

Feeling separation, as intimate as possible, was the way

Do I feel so weakened from grief or from exhaustion? I miss Maja so idiotically much. This can't be good. But 'good' doesn't exist any more. Reality has killed the ideal.

I see myself in you. You don't see yourself in me.

It's an interesting point that I made there. The Male Force, the Formless, Sees Itself in the Form. The Female Forming Force doesn't recognize itself in the Formless. Man Feels One with Woman. Woman doesn't Feel One with Man. This fundamental difference has relevant consequences for the relationship between 'man' and 'woman'. Although the Female Force is not the same as a woman of flesh and blood, and the Male Force is not the same as a man of flesh and blood, generally speaking more women will detect 'difference' between themselves and their partner than men do, and will, above all, see and take this difference serious as a source of problems. The situation of Maja and me was a good example in this respect. Inexperienced with the earthly realm of separation and difference between lovers, and still abiding in a state of Oneness with the Beloved of my Heart, I didn't get it at all what Maja meant in the beginning when Maja started to mention and emphasize our difference. To me it felt like she was subtly preparing for goodbye by being busy with this strange subject. Looking back, my male intuition was right, and I can't say she wasn't preparing, even though she herself wasn't aware of this.

Although not happy at the moment, I am content with myself – you, on the contrary, are not happy with yourself. I am one with you, you don't feel one with me.

Feeling one with Maja, and allowing, in this love, her state to take me over, made me feel unhappy, and yet, on a deeper level, it didn't get me, it didn't turn into self-hate. Maja felt self-hate.

Wasn't it surprising that Man Who goes down into the Mud, Who absorbs the Mud into His Heart, Who Belittles Himself enormously by Going into Woman's Form-world, into Her world of separation as the norm, stays fundamentally Free? Woman, if She's in Contact with man, or at least with Man's Heart, goes the other way, Upwards, away from the Mud She feels stuck in, Expanding into the 'Direction' of the Formless, of Oneness, and yet, She doesn't feel Free. Maja was so much confronted with the Mud she came from that it was too much. The confrontation with man's Freedom was too much. This was so because My Heart stayed Free during the relationship, It didn't get fundamentally overshadowed, not killed either. She was used to the situation that the Light in a man faded when he came into contact with her, and then the whole thing was bearable. But if Man lives from His Heart, is this is the Primary Factor, determining Him and therefore His Relationship to Woman, things are different. The bloody Mirror becomes just too hard to look in.

In principle, if Woman Comes Closer to Man – if He is Worthy of this name, which is strictly only possible if He Knows and Feels Woman as Inseparable Part of Himself – She can

experience the same Freedom as He, as I know by my own experience. Only, usually She doesn't Allow this Approach Beyond herself, She's attached to her Female state(s), Her Drama. She assumes when She'd freely Laugh with Man about the Drama She feels inside, about Her Ego, about Dark formations showing up in relation to Man, this were the same as accepting that He will be in a better position than Her, will have power over Her, and She doesn't trust Him. She assumes She won't be relieved of Her burden when She gives in and laughs with Him about Herself. It is, ultimately, Her (inherently separating) Ego that stands in the way of Meeting Man('s Freedom of Heart).

Perhaps needless to say, this holds true just as well for the Ego manifesting in Man-forms that is not detected and surrendered yet.

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Tuesday January 18th 1994. Hemingway: "Know who you are, the rest is of no importance."¹ Perhaps this is why I write this diary.

In this period I attended a first yoga course, and subsequently many workshops of 'self-discovery' (or what is beyond self) would follow. (See further.) Next to meeting girls, and thus understanding reality through myself, through my direct experience, this was the other new way in, the way of understanding reality *directly* – in contrast to via reading, thinking, logic, scientific reasoning. Yes, for me, 'girls' was the way *in*, and not what one may expect: the way *out*, finding satisfaction or fulfilment outside oneself. 'Maja' was the Way in. I could Find Myself through Maja – or another girl, if I (felt, was) Connected to her – not through 'myself'. Without (Being in) Relationship there was not much to find inside. The way inside, which started through following courses and workshops – and later meditation – made sense in relation to Woman, not for its own sake. Life was not about finding yourself as such, but finding out all about being in Relation, about what is beyond the self. I Am Relation, therefore I Am.

What I say here seems to be in conflict with the following quote, probably from Schopenhauer:

Not before we embroil ourselves with the real world to a certain extent and are dissatisfied, we seek satisfaction in the world of thoughts, for instance philosophy. A strong quest returns as a philosophical urge to knowledge, as soon as she is bent away from the exploration of sexuality. The intellectual aspirations are now coloured with lust. As long as one has something that satisfies the will or promises this, one cannot create something genial, for the attention is directed at oneself. Only when the desires and expectations are nullified, when a state of permanent privation occurs and the will stays unsatisfied, one asks oneself: what is this world?

¹ Translated into Dutch and back into English.

Something in me wanted to ‘combine ‘ or Unify the so-called real world – of earthly sexuality – with philosophy or, rather, with Consciousness, as I would say later, when it turned out that philosophy was but a limited form of Consciousness that couldn’t lead to the Truth Itself, but at best to a separate form of truth that seemed most probable or logical to represent reality, if it had been Alive. Something in me didn’t want to surrender to the seeming fact that life is one or the other, didn’t want to surrender to Duality and was dedicated to the Quest for Man, for the One. Combining the two didn’t mean thinking about sexuality, nor philosophizing while making love. One plus one isn’t One, but two. *The One as Two* is something different, of another order. The Quest as Man was about Be(com)ing Consciousness – Be(com)ing Man – in Woman’s world, about Being Freed from the old slavery of Sexuality. Not having sex was not being Free from it, as I Knew. As long as I didn’t Bring Consciousness (in)to Woman, the whole sexuality was not only unsatisfactory, it was senseless, an old repetition of the old drama on earth, in which the only change for humanity would be having the possibility now of having sex without having children as a consequence – which is a revolutionary change in itself. This change facilitates, however, the rise of Consciousness on an earthly level, since having (many) children and Consciousness are not an easy match, to say the least.

It is true, however, due to the sudden transition of a girl-less life to a life with girls closely around – and in the first period with Maja this included also the sharing of sexuality – I was very aware of the fact that, by entering the world of Woman(‘s sexuality), I had been thrown into the banality of life. The genius was far. ‘Why hast thou forsaken me?’ I spoke without words. But then again, what was this ‘genius’, actually. I was not supposed to be, not made for and didn’t want to be an ‘Einstein’, even if I had had the potential of the hidden wisdom of physics for that. Not being really conscious of this yet, my constitution was rather suited for living and showing the human reality, and love played a central role in this reality, even though the earthly version of love seemed to be a crooked ridiculous version of how I had experienced love up to then. I had been thrown into the Duality of Life. I could also say: I had already been born into the Duality of Life, in the Duality of Oneness and Duality, and now, since I had met the Separating Force through Maja, I had been thrown into ‘the Other Side’, the Side I hadn’t seriously met earlier, the Side of Duality, in which nothing was certain any more, everything was unstable, love couldn’t take on a definite form: even if people married this was usually just a silly form, a momentary decision of the ego saying or hoping that eternal love should be possible here on earth. I myself was one of the ‘strange’ exceptions, I could not but increasingly see. I was not afraid of Love, not afraid of intimacy, which seemed to have no limit to me. I was not afraid of Disappearing as a self, Disappearing into Love, for it was already So. At most it was a matter of Realizing this most thoroughly. I was from the Other Side, The Side without sides.

It was obvious – to *Me* at least – that I could not ‘Prove’ and Show Love if I would not seriously, deeply, enter Woman’s world. Knowing, or being after the knowledge of, the structure of the universe, as physics was after, was not uninteresting in itself, but lifeless. It was or represented, as I called it later, the separate male perspective on life. Life Itself in its Wholeness had to Unify the Male and Female Perspectives or Worlds, the Formless

Intelligence in the background and the Energetic Form that carried life itself – or, rather, Life Showed The Oneness of these Two. My innate Tendency to Go as Deep as possible into Life, to *Find Out* and, intrinsically related, *Finding* Life on the Deepest Level, made me Enter Woman, even though the gate seemed closed to me, and the tendency to give up on what could not be given up, was strong. Woman revealed the truth, I Knew, or rather, through Her the Truth could be Revealed. I didn't let myself be totally misguided by the fact that Woman was confused in Her not Knowing, in Her Duality – in loving me and leaving me, if i translate that more concretely into my life of that period, in being attracted and repelled by Her Beloved.

The male Love for Knowing would always stop at some point where it could not go further as long as Woman Herself, the Wisdom Woman's Body stored, was not Discovered – in other words: when the Truth of Reality was not Experienced Directly, via and in Full Contact with Woman. It's not that the Love itself for Knowing would stop, but it could not go beyond and transcend its own Duality as long as it was bound to look at the Structure and Intelligence of Truth from outside, trying to understand, instead of Entering Understanding Directly, or to put it perhaps more easily understandable, Entering the 'Object', Dissolving the Difference between Object and Subject, so that Woman is no other any more, but Man Lives Her as Himself. Supposed laws of physics will keep being subject to – possibly fundamental – change as long as the physician doesn't Enter Understanding Directly, but keeps beating and pondering, speculating about the bush, as long as his love for (male) knowledge doesn't transcend into Love Itself Which Necessarily includes the Love for and as Woman. The True Einstein² cannot be separate from Woman's Ovaries. And becoming a gynaecologist doesn't bridge the Gap to Woman in any way. If anything, only Love could Do This. I Knew I could Do this, even though, as my diary and other notes of that time show, the situation seemed hopeless. There seemed to be no Key to Woman. As soon as my Heart Showed my Love, Revealed (something of) Itself to Woman, She felt a Pull to run away that She nor me could overcome – so far at least.

What was difficult to properly estimate at the time was that I was, in fact, on the *right way*. For getting to Know the One, for Unifying the Two worlds of Man and Woman, the One and the Duality, I Needed to Feel the Force of Separation close up, as intimate as possible. I Needed to be desperate – and, in the background, *not* be desperate at the same time, speaking about Entering Woman's world of Duality. The stronger the Will for Knowing the One, the Stronger the opposition, the Separating Force must be, or at least be Felt as such. This is a Law. Being Tested is not only about showing you are brave enough – in my case not to sacrifice Love on the Altar of the Pain of the earth, not to sacrifice Love in the Lap of Woman. Being Ready for the Test is being Ready for letting the Universal Intelligence Become the Human Body. This Surrender is beyond bravery.

² I may use Einstein here just symbolically, I was not aware yet at the time of the fact that most famous people, like Einstein indeed, were morally corrupt, and didn't deserve their high status. Instead of being independent and serving humanity, they serve(d) the interests of a small elite.

You had to show yourself (and me) that you existed as a separate person with a separate will, so you 'liked' to (be able to) finish the relationship. People with a weak will power must separate themselves, as a form of compensation, giving a false sense of power. In fact, you cannot be in relation: you are a fight with The Will.

It may be better indeed when I leave your motives for breaking with me for what they are. Of course, I cannot ask you to go to a psychologist to be able to happily inform me about the reasons of leaving your love, if only for the fact that psychologists don't know either.

You may advise me to visit him first: I'm in love with six girls... As much as you want to separate, I seem to want to unite. 'This is fun', I speak to myself. And I repeat, not to forget: 'This is fun'. Being in love with a girl is fun. Being in love with six girls is exactly six times more fun. I enjoy. I have a ridiculously lot of fun. God, what fun I'm having. That I may experience this. Six girls – each one of them a great girl. How come I have deserved this? And then, as if this is self-evidently, I think of you, and without transition I start crying.

(Supposed) weakness can be (a sign of) strength. It was the Deeper Intelligence that made me cry, the Quest of Love Looking for Itself, the friction of the Pain of Separation with Its Oneness. It was 'the Einstein' Crying for the Embodiment of the Truth. It was the Acknowledgement of the fact that on earth 'my' male Wisdom doesn't mean anything if I cannot reach Woman's Ovaries with This, if Woman stays Unconscious regardless of the fact whether She understands man's separate bodiless intelligence or not. It was the Acknowledgement of the Truth of the Vision I had Seen eleven years earlier: Me, Man, Consciousness, Entering the Two Endless Legs of the Universe as Woman. My crying made this actually happen – in so far as I could allow this in a selfless way. The latter wasn't a big problem, even though I could, since I had entered Woman's world now, feel that the 'I' was never far away and, seemingly selflessly, willing to take over, and regularly, in this shadowy area, 'I' had to allow this 'I', or else I could not learn the human being directly from within. As long as I was not seriously sucked into it there was no 'danger'.

Fortunately, one girl I go about with isn't handsome. Otherwise I would make myself too suspect. It is wrong in our culture to be attracted to beautiful girls. 'Society' tries to continuously make me feel guilty. I should fall in love with six ugly girls. Then I'm stupid but not suspect. I feel I'm one of the worst in being susceptible to feeling ashamed even when I imagine lying naked together with you, the queen of beauty, and hugging, cuddling, making love. At the same time, and seemingly in contradiction with this, I seem to be one of the least shameful when it comes to actual 'making love' [As I have said earlier, the Dutch word 'vrijen' doesn't necessarily include physical penetration.] When we're physically together, all shame has vanished and everything is possible. This is a strange distinction between the feelings arising through the world of thought, during fantasy, and the feelings arising in reality that, fortunately, are not in the least bothered by norms. But, it seems to have nothing to do with norms. I've noticed that the less sex you have, the higher selfless, fleshless love is being valued. The more sex you have, the more you are into it, valuing it and wanting more of it.

Thursday 20th. In my living room you were tossing me off in the possible sight of any passer-by's, for it was dark outside and inside the lights were on. It didn't matter to me, not in the least. In our oneness people could think about me and us whatever they wanted. They didn't exist. Now that you have broken our unity, now that I'm alone, I can't have enough lace curtains before the windows, even when I'm just reading a book in my chair.

People cannot console me – and this is not their fault in the least, of course. But they don't need to worry: what they can do is making it worse, by avoiding me in my grief, as if I were leprous. Only cats manage sometimes to console me a bit. They're just themselves. Only when I stroke a cat, and I get a stroke of the cat's head in return, I feel understood – although I don't understand why.

I will be senselessly lost, I sometimes think, without regret or grief, but rather surprised – no, feeling estranged. Lost – my body will mortify in solitude. And yet, I'm certain I could let girls have a good time by loving me. Realizing this truth makes it worse, maddening.

I love you as self-evident as the next day.

Not knowing the right words for it yet, I meant by 'good time' that Woman would experience Herself as Whole in my Presence, in my Love – not that she would have a good time with me. Although I was not against the latter, I couldn't care much for that. A strong Force in me Wanted to take Woman into the Depth of Life – not primarily fuck Her, not please her. The Key to This was, indeed, Make Woman Love Me, Consciously that is – and not stay stuck with My Own Male Love for Her, nor, which was the alternative for the many (men), to fuck Her out of powerlessness, out of emptiness. In other words, I Needed to Transcend 'Woman' into 'Man', or rather, the Separative Female Force into the Unifying Male Force, by Restoring the Connection of Woman to Man('s Heart) instead of being connected to his genitals and using these for the reproduction of Herself as Unconsciousness. I Needed to 'Restore' the Connection between – or start Connecting in a Conscious way – the Ovaries and the Heart, the Unconsciousness of the Form and the Consciousness of the Formless, the Dark and the Light.