

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.¹ And at the same time it will be my biggest ever.

¹ Earlier defeats were not really considered as such or meant nothing to me compared to this one, this crucial one.

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?

Life is just a game.² 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?

² 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.

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.

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.”³

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.⁴ 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.⁵

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.

³ 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.

⁴ 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.

⁵ 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.

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.⁶

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.⁷

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.

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 man⁸ crying. Just as my Love for You is too big to be

⁶ 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.

⁷ 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 hour 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.

⁸ In Dutch I had written 'mannelje'. 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.

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 shamble 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.

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 you⁹ by such a strange decision, or at least that it will drastically

⁹ 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

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."*

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,

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.

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 centers 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.