

## **Desperate for Love – Suzanne where are you**

*For a long time that evening I lay alone on my belly in my tent, peering in the silent twilight, my head in my hands. The shadows had disappeared already. Thoughts don't satisfy me any more, I noticed, still a little to my astonishment but with increasing acquiescence as well. My thoughts become less and less interesting too. They become more human. The only thought that had something interesting left was that this wasn't bad at all. It was just a small fact that my thoughts didn't have any value. They repeated themselves. They repeated what people thought and said and wrote for centuries. Out of fear of life.*

*Somehow I realized that true intelligence had got nothing to do with thoughts but is far beyond or far preceding that. I noticed also that I was no longer or far from intelligent enough yet to reach this intelligence. Sometimes I was allowed to touch it for a moment and then I knew that true intelligence was the only paradise and that it was possible to be permanently in it. Maybe, I thought, intelligence is another word for love. And almost no one will be able to understand this because people don't know any more what love is.*

*I looked at the ground and from the ground my arms and saw three small stripes. Three hairs on my elbow. I thought: I become a man.*

*The past day passed by once more and suddenly I started losing patience. I thought: nothing happens. All this is postponement, distraction, fleeing, waiting, nice and very well, roundabout movement. Thinking, dreaming, fucking, crying, talking out, eating, foot-fiddling, tapping bowls and sleeping again. I suddenly became desperate and wanted to tear the tent to rags, break out of my skin, scream into the night:*

*I WANT LOVE! SUAZANNE, WHERE ARE YOU?*

*No more than a restrained 'aaah' left my throat. If there hadn't been love, I realized, if there had been no lack of it, if that hadn't taken up all my attention, I had already turned out the masterpiece that was somewhere inside me waiting for me for so long already and I had begun with variations and repetitions of it already. I had the age for it. The realization of this, the approaching of again a piece of the truth: that by the impotence to love, not much, let alone something good, had come about from these hands, quieted me down for a moment.*

*In all clarity I noticed that as long love failed to appear, other affairs gave me, true enough, not little but yet only very temporary satisfaction. How long could I endure it still, living from little lump of pleasure to little lump of fun, from small lump of enjoyment to small bump of joy, from some bulge of affection to some bulge of hope? Every time I stumbled or didn't make my steps big enough to land on a next small heightening, the vast valley of lack sucked me into itself.*

*How long could I bear it, now that I knew that happiness, a deep contentedness with existence, with myself and with the world around me, was the normal state and that this was very well possible, that I had experienced it in moments and had to say goodbye to it again? I knew already that the longing for this continuous flow of fulfilment, of just doing what I must*

*do, without a moment of doubt, the longing for getting completely conversant with and totally accepting life and death, wouldn't ever leave me any more, until it, slow but sure or maybe in one unexpected blow of an all-destroying softness, would be merged into reality, would have made love with her and this way had become one to stay one forever.*

#### SUZANNE, WHERE EVER ARE YOU?

In the book I describe quite well Woman's world as a matter of fact. It's one long series of feelings feelings thoughts thoughts happenings happenings and yet... nothing happens. All activity, passive or active, is senseless for Woman when there is no Love, no Union of Man and Woman, when Man is not Present. I, in my male body, had to experience this from the other side, the other way round: all is senseless when (the Union with) Woman isn't there. I was lost – and *Had to* get lost – in Woman's Duality, where Love is only possible if 'the Other' is there. But, in fact, in my case, being in a male body, the Inner Scream was not that Woman was not there with me – but *Man*: Man's Continuous Presence, Man's Being all, not looking for Woman, for anything but being looked for. Somewhere inside I *was* Aware of the fact that Woman was Looking for Me, for My Heart. And yet, I couldn't get it. Why couldn't She say so then or, if She was dumb, if She couldn't speak, not share Her Truth, at least show. But She didn't do this either. She just went along with and 'chose' or at least entered relationships with and married man-forms who, obviously, were no Man as Woman Knew Man Essentially *Was* in Her – Closed – Heart.

It was up to Me, to Man, to believe My Deep Intuition, Woman's Call on Me, not to leave Her in Her state, not to leave Her alone, no matter how She pretended being all right, happy, busy, proud, powerful and so on. It would take another 17 years before I could let Woman make sound, before She asked Me: "Save me."

Anyhow, I was right on course, experiencing Woman so deeply from inside already with Her labyrinth of feelings and thoughts, seductions, distractions, despair, trying to make the best of it by lack of the true thing – but all of this only with one goal ultimately: the Opposite Sex, Union.

Before I was 30, before I went into Woman's world I didn't have, didn't know this position of perspective of Woman: *lack*. Everything that happened in Her life or not was related to filling the Lack, the Holy Hole, or otherwise – or in fact simultaneously – to not feeling the Hole, the Lack of (not being Directly in Touch with and Part of) the Other Sex, Man. I was always very much in Love with Woman and was just Happy that She existed. I didn't Need to *Have* Her. I *Felt* Her Existence and that was, on a deeper level and despite my longing, Enough. Now, Entering Her world, I felt that Her body needs to be with mine, or else Love couldn't Manifest, couldn't Be. Before, Being was Enough, Being Love. Now, Being – or: Love – didn't exist separately any more from the Manifestation of Love on an Earthly level, from the Two Having to Meet and to Become One. This is the, successful, Taking over of Woman's Perspective – in which Man's Perspective, the Two Existing as One, was no longer Enough.

The next stage for me, after Adopting Woman's world in My Heart, was uncertain: if I would ever get out of it again – or would go Right Through. Only Love would be able to get me through. And I'd be Tested if I was worthy this Love, if My Love for Woman – which was endlessly big, as I experienced her – could bow for My Love for Truth, as the latter is the Supreme Love. And in fact the Love for Woman Should be Integral Part of the Unwavering Love for Truth, Which, if It is Total as in my case, is Love as Truth.

The 'masterpiece' that I could have created – if there hadn't been 'love' or, rather, on an earthly level, the lack of it – was – and I didn't realize it at the time – not a scientific masterpiece, no great piece of music that would always be remembered and performed or a magnificent novel, not even the best novel in the world of Woman. No, the Masterpiece was Woman Herself. I was designed to Create Woman out of My Breath, the Breath of Love, out of or through My 'Own' Body, by, in all the pain that accompanies it, Breathing through the stoniness of Woman's Closed Heart. Breathe (Life) into and through the Stone, Transcend the Stone into Love.

Woman's *body* was there already, but there was no Heart in it – even though I could always clearly feel It in the non-manifested background, to be triggered up but hide again when Woman got in contact with Man, when It could be manifested in principle. 'I', Man, Had to Give Woman (the possibility to Manifest Her) Heart, Life Itself, to Fill Her of itself empty life of form, Fill it with Something That She could never grasp or hold, Something Beyond any of Her well-known or unknown, attractive or repulsive forms: Love. Man's Total Love. If Man was not Present on Earth, in male bodies – He wasn't – then this meant that Woman wasn't Present either. It was True, there was Woman everywhere you looked or heard around or smelled; the world was one big Woman, but Woman was no Real Woman without Man. Was Woman Truly Woman if She could not Freely Love, if there was nothing, no one, no One, to direct Her, Potential, Love to?

No, I wasn't the only one preoccupied with the Other Sex; it was no aberration or something natural that happened to exist in me and that in an exaggerated or even obsessed form. The truth was that everybody was all the time preoccupied with Man and Woman. Only, by far the most people repressed feeling how far and deep it goes, all what happens on the battlefield of love, since it seems all too complicated, bothering, painful, humiliating for 'their' Ego. If there's no Surrender to (the Depth of) this One Subject of the Two Sexes, however, one is bound to stay self-obsessed and live a life of (repressed) Ego. Finding out the Truth about Life, about the One as Two, is no obsession but Part of the Truth. Only in the Union of Man and Woman, of the Two into the Ultimate One Living Consciously as Two, all self-obsession stops, by Nature, even though 'self-obsession' is a natural part of one, the Female, Side of the Coin of the Duality of life, which, however, finds Rest in (the Availability, Presence of) Man's Heart and is no longer leading the show.

*Except during the badly founded pep-talks of the American, Suzanne could only still be identified during eating, seated next to the half-baked guru with his stubbles. I could no longer run away from the question. Was I being rejected by her? It was not possible. You couldn't steal upon someone from behind, feel him all over and simultaneously reject him.*

*Maybe you could. Once more I got the strong tendency to give up all my so-called knowledge and experience and to start all over. Somewhere I felt the truth: I know nothing of love. Somewhere I felt as well: I know everything of love, it is very simple. It is the others who make it complicated – it is ‘the other’,<sup>1</sup> the other that seems sometimes, often, for the greater part as a matter of fact, to be in me too.*

*SUZANNE, YOU ARE NOT THE OTHERS, YOU AREN’T OTHER THAN ME AND I AM HERE, COME!*

*The cry that didn’t come out hurt but I didn’t recognize the pain. I continued talking to her or I didn’t even know any more to whom:*

*If you don’t recognize this truth, do let me know, I can’t carry on, can’t carry on, I can only sing still. If only you are real, Suzanne, really, this is my only wish. For the rest everything’s all right.*

*It was as if the tears took away something of a great vagueness, something of a struggle that I was carrying on for so long already. One way or another it was often so that I became aware of reality by becoming conscious of the song that I’m singing in that moment or that I have in my head. Even after M. I thought I hadn’t been hurt by life, by love. I just cried, that was all. Now, with my own voice resonating through me, I thought I had been hurt or did have let myself be hurt and not only by M., over and over again, continuously, but only because I had not lived in reality, because I had not lived in love, rather. As soon as I became really aware of the pain, it disappeared. On the deepest level, I realized that truth doesn’t hurt. Only untruth is painful, unconsciousness is painful. There is a continuous and torturing jibbing at reality, a just not daring, an incessant longing for the pain that wants to dissolve in true love, that wants to leave the charade in love behind for good.*

*That’s why I continued singing for a little while. ‘Be for real. Just be for real...’ Maybe rather to cure myself. In any case Suzanne seemed to be the best remedy that could happen to me. The best remedy against so-called love. I loved Anne, Marianne, Joke, each in a different way. But only by being with Suzanne, I would be able to cure myself. By loving her so madly much, I came across any unfaithfulness, any impurity regarding what should be love. She alone, so I felt, could bring up in me the deepest truth strong enough to reveal everything false and let it dissolve in it. If we grow old together, I thought optimistically, we should also manage to, before departing, dismantle the last remainders of sham and, during farewell, to look each other in the eye in full purity and to see a beautiful being.*

*But the tension – the avoidance of the truth – between Suzanne and me became bigger every day. The less happened between us, the more tension came about. We were fully charged but forgot to discharge. A glance at each other that, as was every time the case now, wasn’t followed by a touch made me – and her as well, if my eyes and feeling didn’t deceive me – quite sick. The few words we had exchanged this Thursday were empty words. They*

---

<sup>1</sup> ‘The other’ doesn’t refer here to a person or to people in general, but to (impersonal) ‘otherness’ in general, that which diverts one from living his or her True state – call it a Force.

*were ridiculous. They had nothing to do with our feelings for each other. They only reinforced the painfulness, the loaded air we both breathed. Until insanity would follow. We were raving mad the two of us. Who would have the bomb burst first?*

*WHERE ARE YOU, I AM NEAR YOU, I LOVE YOU, I AM IN YOU!*

*I walked to the bar. There I must have been among people for no fewer than a few hours.*

*“Where were you?” Anne asked me Friday.*

*“In the bar”, i said.*

*I couldn’t remember a thing of it. I only knew vaguely of the emptiness in all people, all those strange people who lacked something, something essential, someone.*

*(...)*

*WHERE ARE YOU, I AM YOUR BODY, YOUR LONGING!*

*I got my guitar out of my tent and sat down in the grass. I closed my eyes and saw her shining through her blue dress and felt a shot of something that looked like pain. I longed for her nakedness that, on Monday at the swim, I had only dared to take when she walked out of the water a short distance in front of me. Her untouched face seemed so close in this moment that I wanted to touch it. I looked in her eye and saw, behind it, everything I could ever look for. My mouth went open for her mouth opened and neared me to blow her breath gently into me and let it flow through my body for good, to consecrate me into life and forget myself for ever.*

*With my guitar on my lap and my voice that let itself be heard I didn’t feel lonely. Except when sometimes I thought of Marianne for a moment. How senseless it seemed what I had done with her this day, while I knew Suzanne so near me. How senseless seemed everything I had done and touched with my hands that was not Suzanne. I realized that I could only be happy with life if I went for the very highest, if I was forced to see thus that I couldn’t reach that and would have to let go of it.*

[p. 126-133 Suzanne]

When writing the novel I idealize Suzanne even more than I did in reality. When many years later I happened to see pictures of that intense week in the South of France I could hardly imagine how I had managed to do so. But I functioned that way at the time and it had to be so. The large amount of love, its surplus, and especially its depth, needed to be directed at someone of the Opposite Sex. To direct it at Woman in general was not possible for me and it wouldn’t have been true either. Love, Formless Love, by Its Nature, Wants to manifest Itself through Form. In itself it is true, however, I was deeply in Love with Woman and, Beyond that, as a matter of (Deeper) Fact, with Man, with Man’s Truth of the One as Two. Or rather: as Man I *Was* Love, and in Love with – or rather: Responding to – what is or the ones who were, by their very Nature, Looking for this Love.

Only, what I didn't know, didn't Understand in my state of oneness, was that Woman, to be able to Come to Man, must See the Other, Manhood, in a Man-form and not (just) Herself reflected. I was looking for love, and this looking was the Role she, Woman, had to Play by Her Nature. I took Woman's Attraction to Man for my own, for *my*, man's attraction to Woman – which is, in Reality, Beyond what seems to be the case, not True. On the grounds of my sex I was Supposed to Be the Centre of Love and not look for it, for anything, but Radiate from this Centre, from the Heart, be Attractive Myself instead of being attracted to Woman. It's very difficult – and usually impossible – for man to distinguish between *Responding to* Woman's natural attraction to Him and his 'own' *being attracted to* Her. Yet, this – lived – Distinction is crucial and Necessary for the Deeper Process of Man and Woman to take place, for the Meeting of Man and Woman to Happen.

Suzanne represented in this real story the Divine Woman whom I had to Reach with My Heart – and whom at other moments in my life was assuming other names. Other women, like Anne, Marianne and Joke, represented rather, and without wanting to be offensive in any way, the dark mud that, to be able to Reach the Divine Woman, I had to dive in, to taste, swallow, digest and Transcend – even though in this story I was not so much, hardly, aware yet of the Dark Forces that are continuously operative in Her Unconsciousness.

It may be tempting to conclude, then, that i would abuse other women to get to my Only One – and, in turn, was abused myself by the others to get to their True Beloved with whom they could Unite. I don't See (intimate) relations this way, really, although in a cynical mood or looking from Above at the whole circus there is something to say for it, but even then I would call it rather 'use' instead of 'abuse'. You cannot learn swimming other than sooner or later plunge into the water. As long as you stay honest to someone, as far as your consciousness reaches – someone of the opposite sex, an intimate – there should be no problem of 'abuse'.

Looking more deeply, I was in fact Looking for Myself in a body of the Opposite Sex, for Me and not for not-Me, not for 'the Other'. And at the same time I was. The fact of the confusion itself was not even clear. I was, anyway, operative still in the One World indeed – not in the Dual World. First I had to Get to know Myself, Man, as the One, before I could, in the Duality now, be Attracted by *the Other*, the Other Side. Without the One I wouldn't have been Able to Freely Enter the Duality, and not been Able to Truly Meet Woman, Meet Duality, but have gotten lost in it.

I'm amazed once more what a perfect copier of Woman's state I was in that period of touching – letting myself be Touched by – Woman's world, the period since I was Finally Allowed on earth via my big love Maja. Amazed, when I read how Woman, in 'my' ideal picture, would blow her breath into me to consecrate me into life, whereas later, nowadays, Knowing Man, I See how Man (as always not to be confused with men) represents the Breath of Life, of the Heart, how with His Breath He breathes through the Form, through Woman with Her formed, petrified but still longing Heart, Enlivening Her (Body) thus, even Enlightening if Woman is Willing to Be Wholly Breathed by His Formless Breath.

‘Forgetting myself for ever’ is typically Female as well, forgetting Her always present Inner burden and resting, forever, in Man’s Non-Problematic Presence in Which everything is just as it is. Man, on the contrary, Representing Consciousness in the Duality of Consciousness and Unconsciousness, ‘Should’ not forget Himself but Be the Conscious Haven and Eternal Presence in Which Woman feels or rather is safe.

I must say that I did a profound Job, Becoming Woman so extremely, getting to know – and later Knowing – Her state, Her world, Her perspective from inside, as if it would be my own.