

### The actual end

Tiara didn't like it at all that I had presented her with the tour with my sister's band as a fait accompli. According to her I should have conferred with her in advance. She was quite upset about it. My decision, she said, would influence our relation since I'd be busy touring many of the coming weekends and she'd be working during the weeks. When would we meet, then?

Well, it was partly thanks to her, using me as a yo-yo, that I learned to go my own way in the relationship – which in the end, if we talk about My Way, I would have done anyway. This didn't mean in any way, that I didn't take her and our relation into account as if it were of secondary importance. Thinking this was, in fact, totally absurd, considering how I had always been with her and in general how I stood with our relation so far. Yet, having an overview, with everything included, I felt I needed to say yes to the tour. If only for my development as a musician, it would be good to join. Also, having no steady work outdoors, my social life was limited and this tour was certainly welcome in this respect. It is true, I didn't feel like being forever a yo-yo on the strings of Woman, of her Duality. I Had to Go in my Direction as Man. It would be great if Tiara wanted to follow me in this. If not, sad. My Heart was big but this didn't mean I needed to discuss all my actions with her. This would not add anything, not bring any clarity. It would rather confuse us. No, basically it was enough that I told her 'this is how I'm going to do it.'

As man I didn't (yet) understand woman's, Tiara's reaction: "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I'm *telling* you. I'm telling you *now*."

Should I, in a first consideration of an option of a tour, immediately call her and say: 'there is an option that I will join a possible tour'? This was crazy, of course. Once things had become clear I could just inform her what was going to happen. I hadn't left her out of the whole consideration by deciding in favour of joining, by seemingly deciding against her interests and being available for her as much and as long as she might want any moment or period. These were two different things. For Woman, however, it was so that if I as man did not obviously choose her interests, this meant not considering her. Woman could not Trust Man, not trust that He took Her into account. This was a simple matter of projection. It was She who, by her self-centred nature did not take Him into account but used him for Her own purposes. She conferred with Him in order to be clearer about what she wanted and how to get it. She was not interested in His Way, in following Him. And She supposed that He must be like this as well, self-centred, not really interested in the other except for how the other can serve the own interests. What Woman felt inside – even though She was very good at hiding these interests inside of her – was what Woman saw projected outside, in Man.

Of course I did consider Tiara and our meetings – there would still be enough time left for her and them. But it turned out that, as far as Woman was concerned, informing her or saying something She doesn't like should always have been done earlier, preferably before the idea in question came into existence so that She had at least a fair chance of trying to prevent the nasty and supposedly 'love' destroying idea from emerging in man's mind. With

this kind of Woman's criticism of man, Woman hides Her Own Pain, Her fear, Her frustration, anger, vulnerability, and certainly Her desire to manipulate, manipulate in whatever direction, no matter whether good or bad.

This was a small incident in itself but it had certainly contributed to Tiara's growing but half-conscious awareness of the fact that I didn't bow so easily any more for her, for her manipulation of me, for her seeming interests – and, even more important, that I would never Really bow for her (Female Force), that she could never 'get' me. The latter was true.

She didn't feel safe with this. She had told me a few times that I was "scary", at least for her. And, although she hadn't said so, I Knew this was because I was Free in the End – and Serious about that. It was because I was, therefore, not to be manipulated, not Really. Even though I was flexible, seemingly seducible, sooner or later I always came back to 'Myself', to something beyond Woman. It was true, in a (deeper) way and differently from how she experienced life, that I couldn't lose the Other, that I couldn't lose Her because She was already in My Heart. How could I be, truly, seriously, manipulated then?

Indeed, I had to learn all about this world, strange world. But I was not intending to or heading for getting lost in it, getting boxed in it or becoming Woman's world as a particle of her world that can help her with her projects all centred around her 'self', a particle labelled 'man' and representing just the male side of Her Duality, Her 'Game'.

In the beginning of April Tiara visited me, right after I returned from a four days vipassana retreat – indeed, right after. On my way home, on the bicycle, I picked her up from the station. Here the drama started – or, rather, manifested. I was a bit late, five minutes or so. And her old trauma reappeared, without mercy: being left by man. Almost all people of her train had left the station and she stood there, helpless on the nearly empty platform – helpless, even though she knew well how to get to my house that was a 12 minutes walk from the station. No Maarten. She was frightened, angry, perplexed and, in fact, in a panic. How could I do this, leave her that way, not be there? How could I be so irresponsible, so neglectful towards her? To me, understandably, it all seemed quite exaggerated, but what to do, she reacted and functioned the way she did. In the current situation, the sudden drama with its intensity, I had better not tell her that the reason for my being late was a woman.

There had been a woman at the retreat who wanted eagerly to 'drink something with me' right after the retreat and before she left again for Amsterdam where she lived. It was the same one who three months earlier during the previous retreat had handed me the magazine with, as it turned out, Pir Vilayat's picture in it – which would lead to a chain of events and certainly also to a (much deeper) manifestation of Love through my Body. We had gone to a pub-restaurant and there she told me she had fallen in love with me – a phenomenon I finally started to get used to. Saskia said she had 'been' a lesbian so far, but nevertheless she fell in love with me now. Well, she wasn't the first 'lesbian' in this respect – whatever this word was worth still: was being very Resistant to Man the same as being lesbian? Anyway, I didn't feel attracted to her. She was rather developed, which I appreciated. Her body, however and whatever it carried – and Egoic Resistance to Man was certainly one aspect of this – was rather gross, not fitting mine. Dog was cruel once more in providing us with unequal, not mutual attractions. I was not against becoming friends and anyway I was usually – albeit not

always – interested in return when a woman was interested or in love with me. At least this held true in case she allowed (something of) *me* – or rather Something Bigger than and coming through ‘me’ – to give the shape to our acquaintance that was appropriate. This, however, was something very hard to find in a woman, if it existed at all. At least I hadn’t met it so far: Woman, unnatural as it was, always took the lead, obviously or secretly, even if, as in Tiara’s case, somewhere she didn’t want the lead (at all). Taking the lead with force or manipulation – something her ego would have liked – was not My Way. It had to go the Natural way or no way. The Natural way was that I was Recognized as the leader with the Overview, beyond me having to try to prove this. Becoming more Conscious in a rapid tempo, next to my Going Down into Woman’s world, would do something in this respect, would change the unnatural situation.

At some point during the conversation in the pub I told Saskia that I had a relationship with Tiara. When I added that it wasn’t really going well and that it was not really clear if we were through with each other – as far as I was concerned not – and that ‘officially’ we had already split, she regained some hope. Anyhow, in her struggle with confessing her feelings for me – quite a giving birth in itself, she was almost choking, apart from getting dark red in her face – and my dealing carefully and tactfully with them, I didn’t manage to get to Tiara exactly on time, certainly not since when I had said that I really have to go to the station now, Saskia started again on something that seemed in desperate need of a response from my side – a bit of a nasty tactic, I must say.

Anyway, ‘because’ of the five minutes late I was in a crisis again with Tiara. After four days of meditation I was extremely calm and very present, however. Tiara didn’t like either of these two things. In theory she liked it, in practice not. They were mirroring too strongly her own, deplorable, state. Despite the calmness it was, to say the least, not really nice, biking with the closed, complaining, blaming and in a repressed way panicking Tiara just behind my back on the bike. Certainly adding to this was the fact that feeling someone’s cramp from the back of my heart is even heavier for my Body than it is from the front. When we arrived at my place and seemingly safe between the walls she felt more space to act out her drama, it became even worse. The great thing was that after four days of meditation I could just watch the whole crazy show passing by. ‘Somewhere’, as Consciousness noticed, I participated in it – even though I didn’t say much – but I didn’t get lost at all in it this time. In my current state it seemed almost impossible to get lost in something like a drama, all these strange unreasonable forms, perversions of reality passing by one after the other. Also, my buffer of bearing the Female Drama had increased enormously after those four days and in general in that period since I had started to meditate – even though the buffer always shrank again some time after a meditation of an hour, a day or days.

I sat calmly on the couch. There was not much to say. What to say when a tornado passes through your house?

“Stop doing that!” Tiara yelled. “Act normal!”

I was just sitting there. I didn’t do anything. And this was exactly what Tiara couldn’t stand. I didn’t react, didn’t even twitch my mouth, an eyelid or an eyebrow. Consciousness

was just looking at the act, the drama of woman, that was triggered to come to light by that very Consciousness.

“Act normal!” she yelled again. “If you don’t stop I will go home with the next train and that’s it! You won’t see me again. Do you hear!?” A strange threat. As if she had done it all for me, having the relationship of two years with me. And now that I was naughty somehow, she threatened to withdraw the paradise, to end her sacrifice for me finally. She continued when I didn’t respond:

“Why is it so nasty here!?! Just before I came here I was with Pieter in Amsterdam. And it was so lovely. I felt so good. He acted normal. Now I come here and everything is the opposite. It is terrible here. Terrible! I feel awful! Why don’t you stop it!?”

I sat on the couch. I couldn’t say a thing. I was reminded of the event earlier in our relationship when she said to my big surprise that I put myself above the conversation and my simple response ‘I don’t do that’. I didn’t feel like saying something like this again, ‘I don’t do anything’, certainly not when considering her usage of my answer would be an extra impulse to keep insisting that I did. Fuck, I could so very well understand finally the many men who didn’t respond any more to (the (repressed) drama of) their women, the men I had judged in the past for being so nasty and cruel to their women: staying silent when they ‘should’ say something to her, acknowledge her existence at least. How arrogant had I been, how blind, how very deluded by Woman the Victim, by the Queen of the Dark. Now in this moment the truth showed up, the deeper truth. At least in many cases like this, it was in fact Woman who attacked Man,<sup>1</sup> by not Feeling Her inner Pain, in togetherness with Him, in His Heart. She separated from Him, hid behind the wall and was shooting from there, shooting and shooting instead of being vulnerable. What could Man say?

Tiara ran upstairs, as a cloud of dust. It was bigger than her. She couldn’t stay in my presence any longer. ‘My’ *Conscious Heart* of that moment simply reflected the poisonous arrows. It was not ‘me’ who shot them back, whether out of Love or out of nastiness. She ran down again. I was her enemy but also her safety. But she couldn’t embrace me, crying. I felt sorry for her.

“What are you doing, for heaven’s sake?” Tiara shouted with a high-pitched voice, especially high on the word ‘doing’.

Nothing. Just being Conscious. Consciousness turned out to have an Inner Invisible but somewhere Perceptible Power that scared Woman off like hell. How lovely it was, when man, for instance Pieter just earlier that day, followed woman on the flow where her Unconsciousness took her. How nasty did it get when man did not follow, could not follow any more, when Consciousness appeared to be Stronger, when from a Deeper Layer of Reality It had Transpired through to the surface where Its Eternal Presence could no longer be denied, could no longer **not** be felt.

Again Tiara ran upstairs, totally crazy, like a furious haunted terrified animal. I had never seen her like this. As soon as she felt ‘me’, the Conscious Male Force ‘I’ radiated, she

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<sup>1</sup> This certainly – and not unimportantly – includes The Female Force as it comes through man-forms in their energetic, manipulative attack of a woman.

*had to* run, she couldn't help it, run wherever, away from *it*, from that *something* that gave her this terrible feeling. Then, if she was alone, upstairs, she was scared and wanted my protection, wanted to come down and talk it out or at least come closer again, to act 'normal' again together. But once she had run down again the monster appeared to be still there, the Monster Consciousness. There went my woman the therapist, the helper of people in despair, up and down, in panic, terrified from the Bully Consciousness. How could the therapist ever help people to gain *insight* in themselves, if she could not look inside herself, if the Watcher was the Enemy? How could she guide people to be here, responsible on earth, for themselves and in relation to others, if a real **Presence** was too scary to allow and only a mind-world was safe in which everything was controlled, in order and supposedly normal?

She saw herself running and tried to stay down now. But it was terrible together, indeed. It was terrible and I was completely relaxed in it, totally all right with it. It was a form. If I had practiced secret vipassana I could have noticed: 'feeling terrible together'.

I was not glued to my couch. Consciousness was not attached to sitting and watching and feeling. I preferred some space from Tiara, because her (partly) repression of the drama and her natural urge to escape made the whole scene quite un-breathable. So I went to 'the kitchen', a bit further in what was now one room, and started to prepare food. It was close to diner time. Drama or no drama, life went on. And still carrying the retreat energy within – which was still more powerful than Woman's in itself powerful drama energy – I began to sing during cutting the vegetables. In the kitchen part there was a bit more breath for me. Finally my Body wanted if not needed to express the joy, the overflowing of the Heart that had been 'saved up' by meditating so long. Consciousness wanted to express itself in the world of form. Consciousness was such a joy, indeed. What a radical different experience from Tiara's, Woman's. Woman – Woman, indeed: with Consciousness so Present now, we were now Man and Woman, Consciousness and Unconsciousness, not Maarten and Tiara – observed me painstakingly as I was cutting the veggies, suspicious as could be and in the meantime trying to feel within herself where she had ended up in, trying to hold herself. When I began to sing however she could not help but continue expressing the repressed drama. She had found something now that was obviously wrong with me:

"This is really the limit! For Christ's sake, how dare you to be happy while I'm sitting here in pain, in this awful awful state? How can you just sing in this situation? How mean can you get!?" Tiara yelled.

"I want to go home," she added, later, when I still hadn't replied. Usually, or in the past, Woman would have gotten me with this trick, it would have confused me and made me feel guilty or something. Now I was untouched. I saw her pain being cried out, it didn't have anything to do with me. Well, at least she had managed to fade out my lust for singing. In this state I was not – and it was revealed that I had never truly been – attached to any form, singing or whatever. I had no intention to tease her. I could just stop singing. When she said she wanted to go home she, to support the manipulation and to emphasize the fact that she was serious about me having to bow for her finally or else..., started to pack her things, still unpacked anyway, and got her coat.

I sat down on the couch, not far from where she was. I took our relationship at a glance. Being one with her in my Heart I *knew* this would be the final end, indeed, if I let her go now, like this. Even apart from the Deeper Reason – Consciousness – this humiliation of her ego was insurmountable for her. Travelling by train for a few hours, being thrown on her own resources for some minutes, complaining about the duration of the travel and why I live so idiotically far away, then staying at my place for hardly an hour in a terrible atmosphere, making a complete fool of herself (with the prospect of more of it) and returning home again in the lousiest state she had felt so far in our relationship while before, in *her* consciousness or opinion, she felt good when meeting the other guy... Miss Ego had her limits. I *knew* that.

Well, making a fool of herself – as far as done in my presence only, without other people around watching – was something she could still have borne and overcome, but *not* the fact that it turned out that it was actually *she* (Woman) who had the inner problems and dual struggle, who carried the pain of human life – and not *me* (Man). That was too much to take.

It all went rather quick. Tiara was standing there already with her coat and handbag. In a Flash ‘I’ Had to Decide. Woman or Truth. Woman or Truth. If ‘I’ chose Truth I’d say to her “Okay, I’ll bring you to the station.” And that would be the end of all, of all this intense time with her, these two great and heavy years, of all ups and downs, of five times breaking up (from her side) and, almost miraculously, coming together again, of gorgeous making love, of my first real relationship with a woman, a fantastic beautiful feminine woman despite all her terrible moods, all her endless criticism of me, her closing off from me, her manipulations of me, her radical and painful denial of me and so on. It would be the definite end and I didn’t know at all if I would ever find, ever meet such a great woman like her again who was willing to be in a relationship with me, something that was apparently very difficult for a woman. I didn’t want to lose her, ‘my’ mermaid who felt at home in her water and on her land, even though she felt stuck in them, who felt attracted to my fire and my air but couldn’t Breathe in the latter ones. I truly loved her (and still). But indeed, it was true, I was not attached to any form in the end.

Woman or Truth. In this Flash in which I was Forced to ‘Decide’, to Feel, to See, to Allow the Overview to Rule, I Felt a big Space in Which ‘I’ Saw she was totally responsible for her actions. If she – no matter the fact that it was her ego in fact – wanted to go, then she should go. If her ego was more important than her Love for me and in general her Love, then this was so. In no way would she allow me to Overrule her ego. She allowed me only to go to the other side of it, of the dual drama. She wanted me, as a plaything, to stop her. She wanted me to love her ego instead of her.

Yet, this could all be so, indeed, but my Heart didn’t feel like losing her. I had given myself to her and she had given herself to me, only not her Heart, but still. It would be silly, crazy, to let Ego definitively ruin everything we had had, and still had, even though it was so difficult lately.

I was Being Tested. All the Fighting Forces came Together in this one most important Moment, not only the fights Tiara and I had above or under the ground, but in general the Deep Fight Itself of Man and Woman. Woman or Truth...?

Somehow the whole drama of life was hidden in this question, this seeming dilemma. That I, I the (former) romantic pur sang, would ever be confronted in this way, this terrible split, I whose Love for Woman had intuitively always seemed to be the same as Truth... Who could ever have imagined this? Who could have imagined that without doing anything fundamentally wrong I had to face this absurd issue, this crazy armlock? Why was I Forced to choose, to Decide – to *Distinguish* in fact? I didn't want to be Forced to choose, any choice was a Lie. But 'I' didn't have any Real Power over 'me' any more – if ever it had had. It could want what it wanted. It all happened in a Flash, one of the deepest Flashes in my life. Love and Truth seemed torn apart. Even if it was, indeed, Tiara's ego – or, rather, Ego itself – that made the whole fuss, that tested me and forced me to choose, couldn't I just stay with her and, secretly, Love her beyond her ego? But that's what I had done already. *Man* had Grown in the meantime, certainly now, lately, since I had started to meditate and Space appeared. The Boy might have preferred to stay together, but he had deceased: the Man had no preference.

The Man was Forced to, in a Flash, Distinguish – *Distinguish*, indeed, not choose.

I heard me saying it:

“I will bring you to the station.” Truth was all I had. It had become Clear in this Moment.

Woman was Part of the Truth. The Truth was not Part of Woman. In the End I could only Bow for the Highest Principle, the Deepest Reality.

“If you let me go like this you will not see me any more.”

I could not say a thing any more. I put my coat on and took my bike out on the street. I drove her to the station. There was a dramatic silence between us, full of unspoken, not given things. And the train left, with Tiara, my beloved, in it. This was it.

I just couldn't any more. 'My' Consciousness couldn't bow for her ego any more. I had learned and learned, had felt myself a way through the hell. It was time Woman made some Gesture to Me – not to *me*. It was time Woman, Beyond Her Ego, would start to Respect Man, Respect Truth. Tiara had felt I would not bow any more – as I had sort of done for two years. She wouldn't bow either, she didn't want to Be with *Me*, with Who I *Am*, with the Alive Truth I could and would – and, in a way, did already – Embody. She preferred a picture, her own picture of 'Man', pliable as he should be according to her wishes. So she left. For good.

It was sad, so sad. Was this Love? I knew it wasn't. It was Ego, the stone hard stubborn Ego, the one that loved to screw up Love. I, in my turn, quietly had it with the games, it was enough – yet it was not me. I could not have reached the limit; my love for her couldn't stop. It was Truth Itself That had done it for me, for us, for Man and Woman. Truth was the Only Real Love. That's what I Knew. And Love had to sacrifice my love for Tiara into My Love for Woman. If my life would be senseless from now on, if I could not find a woman any more who I could Show 'My' Truth That was, by Divine Nature, Hers as well, if no woman wanted to be with me as I *Was*, as Truth Told me to Be, so be it. I could not live a Lie. It was just not 'Me'. My True Deep Sincere Love for Woman could not take the form of bowing for Her Ego. It had been a temporary 'solution' to do so. It was not meant to be and it

would not be for the rest of my life. **This was a great moment in my life.** The turnaround. Fundamentally, the bowing for Woman's Ego was passé, done, finito, history, a memory, a joke, a painful temporary necessary joke. I couldn't bow any more,<sup>2</sup> indeed, and I – Truth – was not suited for compromises either. **There existed no viable compromise between Truth and Ego**, something that Ego would propose in this situation and in general, for 'Truth' was high on Ego's list of appreciation, it simply loved to wrap and hide itself in truth. But beyond the fake world of Ego there existed no compromise. It was all or nothing. This was Me. I was Radical. It was Truth Itself That was Radical. It was simply 'my' nature that I could only Bow for Truth, not for Ego. It was everybody's nature in the end. Anyone's bowing for Ego – in or through whoever such bowing manifested – had always been 'half', slimy, fake, uncomfortable, not real.

God, what a Way Down these two years had been. What a struggle. What an ordeal. What a discovery. What an ego (revealing and) killing surgery.

The train was gone. Had it all been a lie then, our relationship? Or else, how could it have ended like this? Continuously Tiara had longed for Man. Continuously – expressed or, sometimes, not – she had criticized me for being not Man enough, something that I can't criticize at all: it had its own function at the time and, anyway, she experienced reality that way. Moreover, there was certainly some truth in it as well: as long as (a) man bows for Woman's Ego the Man in him doesn't and cannot truly Manifest. But now, now that my development went so quick and deep, now that Consciousness became so rapidly present in me – and I Felt a most Intimate Bond between Man and Consciousness, if They weren't the Same – now she, Woman, left. How sad, indeed, from this perspective. (A) real Man didn't fit the picture. It spoiled the party. Had it all been fake then, indeed, Tiara's longing, her eternal longing for Man that, behind the expressed forms and dramas, carried its own beauty in it? Had her longing been a Lie, if now, now that she could reap – forceful and present as I felt myself as man now, something that she had longed and longed and longed for – she resigned? No, I could not see it that way. Her longing was 'too real' for that. Woman exists as Two. If one side is there, she wants the other. If Man wasn't there she was afraid, angry and in panic that He wasn't there; she could even try to teach him how to be more 'man' – even tough, in Tiara's case, the lessons of, for instance, letting me wear ties were hilarious. If Man *was* There, she was afraid, angry and in panic: she wanted the other side which was in this case

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<sup>2</sup> Well, the Forces are stubborn, creative and powerful. Two years later 'I' had to bow again while being with another woman by then. At least on practical level I 'had to' bow a few times, not fundamentally. Being with Tiara I hadn't realized, experienced yet from close by how actually, physically dangerous the Ego could be if it was in 'my' Presence, in the Presence of Truth. Truth's Conscious Presence made 'my' bowing 'just' a form, however, a form that could fit the situation, for example if it could prevent worse damage from happening. The ego coming through the new woman and that I had to deal with on my Way to Learn to whole-bodily See-Feel it and become Stronger than it on an *Earthly Level*, was more powerful than as it came through Tiara, more destructive and dangerous, hiding in the Dark as it did and then suddenly bursting out in all violence.

‘no Man’. Man appeared too scary, too upsetting, too close, too revealing, too strong, too much Mirror.

The train was gone. The time of manipulation was over. That is: Consciousness caught up with the manipulation and passed it, left it behind as a dried remainder of a miserable worm. I would almost get nostalgic about it: the good ol’ days of Tiara – but it was Clear that it was in general: the days of Woman – manipulating me according to her wishes and interests and when she got what she wanted we celebrated the victory in bed.<sup>3</sup> The victory of Ego is the defeat of Man. But watch the Man who Learns form His defeat... Watch the Man who Learns form His defeat...

I returned home. It felt strange, and also not. The Power of Consciousness was still there, in spite of the drama and the big event. I walked to the kitchen. And finished preparing the food. I ate the food. Tasting. Swallowing. Next form. I knew it was the end now. Indeed, Tiara would not return. There were no tears. What a huge difference with the ending of my relation with Maja, after which I had cried for 16 months.

This time, with Tiara, my Body had caught up with the inner tears that needed to become aware and partially be cried. It had done the necessary crying over our separation, Man and Woman’s Separation, already *during* the relationship – not only when earlier Tiara had finished with me no less than five times but also many times in between when I could feel the Painfulness of Man and Woman’s Separation, which she herself could not consciously feel and allow.

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<sup>3</sup> It was not that we celebrated in bed just any gesture to her ego from my side. Although certainly not exclusively, it was often so that we ended up in bed when I had gone – alone – through Tiara’s (Woman’s) inner difficulties, inner cramp, the pain of the ‘Lie’ of ‘her’ ego that ‘could’ not surrender but had her in its grip and stood in between us, between Man and Woman, the pain of half-consciously feeling separate from Man and not being able to Feel, Locate Him directly in her heart. Yet, it was part of the structure of ego that Tiara simply delegated the difficult inner work to me. In itself this, often heavy, feeling-meditation was part of my Work as Man, indeed. Without Following Man after (and as part of) this Work, however – or only in the, half-conscious, form of making love, indeed – nothing fundamentally happened regarding man and woman Coming Closer to One another (well, at least if it was about these forms of man and woman, Maarten and Tiara). The Ego stood still proudly in between, untouched, un-humbled. Supporting this situation was part of ‘my’ ego, one could say – a sort of ‘reversed ego’ that I considered necessary. Without this gesture, if from the beginning I would have used the Sword of Truth in The Fight of Man with Woman’s Ego – not saying that I could do this in the past, by the way: I couldn’t – I could never have come so Close to Woman as I have Come, or rather: never have Allowed Woman to Come so Close to Man as has happened in the course of the years to come. ‘Tolerating’ is a better word, in fact, than ‘supporting’ the situation that ego could get away with its Lie, with merely celebrating if I had managed to go through heavy feelings, if there was space again, if the attraction between man and woman had reappeared thus – without being responsible for *Consciously* Feeling the same hardships in her turn. Only the latter – going beyond energy ‘and’ sex, but Accepting Consciousness as their Superior – would have brought her really Close, into ‘Me’, would have made her See-Feel she was actually, Already, Part of My Heart, and not a form, not alone.

I hadn't let go of Tiara, she fell away. In the Flash in which things would be 'Decided', in which I sat on the couch and Tiara stood before me with her coat on waiting for the verdict, it had been Pure Consciousness Who – or That – Neutrally Saw Truth Itself Is the True and Most and in fact Only Beloved. 'I' was Sacrificed, Dissolved in Truth the moment 'I' had Allowed Consciousness to Let Go of (the one who was) the most beloved on earth in that period of my life. It was of great crucial importance for the Development and Manifestation of 'My' Heart on the Earth(ly Level) that 'I' could and had Let Go of 'what' was most dear to me. From that perspective I shouldn't have lost her by an accident, to another lover or for whatever silly reason, but exactly this way, in an Inner Struggle between Form and Formless, between Ego and Love, between Lie and Truth, between Unconsciousness and Consciousness. I should have been in the position to be able to still *do* something, to make her stay... and then, as Something Did, resign... from *doing*.

The Test was Given to 'me' – Given because 'I' was Ready for it. And 'I' Passed the Test. 'I' Sacrificed Tiara on the Altar of Truth. By this Sacrifice, the Sacrifice of Woman as Form, I Became Truth Myself – even though the 'formal' Realization of Truth here would still take more than a year.

In that moment of Truth, in that Flash, in that second of '(No-)Decision', there had been no wanting, nor the opposite. There had been no doubt. Indeed, the fact that there was a huge Fight between Forces Raging didn't mean there was doubt, which was something entirely different. No, there had been just Following, Feeling, Seeing that *this is the moment I lose what is most dear*. There was nothing to be done about it. For the Fight between Forces had happened – like a lightning and immediately the Winner was Clear: Truth.

In theory I could have bowed for Ego again and have given her a break. But I couldn't have. There was no choice, not really. Life was not a theory, not a multiple choice. Consciousness could not choose, not choose ego and not choose at all as a matter of fact. It just Saw. Consciousness had become too strong for the Illusion that this or that or any choice could be made.

The Purity of 'my' Love as Man, 'my' Love for the Divine Woman, had been Proven, had Manifested. The earthly Ego-Woman had been 'Sacrificed' into Truth, into Love, into 'my' Faith to Man's Love 'and' to the Love of the Divine Woman for the Divine Man – even though Tiara, the Woman-form via whom the Transcendence had Happened, was not and would not be forgotten in 'me', was not and would not be Loved any less by 'me', by Man.

'I' did not need the earthly woman any more – at least not as 'me', nor as 'Me'. She was no longer necessary for Realizing the One Truth That Man Is. This Realization actually Happened one year and three months later, Opening Crucially the 'Way' – or Creating-Manifesting the Context or Basis – for Liberating Woman, Liberating Her into Man, into His One Heart Broken into Two but still One.

Beyond any form of 'I' there was a strong Force Working through and as 'Me', through and as this Constellation of Forces, Driven to Manifest the Divine on Earth, that is (the Realization of) Oneness of Man and Woman. For This to be possible, first (the (hidden) Attachment to Oneness with) the Divine Woman had to be Sacrificed on the rocks of the earthly reality, which manifested as Maja's leaving when I was 30. I was Forced to Enter into

Duality, into the many, into the world (of Woman). I had to Discover and Feel the Divine Bitch – via Belinda, at the age of 32 – and lose the Image of the Divine Woman. I couldn't fall in love any more. I had to start from scratch. But I Found Man. I had to go into the Mud of the earthly binding Woman, via and with Tiara. Now, 5 years after the Divine Woman left and after I had Attached 'myself' sufficiently, Deep Enough, to the Earthly woman and only then, after having lived Her as 'Myself', as this Heart-Body, I had Freed 'myself' from Her, eventually. She had been Sacrificed into and had Returned into the Divine Woman – even though it would still take half a year before 'my' whole **Body** was Cleansed, Cleansed from all that was or seemed to be Problematic regarding man and woman. The Body has a lag with respect to the Heart. The Body needed time to go through all it had taken in, 'eaten', associated with the last years of intense contact with Woman, especially but not only via Tiara's form.

Basically, in the Heart, however, What or who seemed to Be Two Women, the Divine Woman and the Earthly Woman – Who, if all the social layers were peeled off, had turned out to be a selfish and self-centred complaining 'something' what could be called a 'bitch' – Had Become One for 'me', for 'my' Consciousness-Heart, even though the Manifestation of this Oneness on Earth (into Woman) would appear to be a lifelong Work, including crises and euphoric moments of 'sudden' deep progress next to the heavy daily Work. Anyway, for gaining Clarity on the 'Level' of Pure Truth Woman's Earthly Body was not Needed any more. This was so because I had been Successfully and Sufficiently Seduced into and had not resigned from the eternal invitation to the Whole-Bodily Struggle of Woman's Duality – and exactly this Duality is what is Needed for Realizing Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily the One Truth Beyond the Two. If One's Heart and Body are – or Is – not Deeply Moved to Be (Actually) Torn in Two by Woman('s Separation from Man('s World)), one can at most Realize the One (seemingly) Separate from the Two; Oneness and Duality are not Really One in that case. Next to Man Himself it is Woman Who plays a Crucial Role in One's True, Thorough, Lived, Gone-through Realization of the One as Two. If one is not seducible by spiritual 'tricks', by ego-based practices for improvement or by the Power and Peace of Consciousness – which are all intended to avoid, skip and go immediately, prematurely, beyond (the heavy ordeal with) Woman('s Duality) – Woman's Role is Obvious.

For the Creation of Man, the Pure Man, the Divine Man, the Earthly Woman was no longer needed. But for *Manifesting, Developing* Man on Earth, for Going (more and more Deeply) into and Growing in the Divine Woman Earth, into the Form, for Being Recognized, Received by Her, Woman's Ego had to be Known much much more profoundly. 'I' could, now on an Earthly Level, Recognize the Divine Woman but She could not Recognize 'Me', Man, yet.

"You must not think I will come back", Tiara said a few weeks later in our first phone talk after our split.

"I don't think that," I said.

We talked a little. One moment, when apparently Tiara had noticed that I didn't have a moral hangover, no trace of disillusionment, she said:

“How relieved you sound.” She said it with a strange mixture of surprise, disbelief, disappointment and bitterness.

Once more I didn’t manage not to react. I found the truth so painful for her: that I was not in pain. It was painful for her ego in the end, of course. I admitted that I felt relief, indeed, but hurried to add that it was also sad, the end of our relationship, of our meetings, such a remarkable, beautiful, instructive and intense relationship as we had had.

My addition didn’t really convince her. Sensitive as she was she could not be fooled and she was sad from my lack of perceivable sadness. Again, as so very often during our relationship, the automatism came back that I was doing something wrong. Even though I was not a slave of the automatism any longer, of woman’s manipulating me into a certain direction, it was sad that I should be sad now when I felt relief. Woman’s attitude towards reality was: ‘It shouldn’t be like that’. Man, if he is successfully manipulated, believes something is wrong.

Tiara was, in fact, shocked at my relief, and I even admitted my relief. She had a very different picture of herself that didn’t match at all with the relief she felt in my voice and body. She somehow assumed she was a queen – or princess. Every man should be devastated, torn, after losing his beloved queen, especially if, as in her case, she was the most beautiful queen of the world. He should feel a miserable worm after the biggest disaster in his life. Well, my Heart had already been Torn in Two, before. It had practiced enough by now to bear being thrown onto the refuse heap as waste. And, as I said earlier, I didn’t have much ‘overdue maintenance’ in this relationship. My capacity of consciously and wholly going through difficult feelings – without repressing or forgetting things – had evolved, grown enormously in the last years. And, in the course of time and with such a Body so utterly sensitive and impossible to be really fooled, this capacity would evolve further to an almost perfect level if that could have existed – even though it ‘cost’ a hell of a lot of energy, dedication, time, persistence and whole-bodily surrender.

Tiara didn’t want to acknowledge how fucking heavy it was being with her, since she, her ego with her mind as its slave, had simply delegated the painful side of life to ‘man’: man brought the pain, heaviness and whatever kind of trouble into the relationship and that was it for her. Of course, ‘my’ Body felt relief if it was suddenly sent on holiday, if only for (the daily cramp inherent in) this ‘Lie’ of Woman’s constant attempt of locating and projecting the cause of her difficulties, Her Duality, in and onto Man. This didn’t mean this Body didn’t need to return to work any more – although that work would happen with one or more other women now, in the future. First the Body needed to recover, to become conscious of what was still hiding in the dark, to release, let go of the cramp that despite feeling through things during the relationship had nestled itself in my Body. I would almost call it an Archetypical Cramp that Man takes on from Woman when he goes into Her via Her Body in the broadest sense of the word. This Cramp is His ‘material’ to Work with, Part of the (ultimate Work regarding the) Relief and Return of the Form into the Formless, His Formless Heart. Feeling through feelings, resulting in being all right with everything on a personal level, was not enough. Now that the personal had been Transcended – thanks to Tiara’s honest feedback during the relationship that, in fact: no she didn’t want to be with me as I was, if I wouldn’t

change – ‘I’, the Impersonal now, had to go Deeper. ‘I’ had to Go into Man and Woman Themselves.

Tiara didn’t want to acknowledge the fact that she did not, could not manifest the Divine Queen that she thought – or hoped – she was for me, for men in general, and ultimately for Man Himself. I, at least, was not living in (Divine) dreams any more, as I was before – and as I Saw almost all people were, albeit they adored the Divine Other in a (very) suppressed way.

Moreover, Tiara was not my ‘big love’. That was Maja. Tiara had been very important for me and the day we have met was blessed. But she was not my ‘big love’. In itself, this was no problem, I had had my ‘big love’. I didn’t need another one. Anyway, Tiara was certainly not the Queen she thought she was. In general, Woman has this image of herself. It is one side of Her Dual Ego. The Other Side is a very Dark Picture. And there She hates herself, usually secretly. Not Knowing that, in fact, She would like to Undo Herself as Woman being (seemingly) Separate from Man, She liked to destroy herself – even when, as usual, this Destructive Force is acted out on others. Some women, confronted with their dark side, cut themselves, wound themselves in whatever form – giving a bodily shape to what they feel inside.

For actually Manifesting the Queen – beyond it being an arrogant image – Tiara (or any Woman-form who would take Herself seriously, at last) would have to Enter, in all Vulnerability, into a Whole Relationship with Man, on an Earthly Level – that is Including His Consciousness – and leave her egoic picture of Man behind, or, rather, allow it to be destroyed by Man. Tiara was far from this. She was ‘in relation with’ Her Own Duality as Woman, not with Man. She did not want to make any *Real Gesture* to Man, to His World. It was all about **Her**, fulfilling **Her** world and needing (a) Man for that – and, then again, flipping over to the other side of the coin, trying the same hopeless enterprise of seeking fulfilment without Man. The only attempt of expressing, saying she loved me had been an attempt, indeed. **The True World** was not impressed at all by attempts, by intentions. They’re attempts of Ego. Her so-called love for me had not been Given. How, for Heaven’s Sake, could she be the (or a) Queen without Whole-Hearted Confession of Love, without Giving, Surrendering Her Love for Man to (a) Man? What show of Woman it was, considering Herself a Queen without This? How arrogant, willingly blind, deluded and deluding can you get? Did She really believe spreading Her Two, Her Legs was Enough? That allowing (a) man to fuck Her was Enough love shown? Fuck it! Her Two Legs could not Love. They Clapsed Man, Imprisoned Him, Suffocated Him, Squeezed Him dead, Sucked Him empty. Without Love They Castrated Him – and They managed, easily, if His Heart was not in His Penis.

Tiara was pissed that only now, after our relation, I got my driver’s license – with the second attempt to pass the exam. She would have loved it so much I had driven her, that she didn’t have to do anything, not be attentive in any way, not think, lose control, just trust and sit next to **her** man who took completely care of her.

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