

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

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

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

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

As i said, three days after that first diner, on Friday Maja called to relieve herself by breaking up with me. The big crying started. Our parting wasn't in any way

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

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

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

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

It is true, i was not Man enough, not Free. To be Able to Guide Maja through her ‘own’ duality, to Show her that she doesn’t have to choose either side of it, that she can ‘just’ allow the tendency to (want to) leave, to break up, but doesn’t necessarily have to *react* to it, i should have been Free myself. If she hadn’t reacted (in the form of *deciding*), her identification with the Separating Force – as if it was she who wanted to separate – would have eased or would have even disappeared in

the end. So, although on a Deeper Level i Accepted the ‘rejection’ – or, in fact, Woman’s *reaction* to one Side of Herself, the Separating Side – on the level of the world of form and manifestation i stayed in the male side of the coin, the one of the One, Unity, Non-Separation, Togetherness.

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

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

In a flash – not necessarily a totally conscious flash – all this was being pre-viewed, pre-felt. The premonition or intuition made it clear that i didn’t feel at all like having to live one side of Maja’s duality. My Heart was Beyond that, and this Heart, this ‘Place’, was where she Belonged. If Maja didn’t want to acknowledge this, i was not the one who would fight forever about it. I would be lost if i did so, a pawn, a marionette in her world. By My Very Nature, My First Love was Truth, My Second,

albeit She was Integral Part of the First, Woman. I Had to Sacrifice the *Form* of My First Love – She Being the Form – in order to stay Faithful to the First Principle, and therefore also to the Second, to Woman Herself. The other way round, first serving the Second Principle, doesn't work.

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

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

She couldn't say it.

I 'could not' help her.

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

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

The last embrace.

The last kiss.

The last look in the eyes.

The last wave.

The last dot.

That was it.

My Big Love.

Done. Over. Finished. Finito.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Testament of an individual, page 189-190]

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

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

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

“What, for god’s sake, is going on here!?” she shouted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I had my Initiation – into the Pain of the Earth, into Woman’s Body. Whatever the relationship between these two might be, i had been Initiated into it. And now the 16 months of crying started. But of course, in that moment, despite the sea i felt was coming, i had no idea it would take that long – even though there was no definition of

what long *is*. All i knew were three things: that i truly Loved Maja, that she truly Loved ‘me’ and that we could not be together – somehow. This simple knowledge was apparently enough for 16 months of crying. Love was big and the tears were many.

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

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

In that moment, during that period, i was not Free yet in this respect. But i would let all the tears flow freely at least, which was an enormous improvement in regard to my life BM, before Maja. Since i was ten years old or so i had just cried a few times, four times in my twenties, as i have said, and once earlier when i was seventeen and that was related to Iris. Certainly since my breakdown, considering the situation of being overloaded with the cramp of the world that was transmitted via people especially, i could, in theory, have cried much much more than i ‘did’ or could allow. But – and this makes it so complicated for everyone, including me at the time – we not only associate with and thus take in us the un-felt pain of people, of the world. We also associate with and take over their being stuck, being petrified, frozen, their impossibility of letting go, of letting tears flow, of letting pain find its relief, letting solidity liquefy – without massage or other help from outside, which by definition doesn’t work in a structural way but at best gives momentary relief. All the earthly methods to relax – massage, sports, sauna, reading a book, having a social life and so on – work, in themselves, only on a superficial level, not on a deeper, *karmic* level. And, depending on various factors, they may make the solidity even worse, without

this being noticed. Not rarely there is a continuation of submission to Unconsciousness, of not acknowledging, not wanting to realize what is really going on, where the pain, suffocation and solidification stem from, what they are about. *No single form* that one can possibly choose to relax, *helps*. On the grounds of their very nature, they *cannot*. Only Consciousness, that is: Seeing-Accepting and (Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily) Surrendering into Reality as it is, can truly make you Relax – even though, true, during a deeper form of let's call it earthly relaxation it is possible that insights will visit (some) people easier: Insight into Reality Relaxes.

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

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

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

Some female Bodies have a deep association – more deeply than others – with the Pain of the Earth, the Pain of the Separation of Form from the Formless. And this was exactly what i, with (or as) my Potential of Heart and Inner Force, had to meet. If they, Beyond themselves, have also the quality of Bodily Receiving Man – and this is not in the first place about sexual reception, although it is not irrelevant here – and if they have not completely forgotten about their, in principle Limitless, Love for the

Heart, the, exceptional, Meeting with the Heart-Man who can Feel, Touch and, in principle, if He is Ready for it, Transcend the Pain by first becoming it and consciously living it, may and normally will provoke many tears. As i have said, this shedding of tears happens especially after the relationship, but this doesn't mean that it's dry during the relationship. After the relationship it may be more intense, since the seeming separation of the Form from the Formless, of the Earth from the Heart, of Woman from Man, can be felt (much) better. The *form* – the actual breaking up and, possibly, never meeting any more: Woman's Gateway to the 'Heavens', Man's Heart, is suddenly radically cut away – now clearly shows the truth. We are (operating) in the world of form and although forms are not the Ultimate Reality we need them to become aware of earthly reality and, via this, also of a Deeper Reality.

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

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

Don't misunderstand this whole episode of falling in love again and again. These 14 other girls weren't really an escape route – even though the Ego tried to tell me that i didn't have a right to the great grief that i felt could overwhelm me. The river of tears was too big to be stopped anyway. No dam, no other girl, no joy, no love, no making love, could ever have been able to stop the raging river from crashing down. During each amorousness i kept on crying almost as if the new potential love didn't exist. Well, the latter wasn't so. I did see a possibility each time to Connect my Heart to the particular girl or woman. Even so, the Divine Picture of Man and Woman had been smashed to pieces, fragments. This could in no way be repaired by being with a new girl. There is One Picture. If it is Broken, it is Broken – no glue can repair

it. And this Should be so. This, Whole-Hearted and Whole-Bodily Realization of the fact that the Divine Picture is Broken, is a Necessary, Unavoidable step, the Crucial Step, in a Human's Development, in his or her Coming Down to earth, Crucial for his or her descent into life in and as (Eventually Conscious) Body.

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

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

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