

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*")