselessness, of absurdity, of reality. This moment of the Earth and the Heaven.

Then i got on the bike and rode to the pub, to meet my brother, Damiantha and Marga. Needless to say that i felt strange. At the same time yet i felt very present. In ‘emergencies’, when it really comes down to it, when i had to be there, to be present, i *was* there, wholeheartedly, whole-bodily. In ‘emergencies’ like this i was at my best, as a matter of fact. Only, i didn’t know this yet.

While Maja was crying on the train home, shocked by the incomprehension of life and of (and alone with) her own decision – she studied psychology, and like most of her colleagues, she didn’t understand a jot about herself – i sat in the pub in the company of an attractive girl that seemed to be attracted to me. Not that i liked this whole situation and the timing – immediately after losing my one love meeting another girl – i didn’t. But it had to be so. Four – and in fact many more – years of staying away from life, or: years of preparing for life, had been enough.

What i probably and unfortunately will never know is if Maja had been interested in – or should i say: energetically pervaded by – another man, and if this played a serious part in her decision to leave me. I don’t feel this were so, as a matter of fact. What i do know – despite that Maja hadn’t said anything about the event – is that a man was flirting with her at Sylvester, and that, at least energetically, she allowed that man in her. I clearly felt this on New Year’s Eve. Only, rational as i still tried to be in spite of myself, i didn’t trust my intuition. I didn’t yet trust that i was able to feel things over a distance.

Again and again i have to think of Sylvester. Since then i get annoying pictures before my eyes. You were, i knew, somewhere at some party in your own city. As for me, i went to bed early but couldn’t sleep. Not because of the banging of the fireworks outside but because of a vague, yet clear enough, picture of a young man who was constantly courting you. No matter now much i branded this as obvious nonsense – i even rose up for a moment and spoke loudly and clearly: “obvious”, before i, after a brief pause in which the words, just like my throbbing heart, could reverberate for a while, lay down in bed again – and, with all logic that was at my disposal, dismissed the possibility that there could be a relation between the picture and the reality of that moment to the land of fables, i didn’t succeed in liberating myself from the image, strangely enough. Only when daylight came, i have slept a little after all, i think. And now, every time the picture visits me, my heart starts throbbing again and i get warm and restless in my head. Ah, what is happening to me. Does all this also belong to it, to love? Have i ordered this too? Can i only order the whole package? Maja, this isn’t possible, is it? That i see things that happen somewhere else, far away, things that actually happen? And, of all things, such an idiotic picture that tries to make a caricature of our love, of love in general.

I haven't asked you anything about it, by the way, This is not an option, of course. What a defeat that would be. For me. For liberty.

[Testament of an individual, page 189-190]

Undoubtedly, Maja would have considered it as an infringement of her freedom and would have felt oppressed again – or still – even if i had only asked her if the picture was true or not, without judging the content of it. She would probably not have accepted this intolerable limitation on her 'freedom'. The freedom of Ego to do whatever and whenever it wants is often – and even usually – confused with Freedom. What to do. The Ego will never listen, it cannot Listen. Only if Something beyond the Ego is reached, touched, *something* is possible – Contact, Love.

If (a) Woman is – somewhere inside – Open to a possible other man, he will come anyway. If i hadn't managed (yet) to make Woman Clear that 'I' Am (Her) Man and not *a* man – i hadn't – 'the other man' would always come, even if he wouldn't show up in the actual form of a man for whatever clumsy and sad reason.

At 5 o'clock that Sunday the four of us went to Marga's house for diner. Since Marga was cooking, Damiantha and i took the opportunity to go to the adjacent bedroom, to lie a bit on bed and talk. Even though my feelings for Damiantha were not comparable to Maja, i quite liked her. Damiantha was a bit vulnerable. This was very nice after having been with the tough Maja. Through our exchange in this relaxed setting we felt that we were getting closer to each other and something really clicked between us, absurd as it was on this same intense day that my first and big love left me, which happened also to be the day of the first sexual intercourse in my life – although the importance of the latter, except for on a Deeper Level of Entering Woman, disappeared against Maja's goodbye. As a bulldozer, as if love had never existed and would never exist, suddenly Marga burst into the room:

"What, for god's sake, is going on here!?" she shouted.

Some people seemed to be allergic to the possibility of Love emerging, especially when it threatens to happen in their own bedroom and they don't seem to be part of it. Neither Damiantha nor i said anything. In this sudden panic of Marga, the silence Damiantha and i were in – the Silence in Which Man and Woman Meet and Are Together and there is nothing to say – stood all the more out. So the panic returned to Marga herself and she rushed out of her bedroom again. I suspected that, while Damiantha and i were chilling out in the bedroom, Marga was making advances to my brother who ignored them or rejected them.

After the meal Damiantha and i agreed that i would accompany her through the dark park to her place. She was the type of girl with an open energy who could easily get in trouble with sinister guys, also because she was a curious girl and wanted to know what the guys wanted if they stopped her and asked her things – this curiosity being not totally (and, in fact, not at all) separate from the Sexual Force, by the way. We agreed i would bring her to her door so i could borrow a library book of hers that i was interested in when she had talked about it. The moment i confirmed our agreement, an enormous reedy fake female laugh shriek through the room:

"Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah!" Marga screamed. "You **just** go to get the library book! Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah!" Of course! The library book! In the middle of the night! Why not!"

I was a bit shocked. I had never seen jealousy so openly and loudly being expressed, without constraint, without shame. But i felt eager to learn. Life had begun – if that happened to be the same as (or was somehow at least involving) Darkness.

“She’s always jealous of me”, Damiantha said. Remarkable, how the beauty and the beast had come together somehow as sort of friends. And, as i could not help but reflect upon afterwards, how unfair life seemed to be in manifesting and withholding its beauty in whatever variations. I didn’t have any problem with the expression of the jealousy in itself, by the way. But still, i couldn’t help being repulsed of the big fakeness in it, of the authentic falsity. Marga became so very ugly when the Egoic Force took her over, or, rather – since it had taken her already – expressed itself through her. She didn’t cry. She had wanted to come closer to a man herself or, in the End, even Unite with Him. But she could not cry, through which she would probably have become (more) attractive if she had done so. Only ugly ironic remarks were displayed, shouted into the ether, and into our bodies.

I couldn’t have known or suspected that now that i had been expelled from My Kingdom – and, in a way, like Buddha, I wanted this Myself, Beyond myself – in order to get to Know life, its misery, suffering, the Dark, to get to Know What Separated Man and Woman and kept them Separate, the same day i was already confronted with it – seemingly mildly as a starter, but Marga was not truly a mild case, i knew intuitively. In the same moment that Love was investigating a(nother) possibility to Manifest Itself, impudently the Dark Force interfered, trying to already destroy the first flickering of Love, as if it didn’t trust that It didn’t need to worry, that Love would be screwed up anyhow sooner or later.

Arriving at Damiantha’s door, she invited me in for a drink. Showing me around in her house we came to her bedroom where we lay down on her matrass on the ground. Lying there we quietly talked and held hands. I couldn’t stop being reminded of what a weird day this was. Somehow it was not me any more. A flow of life moved and lived me. I didn’t do nor had to do anything. Strange or not, despite the sad event earlier that day – by far the saddest in my life – i quite liked this. Suddenly everything belonged to this flow of life: the love, the initiation in the flesh, the crying, the parting, meeting someone new, getting closer, the jealousy, holding hands. Even Maja’s doubt and her unfaithfulness to her very heart had their own place in this flow. Blocking love was part of the flow.

Biking home in the middle of the night, this craziest day of my life passed through me, many flashes, over and over again, all this input, these imprints that my body had to process somehow. The events didn’t carry the same weight though, as if they could all be unrelated, as if every happening existed separate from any other. It was not difficult to be aware of the fact that the first half of the day carried much more weight than the second. Yet, again, the second half could only exist in relation to the first half.

I had my Initiation – into the Pain of the Earth, into Woman’s Body. Whatever the relationship between these two might be, i had been Initiated into it. And now the 16 months of crying started. But of course, in that moment, despite the sea i felt was coming, i had no idea it would take that long – even though there was no definition of what long *is*. All i knew were three things: that i truly Loved Maja, that she truly Loved ‘me’ and that we could not be together – somehow. This simple knowledge was apparently enough for 16 months of crying. Love was big and the tears were many.

Perhaps unnecessarily, let's clarify once more – as it is important – that the tears were not mine. It was not out of self-pity that i cried. I didn't find this in me, when i observed 'my' crying and there was plenty of time for this 'self'-observation: during fits of crying you're not gone, consciousness is active, moving. Although i didn't Understand yet how very much – or, in fact, how totally – Man takes over Woman's earthly, un-felt state in His Heart, this doesn't mean the tears were mine. But it's true, there's something to say for it: as long as there's no Clarity yet, no Overview – that 'i', besides having a good deep intuition, didn't yet have – as long as there is, on some level(s), still a form of identification with an 'i', the forms, things, feelings, thoughts, sensations, that i live in 'my' body are or seem to be 'mine'. This included the fact that, at least on a philosophical level, i no longer recognized the 'i' to exist – although also on a feeling level the 'i' was becoming a poor remainder of what it had been, or seemed to have been: for, once it falls off its pedestal, it turns out that also in one's past the 'i' cannot be traced any more.

Anyhow, on a deeper level one can cry without any form of problematization of it. In that sense there is no 'i', at least for the moment, as the 'i' exists *as* the (seemingly conscious or unconscious) problematizing of reality. The 'i' exists as the choosing of one side of reality, one side of the unavoidable duality of life. Normally, however, even then, in the case of no problematizing, there is a subtle but not very sharp preference for one side: in this case for not-crying, or, in general, for being happy, joyful, at ease, healthy and so on. Our attachment to one side is anchored very deep within us and doesn't necessarily show itself clearly or on the surface at all. One can totally let the crying go without resisting any drop of it, yet at the same time one may and usually does have a (hidden) preference for not-crying.

In that moment, during that period, i was not Free yet in this respect. But i would let all the tears flow freely at least, which was an enormous improvement in regard to my life BM, before Maja. Since i was ten years old or so i had just cried a few times, four times in my twenties, as i have said, and once earlier when i was seventeen and that was related to Iris. Certainly since my breakdown, considering the situation of being overloaded with the cramp of the world that was transmitted via people especially, i could, in theory, have cried much much more than i 'did' or could allow. But – and this makes it so complicated for everyone, including me at the time – we not only associate with and thus take in us the un-felt pain of people, of the world. We also associate with and take over their being stuck, being petrified, frozen, their impossibility of letting go, of letting tears flow, of letting pain find its relief, letting solidity liquefy – without massage or other help from outside, which by definition doesn't work in a structural way but at best gives momentary relief. All the earthly methods to relax – massage, sports, sauna, reading a book, having a social life and so on – work, in themselves, only on a superficial level, not on a deeper, *karmic* level. And, depending on various factors, they may make the solidity even worse, without this being noticed. Not rarely there is a continuation of submission to Unconsciousness, of not acknowledging, not wanting to realize what is really going on, where the pain, suffocation and solidification stem from, what they are about. *No single form* that one can possibly choose to relax, *helps*. On the grounds of their very nature, they *cannot*. Only Consciousness, that is: Seeing-Accepting and (Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily) Surrendering into Reality as it is, can truly make you Relax – even though, true, during a deeper form of let's call it earthly relaxation it is possible that insights will visit (some) people easier: Insight into Reality Relaxes.

In my case i was finally ready for letting go. The shock of being expelled from Paradise was big enough to wake me up. The Love of ‘my’ Heart was True enough to, in its confrontation with ‘love’ on an earthly level, make it so that i could not deny reality on earth any more, the cruel reality of separation. The One had finally been Broken into Two. There was no longer only Love, but also now the lack of or denial of Love, the Separation from Love and at least from actually Manifesting Love on Earth via and as our Bodies, the Bodies of Man and Woman. Now there were Two, Man and Woman – whereas before there was only One, *Man*, in Whom Woman Existed as Intrinsic Part of His Heart. Now Woman had Left Him: She denied Being Part of Man. Now there was Love *and* the Denial of Love, Consciousness *and* Unconsciousness, Being Together, Being One *and* Separation. I couldn’t deny the Denial any more now that it had Touched My Heart in the most direct sense, now that i had Given this Heart to someone – to the world, one could say – without any doubt or restriction, and it had to be refused, denied as Being Woman’s Own Heart, and i could not but cry and cry.

The Impulse for a(n aspirant) Man to Learn to Discern here on an earthly level, in Woman’s world, couldn’t have been bigger.

Especially after a relationship, a man whose heart is active and not deadened, deafened, whose heart is not unused as is often the case, can cry the ‘forgotten’ tears of the relationship, tears that give a form to the ‘depth’ of separation that had already been the case during the relationship but that could possibly not be (wholly) felt yet for whatever reasons, certainly one of them being that the forms, the bodies, the physical presence, deluding as they are, are in the way of having a Clear (feeling-)picture of the actual state of separation. But it’s more complex than this. Some meetings, some relationships, close involvements, may provoke much more lachrymal secretion (tears) than other ones. Not necessarily because Love would simply be stronger in those cases. Love, in Man’s Heart, is in Principle always the Same – which holds true only if Man has fully Manifested Himself and therefore, on the Deepest Level, is not deluded by different forms, different qualities Woman takes in different female Bodies.

Some female Bodies have a deep association – more deeply than others – with the Pain of the Earth, the Pain of the Separation of Form from the Formless. And this was exactly what i, with (or as) my Potential of Heart and Inner Force, had to meet. If they, Beyond themselves, have also the quality of Bodily Receiving Man – and this is not in the first place about sexual reception, although it is not irrelevant here – and if they have not completely forgotten about their, in principle Limitless, Love for the Heart, the, exceptional, Meeting with the Heart-Man who can Feel, Touch and, in principle, if He is Ready for it, Transcend the Pain by first becoming it and consciously living it, may and normally will provoke many tears. As i have said, this shedding of tears happens especially after the relationship, but this doesn’t mean that it’s dry during the relationship. After the relationship it may be more intense, since the seeming separation of the Form from the Formless, of the Earth from the Heart, of Woman from Man, can be felt (much) better. The *form* – the actual breaking up and, possibly, never meeting any more: Woman’s Gateway to the ‘Heavens’, Man’s Heart, is suddenly radically cut away – now clearly shows the truth. We are (operating) in the world of form and although forms are not the Ultimate Reality we need them to become aware of earthly reality and, via this, also of a Deeper Reality.

‘After’ the relationship the tears flow easier because, obviously, the Separating Force had manifested itself with all its force suddenly. By the shock of Maja’s leaving, *having to* leave, by the actualized unavailability of her ‘Body’ that prevented the manifestation and sharing of ‘my’ Love, i had been shown suddenly the real state of Woman Earth. And in this way i was shown so much better than when i would have been trying to deal with the many events and moments in which the inner trouble of Maja, of Woman, raised its head above the surface, when something could have been saved still. In this situation – the inevitable had actually struck me – there was no space for any attempts of any possible ego any more. It was so. The Separation, the Heartless state of the earth, stood in all clarity before me. With all its power it stabbed into my Heart. There was no escape. The – potential intervention of – ego, existing as the avoider of Pain and of the difficult side of life in general, was surpassed by a sledge hammer.

In the confusion of being exiled from Heaven and thrown down to the hell of the Earth – due to good character – i fell in love with 15 girls that year to come, including the first lady, the one and only Maja, since i simply stayed in love with her after the break, tears or no tears, separation or no separation. These 15 girls also included Damiantha, although in her case i was only half in love with her. 15 girls seemed quite a lot in one year, even for my standards as a girl lover. In that current state i was really very flammable. But it is true, i was certainly also responding to Woman’s sudden – renewed – interest in me. The more tears i, ‘secretly’ in my home, cried, the more Space had been created, the more Man shone invisibly through, the more Woman was interested.

Don’t misunderstand this whole episode of falling in love again and again. These 14 other girls weren’t really an escape route – even though the Ego tried to tell me that i didn’t have a right to the great grief that i felt could overwhelm me. The river of tears was too big to be stopped anyway. No dam, no other girl, no joy, no love, no making love, could ever have been able to stop the raging river from crashing down. During each amorousness i kept on crying almost as if the new potential love didn’t exist. Well, the latter wasn’t so. I did see a possibility each time to Connect my Heart to the particular girl or woman. Even so, the Divine Picture of Man and Woman had been smashed to pieces, fragments. This could in no way be repaired by being with a new girl. There is One Picture. If it is Broken, it is Broken – no glue can repair it. And this Should be so. This, Whole-Hearted and Whole-Bodily Realization of the fact that the Divine Picture is Broken, is a Necessary, Unavoidable step, the Crucial Step, in a Human’s Development, in his or her Coming Down to earth, Crucial for his or her descent into life in and as (Eventually Conscious) Body.

For most people the Picture has been broken already a long time earlier in their life, in fact. But people carry a resistance to Realizing this, too painful as this seems to be to truly Realize it and Accept and Live the consequences of that. In a way it can be said that as long as the Picture (of the One) has not been Broken or we don’t Truly, Fully Realize it, we live as an ‘entity’ on earth – a disembodied entity, despite the actual physical form of skin, blood and bones. Usually this word ‘entity’ is used for subtle formations of energy – often associated with a person – that have no physical body. But if you view from the perspective of a Deeper Reality, or in fact from and as Reality Itself, the use of the word ‘entity’ could very well be extended to include also most energy formations that do have a physical body, since they are *not really present* here on earth in the Body. They dwell in a dream world. Even though they

seem to deal daily with typical earthly stuff like house, work, family, sex and so on, they are *not Here. There is no one*. There is body, there is mind, but no One.

I've had this experience so often, if not almost continuously: i'm talking to (or am with) no one – despite the fact that, it is true and paradoxically, there is some form of contact, but the *contact* seems to take place beyond the non-presence of the person. The potential person is usually not manifested but in the waiting room. Many years later it happened sometimes that i shouted at someone and then suddenly, if he or she didn't resist, he or she became *present*, for however long this lasted. A usually fairly thick layer of protection as a second skin had been blown away in such an event. *Something from Beyond the form* started shining through that person, and this is the Only 'Thing' that can make one Present on an earthly level while any *form* itself can only fail in this respect; forms rather cloud the Presence.

To become (more) Conscious of such things, of reality, there was only One Way: to Go (deeper) into the Earth, into Woman's world of Form, getting to know the Forces ruling down here.

With Damiantha i had made the next appointment. In two days we would meet again, without the library book this time. Damiantha had quite some impulse to get physical, notwithstanding the fact that she herself wasn't so present in the body. She was rather active in the emotional realm of life. To mask her attraction to physical contact, she just sat down in a chair at the other side of the little table. To be honest, i didn't like at all, if not hated, the games between men and women. Now it was me, man, who 'had to' invite her to sit closer, next to me, or 'had to' create a so-called spontaneous and physically close meeting in the corridor on the way to the kitchen. I could have said, i didn't like Woman's Unconsciousness regarding herself, i didn't like the Dark, for sometimes it seemed as if Damiantha was really not aware of her hidden motives. But it's not that simple; Woman's consciousness is split in two. In a way her unawareness is true: Woman really doesn't know, but it is not because of an incapability to know, but rather She turns – and has an egoic interest to turn – away her (potential) consciousness from Herself as Consciousness, apart from being busy with herself in a self-obsessed way: looking from outside at herself, via other people's eyes, via the judging eye of 'the many', instead of Looking directly from within.

We started touching each other more and more, gradually, in a way that it felt as if she had quite a suppressed fire in her that was just waiting to explode. Damiantha managed to conjure a rather civilized smile on her face with which she, in turn, invited me to lie in bed together. Well, in fact, she invited me to go to sleep, next to each other, in one bed. I heard the icy, ironic shriek of Marga again through my head.

There, in bed, i had a strange experience. Damiantha, mostly naked, placed her head on my shoulder and tried to lie with me like that. She succeeded for a while, now and then stroking my chest a bit with her hand, but all this felt repressed somehow, not freely given, as if something else was going on in fact and the outward manifestation was just to distract, to postpone and to veil.

Then, suddenly, the explosion was there. Without any form of transition whatsoever Damiantha grabbed my penis that was half hard and started pulling at it like crazy, as if she

was suddenly in a big panic or pain, as if we were in serious danger and we could only be saved by pulling at my penis as hard and fast as possible. She was not at all with me and she looked strange, her head turned away from me, and she gave the impression that she was in some big cramp – well, she was.

I was stupefied and, humorously enough, just lying there, while Damiantha was pulling at my penis in her sudden despair and with all her might, as it seemed. It wasn't necessary to wait for this experience to be over to already think: this is weird, i am lying here like a cow being milked by a hysterical woman farmer. The milkmaid didn't have an easy job to get some milk out. In the first place i, and thus my penis, wasn't much aroused by her. What a difference with Maja. I only had to think of Maja over a distance of 200 kilometres and i got a hard-on. Although the contact between Damiantha and me was really nice, Damiantha wasn't that open to me somehow. In the second place i was still exhausted from the intense weekend with Maja, although, as i learned, even when a man is exhausted he is still physically able to make love, so this was certainly not the main reason. It is true, though, that emotional exhaustion works a bit differently.

I should also add that the whole thing was not really pleasant. The force of sexuality involved – normally quite pleasurable – is able to kind of overrule any discomfort, even up to the extent of pain. Indeed, the fluid refused to come due to this harsh treatment and the operation started hurting in my penis. After a while, however, Damiantha managed, in the complete panic, to get some whitish substance out of my penis after all. Since the blankets were already gone by the force of the tornado i could quietly and clearly from the first row follow the whole show, what was going on down there. To my surprise – i hadn't seen something like this before – the sperm didn't spurt at all out from my penis, but coursed calmly out of the opening. There was no orgasm or something that looked like it, while usually i had powerful orgasms in which it seemed like a severe challenge not to shout as loud as i could.

From the form-perspective, the operation was successful: the sperm was out, at least something. But it was bizarre. Let's say i was quietly shocked. This is not to say that i had any judgement about the whole happening. I was just quietly shocked. And slightly happy that it was over, since it had been occasionally painful. Nonetheless, something in me hadn't wanted to interrupt the show. If i intervened too much in Woman's Drama i would never get to know it, not clearly or perhaps not at all. This didn't make me a detached observer; it was rather a background knowledge that i shouldn't stop the scene, that my task was to get to know life instead of manipulating it. Certainly in the case of my relationship with Maja, it is clear as the sky that it cannot be maintained in the least that i was a detached observer only. It is true, though, that the Eye was present, as it is, ultimately, in everyone.

The world of form was weird. I left Damiantha's place in the middle of the night. I couldn't sleep in the least and i felt strange, sick. I was caught up in an unpleasant fog. I felt emptied. For nothing. I was already empty. The sperm that should have spouted into Maja's body came now crawling out, dripping senselessly on my belly and slowly onto a strange, overused mattress. Something in me was a bit disgusted with it all, although not so strongly and certainly i was not disgusted with Damiantha herself, on the contrary. I respected and had

no trouble with surrendering into the Force of Life that had to Show me what i needed to See, Feel and Know. Nevertheless, life on earth without Love, what was this, for god's sake?

So, i wrote Maja, the Goddess of Repressed Love:

Message from the cellar

Groningen 1993 March 17-19

Dearest,

The flight from the pair relationship is a fact.

I shouldn't have made jokes about it – even though, theoretically, it is funny.

The quality of the relationship was undoubtedly of a high level, but this could not compensate for the low quantity.

The lovers separated for they loved each other.

And God said: love is not a good basis. It is sin, hell and damnation. Break during thy days of glory, when love reigns, when it is still expanding, and fine memories will be thine. Do not surrender, in any time, to the earthly, to pleasure.

Are you still in the stage of denial? Don't deny it. As for me, i'm rather there still, i think. Is all of this really true? And if love is no longer the real thing, what is? The sentence that is still and every day softly singing through my head in all its simplicity is, "What are you doing?" Then i, again and again, feel like a child, highly amazed asking with big eyes.

But, almost, there is also the euphoria of the grief: things are really happening, the attraction of the excitement. In a while, when you keep failing to appear, i will realize very well: no Maja any more to be seen or to be heard. No, Maarten, there will be no naked Maja skin against yours any more, for love, for pleasure or even consolation if need be. The splendid longing has to be extinguished now, it has had its time.

Because i really love you, Maja, i even accept your decision that should put an end to this love, this fuss – your, in my view wrong, decision; but perhaps everything you, anybody, 'decides' is right... for that moment of deciding. You won't manage to end my love, i'm afraid. But who knows, ever: where hope is, is life. I notice i can find other girls still nice, cute, attractive, that's not the problem. But what can i do with this: 'nice', 'cute', 'attractive', 'kind'? Where are the Majas? Where oh where?

In retrospect, perhaps you were right that i had too much expectations – although not consciously. Now that you aren't there any more, i realize that, vaguely, i had some kind of future with you in the back of my mind – a long, and of course beautiful, future. I cannot imagine myself with someone else any more, not even with the woman i have been in love with for two years, until you. I couldn't imagine either that two people who like each other so much and fit so well together – yes, not only our bodies, Maja – don't continue with one another, until we'll-see-by-then.

Well, my knowledge in the field of love was limited, as you know, and until i met you it was zero. Let's say: i learn from this. What else can you say when you are rejected. Normally this never happens, that i don't want to learn.

I hope i don't need to throw away too many things. There are quite a few things that, every time i see them, make my eyes tingle, just preventing the moisture to come through. The coffee pot, for instance, will probably not make it to the summer. And also the diner tray is subject to my worrying but just doubts. My white pullover that you wore... hm.

But the object that makes my eyes feel strange most often and ruthlessly and therefore should be considered first to be thrown away, cannot be considered: your image. Every time i see you before me, you completely, it hits it just right.

Up to now i manage fairly well to avoid you, but how long will i be able to maintain this? My head spins like a madman by now. Since you left on Sunday afternoon i have had hardly a moment of rest – to be ahead of the unrest. I run from one thing to the other, every moment of the day is fully filled. I assume i do this to not end up, alone, in my chair in which unavoidably certain thoughts and fluid substances will appear. Yes, i have intended not to mourn desperately and senselessly on my own. I haven't read a newspaper or a book, and only still see people, known and unknown. Who could ever have imagined this? Rather whining than mourning.

You think i am so strong psychologically and that is true, in fact. Only regarding this new case, i really don't know. The case of Maja. Below my skin really a lot is brewing, i feel. In any case, you don't need to worry. In a while Maarten will be over it, i'm sure. The feeling of 'pity' will never leave me. In short: i don't know. In this moment the feeling that it's over between us is less strong than when, during our relationship, i hadn't seen you for two weeks or when i hadn't heard you on the phone for four days.

Shall i remove your photograph – you are so big and beautiful and sweet. Such things seem to have much more meaning, and to be much more dramatic, than they probably will appear to have and be in reality. Remove or not...? I don't know this either. Actually, there is nothing that i already know. Why then write this letter already? Crying for a moment has something, but it shouldn't take too long? Sometimes your photograph elicits a tender smile from me. "You stupid", i say then – softened, i admit.

The Thursday morning newspaper. I notice i immediately turn to the movie list of Amsterdam. Also the weather forecast for Amsterdam is still in my interest sphere. More than i assumed will have to change, not only feelings. Who am i supposed to hope will call me now?

Everyone in my environment to whom i have entrusted – or burdened with – the 'over', always already knew that it wouldn't take long with that Maja and that Maarten. They didn't consider it normal that, when two people are really in love, they see each other only once every two weeks. Yes, maybe i have been blind, and 'normal' has never existed to me – or at most as a contrary guideline: everything but that. I

simply see, almost exclusively, the nice sides of something (and even of nothing), just like you seem to be fixated on the negative, or at least the problematic. This is as it is, i cannot live otherwise, and want this even less.

I should not wait nor hope, you said. I won't wait, no, i'm not the person for that. I love life.

But hope? After having met you on Ameland for a day and then later one day in Groningen, the hope has never really disappeared either. And justly so, as it appeared now, even though i couldn't have hoped to ever experience something as beautiful as we have had. I don't have much hope that this time the extinguishing of hope will fully succeed. And why should it? For a long time i have denied the term 'hope'. But it is lovely: what has been the most beautiful thing in one's life may return in principle.

For our relationship is, to my feeling, not really finished but open. It truly feels as if we have just started. There is so much to discover and to enjoy in each other – Maja read with a bored mind and she thought: i am tired.

In fact, everything i say to Maja, i say to Woman. For instance, when i say that, despite the fact that it's already over, it feels like we have just started and there is so much to discover still. In retrospect this appeared totally realistic. Only, the form of Maja changed for other Woman-forms who were more – or for a longer period – willing to go into a love-process with me, with Man.

Of course, it is nice if from now on we are just friends – “Just friends, lovers no more”, as the tune has flown through my head since Sunday (hear the great version of Dean Martin). But how? Do you have a recipe for this? How, just a female friend, like others? How, as if nothing happened, as if my warm feelings for you have been burnt away, just like that, by a cruel decision of the mind?

Is it better that we don't see each other any more? When we will just meet each other without having sex, we may become crazy. Is this bad? I don't know. Must sex then determine everything in the end? I don't know. I mean, isn't this already the actual earthly situation? I don't know. To see or not to see? (In this moment it seems almost the same as: 'to be or not to be'.) What do you want in this respect? I really don't know. The thought that i will never see you any more, is quite unbearable for me. Perhaps this will also fade, i don't know. I haven't yet thoroughly thought on this. The only conclusion i have drawn so far is that, even after having thought about it, i will very probably not make it out yet. Perhaps it is nice when we will see each other two or three times a year and then enjoy each other unobstructed, including making love. I don't know if this is possible, although, of course, it is possible. Without obligations, just because we are fond of each other. Or otherwise, not see each other for some years, and then suddenly we meet again. I don't know, you know?

I didn't know, because i didn't know Woman. When i say and keep on saying 'I don't know', i mean that she, Maja, doesn't know. I mean that Woman doesn't know Herself, and i reflect this. It's not only that we cannot look into the future what will happen. In a way, my letters to her – quite a few letters would still follow – are meant to make Woman conscious of herself, even though in Maja's case – in whom Duality is so strong – this appeared to be something of a hopeless project, but i didn't know this yet, and could only have a premonition of it.

No longer will you tell me how perfectly our bodies fit. A seemingly simple remark that truly sounded like music to my ears. I am easily made glad. No longer will i be able to let you listen to new music, waiting for your judgement, looking for your taste, also for agreement probably, if not a form of union in the end. And no longer will i be nervous when you are about to come and when you do not come. No longer will i be excited when you have a climax.

Of course, i don't want to look sentimental, but well, that's also what i am. My nose is running at the moment and also on the outside of my nose it is no longer dry. For a moment i don't see anything any more. I will try to deny this paper the expensive moisture. It is hard enough for the paper to deal with my sad and foolish words. I will try not to think: the cheese fondue that we ingested so delightfully and at the zenith of our life, the beach of Zandvoort and the wind that made our hair fly. And when i sit in De Tempel, candles in front of me, i will try not to think of you. I will try not to see you, not your long beautiful hair, your eyes that look for me and escape, your marvellous figure.

Perhaps writing this letter to you will clear the air a bit. So that, for the sake of replenishing the shed moisture over you and me, i don't need to drink so much any more. That i may not dry out without you... Sometimes, as well, i cry when i imagine how you are crying now. But i hope your grief won't be too bad, you have already experienced this situation before. For you it is another wasted (attempt for) love – whereas to me it is as if Love itself fails. And, moreover, i'm not really that special, Maja, as you feel and said, i just don't resemble other boys in almost any way.

But so far, i'm not doing too bad. I had expected worse after the discovery of the new emotion: the fear of being left that comes true. I talk a lot with people now, little to myself. Despite the strange excitement i currently live in, i have in any case the feeling that i live. And, sometimes, i am even singing, i admit.

I hope you don't think that by this perhaps a bit melodramatic letter – how can i write otherwise in this moment; how can i simply write that it was swell and perhaps we will meet again – i would try to work on your feelings and would want to get you back. No, or at most i would like to keep the hope alive – he wrote, while listening to Leonard Cohen's 'Coming back to you' – and emphasize once again how lovely it was, our being together.

Have you also enjoyed so much our last, pretty romantic, weekend together? I really hope this and i think you did. You see, you are able to, as long as there's no

pressure on you. I would almost say: decide it is 'over' every time before we see each other. But such a very beautiful last memory can hardly be a memory.

I know it sounds slimy – i have learned this word from you, from your letters that you wrote me after Ameland – but this cannot be prevented when i say and i mean it that i only want the best for you. And that's why i find your decision such a pity, he said a bit pedantically, he realised. Perhaps, indeed, my egoistic striving cannot be totally, in all purity, separated from my selfless opinion, but i think nonetheless and stubbornly it can.

When you have all kinds of inhibitions that make sure you cannot simply enjoy without worrying, you, in my view, run exactly in the wrong direction by, in your attempt to get rid of the confusion, abolishing the enjoyment and love altogether to be sure and hoping that later you will do better in this respect. According to me it is better to try now and, by experience, to learn that there's nothing wrong with it, that there are no negative consequences. That, on the contrary, you revive easier and, simultaneously, also the other, more annoying things in life can be done with more pleasure and life joy.

It works this way with nearly everyone, but unfortunately and happily you are not everyone. When you say that this moment you can't cope with our relationship, i believe you – almost completely. I have always believed and trusted you fully. I find this trust one of the nicest and most important things in a relationship – also when, as in our case, one doesn't have (had) a relationship and has totally completely nothing to do with the other.² When i see the distrust in relationships, the jealousy, the repressed fury and what else there is... and it is precisely we who strand.

Why, then, have i – next to believing you – believed your words? Stupid that i have been, overwhelmed as i was by love as an adolescent. As if you spoke the truth. As if you were the oracle. Small mistake...

The most difficult perhaps is your gorgeous smile that i will no longer receive, your sweet smile only meant for me.

Honestly, Maja, have you really been so much troubled by my presence at a distance, by someone who loves you and accepts you as you are?

Sometimes, suddenly, in a flash there is the thought – no, the feeling – that there is something you aren't telling me, whether you do this consciously or not. In principle i don't mind this, but now, now that it is supposedly too late, i would like to know what it is after all – preferably in the form of a letter, so that you can calmly think about it. You are now relieved of feeling oppressed by me anyway. So far in my life i have never succeeded in making someone feel oppressed, i have always completely allowed people their freedom. Well, one should go through everything once. ('If it be your will...', Cohen sings now.)

² I suppose the irony here is clear to the reader when i, just slightly, exaggerate Maja's own earlier words that we don't have a relationship and more of her denial of the fact that we are and feel connected.

Where, for heaven's sake, have you acquired that black and white thinking, Maja – or, in fact, black and white feeling, for rationally it doesn't make sense in the least? In God's name? Whether this, or that. To enjoy me and love for a bit is not allowed by the judge. What isn't allowed either is to cherish a background feeling in your head that gives your entire life a more pleasant appearance, for somewhere there is someone who loves you and cares for you, who likes to support you in everything, someone for whom you don't need to be a super Maja. Wrong. Not allowed. You haven't deserved this, you say. Perhaps when you're eighty years old.

You are rather intelligent Maja. You understand that you haven't deserved my love indeed, and that you don't want to see the other side of the truth: that you did not not deserve it either. Just like no one hasn't deserved anything. He or she had just been in the circumstance to get or do something. Just like no one has not deserved anything. Life doesn't work that way, via deserving or not deserving. I won't mince words at this point: i believe this is a repulsive view of life.

"It is a pity", were your historic words of March 8th 1993. Still they resonate daily in my ears. The tragedy and the cowardice. Running stubbornly the other direction from enjoyment, from love, because 'something seems not to square', and because in the short run this seems to be the easiest. Who is waiting for this? Waiting for the day of Hallelujah.

But there, this nagging of my pen is senseless. (You see, you must always blame something or someone else, it's all very simple. Always write away from yourself, instead of towards yourself.) If you don't know worry-free enjoyment – not even in the past, Maja? that's almost impossible – how can you then strive for it?

Now Leonard sings the song: 'Is this what you wanted?'

Your first real love, can you forget this? I mean, can you ever feel as much or even more for another person, the same intense way, as that one time? Time will tell, he said hackneyed. Perhaps you have tasted a bit of the future, more than i have. And yes, it does taste well to you. Only, the dirty tastes that go together with it are just too strong to simply like it, let alone consider it simply delicious. Ah, we will all die anyway. The good thing of this is that it relativizes the suffering, but not the enjoyment.

I was quite creative in emphasizing the good side of life, creative in fighting the other side of duality, Maja's emphasis on the difficult side. This doesn't mean that it made sense what i wrote, in my slavery of still choosing the good side of life.

All the time i had the background feeling in my head – and pleasant it was – that there was nothing that we needed to hurry up about. We had seas of time ahead of us, enough to undertake and experience together all that is beautiful, life, dying. Now i have no hurry at all any more. To push forward this feeling that runs on too much, i run from one thing to the next in the empty post-Maja epoch: you filled my head continuously and fully, safely i walked

everywhere, sat in my chair reading a book, subconsciously pleasantly stimulated unceasingly.

It is crazy – just like we are crazy, indeed, to let this happen in this way, to answer after all your question ‘if we are crazy to break up’ which i had not responded to by words – that after your (because i kept believing your words: very unexpected) phone call of Friday to announce the end of ‘us’, the beginning of the post-Maarten epoch – and i have made it very easy for you not to have to be so hard to me, not to have to say that you have had enough of me – i got the same symptoms as in our beautiful confusing beginning. I immediately went to the student refractory and could hardly eat. Also afterwards – and still now as well – i felt sick in my belly. I haven’t slept a wink that night and sleeping is still bad. Tensed was i – and i am – just like i felt and feel excited, and tired. Reading wasn’t possible – and still it is not. Also now i have lost weight, no less than 2½ kilos in 5 days. But other factors might have played a role as well here; i have hardly been home. Even for working on this letter yesterday i went to the university library. The experience of time is certainly not all right either, just like when you were with me – but that’s all right. And ah, what does matter in fact – except that it is terrible that we won’t be lying in each other’s arms any more, while knowing that the other one loves you.

It is just a matter of drying out, as with every form of addiction – although it is indeed a bit painful, Maja, that you rather kick me than your cigarettes. I also have my doubts about the negative effects of the addiction. Most people have the tendency to deny the negative effects of an addiction that are there nonetheless. You, by lack of real existing negative consequences, make up these effects. For something so nice is not possible just like that. There must be more to it than appears. Ha, just fancy!

How are you doing now, Maja? Interested as ever i only inquire now. But seriously, i’m more interested in this than in my own feelings and confusion: i know the latter ones by now: that i still don’t know them. (In brackets, by the way: why, considering the fact that you didn’t want to continue with me anyway, were you interested in and took to heart the issue whether i was really somewhat uninterested in the things you had done – something that is straight nonsense, but that is something different for now – or not?)

Don’t cry too much, Maja. I’m not worth that, really not. If necessary, cry a bit over yourself, over why you have – or had – the obtrusive feeling of having to make this idiot decision. But things won’t be too bad with you. You’re not as emotional as i am, i think. Well, you are when you have your period. Then weird things may blurt out of you. Things that, in turn, you take very seriously – also because you then start looking at yourself through my eyes.

I say it won’t be too bad with you, partly because you didn’t really want to love me. You blocked love, even if you indignantly told me that you didn’t do this. At least i hope that your doubt will be finally over now and – after a bit of grief, i hope – you can go on with your little life, your Maartenless life. Before you met me things went finally a bit better with you. Let’s hope that this upward trend will continue after this temporary interruption. And when you made it to the top there was Maarten, and they fell into each other’s arms, and oh, it was all so beautiful, oh oh oh... hm.

My worry is probably ungrounded, but i won't allow you to cherish any feelings of guilt or shame. What can you – or any human being – give me more than your honesty? Even if it is hard, but still possible, to accept that – even if one day you say one thing and the next day the contrary – every time you are completely honest.

Would you write me a little letter? I would like that really very much. No need to write as complicated as me, don't worry – or otherwise just a bit. That you write down the things that are most important to you.

Or otherwise, just say that you love me – only if this is so, of course. Perhaps, and banal as it is, everything comes down to this, this longing. Not to see, hear, feel, smell your beloved any more – possibly never any more – has its disadvantages, but worse is when she doesn't love you (any more). Keep your memory of me alive, even if it is just a little. I don't want to die yet, in your thoughts nor in your heart. I am too young still.

Just let me mess about with my hope. I will in any case never forget how crazily fond of you i have been. You have sucked yourself into my sensitive areas, where i cannot reach. And you will never come out from there again, even if you are free again now. As far as this is concerned, i no longer want to be free, as i was always before you. For me it is a pleasant feeling to, for the rest of my life, carry with me along a true love in my heart. If you no longer want to feed this, then i will – here's plenty of love.

In short, i don't understand anything of all this. I'm amazed, flabbergasted, staggered, bewildered, dumbfounded. I don't even comprehend my own incomprehension. I do understand what you tell me, in so far as you can explain it to me, for you yourself also don't understand it really, as i understand. But all is fair, i cannot in the least feel with you what you're doing now. ('What are you doing?') You were half right that we are different – besides, who isn't different from you?

To me it is and will probably always be incomprehensible that when someone, to escape the inner confusion, is faced with a choice (?), chooses for god's sake for getting rid of the enjoyment, of something so beautiful as love. To be able to seemingly find rest, or whatever. What a strange turnaround it is, to experience precisely the beauty as a pressure, instead of the negative, as i would rather feel it.

I couldn't have imagined it at the time, but eventually it didn't even take that long before my total incomprehension transformed into understanding, before i could feel with Woman all her ways, including leaving a man without apparent 'good' reason, when she actually loves him. And, in fact, my experience with Maja played a big part in this transformation, but not without crying for 16 months. Crying is crucial for Understanding life on an earthly level.

One of the things i learned is that Woman, unlike Man, is ruled by Pain. Pain is what decides her behaviour, the prevention of pain, the prevention of what is expected to be too much pain to handle which would, if allowed, be so overwhelming that it threatens other 'normal' things of her life that need to be lived in order to survive. In order to survive – or at least she supposes this somewhere in her sub-consciousness – She chooses against Love, not

because She likes this. Woman, Her consciousness, is associated with Form. Form can – and will – die. So She must postpone death, and first reproduce herself before She dies. Man, on the contrary, cannot die. He Knows Himself as indestructible. He therefore doesn't need to choose against Love, when it comes down to it. When it gives Him trouble, big trouble – and i was granted much more and deeper trouble in the future indeed – He still doesn't need to choose against Love. Moreover, He cannot choose against Love, Formless of Its Nature as this Love is. This would be a choice against Himself. Man doesn't need to be busy with prevention of the 'disaster' of (too much) pain. Pain is an integral part of Love. Therefore He cannot choose against or in favour of it. He is choice-less. He doesn't have the dilemma that Maja had: Love and pain, or nothing... Woman, in Her illusion of having to choose something, and actually choosing, ends up with nothing, sadly. Any choice ends up in nothing, since the chooser has left the Whole. And only the Whole gives you something. *Man* is everything. He cannot lose anything. The Pain will never leave Him – the Pain that Woman represents for Him – the Love will never leave Him. He cannot and doesn't want to get rid of Woman, of the Other, of Form – unlike Woman who must see to it that She gets rid of Man, Her Formless Beloved reminding her of Her existence as Form which is inherently Painful.

And so, Maja chose to stay Unconscious. And so the earth chose to stay Unconscious. Once again, after yet another opportunity to let Love pierce through the seeming stalemate, the Earth failed. Or should i say that Man failed to Reach Woman, to Reach Her deeply enough in Her Heart, so that She could have been taken beyond choice? Because every choice is a step too far, too far from Reality which is choice-less. Any choice goes 'wrong'. Man, His Consciousness, is not bound to submit to stalemates or vicious circles. His Heart, confronted with the earthly reality that has forgotten about Him, cries the Pain of the Earth and this Transcends the stalemate into an opening to the Heart, the stone of the Form to the Formless Love. Without Maja's no to 'me' i couldn't have cried so long, so deeply, so sincerely. Her no to Man is the very Pain i needed to cry out and out and out, again and again and again, and thus to become the Man on earth She is waiting for, longing for and afraid of.

What has been the deciding factor in your negative decision? Your uncertainty, your lack of self-confidence? Your lack of self-love? Your tendency for self-torture? Your fear of bonding and your urge for bonding? The church, faith? (If i could hate, i would hate the church – and perhaps its stupid, coward servants – that screw up the lives of so many people.)

I guess it is a sum of these factors. And i am just not attractive enough to compensate for the laundry list. Unlike the factors, i'm only on my own. Perhaps, when one or more factors loosen their grip on you, that i will rise to the surface of your consciousness, and will be in the majority on my own. (Who is my enemy, who or what do i need to fight?) I wasn't that bad after all. Only, i fear that it is more realistic to assume that i will shrink faster than the factors. You didn't want to see me so much that i could evoke permanent feelings in you, which is something that you in turn have managed – and so quickly – to provoke in me. But i am very sensitive, i admit.

I hope at least that your brains will not keep involuntarily associating me with (a period of) negative thoughts and feelings and confusion. It is sad, Maja, that you wanted to let me eat mouldy pistachio nuts.

It's childish, it seems, that i am so happy that, after all, we have had intercourse. One could say, why not just be nicely carefree sad. But i don't care what you think of me here, for i wanted to have this with you by all means, my first time – and not with one or other slut that drags me into her bed, just like that. No, that would have been hard to bear. Whether you consider it poor or exaggerated or not, i see it as an initiation into love – and not into the sexual urge. For it has happened with someone to whom i, by accident, have lost my heart to, with someone who i feel so at ease with as with no else up to now.

“Ah, Maja, ah!” A brief but powerful poem. How do you like it? Perhaps less exciting as the previous one, carved out of the dark unenlightened caves of love when we were together: “Oh, Maja, oh!”

The new poem has a bit of a sad aftertaste, but it has something, don't you think? You can fantasize a lot around it, all the ins and outs of the affair, the why, the consequences, the meaning of life, of your own existence. I have kept the title the same: “Maja”.

You must not think that i'm a crazy saint who will now cherish his grief for a long time. Now that i have experienced first-hand the beauty of love, i won't arm myself against one or more other beloveds.

At the same time i can't imagine that, for the next decade, i will love someone as much as i love you. I love life so much – have i confused it with you?

It is revoltingly hypocritical how painful it will be when you will have a new lover in the coming period, one with whom you do not withhold your love, because you do fancy him. (It appears to have been a misunderstanding that it was a misunderstanding that, as seemed to be the case on September 26 1992 at night on the phone, you didn't fancy me. ‘Why not?’ i asked childishly desperate. That's how things go, sod, understand this. What do i have to offer more than being ridiculously kind?) And yet i am not really repulsed by my hypocrisy. Isn't this strange?

Well, hypocritical? I won't in the least like it, having another girl. Ah, perhaps there will be some space left in my heart next to you, but then this would mean that my heart should be extremely big. I don't want to! he screamed. And i would almost say: you want it.

Well, a Majaish remark that might come true: it will probably end up like this: both of us will love someone else and that's it... And when we're eighty we think: we should have taken that one of the past. But well, still a few more years to go, let's intensify smoking...

The moment we get into bed and, lying on our side, our naked bodies touch one another... and time disappears.

I will stop for now, otherwise i will go on and on. I already want to send you this letter now. Otherwise you will think that i will try to forget you as soon as possible. Nothing is less true, dear dear Maja. Already in the first moment of rest, of coming home, i have started

writing you actually. I am totally exhausted now. Emotionally as well it is rather moving, i notice. (What are you bothered about, Maja asks, in her turn not comprehending. Well... i can't explain you.)

I have still quite some more content in mind, and some on a paper. That's for part II then. It is named: "Senseless goodbye", in there is the perhaps most important reason why little maja and little maarten are no longer together. Thrilling, isn't it?

The basic material for the next letter will again be: grief, incomprehension, hope and despair.

Maja, dearest, don't let life capture you, rather capture life yourself.

Don't be captured in yourself either.

Break out and let life in.

Sorry for these edifying words of so little practicality

Lots of love from the loony from Groningen, the understanding lover who understood so little and too late, who, thanks to you, because you are as you are, finally knows what it is to really love someone, and in such a brief time: this means you must be very special, and you are, girl. The deserted one says and means this not only on feeling grounds, he is now, very grossly, earthily, comparing all the girls that he has met, and they are many.

Your Maarten, your platonic lover, much too far from you. Kiss!

I say 'your' Maarten, for you have somewhat captured me indeed. And i still don't know if this is right or not, or that it just happens. But there, now it's me too who is starting to fuss. Of course, it is best to lose yourself in love but not in the other. But if someone will ever succeed in this respect...

Has your examination gone well? Or didn't you do them after all?

PS If i were what is called a man, i would immediately travel to Amsterdam now and finish this ridiculous situation, to claim you. Such a man is probably precisely what you need, someone who doesn't let you free and let you find out everything by yourself. I had almost done this, but why am i then afraid of you, or your reaction? You are so sweet.

Writing Maja, again, not to become crazy.

Despite the fact that i wrote to Maja that i see the beautiful in everything, i had had a serious shot of the earthly dark now. In Diary IV, i noted at the time, at 21-4-1993:

Are people even more stupid than they are bad, immoral? Previously i thought stupidity and badness run parallel. But this turned out to be much too optimistic.

My physical-energetic problems were far from finished. It would be too romantic, unrealistic, to suppose that the unlimited love i felt for Maja had melted them away as snow

in the sun. It was rather that, in the period after Maja, i, driven by the Force to Meet Woman, sort of ‘forced’ myself to enter social life, but it was heavy and often i had to stay home when i wanted to join some social event. The symptoms in my head were among the worst to bear.

“With such a head it is difficult to keep accepting that life is nice by nature. We need to breathe! It is even more splendid than terrible, this gigantic drive of creation in me. Despite my head, i’m happy to be alive. It’s only a pity that there are doctors.”

Despite my bad state in the physical-energetic sense, i couldn’t help making jokes. But it was true, doctors were – still – not willing to help, although i noticed a big difference between them. The ones i was a mirror to – a confronting one, i mean, for i was always a mirror – the ones with a big(ger) ego, got angry with me, instead of ‘normally’, professionally helping to relieve my state. Some of them shouted at me. I was a pain in their ass somehow. Someone like me should not exist and was a threat to all they had learned and believed in. Well, they were human, in the end, not only professionals. A physio-therapist, for instance, an ex-military, yelled at me on the treatment table that i finally had to lay and keep my arms next to my body with ‘the palms of the hands down! - not up!’ He didn’t understand my body, but even less my heart that irritated him. Or a replacer doctor, who read the report of the psychiatrist who i mentioned earlier and shouted:

“How is it possible that you have been ill for four and a half years and you enter his practice laughing! And now, all the time you’re here, you haven’t laughed even once. This is not normal. You are deeply unhappy!”

It seemed i attracted weirdoes, who easily made up their own system of logic if it fitted their desire to express anger and irritation. Or at least their repressed weirdness showed up in my presence.

I learned about humans. When, as it also happened, a medical helper liked me, the whole situation was completely different. They were listening, helpful, and sometimes they allowed themselves to be interested in me in a non-medical sense. The egos, however, couldn’t listen to someone, not only not to me. They listened to themselves, and to what they believed in and had learned. They couldn’t believe, to just mention one example, that i got extremely sick – symptoms, i mean – from being exposed to the sun – leaving aside now what the background of this was. As if my experience in this respect would be influenced by what i supposedly wanted to see, believe, feel, make clear, have, or resist. If we had been ‘just’ a physical body with energy, i had probably given up on life.

Actually, i had not been unhappy in the years following the breakdown, nor had i been depressed. Often, as i remember, i could not but laugh like crazy, from whatever. *So this is a depression, a (or the) depth point of my life? Great, then i’ll sign in right away for the next 28 years.* [Loose notes at age 28] The lack of energy was not easy to bear though.

30-4-1993. It is Friday. I’m still imprisoned. For a week i haven’t seen a single little cloud. When my brains appear in the sun for no more than one minute, i’m no human any more for the rest of the day.

For two weeks by now i haven’t heard anything of Maja. Will i succeed finally in not calling her?

2-5-1993. *Of the last nine days i have gone out at nights seven times. Can something like this be maintained? With such a head?*

I'm going to write a letter to Maja. Otherwise i'll go crazy. This night i couldn't sleep. For many hours there was the pain of missing her, big unrest, agitation.

In fact, i could shorten the letter (which normally takes many many pages) to the – it is true – banal sentence with a somewhat sad aftertaste though: "I want you back."

Diary V (dagschrijfding V)³

I didn't succeed. The hand-written letter that i have sent her indeed ended up having 15 pages again, just like the previous one. A few pieces from it:

Dear Maja,

It is this. I still feel so very much connected with you. This is a collective term for all kinds of positive feelings and, to a greater or lesser extent, of thoughts. What is, ultimately, the principle difference between feelings and thoughts, except for the fact that, evolutionary but also in the lifetime of one person, the latter necessarily originate from the first?

In a way it is a pity that a person cannot prevent or, once they are there, expel (unconscious) feelings and therefore thoughts and 'decisions'. If this had been possible i wouldn't write this letter now, as you understand. Perhaps i'd write another one, with other words searching for another truth, of which only one exists at any random moment. My perhaps greatest drive, the stubborn truth – no, you don't need to have creepy thoughts now when i talk about the truth: truth is just the same as reality – has, since i have met you, gone underwater a bit. Even when one tries to keep one's eyes open under the surface, against the natural tendency to close them, it is difficult to see there, certainly in troubled water. Or are you the truth? Why not? Through you i have, indeed, discovered a 'new' part of life. How one can disappear, for instance, and that this doesn't need to be bad at all, as i always feared. I seem to exaggerate a bit when i talk about 'disappearing'. I don't, even though it is wrongly formulated, of course. When there exists no self, no fixed 'i', it cannot disappear either. What disappears is the self-image, a construction to make life easier for you, more certain. Isn't it rather that, with this fixed yet vague image, living (freely) becomes only more difficult? Doesn't a person, unconsciously, become more uncertain if she invents a fake certainty, a self-image, which the outer world again and again infringes and which needs to be stubbornly protected?

I could hope that it will pass, this feeling of connectedness with you, but – i guess you will again not agree with me, as usual – one cannot decide about hope. And on what can you

³ In itself the Diary, of which i will include some fragments in the autobiography, seems not too interesting. Anyhow, there are no pretensions involved in now and then showing pieces of the Diary from here on, other than to show my life at that time. In short: grief, girls, and being in a miserable physical-energetic state. For the sake of providing a realistic impression i believe it's better to show also something 'live' of that time, than merely an observing, analysing eye from much later, distorted as it cannot but be by the consciousness how it has developed in time.

decide, disconnected from your feeling? ‘Yes’, i hear you say now in a hard way, as if every possible threat needs to be stamped out immediately, ‘it will pass’. ‘Not hard’, i hear you say, ‘but realistic’. Perhaps you have come to understand by now that this holds true for you, as you are, with your experiences, background and supposed knowledge of life. But other people have different ‘realities’, that is, feelings, thoughts, dreams, wishes that they do not want to repress. Your ‘realistic’ is just as little realistic as it is of anyone else. The future expectations are of now, the future itself is not.

How would it be, living to prevent disappointments from happening as much as possible, instead of living, loving, being happy? What do you know about this?

But perhaps the feeling of connectedness will disappear, intermittently, when you will have a new boyfriend and entrust everything to him. Nothing is so banal that it would become impossible because of that.

Unfortunately or not, this letter is in itself a proof of the fact that i don’t distance myself from you. I become restless when i don’t hear anything from you. Probably it should be the other way around. But i cannot help the fact that i have let my feelings run freely, that i love you so much. This letter gives at least some feeling of communication.

I still hear a moaning sound coming out of me sometimes when i think of you. Not for grief, but for being mollified. Sometimes i feel weakened then, and i don’t have energy left for the grief, for crying.

Since April 18th i’m doing better, in fact. When i cry now, within a minute i laugh again, amazed.

On my 30th everything seems to need to happen. My first big love (please stop finally your feelings of oppression when i say this). My first big grief. It is my love, and it is the grief. The latter doesn’t belong to me somehow.

How are you doing? Knowing you, i will answer by myself: ‘It’s all right’. Everything is always all right, kind of.

In me, on the contrary, something seems to have been broken, as i have told you. Of course, my mind knew that the beautiful and the good won’t win, even though it is not impossible either. But on a feeling level, i have always been left in the contrary. Apparently, i have had luck and was saved any form of serious suffering. I simply assumed: strive for the beautiful and the good, without limiting others in their freedom, and the victory is yours, the happiness. I hadn’t taken love into account. But it isn’t that dramatic that i will shut out love. On the contrary, perhaps. I don’t know. In any case, i don’t think i have more beautiful memories than those of you. Too beautiful. That’s why i still cannot believe that it’s definitively over. On feeling level, i am treated to an interval of unlimited time.

You will think it’s exaggerated (perhaps you don’t know certain feelings so intensely then): the rare moments we have been together and that are burnt into my retina in static pictures, appear to me as historical events now. They make my life almost seem like a fairy-tale at the moment. Have i really experienced them? It is hard to believe. They seem to be fantasies. It is almost tragic that, at the moment that we experienced them, they were ‘just’ reality.

Something else: it turns out that girls fantasize much more than boys, for instance during making love and masturbating. This is quite something, when you have your most beautiful moments with your beloved and then you turn to something else. Peculiar.

I discover more and more boyish characteristics in myself. Nice. I hope i won't turn too much to the other side. But this seems impossible in my case. The day before yesterday sitting on the pavement pub, i was overtaken by uncontrollable laughter when a small macho type stumbled by, chest forward, small wide o-legs and bare shoulders, his arms full of tattoos. I couldn't help it, the laughter, it was bigger than myself.

I see 4 t-shirts that i once have thrown on the fold-out – i suppose you don't think i will clean up when you won't come anyway – and think, without joy or grief: those two are BM, before Maja, and those two AM, after Maja.

Back to importance: do you now, after our tragedy, understand the non-existence of the freedom of the will? After talking with you about this in the beginning, i hardly came back to the issue, for i thought we'd have oceans of time. I truly mean it, the understanding of this is one of the most important and useful things in life – and most beautiful, if you, like me, are able to really get a kick, almost an orgasm of the brains, from a piece of the truth, reality, the world, the madness. Your decision is a very good – though sad – example. You have noticed you are not free to want: to have a relationship with Maarten or not – let alone a form of relationship in between these 'extremes'. You, your brains, are an instrument that – especially on feeling level – must trace the pros and cons of a relationship and balance them. You can only try to find out what your will wants. And, if you're lucky – for instance when you are dealing with a noodle who understands and sympathises with everything – you can even implement that will. This means freedom in the execution of the will, not of the will itself. If the latter were free, you could, just like that, step over disadvantages, doubts and your reluctance – and just do what you like, enjoying things. Of course, this isn't true either: you're not free either to want the nice things of life. Without obstruction, a creature strives for pleasure rather than pain, self-torture.

At first i believed the opposite: for the one who breaks up, it is, in principle, worse than for the one who has been broken. Next to the misery, the breaker has the annoying feeling to process of not wanting a relationship, which is the same as not being able to have one. He or she is confronted with the fact that he or she cannot love someone. This appears to be too rational thinking. It is, egoistically, better to break up than to be broken. The feeling of powerlessness is a substantial blow on top. You can better be guilty of something, to have made mistakes, any.

This terribly annoying feeling doesn't stem from an offended ego or pride, not in the least. It is wholly related to the powerlessness, to the fact that one or something disposes over you, over your feelings, and to the fact that 'just like that' intense terrible feelings are provoked in you that you have no say in this, you can only suffer them. No, then you better have the feeling that it is you who is the cause of your suffering.

However, now that i write this, this seems too repugnant to be true. Well.

At the age of 30 everything happens, i said. The first time making love. But let's not talk about that. What do you think of this: Unreasonable fury. Ah, how nice life is. One experiences all kinds of things.

'What a selfish rotten act!' i thought, 'to break up just like that.' And through the spring and the lambs and all of it, the swearing resounded.

This is a strange unknown feeling: wanting to be angry. Unreasonable thus. Unfortunately or not, this is very funny. Just like with the crying i mentioned earlier, after a second i have difficulty keeping the spirit of fury high while laughter wants to take over. It was a beautiful, fair fight. Still Maarten tried to justify his anger. Together we were 149 % in favour of the relationship and only 51 % against it. Only an absolute selfishness can disregard this legitimate victory of love.

Remember that in the beginning you warned me that you just wanted to be angry sometimes? But you confessed now that you haven't been angry with me even once, for i stubbornly refused to give cause for that. Perhaps, with this letter, i will manage after all. Oh, i hope that, in injury time, i can still satisfy your needs.

Of course, it is different when one stays with someone out of pity, or compassion. Recently a girl confided me that she lived for twelve years together with a guy in a state of unconscious pity for him. Now, when she became conscious of this, she finally broke up with him.

I feel like a chattering fool now. I could still write on for many pages like this, but... Ah, i'll continue still a bit, but only because you are so dear, so terribly dear. So don't become conceited. I only love you because accidentally you are as you are. You don't need to be proud of that.

I have suddenly the strange feeling that it all doesn't matter any more what i say or write. A liberating feeling, yes. You don't want me. That's it. Done.

Four times i had at least something with a girl, something that lasted longer than one or two days. And four times i've been dumped. Gee, you say this so negative now again, i hear you say. It is not nice to hear this for your conscience and your feelings. But to say that after an extended period of consultation and joint reflection we have come to the conclusion that we will not continue the current way, no, i haven't experienced this yet with one of the four girls. Have you ever been the one who has been left, by someone who you love terribly much in that moment? The reasons to end it may be so understandable, acceptable or elevated, the feeling remains: dumped. I already feel almost guilty now towards you, because it feels this way to me. The world turned upside down.

Oh dear, why do i need to write this down, i am in such a cheerful mood. Four times the girl has finished after we hadn't seen each other for a while. Coincidence? Not totally, i'm sure. My theory of the positive and negative feelings remains solid. When the positive feelings aren't being stimulated again and again, the negative – regarding the relationship, not regarding the lover – will rise above the 50 %.

Now that i'm well under way, as far as stupidity is concerned, i will ask you this: When you saw me, didn't you feel like being happy?

Or are you afraid of this? Or afraid to make someone unhappy? Or are you not at all interested in this?

Do you really have the feeling of being able to do things wrong?

You keep repeating that it has got nothing to do with me, and i believe you, but what do you mean by this? Your leaving has got nothing to do with how i am or act, but rather with your feelings of love to me? Or are you ashamed when you cannot really love someone?

Love, love... I also loved a girl a lot, Fiona, who was very fond of me, but she could never become my big love. Life is usually tragic. Although i still protest, it starts to dawn upon me finally. This holds true at least for love. How often is it that two people come across one another who are so terribly fond of each other? No, life is nice, i stick to this.

Do i bore or irritate you by my remarks about our love?

Don't think i'm conceited in any way. So far only one girl, this Fiona, has really loved me. But perhaps one is above average, who knows?

I'll stop here. One way or another, i'm rather fed up with myself. Well, not of myself, actually. I still haven't managed this truly. Instead, it will be the revealing of myself. When you're one-sidedly in love, you get yourself increasingly in a jam, that is: you repulse the other more and more.

Yet, i still have a good time with you sometimes. In my fantasy. Really true.

I wish it was end of September 1992. Why must we also go forward, why never backward? Why aren't we allowed to choose, to return to the time that was dearest to you?

Kiss, Maarten

It is obvious that i cannot let go of Maja in the least yet. I am full of her, still, just as full as when we were together. And it shouldn't be otherwise. A least not from the perspective that says that i, finally, Need to Go into Woman. I'm just beginning. I should *not* be Free from Her, i *should* be Touched by Her, as Deeply as possible. I should Learn Woman, all the ins and outs, how She feels, including feeling attached to a person, a beloved, including hope and despair, including total incomprehension about Herself. I should Learn what or 'who' it is that She is in Love with, and what or who it is that She, actually, allows here on earth to be with Her. I should Learn all about Woman's Inner Struggle, Her Duality. I should not give up. I should live what Woman Herself, in Her Unconsciousness, 'forgets' to live, to feel, to be aware of. The love-relationship with Maja was the input i needed for all this. Now i needed to (learn to) meditate it all, to Feel through it. This was contrary to my attitude as a kid when i did or took the worst or least nice part first and left the nicest part to the end.

For seventeen days i haven't heard anything of Maja. I would almost say: 'pity'. But i don't do this. What is, shouldn't be said, according to Maja's 'philosophy' in which i shouldn't have said how crazy i am about her, and other things that oppress her.

Music of George Moustaki is playing now. But, from your perspective, i shouldn't say this: for it is a fact. Gee, life gets complicated this way.

And, who knows, the rage may come when in a year or so she has a new boy-friend – with whom she does want a relationship. I don't want to have sleeping pills in my house then, when i find out about this.

Maja, where are you, what are you doing, why don't you call, why are you so beautiful, why am i so crazy about you?

[May 4th + 5th, Diary (dagschrijfding) V]

Earlier Maja and i had called each other a few times in the period of five weeks after our break. Sometimes she called me, sometimes i called her, once in the middle of the night. During our phone calls it felt like we had never split up. Love raged on as always behind our unimportant words. 'I' felt Maja was still doubting. In itself this was not strange: Woman, in Her fundamental Duality, exists as 'doubt', as wavering between Her Two Sides, even when she regularly chooses one side to kind of console herself, to try to undo some tension or to give herself a kick in the ass as if she'd be crazy or weak and anyhow afraid as long as she didn't choose, as long as she didn't 'man' herself and pull herself together (into 'One'). But this, the doubt that arose and the nice contact with me on the phone that again kindled her longing for 'me', for Love, brought also back the difficult feelings that had been patiently waiting in the dark in those weeks. *Therefore*, again, she, definitively now, wanted to split. No contact at all any more. Maja had to sacrifice Love in order not to expose herself to feeling, in order to be saved from Pain – from feeling it as a matter of fact, since the pain itself would always be patiently waiting. And it seemed so hopeless, this crazy maddening vicious circle.

What a cruel fate.

I was more lucky. I had a lot of pain to feel through, but at least i stayed in Love. *I had written Maja two letters of 15 pages. From exhaustion i couldn't continue writing, or else they would have become longer. You didn't reply to anything. You have nothing to say to me.* [From notes for The Grief] At least evidence was on its way now to show that she could be faithful. Since she had decided that Love was taboo, she stayed dedicated to this radical attitude, the sweetie.

The Grief. The desired Body. In the hell for the sake of Love

May 5th. Today is a holiday in Holland, Liberation Day. For the first time in my life i have grief. I admit. A human being can have grief. I knew this already from hearsay. But what should i have done with this dry knowledge when life was so funny, so absurd. I have studied the question of why a human being, a human being, is happy. I wanted to explain myself. Others were too far from me – and you, you should have been my liberation. You have thoroughly messed up the planning of my life.

As a human being we like to have something to offer. I am grief. This is what i can offer humanity at this moment. But people don't see it. When i don't say i have grief, they

don't know. Words have become the connection between two bodies. When, in addition to this, people even lie, as so many do, what remains then? When love and truth split up, what should one then still live for?

No, don't be afraid, my love, this writing won't be a lamentation. When i will nonetheless notice it is, i will stop. I only want to describe what grief means for someone who is not predestined for this, who hasn't studied for this, who in the education of his parents hasn't received anything that could have prepared him for that, and who has, up to now, up to the age of thirty, never seriously been in contact with this. If possible, i will every day, or at least every week, report of this phenomenon that is for many and certainly for me currently far from uninteresting.

I know, it is a preposterous task set by someone who doesn't understand anything of his subject. Free from coquetry i can easily say this. Someone, indeed, who looks at himself as a child looking at another one who in his eyes is doing something very strange, something truly unknown.

Yet, i must have known at least something of it. The first day i have met you, it must have come into existence, together with love: grief. On that same day, September 25th 1992 they have been born. Apparently there had been enough indications for the future – not yet understood by me, of course. The next day, when we 'got each other', or actually it was the morning after, i knew it for certain. I will have grief. For the first time in many years i got angry, not at you, at the fact that i would soon not see you for eleven days, perhaps never again. A telephone was suddenly a scary apparatus, an enemy, an ally, i didn't know. I didn't know anything any more, only that i had met a girl and had even touched her, the girl of my life.

I didn't know it, grief, and yet i felt that the possibility that this could manifest, was real now. If this is the case it cannot but happen. Only, in my extreme state of being in love – of being decomposed, i dare say – i could hardly imagine it. I could not, as a matter of fact. An image, some fellow pitifully alone in his chair, staring at the wall, means nothing without the accompanying feelings.

Yes, together with love - since for the first time this state went much further than the very familiar being in love - grief came into existence, just out of nothing, from which you rose as the revelation, and in which you dissolved quickly and safely again and i, i would never be the same any more.

[The Grief. Diary of a forsaken one. Page 3-4]

One of the – seemingly unmanly – things i did after Maja's renewed her farewell – her breathing new life into the death of the Heart – was to write a letter to 'my' French girl Nathali (on June 2nd). I felt a great need to associate with Woman, certainly also in a bodily sense now, even though the latter was in itself not of main importance. Or let's put it differently. It was not because of my sexual drive that i wanted to, anyhow, associate with Woman – unless you'd see the sexual drive not in a narrow sense but as the Sexual Force of Duality That is the Impulse for Uniting Man and Woman. It was rather that i Had to Be with and perhaps Unravel, Get to Know from Within, the Mystery of Woman, and that Mystery

had to do with Her Body. I wasn't driven by my penis, or by the seed in my balls, but by the Force That Wanted to Unite the Formless and the Form; the Formless Heart Represented by or Being Man and the Form Represented by or Being Woman. Talking about taboos: unfortunately or not, Woman's Body was – and is – a big taboo on earth. This didn't make the Ordeal easier. As man you were immediately suspect if you feel you Need to Discover Woman's Body – or Corporeality. This may be understandable if a man just wants to use Woman's body for his own seeming needs. But it sounds anyhow as if Her Body would be a form, and ultimately it is not a *form*. If Woman would allow 'me' i would Return Her Body to the Heart.

I had no idea if, after all these years, eleven years, my letter reached Nathali or not. Anyway, there was no response from France. So i continued my wild amorousnesses with girls closer around.

Frankly, it was no longer as simple as i have just described: the Heart being number One, the Body Two – even though on the Deepest Level this was totally obvious to me and would never change. If i, Beyond myself, Really Wanted to Respond to Woman's Call for the Real Man to Be Wholly with Her on earth, if i Really Responded by Descending, i also had to thoroughly (or at least partially, no i should say temporarily) take over Woman's – or the earth's – confusion, people's confusion of having to live as a *form*. I had to, Consciously, Feel in me how Woman feels things, how She experiences life – 'She', that is, strange though it may sound, including the 'earthly man' who belongs to Her world too.

1993, May 6th.⁴ And this night it happened. For the first time in my life i desired a body, just a body, a soft warm arousing female body. Is that why i called you in the middle of the night at two o'clock, almost crying? Has the Big Confusion entered me now? Is this then finally the end of my youth, of my unalloyed romanticism, of my picture of the immaculate girl, of my own innocence? Has the girl become woman?

I'm sorry to have woken you up and to have kept you for three hours on the phone. But Maja, who else could i have called? You have become the cause of everything. You are the meanings and the aims. You are the confusion. You are the grief, the love, the being in love. You are the girl. You are the woman. You are the incomprehension. You are the end, of the individual, of the need for understanding, of everything. Of everything you are the beginning. You are the reality. You are the change. You can't change that by leaving me.

I was used to creating reality. With the aid of stories of rare others, novels and scientific works i formed a notion of it. The picture appeased me. Now the picture forms me. Or rather, reality creates me. That's the big difference BM and AM. The period M (Maja) itself is a strange gap in my memory. That is, i remember some events, things we did together – although most of the time we lay in bed – but they are without order, without time. M must have been a state, a feeling, a truly majestic feeling annihilating everything else. Now time has started running. That's how it feels, yes, the time that is making fun of me, the time that i

⁴ The dates of the manuscript The Grief are the dates at which i situated the events in the novel to be, thoughts and feelings. The actual dates of experience may have been somewhat earlier here and there.

have become myself. BM it didn't exist, and also not during you. At that time, before you, time was one continuous line, there was no acceleration or deceleration. Then you don't feel time. Now, this time, time itself, is being experienced as a detention. Experienced time is rotten time. I want to go back. Backward or forward, to the state that doesn't pass.

Backward or forward to you. You may also be another girl. That would be the best, for you don't want to be me any more. If only time stops – and the state returns.

But where is she? The last two months i've seen and spoken and even danced with more girls than in the 30 years before, i've already been in love again, several times – you are nowhere. Is this why i've called you? Did the dooming of an endless time sink too heavily, too suddenly into my consciousness, into my feeling? Did i try, by conducting the vibrations of your matchless voice through my Eustachian tube, to desperately preserve the state, the feeling? Or to fully revive it, because maybe for the first time since i am alone now – and after a life of being alone, i'm alone for the first time, indeed – i felt you slipping away from me? Maybe due to the body of that female last night, maybe from exhaustion, from grief that is hard to control any more, maybe because of the merciless time. I don't know.⁵

Possibly i have completely lost my senses now. Possibly it is so banal that i called you because it didn't work out with chatting up the female and i felt lonely because of that, i missed you because of that. You have created loneliness. If i would have ended up in bed with the female, i might not have missed you. For the time being, i assume that things aren't that bad yet, times are rough enough already. My self-image, even though in your view as well as mine i couldn't have done anything to the fact that you didn't want to see me any more, lies already in the gutter. How could i have prevented this when you have smashed my former self-image, that by accident was rather positive, to fragments? During you, you were my self-image. Now i don't know any more if i still have a self-image. I don't know anything any more. I say this, as far as i know, in all honesty, without exaggeration, in any case without any eventuality of finding pleasure in exaggeration.

Chatting up is difficult of course when you don't dare to speak to someone. Of course not. How do i speak to a body? I don't have any experience with that.

[The Grief. Diary of a forsaken one. Page 4-5]

“The Grief” was the intended follow up of “Testament of an individual”. It wasn't finished and not published either. I started writing it seven weeks after Maja had given me the sack – or at least i had then made the notes that were supposed to be worked out a bit later. It begins like this:

1993 May 4th.

I have lived. For seven weeks i have lived. Lived in the injury-time. I've made love. I've been drinking. I've been dancing. I've been laughing. I've been crying.

I have lived. That's why i haven't written down earlier what happened. And god, things have happened. Only one thing is certain. Tears will flow. Seas of tears.

⁵ The mind, again, can only scan possibilities. It cannot See, not directly, not at all. It is Ignorance itself.

[The Grief p.1]

This is the second period of craziness in my life, directly following the first one. Is it true that once you start – life, love, what's the difference – you are imprisoned in yourself for good? Is it still possible to decide to quit?

[Notes for The Grief]

I intended again to write a live-report of the period after being so terribly in love. Well, being in love with Maja hadn't really stopped, so i mean the period after she broke up with me. Again, just like in "Testament of an Individual", also in "The Grief", the form in which i narrate the story is the main character, me, talking to Maja – who else. Being in love and the grief, the themes of the two texts, belong to each other, like Man and Woman. Since Maja was gone, however, and i was sure she wouldn't come back – or else i couldn't have cried through this ordeal – i felt, despite the artistic success of "Testament", like experimenting with the form and i felt free to add at least a few non-autobiographic elements in "The Grief". The idea of possibly becoming a writer – also, albeit as a secondary motive to make a living – hadn't left me yet. On the contrary, it was getting stronger – and, in a way, i already was a writer by then. Life itself was my inspiration. That wouldn't be a problem in the years to come, and anyway inspiration or the lack of it was never an issue for me. I could always write, manuscripts for a book, stories, lyrics, essays, whatever. Only, i put 'life itself' now clearly first now. Writing should in no way be a substitute for life itself.

To my surprise i became quite flexible as far as the type of girl i successively fell in love with was concerned. Well, something in me still preferred the beautiful girl with long, preferably dark hair, a fine chiselled face, not too long – like Liz, Nathali, Jette, Maja, who all had brown eyes in which i could make a free fall. But it became increasingly obvious to me that i was no longer caught by the picture of the divine girl from the heavens, or, as i had to reformulate it later, the divine girl from the earth. And that i responded rather to the openness of a woman to me. Before i could really interpret this in a clear Overview, i began to adjust to the laws of the Earth, where it is Woman who decides which, and what type of – or caricature of – Man She Allows to be with Her on earth, to Enter Her, to Enliven Her with the Seed of his Spirit, or, in the End, to Free and Enlighten Her. My divine 'picture' was of little if any value here on earth. I had to start from scratch. Man, sooner or later, learns that He's on earth now and is supposed to sacrifice everything, every possible form, except for One Thing That is not a form: His Heart, Which is directly related to His Truth.

So, regularly i stood around in a trendy pub 'The Union' where i didn't feel at home at all, ugly modern cold as it was, and where Damiantha introduced me to some of her friends. There was also this woman. A typical society woman. She even wore quite a bit of make-up, but nevertheless was quite beautiful. And lost. But she had learned to and tried to not look that way, but relaxed, indifferent. She looked at me regularly while or after sipping from her wine, sherry or pisang ambon, alcoholic drinks that like all alcoholic poisons were very far from me. And i, dummy, just fell in love with her. She was continuously haunting me and going through my head when i was home. Weird. Completely weird. We were from another

planet. And yet, i didn't care at all that we were so different – and this very different from how this issue had been such a problem for Maja.

I was, common as it is, thinking about something i could say to start up a conversation. I was, common as it was, imagining we would kiss. We never would – very common. And a pity. All those many many opportunities to manifest love, or at least to activate and stimulate the Process of Man and Woman to come Closer to Each Other, to get to Know the Other Sex, to become Conscious. Lost. Lost. Lost. As if life was endless and we wouldn't grow older and chances to meet would be infinite. Sometimes it seemed as if i, now that i had landed on earth, was the only one who was aware of the ticking clock – which was, of course, a bit exaggerated.

There was another woman in The Union that looked very much like Maja – not quite as beautiful but she looked all right. And she was even much more so than the other woman looking at me. She looked with something of despair in her glance: 'please be with me, whatever it takes, whatever happens, be with me.' As i experienced it, she had an almost huge body, not really fat but just very big at all places. It was weird to me and i didn't get it that such a big healthy body seething with energy wanted me in. Due to the years i had spent on bed, the picture i had of my body had changed and i didn't expect this vulnerable sensitive lean body would have been found worthy to be with such a physically-energetically strong woman. Suddenly 'normal' women, normally functioning in society, felt attracted to me. It seemed that i was approaching the earth through all the tears i had already shed by then.

Anyway, the false Maja was always with her lover in The Union, a sturdy and tough, strong guy, typically someone who was considered by society to be male – 'male' in the Duality of male and female and in that duality attractive for women. That he was a bit of a sinister guy, unshaven in his thick leather jacket didn't alter that, on the contrary. The only problem was: there was no Heart. The woman was *unconsciously aware* of the fact that there must be Something beyond that duality of male and female. Why otherwise was the woman so much busy with me. She was very female, he was very 'male'. I could not match him in the normal earthly 'competition' of masculinity. She was obviously missing something though. Just like when i was six or seven years old, my ranking beyond the normal competition, in the Formless hierarchy, was beyond competition. Woman looked at me for what She missed in the man she had chosen in Her earthly domain. Beyond wanting for herself the best example of 'man', She Wanted to Return to Man, to be Taken into and Rest in His Heart. In the end, She is tired of having a 'man', She Wants to be His – but the latter is not possible when 'man' doesn't See Her. Being Seen by Him on Her earthly level of Form is only possible by (Consciousness Resting in) Man's Heart.

In the course of the years, in the ever-revealing Process of Man and Woman, i could not but See that the fact that there was no Heart present or active in the seemingly strong man, meant, in fact, that there was no Man. Man *Is* the Heart. The guy was 'just' a male man in the Duality of man and woman, which is all Woman's world. The whole Duality is Female. A man who merely 'takes' and lives one side of this Duality, the male side, represents the male side of Woman – and that part of Herself she can then easily project outside of Her. But he can never Take a woman Beyond Her Own world into His Own, into the World of the One,

the One Heart. A relationship with him will always, necessarily, be a (dual) fight, without any chance of ever getting out or being Transcended Beyond.

The woman, with whom i didn't really – that is hopelessly – fall in love with for a change, looked 'simply' for a Heart and with her hidden Eye she Saw it in me. But i noticed she was afraid, addicted to her lover, to his maleness and supposed protection in *her* world. She would have to long forever – like every woman on earth so far, whether she admitted this or, because it seems too painful, did not.

As far as i as a *self* was concerned i could ask myself: what was i doing there in that cold pub for god's sake. Instead of lying in the big warm bed with my naked Queen in my arms, i was in this terrible and crowded place with bad music and a lot of cigarette smoke that i hated and the only reason was that perhaps, if i was lucky, i could meet a woman and we would get together and at best it would be 10 per cent of how gorgeous it was with Maja. Would i become a beggar for a piece of love? Was this the earth? Being inspected by the gatekeepers 'Woman' and waiting for the verdict – like the food inspectors in the slaughter house inspect the meat? And i should be happy if i pass the test? No, i wasn't there for my *self*. I wasn't there for the meat, if there was a relationship between the flesh and the self, as people assumed somehow. No, ultimately i was in the hell for the sake of Love. I had to find Love now in the world of Un-love. I had to learn that It wouldn't come from outside, that i was the Creator of It Myself, Me as Love Beyond 'me'. The Creator whose Heart Transcends Pain into Love.

Seeing this forcefully longing woman with her man, feeling her inner state – and on an earthly level she was quite attractive, by the way – brought me to a 'new' subject of consideration. Was i entitled to interfere in a relationship, if i would have the chance, to even take over a woman if i felt she, viewed from a deeper perspective, her *own* deeper perspective, 'should' better be with me and needed a hand to take the step to come to the man – me, in this case, but i meant generally – who would very probably serve her development better, who could bring her closer to (Finding and Returning into) Man Himself, instead of being stuck with the picture of 'man' – yes, the *earthly* picture was also just a picture, an empty template – a picture that would never be able to Touch her? Or must i let Her make Her Step entirely on Her own?

Considering my own development of that time, this seemed a bit of a stupid, rather theoretical moral question, a remainder of my life BM in which the moral aspects of every detail of life required to be extensively considered, in which the Force of Life Itself was unconsciously ridiculed or almost arrogantly belittled. And yet, it wasn't such a detail when the question was extended: Must i as Man Liberate Woman when She Herself is chained on the bottom of the sea? Must i really, in all seeming humility, wait till She puts the first step in 'my' direction if She is totally encaged, chained all over? Must i as Man, provided i have a (better, Deeper) Overview, *Do* something by and as Myself therefore, if she cannot even speak, if She cannot even say: 'Free Me. I'm stuck. I Love You. I Need to Love You or else i Die. I'm Dead without Loving You, but i'm chained. My Heart is immured by a wall of concrete.'

Must She actually say something, speak earthly words, at least: ‘Do something’ – and maybe add: ‘I see You can do something. You are different. You have a Heart, a Heart That is Alive.’ Or is this unrealistic, indeed, to expect such a gesture, since the voice and its tone are not separate from the Heart. With concrete around the Heart, it is not the Heart that speaks but the concrete. Must i, as Man, then only Trust what i See in Her eyes. Is this enough for me to Respond? Well, since i had seen how Maja looked at me from aside that one time, i knew the answer to this. And now a look-alike was looking at me with the same asking eyes. Woman has one eye. Many forms look through the opening, through that same Eye. It’s true that Maja had made her steps in my direction on her own, she had mounted the whole long stairs at my aunt’s place – but i’m not sure what would have happened (or failed to happen) if i hadn’t helped her a bit, if i hadn’t triggered the clarity of the strong attraction between us to come to the surface.

On earth things were not simple. There were strange laws here that i had to obey. For instance, if the sturdy guy was physically stronger than me – this was indeed so, in this case – the situation was already complicated. Despite the fact that i was not really in love with the false Maja, i felt a natural Male impulse coming through me to liberate her from him, from his attitude to just leave her in the cold, to just fuck her body now and then. If she, for whatever reason, could not be with me (yet) even if i had managed to make her aware of the Lie to Herself she lived in and to free her from him, i granted her to be at least with a better example of man. Considerations could not break the spell of the earthly reality. I was not offered an opportunity to talk with her and perhaps come closer to her. She clung too much to her rocky friend and i didn’t meet her outside of The Union. Earthly reality was frustrating.

The school of acting difficultly

Despite my falling in love with other girls, Damiantha was still in the picture. Now that My Heart was Torn in Two, i had to find Love in ‘the many’, no longer in the One as with Maja. **“You sent me to the many”**, as i wrote many years later, speaking to Maja as if she was still sitting in front of me.

Actually, Damiantha and i had quite a few meetings and we quite liked each other. We recognized a purity, honesty and vulnerability in each other, which was something we didn’t meet in many people, if at all. This didn’t mean in the least, by the way, that ‘Miss Ego’ was absent. One day after my desperate nightly phone talk with Maja, Damiantha and i met once more.

Saturday May 8th

Finally, after two months, i’m in love with Damiantha. No longer half way, no longer simmering. Finally, i hope, i don’t have to again and again fall in love with other girls any more – which is actually the only thing i’m successful at when it comes to girls. Probably i’m won over because for the first time i noticed feelings of love to me in Damiantha, instead of fear and lust, affection and curiosity. Affectionately she cuddled up to me on the sofa. I put my arm around her, pulled her closer to my body and thought: ‘everything ended up fine yet after all.’ Fortunately i didn’t think of you. Damiantha asked:

“Do you think of her now?”

Of course i had talked about you many times. There is no ‘subject’ lovelier than you.

“No,” i said truthfully, “but now that you say it i do this moment.”

I quickly squirmed to make it clear to Damiantha i had gotten over that. That’s how it really felt at least. Apparently – and so much was sure – i can love someone else again, someone who does appreciate my love, for instance.

Slowly i feel, not so much this writing as i myself – but that comes down to the same thing, in fact – come down to the level of a Mills and Boon novel. How can it be otherwise, i ask myself, when you take part in ‘life’? But don’t worry, i speak to myself courageously, this is the transition. If only you act long enough in the silly novel, you won’t know any more in what story and that you are acting.

[The Grief – page 8]

How incredibly naïve men are – and i was now that i joined them on an earthly level: when a woman seems to offer her body, everything seems okay. Since i can’t remember meaning it ironically, i can’t help laughing over it now.

The next day Damiantha and i met again. In my, in the end Impersonal, attempt to join life as others lived and experienced it – not for its own sake or to get lost in it as well (although this was the risk), but to Know it – i even drank some alcohol. This says a good deal, considering my body’s utter and natural disgust of it.

Sunday May 9th

The wine flowed abundantly at Damiantha’s place. It didn’t have a good taste. It did have an effect though. We became rather jolly and we started to talk about the boys who were, in great numbers, after Damiantha. It was a good joke. What did all these boys – there were about 35 of them, as we counted – see in her? “And what do i do with it”, Damiantha broke out laughing, “I’m getting so tired of it.”

“And what do i do with 35 girls that i am after”, i roared with laughter. “I’m getting so tired of it. What is it they don’t see in me?”

We had a smashing time and it came to us starting declaring off the boys of Damiantha. Laughing all the time we nevertheless addressed the matter seriously and we drew up a real list of the boys and Damiantha called one after the other and in fact called them off. As her advisor in love affairs – after all i have been through your love and at least my love for you, so i had a right to speak now – i sat on the sofa next to Damiantha exploding from laughter. There were boys who were offended, announcing such a dramatic decision in such a jolly way: ‘are you crazy’, they asked rhetorically.

“Oh no, i’ve just lined up everything for myself.” And we were convulsed with laughter again. Sometimes i kissed Damiantha in her neck.

‘There are still 34 waiting before you, please have patience, stay on the line’, i felt like yelling in the phone. ‘It’s a total mess here. No problem! It’s just the land of love! You are just part of this love, honey!’ But i contained myself.

Other boys became angry somehow and didn’t ever want to see her again. Pretty petty-minded, we thought. You are a friend or you are not, and these poor wretches were

apparently not. If the whole thing was just about making love, then it was better indeed that Damiantha shouldn't see them again. This was the big test: if they really cared for Damiantha and would still like to meet her and give themselves to her when there would be no sex any more on the program. Some men were upset and insisted they wanted to see Damiantha right away. This was out of the question, of course: she was busy now with another one of the 35, a strange funny guy who didn't care about sex in itself, hilarious as this was.

If it was too painful to have some boys live on the phone, i, chief of the writing department, wrote a beautiful goodbye letter to them, embellished with a few personal memories that later they would read once more: 'oh yes...' And then there was still quite a big category of blokes who had treated Damiantha badly as a matter of fact. They didn't have a right to receive a phone call or a letter. We just crossed them out.

In a good temper i went into town that night. I was not allowed to talk with more than two girls, Damiantha said rather giggly, and i laughed in return but only seldom is a joke a pure joke and i felt some earnestness and fear in the background. Luckily she didn't have a notion of my excessive faithfulness. Better no leakage of something like that. It makes me highly uninteresting, i begin slowly to understand.

"Three", i said. I started liking the mess of man and woman.

"Then three ugly ones", Damiantha proposed as a compromise. I agreed to this, knowing that every girl is ugly compared to Maja.

Would it then really work that way, i asked myself while biking to the centre of town. The fact is that for the first time in my association with members of the opposite sex i have made a bit of trouble – me too, finally. My simple attitude to life had always been: something is nice and then you do that; or something is not nice and then you don't do that.

Next day Damiantha called me. It seems she was still in the mood. I started to be experienced in being called. Every man will be called sooner or later. Not picking up won't help.

[The Grief – page 9]

A few weeks earlier, already after Maja's leaving, on March 27, i met with Sjon in the pub The Holy Fuck. He listened to my story about Damiantha and my behaviour towards her.

His mouth went into a straight line that was a cross between irritation, perplexity and being amused. For a long time he kept shaking his head – one of the two gestures i could interpret without error: no no no no no no. I went to order.

Sjon had to be given the opportunity to ascertain and formulate what was wrong with me. I may be a decent chap, he said, the way i dealt with the opposite sex was on a deplorable level. Actually there was no level at all, because even the least strategy was alien to me. I just did something. Just what i felt like doing at any moment. If the other one agreed with it, everything was settled, i assumed. This was totally wrong. First i needed to know what i wanted, Sjon said. Did i just want some pleasure for a little while, or did i want to keep the hussy for a longer time.

“Well, i... i rather like her, i... would indeed like...”, i bungled, once more surprised by the idea of having to develop ideas about love, how to succeed in something and how to prolong something.

“Hussy, you shouldn’t say that”, i continued, perhaps in vain still clinging to my former shape, “she’s a very nice girl.”

“That may be so”, Sjon replied self-assured, “but she’s a hussy anyway.” This is exactly where you go wrong. You keep seeing girls as girls. Man, you’re no longer twelve years old when you fell in love for the first time. You’re still that boy staring in wonder at the beautiful girl, that miracle out of nothing, looking at himself surprised, what for god’s sake is happening here. You’re a psychiatric case, Maarten, really. I say that because i am your friend and i want the best for you. People, Maarten, go through some development in their lives. At a certain point they know what is what, and they choose. That, by definition, this choice, must turn out bad, as we discussed the other day, doesn’t matter here. They choose. But you, you got stuck at your twelfth. You’re still in love with the immaculate girl. Even the first beginning of growing up is lacking in you. You’re a boy and you know this. That’s not bad and certainly it has advantages, and sometimes, even often, i envy you, let me confess this in all honesty. But if you want a woman everything is different. A woman doesn’t fancy boys of twelve years old. You need to choose therefore. That’s all i want to say. You keep behaving so innocently and if you’re lucky you’ll find the rare girl that got stuck at twelve as well. Or you change. That means you will behave differently, through which you change along, as i experienced myself. The choice, Maarten, is up to you. Everyone is guilty. You can’t avoid this, by not choosing. (...) You have to act, dreaming is over. If you want the hussy to be yours and to keep her, you will have to mystify yourself to begin with.”

[The Grief – page10-12]

I may not have remembered what the exact words of Sjon himself were, but it’s rather accurate and certainly the spirit of it was as described. The things he might not have said in reality, he could have said. For instance, i’m not sure if – but i suspect – i added the words about me being a boy myself to the manuscript, which was, as i have said, not meant as a strict autobiography. For one thing, the tendency to cultivate a certain picture of yourself is always there. Another thing is that the lower tendency to write an interesting story exists as well, or to show reality through words that make things clearer. In any case, now that i was involved with women, the transition from boy to man was certainly a theme for me at the time.

Next to this, the conversation also shows, via Sjon, how people use to live as a self, the self that has its interests and on the basis of its interests it chooses in favour of certain things and against others. It’s true that i didn’t live that way. And i would have been deluded if i had bought what Sjon was selling. As a self, the self that chooses, i would not only never have been able to Go Deeper into the Process with Woman – and, in the End, Let Her Return into My (Man’s) Heart – also, i would never have Found out what the Real Man means, the Man Who is needed for the Process of the One and the Two in a relationship based on Truth. The grown up man that Sjon refers to, is fooled. He cannot distinguish between Man as the

Selfless and Woman representing the Self. Instead he just assumes he is a self as well and acts accordingly, thus screwing up the chance of a Real Meeting between Man and Woman, based on Difference. Why was the meeting of two selves in different bodies so interesting. I preferred to be a reflection of Woman's Longing for Man as He Is in and as His Heart, above trying to get a "hussy" for myself, above trying to sell myself as i 'should'. I was born as a Man of Contact, not as an attempt to get things for myself, or even get people or one person for myself.

Although his talk didn't leave me untouched – and anyhow it was useful to get in Touch with the Force of Society, of the normal world, that cannot help but guide everyone in a certain way that serves its own interests and de facto leads to separation between man and woman instead of union – i could relativize things. This was not only due to my own insight into Life that went deeper than his insight (that was based rather on earthly, inherently limited, dual experience), but also due to the fact that he himself was, already for thirteen years, with a woman who was full of social fakery and i always had a hard time being with her when we met. Grinny's whole face was literally shining with Ego. When Sjon was so much into choosing as a grown up, how could he choose to be with Ego and leave things that way, as if things were settled now, now that a "hussy" had decided to try it with him as a man.

In a way it was a conversation with myself, or, in the end, a conversation of the world with the Heart, of Duality with the One: Sjon representing Duality, and trying to guide me into it, and me representing the One interested in the world of the Two. 'Sjon' was a construction, mainly based on one of my closest friends and especially the actual conversation we had about 'me and girls', and for the rest it was a bit supplemented by others and society (or: the world of form) in general.

"When you tell everything to such a 'girl', as you call her, when you tell her what you do, what and how you think, what you feel and, above all, what you want, you are no longer interesting for her. Every adolescent knows this. Finally think, man, dog!"

I thought.

Perhaps he was right. Perhaps girls assumed i didn't really love them, since i didn't act in a difficult way, fixated on truth as i was instead of going for what i wanted. Being difficult had become the norm in the world as a cryptic way for people to express their love for one another before they resign from the whole thing. Acting in a difficult way and doubting, making demands and being afraid of the other, of oneself, of the continuation of love, not daring or wanting to say what you want, not knowing what you want, acting differently than you would want.

I thought of Damiantha, of you, of all girls before you. I hadn't met one girl who didn't act in a difficult way. Were nice girls always difficult? Did i fancy difficult girls? Did i, as a compensation for my own simplicity in the land of love, look for difficult girls? Did simple girls exist at all?

I thought again. And suddenly i got it! I breathed out and Sjon did the same. With a handkerchief he wiped the sweat off his forehead. It wasn't so difficult actually. If i am the only one who is not being difficult, i saw now with certainty, then i am the only one who is acting in a difficult way. In and as the Heart this was not so – There it is the opposite – but

here on earth, where other Rules prevail, it was. *On my own, as an outsider who likes to go in, i can't change love. First i'll have to 'break in', first i'll have to adjust. And once i'm settled and desired in the land of love, i can change things. From inside, as it is called. This way is swell for combining my big love drive with the urge to change the world, to do something good for the world, the urge of which has been pushed aside by this love drive. Everything would be all right after all. Sjon ordered.*

[The Grief – page13]

I wrote: *Being difficult has become the norm in the world.* Seeing the world changing rapidly, had, of course, in fact, to do with the fact that i had associated with Woman so suddenly and intensely – for me there was no other way available than 'intense'. The world didn't change – although there is more to say about this, it has its own development, yet structurally the world is just the world – but it was me in the first place who got in touch with the world, the world of Woman, the world of Duality, that is the world of Difficulty.

Thus, after my insight into the world's normal functioning – inherently difficult – and urged by Man's Drive to Enter this world of Woman, *it happened that for the first time in my life i undertook a brave attempt to seriously be difficult. The point was to keep the end in view and yet not to burst out laughing. It was the same day i had spoken to Sjon – or rather he to me. If i didn't do it immediately, implementing the earthly 'wisdom', i would have forgotten it possibly the next day already, the fuss of the goal – the girl – and the mystification and so on. It was so remote for me. I had nothing to hide, nothing to defend. 'I' didn't exist, as i already knew by then. Through (being with) you i had not only reasoned 'myself' a way to that conclusion, but i also actually felt that truth of no-me, so strongly.*

As often is the case with men, consciousness had rushed ahead of the actual experience in and as the Body, in Woman's world.

Everyone was allowed to know everything about me. Not that this was interesting in the slightest sense; people, cherishing goals, were anyway mainly interested in themselves. Yet, when somebody asked me something i felt obliged, which meant feeling an insurmountable urge, to give an answer that was as much as possible in accordance with truth.

[The Grief – page 12]

Strange or confusing though it may sound to some, to manifest the Heart i was prompted or even forced to join the (world of) Ego. To be able to truly Be with Woman and thus to be with a woman – or, in fact, to be able to allow Her to Feel and Recognize the Heart – i had to, as it appeared to me after Maja's rejection of 'my' too pure state, join 'the Lie'. I could not always stay separate from it, from the whole fuss on earth. Otherwise, 'my' Heart, 'my' Potential, would turn out to have been wasted in the end, as i sensed. Maja had been my mirror: the earth didn't know what to do with a pure heart. She got so restless that she had to leave me. It was not True to die unused, as the prince with the pure heart who could not live. I started to Intuit what i would have never guessed: that the Lie was (Integral) Part of the Truth.

It was not about the particular form the Lie would or should take, nor about the result of my attempt to 'lie'. It was about the *direction* inherent in associating with the Lie. It was about the consciousness hidden in this ordeal saying that i couldn't stay without dirty hands forever. Well, i could, in principle, but then i would not be *lived*, i would not be *given* and who would benefit from such a 'purity'. By having been with Maja long enough, by catching her eyes in an unguarded moment, and no matter how confusing and shocking the Clash of our two Different worlds was – the Male Uniting world (or, in fact, Already Being One) and the Female Separating world of difference, of Duality – i began to intuitively sense, to have premonitions of the fact that there exists a Purity Beyond the purity i had known so far: the Purity that can be 'purified' by the mud of the earth, the Heart Surrendered into the Dark.

That the form of 'making difficulties' – or faking some 'mystery', as Sjon formulated it – didn't serve my particular Process or Development, as it turned out and not surprisingly, couldn't take away the fact that the *direction* was right: Down. The Heart takes care of the actual forms that would naturally fit the Process, i learned later when the confusing fog of the Clash of the Formless and the Form cleared away. I didn't need to add or copy anything by myself, in fact. For now, still in (or, in fact, recently introduced into) the fog, i just had to start somewhere, with what came my way. I had to experiment with the form, i had to find out what would allow the Heart to be here on earth.

My first attempt to 'lie', to copy and, through my behaviour, mirror it, was a bit hilarious. *It was cosy again that Saturday evening at Damiantha's and it got late. No, not at all proud or eager, i felt deeply unhappy when Damiantha asked me why i was so hesitant, why i didn't want to stay for the night as usual. What could i say? Truth was pelting at me from inside, continuously with venomous balls that had sharp points. Every time Damiantha asked – and she kept harassing me for a long time, an hour at least: she felt my 'lie' was as weak as a snail – the balls doubled their force. Gee, what remained of me, why was life so complicated, why couldn't everybody just say and do and feel what he or she wanted?*

Shouldn't i just say it again? That i really liked her very much, and a 'relationship' – i was already getting fairly at home with the terms that were apparently needed for love, for communication – wouldn't repulse me. That i already felt i would come to love her very much. And that in that case it was not appropriate to just say what i wanted most. That i had just learned this behaviour from a friend that very day. For i had always been extremely self-willed and i had to learn now to take something from someone else, certainly from someone who is more experienced than myself. That i hoped she could have some understanding for the fact that i was supposed to make myself interesting, to mystify myself, and that this was by no means an easy task.

All my muscles were tensed while i painstakingly avoided Damiantha's eyes. To enhance the drama, she threatened that she wouldn't be able to sleep ever again, if i didn't tell her what was going on. Why did i behave so strangely suddenly, i was not like that, she said. All my nerve cells continuously worked with full power, all of them tried to filch the truth from me. It was a real pandemonium. And i almost let myself go. I was this close from having said: 'I have to act difficultly. I do it for myself but also for you. It is nice when you can love someone incredibly again. It is attractive for both of us.'

I must say i behaved worthily. I really acted in a difficult way. It is true, this was easy for i had a very difficult time acting in a difficult way. And what mattered, i succeeded. Without having to lie with words – that would really have been physically impossible to me – i had lingered just long enough until Damiantha couldn't face it any longer. Suddenly she became very calm and said: "You don't have to say it, if you don't want to."

Just long enough, indeed. I was just about to confess it. I thought: okay, then i can't integrate in life, in the love that is so much interwoven with it. I am incompetent. Or, the others are incompetent. It comes down to the same thing. We don't match, the two of us, the others and me.

Just on time i was saved. "No doubt i will tell you some time," i promised Damiantha.

Triumphantly, with a staggering speed, i biked through the city afterwards, homeward, although on my way i crossed the centre and went therefore into nightlife again: i had been difficult! I had actually succeeded. Only now crazy wild life would really begin.

[The Grief – page 12-13]

This may be an ironic piece, indeed, it actually happened nonetheless. It may also seem ridiculous to take the nonsense of Sjon seriously. But i had to learn in direct ways – and not preceding the action – that ultimately people on earth hardly know anything about love, about Man and Woman, that the entire Heart-investigation had to be done by myself. The quality of the school didn't matter. It was about the willingness and eagerness of the pupil to learn, to discern.

I didn't know that a Man can be *silent*. That he doesn't need to react. With my 'Oh's and 'Hm's in the past as an adolescent i had not been very reactive anyway, it seemed, and indeed *reacting* was not much of my nature. But this was different now. It was not that i lacked the words but, in fact, i should say (more) or do something. My clumsy experience launched me into the beginning of discovering that as man i don't need to react at all, that i don't have to give a form – in words, in physical gestures like making love, or in whatever way – to *Woman's* thoughts, feelings and desires.

I didn't Know yet that Man as He Is, *Is* the Truth and that no particular form is necessary for Him to Manifest Himself, no form but Form Itself and Form is already the case, is already Part of Him. I didn't Know that a man can just speak his Truth and that, if he does, he will get all the rejection of Woman he needs for the Process of Realizing that Man and Woman Are One, the Process of Allowing Woman to Realize and, eventually, Bodily-Energetically experience the same. I didn't Know that Man must not merely copy Woman's unconscious thoughts, ideas, feelings and behaviour, but that He can Consciously Feel Her and by that 'Add' Man to the scene, to Her.

Only in the course of the next day the recoil came. I knew there was no meaning to life, but this could not be the meaning of life: acting in a difficult way for the rest of my life. Never to be allowed to look girls in their eyes any more. That was the most beautiful thing there was, wasn't it? I started looking for reasons, excuses, for my acting in a difficult way.

Perhaps it had been just for one time, this silly behaviour, and it had been no more than a reaction to Damiantha's difficult phone talk that morning:

"Things are going too fast for me", Damiantha imparted to me.

There was silence on my side of the line. (And this was not because i understood Man's Silence already.) i didn't understand this language. Despite my experiences with you, through which i was forced to think about the psychology of a human being⁶ for the first time, my innocence – i don't know how to express it otherwise – had apparently not vanished yet. Something is nice, or it isn't, i thought again by accident.

"You don't like being together?" i asked a bit surprised, for now that i had returned to the land of feeling, i assumed i was allowed to feel that Damiantha liked me very much indeed.

"Yes yes yes yes, on the contrary, i do. But things are not that simple."

"No... no, i understand..." i murmured.

This obviously was a relief for her. But what i finally, finally understood was that i didn't understand anything at all of it. Not of you, not of her, and, in retrospect, also not of any of the girls before you any more. How could i, who was so permeated by wanting-to-know, have lived all that time? 'Lived', amidst millions of girls of whom i didn't know anything, who for all that time had applied a logic of their own, without my knowledge, without their knowledge too? How during those thirty years had i managed to even kiss no fewer than ten girls, without devoting profound studies to it, to the girls? What was i for one? Was i worthy to live, if i just lived?

Another excuse for my misbehaviour was the fact that the night before 'things went too fast' for her, Damiantha had made love to another boy. I asked if it was so, since i had seen them leaving together. It was so. Just like me, Damiantha couldn't lie. Perhaps, if i were more attractive for her, she could have. Then she could have postponed her choice – wanting to enter into a relationship with me or not – with a lie. But i didn't understand that yet, and actually i don't yet understand now either.

Anyhow, while hearing the good news – it's always interesting to experience something for the first time and a girlfriend who made love to other boys while being with me, no, i hadn't gone through that so far – i had a strong impression that i was supposed to show utter indifference. But i failed:

'Hm', i said. And truly, this was my deepest feeling that moment. Every new situation creates this unexpurgated emotion in me. Hm.

But Damiantha didn't take 'hm' for an answer. She was looking for drama.

⁶ I should have rather written 'the psychology of (a) woman', since Man is not interesting in this respect. Of His Own Nature He is utterly Simple, associated with the One as He Is. Woman, of Her Nature, is intrinsically complicated, associated as She is with Duality. She has to simultaneously live two diametrically opposed forces, directions. She has to live them in one body. No wonder She feels torn apart and in pain when Man seems absent and She is confronted with Herself. That's why she prefers another, male, body, to be with her, so he can take on him and represent one side of Her Duality and she can thus fight forever without ever being really Touched.

“What do you think about that”, she asked in a tone as if an annoying conversation would inevitably follow now, one that she had already gone through a hundred times before. As i said, i was not embedded yet in man’s silence and thought i was obliged to give Woman answers to her questions to herself. She was not really interested in what i thought of it.

“Well, what can i think of it? I don’t know.” Damiantha tried to help me:

“Do you like it?”

“Well, no, ‘like’ is not the first word entering my mind.”

“I knew it! That’s how it always goes with boys!”

“How do you mean!” Now i became peevish. Everything was all right, but comparing me to boys or men, this was going just too far.

“I haven’t promised anything”, Damiantha said dispirited. The same conversation for the umpteenth time. The same button pressed. The same movie played. As if she was tired as the world of itself, tired of repeating the same dramas over and over again, but still having the energy to delegate the cause and responsibility of the drama to ‘man’. The same delegating over and over. I didn’t like it that she disappeared in her own film and didn’t make contact with who i was. Although i couldn’t promise anything, but anyhow, if she ever wanted to watch another movie, she may better make contact with me.

“I know that and you may do what you want, i wouldn’t want otherwise. But if you require of me that it doesn’t matter at all to me and that it leaves me cold, feeling nothing at all, i can’t manage that. As far as i’m concerned nothing will change between us. But you can’t expect that i don’t feel anything at all for you. Or is that what you want?”

“Yes... or at least, not like that, if you put it that way, but... in a certain sense, i do.”

“I understand,” i sighed. For i understood that this was again something not to be understood by someone like me who had limited his social contacts to a minimum for years, let alone that i had gone into love. A new world, a new language, opened up to me. But for the time being i stood at the door. And through a hazy little window in it i could just look a bit inside. The key was still lacking.

[The Grief – page 13-14]

After introspection on the subject i came to the conclusion that it wasn’t revenge that i didn’t allow Damiantha to touch me that evening. It was rather that the idea that Damiantha would touch me, ten hours after she had touched that buffoon Sjaak everywhere, was too uncomfortable for me if not repulsive. I couldn’t feel the sense of touching, if there were few or no feelings involved - also not when the same (lower) feelings could be projected on and acted out with just anyone.

Subsequently my thoughts came to my own behaviour. Already two and a half days after we had made love, Maja, i lay in bed with Damiantha, where something happened that some people might call sex, since my penis was being... milked. I lay there for i liked her and some warmth and cosiness with a lovely girl was certainly welcome in the state i had been in after you had left, but even so. It was over between us, but even so. I was not to blame, as i have already explained, but even so. If you were indeed the one who ended our relationship, this didn’t mean that i had won the right to suffer, but even so.

My god, i'm getting entangled in life, i suddenly realized. My armpits were soaking wet. My behaviour had always been so easy to justify. Now, to clear myself, to still be able to love myself, i had to dig more and more deeply to eventually come across innocent feelings that must have been my motive indeed. How long still? How long would i still be able to carry on this way, without suddenly being awash with disgust one day, disgust with myself, with the new self-image?

Everything is different now. Good and evil, it had been so easy. But now that i have to directly deal with others, everything is different. Nostalgically i thought of the famines i solved, the inequality, the destruction of the environment.

[The Grief – page 15]

Damiantha helps the flood breaking through the dikes

Although Damiantha and i regularly met, the intervals between the meetings were longer now. Something in Damiantha had already changed towards me. She was, since the milking in the beginning, not so much interested in sex any more. This was not primarily because of that one strange experience itself, but because something in her couldn't but notice that i was different from other men, not easy to 'get', not easy to manipulate, if only for the fact that sex was not my main priority in relation to her as she was used to. Normally Damiantha was very much into having sex with men, but with me this seemingly natural – or neurotic – impulse had a hard time manifesting.

How to have sex with a Heart?

She had no idea. Neither had i. The way she was used to with her many boys – sex – was not suitable in my case somehow. And she hadn't learned an alternative in her life. Sometimes we still touched each other nevertheless. In general she liked to curl up against me rather than move into sex. It was a bit tiring sometimes, this hanging on to me. I got somewhat irritated when this took too long, certainly if it went on for hours. This was not directly related to the fact itself that lately she distanced herself more and more from being closely involved with me. It was related to a certain Dark Force sneaking through her that didn't show its face but that was quite annoying, painful, certainly when our bodies lay next to each other and were touching continuously. The tension this causes in a man gets bigger and bigger when man and woman keep touching. Often this tension is released through having sex. Another way to get some relief is expressing what is normally considered anger, and the words he spits out seem indeed to indicate that he doesn't like something, whatever, and is pissed about it. But, basically, a man just needs to do something with the tension that, in having Contact with Woman, takes over his body – which does not only happen through physical touching, by the way, but that works the strongest and fastest. The content of what he utters in the seeming anger is of secondary importance, although not inherently irrelevant either. Another way of dealing with the Dark Form Force entering a man when he and a woman touch for a considerable time is, of course, to simply leave at a certain moment, take some space so that he can meditate through the transmission and free himself, his body, from it. In the 'best' case – or, if he's able to – he transcends the Form Force into Formless Love.

One of these occasions of lying close – sometimes Damiantha put her head on my shoulder – suddenly the face of Brick, the father of Brigitte, peeped through the window. He saw our two bodies lying on the ground, half intertwined and he was off. In itself a senseless event to describe – later on, as part of The Grief it returns briefly – if one doesn't know the face of Brick and his whole character. But this somehow splendidly symbolized my life BM and AM. Brick was a walking mind. The old life, the mind, didn't have a serious chance any more to enter my house, to enter *me*. My life and Ordeal with Woman had started. Even when from the outside things seem to go wrong – in that very moment for instance, when Damiantha declared the end to something that had never really started – Something in me was not really bothered by the result, despite all the tears that had already been shed those weeks and that, as it would turn out later, were just the beginning, a preview. I strongly preferred to be in trouble with Woman rather than look and stay on the side line without trouble.

One of the contents of the Dark Force that i felt troubled with, was Damiantha's half-secret half-open 'messing around' with other men. I felt in her a tendency to want to talk about the mess with all the boys and with a few in particular. She felt like sharing it with me since she intuitively felt that a Heart was present here, which could, finally, hear her. The circumstance that a man could Hear her was of a nature that was different from when a woman listened to her problems and confusion around men. But since, on the face of it, i seemed to be one of the guys that were after her, she was a bit torn between sharing the trouble with me or not. She didn't have any clarity about the fact that it was she who was after the various men, that they responded to at least some openness in her to them, all of them representing a piece of the puzzle 'man'.

On one hand i was all right with the end of our physical intimacy in whatever way it manifested – the 'official' end, even though we had never had intercourse and had hardly kissed. On the other hand, in my new life AM, i appreciated having at least some form of physical contact, and it was a pity if this would now stop altogether. Anyway, we became good friends. She was the only one of all the girls i met that year after Maja who could say so. On some level – the level of the heart – Damiantha and i very well matched, on another, earthly, level not. She had a very good heart, but looked for satisfaction on earth. Mission impossible. Also, one who is looking for satisfaction on earth, will always be in a conflict between the heart and the earthly interests. On that – earthly – level there's no solution for this.

The development of our respective consciousness and certainly the potential for what was waiting ahead in this respect, were way too far apart for us to enter life together more deeply. Viewed from this – deeper – perspective this was also a (or the) main background reason why Maja couldn't stay with me. When Maja said "You think too much", she, beyond what she knew, didn't mean thinking itself but my *consciousness* that was, even when it wasn't that developed yet, a few sizes too big, just too threatening for her. It can be intuited in someone if his or her consciousness will fit yours once it will be kindled and starts manifesting. In a way one's Potential (of Consciousness) is already there before its actual manifestation – not saying by this that the actual manifestation of it would not be of utter importance.

In the world of form there are reasons, triggers. In this case of Maja's breaking up, like with Mickey earlier, an event with my sister had come in between us, even though this event in itself had nothing to do with Maja and me. My sister was ill and lay flat on bed. I had been so stupid to visit her, although the risk of contamination was there. I knew also that if it took too long before Maja and i would meet again after the previous meeting – two weeks was the maximum, i felt – she would leave me. Maja just couldn't deal with the crazy sucking mind that would drive her nuts when she wasn't reassured in time by my, seemingly physical, presence that carried my Heart and that could have quieted down her screaming mind at least to a liveable extent again. And indeed, this was exactly how things happened. I got contaminated and ill in turn and due to this our next meeting would be only in 23 days after the previous one. Too late. Too long. Something in Maja, a nasty alliance of thoughts, ideas and especially feelings, could not bear it any more and she finished our relationship. Woman's, inherently dual, mind can destroy a lot if it has free play and is not stopped, guided or eased by the Male Force, if Duality rages on too long without meeting and being balanced by the One.

And yet, this was a – or the – reason in the world of form. On a Deeper Level, and usually – but not necessarily – behind what seems to be going on, Consciousness is Active, Present, even when it is unnoticed indeed. The secret power of 'my' Consciousness touched too many of Maja's feelings too intensely, feelings that she would rather keep in the Dark, for she identified with them when they appeared and her self-image was already very bad. If i had been further on in the Process of Development of Consciousness, i, on one hand, could have dealt much better with Maja, with her wrenching Duality, than i had done at the time. On the other hand, she would have had to face more and heavier feelings and she would have left all the same because of that. Her attachment to staying 'safely' – in fact unsafely – in Unconsciousness was just too big. In the long run it would have blocked my development in(to) Consciousness if we had stayed together and she had structurally resisted any serious advancement in Consciousness, if it turned out that she could not or did not want to follow 'me' in my natural drive of shining Light on everything, but had preferred the easy, suffering Way of the Dark.

What to say. Life takes care of all this. And i had to cry anyway. 'Maya' had shown me *my direction*. I had got an unforgettable, undeniable shot of it. And i was brought back totally to the beginning. At zero. Now i had to find again on earth what i already Knew but necessarily had to lose. What a job. What a Joke. Some jokes can only be Divine.

Wednesday May 12th

Yesterday Damiantha called. We're not going to touch each other any more.

"Is it over then?" i asked.

"No, of course not. We just don't kiss any more."

"But we didn't do that anyway or hardly. You are the first one who has seen my penis without any kissing preceding this," i said, still amazed by this.

"Indeed, you must not stay overnights any more. That's only confusing."

“I’m not confusing”, i shouted in the receiver, confused, as if there was a tiny miserable buzzing insect in the receiver that tried to make my life difficult but that i could impossibly reach.

Finally, the gap, the Big Emptiness, unmercifully forced its monster on me.

Who would lie next to her on the sofa, i wondered suddenly, just like me forty hours ago. I’m being crossed out. Crossed out. I’m just a human.

But at least she’s not tipsy. At least i’m being dismissed in a serious way, with a little effort. I can be satisfied.

Only now i understand Damiantha’s sentence “Things go too fast for me.” It was very simple. She just didn’t want me any more, in less than two weeks after our first meeting. Only now i also understand all the other events of acting difficult that girls have poured out over me. It’s about feelings of guilt. Their will is different from mine. To such a kind poor chap as me girls don’t dare to tell the undisguised truth: “I don’t want you any more. Your body repulses me this moment to such an extent that it is no longer possible to me to let me be touched by you, let alone to make love to you. My feelings of lust go somewhere else now, to one or more other bodies.” I cannot blame my few girls not to understand that i am one of the – not extremely rare – exceptions who prefer to hear the seemingly hard truth, who can only accept reality in its truth.

The girl, in the process of needing to get rid of me, feels ashamed that her own will doesn’t follow her ideal that she herself cherishes so eagerly, namely that someone who is so good and nice to her – and even good-looking – is her preference. Why am i like this, she asks herself almost crying. But, fortunately, usually feelings of bravery and relief win over the deplorable self-image, feelings that acknowledge that, despite the difficulty, she has made it to break up.

Sometimes, like now, i feel a deep compassion to the girls who had to meet me – it was not their fault. Compassion for all girls, actually. They’re much too fragile to have to be hard. But they have to.

There, i had been writing half of the Sunday, calmly waiting for the sentence. The one who writes, waits. Don’t forget that, man. You were supposed to live now, remember? Live. You were to determine the course of events by yourself, or in any case influence them, just by being there, bodily and verbally present. So that the other has to take you into account. Now that i was just writing and writing, only reporting myself on call, i have given free rein to her thoughts about me and the two of us. Of course, this couldn’t go right. I’m not the kind of person to have thoughts about, this much is clear by now.

Four times i have been with a girl for longer than one or two days. Four times they have broken up with me after we hadn’t seen each other for a while, a time in which thoughts and contradictory feelings grow rampantly without being stopped. Why the girls’ feelings that are unfavourable for me, always win, is not totally clear to me yet. But it’s true, when a girl is with me, kissing me and whatever we do, it doesn’t seem to cross her mind to finish the relationship. It’s all much too pleasant for that, we get along much too well. As soon as we are physically separate, she feels separate and, apparently, it is not nice to be with me any more. Since the girls don’t share what happens in them, i can’t say much sensible about this

phenomenon. For someone who doesn't understand love, or at most in a one-dimensional sense, all this is strange.

I intuitively understood here that to Understand Love i had to Know, to Enter, to See-Feel Woman's world of Duality. I understood that my, Male, world of Oneness, was, for the purpose of truly Understanding, lacking something in its one-dimensionality. If i didn't whole-heartedly and whole-bodily feel through the whole pain of Woman's leaving Man – the conscious Feeling of which *is*, in fact, this Entering – i could never Understand Her. But the Female tendency to prevent Herself from actually, consciously feeling the drama, was also something i had to live and overcome by my Heart:

Why, for god's sake, as i like to scream sometimes, did i allow you to abstain from me for almost a month – after which you were finished with me, indeed. Why did i attach so much value, almost holy value, to your will? To your words, i must say. Because, true, you did say that you didn't want to see me for a few weeks, but who says that this was your real, your dearest wish? I act as if a human being, maladjusted as he or she is by norms and education, by school, church and television, by one's former love affairs and lovers and by one's own will, is capable, responsible. How could i, in the light of you – or should i rather say now: in the darkness – belie my own ideas in such a gross way? How could i have been such a coward, to respect someone else's supposed will just like that, without even conferring? Perhaps i have caused you a lot of unnecessary grief because of it, forced as you felt to push your supposed will to the extreme, even beyond our end. Maybe you are crying now, over yourself, over everything that drove you to your 'decision', over my supposed indifference. Maybe you are crying now, as loud as me. For i cannot bear this picture, seeing you cry. Maybe everyone in the world is crying now. I can't imagine this wouldn't be so.

[The Grief page 15-17]

It's an interesting point that i wrote about at the time: someone's (supposed) will. At least for a part i projected my own strong will – that was only going in the direction of (the manifestation of) love, even when in my girl-less years i had to give other forms to this love, other than giving it directly from my heart to a girl – onto others. Maja, (in) a female Body, had to deal with two opposite Forces though, continuously fighting with one another, even when one of them *seems* to win for a moment, seems to be clearly on top. One of these Forces wanted (to dissolve into) Love, while for the other Force this was really the last thing on earth it wanted and it would do everything possible to prevent this drama from ever happening. Woman's identification shifts from one side of Herself to the other. She gets crazy from this. She doesn't know which one is true, which one to follow. She's confused. She feels guilty. Never unified.

Was it my task to Show Woman – and, what follows naturally from this, Free her from – Her egoic choice of one side? This unconscious choice Her makes and keeps Her stuck. It keeps Her bound, un-Free. Task or no task – my heart intuitively felt i could or should play a role in this respect – as long as i couldn't Distinguish yet, as long as there was no Clarity, the whole thing would be hopeless anyway. Now that i was Entering Woman's world it became only more obvious that i was still struggling with Duality myself and as long

as this was so there could be no *Man*. This lack of Man's Presence as the One meant that the True, Deeper Process of Man and Woman could not really start – well, except for a lot of necessary preparation, amazement, friction between love and its earthly manifestation, crying and experience, especially taking in Woman's state(s) in my Heart. Without His One Presence, without the all-encompassing Male Force, one is doomed to – in the dark – fight in the Duality of Man and Woman, which is a painful struggle without end, without any real 'progress', that is: without deepening. This means mainly or mere repetition of old positions, of old wounds, of old obscurities, of old blaming, projecting and so on. In the best case, this fight that happens merely in Woman's Dual world, is part of a preparatory work, the stepping stone to the Real Impersonal Fight between the Male and the Female Forces.

In a way, my fight in and as Duality only started now that i associated with Woman. 'I' came straight from the One. Exceptionally, and not without having its own function, 'I' had held on to the One until i was thirty years old and was Ready to meet Maja. I was struggling now with the normal laws on earth that i didn't understand and didn't consider normal at all. How could i adjust to what was so unnatural to me, if this was demanded of me indeed. It was demanded and it was not. This was part of the same maddening duality. Any choice – of two options – was wrong, impossible. For now, in this obscurity and not knowing that even conclusions weren't true, i concluded:

Taking the initiative myself, this is what i had to do. That's the only thing that's certain. Only, randomly taking initiative, how do i do that? For i don't know at all in which direction to act. What is there to do when you like someone? I can't make myself cooler than i am, i have a warm-blooded heart. The experiment of making myself interesting by acting in a difficult way was interesting, sure, but at the same time it was a failure. Never in my life i have been able to pretend.

My career as a dissembler started, just like everyone, in early childhood – although i was a bit late, nine years old already. Perhaps that something as innocent as playing the hypocrite can't be properly rooted in one's character any more by then. With a pounding head i strode through the classroom to the front. We got a final mark only after having done ten language tests. Now it happened that instead of the usual forty or seventy mistakes pupils had in ten lessons, i had only one, one fault in the fifth dictation, as i still remember. 'Werke' i had written erroneously whereas 'werken' was the correct spelling, the verb of 'work' – a very stupid mistake. I wanted to have zero mistakes, that was all, zero, zero, zero. It would be just too ridiculous that due to one little miserable 'n' i wouldn't be accorded the full glory. Such an achievement had never been accomplished and would perhaps never be accomplished any more by the children coming after me. I was unique. Almost unique. Only that silly rotten 'n'...

My cheeks blushed intensely from the thought that was delivered into me that moment. I could still insert the 'n'. It was possible. The teacher had probably forgotten about it. It was already six lessons ago, that pitiful little 'n', he wouldn't remember that any more, he had more to do, there were thirty children. Harder and harder was the blood pounding at my temples, according to estimating the chance of being caught less likely. And really, suddenly, screened by my left hand, i saw the right one putting the 'n', the passionately coveted 'n'. I

got up. And in a fog i reached the table of my teacher who, one by one, dealt with complaints of the pupils and who was the one who should confirm my false infallibility. Some complaints of pupils were met, others not. He wouldn't find me unreasonable. He rather liked me and trusted me completely. I showed him the 'n'.

"What's wrong here?"

What happened then was something i experienced in another state of consciousness. I remember his face, turned a bit upwards – for he sat and i stood – that spoke to me:

"This n wasn't here before."

For a long time that face kept that same position, speechless; for a long time i kept standing there in the same posture, my arms merely an appendage, my head fallen down. How long did it take? I really don't know. I didn't see anything any more. I knew nothing any more. I wasn't nine but zero, had to start all over again. I spoiled everything. Until finally i was able to hear again and the words of the teacher reached me, words that he must have said several times:

"You may go and sit, Maarten." As a robot i walked to my little chair. This was the promising beginning and the sad end of the career of a dissembler. Since then i had to aim at other things.

[The Grief page 17]

I was lucky that Truth caught me and i had such a strong reaction to being caught. Who can tell, if i had got away with it, i might have cheated again and again, in order to be perfect, although i don't think that in my case, if i hadn't been caught, i could have bore it too long to continue the cheating. Being caught was bad, but not being caught was worse and i would have had to live with that.

After Damiantha had put down the receiver, after the ban on touching had become clear, i could only cry. Not because of what Damiantha had said, but for you. I had to think of your smile that was all for me, your mouth that formed words for me, your arms that moved in order to feel me better, more complete, your hairs intertwining with mine, your look that yet, sometimes, intrigued was looking for mine, your warm, so very soft body, the most beautiful i had ever been allowed to behold, with or without clothes.

I highly appreciated Maja's Body – something that was completely new to me. Yet this was not about Maja's physical form, but about her naturally given deep association with the Body, with corporeality, and at the same time, despite this natural disposition, having this (in the end Impersonal) Impulse to 'Me', to Man, to the Heart. Maja's Body was a shock. Her Unconsciousness was confusing, her hidden Pain painful.

It was only then that i really started crying. Through my convulsions i only saw you still. 'I' had been so startled by my 'own' scream, the primal scream of March 12 that followed your innocent sentence "It's no go any more", that i've been no less than eight weeks in the waiting room, eight weeks of throwing myself into life to avoid Life Itself. In the condemned cell, i'd rather say, instead of the waiting room. Two months i was granted a stay of execution, but in proportion to the shrinkage of hope of you, of life, the mourning rather

accumulated. Everything, the whole pain, had been painstakingly registered. There was no escape and now, now the sentence followed. The stock of extenuating circumstances had worn out, just like i had. And the initial kind of denial was counted heavily against me: refusal to cooperate with the authorities, with the body.

On the face of it, for two months i had tried to copy people's 'normal' reaction to the big bang, to the realization that real life is *not* (at all) as we believe in our dreams, that it's actually a loveless misery here down on earth. Well, 'tried', what's in a name? Things went of themselves this way. After all, i was and am part of this earth, of this limited, cramped, veiled sphere of consciousness that is, unavoidably, 'contagious'. But, of my Deeper Nature and Direction, i was not – as i had never been – suited to merely copy people's 'normal' behaviour, strategy, reaction. I was destined to fail in becoming a stone with a stuck heart. The flood was inevitable to come – and swallow me. For Jesus the sea may have opened, in my case it had to take me: i had to Become it. I had to drink it all to be able to cry the earth.

In that grey chair i sat, trying to absorb the shocks that were dealt to me, the same chair in which i sat dreaming about you during the – often twelve – days in between our meetings, the chair in which regularly the sperm gushed out of me since you couldn't stop touching my body even though you acted as if you were 200 kilometres away from me. The shocks were 'dealt to me', indeed. This strange uncontrollable energy could not come out of me, for i didn't have nearly so much energy. And over and over again the shocks were overtaken by a next wave. There was just no stopping them. I didn't exist and this was the punishment. To be completely in the hands of fate. Only now i fully felt through the whole truth: nothing, i have absolutely nothing to say, nothing to order, to hold, to plan, no ability to influence anything. Never again i would be someone. And, as if finally accounts were settled with my many years of thinking, with every thought the shocking became heavier. Again and again a big shock, followed by shocks that were of less intensity but were more in number. Again and again this resulted in a certain cramp state, a kind of impasse in which i nonetheless didn't hold anything. No matter how much i relaxed, the muscles round the stomach and the belly were perfectly tensed, rather. But then, just like that, the whole set of big and smaller shocks started all over again. After an hour the force of the shocks decreased.

During the convulsions a lot of the fluid abandoned me. It just fell on the ground or in my clothes. I caught some of it in my handkerchief, but also this has already vanished now. Everything disappears, i thought still trembling; you leave, the train leaves and the tears evaporate. And i won't drink the lost sweat any more. And with this sad thought i had to cry even louder. Everything just disappears, everything disappears. Also i disappear, i thought, and this gave me some solace for a few seconds.

Shortly thereupon the crying became louder again. What was i actually doing here, if i had to go anyway and i had to have been without love eventually? And dammit, i didn't feel like committing suicide at all. What am i to do now, for god's sake? The Big Grandiose Love was over, over, over. Never would i be any more what i used to be, i would only grow old. Without you. Without your lips. Never again i would feel you like i felt you, in me, at me, on me, around me. 'Lord', my burning intestines screamed, 'lord oh lord, i swear to you, for one second, one full second i will believe in you if you return my dear Maja'. Apparently, i'm

willing to sacrifice anything for you. Only my personality i can't sacrifice any more, since you have taken it already earlier. Maja, how, before you, could i have dreamt of such an unlimited bliss, such a magnificence. How, after you, could i still stop this dreaming.

I notice i suddenly write in the past tense. As if the misery is already over, a memory. It won't help though, this trick of the mind. Sunday proceeds and i can't imagine it will ever be Monday again. It will come again, i say to myself, just like Damiantha who tries to comfort me. But words have lost their power. Why, only after so long i see the world as she is, the world of stone, granite, and desolate agricultural land? Words are so volatile, tenuous vibrations in the air. In the air... i am nowhere. No, i can't return to the priest of Crete. I'm sure the whole priest garden there is gone. Oh, how very eagerly i had stayed there, vigorously shaken hands with him and henceforth, under the light-hearted sun, crawled over the land with the grey-bearded frocked monk, in between flower colours and smells that made me dizzy now and then, insects who would pick me now and then as these little creatures wanted to live as well, just like me, and i would let them, having enough blood to share. Why can't a human being stay where it is beautiful? You left me, yes, but i have deserted beauty there and possibly myself already.

[The Grief page 19]

The garden certainly stood for paradise. The garden with the very kind priest standing in the centre of it and waving, stood for freedom, for being self-sufficient, for the fact that there was no other who was needed to be Whole – one person, me, was *the One*, Man. Man didn't need anything, anyone.

Now, since i had met Maja, since the Lonely Queen had done Her humble Job of Rejecting me (or: Rejecting Herself via me), Rejecting my love as not worthy, not perceptible enough, not palpable enough, not Overruling all sorrows and earthly pains, i had landed in Duality. To Be Whole, to Be Enough as 'Myself', now suddenly Woman was Needed. Or, let's say: Part of Me, My Form, had left and i Needed to Find Her again. Naked i had to go into the Dark Night and (learn to) Be the Sun 'Myself'. Was there a bigger human ordeal imaginable? I had to Sacrifice myself to Find Me, to make it possible at all that Woman would ever Find Herself, that is: 'Me', Man. I had to learn about the Sexuality of the earth: the Two Needed for the One, contrary to the One Being Enough in Itself.

As long as Woman didn't Understand, Actually Feel, that She was One, that *We* were One therefore, as long as She had to leave Me, Herself, and She was not even really aware of this – only half aware – as long as She *Had to* cause Pain, how could i ever enjoy 'My' Oneness or take it seriously? 'My' Oneness didn't even exist as Such without Her Acknowledgement of, Her Realization of and Actually Feeling this Same One.

This was obvious to me after the form of Maja had to leave while her heart screamed from pain that she couldn't scream. It was obvious, even though it was just a sure intuition of my Heart that i didn't have words for yet, that i couldn't See with an overview yet. I had a clear 'over-feeling', not an 'over-view' yet. A (much) Deep(er) going into Woman was needed for that, and a (much) Deep(er) going into Her Unconscious Pain of Her (sense of) separation. A few compassionate tears wouldn't do.