

My diary says that i wrote:

I don't think i have ever posed a girl – or anyone – a stranger question. It was over. After two days being together that titillated me to the bone, there was the 'normal' goodbye. It was so normal that i became crazy. We had walked back from the Filmmuseum where i had almost given up on my love aspirations and, in a cramped but fairly successful fashion, had still tried to have a nice joyful evening with an acquaintance, coincidentally a girl, coincidentally a beautiful, nice, attractive girl, coincidentally the girl i loved most of any girl i had ever met – can happen. At the goodbye, highly confused by the fact that we wouldn't see each other any more, by the definitive character of this, by the preceding senseless titillation, almost painful as this was, i couldn't say anything – only, the tears, you keep them for when you're alone – three kisses and still one last delicious one on the mouth, out of compassion, i thought, after all the signals that showed you thought me a fairly agreeable person but felt not in the least bit attracted to me, although the repeated hair signal, putting your hand through your hair, prevented the very last little bit of hope from dying in me. And off you went on your bike, simply gone, like countless other cyclists that go off every day, without lingering. Gone! In a daze i staggered up the endless stairs. A new feeling. The unsatisfied intense longing. There i was with my own theory, which i had told you about that same evening, after the supposed rejection that had in turn followed my 'brave' confession of love: longing is more beautiful than having – which my friends hadn't believed. I fell down on the couch, after having senselessly paced up and down the house, thinking that the first train home would leave at something like 5 o'clock early morning (it was half past 2). Gone, gone, gone, gone! There i lay, cosily with the two of us, my theory and me, on the couch, alone... It is lovely to be alone, i knew, but in that case you should not be full of titillations; the hormones of the lust for knowledge should reign. And twelve minutes later the phone went. Hope! And even more: misery, despair.

It didn't start too promising. You said: "Had i already told you that i liked having seen you once again?" I thought so, but yes, of course, it was kind of nice to see someone of the past again, or at least when there are no bad memories spoiling this. For a moment, in my tornado of feelings, i even felt some irritation coming up:

A bit harsh for me, i said: "Was this the only reason you call?" For i knew for certain by now that she had said it before.

"Yes" you said enthusiastically. I could hardly believe this, but nevertheless i did and i knew i was definitively defeated now.

Now that everything was lost in any case, now that i had to remain behind in solitude with the memory of two nice days, i plucked up courage and, while the phone talk was finished already and the misery was complete, i actually heard the most idiot question rolling from my lips:

"Why don't you fancy me?"

I didn't dare to ask the question but did it nonetheless. If i heard the answer, it might be of help later.

In short, the whole misunderstanding finally came to the surface. You said you were shy and had shut off when i had confessed the titillations i felt. You had such a reaction

precisely when you did like someone. And we fell into each other's arms, like in the movies. Only, the telephone cable was in between somehow.

'Oh my god'. My expletive sounded loudly through the house when we had hung up. The happiness was too big. To not fall down i sat down on the stairs. Then again i stood up and made a weird dance step in the air. Maja!

And then the night started.

You said you don't trust people easily but do trust me. Hopefully you didn't mean this as a compliment, for earlier i had let out that receiving one's total trust is the highest good. But i think you were sincere when you said it.

But this is almost everything i know of you. Well, in addition you thought i was a beautiful boy, but saying something like this during our love scene in bed can happen. Oh yes, you said also that you do not not fancy me.

And there i am now. Home. In love.

Perhaps this is why i write. Not to become crazy. This is a strange trait: a bit crazy is all right, but not wanting to become totally nuts.

Dear Maja.

I haven't yet experienced such strange complications as with you. We can play in a soap opera, just like that, but one that is a bit more intelligent than average, if i may be so immodest. It was true, stammering and without success i had tried to explain you why we don't have a free will, but i had tried to nonetheless.

Sweet Maja, i stop writing. I love you, there are no words for this.

[From Diary (called 'daywritething') IV p. 12-16]

In the autobiographic novel "Testament of an Individual" i wrote this about our first weekend:

During our second meeting we already had an extensive conversation topic at our disposal: our first meeting. Of course, this is still our favourite theme. The first moment we looked into each other's eyes... The bodily discomforts of the first day going with the thrilling confusion and the even physically torturing amorousness, along with the despair and the hope, discomforts that we noticed only afterwards. Everything that went wrong during our rapprochement. The wrong interpreting of signals that were never given by the other. Giving up, for heaven's sake, but not being able to give up and eventually giving up and then again not giving up. Our pronounced desire that was the only thing that had not been pronounced during those two endless days that passed in a flash. The world that, finally without any attention to the forms of it, radiated, since you suddenly existed. The deepest dismay, the fury foreign to my nature, the helpless distress, the excitement and the infinite restlessness, the rebelliousness against fate: never being able any more not to have met you. And feeling terribly lonely. Everything came. Everything i hadn't been through in thirty years. It was in the middle of the night. We had spent two beautiful aimless days together and that was it. The next day i would take the train home; the inhabitant of the address where i stayed would return from her holiday. But hardly twelve minutes after our blasted tearing parting, after the biggest pain a human can go through – in twelve minutes someone can really die from the life raging through his veins, my arms raised to heaven i've been shouting, howling, bawling crying in that gigantic empty room, i who finally got to know why the hell had ever appeared

on earth as a word – you called. Straight from hell to heaven i went. Without transition. Your voice. Your voice. Your words. That you wanted to come. That you hadn't wanted to leave, alone on your bike back to your little room. If you were still allowed to come. The violins swelling up. The choirs of Morricone striking up. My god. How beautiful you were. I still see you going up the stairs again, long long stairs, that you had descended hardly half an hour before. At the top i was waiting for you. Every step is imprinted on my memory. With your long half curly brown hair, your elegant black clothes and your big golden round earrings, with your pronounced eyebrows and your radiating amorous eyes you came walking up step by step. You were so gorgeous! Still, every day i see you walking up to me, step by step, closer and closer. Every day still, every step of the stairs i take, i see the hell vanishing. What a beautiful warm naked late summer night was given to us.

[Testament of an Individual – page 283-284]

It was very important that 'i' had managed not to call her that night but had bore the huge pain i felt in me and had let Maja call me. Or else the whole love affair would never have started probably. Maja would have felt rushed in her decision to be intimate with me or not. She had to go through this inner struggle alone, become aware of the fact that it was she who, from herself, wanted to be close with me, and that she was not just responding to something i seemed to want. Even though i didn't understand it at the time, it was Maja's (or rather: Woman's) existential pain i felt that night, those twelve minutes that she went almost nuts from her 'own' Duality. Thanks to fate, i had managed to let the pain just rage through my body without reacting, without wanting to get rid of it by calling her. But it was the hell indeed. That moment her pain of not being with me – packaged as desire or love – was bigger than the pain that would be brought to light by being with me. And so Maja showed up.

When we ended up in bed at a certain point i could feel her skin – Maja had undressed almost totally, me totally. Feeling her skin was fabulous. Heaven is only heaven if it touches the earth. Between our kisses she hang smiling above me and her big breasts were dangling before me. They were too beautiful, too pure. I didn't dare to touch them, although this was not because i thought i might defile them in any way.

Well, what was i supposed to say, or let me say, what was my mind supposed to say in its despair? It hadn't fully realized yet that i was no longer alone. Luckily you agreed with my interpretation of the strange situation we suddenly found ourselves in. In the big bed you agreed with everything i said, or could have said, for we didn't say anything. And soon you fell asleep. Satisfied in my arms. There i lay. My eyes wide open turned towards the ceiling, towards you, towards the ceiling, towards you, towards the ceiling. How could i still believe anything when i lay here with you now, as a somewhat confused king who suddenly, without warning or hint, without winning a fight or a process, without traversing any road, is back again, home in his kingdom, from which he had been expelled already before he could even remember? This is fun, i tried to console myself, this is pure fun. The laugh failed to turn up. For the umpteenth time i followed the cracks in the ceiling from the beginning to the end. The words 'in love' kept coming back and floated aimlessly through my head.

[Testament of an Individual – page 38-39]

Crazily in Love

Man, to be Able to Come Down, to be Able to Live and Give His Heart on and to the Earth, to Woman, Has to Deeply Fall in Love, with Woman, with the Other Side, with the Darkness i Unconsciously Saw in Maja's eyes. That is: with a woman of blood and bones. Otherwise, if a man falls in love with Woman or Femininity *in general*, with the Female Principle of the Universe, it doesn't Work. It's not that this Love is per se untrue, but it can't reach the Earth.

This is the 6th day of nausea, not wanting to eat, doing it nonetheless, subsequently becoming even sicker.

Again i haven't slept a wink. At 4 in the morning i got the luminous idea to read Maja's letters of the past, nine years earlier. Great!

Sometimes there's a day in which i come across a thought that hasn't got directly to do with Maja:

October 11th 1992. The greatest stupidity is not to realize how stupid you are. For the rest, all i have to say is: Maja!

December 18th 1992. I'm becoming crazy. Let's write. Not to become crazy. Never in the history of the Earth has a creature been so much in love, that is: with another creature. No, not with itself. The creature is named Maja. This is all i have to say. I'm in loooooove.....

I'm dying. Adieu. Goodbye.

What am i doing here?

What are you doing there?

Where are we?

Have i ever been happier than tonight?

And all i 'did' was think of you. You weren't even there. You are! You are there! Here!

The power of thoughts.

The symptoms. Being in love....

Ooooh i'm in love. I'm so deeeeeply in love. Man oh man.

I feel it in my fucking bones.

I'm weird

You're beautiful

You're just it.

You're all.

Kiss

Darling.

[Diary 'daywritething IV' p. 17+19+20]

The strangest physical phenomenon is nonetheless the one i shall tell you now about. I sit down in my chair. To think about you. Yes, i really go and sit to do this. I don't leave it to chance. It is my favourite occupation and this takes up most of my time. Imagine that next to this i would also have a job... My smoking chair in which fortunately no one ever smokes, falls into the lying position. And you appear. I see you. There is an image. No movement.

Another image. I don't have that many yet. But i'm lucky, the most beautiful image appears. It is only our second weekend. We sit next to each other on the floor, close to each other, our backs against the seat of the couch. And i'm narrating. Which is very exceptional, considering my taciturn life BM (Before Maja). It's not about what i say. Talking makes no sense at all but it works against self-consciousness and against no longer feeling physical discomfort. I'm not good at narrating at all, but i tell a long story. I have had a long youth. And suddenly, somewhere in a sentence, i feel it. The words get stuck in my throat. I can't continue. I feel your presence, that you are here, with me. That something extraordinary is going on. This very moment. I turn around. I see you. I see your eyes. You look at me. With your eyes. I have caught you. You couldn't escape anymore so quickly. Maja, those eyes of yours. In their orbits turned towards me from aside. The large white because of this, the most beautiful brown, the blackest pupil. My god. I can't anymore. Completely endeared i am, softened, broken, tired and finished from resisting. I've spent thirty years alone, without you. All that time protecting and defend myself against everything and everybody. Now you are there. With your eyes. I am happy. Yes. This is it, this is the moment. The moment you, without knowing it, without wanting it, have won me. I knew already that i have nothing to want. But now, this moment, i know it. And now you want me to continue talking. Why not? I just can't any more. I have forgotten everything. You help me recalling me. Where i had stopped. It doesn't ring any bell. I don't know anything any more. Did i say that? Why, you ask me, do i not want to narrate further. You enjoyed it so much. I look at you once more. Because you eyed me that way. Because you are so dear. Because we live, both of us. Because we're sitting here like this. You look at me. You don't know anymore. I don't know any more either.

[Testament of an Individual – page 150-152]

It was a great setting, how we sat there. Because i wasn't looking at Maja while i was narrating, she could, finally, undisturbedly, look at me. And be with me. This way there was space to feel me. To Call Me. Call Me without words. It was in her eyes, the Call. I Saw it and would never be able any more to 'un-See' it. I had Known it but i could not find it. Until now. I Saw My Direction in the Eye. Because *She, Woman, Looked at Me, Man*. Because She, Unconsciously, Recognized Man. My Direction, my mission, was to Enter this Mystery i Saw in Maja's eyes, as Deep as possible – Maja's eyes that, assuming that she was being unobserved, reflected the Mystery i Am as Man.

When love hit me, i had to stop working on a novel i had been busy with. I would have stopped whatever i might have been working on that moment. I was only busy with her, with Maja, my big love from the beginning. And because there was a gap of almost two weeks between most of our meetings, i started after a while to fill the time with writing about her – or, rather, about my love for her, since i didn't know who or what she was. This was after two and a half months after we met. Before this i couldn't do anything in the interims of two weeks, only lie in my chair being in love love love love love.

I'm in love. This is my first and last sentence/sense. (In Dutch there is one word 'zin' for these two words.) The only thing i'm still sure of this moment. I who, to many people and certainly to myself, was known as the greatly self-confident one. And still. People just think:

he's in love. I who always said there is nothing to say about feelings. And certainly not with certainty. Still, i hold on to lost truths. A human cannot just start all over. You are born only once. It's a disaster. I am thirty. I am in love.

All my activities have been put aside. I must write about this. Let's call this a decision. My novel – i was finally writing one that i could be satisfied with, constructed as it is in such a complicated way that i didn't understand it any more myself – was progressing and at this moment it looks like it will never come to an end. Love, i think, occurs in it one way or another, but only as an aspect of life. Sure enough, i must have thought, there's more happening than that. This doesn't make any sense. I don't want to talk about it any more. I think of you. You make me think of you. You dictate. My sentences, my senses, my feeling.

I dare to state that it's not my fault. I didn't ask for it. I didn't invent love. No one is god. Even god is not. Even i am not, as it turns out now.

[Testament of an Individual – page 7 (first page of the book)]

The book became quite a long story of 335 pages, divided in 11 chapters all carrying the same title “In love”. And, as i have said, it was written live, during the affair. It was about everything that passed through me, kept me busy in that period, a period in which a great incredible change took place due to feeling so much love – love directed at another person, instead of trying to, in a way, please myself (and the world) in a moral, intellectual or creative sense. Before this, an ‘i’ or a mind that was separate from the body thought it was just a body. Then, Attacked by Love, the mind had a hard time maintaining its separate position, its pedestal, its dedicated work of explaining (away) ‘love’ and in general life, but not really succeeding any more, as it had never succeeded at all, in fact, but was deluded in thinking so.

The Power of the Love That Took ‘me’ was so big that ‘i’ was thrown from a mind world into a world of feeling. This didn't go without the necessary de-identification, although at first i still tried to shift from an identification with the mind to an identification with mainly feeling. I became the lover instead of the thinker and writer about love. In the book i had to introduce a new time scale: BM, the time Before the day i met Maja in Amsterdam, and AM, the time After that day. This was not a – gorgeous – woman who opened for ‘me’. This was Woman Herself Who, finally, found me worthy, worthy to Touch Her.

Chapter 1. In love.

Maybe this is how i should have started. It is you who i am in love with. I, the eternal, happy bachelor, am no longer interested in myself; i no longer constitute, determine or define myself. What i do or think is related to you. What others do or say as well. Thoughts, that at first sight do not seem to be unambiguously related to you but due to my senses or in whatever way try to break into me, immediately proceed to you. For permission, it seems, for interpretation too and at least for some meaning. Only afterwards, cleansed by love, to return to my brain. Proven true. Beautified. Reassured.

Maybe, when i can no longer see myself separate from you, i love myself. This has to be so then, for heaven's sake. In any case, i don't exist anymore. This has taken me thirty years. A bit long to slide into complete unreasonableness, it should be possible much quicker. 'Fall', i should name it for that matter. Who or what could have stopped me still? Me? You?

Our past loves? Which ones? The distance between us? Two hundred kilometres? Freedom? Reason? Don't make me laugh. The anti-fate? What is that?

I, that was my mind, already knew that 'i' didn't exist. Now i finally feel it. I know now that feeling does exist. I know now that i can experience the things i have always thought, wrote and talked about. You open – you are – the new world. Feeling, this is something that can be talked about just as intellectually as anything, even only in an intellectual way – which doesn't mean this makes sense. Every feeling is a memory, without thought. A memory i can't remember, is one i forgot. But she is there.

It doesn't matter that you do not exist any more, i bravely – or cowardly, i haven't decided this yet – tell myself.

When the train drives off – at first slowly and i still see you, your eyebrows, the expression on your face, somewhat too happy, your colours, your waving, but gradually faster, fast now, without doubt, even your silhouette disappears – a part of my body disappears. I don't know which part, science hasn't been able to identify it yet. And i always only trusted science and myself. And still i would, had 'i' still existed, if love had ever been able to return me. Science and i were one, we had a rational marriage that would never strand.

Being in love has so seriously impaired me, dear Maja, that by this word – and you are the Word – i have to think about the beach,¹ where we shall walk together in the evening and, slowly, visibly, the sun will let itself sink into the sea, where afterwards, though it seems one long lasting moment, the red glow, still scarce and somewhat delayed, lights up the sky beauty and threads of fire softly surround us, protect us when your sweet hand holds my hand and i, full of fire, kiss you tenderly on your lips, and in which our footsteps in the yet cool sand can only be silent, submitting to such a passion – that nothing and no one can still come between us, no man nor sound, no thought no pleasure, nothing can ever still go wrong, since, as you know, we will die together, simultaneously.

I am sorry. I've barely begun and already i let myself be carried away. It can't be banal enough to me. Yes, i have changed and you, you are the blame. I can't reproach you, fate knows only innocence, only you.

I am even sorry that i've just expressed so-called regret, for i do not really feel it. It's only a pose. This might seem something small, but i don't want to say something rash to you. This is important. In the face of you, i want, i have to let go of any attitude. No attitude is worthy of you. In all truthfulness i want to write down my love for you. By the way, even if i couldn't see that fate cannot know regret, how for god's sake could i regret a thought, a fantasy about you. Only you can show me and have already shown me that the banal is divine. Only you are capable of everything, even of this revelation, and this means really something had you known me before.

[Testament of an Individual, p. 8-10]

Maja was afraid of the word 'relationship'. Nevertheless it was the first relationship in my life. My Relationship with Woman started here, it could be said. Later i had to See that

¹ The Dutch 'strand' means 'beach'.

‘I’, ‘my’ Heart, had always already been in Relation with Woman, more than girls wanted or could bear in my mirroring them. That ‘my’ Heart finally reached the Flesh didn’t mean that, therefore, only then the Relation started – the Relation with Woman as the Representative of Form. Yet, after the cleaning of four years in bed i was found ready to, now and then, be with Her on an earthly level. God, i was so happy. We were so very much in love, Maja and me.

And everything is so mild. Everything has gathered a sphere of mildness around itself and most of all i myself, [T. of an I., p. 16] i who had been – or, rather, seemed to have been – so hard before, in my moralism and opinions.

What miracle, after my dreamy though strong mutual love with Nathali, to now celebrate this, even much stronger, mutual love with the *Body* of my Beloved in my hands. What miracle, what a tornado appeared suddenly out of the blue, while only two weeks BM i had written a song in Dutch called “Liefde is dood.” (Love is dead.) When earlier ‘i’ had wholly accepted death, Life was given to me – showing itself at first in the simple form of having more energy again. Similarly, now that i accepted that love was dead, that it wouldn’t and couldn’t happen, now that i had given up on love, Love was revealed to me, in a tangible form.

In fact, despite the song text, ‘my’ Heart had been Open and Alive all those years. Only, because there had been no girl into whom i could let my love actually flow, it was not activated on an earthly level (yet). It was boiling but stuck inside of me. And this, not living my Potential, was part of why ‘i’ or my energy body, had shrunk so much. Now with this magnificent girl my Heart turned out to be hot as hell. Opposites Attract. This Open Heart that i somehow had to have, was so very Attracted by the Closed Heart that, despite its closeness, could nevertheless (intuitively) *Feel Me*, ‘my’ Heart, that a huge Fire was Created and was Manifesting itself.

It’s not superfluous to add that, even though, as i Saw later, in the Duality of Man and Woman, it is Woman Who is Associated with Energy (and Man with Consciousness), this didn’t mean that ‘my’ energy came back by the mere fact of being in a (physical) relationship with a girl. (‘My’ energy didn’t exist any more, by the way – it would never be ‘mine’ any more since my humbling experience of the breakdown.) i was Beyond this Duality somehow.

The first day. Two o’clock. You would drop in on me for a short time. None of us wanted to go any more, to just safely alone follow our own way again. Thus, gradually, the evening fell – this couldn’t be helped. And to act as if everything was completely normal, as if we hadn’t been sentenced for life, by a soft stroke with a sledgehammer, as if the bells weren’t already ringing all the time and we weren’t tied together and continuously swung to and fro on the bell ropes, we went eating out. When evening falls people go and eat. This vague memory of a past life still managed to flash through my mind. But how i, being shyness itself²

² Later i could not but see that, in fact, it was not shyness that had always seemed to be a big barrier between me and a girl and that seemed to prevent easy contact with her or, usually, any form of contact. Out of her nature Woman has a resistance in allowing a man in just like that. If a man is very sensitive he is also more sensitive to and more troubled by (or: respecting) this natural resistance than an insensitive man. The other side of the coin is that he also feels better if a woman is, potentially or actually, (more) open to him, which is an advantage for having real contact.

when it came to attractive girls, could dare to propose dining out together, i don't know. In such a moment, in such a situation, when finally love overwhelms you, overrules you, you are not responsible for your acts.

I have never left even one little crust of a pizza untouched, unless they were burnt black. But you sat opposite me. When i looked up, i could see you, just like that. And sometimes i did. It was embarrassing. Although i did not know what actually was embarrassing and why. How, dearest, could i eat? With the greatest revulsion i managed to eat a quarter of the thing. Swallowing was tough on me. And i got more and more nauseous. After twenty years i was reminded again of how it felt to be nauseous. For two weeks the nausea stayed.³ Just now when i was in the middle of a diet to substantially gain weight. You see, only a year ago i was twelve kilo's lighter. I covered only fifty-seven kilos and a half. If that still had been the case now you would, out of courtesy, indeed have stayed one little hour at our first meeting. For you are really very kind, even if you don't think so yourself. Our future, joy and love lie in some kilos of human flesh. It is so sad that it is funny...

[Testament of an Individual – page 61-62]

The clumsy stubborn mind that supposes it is clever as itself and not ready or willing to Burn as wood in the Fire that Love Is, however, still did its best to fit love into philosophical concepts like 'freedom', 'happiness', 'senselessness'.

I declare that love and happiness are the same thing for that matter. Up to now i haven't managed to experience a clear difference between these two. Perhaps this is due to my lack of experience. Lack of experience, yes. For reasoning out my own happiness was easy. Now, to actually feel this, to let it be awakened to life by love, is something else. This is even much easier, for it is much more natural. The happiness that i experienced at the time BM, must have been deathlike. I didn't recognize death. Because there was no life. I was dead-happy.

[Testament of an Individual – page 65]

Again and again, however, the attempts of the mind were overruled and outshined now by the Force of Love Itself. Clumsy mind, indeed. Crazy mind. While preparing the manuscript for publication, much later than i had written it, i took out or rewrote the mind-thoughts and its elaborations that, in my view, were really too stupid to be published. And i added a few passages of later love-insights. Not very many, but at least enough to, as i thought at the time, substantially improve the quality of the book. Yet, not to screw up the natural cadence and the original unrepeatably sphere in which the book had been written too much by insights from a later period, i left many displays of Unconsciousness in the story, for

³ When Love, Which is Something of the Formless in the End, manifests itself so strongly, it can be difficult to allow earthly forms and certainly something like food without them interfering with this Something of Another World, without feeling, even on a physical level, the big discrepancy, the fight between the Formless and the Form. Similarly, i had lost consciousness many years earlier when, during the biology lesson in school, 'making love' had simply been presented by the teacher as a part of the form world, part of biology, when he technically showed how human forms are created, without mentioning the word Love even once.

instance my obvious choice at the time of one side of the Coin of Life – while this is precisely where everybody gets lost – a choice for the good, joyful, happy, loving, truthful, or morally just side of life. Although i had never obviously expressed this choice to Maja she must have been intuitively aware of it. Every choice creates its opposite somewhere else or at the same place or in the same person at another moment. A relationship between man and woman is the perfect arena for Duality to manifest itself. One of the Dualities – the deepest – that are manifested is the duality of the One and the Two (or: Oneness and Duality). I as Man got the role of the One, Accepting everything as it is. Maja, as a representative of Woman, got the role of the Two, one moment feeling something and another moment feeling the opposite: wanting to be with me (or, in the end, with Man), and then again wanting to be without me (or Man). I, in my new role as ‘man’, despite my radical morality of the time, even accepted that Maja ate meat.

Yet, i still dare to kiss your mouth in which you thoughtlessly put animal corpses. Apparently, i'm not a softy. Also the headache i get from your continuous smoking is something i accept. The headache is simply there. It is because of Love. I can explain everything now. I'm very happy with this. Love explains for everything, and what Love does not explain can be explained by a lack of Love. A burden falls away from me. I don't have to do it any more, explaining everything. Even if, out of habit, i would still continue it for a little while, it's not necessary any more. I am freed, love is here now. And love's directing everything. The world just keeps on turning around without any explanations. Nobody will be even a little bit unhappier because of this.

[Testament of an Individual – page 64]

I write your name. Just like that. On a slip of paper. I have learned that your name can be written in thousands of ways, in many kinds of fonts. After a while, to grant my enormous creativity, which is difficult to repress, other directions to explore, i write: "I love you". With a little heart.

(...)

I'm sorry, darling. Simply loving you is not something i'm able to. I have to do everything out of proportion. Just like you always want a bit – a bit of this and, should there still be left something else for you, then also a bit of that – i don't want anything halfway but at least completely. And certainly you. I want you totally, in full freedom beside me. I want you as pure as possible, freed from all you have learned in life so far, for all that is nonsense, all that is not you, nothing of it. I love you, not your teachers, not your parents, not the situations you happened to end up in and that seemed to have formed you.

In the meanwhile, i still write you or rather your name again and casually beautify the letters. None of us is to blame for it all, Maja, or both of us are. It doesn't matter to me. Guilt is only a concept. We don't understand it anyways. For it has no real basis for existence. It is illusion originating in the non-existent borderline between you and the world.

(...)

To have been raised like you is what i want. The same number of lovers i want to have had who, now that i know you, were not to my liking. And soon, when you have told me everything, your memories will be mine too. We will experience a common history and later

recall to memory. When i was there, at a certain place, you were there, at that particular, other place. When you did that, i did this. In fact, we were already together. Both of us were there. Each moment of our youth was there in order that we could meet now, could fall in love and lose ourselves in the other. After a long, strange, lonely and down-right arrogant period – thinking we were somebody else, different, independent, self-reliant, an individual – we come home again and regain our senses. That we are so different, as you said, this is a last spasm; you know that just as well as i do. In love nothing is different.

I wish to have no more energy than you, i will gladly hand in some of it. Nowadays i often just lie there anyway with big eyes and a lost and surprised, swollen member next to you when you have long fallen asleep. I want to live just as unhealthily as you from now on. I don't want to die sooner than you or later. Anyhow, it doesn't appeal to me that much anymore, being dead. Up to now i've seen the existential humour of it. But are you, as a dead person, still really in love?

(...)

Promise me, Maja, that you will never believe the nonsense of small writers who are not in love. Never let yourself be deceived by these frustrated ones, they can only say untrue things and, out of ignorance, try to soil what is pure. Believe only your own truth, Maja. We are chosen, we are pulp, we'll let the flame of love burn for ever.

Recently, on your birthday, i gave you a booklet of Annie Ernaux as a present, "Simple passion", about the love of a woman for a certain man. Of course, i cannot offer you a male writer. He would start randomly putting roots in you. And then i could start all over again. The latter seems useful and glorious to me anyhow, to start over and over again with you, but i don't feel like again and again picking out the wrong male ideas. Neither do i have the equipment for this yet. It is too dangerous. I must be in you, i, only i and no other lad, nothing of it, not even a single thought.

[Testament of an Individual – p. 143-144-145-147]

The Separating Force becomes active through Maja

'Poor' Maja had the unthankful task of non-acceptance, of making – or, rather, allowing – problems. She had been assigned the role of keeping a distance, of giving form to the Female Separating Force.⁴ This role popped up only now and then in the first three months of our relationship, but was, despite the fact that the Power of the Separating Force is huge, still too weak compared to the overruling and Uniting Force of Love. It revealed and expressed itself for instance in a sudden fit of irritation when i arrived with my guitar the second weekend, the one after the first one in which we had fallen exasperatingly slowly –

⁴ The Separating Force is Female of its nature, no matter that, on the face of it, merely looking at male and female *forms*, it seems to manifest at least as much in men as in women. Only if Man Lives His True Nature as Man on Earth, the truth in the respect of the Duality between the Male and the Female Force, will be revealed, in a direct way, beyond the deluding mind, beyond the superficial layers of reality. It is true that the male side of the Female Dual Force is the Unifying Force. Woman is Dual: separating and uniting. Man is Beyond this (and every) Duality in His Oneness Beyond separating and uniting.

and only after the revealing nightly phone talk suddenly quickly – into each other’s arms. As soon as i, just coming from outside, had uncovered my guitar and positioned myself on the floor before the hearth, Maja came yelling out of the kitchen.

You were preparing something in the kitchen and i, whole-heartedly satisfied to be with you again, took the guitar out of the cover and positioned myself near the fire in the hearth that i had made just before. Life could start. But before i had played or sung a single note you became aware of the critical situation and resolutely marched into the room. “You must not think that i am the type who likes sitting around the bonfire with a guitar! And then adoringly staring at you!” you snapped out of the blue. I was too stunned to feel anything about this. And gone you were again. A tornado that came and disappeared again before i could even lift my head. Since this didn’t fit into anything either, i forgot the event immediately when you came out of the kitchen with drinks, foods and your smile.

[Testament of an Individual – page 317]

I sat there stupefied like a little child that is confronted with something new that it had never met before. I couldn’t find at all a place for it in the way i experienced life up to then, certainly not when soon afterwards Maja returned with an apparently cordial smile on her face. I didn’t know the Deluding Force. I didn’t know the Female Force wanted, if necessary, to set things right for Herself from the beginning, not to give space to any possible misunderstanding about who rules the scene of love – i didn’t know that seven years later i would do almost exactly the same but then with another woman and from the opposite perspective, from the Perspective of the Male Force. What Maja ‘said’ actually and almost immediately was: ‘I will never surrender to Love. I don’t want to be touched in my heart – so that you know.’ What i ‘said’ seven years later was that i would never Surrender to the Female Force that of its nature wanted to rule and Kill the Man in a man, but that i could only Surrender to – and had already Surrendered to – Truth, the Truth of Love, of Man and Woman, not excluding from this Love Woman’s natural resistance to Man. Blinded by ‘my’ unconscious choice of the Light side of life, i didn’t see Maja’s hidden statement. My Heart, through my voice, was not supposed to touch her. She didn’t want to fall in love, as she said later. She didn’t want to lose herself – that is her ego – and, therefore, Fall in Love. At that moment her outburst met in me:

...A blanc incomprehension. A nothing. A something from another world. I can’t say anything more about it. [Testament of an Individual – page 317]

Maja was effective in preventing me from giving myself in the form of singing and playing, as she also managed not to let me enter her body, the other way i could have given myself to her in a way that, energetically, i’d be most present – and which i will come to in a while. She was handy in manipulating things in such a way that i ‘could not’ give myself *energetically*, on an earthly level, which could have potentially Reached her, Touched her, Pierced through the protection around her heart. For her, to feel safe, it was best when the Heart was just Pure Heart without form, the Formless Presence of which she could nonetheless drink from – without having to feel the consequences for her (earthly life) when It touched the earth, when it got serious. Still being overwhelmed by my Love for Maja, i didn’t seriously consider the fact that if a woman didn’t want me to sing – and i didn’t sing so badly

after all – she could not be my Woman. Just not. A few years later, i would meet again a woman who knew that when she wanted to stay who she assumed she was, she must not let me sing my heart out, or at least it should not pass an invisible border, the border behind which Woman’s Ego doesn’t have control any more.

In the same sphere Maja exclaimed a month later: “You think so much. Sometimes i just want to be angry just like that!” Insinuating by this that i would not like this or tolerate it, that i would not accept Her, not accept the Darkness she knew was inside her and that had to come out now and then to keep life liveable, all the more when the mirror, me, was around. On the grounds of Her Female Nature, she automatically put ‘man’ in the other side of her Own Duality, in which she is the ‘woman’. This seems logical. But it is not True. Man as He Is, Is Beyond the Two of Woman. She herself was in – and, in a way, even existed as – a Fight, a Fight between expressing, living, and, on the other hand, suppressing the Dark forces. She Wanted to show these forces to the Light since they, on the grounds of a Deeper Force, Needed to Be Seen by the Light of ‘my’ Heart, Melt in ‘my’ Love, and at the same time She Wanted them to stay safely in the Dark, untouched, where they could continue to secretly rule life from behind the scenes.

These moments in the beginning of our love affair when the Dark Force showed its face to me, were still too distant from me to really make me worry about the continuation of our relationship. On a deeper level, however, they had already touched me somewhere – it can’t be anywhere else than in my Heart. I just didn’t know what to do with this. The Dark World that included the Force that separates lovers, was simply not my world, or so i assumed. It had nothing to do, it seemed, with being happy and being in love. Only once in these paradisiac first three months did Maja manage to really hit me. It was our third weekend. We were lying in bed – most of our being together took place in bed – when she,

just like that, calmly – and this made it only worse – and in all seriousness asked me if i happened to be psychotic sometimes. As if there are people who are psychotic and those who are not. I could only answer with an amazed boundless silence. For you it was a normal question. For me it was too absurd for the chance of any confusion to settle down in me. There was a strange sudden fear, however, far and vague but big as life itself: mother, in what kind of world am i landing in, i don’t want to have anything to do with his. The thing is i never have a choice, Maja, and that you have completely and definitively blotted out even any appearance of that. Otherwise this would undoubtedly have been the only moment for a serious reflection on the issue of whether i really wanted to fall further into life with you, of whether i wanted, in fact, to give up my own light-hearted life so completely and to dive into yours, into the unknown, into the dark, where apparently things like ‘psychotic’ occur. In a flash something was shown to me with which i didn’t have any experience: the unfathomable depth of the miseries of existence.

[cursive part from Testament of an Individual – page 290]

Beyond what she knew, beyond what i knew, it was a Test. A first Test to see if i was willing to sacrifice ‘my’, Man’s, light-heartedness into Woman’s heavy-heartedness or even closed-heartedness. The man in me – i mean here the ‘normal’ man in the Duality of man and woman – immediately screamed: ‘Get away from here, as soon as possible, this is dangerous.’

But, even though the Man seemed not to have manifested at all in ‘me’ yet, He, the Male Force, Includes and even Lives and Is Both Man and Woman. By, on the Deepest Level, not resisting either of Them, Man Is One, Beyond the Duality of Man and Woman. Despite my seemingly unconscious state of the time, i was basically not deluded in the sense that i would choose the ‘male’ reaction that seems relatively ‘normal’ in the world: staying separate from Woman, from the Dark danger. ‘My’ love for Woman, ‘my’ Love *as* Man, was simply too big to let the instinctive fear of the earthly man rule my decision or, in general, my direction. Before i had Realized Being Man – and despite ‘my’ resistance to and revulsion towards men, of how man-forms behaved in the world and to ‘woman’ – the Man had always been Strong in me. I Always Already Included Woman in My Heart. I never Separated Myself from Her. I never Wanted something of Her for myself.

Only, since i, in My Love, unconsciously Copied Her, Became Her without knowing, i identified myself with Her, and resisted Man like *She* Resisted Man. I didn’t Know i Was (a) Man, even though i was 100 per cent heterosexual – more hetero than i was, wasn’t possible – and, speaking of this, i wondered why many people have had the gall to speak for other people to claim everyone has something homosexual about them. Only if you have definitively fallen out of Heaven and into the Earth’s Sexuality and that’s all there is left, and one’s Deeper Memory has been completely erased, then will such a silly remark seem to make sense; then, in one’s despair at having lost the One as Two, the despair of having only sexuality left as a hopeless attempt to become ‘one’ again, could everyone find homosexuality in themselves, not as part of one’s nature but as a form of despair, of an unrecognized Resistance to Fully Giving oneself to the Beloved Other, as a form of love of self locked up in itself.

The first Test – how deep i was willing, if at all, to Go Down with or in fact (in)to Woman(’s world) – wasn’t difficult to pass. I got a dip into the normal earthly man’s world, seeing how he reacts and escapes from Woman’s world, how he lets himself unconsciously and almost automatically be manoeuvred by the Female Force into one side of Her: escaping ‘relationship’, real Contact. But that world, the earthly man being lost in Woman’s world, was not my world. Even though i was unconscious of Her world, ‘my’, Man’s Love for Woman was not buried in Unconsciousness. It was Strong enough to overcome any fear or reluctance to Fully Being One, One as Light-Dark, Man-Woman, Consciousness-Unconsciousness.

Once having experienced love now, means never being able to attach a serious value to thoughts any more, to pleasure and to ‘myself’ as something that needs to be protected and to be kept clean. Let them come, those strange energies. Take me. Take me.

[Testament of an Individual – page 80]

After three months of being together, of being terribly in love, when from Maja’s side the biggest magic of our Love started to be overruled by something else, Maja’s Role of Separating became stronger, more obvious, constant, a structural part of our relationship – no longer merely popping up in flashes now and then. As i said, i didn’t Understand a iota of all this at the time. Love, even if it is as strong and unwavering as was in my case, doesn’t Understand if it is not settled down on earth, in the Body, when it is merely in Contact with the Heart, the One, and hardly or not at all with the Dark, the Dark of the Two in and as which

the Dark operates. In the beginning of that second stage, after Maja ‘shared’ or, in fact, spitted out all her difficulties, worries, resistance, regarding being with me, Something in me Understood that ‘i’ didn’t Understand *anything* of Woman.

This was a great and necessary Realization. The Full, lived, Realization – and not some dreamy mind-thought or a sigh of frustration or despair – of being totally at Zero, is the beginning of Understanding, of Consciousness Descending into the Body, into the Form, into the Earth, into Woman, into Unconsciousness, which is all the same in the end. Call it a blessing or whatever that i didn’t have the arrogance of quite a few men who, when they don’t really know something, just start thinking and talking ‘ins Blaue hinein’, pontificate in the dark, hoping the listener will buy whatever mind-crap that seems reasonable. ‘My’ mind – and it was still strong at the time – let itself, despite some murmuring, be easily overwhelmed by the reality of what the Heart experienced to its amazement. This is always the Test of Truth: do you let ‘your’ conditioned mind be overruled by the Reality that shows itself Directly, even if there are interests involved that want to defend a *concept* of reality.

“We’re so different”, was your favourite expression of the fear that we wouldn’t make it together, the fear that you, beyond what you knew, wanted me to do something with, to liberate you from – even though you were very attached to it at the same time. As Man i intuitively felt Maja, Woman, was Part of Me. Woman, however, felt i, Man, was different from Her. I had no idea that these different Perspectives of Man and Woman existed at all, let alone that they were of such utter importance. Deluded by my own, male, perspective of our being One, i thought or assumed we – or, in fact, Love – could overcome everything. All those kinds of thoughts of Maja, her doubts, angers and sudden bitchy remarks were just drops in the Endless Ocean of Love to me. I didn’t realize i was on earth now and that Woman dictates the rules down here – even if She doesn’t want to, and even if on the face of it man-forms seem to rule. That is, She dictates the rules until finally Man can Show Her otherwise: that, in fact, it is He Who Rules, the Man Who Knows that Woman and all Her forms Belong to Him, the Formless Selfless Heart, that She can’t do anything by and as Her self and is nothing without *Man*.

Something happened... i have been writing for more than one hundred days AM. I have to see to it to finish this book quickly. Things threaten. Ominous things.

The believer will say this is not a coincidence. Just now that i have confessed my first fears in life on this paper, you make them justified.

Has something actually happened, when nothing is done, no hitting, no walking, when you have merely spoken words? But you say them in a, for me, rather unpleasant sequence and you know it. Your self-interest is stronger, i cannot possibly blame you for that. Or, at most, it must be that you already come up with this while you do not really know what your self interest in this love affair really is. Even worse would it be if you kept your doubts from me. Bah, i cannot blame you for anything ever. After this first and hopefully only hitch between us i do already feel, however, a slight disappointment, almost treason to my ideal picture of love. Since i simply didn’t engage in love, for three decades love has been a beautiful and honest, light-hearted, undefiled, endless and open, passionate trust. A dent has been sustained.

Your words do nothing to me. What concerns me are your feelings lying somewhere behind them and that i have to guess at. For you cannot say what you mean. And this is not because, unlike me, you do not have intentions. Or, should i say by now: i had no intentions. Do problems – that is: wanting something different from what is – cause intentions?

I read it once more. It is truly there and i fear i mean it: your words do nothing to me. What concerns me are your feelings. That i have ever had to say this, just because it is the truth, right now, at this moment, in full awareness. Suddenly i feel a prisoner of life. With words i stood next to this, there was always a lot to laugh about.

My friends had warned me so clearly. Too often i have said and shown how much i care about you. The tide has turned. I have said that i would like to see you more often than once every two weeks – once every week actually, at least briefly. That by no means it would be too much hassle for me to occasionally drop by for an hour and afterwards simply travel home for three hours. I tried to put you at ease in this respect by adding that i could nicely combine this with buying that delicious ice cream from the bakery. I told you also that i could rent an apartment in Amsterdam for two months.⁵ I suffocate you.

I still see you saying it, in our penultimate encounter. Your face radiant with joy you walked to me and hugged me. “I’m crazy about you”, you shouted straight in my face without any holding back, as if it was finally allowed and as if with all your might you wanted to push your truth in me, to rub and stuff it in me, as if all my pores were allowed to and had to be filled with you now. You had made your choice. And during an earlier meeting – we spent the day lying down – you said while our faces just touched each other: “It is simply scary how lovely it is to be together.” I didn’t find it scary, only lovely. The fact that you said this was to me all the more a sign that everything would be fine between us. At most it seemed slightly scary that, apparently, i was so simple that i didn’t feel absurd fears like this which you seemed to take seriously. And even if, to my surprise, they come and visit me now once or twice, i can say in any case that they do not arise in me naturally. They do not originate in me. Maybe you are a woman and i am a man.

And now yesterday, we were still lying in bed – but also this place isn’t holy apparently – suddenly you say i have too many expectations of you. You say you do not want to see me even more often than once every two weeks in any case. “But it might very well last a little longer sometimes, if it happens to be convenient”. It isn’t convenient to me, but i don’t think this is a matter in love; there is one person who decides, who’s going to keep the boat at a distance, who refuses to commit. Otherwise both would sink in the ocean. Now at least there are two little boats that, rudderless and invisibly, are tossing on the seas through the fog. With Morse code we let each other know that we still exist and that we are not alone in the world; we let each other know where we are about so we won’t get too close and fall foul and we won’t have to sink singing.

That you do not want a relationship with me either, no bond. We have this already for over three months, i wanted to reply to you immediately, as a god of truth and also as a scared little boy suddenly. But i must admit, i’m the layman in love. You are over four years

⁵ In my naivety i didn’t see that the 200 kilometres between Groningen and Amsterdam were just enough for you to bear the radiance of ‘my’ Heart.

younger than me but have had experience in several relationships, with entering and cutting loose from bonds. I don't have anything to offer in return in that respect. I must say, however, that meanwhile i have grown intensely curious about the meaning of a relationship and a bond. Considering that everything is already so overwhelming to me now, having a relationship and a bond must then be ridiculously fantastic when, as it appears, we haven't even come that far.

Or are you, when the relationship takes the shape of 'a relationship', already going back perhaps? It is a strange world to me. Relationships, bonds, finding something scary when something is lovely. I do not get all this. Do you, experienced as you are, want to protect us from it, from the way back? With or without relationship, it doesn't matter to me.

But you didn't grant my thoughts any time to think things over yesterday, you rattled on and on. That i am so different from you. "That is just the way it is. You are you and i am i. So far so good", i have said i think, but i do not remember any more. I had landed in a strange hazy state. And you didn't hear me anyway. You had to say what you had to say. That you think you would never want to live together with me. That i like you more than you like me. In short, that it will not work out between us anyway.

Lastly, a couple of hours later, during an attempt to walk together in the Amsterdam forest you add that you would rather like me to leave the same day instead of the next morning. How could i have stayed. I left. It was a long train trip back. In the past, when doing sports, it happened that i lost – fairly infrequently but nevertheless. This feeling that i had now was completely strange to me though. I couldn't even keep sitting up straight. Like a sack of potatoes i hung on a train seat. My body hurt everywhere but it wasn't a normal physical pain like the one i had been used to up to then. No stinging pain or itching or nagging pain. Let me call it a total pain, being a total pain. Amidst and despite all misery i managed to get angry with the passengers who dared to defile me further with their scared looks. Quite an achievement for someone to who anger is unknown or a weird vague memory of the past.

You say it all very calmly, your voice sounds friendly. How can i get angry and not desperate with such a deliberate storm surge. You carried it around for much longer. You didn't think it fair not to tell me.

Your assumption of being different especially, the only scary thing you had already confessed to me before, drives me out of my senses in one way or another. Also then, that first time, i have been searching long and in vain for a spark of a deeper truth that could be hidden behind your words, behind your simple observation.

I still thought that the truth lay hidden in words. And still i cannot completely retract from that feeling. But this is a matter of habit. By now i know that words are but a poor residue, a petty little drizzle. I could and should have felt it sooner that something was going on in you. I should have paid better attention. For that you, without restraining yourself, say you are crazy about me, is much more dangerous for Us than when i say i am crazy about you. Although i know it won't make a difference if i pay better attention from now on or even very good, i will do this. I don't have control over it, the paying of attention.

How am i sitting there when i hear in your voice and can also tell by the now occurring pauses between your, in itself admirable, attempts to give a full picture of all reasons made up in the course of history to end a relationship or in any case to kill all hope for it, that your monologue threatens to come to an end? My blood seems to have reached

boiling point. I, probably incorrectly assuming i'm not my blood, sit quietly. In all calmness i protest, as if nothing's going on, i just don't agree to anything, that's all. And i explain you why. Two people, two bodies are sitting on a bench and have a normal, quiet conversation. Why love is not allowed to flourish. Why love is allowed to flourish.

Only with your will, the unpredictable mistress of torment, how can i disagree with that? She is going her own way. My only hope is your being wrong, because you are. I should rather say: your ignorance. Hope that the Truth will save me, you, Us, i would almost say Itself, in time. For what good does it do to us if, in forty years, the Truth thinks it's finally time to reveal itself. I do no longer feel a little man inside me that will then hug itself with delight: ha ha, i was in the right.

No will is unchangeable, Maja of mine. No will will ever be the same. You are not you and i not me. Believe me, you have experience with love, i with the 'i' and the connected supposed own will. The past few months in particular have taught me a lot. 'I' am something else than i was half a year ago. 'My will' from those days is no longer. Only the Will is, the bigger Will, but This isn't mine. Every second this Will uses my body, including my brains. I, and everybody, is but a collection of possibilities, reacting upon the current surrounding; those of the past and the possible ones of the future also belong to this. In one person, however, the possibilities are somewhat differently arranged than in the other person.

*Your own will only exist to **always** want something else than what is the case. This is her right to exist. The grand Will rages on, devours you and you are afraid of that, so 'you' want something else. If 'you' choose against love now, even though your words will claim differently, you will want love again after that. When you are with me – i equate myself with love for a moment if you don't mind; people, whether they want to or not, fulfil archetypical roles in life – you want to leave or you aren't really present. Let's break through this spiral, this impasse of the human being, this endless fight, this misery that ruins every relationship or attempt at it. Let us be nobody and thereby transcend the burden of the lust of love. Love isn't a problem, sweetie. The lack of it, the fear of it, that's the only problem we and everybody has to overcome.*

You are welcome to know that i'm afraid that you care little about philosophy and logic and truth. They don't belong to your surroundings, to you. Now that i come out with them at this point it's too late, i'm afraid, even if i were less clumsy in doing this. I have not been granted enough time yet to be your surroundings, to overrule your old surroundings. But i don't have anything else. My body, you want it now or you don't want it now. That is why i continue.

And you, are you you when you say all these things that aren't really uplifting and don't you say them the way you do partly because you are tired, having your period, because you are not feeling well and feel unattractive and want to be alone? Wouldn't you have said something different in a different mood or have stayed silent, in which case your own words wouldn't continuously and everywhere haunt you as a burden, as a festering phantom belief that will influence your behaviour and our future for good? Must you react to all impulses coming from within, arising from your past?

Do you only want me to see you when you are in perfect shape? Do you think i have ordered a superwoman? I suspect that you think i am entitled to it but i don't have any rights. And i don't want a perfect woman. I want you. My god, what else can i say? What can i do?

I'm sorry i'm so occupied with you right now but you pretty much confuse me. Is this my test? Is this the test to which women subject their potential man, the one they prefer? Good heavens, i don't know anything about this. Is continuing to say the truth enough? Or is this too naïve, do you prefer not to be with a child who just honestly says what it wants?

If everybody is different, Maja, and this is the case, this is a simple fact, why are we, we especially, so different? Why do you keep saying that? Do you by any chance compare me to your former boyfriends, also to that bloke you lived with and who at the slightest sign of discord threw all your stuff out of the window of the third floor on the street? Am i more different than what seems to be normal, or what you are used to? Did you, unlike with me, dare to call those others 'my boyfriend'?

Five weeks ago you started this issue out of the blue. After a lovely weekend together – luckily you do agree upon that – you started thinking. Already on the train ride back home, now that you were alone again, you started this nasty habit again. And this was your conclusion: we are so different. Once you were home you called me immediately to share the result of your fear and turmoil in the form of a thought. Darling, please open your pretty skull for me. I must see how these weird tender brains of you work. For heaven's sake, what's happening inside there when you, for once, experience something incredibly beautiful? What happens afterwards, what backlash irrevocably happens, which feelings get automatically struck? Whoever put together these connections, can't we just cut them through? Then we'll be relieved of this fuss. We no longer will have to question ourselves about who suffers most from them, you or me. They won't have to make you tell me that one moment you feel completely at ease with me and the other moment that i am so different.

All right, of course, it's a mess inside you, i'm the last person who's allowed and would want to accuse someone of being a scatterbrain. But do also have some consideration for a human being who by accident started to love someone and who, even though this feeling is strong, is tossed back and forth between happiness and despair, about the smallest most insignificant word – which covers a powerful mountain of feeling. A human being who four months ago fully truthfully and forcefully used to say: The arrogance! The arrogance that someone speaks words and thinks to be able to have any impact upon me with that, to be able to change my mood even if it is but a little bit, in a favourable or unfavourable way or in whatever way.

The night, after you passed the verdict by telephone: 'we are different', was short. I dare say that people in the Netherlands on May 10th 1940 have felt less horrible. The war had broken out. But in love this is so much worse than between countries and people. If beautiful is no longer beautiful and bad is no longer bad, the chaos has truly effectively broken out. And without a prospect of any ending. You didn't say it just like that. I couldn't continue living the way i did, as if nothing had happened, as i soon noticed. The next morning i called you and i let myself be reassured by my own reasoning.

[Testament of an Individual – page 89-97]

Seriously, by feeling, acknowledging, allowing, enjoying so much love, the mind had lost its grip on me. However:

Just now that for the first time i, without intention and even without shame, have been able to relegate the continuous attack of rationality in me to the background – which may

never happen again to such a great extent, there is only one Maja – just now that i turn around, you turn around. As if we are stuck in one of those small merry-go-rounds, diametrically opposite one another. We can turn as much as we like and although it is fun, above all we become tired and dizzy of it; never will we come closer to each other. Suddenly you come with arguments. And then to even defend the lie: why it cannot last.

As a matter of fact, it applies to all arguments that they try to defend the lie. Truth, on the other hand, can neither be defended nor protected, Truth is as It is. How can i defend Love, our Love, Maja? It is defenceless, completely vulnerable, but true.

[page 98]

I didn't See yet that the Lie is (an Integral) Part of the Truth, even though intuitively i Knew.

And i, do i yet have the strength and the intelligence not to react with similarly senseless counterarguments upon arguments, no matter if the latter are true or not? But how should i react with truth on something written in the language of another planet?

...different...

"It's not too bad," i answer without further nuance.

[page 99]

All right, we are different, a little, you have made me very lenient. But at least our bodies are not, they belong to each other, you know that just as well as i do. And that's what it's about. Perfectly they fit, and it is such an awe-inspiring miracle that chance brought them together that it is not becoming not to consider this miracle a conviction.

Don't act as if you don't understand me. This is what it is about: everything we have in common. And about how we differ. Because what should we talk about otherwise, what are we supposed to do if we weren't a bit different. If we were completely the same, how could we come together? What would move us still?

[page 131]

You are just confused, like everybody, you just follow your changing will, the battle of the world. You want love and, at the same time, you do not want it. There is no problem. (...) You are crazy about me but don't want to love me, let alone 'keep loving' me.

[page 100-101]

You said: "It was not my intention to fall in love. I didn't want it. It happened by accident."

I have never seen you as a 'someone'. Before i had ever seen you, Maja, you were my big dream already. A dream seems a dream, but truth is hidden within it, as big as life.

I may say it doesn't mean anything when you say you don't want to love me, because there is simply nothing to want for you. Because what you truly want by definition bypasses your imagination. Just so, i know that i want you. But also that, just behind this, within it,

around it and also far beyond it there is Something That i can't understand any more, can't imagine any more, but is What i really want. You are my gate.

But it's of no use to me, knowing this, and neither to you. It cannot seduce you to pass through the gate that i am for you and to jump into the big Not Knowing. The longer we are acquainted with each other, the more i am oppressive for you. Do look through me, dearest, do not merely taste my tongue. Do smell once beyond the fragrance of my armpits that you find so lovely indeed. And do feel more than just my skin. Feel underneath the heart of truth beating at your doors. Your doors that sooner or later you'll have to open by yourself. Or does that happen to be my task? My god, who teaches me the task of man? Who teaches me this in time and not too late? Do i have to learn to listen to your head with its hassle, spinning girl of mine, to receive your heart? Do i have to sway to the waves of your tempers, getting to know the weaknesses of your scourge this way, in order to be able to render them harmless, to take out the sting and let it die an easy death? Or should i, without mercy, use the blazingly hot sword to kill the tormenting doubt in my fiercely loved beloved, again and again, whenever it raises its dragon's head? But oh, how does this work? Where is my sword anyhow? I have never wanted to oppress. Mother!

[page 101-102]

Regarding the fear of being oppressive to Maja in whatever way, having grown up in this world that tries to make us believe that we are separate entities, bodies with a mind, i didn't have clarity at all yet in that period about my mirror function as Man. It was Maja's 'own' – or Woman's Own – repression that she felt. Dark Forces came up in the presence of 'my' Heart but weren't (fully) allowed in by her. Also the Other Side of Her, the Male Side, had been triggered, however, the Light of the Heart Itself, Love – that wasn't fully allowed either, but just the beginning of it.

Sooner or later, Woman cannot bear any more not choosing one side of Her Duality. The tension simply becomes too big, the discomfort that it causes. She wants to get rid of it. The 'terrible' truth is that any choice is wrong, or rather let's say Life-killing. Any choice kills You, the Choice-less: Love 'stops' – or cannot Manifest on an Earthly Level – when one is successfully seduced to turn to one side of the Coin of Life.

"You're not relaxed", was one of Maja's complaints about me that she expressed. If she had been relaxed in my Heart-presence, she would have thought i was relaxed. The mirror is a far mystery for people, something seemingly from another world. In a way i could say that Maja meant: 'You're nor relaxed, you're not dead yet. I cannot stand it that you reflect my inner stress and dual war.' As i only understood a few years later, Maja, as so many women, as Woman Herself, had difficulty with Man. She was afraid of 'it'. A deadened man, relaxed dead in Her Female world, having sacrificed His Heart into Her form-world, was not threatening to Her known world that is, seemingly safely, manipulable.

I propose, then, to delay the 'loving each other' for the time being, if you can't stand it. I will do it secretly. And i have enough experience in this respect. Always already i have kept the truth within me, whether or not by being silent. In this crazy fake world you need to be careful with the truth, if you have truth at heart. In the sun people burn and the fire will wildly spread, dragging you down into the undoing.

[p. 103]

With the boyfriend who succeeded the misery with the bloke – misery, i admit, is my interpretation, with which you passionately disagree – you have managed to stick it out for more than a year. How long do i still have, Maja, Goddess of Life, of Deceit and of Destruction? Senselessly i sit down and calculate, weigh carefully, cross out, induce new variables, myself included, i am a variable too. But i am but a human being, i feel naked with all my bold arguments, i can hardly change your past. Powerlessly i tenderly caress your cheeks, powerlessly we wonderfully make love without clothes, powerlessly we embrace each other when you leave with the train, i can but grant you time. Time to determine the moment when you can no longer bear my love. When the suffocation, your new catchword, becomes larger than the delight that you still get from me now. When the renewal of your life has proven untrue. I am a boy, a man, an enemy. And meanwhile, you get used to the pleasure that i am. That means: it diminishes and it will keep on diminishing, down to almost zero, to moments. If by then you are still not irrevocably hooked on me and do not powerlessly love me, like i do love you, if you won't give in, like i do and the chance of that isn't small, i won't see you again. I don't like this.

Life is likable.

What is this?

[p. 105]

I'd like so much to still believe and feel for a while that all this is no illusion. Can you understand this when you are not that romantic any more but have been cruelly casted in the dungeons of life? (...)

Is there no roundabout way indeed, is it an illusion that we wouldn't first have to go straight through the illusion of misery to end up again at the truth of love? Let's then do this together, Maja. I will carry everything. God knows i will carry everything. That i will do anything for you. Alone you cannot go through the misery. On your own there is no misery.

[p. 106]

A modest fighting back starts

I'd not be surprised, because nothing surprises me any more since i see you – and, equally legitimately, i could say that it would surprise me highly, because everything surprises me since i see you; the truth is no longer logical, Maja, it has exploded – that a part of the love for myself and for life in general, has been put into you. In one way or another. When you go, you must give it back to me. Will you promise this?

This is a good example of the fact that, when Man enters Woman's world, He enters Duality. The Truth of the One had Exploded into Two, secretly Exploded, while my eyes and heart were fixed on Maja who was so attractive for me. Now that i had met Maja – or at least now that she started to resist Man('s world of oneness), and started to protect her own female separate world in a more obvious way – i was able to experience life, truth, the world, from two angles, not random angles, but opposites. This is totally weird for Man – and extremely funny too, if this Duality wasn't such a Drama at the same time. But, indeed, the way this could be experienced was subject to ambiguity as well.

Monday morning, home again, while i should still have been in bed with you goddamned, i have worked for seven hours uninterrupted on a letter. It is worse, i have posted

it. It is annoying to you, spending all this effort on you, you are not worth it; there are girls much nicer than you who deserve me, you think, you know. But, secretly, you do like it, receiving such a letter, the words do not matter so much. I start to understand you a bit. Everything is double. Everything.

And i need to find my lonely way in there. In the land of a woman.

I am a man and deprived of my freedom.

I am a boy and my innocence is being sacrificed.

I stand and look at it, as if it concerns another, and can do nothing to change it.

There is no way back. I know for sure. I can only go forward. Wading through the sucking swamp.

[p. 108-109]

January 11 1993 i wrote Maja a letter, indeed, one that hadn't taken a bath in Consciousness. Considering my later development in his respect, it's interesting to see 'my' consciousness at the time when it was hardly at all Touched by the Force of Consciousness, nor pervaded by my experience with Woman. Yet, no matter its limitation, this letter may be seen as the first, modest, manifestation of my 'fighting back', considering that earlier in the relationship and in my life in general i 'accepted' everything about how Woman played with me, according to how the Female Force manifested through Her if She is not stopped or at least countered by Man, the Male Force. Nonetheless, i didn't yet understand the fundamental principle that 'man' is done when he doesn't return to 'woman' the partly hidden 'gifts' – cramp, stuck heart, suffocation, non-freedom, confusion, blindness, resistance, hate – which she cannot but offer him and which weaken and oppress him when he just keeps these 'gifts' in his energetic system, whether they are circulating or stuck. Parts of this letter follow here:

Dear Maja,

Monday morning. I guess i write too early, but i'm fed up with my confused thoughts and feelings (and some tears) that you evoked and which don't leave me in peace.

Where to begin? God, i don't know. Therefore, never mind the order.

Some things you have said i do understand, i think, other things a bit or not at all. The last category is the worst, of course. I'm happy for you that you feel relieved now, now that you have said the things that lay heavy on your mind, happy that you have saddled me with them. I'm not being ironic. I wouldn't like it if you could no longer be with me in an unconstrained way because there would be a stone on your heart. Moreover, i empathize with you. But, as i have understood now, i'm not 'allowed' to say these things any more. They oppress you.

Apparently, i have shown you much too clearly and too often that i like you so much, that i am so very fond of you, feel totally at ease with you, find you so sweet, am crazy about

you and more of those silly things that i, unfortunately (?), mean entirely. In the beginning i thought, rather as a joke (and my friend, experienced as he claims he is, tried to convince me that this is the right way): i must follow a strategy, act as if being with you is 'kind of nice', as he phrased it, 'not really annoying', above all i shouldn't show my feelings, i should leave you in uncertainty. For if you're certain of someone's love, your own feelings will turn into oppression, a feeling of pity, irritation, boredom, whatever? (There are even people who, out of a lack of any self-confidence, become 'allergic' to someone who likes them.) Well, i know myself to some degree: a strategy was no option, i'm much too open. And there we are: openness, honesty, is 'chastised', not only in societal life, but also in love.

I guess i exaggerate and probably you will say: that has got nothing to do with it. But who knows if something like this isn't active on an unconscious level.

You said on the phone that Pim, your ex, is the main reason why you want to keep me at a distance. I will be the last to tell you that you should finally try to get over that. What i do think is a pity is that you don't even want a good bond to grow between us. Then it is easy to say that it won't work between us. I hope, by the way, that you don't think i'm too conceited when i state that it is, in principle, not impossible to love me.

Of course, i not only look at you, but also, and especially, at myself, to understand you: what is there in or of me that stands in the way of (future) closer relations between us. But when i'm too stupid for some self-knowledge in this respect, please be so kind to let me know your reasons – those of which you are aware, of course. Perhaps you see things that i don't see. Or perhaps you see ghosts and inflate things to major proportions. For, perhaps, you don't like me enough, and you need an excuse for this, for yourself as well as for me. Or perhaps you like me so much that, in an exaggerated way, you are afraid that things will go wrong later, and you don't want to deal with a next big grief and therefore you safeguard yourself.

If there is someone who can understand your urge for independence, it is me. It has many advantages, indeed, but it is also tiring. It is true, in a satisfactory relationship there will be emotional bonds, this can't be avoided. But well, you don't say to your friends and family either: don't approach me too much, or else i don't feel free – or do you?

As for me, since i have no restrictions (any more?) in getting emotionally bound, i have enjoyed you so very much. But well, you are right, that is not your problem, but mine, like perhaps this whole letter, like my entire being in love, my enjoyment when we're together.

I admit that i'm worried that your "we're so different" will settle strongly in your head and will not only influence our relationship but possibly also will lead to a self-fulfilling prophecy, unnecessarily...

Tell me, Maja, or even better, write it down, then you can peacefully think about it:

- *why are we so different, in what sense or field?*
- *Why are we more different than other people, other lovers, are different? Why am i more different than your previous lovers? (Because why, otherwise, is it such an issue for you, when you don't compare?)*
- *Why, if it is so, our being so different (more than you consider normal), is this an obstruction for us to have a long lasting and satisfactory relationship?*
- *How can the rational "we are different" be of more importance than, as you said yourself, feeling totally at ease in my presence?*

Still this about the supposed being different. You have succeeded in being dramatic when you added to the 'We're so different': "Nothing to do about it. You are you and i am i." As if our fate has been sealed by this. At this point i need to be conceited for a moment, and say: no, it is not (the sealed fate). The statement 'you are you and i am i' is not true. As if there would exist an unchangeable 'i', a core, a self. Every human continually becomes. He is a sum of his natural ability (genes), experiences (influence of the environment) and the current situation, his reaction to this. Moreover, everyone interprets his past – and, therewith, also his supposed 'i' – again and again in a different way.

I already notice that, since we have met, you have changed me somewhat. How could it be otherwise, and why is this bad. Why would it be suffocating, scary, for someone (for you) to have an influence on another person. This is a continuous process, otherwise you cannot live, unless in isolation.

To come back to the point: by definition, people are different and people who like each other can grow toward one another. I have thought myself: i want to – and every one should – be an 'individual', and still, i cannot totally let go of this thought, despite the fact that, since recently, i understand that this so-called individual cannot exist as such and doesn't exist.

You have already pointed out to me certain traits/tendencies of me. I have thought about this. I thought some things were true, things that i would rather not have in myself, and now i go, or try to go, about differently with them. Isn't this nice, to understand 'yourself' (contradictory as it seems, to now call this your 'self') and to change this, to whatever extent? We will change anyway. Let's do it then in the good way and in the direction of those who you like.

Perhaps it was this: i have indeed said a few times, just out of my feeling, that i would like to see you more often. But, when i say this, this doesn't mean that i must see you more often, that i'd be attached to this idea or feeling. And there is no reason to feel oppressed. You have said it yourself also, haven't you, that there are moments that you wished i was with you? I don't feel oppressed then. Do you prefer the alternative, that i don't care about all this, that you don't mean so much to me?

Don't become angry when i express myself in a poor way, but it seems a bit easy, a bit of ego: to nicely have a good time, enjoying, making love, whatever, but at the same time wanting to have your hands totally free to do whatever you feel like at any moment. You don't even dare to call me your (boy-)friend. But such a 'freedom' is only possible when you have a docile, slave-like person. This is a role i haven't appointed to myself. And, for that matter, you wouldn't like me any more if i were like that.

You say you are crazy about me. You say that it is scary how lovely it is together. And now you almost say that it won't work between us anyway, that we're so different, that you would never want to live together with me in one house. I see you thinking: this is no contradiction and perhaps you are right. Why do you suddenly and fervently emphasize one side of love, the separating one, the one that seems to limit freedom?

When i said i am crazy about you, you liked it. Now you don't any more. Sometimes life is difficult to follow, and so are you therefore. At the moment i hardly dare to say anything 'sweet' any more, when 'sweet' is no longer sweet but is interpreted as oppression.

To throw everything out at once, you still added that probably i like you more than you like me. I don't know. In short, i feel like shit. This is no reproach to you – really, it is not, just not. You may reflect on all of this, but don't be worried about it. That won't bring us any further.

I feel like shit, because my ridiculous feeling doesn't stop sneakily telling me that you have broken up with me. All right, you hurry to say that what you have told me is no introduction to breaking up, but how can i interpret it otherwise than breaking up in the future. It is goddamned terribly nice together isn't it, and intimate, and unconstrained, or am i totally blind or crazy? How can it be stay unconstrained when you put a lock on the future?

I hope nonetheless that i have been clear enough that i respect that you don't want to see me so much. Is possible. A bit more difficult to accept is that this means also that a closer bond between us will be harder to establish – although, sorry, i feel already closely connected with you.

I sincerely hope that i have not only analysed the situation totally wrong, but would also kill it by doing this. I'm not a softy, you must know; it's worse: i love you.

Mildly i have to laugh, reading a copy of this letter again after all this time. It's like, as a warrior of love, i try to fit love into Man's world of Logic. I could have understood it if Maja hadn't liked my, almost scientific, approach. The other side of it, however, is that it would become not only a relevant part of my Work with Woman but a crucial one: to make Woman Conscious of Herself. In Unconsciousness there would be no Marriage of Man and Woman in the Heart, i Knew. Part of Making Woman Conscious, is that i Give Myself as Man. Better a limited gift, than no gift in return.

Even though i just started by this letter, in principle Man can Show Woman's Duality indeed. This doesn't mean that even if He succeeds in this, he has much influence on the fact whether a woman stays with him or not. He is helpless in this respect – or: not in control, if you prefer this word for the same thing. I could only give a very limited 'eye' and, beyond this, my heart. Of course, it was a pity that i wasn't able yet to fully Transcend Maja's gift of Darkness (that is: Unconsciousness drenched in Duality) in 'my' Heart. Still, even if this letter might have irritated Maja only more – the result of it appeared to be undecided: i'm pretty sure she was ambiguous about it, like most people have always been in regard to my letters to them – the mere fact of saying finally something in return to Woman, felt very good, i remember. I had to start somewhere. And i would do this only more and more in the times to come. Until i could finally say everything to Woman, and, usually, clearly.

In fact, i had immediately and intuitively started my Job as Man. Woman delivers the dark Unconsciousness and i automatically had tried to transcend it into Consciousness. There was no decision from my side that i had to do something with what Maja had offered me, the content of which was not clear at all – that's what it was Dark for, of course – but at least it was related to her pain, Woman's Pain that wanted to be Felt by Man's Heart. Pity that i was not yet aware of the fact that actually Feeling in my Heart and actually living her Pain in my Body was more important than pondering on the truth in confusion and restlessness, and, as a result, giving Her something in return – not yet aware of the fact that i should not react to the carousel of feelings but 'just' meditate them, even though this could be tough. Consciousness hadn't sunk downward enough in my Body yet.

How dark can clouds become?

Maja and i spent another weekend together. It was February 1993, dark clouds kept gathering above – or under – our love. For the first time we hadn't been physically intimate. In itself i didn't care at all about this. And the sperm she provoked in me in such large amounts – enough to drive a man nuts, if it wouldn't be relieved – would find its way out if it wanted to. But our physical separation was a sign that she had a hard time being with me, also if she hadn't had her period just at that time, i estimated. Her resistance to 'me', to allow love in her life, grew, and i didn't know what to do with Woman's Resistance to Man, to Her Own Heart. She said, and not for the first time, but in an acrimonious, almost scary way now: "You don't know me." She said it with an air as if i was a complete tenderfoot in love-land, a complete nitwit when it came to the Dark Force that lives in a woman, and that it was about time to make me aware of this fact. But Maja didn't lift a tip of the veil, the whole thing stayed general. There was a severe serious threat but i wasn't allowed to know what it was really about. I was an outsider, and she was not intending to inform me, she wanted to keep me outside. The Dark protected itself against any Light. I had associated with the Dark Force through Maja's energetic transmission of it, but there was no content that i could use to gain some clarity and perhaps get rid of it again or transcend it in my Heart. As man i had to Do this on my own somehow: Woman wouldn't cooperate to give me a glance into Her Dark Realm where She ruled as a victim of it, a victim defending its oppressor. I had to live Woman's state of Non-existence on my own – Her state of not really existing when and as thorough as She denied or avoided Love, Her Own Heart – and, possibly, at some point Understand this. Only through feeling this, Her state of Separation from the Heart, in my own Body, could i ever Understand Her and Bring Her 'back' to 'my' Heart: Becoming Her, seemingly losing Myself, and finding Myself again, but differently now that i would have been touched by the Earth, by Woman's Pain of Solitude. Starting to live Woman in me, life was fragmented.

Again it was a long train ride home.

How desperately, on the way back in the train, i saw the landscapes and the duck breeding farms flashing by, worlds that didn't exist any more, ditches, meadows, i was no longer in Holland. I only still belonged to you and you had said: "You don't know me." I didn't want to sit in the light, not even in the sunset. I would have beaten up my fellow passengers if they had come too close; as irritating mosquitos they upholstered and zoomed through the train unit which was already much too small for me alone. It could only mean: 'I don't want you to know me.'

In that senseless long yellow train from Amsterdam to Groningen for the first time after 30 years of carefree truth, the words changed of their sense, of their sentence, love of its meaning, the innate joy of life and my sense of destiny changed. The conductor saw me and remained silent. He left my ticket unpunched.

[The Grief p. 27 – printed p. 36]

I've been with you. Am on my way back. I step out of the train. A weekend only Maja, only you. I'm not, hardly any more aware of myself, i don't exist any more, at most in others' perception i still exist, at most officially. I'm registered at the civil registration and this must

be the proof of my existence. But now, i stand in Assen, on my own legs again. Assen. I don't have to say anything more, in fact. I'm waiting for the bus. There it starts already. I still keep it up. The bus arrives. I get on. The bus driver. The 'hi'. The bus ticket. The stamp. I sit down. Waiting. The bus begins to ride. I sit in the bus and the bus drives through Assen. I see Assen passing me. The people. The shopping bags. The looks. The men being dragged along by women. The suburbs. Criss-cross. The families. The children at the hand and the pram. The deserted bus stops. Somebody gets on. A grey raincoat. Newly-built houses, as far as the eye can see, new buildings, new buildings, new buildings. The end of a street doesn't give hope any more. It's Monday. Somebody steps off. The woman disappears sombrely between two blocks of houses. The shopping bag is full. Tomorrow the same again. I'm being jolted to pieces continually. There are no straight roads. Yet, a heavy feeling of recti-linearity. I think of you. All this has nothing to do with you. Nothing. And i'm not even totally sick all over when it hits me. Right in my face. A heavy senselessness attack. Very heavy. This is really unknown. When at the time i finally frankly admitted – true, by sheer necessity, but all right, that's how it goes – that everything, everything is senseless, i was strangely enough not troubled by that any more, but glad. Acknowledgement gives me relief and pleasure. And now i sat in the bus, in the endless suburbs of Assen.

In that bus, in that slow dead jolting bus running through Assen, i, the seemingly emotionless one, loathing people and their fake life, have had every emotion. With death in the eye everything shows up. Again, i will not see you for weeks. Assen. The tragedy of existence that became a place. The tarnishing materialization, coming true of everyone's worst, original terror being in its yet undamaged, unsweetened pure state. And all my emotions culminated in that supreme one: emptiness, complete emptiness beyond emotions. Assen. Something or someone, do have mercy on the human race. Give us tears, war, drama, tyranny. But Assen, this is utterly inhuman, unreasonable, unreal, unbelievable.

Crucial is the question whether i had had the same feeling, the vanishing of all feeling into this one un-feeling, if you were next to me in that bus, that rocking bus through Assen. In that moment, however, while everywhere there were exuberant dogs walking their paralysed, shambling masters, the answer didn't interest me in the least. The question arose in me by accident. Crucial questions only made everything worse. But not only crucial questions, everything taking place in Assen makes it worse, every thought, every feeling, every spontaneous welling up or movement. You must move as little as possible. Then you'll have as little pain as possible. No, i had to start all over again with life, learn to have interest in everything and everyone around me. I was back at zero. At zero in Assen.

Now i won't take risks any more. If i need to be in the neighbourhood of Assen, from now on i will just stay seated to Groningen and from there i could still try to arrive at the destination. Certainly when i've just been with you and the contrast of life and death is too big for rationally relativizing and dealing light-heartedly with it.

For me Maja stood for life, love, happiness, union, being in relation, (actually) going beyond the self. I didn't consciously (but only unconsciously) know that i was all these phenomena Myself, and Maja, in her temporary and partial reception of 'me', reflected this. I didn't understand either that, for her, associating with these magnitudes meant that she had to face the opposite as herself, as far and as long as she felt separate from 'Me', from 'my'

Heart. In fact, discrimination between the two sides of Duality had only been truly born in me by, intensely and intimately, associating with Maja.

Through provoking in me the feeling of sense of life, you have only really awoken the feeling of senselessness in me. And i'll have to avoid this now. Because this is downright too bad. It is cowardly, but it is the truth for now. My eternal laugh was never further away than in that withering drooping bus through Assen.

Why are you so ridiculously beautiful? You know very well that everything becomes even more confusing because of this.

[Testament of an Individual p. 192-194]

When i arrived for my mother's birthday my family asked enthusiastically how it had been, as if i was the one who had his birthday. They knew of my frantic love for you.

"Nice," i said with truth and without a trace of emotion. For, despite the fact that i, after 26 days of not being physically intimate, couldn't give my love free play – you didn't want me to kiss you either – it was wonderful to be with you, two whole days, and two whole sleepless nights.

Somehow it was more important to feel my love for Maja, to be able to love, to have a direction where my love could finally go, than to receive love. I was not dependent on the latter. It is true, however, that my body, including and primarily my emotional state, was very down after the meeting.

The thoughts about your somehow deep and radical statement 'You don't know me' occurred, however, only when i was on my own again, in the train. Whenever i was with you i could never really think. Did you notice this?

When we were in each other's presence and whenever the drama showed up without revealing itself, it had indeed been difficult to actually feel Maja's drama as if it were true. Even though i felt all too well that Maja was serious about the (hidden) content of her drama, for me as man – unconsciously separate from the earth still – it was not easy, if not impossible, to take the drama serious as being more than painful whims, as something that could break our union, our love, our oneness. It's not easy to explain. My Heart took it seriously, my mind took it seriously, my body took it seriously, and yet 'something' in me as man was not convinced of the substantiality and the severity of her pain as long as our bodies were together and this absolutely undeniable love between us that was all in and around us, even touching people around us, was so very present and obvious. For me as man, the drama happened *in* that Love, in our Oneness, not separate from it, and for her as woman the drama happened separate from it, in loneliness as an already established fact. To Maja, Love was not the starting point, as it was for me, but one of the goods to obtain out of the relationship. To me, Maja's – Woman's – dramas seemed to be instead difficulties, misunderstandings we would – easily or not – solve together in and by the very Love(-Space) that we were in and as which we seemed to exist. Even in my state of misery after that particular weekend by the end of February, i – Man – could still not believe this could mean the end of our Love, of Love Itself. How could one – Woman or otherwise – end Love Itself? This was unimaginable for the Man in me. Unimaginable as long as He is not Down Here on Earth with Woman, Consciously Living Her as Himself.

The thing is that as man i had already taken over Maja's difficult state of those last months. I had, unconsciously, taken it over in my mind – as my mind was not separate at all from her mind – but in my body as well. The fact that i was increasingly busy with the possible end of our relationship didn't come out of me, but was a perfect copying of Maja's being busy with it, her fighting with it in her inherently painful Duality of 'Separating or Uniting'.

Consciousness and Body, Heaven and Earth, were very far from functioning as One on earth, however. 'My' Heart was already One, it had always been, but to actually feel everything as Heart as Body here on earth, well, i had hardly started this, to be honest, even though i had already had 4 years of preparation in bed, i was still waiting and heading for my initiation to be allowed at all to Consciously Feel Woman's Drama, Her Unavoidable Duality, Together with Her on earth, simultaneously *as Her and as Myself as Man*, which is Something one cannot invent. One cannot invent, control, lead or decide in favour of Nature, only Allow It in case, on the grounds of Deeper Laws, one is 'Considered' to be or Found Worthy for it and Capable.

The living room looked at me. From its chairs and couch a vapour of pity rose. It revolted me, a tendency to throw up was successfully repressed, diner was served. Never before i had felt someone's pity for me, except for my mother's perhaps when i had fallen again and had holes in my knee that was covered in blood, which would result in the next few scars. And justly so. How just it was that people withheld me their pity. And now?

Dutifully i hung out with the company for a short while, and then unburdened the people by, silently, removing myself from the room. Upstairs, in the room of my youth, the pop posters, torn, were still hanging as if nothing had changed, as if i had never grown up. And indeed, that's what it looked like. Serenely i looked at the Status Quo poster. Wild hair waving the guitars almost out of sight. For years on end i had seen that poster every day and once, once, i would stand there, just like them, the guitar protectively before the intimate parts and as an extension of them – even though they were certainly not my favourite band and later i didn't really like their music any more, as those things go. I lay on bed, still the same bed, and in the dark, only illuminated by a little lantern somewhere outside, i thought: i am dead... you killed me... i killed myself... what does it matter who killed whom.... What whom...

I went down, put the food in my mouth as i was supposed to, correctly sipped from the grape juice and let it slide down my throat. And i wasn't asked anything. There wasn't anything to be asked. In turn, i didn't ask my fellow-eaters anything, they who just like me had belonged to a family, accidentally the same as mine. I recognized them. I didn't ever have anything to ask any more, didn't want to know anything any more, not not know either. Resigned i listened, my ears still functioned, i heard sound. I must exist therefore. If you had sat next to me i would have said: 'I still exist'.

My will didn't want to any more. I had left him behind in Amsterdam. You didn't want him. And why should you have wanted him anyway, how could i have thought, hoped so, that my will would be similar to yours, that they would agree. But then again why not as a matter of fact, one thought, another thought, what did it all matter? Unused in any case, unusable for good as well, he would remain pending, my will, the strongest will in the world, as i knew with certainty until recently. I, as i sat here still at the dining table, was a remainder. To

transport this relic from and to bed i had to put food in it, so much i still knew. I lived by accident. I had been forgotten, forgotten not to give birth to.

After having put the food in the cavity of my mouth i mounted the stairs again and lay down in the dark, running the length of the bed. With a strange seemingly unreal attention i watched the tiny points of light in the dark, the resonance box, a piece of it, of my orange classical guitar – a long time ago its six strings allowed me to filch middle aged lays from it, while thinking of my Nathali, my far away love in France, my biggest at the time. That whole year had been only romance. I was a gigantic longing, carefree letters every two weeks, lovely future without end, uncultivated love and life in which i could only succeed, in which soon i would for the first time touch a girl's breast, soft and tenderly exploring. In front of the window i saw, as it seemed to me, a plant with dead roots lighting up from the dark that, as far as i was concerned, could last, didn't need to give way any more. It was better not to see light any more. Further, i saw the bookcase, the upper shelves overloaded with comic books, i saw my youth, i was young, books were for old people. And almost i considered to get up, fetch a comic book, a 'Suske and Wiske', and to read it as if nothing had happened. But i was tired, already at the mere thought of it. Through the window i saw a tree, only the highest small branches with ridiculously small leaves. Just stop it, i muttered inside. What do you want to attain with that. (I didn't have energy for question-marks.) Spreading the seed, letting grow a clone, which will slowly grow its own seed, and then...

I hoisted myself, groped for the door handle, walked through the corridor to the telephone, and called you, as you know. I wanted to let you know that i didn't mind that you didn't feel like being physically intimate. Of course not. Just fancy, that after thirty years without this intimacy i wouldn't be able to do one month without it? That you, by no means, should not be concerned about this, for god's sake, no feelings of guilt, everyone had a period sometimes. I lay down again, calmed, but not so completely any more as before. Probably a gleam of hope had settled down in me again.

[The Grief page 27-28, printed 36-37]

The Rejection and the Initiation into the Flesh

Man, to be Able to Come Down, to be Able to Live and Give His Heart on and to the Earth, to Woman, Has to, besides Falling in Love with Her – and provided that He has given His Heart completely without holding back anything – be Rejected by Woman, *completely*, beyond any sparkle of hope that would kill the authentic feeling of being rejected. Not commonly practiced as the first is – Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily Falling in Love – the latter, allowing Himself to be Rejected, is at least as unpopular. They are Two inseparable processes – or different stages of One Process as a matter of fact. The man who can Feel His truth of Being Selflessly in Love with Woman cannot deny sooner or later that He is Rejected by Her – always already, as He will Discover in the course of the Process and without complaint but as an acknowledgement, as a lived and seemingly personal experience, of the normal state of affairs between Man and Woman on the Earth of old.

The Manifestation of Woman's Rejection of Man may, if Ego would interfere with its words, be considered a compliment. A Man who is Recognized by Woman for having a Heart-Potential to Give to Her, to the world, can be Rejected since She feels at the same time

that He is not yet down (enough) here on earth in what seems to be *Her* world of Form, which to Her seems to have an existence of its own independent of Man's Formless World. By Her – Divine – Rejection She offers the man the possibility of seemingly Piercing through but in fact Feeling through Her Natural Resistance by means of his Consciousness and Heart. His Consciousness needs to develop thus in order to Come Down – into the (Realm of the) Body. Man, in His own Body, can then Feel the pain of – not so much the rejection itself (although this can be used as the entrance), but in general of – the Separation between Man and Woman, or, in fact, the Pain of Woman's state of having Her Heart Closed here on earth in the world of matter where Her self- or form-interests, in the Dark or more openly, rule her life and overrule the Heart. This closed Heart manifests in men as well as in women, but for the Process of Man and Woman, the man with the Potential of Giving Man's Heart to this world 'should', on the grounds of the Reality of Duality of Man and Woman, receive this Rejection of Closeness – which doesn't want to open for the Heart – from a Woman-form.

Finally, being thirty, i was Ready for Woman's Rejection – despite the fact that i didn't know anything about This and sort of assumed i was heading for Love, for Union. Maja had called me every year once to check me out how far i had gotten, if i was Ready. Only now that after the life-and-death process enough energy had returned and i had been freed of fear of death, of no-energy, it would work. For ever – and on behalf of Woman – i am Thankful for the Rejection, for Maja's Willingness to be the one who, despite her big, endless, love for Me, had to give that important, crucial, Rejection.

Our relationship that wasn't allowed to carry that name was one big very intense preparation for the Rejection. We Had to Meet, the Heart (or Formless) and the Heartless (or Form) – 'Heartless' in so far as that the reverse version of the Heart has to Reject Itself, Its Origin, and not in the sense that Maja wouldn't have any feelings for other living beings and would simply be petrified. We had to Meet in the Body, not only in the Dream world, the pure romantic but impotent Dream world. She, Her Body, had to – Unconsciously, yet Intuitively – Recognize Him, the Beloved of Her Heart that cannot speak. It was important that i Had to See that She Sees Me. It would become My Task to, through My 'own' male Body, Make Her Unconscious Recognition Conscious. She, after My Heart-Response to Her, Had to, could not but Reject Me, as 'I', Man, was not With Her yet, Down in the Dark on Earth, or at least She could not Feel that – and it's true, the Heart as it manifested in my Body at the time didn't have the beginning of an Eye Down yet. The latter was all the better. In all Purity, from scratch, the Process of Descending in Woman could start.

It would be up to Me to Take, Accept, the Necessary Rejection. It would be up to Me not to reject the Divine Rejection.

One thing had not Happened yet, however. I had not been Initiated in the Flesh. Love, the Heart, had been My Concern, not the Form, not the Body, not the Flesh, not sex, even though we had it a lot and i liked it a lot.

Is fucking natural? Of course, everybody sings immediately in choir, if only for the enormous need for a continuous ejaculation of the justification of one's own behaviour. What do you think, the animals, nature, evolution... Well, in the end everything that takes place is natural, you can say. Somewhere, everything, also human behaviour, has a natural origin. Likewise, also the dropping on earth of a nuclear bomb is a totally natural matter. But what i

mean then is this: does the male sexual organ spontaneously disappear in the female organ, when merrily and without inhibitions the tendency to stroke and hold and possibly twist with the naked body of the other is allowed?

You will probably have noticed, although you often close your eyes, dear Maja, that this is not the case. If you or i don't deliberately manoeuvre the stiffened part of my body in you, he will not accidentally, of itself, go in. I can't imagine either, no more than you, that our enjoyment of each other and of ourselves would be greater if he'd be inside you and perhaps the light cloudy liquid would even be ejaculated in you – but then you'd be stuck with it and that would be rather extreme. Without missing it, you can long for something, but is it possible to miss something when you lack the longing for it? I don't know. I'm in love. That's what i know. With you, Maja, i'm in love. One way or another i don't fall for the hole in you at the lower part of your belly. A hole is nothing after all.

As a boy i wasn't interested in toy cars, and now i'm not interested in fucking. Although, i have to add, i'm not against it either, to make use of the possibilities of the human body. What also plays a part here is this. The second weekend that we called on each other our being together felt a bit awkward in the beginning, so that it didn't take long before you suggested to lie in bed together. There, after we had relieved ourselves of the yoke of our clothes and i, just before you quickly jumped under the blankets out of shame, was yet allowed in a flash to behold your magnificent body, this piece of art of nature beyond praise, and certainly once i felt your velvety soft skin and we started touching each other everywhere, it appeared that i got a gigantic hard-on. We lifted the blankets and, slightly amazed, watched the intensely beating sexual organ and you then thought it a wise idea to put a condom around it. That's how one thing leads to another. I had never worn such a thing but wasn't against it either. If you said so, there could be no wrong intentions involved. And you knew how it should be done. When finally the thing was right in place and you seemed satisfied with our work of art, through which i was also satisfied for actually i thought it was a strange sight, i wanted to stroke you again but you, barely visibly but clearly noticeable to me, withdrew a little, and said: "The fact that you wear a condom, doesn't mean you also have to fuck."

Whatever it was that you meant exactly, in any case you are smart enough to use my own weapon: logic. Truly i could find no objections to this. If you wear a condom, you indeed do not need to fuck, that was true. Any random moment of the day, if only you go and get a bread at the bakery, you can wear or manoeuvre such a strange rubbery thing around your willy and this doesn't immediately mean you'd be obliged to fuck the girl of the bakery or with a female customer should she be less unattractive. If you fancy your bread more, you just eat, with the rubbery thing around your willy, your bread.

But for a moment i couldn't say anything any more. And i even had to force myself somewhat to get my paralyzed body back into motion. My willy became significantly less hard, he didn't totally get it either what had just been said or happened. In any case, one way or another, until now this event has killed any attempt from my side to penetrate your body. Maybe i have become somewhat oversensitive now that i can let feelings go through me again.

Okay, i admit, i do long for it a bit. A bit. But, again, only because one of those many seemingly completely ungrounded little fears that true love apparently conjures up in an

environment where untruth is present as well. Do you maybe find me not manly enough if i don't 'take' you, as it should be. But in that case, with this motivation, via this roundabout way, it can't be considered a sincere desire any more, can it.

Nonsense, you said straight away, when i asked you about this matter. Moreover, you added, how many women come through straight fucking? You didn't know anyone. Well then. But what good does it do me being all sweet and sensual and, according to you, more satisfactory? The older parts of your brains, evolutionary speaking, request a man, there's nothing i can do about this. In short, 'i' want to be everything at the same time. I must be everything at the same time, because this is what you, without knowing, want. Dear, tender, beautiful, talkative, intelligent, faithful, self-assured, witty, handy, not so serious, also not not, understanding, protective, friend and a good lover. Very simple all of this. Really, a breeze. And this isn't even meant ironically. But man, for god's sake, how do i become a man? And without scarifying other qualities, if you please. You are a monster.

[Testament of an Individual – page 138-140]

The reason for the uncomfortable feeling of possibly not being Man enough for Maja if i didn't simply take her body in my arms and penetrated her, was egoic in its nature. And it's true, i didn't make any attempt to do so during that half year with Maja. I had always been extremely bad at submitting to ego's seeming demands.

Egoic reason or not, i Knew i need time, time to Be with Woman – and not for myself in the end. If i wasn't Man enough and she would dump me for that reason, no one was served by this. So, i could not go around this issue, at least not in my limited state of consciousness of that period. Later, Realizing the Man in myself, the whole fuss fell away naturally, but of course it is easy to be wise after the event, after Consciousness' Penetration of Unconsciousness has happened.

Another reason why i wasn't against entering Maja's body was rather of a practical character.

Oh yes, before i forget and you should be completely informed of all my motives after all, there is yet another small reason why i would still like to try out 'officially' making love to you. I hope you don't find it ridiculous but sometimes he is a bit in the way, the hard-on. As far as that is concerned it would be nice if he was in you. Then we are rid of him for a while at least, the nuisance.

[page 143]

Nevertheless, in all honesty, i was not much busy with the issue and at least i didn't care about it. My Drive was Love, not sex. The Body, the Form, was secondary, the Formless Heart the Primary.

A Force through Me, a Reflection or Manifestation in My Body of Her Force in fact, Her Force That Called Me, Told Me, however, that it Needed to Happen – and not because i was already thirty and it would be time for it.

I almost screwed it up, the manifestation of this Necessity, by, when all of a sudden Maja ended our relationship, giving words to it, to the initiation in the flesh, by openly speaking about it to Maja albeit without using the word 'initiation' that i only intuitively understood. I didn't know at all that Woman by Her nature Resists Openness, Resists Seeing, Resists being (Fully) Conscious of things, of behaviour, of motives, of thoughts, of life, of

Me, of Herself. She rather sees to it that her interests are met in the Dark. Just as i didn't know anything of Woman yet. When Maja rejected 'me' after 5 and a half months, indeed, i thought She had screwed up and rejected Love, a unique chance for manifesting Love through our Bodies – instead of Offering me a Unique Chance, a Beginning of the Process of Manifestation of 'My' Love, the Endless Heart, on an earthly level.

Afterword Too early

You have chosen.

You silly.

You can only choose when you are ready for that, when you want to fully accept, to live to see, the consequences.

The result – and to meet my former need for figures you gave me the numbers as a solace – was: 51% against, 49 % in favour of a relationship with me. For the first time i had dropped below 50.

I have lost the game called life, only just lost. Very narrowly. That consoles. It's my first defeat.⁶ And at the same time it will be my biggest ever.

But, for god's sake, is love – or, rather, its opposite – then absolutely egoistic? And why do i need to learn something like this at all? I thought we had amply conquered doubt. Together we are 51 against and 149 for.

But 'we' didn't exist. That's the detail i haven't seen. 'We together' was apparently nothing. Otherwise it cannot just come to an end.

Who has won what now?

If i didn't have myself, i say while i don't recognize anything of myself any more, i would die.

It looks like September again. The beginning of autumn with its unexpected intense amorousness. Also now i am sick. I can hardly eat. I tremble and i shiver. I can't sleep.

For 60 hours already i haven't slept. There is a big excitement. This makes me look at many girls by accident.

And the breathing. I just don't breathe irregular enough for the main character of this story to be put out of his misery.

The cry! Always already it has been here in me. I didn't know. And now, after you have said it, after for at least a minute i hadn't heard any of your words any more and slowly softly had let the receiver down on its cradle, it came out.

I will keep hearing it, hopefully in a surprised way like now, but i will always hear it, as the only one. The cry. Blaring through my head. That's something else than that eternal high-pitched tone in my ear. And he won't leave me, not him. The cry.

Everybody knows the cry but nobody hears it. Everyone greets each other and smiles at each other as if the cry is not there in everyone's head, as if it is not continuously playing havoc.

Why does someone want a relationship or not, why can't someone just enjoy?

⁶ Earlier defeats were not really considered as such or meant nothing to me compared to this one, this crucial one.

Life is just a game.⁷ You should have understood that. I tried to explain it to you. One plays games because they're enjoyable. If by accident you take them serious, you suddenly have to win and then you can only still lose.

Every time i feel like laughing, crying shows up. This isn't funny.

"Better now than in a few years. Then we would love each other even more and the grief would even be way bigger," you said.

You mean well. I can't be cross with you. I told you that. I love you.

Why are plants green, you asked me as if i knew everything.

And how we laughed about the Jesus-Christ bird that really exists.

But who breaks up when we have just installed small reading lamps above our bed?

Logic has stood in between us all the time. Between us there was nothing, we had reasoned so cleverly. Now even that is gone.

You don't want to have anything to do with me any more. No more touching, no more meeting, no more phone calls, not for hours, not for a minute. And no letters.

You didn't recall what i said. Never to make a decision when you are in a bad temper. Now you'll never be able to return.

As far as i'm concerned you can. Right away already. Next year. Always. Every moment. But you won't be able to. Your thoughts won't be able to tolerate it, such a humiliation. Admitting you made a wrong decision.

It costs you a lifetime to justify wrong decisions.

Only now, i know, now that i lost you, i lost my innocence. For thirty years i have managed to cherish her. The innocence. If i were anything at all, it was that. But i see that only now, now that i lost her. When i'll be dead, i can see that i have lived.

If something was nice, i did that. It was as simple as that. Swinging. Watching whirligig beetles on the surface of the ditch. Eating animals, on the contrary, was something i didn't like. So i just didn't do that any more. Life was so simple. You liked being with me.

For the first time i have learned things i don't want to know. Looking at you in the night is gathering grief. For the first time i have to unlearn. Does that go of itself?

Desperately i hope a human being cannot be embittered from one moment to the other, for the rest of his life.

I intend to, without any complaint, break the record 'grief' or rather i feel that's about to happen. A gigantic record. Being embittered is too easy for me, everyone does this. And nobody should help me with it. I will do it all alone, setting up my record.

Ah, after the table-tennis championship of the municipality – on the peaks of my 'i' – also this should be possible. I'm not just anybody. The tears will take along all remainders of my 'i' to the Sea.

⁷ This is one of the many things in the book i would have never said now – or at least not in this way – even when it was half meant as a joke. It reveals i was not really deeply Involved in Life yet, but, at least for a significant part, still an outsider, observer, enjoyer, on holiday on earth, far from being One with life, far from Realizing Oneness with Woman. What i, before its time, before i was in the position as Man to do so, tried to explain Maja was, rather than life being a game, it was in principle possible not to be attached to any side of life, in her case to doubt, fear, confusion and the like.

Only now, now that nothing matters any more, would i like so very much to have official sexual intercourse with you, to slowly, for the first and last time, let my love pervade your carnal body too.

*To me it is still something special. I wasn't allowed to – or i didn't have to – experience it so far. I'm only thirty. There has been an unconscious waiting. Until finally i **inevitably** loved someone.*

I know it won't give any extra pleasure when a small part of my body is in yours. It's the initiation i desire. Into love, not into drives.

I thought, we can afford the time, for always i'll stay with you. The rest of our lives we can just make love. The thought not to have 'the first time' with you is unbearable. Celibacy, to which i'm forced now, is never a free choice.

The many candles, everywhere in the house, are stumps now. Trails of candle grease still sticks to the bottles.

*I let myself fall at full length on the double bed that i, now that life started, had bought especially for us. By accident i think that it has cost an enormous amount of at least three numbers a time – a weekend, i must say, that **something** drove you to me. A troublesome 'something'.*

All kinds of memories rise to the surface in a chaotic flow, things that had been forgotten right away after they happened. "If you find Maja too long", you said, "you may also say Ma."⁸

When you said: "I say this neither to break up nor as an introduction to that," i should have known. Two months you have still managed to persist, ever and again repeating that you would not break up with me. In retrospect everything is so disgustingly ordinary.

The exact reasons don't matter any more. For hours we have talked about it and it irritated you. When i listen to you, you know them even less than i do. I'm sure you love me. This is, although i'm dying, sufficient for now. My hope for later. Later when we run across each other all of a sudden.

I can wait for years, for years for you, till the very end. We have agreed not to wait for each other.⁹ All right, i won't wait. Only with being happy. Or do we have to agree on that as well? That we will be happy. Without each other.

"It's too late", you said, "We have met each other too early."

These words, just like the cry, won't abandon me any more. Have i definitively lost my battle with chance, with what has not been known?

Maybe Sjon would like to explain everything once again later on. This moment it leaves me cold what has gone wrong.¹⁰

⁸ Maja considered nothing of herself as simply good, all right as it is, including her name. Later she changed her name. She strongly lived the Woman in Her, for Whom nothing is right, nothing is as it is, everything should be different, improved, although She doesn't know how. Even getting close(r) to Man in Whose Heart-Presence Her radical Rejection of reality as it is, would melt, was not good.

⁹ It was Maja who 'agreed', with herself, and who, as one side of herself, overruled the other side of herself. As 'man' i stood at the sideline of Woman's inner struggles.

And in an attempt to, from today on, pick up the old rational life again – nothing has happened – i draw up the banal balance. Four times i have been dumped by a girl. My own score: zero dumps. I enjoy everything much too much – also, like the previous three times, when i'm not very much in love. I am totally unqualified for boredom, grief, doubt, desensitisation.

Too late i know, but i knew it, that one must never go into love. You can't come back any more. Never will you be inviolate any more. By going into love, the purity that love is, disappears.

Have i have been actually cheerful the last half year and what else is it about? It will take years before the answer will make any difference to me. It was at least half a year. The coming year will not be one.

I'm finished. I've no energy left, no force any more to counter you. To try to dispel with words the nonsense you drivel on about, which you, as i clearly feel, don't believe either.¹¹

As a man i should fight for you now, stake everything. And i'm not against that. I'm not against anything any more. But i'm done, completely knackered. Already after those two hours on the phone.¹²

What can love bring up against arguments anyway?

It's a good joke, Maja, what you have done now. When i have a little break, when the fluids need to be replenished, i will laugh over it.

¹⁰ Not Knowing the Deeper Forces at Work, the Male and Female Forces, it always looks like things went wrong – or right. I did something wrong and she did something wrong, the circumstances or the time were wrong. Always something is wrong or, at other times, right. Both sides are deluding and clinging to them is a denial of the Intelligence of the Whole Deeper Human Process that is about being Conscious of the Deeper Impersonal Forces in or through our Body, not about things to go right for us or for our beloveds.

¹¹ An interesting addition. The fact that somewhere inside Maja didn't believe her own words, her own arguments, her own difficulties, her own objections to really love, reveals that, given the fact that Maja was by no means an exception, people are slaves, slaves of a Force – the Female Force, as i call It (the Other Force, the Male Force is the opposite, the Un-enslaving, Freeing Force). That Female Force makes one think, feel, communicate and act in another way than one, on the grounds of one's Deeper Nature, would.

¹² We hadn't had such an intense energetic fight before, if ever we had one. Since it was obvious i would lose my big love for good i was 'forced' to 'fight', to join the circus on earth, to not only accept everything but give myself energetically, to fight for Love, for god's sake. But after those two hours on the phone i was already finished. The fight was between Consciousness and Unconsciousness. In more detail it was – not about me wanting to keep her while she wanted to split up (I couldn't change anything in this respect, i felt) but – about the fact that i wanted to *understand* why she left me, what was more important than love, and she couldn't tell me and got very irritated by my insistence. I was not Strong enough yet to keep standing in the Fight between the Male and the Female Force. My Sight was not there yet, and in that case Man is an easy target for the Female Force that rules both man and woman then. Logic, which was my weapon, didn't work and my reflecting Heart made things rather 'worse' than better.

But i can't stop them any more, the tears – i don't know what this is. Even when i want to, when i command them to, they don't stop. And even when, by accident, i don't think of you for a moment, they continue. That's strange. Sometimes it's just as if, in fact, i don't have anything to do with all of it. Then i really have to remind myself that it is me who is crying, who's in distress. I see a little man¹³ crying. Just as my Love for You is too big to be able to have to do only with you, my tears are too many and too mighty to refer only to you (and me).

Will the valley, indeed, be just as deep as the top was high, so high that the top wasn't visible any more? For the sake of the balance of nature, my nature? And is it still possible to breathe down at the bottom of the lake of own tears?

I can't imagine i will never hear you any more softly asking if we couldn't lie down in bed for a moment?

It's just as if i have landed in a fairy tale, forcibly thrown from reality into a fairy tale. I just can't believe it, this state of affairs. A fairy tale is supposed to have a happy ending, but i don't believe in that any more either. I believe, still, in you, only in you.

At any rate, i have already changed the text of the last song i composed. Such a slave i have become, yes. Dryly i ascertain this.

“You leave me
Cause you love me
Still i do
Believe you”

There is not much in it, just like in me there isn't much at the moment.

The grief is something i experience as just as banal as the amorousness that rages on unabatedly. There is no escape. For good you have captured me, imprisoned me. In the banality of life. Only when you are with me this fate is bearable.

The neighbours hear it when i shamle along through the house. Suddenly a long sound: “Aaaaaaah.”

Then nothing for a moment. Sometimes not even a thought. And then there is that sound again: “Aaaaaaah.”

I stand on the floor and all at once i fall down as a ball of paper on the floor. Then i stand up again, then i think i'm standing and then i collapse again, like a house of cards for a change. My muscles that are supposed to keep me upright just quit their task unasked for.

I'm not that strong, no, like some strange thoughts once have manage to make me believe.

¹³ In Dutch i had written ‘mannetje’. The belittling version of a Dutch noun – adding ‘je’ or ‘tje’ to it – doesn't let itself be properly translated to English. It often carries an irony in it that gets lost in the translation, in this case self-mockery. Here, at least, i didn't mean that my physical length was not so long, but that i could see myself crying as if i was looking from a higher perspective, call it an impersonal universal perspective, in which a human being was just so very very small, and his personal trouble ridiculous. It is not totally different from the good sense of direction, the good geographic overview that i had always had in me: also in that case ‘I’ – or Consciousness Itself – was looking from above down onto the earth, which is something that is closer to the truth than one might think in one's limited ‘closed’ earthly form-perspective.

Even when i 'd have felt like it, i would not venture to attempt to describe how i feel now.

It's terrible when you haven't done anything wrong.

I should have finished this writing earlier. I should have let you read it. Now nothing makes sense any more.

I will write the sequel so many years later, when the ink doesn't continuously run out any more. This doesn't work.

But you must not think – for that's what you're after, of course – that you are able to finally stop my love for you¹⁴ by such a strange decision, or at least that it will drastically diminish and wear out with time. It cannot, Maja. I have tasted. Or, in fact: i am tasted and forever in the awareness of the fact that Love overcomes. Actually, It has already won. Only i have lost.

It's over. You've been here. This was the weekend of the farewell. It was more beautiful than ever. With you everything is always greater than ever. More romantic. More tender. More loving. More passionate. Even now, knowing of the end, i could only enjoy you. Before you came i had asked you for my initiation. You didn't want it. But once you were here, once we were together, you took me in you. In the flesh, i mean. It was terrible, so lovely as it was. Indeed, we fit entirely, exactly. You were right. At the zenith, at the climax one must stop. I know. That's the only thing, to cling to a thought, to an illusion. But i don't succeed any more. I don't cling any more. Finally, i may let myself sink completely. Into the nothing. The hidden hope for later has come to light and has died. And time, she comes to meet me.

Outside i hear woman's heels clicking on the pavement. For how many years still will my heart stop for a moment, in a flash being visited by the thought that you are coming when i hear the heels of a woman approaching my house? And how often, how equally often, will they pass by still? Will they ever stop, these heels, at my place?

What has happened to the ear-lacking porcelain hot chocolate cup that was contaminated by coffee molecules? Would you still like to know? Well, after i had put you on the train for the last time i've let it fall out of my hands by accident. But it didn't want to crack. It stayed whole. Sometimes matter is resistant, obstinate. What to do. I'll have to leave it that way.

It's a pity.

I'm in love.

[Testament of an individual. Last chapter. Page 327-335]

I had written: “*You didn't want it. But once you were here, once we were together, you took me in you.*”

¹⁴ The reason for her leaving me that i mention here, was not so absurd as it seems. She wanted – or needed – to escape being exposed to the Light of my Love, which hurt too much for Maja. One could call it a matter of physics, spiritual physics if you want: an organism simply cannot bear more Light than it can. When it conflicts too much with its darkness, it can only kill the source of Light or escape. Maja was quite humble in choosing the second option.

This happened only at the very end of that last weekend, as if fate or Truth tests us till the very last moment, and at least me, Truth-lover that i was: the Test that asks if, phrasing it in an exalted but in itself True way, i am really Worthy to Do the big, the biggest, the heaviest, most demanding, dangerous and potentially most humanity-uplifting Job and Task here on earth: to Enter the Unconscious Dark of Woman without getting lost in it, that is: without becoming Unconscious as She, but to Bring Light in Her Whole Body, including the Lower Darkest Realms of Her Body.

Regarding my Initiation into Woman's Body, Her Corporeality, i was not bothered by the fact that it was not me who physically penetrated her, but she who guided my penis into her vagina, and that she was on top of me. Otherwise, in her unconscious resistance to Man, she could not have allowed the ceremony to take place. And to me, looking back, it doesn't feel wrong to have given it this form that does justice to the fact that, ultimately, it is Woman Who Calls for Man; it is not Man Who would want to impose Himself. Man, as Her Mirror, Follows – even though this doesn't mean that later, on the earthly level, as man i have held on to this situation of Woman kind of ruling in bed, of submission to Woman's fear of (surrendering to) Man. Where ruling rules – even if out of fear – there is no space for Love. When Woman is Ready to Be Filled with Man, She naturally gives up Her drive to rule, to control.

In a humorous retrospect, the scene feels to me almost as if Woman, when She had finally decided to do so, Initiated Man into her Earthly Realm and then had to get the hell out of there, hoping that the guy in question, me, could do something valuable with it regarding Woman's state and situation on Earth, but personally she doesn't want to be bothered by or confronted with the consequences of the Initiation, of Man's Coming Down to Earth. It would turn out not to be easy to find a responsible woman who was not against Feeling the Pain of Woman in My Heart.

March 12th has been my second day zero. The first one was September 25th when we came together again after all these years. How often does a human being have to start all over? I felt it coming on March 8th. If someone in those days had asked me: 'Is the end in sight?' i would have answered sincerely: 'No, what makes you think so for heaven's sake?' While i was already crying every day. I'm not clever. Or at least not in the land of love. How can i, without having one serious negative experience in love seriously suspect that things go wrong? How can i, when we feel so good being together, suspect that something counts more heavily than that?

"It's a pity", you said March 8th on the phone. For four days it has at least been a pity. Then there was nothing any more.

You won't like it and will reject it, but i feel compassion for you, for those days that you have been pondering like mad – to continue with me or not – all thoughts and feelings rolling on top of one another. I'm almost totally sure that precisely this thinking about the relationship has been the straw that broke the camel's back.

When you finally called, to get rid of the tension of love, i slowly let the receiver down, and so you could not hear any more how 'i' – it was not me – threw 'my' body in every corner of the room to which i had staggered screaming. I rose to my feet again, for i could not continue screaming this way for ever, and i fell down again a few meters further. What is this:

*why, i thought while the screaming gradually passed into weeping, is this so terrible for me?
Do i want to hold her naked body and caress it, once more, again and again?*

It hadn't been the purpose of the goodbye weekend that i would cry and not you.

[from 'notes for The Grief']

It's true, if Maja had wept, i wouldn't have wept. What's more, she might very well not have left me. It would have created space in her for love, so that the love would not stay overburdened with the other side of the coin, with fear especially. But now that Woman appeared to be frozen here on earth – Her Deeper Inner Affliction was just too much to let go in the supposed Absence of Man – it was up to me (to Man) to Cry Her, to Relieve Her.

Much later, on 24-8-2007, just after i had met a woman who was closely intertwined with the Sexuality of the Earth, and who, energetically, brought back the memory of where and with whom it all started – Maja – i wrote “Consciousness Goes into the Flesh”, which can be considered to be one of my source texts, and in which i refer to the Process with Maja but now from the perspective of or as (a) Male Consciousness That has Gone through the Ordeal with Woman instead of, as in the book “Testament”, standing at the beginning of it and not understanding anything of Woman('s Duality). The difference in writing style is remarkable and reveals what the Force of Consciousness can do to someone.

Consciousness Goes into the Flesh

I'm (just) a Reflection of Woman's Longing for Me, for the True Man. No matter what profound Realizations people have had, never before in human history has (a) Man(-form) Gone so Deep, Wholly, into Woman's Corporeality – Which is something very different from going into woman's body, which I 'refused' until I was 30 when the time was finally Right for My Big Ordeal with Woman. I Made My Gesture, by Whole-Bodily Feeling all Woman's Pain – Associated as this is with Her Corporeality, Her Form-ness. I Actually, Whole-Heartedly, Whole-Bodily Realized Her, Woman, I Realized the Body. Believe it or not, I Became Her. I Am Her. I Live Her. On the Deepest Level there's no structural separation anymore. So that, Finally, Man, Living Her Corporeality as Consciousness, as Conscious Body, can Be Received. She can Now Receive Man, His Liberating Consciousness, into Her Womb of Darkness, Her Unconsciousness – and, in Principle, Be Freed by This Reception.

I cannot describe to you the Depth and Realness and Authenticity of My Gesture (in)to Woman – by Actually Becoming Her, without losing My Male Force, My (Being Pure) Consciousness, even not while (and even in Fact because of all the time Consciously) Sacrificing It, this Male Force. I cannot describe to you what this means to humanity – even though I'm not at all attached to any idea that humanity has to Grow. First there was Man Who Realized the Whole, but separate Truth, separate from Woman – Consciousness Itself that couldn't Make the Gesture into Woman's Pain, into Unconsciousness, considering Itself (Consciousness) better than Her, Unconsciousness, not Understanding (Truly) the Divine Role of Earthly Woman. Now this Heart has Come, Incarnated as Body, in Its turn Realizing

the Whole Truth in a Non-Separate way, but Realizing Woman Also, not only Man('s Truth or Consciousness) but Her (from Him separate) truth as well – and, in addition, Realizing that She in (His) Woman's Body must Realize the Same in order for Man's Consciousness to Be Truly Active on earth, Functional, and actually also for His Own Realization of the Whole (Truth), for He Sees and Is Humbled by the Fact that His Male Body (as one side of the physically manifested Duality of Man and Woman) is (although, by Nature, associated with the First Principle: Man) not Enough for This. I just cannot describe with words what a hell of an Ordeal It was, and is – for Man to Actually Realize Woman, to Actually Realize the Body, Corporeality, to Live as (Conscious) Body, to Live all the Pain that Ego is in and as the Body, to not – as is usually the case – be separate from the (Unconscious) Pain of the Earth. What a hell! Only the Realization of Pure (that is: not from Unconsciousness separate) Consciousness can 'Do' – or Allow – This. For It Sees, Already, there is No-Escape. The State of No-Escape is the 'Highest' or in Fact Only True Realization Possible.

Woman, however, locked up in Her Unconsciousness, cannot Recognize Me, Her Man, all at once, straightforwardly. And moreover, She's scared as hell of Her Own Pain that I Reflect as the Open Heart. Only (very) few therefore will Come, and (Intuitively or Consciously) Recognize, and Feel, and Surrender, and Love, Love which is woman's non-manifested 'birth-right'. They, these few, will Receive Me, Man's Consciousness, in Her Womb and My Heart will Radiate from There all over and through and as Her Body into the world.

Every Woman-form can Now be My Woman, that is, of course, every She, My Divine Woman, Who is not (too) afraid of Man, of the Abyss that I Am, every Woman Fed Up with living as woman-form separate from Man, Fed Up with being convicted to Her rending (and embittering) Duality of Her Heart-Longing for Her True Beloved and the trying to adjust to the (empty) earthly reality of Him not Being Here, not Embracing Her, not Seeing Her, not Living Her – every Woman-form Wanting Beyond Herself, if not Needing, to Live as Divine Woman on earth.

I Made My Gesture, My Realization, My Point. Now Come to Me, See Me, Recognize Me in You.

By Totally, Whole-Heartedly Giving Up on (but not in any way separating from) Woman – and Staying Faithful to the Divine Woman – It all Happened and Happens.

I Kept My Promise, Maja, Divine Queen That You were and Are. I had to totally Go to the bottom of the Pain, Woman's Pain, hidden in your rejection of 'me'. I had to Live Whole-Heartedly and even Whole-Bodily Through it. The Mystery Woman, Her (for Man) 'weird' Duality, that you showed Me had to be Thoroughly fathomed – by and as this Male Body, this Carrier and Bringer of the Light of Consciousness. And so It did. So I Lived, Finally, Wholly, the Pain that you couldn't Live, not without Me, not without My All-Embracing and Feeling and Non-Separate Presence, not without Man. You Offered Me, without Knowing, Your Pain – and I, I Took It and hence Became Man. For 16 months, after you left me, I cried your tears. They streamed Me into the earthly Woman. Your rejection was (part of) a(n inevitable) Lie and I was Naked. I had nothing to prove so I never said one word

to try to convince you that your ‘decision’, your ‘feeling’ to ‘have to’ leave my ‘form’, was (part of) a Lie. Only ‘My’ Heart – Knowing it is So, ‘you’ are Lying – was ‘with’ Me, but without any earthly tools. I didn’t understand anything of Woman when I Started the Ordeal, when, by Your Grace, you dumped Me into It, into the Darkness of Woman, Rejecting Man ‘even’ if She Loves Him. I didn’t try to prevent the hell from Happening. I didn’t try to keep you with me, I totally Respected the truth (or reality, or existence) of Your Lie (as part of the Whole Truth), even when I didn’t Understand this at the time of our acquaintance. I didn’t want to Convert it into My (Male) Truth. I only asked you ‘why’ on the phone – in different variations – when you called to break up with what seemed to be (a) ‘me’. ‘Why’, to have at least some beginning. You were more and more irritated by my (insistence on the) ‘why’, or in fact by your own ignorance in this respect of your motive(s) to have to leave me, to leave Man’s Heart, by the (not yet earthed) Light burning into your Darkness. You didn’t want to talk about it anymore.

The Lie could only be Revealed, Seen, by Actually Becoming You. Remember, how my face assumed one of your traits that was unique in the whole world – nobody could twist her mouth like you. I became your face, I twisted in exactly the same way. And this was just a visible start. Your Whole Body had to Be Known. I was Serious. Halfway through our half year together you started rejecting me, resisting me more and more, but from my side there was no need for complaining. Growing in Me was the Urge to See the Lie, to Free You from Your Own Lie: Loving Me and Leaving Me – and the moment of your leaving was inevitable, indeed. You couldn’t stand My Purity. It Drew You into (more and more) awareness of Your (being) Duality, Your being torn apart, Your Pain. So you had to eliminate the problem, by getting rid of the supposed causer or at least trigger of the inner drama, the heartrending fight. The more Man(’s Heart) Touched You, the more Your Always Already Present Female Drama came to the surface. How well I remember that I did my best, not to Touch you so much, or at all, to for god’s sake not lose My Divine Beloved, Who *seemed* to have assumed a human Female Form. Any closeness was dangerous. My suggestion to rent a room in the city where you lived, Amsterdam, was cut off right away by you. Any closeness was frightening to You. And at the same time You complained, rebuked me, were annoyed and, at least energetically, accused me of the fact that our lives were so totally separate from each other’s and, considering this was so, if it made any sense to go on with each other then. You were right, you had to Reject Me. My Being Itself Touched you, even if I had not done anything that had come too Close for you, for your standards (of Separation).

I was in a Process of being prepared for the initiation into the world of Lie (or Illusion of Separation) that was unknown to Me at that time. And indeed, after you called to quit the entire coming drama – for, as you said, “it would only become worse”, your difficult feelings and loving me – but that had hardly started, in fact, as I Know now, ‘I’ managed to Get My Initiation into the World of Woman, into the Body, the Form, even the Flesh. Being 30, and after you ended our Meeting – or: “we ended”, as you formulated it in your Female longing for Togetherness and fear of Responsibility, it being however the very last thing on earth i would do – in the goodbye weekend ‘I’ for the first time Went into the Flesh, into the Earth. I remember very well ‘my’ restlessness the rest of the day after you finished our relationship by

phone, not so much or not at all because of the incredible enormous Pain that was Waiting for Me to lie in and find and feel my way through, but because ‘I’ didn’t have My Initiation yet, ‘I’ hadn’t yet been in Your Flesh, in the Dark Caves of Woman, in (or near) Your Womb via Which ‘I’ had to Grow and out of Which ‘I’ had to Be Born into the Earth. Without Understanding the Deeper Forces, without Understanding Man and Woman, this might easily be interpreted as a strange form of self-obsession or even as part of ordinary lust. But it was a Pure Reflection of the fact that Woman could not Meet nor Unite with Her Beloved Man on Earth when He didn’t Know Her, didn’t See Her, didn’t Feel Her, didn’t Understand Her, inside and outside, wholly, when He did not Consciously Live Her. During this half year with you i hadn’t made any attempt at physical penetration since in the beginning you had shown a little resistance to this. And I didn’t care. Love was Love. How could a fleshy thing change anything in or add anything to This? And we ‘made love’ anyway. Feeling Your body, Your skin, kissing, moving with each other – even if just a little – made me already ejaculate my sperm (which I didn’t care at all about either, by the way) over Your body.

But now, now that you confronted Me with Your world of Separation by Rejecting Me, My Heart, now that You radically Rejected Your Own Heart via My Body, ‘I’ got restless – or, as I could say, You got restless from Your Own Rejection without a prospect of ever reconciling the Two Sides of Yourself. I Had to Touch Your world, Your Separation, Your ‘Lie’, Your body from Inside. Your ‘Lie’ was that you considered Yourself (a) Form That could just leave Its Source and Beloved the Formless Heart – without consequences. Your Lie was that You imagined You could just Live on without Me and Decide Your life by Yourself. Your Lie Manifested Itself every day as Your Ego that lived in and as the illusion of You, You Who would be able to Get Something of Man for Yourself, and, by That, Undo Something of the Burden You Secretly Felt You carried Inside and that You even Are as Your Separation from Man(’s Heart). But without Humbly Admitting Your Love to Me, without Your True Deepest Surrender, there is actually nothing to Get for You, nothing but Illusion and attempts.

As I have said, lust was not at all involved in My restlessness, in My Urge to Go into Your Flesh, only the Fact that I Had to Know You, Somehow... And, when I called you back later that day, you strongly resisted my request to finally have physical communion on our last day together. What to do. I had to accept the initiation wouldn’t happen: on earth things happen on Woman’s terms unless Man’s Consciousness is Manifested in Her. And I rested and relaxed in it, and could enjoy you as I had done before, even though it was our last day together, even though the whole Existential Pain of Humanity would start revealing itself without the slightest bit of mercy right after you would leave. But, in spite of You, it Had to Be. One hour before your train would leave, taking you for always away from me, the Initiation happened, as if after That we were not allowed to face each other any more, from shame, that ‘we’ had to be unfaithful to Love. We were not allowed to face each other any more after the Sin, not until I had Found the Man in me and could, thus, ‘Restore’ or Manifest Love on Earth – despite, not separate from and Including Sex – not until Love and Sex would have Become One, by letting Unconsciousness Bow for Consciousness, Sex for Love. One hour before you left, another Force, from an even Deeper Place than Your Resistance, Took

over. You were Drawn Beyond yourself and Honoured ‘My’ Humbleness. We made love – this time also, eventually, in the Flesh. You must have been out of Your mind, not Knowing at all What You Started, ‘Welcoming’ in an inattentive Moment the Divine Man - that is: the Man Whose Heart cannot Separate from Woman – into the earth, into Woman. The ‘Horse of Troy’ – as one could call this from the perspective of Woman(’s Side) that Wants to stay Separate – was In. And I ejaculated in You. And afterwards started immediately My Work: i Cried. Deeply. Your long-long forgotten Tears. I still see You sitting next to me, naked, helpless. You didn’t know what to do with Your Tears while they were pouring out of Me, You didn’t know how to touch ‘me’, how to console, how to look – which is true: a Man Must Go alone Through the Ordeal He is Granted. And You left, like You Should have.

And left Me with a Gigantic Task. I was Granted the Lie. I was Granted the Sin, the Sin of Leaving Love. My Divine Woman had left Me, Her Love, so that I could, alone, Find the Light Back in the Dark and Bring and Offer It to Her. She, Beyond Your majestic Form of Maja, Knew I was not afraid of Her, of all Her Darkness, all Her torturing Pain, Her sticky Slime that would Kill ‘me’ if I couldn’t tear myself from it, Her Incredible Force that made Me fall apart again and again and still now. I had to look for other examples of You that could bear Me Being a Mirror again for a little while or even longer, all to Get to Know You. And I found them. You, My Queen, Sent Me to the many, the many in which Your Divinity was just a Shadow, a Memory. And ‘I’ Entered them – You – more and more Deeply. You Broke My Oneness apart, and Asked Me, without words, simply by Rejecting Me, to Finally See You, Your Duality, to See What You Are and what you’re doing – to Finally See, Acknowledge the fact that You Are in Fact One in and Beyond this seemingly incredibly endlessly big gap between these two. It could only have been You, Divine Woman Herself, Who Initiated Me in Her Flesh. I had tried with others before, or in fact they with Me, but they couldn’t Receive Me in their flesh. It Had to Be You. I Had to Wait for You. And so I Did.

I Kept My unspoken Promise. With nothing, with Only Consciousness That Is nothing, I Did My Humble Job. On ever-Bleeding knees I crawled, dragged myself, my Body, to the End of Your Lie, to the Very God-damned End. And Here I Am. Do You Dare to Look in My Eye, the One Who Reflects all Your Pain that was hidden before? Do You? Do You Dare to See Your Own Lie in the Eye? Or do You think it’s Safe to just not look, to put your head in the sand like an ostrich? Do You want Me to take you like that, from the back, on the sly, so that You don’t have to Look in My Eye? So that at least you have My seed, so you can multiply in the Dark?

You cannot hide anymore, dear. I Am Here. I Came. I have Come to Know You, I have Met You, in the Flesh, and Now I See You. I cannot not See You anymore. You Acknowledged I’m Your Man, and Went Silently in Me, in My Body, Returning Home, into Your Man-Source, Your Essence.

Now we’ll See, how resistant You are when it comes to Allowing Your Female ‘Bodies’ to Reach (out to) Me, Your Female centres of (Un)Consciousness who are (more or less or, possibly, totally) Fed Up with life without – and not (too) afraid of the – (Present) Man, Consciousness, Fed Up with being Sentenced to Separation, and Need to Be (Reunited) with Me. For as Body, as Conscious Body, as a Whole, as Nature Itself, You Must Be Offered

in My Eternal all-Killing Love. Paradoxically, only when You Live as Body, (the truth and Lie of) Your Separation will be Seen and Transcended and Dissolved – here on earth, not while and as long as You are still hanging somewhere ‘up’. Your Whole Body Needs to Recognize Me, Love Me, Helplessly. And this is Your Own Truth, Beyond the Lie that from Now on, Since I Am Here, Since I Cried all Your Hidden Tears, Since i made them Stream again, cannot be kept in the Dark anymore, not for real.

I Kept My Promise. Your Body was My Sadhana. And I Became It, You. I Did My Job and Still, I Live You, Whole-Bodily – without any reserve, any separation. Now You can Love Me, thus, Naturally, by Seeing My Work, Seeing Me, Feeling Me, Recognizing Me, Recognizing that You have Recognized Me Always Already. As long as You refuse to Recognize Me, to Love Yourself via and as Me, I will and cannot else but Cry Your Tears, even if i have done so already. I’ll Drink Your Female Blood and Transcend it into Tears.

The Test. Crying: Living Woman in me

The Initiation into Woman, the Initiation into Sex therefore, had to wait until i was thirty and Ready for it. ‘Ready’ means: despite being Introduced into Woman’s Body, and exceptional as it apparently is in this unconscious world, i would not become an unconscious slave of the Female Force, of Energy, of the Sexual Earthly Force. This doesn’t mean that the Man in me resisted Woman to live in me but rather that She wouldn’t live in my male body *without my knowing*. It means that i would not simply copy Her state of consciousness, Her form-consciousness (that is: Unconsciousness), thus serving the form-wishes of Her Ego as if they were mine. Man, as He Is, on the Ground of His Nature, is not interested in forms, neither in gross nor in subtle (spiritual) forms. That is Woman’s, derived, world. I would not have been able to Serve Woman Herself when i would serve Her (*form-*)wishes – since Woman, as She Is, is Part of Man – and sex is one of Woman’s *form-*desires – always related to Her seeming interests. Sex is not Man’s desire.

I stayed in Love instead. Love is My Lover, not sex. I didn’t have any impulse to try to manipulate Maja to allow my flesh into hers. The Flesh (or: the Form) was Her world anyway. And i was extremely unqualified for any form of manipulation, which made me Man ‘avant la lettre’, Man before his day. Manipulation was Woman’s world. I had to leave that to Her. If Man manipulates, it becomes a Sin, a sin against Truth, against Nature. If Woman manipulates, it is a test for Man, to detect it, Feel it – not judge it – and, sooner or later, He will then give something in return in whatever form, to, via (the revelation of) Her manipulation, Show Her Himself.

If making love happens because Woman Wants it, because in Man’s Space She feels like giving a (bodily) form to Man’s Love, this is a different story. It’s not manipulation. It’s different when Man dares to be ‘just’ a (Conscious) Reflection of Woman, different from when he interferes and loses His Manhood because of that.

‘I’ passed this Test as well. As so often ‘i’ has been put between commas here because it is exactly what is not ‘i’ – what has not been successfully seduced to act as an ‘i’ – that had passed the Test, that has the capacity to pass the Test at all, contrary to the helplessness of the

‘i’ in this respect. Man is not an ‘i’. If He acts as an ‘i’, if He surrenders himself to Woman’s world of ‘i’, He simply cannot Embody Man. Divine Nature cannot be changed.

The Test, for Man at least, was – and is – if He, standing on the weird crossing of i and not-i, manages not to choose. Choosing is always done by ‘i’ and in favour of the ‘i’ (even when the ‘i’ chooses not-i). The Test is if Man Lets the Deeper Truth, the Truth Beyond the illusion of ‘i’, Rule, Decide, Take him, irrespective of the consequences for his supposed self.

To be honest, i didn’t know so much yet about Tests. Looking back, having an overview, it is easy to see that they were there. But nevertheless, whether they were happening consciously or not, i liked tests. I naturally liked to be challenged as man – not so much on the gross levels of life, like by a physical fight with another man-form, but on subtler levels where my will power was challenged. Like i had tested myself in the beginning of my twenties with not eating food for four days. Or by climbing a mountain. Or, for instance, no masturbation for a month. (Masturbation happened due to the lack of a woman-form who was willing to enter into a whole relationship with me.) And so on. But these kinds of tests were relatively easy. I could do these on my own. Now, the tests in Relation with an other, especially with someone of the Opposite Sex, had a much deeper character. Although the success of them was not independent of qualities like perseverance and dedication, it depended now much more on (humbleness towards) the Impersonal Divine Will.

The Way of Man, of Selflessness, is long and happens alone. Truth is Always with Him, however. Nothing, nothing compares, nothing comes close to That, nothing can replace That – this Being Always Together with Truth for Being It.

Having taken over from Woman Her deep desire to be (in love) with ‘only’ *one* Man, the One Representing and Embodying *Man Himself*, i had not been busy with other girls during my relationship with Maja. One Woman, *the* Woman in a body, was enough for me. I didn’t yet have contact with the Deeper Truth of Man Beyond merely copying Woman’s state of being in this respect, Her consciousness that Wants to Return into the One, into Man. I had no contact yet with His Deeper Truth of Freedom from any particular Woman-form, from Form in general. First i had to Attach ‘myself’, my Heart, to one Woman-form before it could start making sense to possibly Detach, Liberate Myself from this Attachment.

Having taking over Woman’s state of consciousness regarding Her Beloved, i had to cry as if i lost the One, my Only Love. After the Sexual Initiation, i, in order to Truly Enter Woman’s world, was, contrary to what you might expect, *not* supposed to finally enter more into sex now – or certainly not primarily – but to *cry*. I Had to Cry Woman’s tears She couldn’t cry, stuck as they were in Her hardened Heart. It’s true that Maja – or at least this is what she told me on the phone later – had cried the whole way home by train and tram from Groningen to her little room in Amsterdam – which is a three hour trip – after we had given each other our farewell kiss at the station. But this crying is not what makes her Heart melt, at least not if she cannot find My Heart in this crying and she was very good at separating herself from ‘me’, from Man in general. So, apart from giving a temporary relief, Maja’s crying for Her lost love was a hopeless affair.

Three hours of crying, even if done in my Heart, hadn’t been enough anyhow to find her way to Man – be it me or another man who could, in principle, Embody Man(’s Heart).

Our love was not a normal love affair with a normal sad end. It was a ‘classic’ or archetypical Tragedy in which Man and Woman Love each other Beyond themselves, as Gods, but are forced to split up due to a Dark Force That has managed to Separate the Lovers and would have done so anyway in whatever earthly practical circumstances, simply because their Love is too Pure, it is not allowed to Shine on Earth. The world is not Ready for such a Love between Man and Woman. It needs to be Destroyed and there is no one to blame.

Strange as it may sound and, at least from the ‘normal’ Heart-bereft earthly perspective, highly exaggerated: since ‘My’ Heart was involved, our Love had become Divine. In this Sphere of the Heart Maja had been Taken Beyond herself, albeit far from completely, and the ‘self’, the Guard of the Dark, eventually didn’t have a really hard time to destroy our Divine Love. No, Maja, as the one who, in the Duality of Man and Woman, was appointed the role of defender of the self and its love-killing interests, couldn’t cry through the Pain of our Farewell that was as big as Woman Herself, if only for the confusing fact that it seemed that it was she who had caused the pain, the break up. It was ‘me’, the one who was appointed the role of the Feeling Heart, who was supposed to cry the world’s tears, the world that had split up Man and Woman, that lets Them, as an aperitif, taste Their Union and then takes It away. The main dish is tears, tears and tears.

I cried for 16 months. ‘I’ cried, ever since the day Maja announced our verdict. Most of those 16 months ‘i’ cried at least once a day, sometimes more often; it was my daily job. In my memory i cried every day over losing my Beloved, but, checking my diary of that time, it appears that there were days and even a period of a few weeks that i did not, at least not whole-bodily cry, with the accompanying convulsions of the whole body. Later in that first year after the break, when Maja, as expected, persisted in staying away from me, things ‘worsened’ instead of ‘improved’ – or, as one could also say, considering the value of the crying, ‘improved’ instead of ‘worsened’ – and two or three fits of intense crying per day became the norm. Just like ‘my’ body, no matter the seeming reasons for it, had to be broken down when i was 25, so that it could Feel reality (much) better, more deeply, My Heart had to be broken into Two now that i was 30. It had to be broken by Woman, by ‘my’ Love for Woman.

Yes, the former holding on of my mind to happiness was getting close to being something of the past now. Finally i met life on earth. These rivers of tears, rather than the relationship with Maja itself – although this was indissolubly connected with it – brought me down to earth, into Woman’s world. My – or Man’s – Initiation in the Flesh was my – or Man’s – Initiation in the Drama of Life, which was something that i didn’t know at all before – only from the virtual world of books, music and movies. Woman’s unconscious juices in the lower part of her body, in which i had finally been received (after the ‘failure’ of being over-juiced by Pandora ten years earlier) were mirrored by and given form as the fluids in the upper part of my male body. My Male Consciousness had to Realize Woman’s ‘normal’ state of Separation and Her frozen tears related to this. If Man is not with Her, She cannot Cry, not *Really* somehow, even if sometimes tears come out: without Man’s Presence they are lost tears, nothing is Solved by them; it’s just a matter of waiting for the next Same Drama. (This doesn’t mean that Woman would not be able to Feel Man’s Presence in Her during Her crying, or at least She can when and as long as She cries Selflessly.)

By Touching Woman, by Letting myself be Touched by Her, by crying Her tears and thus bringing Life to earth – Man’s Heart-Life Beyond Woman’s inherently cold earthly form-life – i had made (quite) a beginning not only with getting to know what is *really* going on down here on earth but also with *experiencing* that to me new but in fact old earthly reality *from inside, consciously* – instead of what is common for a man: looking from *outside* at the whole ‘show’, at the continuous Inner Drama of Woman, giving good or bad but anyhow unusable, ineffective and at least unTrue advice, trying to comfort, trying to solve the problem with solutions that, inherently, cannot work. No single ‘male’ solution works for Woman if and as long the man(’s Heart) is separate from Her. If His Heart is with Her, Surrounding Her, even wrong solutions ‘work’ – simply because the Heart is Always the Only Solution to no-problem. As for ‘me’, i was not trying, i was crying.

Truth Wanted to Lead me to a state in which i could experience, Feel, even See Woman(’s state) from within. Not as a well-meaning observer with compassion. Not as a psychologist or therapist. No, in Truth there was Only One Way: I Had to Become Her. If My Love for Woman was so Endless and Pure, indeed, there was no other option. On Her Request, by the look of Maja’s eyes into mine, I Had to Become Her, Had to Get to Completely Know Her, how She experiences life – but without forgetting *Man*. An almost impossible Ordeal. But finally at least i had Started. Finally I had been Asked. There was a strange Deep ‘Lie’ going on here on earth: Woman, on the grounds of Her Nature, is in Love with Man but She cannot Be with Him. She feels driven to choose being with a man who cannot really Touch Her. If he can’t Touch Her, She, if She’d dare at all, cannot Recognize His Heart and therefore cannot Come to Him, not Return into His Heart.

She ‘chooses’ or is sentenced to be with a caricature of Man – even when the caricature does his best – a man-form that may be handy and sometimes nice to have around in the house, in bed, wherever and however, but is far from Being Man, from Being Her Beloved Beyond any form. Somehow lies evoke friction in ‘me’. The deeper the Lie the more friction. In the confrontation with ‘Lie’, Truth naturally shows up. This is unavoidable in the reality of the world of Duality. Truth is challenged, to Show Itself as Being Beyond the Lie. Indeed: *Beyond*, instead of being better.

I had to learn that honestly telling people about 16 months of crying, provokes resistance in them. They don’t want to Know about it. They don’t want to be reminded of the Cry that is in them too, all the time pressing them, asking to be released, and at least to be acknowledged, finally. Strangely enough, crying appeared to be a taboo. Not when it’s just about a bit of crying now and then, but a deeper – even Impersonal – crying, crying the Pain of everyone’s life, of the normal earthly life itself, the Pain of Man and Woman’s Separation here on earth, their stuck, frozen impotency, their impossibility of Truly Coming Together and Uniting, of Letting the Heart and the Flesh Be One, of Living the Two as One. To me the Lie lay in denying this Deep Human Pain and trying to be fulfilled in many ways, without ever succeeding – yet subtly, overtly or partially, lying to other people that you (partially) succeed, that success, fulfilment is possible at all, via whatever kinds of forms this may be tried, gotten or experienced, whether material or spiritual of their nature.

The Denial of the Heart hurts. In every heart. Only, when the Heart is Closed – which is the ‘normal’ state of Woman (in men and women) on earth – one cannot even Feel that Pain any more. And it’s tempting then, almost irresistible, to join the club of denial.

What was going on here on earth with humans? Why could Love not just be there, manifest, shine, Rule? Why was my love rejected, even when it was not about me in the end, as it turned out? Why could Man and Woman not simply enjoy – or simply live – their Love for Each Other? I had to think of what Maja had told me about her former relationship with the South African guy who sometimes became psychotic. (Now, many years later, wiser, i wonder if he was really psychotic instead of ‘over’-sensitive – perhaps he was.)

From what you have told me about it, it cannot have been a continuous heavenly delight, indeed, those days with that psycho bloke of yours. It wasn't that, like us, the two of you let the daylight pass nicely in bed, in a relaxed way and then again exited. But despite those dreadful predicaments, every day again, you stayed together for years. You were waiting for the beatings to begin, otherwise you couldn't sleep any more. Then you had to run downstairs again – and this image keeps coming back to me – to gather your things that, while bystanders cast sympathetic eyes, your beloved chucked out the window from several storeys up, for the umpteenth time. But the worst part for you was that the two of you were so irritated by the sighing of the other one. And couldn't read one letter any more because of this. The cloth that had been suspended at the ceiling and that divided the room in two parts, couldn't change that. The sighs went straight through the curtain. The day i cannot bear your sigh, dear, your divine sigh, i will go.

[Testament of an individual – page 103]

I didn't get it why things had to be like this. I didn't get it why Maja didn't want to be at least with me then; i was far from psychotic or from whatever strange behaviour, i loved her unconditionally, she loved me. And yet...

Many memories passed by. Every memory made me cry. In – if i add up the days we spent together – our first fifteen days, Maja had asked me about hundred fifty times why i laughed.

When our feeling of happiness becomes too big i ask myself and you too: why do i live and you, why do you exist, why have we met, why this whole miserable-long evolution to bring us together, of all people, and let us enjoy so much? I haven't done more than a newspaper round. But after having imparted these questions without end and without answer to each other so many times, we try to contain ourselves a bit and figure out new variations to express the happiness rushing through our bodies in the most indifferent tone possible.

But my laugh. No, i can't articulate that one. In the beginning, which is where we still are by the way, i used to try to find a plausible reason why i was laughing, just to keep you quiet. But the so-called triggers of the laughter, my pretexts, ran out. Moreover, no matter how grandiloquent this may sound, only the truth satisfies me. Only you. You are the truth. You and i. Because another wouldn't laugh at you, smile at you. Evolution lets precisely this body smile when it is together with yours. There's nothing more to say about it, actually.

But i have to continue looking for reasons, i have to do my best to show you that you're not ridiculous. That there are logical reasons. Reasons, because that it is Life Itself That, via you and subsequently via me, smiles at you, doesn't seem to reassure you. It is strange to you and terrifying, my happiness void of reason when i'm in your presence.

All right then. There i go again. And i can get out of it by saying and even meaning: i laugh over your gesture, over your words, over what you just did, over the movement of your mouth, which can indeed be very funny and peculiar. But unfortunately or not unfortunately, dear Maja, after some reflection i have had to cross off every reason, one after the other. I laugh at you. Usually when i laugh you do nothing special or nothing at all, you're just nicely lying there, at full length on the bed, exposed splendidly indifferently. With me laughing above you. Very normal.

On the one hand, the laugh seems to be in me. And it is too big to keep it in. I must laugh. It doesn't matter what happens. On the other hand, and that's the only thing that does matter: it is you who evokes my laugh. Not your laugh. (...) It's you, wholly, whatever is included in this. It's you who conjures up my smile. It is out of tenderness, for joy, out of happiness, for future grief, out of a new mighty union between total incomprehension and total understanding, out of compassion, out of delight and out of love and everything together, or each time a random mix of all this. Just seeing you is enough for my smile to appear. To imagine i see you, is usually enough already to evoke my laughing. (...) Ah, the laugh of love. I am, and see this poor body, much too small, Maja, to keep this laugh to myself.

[Testament of an Individual – page 47-49]

My happiness was worth nothing if she didn't feel the same. Maja's laughing was, unlike mine, rather a momentary and seeming relief for the sorrow and pain that the earth had granted her to store in her female body, and that was supposed to be shared with me. Well, the latter had not happened really. The Dark Force spit out rather than shared when it became too heavy to keep inside.

And many other memories... For decades afterwards, even though a lot had changed in me since then and i saw and experienced the whole scene – not to say arena – of love very differently than at that time, i still called Maja my 'big love'. The imprint from Heaven and Earth meeting through our hearts and bodies didn't let itself be washed away, even if Consciousness Saw at a certain point that other 'examples' of Woman – few of them as there are – are suited better to be with me. It Saw that I would never manage to Let my Love for Truth and My Love for Woman Become One in the Body and Heart of Maja, to make Her Heart and Body One – unlike this could happen and, much later, did happen with a woman who Respected and Loved the Truth as Herself. Maja was simply and basically not Willing to Follow Me. She rather Followed Separation, not the Natural Urge to Unite. She didn't want to be Part of Man, but be a woman, a woman separate from Man and yet trying to get something of Him.

Nevertheless, because of this strong imprint of the Earthly Woman that Maja Represented, she, without knowing it, much later, in the beginning of 2015, played an important role in the Completion of the Process of Becoming One with the Earthly Woman. (See the hearticle: “*The Incredible Realization in the Process of Man and Woman*”)