

Letter to Maja 27-28 October 1995 – Giving things back finally

Dear Maja,

The day after your cancel phone call, I have written you a letter, already. By a coincidence last minute it had not been posted. The next day my wise cousin read it and advised me not to send it. However, my own inner voice keeps whining, and probably this is wiser than the wisest wiseacre. Hence, a new letter.

At this moment I feel very quiet, strong, angry, self-amused, satisfied and loving. From there I hope I write you.

You know? Tears were coursing down my cheeks, slow but sure, resolute, when, in the house of my aunt, I hung up the phone. This was not so much because you said you didn't want to be in a relationship with me. The fact is that I don't want to be in a relationship with you either, or with any other girl who cannot/doesn't dare to open up to another person.

Me saying this... the love of my life... Me, dying to Let us be Together... This is a good example of how I kind of 'Forced Myself' into this world manifestation. Terrible. Terrible. And yet, as Heart in this world it was true. No(t wanting a) relationship with Maja was, viewed from a deeper perspective, the right form now. My Heart was Here to Serve Woman, the Divine Woman Hiding and Waiting in Her Heart, not to serve Maja. On earth Woman had Her Own ways to Come to Man. By, as Man, (radically) Accepting, Meditating, Feeling, the forms offered to Man, by Becoming thus a 'perfect' Mirror, this is Made Possible. My Faithfulness to Maja would only be True if I was Faithful to Truth, to the Truth That Encompassed and Embodied everything, every separation, every simple attack on Love.

No, above all the tears coursed down because it is so very difficult if not impossible to have real contact with you, to pierce through all the walls you have built around your heart. In another way, I also have (and who has not) difficulty with daring to, from myself, feel and make contact with others. But well, I try to do something about it, and by now have opened up much more over the last one and a half year.

When I wrote 'in another way' I meant – even if I didn't have (total) clarity on this yet – that I had to do or rather Allow this contact from the Other Side, from the Other Perspective, from the 'Position' of the Heart who Is Already in Contact but needs to Allow becoming conscious of the here on earth amongst people 'normal' lack of (or very limited version of) contact. I had to Allow making Contact with *no-contact* – and that not only on the Level of Consciousness, but on an earthly Feeling Level as well. Things went well in this respect. In the 'successful' case, if people open up, feel contact by 'my' Allowing Feeling (the earthly reality of) no-contact, 'I', this Body, seems to open up indeed. It becomes stronger on earth, even though behind the (earthly) scene it was Already Open.

You may say that I'm too much busy with myself, but if there is anything I have experienced lately it is this: when finally you pay real attention to yourself, to who you really are, if you dare to honestly look at yourself, if you dare to feel yourself, then you will learn to

accept yourself more and more and only then you can really give (selfless) attention to someone else, attention from your heart, which happens of itself then.

The whole half a year we were together you didn't ask even once what I'm busy with during the day. It may be honest indeed that at least you don't pretend interest, but after all I am pissed about it anyway. To my utter astonishment you asked me, after almost half a year, if I was really interested in you, in fact. You seem to have been busy especially with what has been evoked in you – in itself not bad, it seems – with, above all, the trouble that your feelings brought you. If you're locked up in yourself, you don't see the other, not really. I noticed that when I open up, the other is almost no longer an other but part of myself.

On one hand I see that, partly, I am responsible myself for the fact that you haven't seen me, Maarten, and on the other hand I am angry about it and sad. To put it a bit sharp: one time I was the Prince, another time – simultaneously – the Man, the Enemy, someone who threatens or may threaten you. I am neither of them, nor a lot more. I am Maarten. Do you understand this? I want you to see me.

It may seem exaggerated, if not revealing a tendency for self-obsession, that in my letter to Bayantha, and now again to Maja, I put quite some emphasis on the fact that she, woman, needs to see me. In the end, and despite that I use my own name Maarten for it, I didn't mean that I wanted Woman to see a 'self' here, a self with its interests just like Hers and that considering our both maybe differing interests we would have to compromise and meet each other somewhere in the middle of them. No, it was that Something in 'me' was becoming rapidly aware that it doesn't work in a relationship of Man and Woman when, as I was used to until that period, all the attention goes to Woman. As Man I get only more and more fucked up, loopy, weakened, powerless and it doesn't help Her either. She's just as stuck as before. Only, it is true, on energetic level she can move on, as always, not stopped, rushing on and on in Illusion, when She gets my attention and love. The Heart is not Here, however, to serve Woman's energy supply. That's Her own business. The Heart is Here to Show Her Something Beyond Her (world of) inherently deluding Energy. And this Something is MAN.

For this, Woman's attention should, sooner or later, be directed at Man, again and again in fact, after every 'attack' of unavoidable self-obsession. This was (a most important part of) my task as Man, to Stop Woman and Allow Her to Direct Her Attention to 'Me', to Man – not to 'man' as a form, in which case it wouldn't Work and Woman would stay self-obsessed, formed, overwhelmed by 'form', stuck (therefore), stuck in Her encaging, contracting form-consciousness. Clumsy as my attempts in the letter may seem – not backed up yet by the Clarity of Man's Eye on earth – they were, finally, part of a serious attempt for changing the direction of attention, for including Man on earth, 'inserting' Him into the relationship, in which so far the Dark Female Force always ruled so easily, leaving Man hardly a faint shadow of Himself, reducing Him indeed to a form, completely taking over Woman's form-consciousness as a slave. If Man doesn't submit to this, Woman knows what to do: leave, and teach Him through this the rules of the earth, that She'll deny Him (Access to) Her Body, Her Corporeality if He doesn't Bow for Her, if He doesn't make Himself 'harmless', weak, if He doesn't submit to the weakening Lie of being after Her Body instead

of Her Heart. Indeed, if Man stays focussed on Woman's closed Heart That Wants to Open, He doesn't lose His Deeper Force as Man.

I'm glad that you have finally said that a reason, maybe the reason, for leaving me, was that you were afraid of me. I admit that it is difficult if not impossible to continue a relationship with someone when you don't feel safe with that person. Isn't it weird, however, that in the first period you, on the contrary, felt very much at ease with me as a matter of fact? You told me this a few times so happily that I didn't manage not to feel flattered and very happy too. If then later you became afraid of me, this has, according to me, not so much to do with me, but something in yourself that you meet – I, in that half a year, have remained the same. I never gave you one hit or ever threatened with it, and I would never do this, as you know. The fact that I, via those experience oriented group courses, finally feel anger, has got nothing to do with uttering aggression in a physical way, towards someone.

Well, you had said yourself that it had probably got to do with your experiences with Pim. What is hard for me to accept is that nevertheless you let your behaviour and attitude to me be determined by this. What am I supposed to do with this? Where am I then – especially if you don't share what's going on in you? As for me, if I don't utter things – and I find this often very difficult – I notice there is something between me and the other person which makes real contact impossible. This makes the fear, anger or whatever only grow – often unconsciously, unfortunately.

What I still did, also here again – and not without the deluding 'help' of the workshop perspective on individual growth that disregards the importance of being in a male or female body, and also disregards the self-Transcending Potential and Importance of the Man and Woman Relationship – is putting man and woman in the same box, as if they would have exactly the same process. As if, for example, woman's sharing would or should be the same and have the same function as man's utterance. Yet, at the same time it was not totally crazy to use my own experiences – after all I had learned them in Woman's world – to show something to Woman.

This attempt to show a deeper reality than the superficial or seemingly obvious is typically a Male characteristic, by the way. Going into Woman's limited, inherently cramped world of Form is in principle all right for Man, but, once He's there, not trying to Show Woman a broader, deeper perspective and world would not be true for Him. The Force That Wants to Free Woman (from the Form-Illusion) is Indissolubly Fundamental Part of Reality, of the Love-Fight of Man and Woman.

Maybe you're connecting your fear to intimacy.

What I see in you is a deep want of getting from the outer, superficial layer into the inner one, into your core, yourself, however you name it. What is better after all than being able to be yourself all day, in contact, connected to others – while you don't need to think about everything, about yourself any more but just act, do what apparently must be. But if you try this – and who can stop this? – you first come across the nasty intermediate layer with grief, repulsion, anger, fear, uncertainty, and so on. It can't be helped.

If, then, you feel ‘bah, I don’t want this’, you quickly fly back to the safe outer layer. Unfortunately, it’s very lonely in that outer layer. (Unless you don’t dare to feel this) you will certainly have experienced this. Just like me. But now that I’ve experienced how life, contact, can be different, I can no longer acquiesce in that.

What arises in me now is curiosity, about you. Have you ever, once in your life, felt that someone really loves you, really cares for you without self-interest, someone for whom you are completely good as you are? It is such an intense feeling if you feel this as deep as it can be, that whatever you do, whatever emotions you show, whatever filthy thought you may have, somebody – or others – still love you, just as much, completely. I experienced this a few times in the workshop groups I attended. A couple of times I had to cry deeply, really deeply, since I didn’t know this feeling in my life. That something like this existed! Half-consciously I had always reasoned: people love me, they think I’m dear, kind, beautiful, intelligent or whatever, and hadn’t my parents said: ‘We don’t have to say we love one another, that’s just so’? But only now I realized that this was in my head. I never really felt it. In some groups I attended – and where you become much more open – I did. More often than crying I felt there very spontaneous and as strong as a horse and finally I understood the various people who told me that I have such an enormous power in me. Sometimes I got ecstatic and felt connected not only with the other people but with the whole nature; there were no borders any more somehow, no longer did I need to curtail myself. And all of this because I experienced that there are people who loved me, loved me wholly, not only the sweet lovely side but also the ugly side, the weak side, not only the strong one.

(Seeming detail or not, I should have written ‘being loved despite the weak side’, for one cannot love the weak side, and there’s no need for that: acceptance of the reality of it is enough.)

For some, this piece may seem somewhat pathetic, yet the experiences in the groups in this respect of feeling loved, feeling totally accepted – certainly not by everyone, by the way – were, next to sincere, certainly not irrelevant in going thoroughly through the (in the end everyone’s) ordeal regarding *the other*, one’s relationship with the other, which, at least partly thanks to my group experiences, to not withdrawing from contact but staying in it, turned eventually into being radically non-problematic. Having experienced the value of feeling totally accepted – even when, or in fact because of, fully giving myself – thus giving space for a further development into the depth of life, I wanted to show and give something of this to Maja whom never experienced anything of it.

I was certainly not a man suited for a life in which I would be ‘happy’ or something like that while seeing woman still sitting there, stuck, in her illusions, at most pretending to be happy or contented. I didn’t give a damn for sharing my experience. I only wished I could touch Maja, Woman, at least a bit with the content of what I said. I wished I could show her that, coming here to earth, we all go into the shit, into the world of limitation, prison, illusion, separation. We cannot avoid it, but then we can also let ourselves be freed beyond it. It is true that, soon, it appeared that I was, much more than average, suited for this. But, if indeed, in my case, a deeper Consciousness had not so much trouble dawning upon me and descending in the body, this meant that I could guide her a little or, later, more if not wholly in the case that everything would be Clear(ed) to me.

With you I didn't have this feeling of being loved. The other way is a different story. With my clever head I always already found everybody good as he or she was. But when I met you, I, the great individualist, have experienced for the first time what it is to love someone completely, knowing everything about someone to be good, simply good, also your negative sides – because for me the whole thing was beyond a pleasant infatuation.

I am sure you have never (dared to) really allowed yourself to experience that I loved you, Maja, and not a picture that I was in love with, as you thought and feared.

To me it is very weird and confusing to notice that a feeling of connection, deep connection, can come from one side and isn't mutual. 'Something is wrong', is what I feel then very strongly. But I don't know what or how. Should I distrust my i-would-almost-say: primeval intuition? I don't want that at all. In short: ?

But all right, I have noticed: as soon as I allow my anger, distress and confusion, as soon as I dare to feel them, soon acceptance comes, things go as they go. True love doesn't hold on to things, it lets go, of its own accord.

Ha, suddenly I've got to laugh at myself. What am I doing, making this statement. As if I understand it all. Truly, there's no coquetting involved when I say that the more I experience and feel and live and gain insight, the less I understand, and the smaller the drive to understand.

This was not a bad sign. Understanding doesn't come by trying to understand, but rather by allowing Life. The drive to understand arises from confusion. Entering earthly life, Woman, I started understanding – and this worked through Consciousness that was manifesting through me, and not via the mind trying to understand its misery in order to have less or no misery in the future.

By returning the question mark to Maja, I provoked in her the realization of her repressed side, her Love not only for 'me, but for Man in general. At least on a deeper level this was so, instead of that I would be so confused about the seeming non-mutuality of our love, of the Love of Man and Woman, the Love of Which was a Simple Fact for me. The confusion in me was rather connected with the big discrepancy between Love in Its Purity and the actual Manifestation of It on earth in the world of form, with the big difference between Man and Woman, not fully comprehending from inside yet how Woman manages to so relatively easily throw Her One Love on the refuse dump for the rest of her life, how She manages to get so lost, blinded in the world of form, Her Heart so deafened, attached as She is to cautiously merely trying to get out of the prison instead of *Simply Allowing It, by Surrendering Completely (in)to Her Love for Man*, as I from the other side did Allow Complete Surrender into 'My' Love 'for' Woman, even if this was a reflection of Her Love for Man.

The big difference between my Male Heart's Non-separation from Woman and Woman's 'normal' (feeling of) Separation from Man, was Something I certainly needed to Enter deeper, in order to Know Woman, and therefore to be Able to Reach Her. 'Understanding' Woman's (Attachment to) Separation was only Possible if I as Man would Radically Realize Man's True Original State of *Non-Separation*. I had always naturally been into extremeness. Only There would Truth Appear, not in the misty and, let's nose it, stinking

middle. ‘My’ Real State of Non-Separation would only become Clear if it would be radically undone, cleaned from Woman’s Separation, which She lived for the greater part in the dark. And, paradoxically, this could only happen by Touching Woman(’s Separation), by Letting myself Be Touched by it.

The remark of ‘laughing at myself’, because of my big statements, is somewhat weak but also this I wrote as a reflection of – due to tuning into – Maja’s state, who was not able or not really willing to bear so much seriousness without relativizing or laughing away the consciousness burning to whatever extent on ‘her’ wall – the Wall – laughing away the discomfort it evoked. It may sound strange, but as Man I didn’t want to convince her of anything, so that, if the convincing was successful, we would come together again. Yet, since over the last three years I had ‘descended’ into Woman’s world of Duality and Surrendered to having to play Man’s role, Man’s side in it – next to still be present Beyond it as the One Heart, Fully accepting Her chosen side – I had to, over and over again, trigger up and show in Woman the side in Herself that She prefers to keep mainly or totally in the Dark, whichever side this would be: as Man I am flexible, I don’t choose one side of Woman, rather I reveal her Inner Fight to the extreme, by this Giving Her the Opportunity to, in My One Heart, Go Beyond.

I am a human being, goddamned!

I don’t know exactly why, but this sentence suddenly arose powerfully now that I got carried away in memories of you and me. I leave the interpretation to you.

Anyhow, one memory concerned this one: your cancellation of the appointment in Amsterdam when I was there in August. If you don’t want it, why then do you yourself propose to meet again?

This question is a good example of Man trying to make some logic out of Woman’s Duality that, however, cannot be understood by normal logic but needs to be entered on real-life level to be Understood.

And apart from that, I am not a monster that you should be afraid of. Dash it, I have had six beautiful months with you. What a nonsense that you never want to see me any more because of that. Did you really have nothing with me then, apart from having fallen in love with me by accident – but that wasn’t your fault, as you said...

Meeting me three years later you immediately continue filling things in for me. When I say that I can see you very differently now but still feel a lot for you, you think immediately I’d want to enter a relationship with you again. It’s a pity if because of this you cancelled our meeting. Unnecessary. I am Maarten.

And this Maarten thinks it’s shit that after five months after we split up, when in the summer you had said that you missed me – a remark by which you show yourself for a change, and that I respect – you never contacted me any more.

And the same Maarten regrets very much the fact that I couldn’t give myself completely at the time – what can you do with half a Maarten after all, what can I do with that. Acting lovingly, no matter how real, is half of love. You’ll be surprised to hear this, but I feel responsible for our parting too. Contact, or the lack or limitation of it, is something of

two people, you're both responsible for it. I suddenly see now why you, finally and accidentally (?) said "we" when, just before the final goodbye, we were sitting in my kitchen, cast down: "Are we crazy doing this?" At the time I only thought stubbornly and said: "You are crazy." But I also saw how beautiful you were, for the doubt you showed was real. In your face I saw the fight going on in you, between the real Maja and what you carry within and is unprocessed.

Again and again you said, swore, that your parting had got nothing to do with me. Now you said that you became afraid of me. Anyhow, I wouldn't buy that bullshit of 'I love you, but I go away' any more now. If you really feel deep inside that you love someone, you don't leave him. Otherwise you'd be really crazy. Where fear rules, where trust is absent, love cannot be. Fear and love are each other's antipodes. If you're afraid of me, you can't love me. That's it. If you love somebody you don't leave that one because you consider your own inner struggle, your own fears, more important.

Is it a coincidence that you feel safer with someone (Ernst) who is distant? That you, now that you say you want less distance, choose someone who is precisely that: distant? Do you think he will change, that you can change him, that you yourself change just like that, that time changes us just like that? I help you hoping.

Well, feeling half-responsible is at least half-way to feeling (or rather Realizing Being) Wholly Responsible – although the latter required still a little quantum leap. How can the blind ever be half-responsible? What nonsense. Only the Conscious Heart is Responsible. The denial of the One Heart is Irresponsibility itself.

Somehow the letter doesn't really evolve as I had liked. I wanted to give you my anger. Because – true, unconsciously – I haven't been honest with you, since I didn't know my own feelings. As I said before, you may have me completely, my anger included – frightened of it though you are.

Rightly or not rightly, a discussion doesn't make much sense: I feel fucked up by you. A rejection hurts, but I have never been rejected by you. And yet, we're not together. That pain was harder to process. That you have never given us a chance. That I see this only afterwards.

Do you know how it feels if someone you love is afraid of you? It seems one has to experience everything once in life. This, however, is something I wish won't happen to you. Nearly all emotions tumble over one another when it is about your fear of me, resulting in a feeling of powerlessness, sometimes interrupted by anger: goddamned, what a nonsense! But well, it is so, apparently. If you still don't trust me after half a year, or rather if you no longer trust me, then I don't know any more. I don't know how this is for other men, but I have enough of it by now. While I am no brute at all, for seventeen years I'm busy proving to women that I'm no brute, reassuring them and so on. And I forget myself. No bully, rather an idiot, as is evident from this. Well, that's at least something.

The more I let go, by the way, the clearer it becomes for me that I am 'nothing'. The more I open up, the less remains of me, and, the more I 'receive'. That's a strange discovery. Now that my ego slowly crumbles off a bit, it appears that what I thought was 'me' was not me but an image, a construction, a series of held or stuck experiences.

Ho, wait, I see suddenly clearly why I am angry at you. It is that you don't follow your heart. It seems it's difficult for me when people don't live up to their (deeper) longing – and all the more if I'm involved in it myself, of course. I don't understand what you want from life if you don't (want to) follow your heart. Life is there to be lived.

When I held you at the goodbye in front of the film-museum I felt your fear and reservation – sad enough, for I felt very quiet and meant nothing more than that I love you and that I had enjoyed having met you finally again. Maybe it is still a bit of finding out, but I increasingly manage to distinguish between physical contact and sexuality. Didn't you feel the quiet in me?

Shit, this almost looks like an advertising talk. I'll have to reflect on myself for a moment if I maybe secretly want something of you still.

No, I think it is really 'just' an attempt at contact. And by giving myself, I have understood, there is contact. Contact has got to do with openness, not with wanting a relationship or not, not with hope. After three years, many experiences passed, there is really no hope left any more and that is fine. Does this rally enter your head? That I love you and am, interested in how you are doing and don't need to go to bed with you?

I don't like it yet when you're irritated when I keep asking after your motives or at least don't stop immediately after a first evasive answer. On one hand you want deep inside that people are really interested in you. If then I am – and I am – I'm supposed to understand you (quickly), otherwise you get irritated...

Are you really doing 'okay', as you always say? I can't say you looked really radiant at the time in De Vondelpark. But well, this could have been caused by the hyperventilation, of course.

I'm afraid you will consider this letter a reproach, or an attack. If so, this has got to do rather with you than with me. Whether you feel it or not, I have written it out of love. Otherwise I could not write such a letter. As for me, it arises from acceptance of you and acceptance of my own feelings.

No doubt there is untruth in this letter, but nothing insincere. What can I do else but give myself, bring out what is in me? I've no more to offer than myself. And you, what else can you do in life?

You, too, will open up more. Maybe, then, you will think of me involuntarily. Maybe not.

Again, here, as in the letter to Bayantha, I seem to say something – 'you will open up more' in this case – in the hope to make it a bit easier accessible to her, insinuating it would be normal to open up more and more in the course of one's lifetime. In itself, looking at people's actual development in life, this 'opening' is not sure at all. Most people, in the course of their lives, almost unavoidably associating more and more with (the world of) Form with its inherent contractedness and limitation, only become more stuck, not knowing how to transcend the association with, if not identification with, Form(s). Also if they discover the potentially opening world of spirituality, they stay stuck on a, for spirituality hidden, lower darker level. Sometimes, on their death bed some opening happens – usually not.

Honestly, meditating Maja's state I have no good reason to assume she would allow a fundamental Opening in her life, seriously allowing Heart in it. I was not impressed at all

when she said she *would like* to have more and closer contact with her lover and in general. I was sitting right in front of her – whom was she talking to? To me? To herself? To one side of her two? Was I some kind of a dream to her, not real?

There are endless things we *would like*. Should I, when I disregard me sitting in front of her, say: *at best* she could change her lover for a next one who, in the beginning seems more promising in this or any other respect? Like any woman she could feel her longing for close contact with Man in the (non-)presence of (a) man who cannot allow much or anything of the desired intimacy. With a man who is not afraid of intimacy, not resisting it, she runs to Woman's other side, wanting less contact, less trouble, less emotional turmoil, less difficult feelings, less pain. And so Woman stays a slave to Her Own Duality, a yo-yo, a prisoner, (as long as She is) not really Willing to Trust Man to Take Her Beyond Herself, Beyond Her stuck Pain by Actually Consciously, Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily Feeling it, finally, finally. Bereft of Man as She is, Woman has a sad history, and there seems to be no end to it (yet), regardless of the fact that nowadays She fools Herself with the assumption that She can do pretty well if not totally without Him, only using Him every now and then for Her imagined needs, like some sex, some love, some handy hands, some ears, some quarrelling, someone to blame.

You had said you would still call me when I'd be back in Groningen. You didn't. Not nice. Should I draw the conclusion from this that you don't value any contact with me any more? Perhaps this is too intense for you. I would rather see you tell or write me this yourself. What I do know is that if you want less distance in your (intimate) relationship this is only possible if, outside of it, with other people, you dare to go into deeper contact as well. As far as this is concerned you cannot split yourself up.

Somehow, Maja, you give me the feeling that I'm a bogeyman for you. Something in me refuses to understand this.

Perhaps, if indeed you don't want contact with me any more, we'll meet again once – whether this is a coincidence or not. As for me, I don't believe any more that it was a coincidence that you called me of all people when you were back in Holland, back from your world tour. And is it a coincidence that, my rucksack on my back already to leave Amsterdam, I got you on the phone the very last moment, at the last ring of the phone before I would hung up? It cannot be a coincidence that we, right through our walls, fell so much in love with each other. It is not a coincidence that both of us got respiration trouble when now we saw each other again after a few years. Strangely enough, being for the first time in Amsterdam again after our parting, I knew I would meet you – although it sort of startled me when it appeared to actually be so indeed.

Maybe later, maybe not, what must be, shall be. Even though, according to me, you don't understand it when someone is really there for you, I will always carry you in my heart, wherever I go, with whomever I'll be, you're so very beautiful inside...

Heart-kiss, Maarten

PS. Don't laugh, or, rather, do: I'm amazed by it myself, but the most difficult to accept is that my children won't be from you.

(Don't laugh too loud at least, that's mean.)

[Letter to Maja 27-28 October 1995]

I'm amazed, indeed, again, to see how well I took over – and how Man can take over – Woman's consciousness. As Man I wasn't busy with having children. Associating with Woman, in the form of Maja, however, this issue suddenly rose out of the blue. In the Dark Maja must therefore have been busy with it, considering that, if she closes the door for me for good – which was something that my letter contributed to: she was not ready and willing to meet, absorb, process and unite with this kind of consciousness that, with its directness, seemed to lead to trouble instead of wiping the trouble under the carpet – her children wouldn't be from me.

Here, a distinction must be made. Maja, as she herself was concerned, certainly didn't feel like spending her life with such an apparently difficult Man, even if I was 'just' a (loving) mirror. It was just too terrible, to all the time have to live with difficult, conflicting feelings, to live constantly in this love-stress, instead of on a low but relatively comfortable level with just a nice or nasty quarrel every now and then. But there are Deeper Forces active. Beyond the self with its inevitable self-obsession and all its imagined problems, with its natural egotistic resistance to (feeling) pain, there is a Selfless Power Active Uniting Man and Woman. On this (Deeper) Level, Maja, or in fact Woman, rather sees Her children – and, in general, the future generations, the children of the Earth – being Conceived in Union with 'Me', with Man, with the Heart.

This preference does not only rise straight out of Love beyond reasons, but also out of one side of Her self-consciousness, saying that finally something should be done about the lifetime after lifetime continuation of the suffocating cramp of self, its eternal prison, its unfelt, un-Freed Pain, which would also enter and suffocate her own children more easily when they were conceived by a man she didn't love deeply and who could not guide her through the Process of Man and Woman, not set the unconscious Darkness in her free, not Touch the Pain of Old, let alone Transcend it. Something in Maja didn't want to comfortably choose Pain instead of Love, didn't want to perpetuate the unconscious passing on of Pain to the next generation. But the deeper fate of Her children was not of Woman's first concern; choosing the best option for her and her children's *earthly* interests was already difficult enough. The fundamental issue – giving the Heart to Her children *or* offering a (relatively or seemingly) safe form life – is usually not Consciously dealt with by Woman.

'I', the Heart Itself, am not afraid of Pain, so I, as manifested in this form, would have been a good candidate for meeting Maja's Deeper Drive.

An almost estranging factor in the background, however, is related to the fact that the Heart Itself is or seems not so much (or even totally not) associated with form. Do the gametes of a man and a woman really have to meet for the (Pain-Freeing) Heart to incarnate? Is the Heart dependent on 'Form' in this way?

Ultimately, It is not. It Manifests anyway, into and as Form, as humans. It is not dependent on potential parents being Faithful to the big love in their life, to the one touching them deepest, the one in whose presence the Heart is most activated on an earthly level. Yet,

being Faithful to one's highest love has its own important integral Function in the Whole, in the Development of the Manifestation of the Heart on earth as human beings. And, viewed from the other side, if no one would submit to this, the human world would be (even) much worse off.

Although very human, I'm an exceptional case in the sense that, in regard of the manifestation of the Pure Heart Itself in human body, 'I' need to be Tested in any relevant subject: 'Going' into the Human Drama in its creative variety and Allowing every single one of those associations with the form world to be Undone again, to be Freed beyond – (only) after having thoroughly, to the end or at least basics of it, Felt through the human earthly Pain involved in it.

Maja has now a child with another man. It may be safer to now and then look a little bit in the mirror of the child than in the mirror of Man. Escaping one's pain, one's contraction into 'self', is not possible anyway. You can organize your life in such a way that you have to look as little as possible, including keeping smoking cigarettes, the Pain will stay the same, or rather increase. Pain and Ego seem different worlds. In the end, however, it can be Seen that Ego, the Queen of Separation, is the Pain itself.

Reading the letter to Maja again now that I've found it again after so many years – and also other letters I'd sent her – what stands out most and what I feel all the time is The Wall, talking to The Wall when I talk to Woman in the form of Maja. Whatever I say, no matter how much I give myself, whether she dislikes this or secretly not, nothing comes back, blank nothing. In society the general idea was – and partly still is – that Woman wants more and real contact with Man but She finds a wall when She tries to talk to him. Maja herself, too, in a suppressed way complained about this in her current relationship with her man. As so often, in Reality things are the opposite of how they seem to appear in society, how they seem to take shape in (earthly) reality. Also here: 'man', ever since he gets into (physical) relationship with Woman, certainly if he lives in the same house and sleeps in the same bed, easily or thoroughly takes over or reinforces the Wall of Woman('s world of form, form-consciousness), as deep as this manifested as such in a usually hidden way, and he's stuck – possibly, often, usually already since he was created. Man is born as (Part of) Woman and His Manifestation as Man is His Second, True Birth, which is rare to happen on earth. 'Man', deluded by Woman's (world of) Unconsciousness, Which is Related to 'Form', is not aware of His Being a mirror. He doesn't – or has difficulty to – Understand what She wants from him.

Talking to Her man, Woman is talking to Her own Wall. She makes a drama with Her own Wall. She Wants the Wall to Defrost, to Melt, to be Open and Sensitive, to Love, so She can finally be Heard, Helped, Seen, Freed. But the man who becomes Her Wall, who becomes Her, without Freeing Himself Constantly from the Walling Tendency, simply cannot Free Her, cannot Reach Her. He's gone himself. There is no Man. Man Exists as the Freeing Force, Liberating from Form, from any stuckness.

If Man, however, becomes Present on earth, and He learned to speak to her, from His Heart, He must meet the Wall, and the roles are turned around now.

Legend has it that Bodhidharma, when he came to China to teach Buddhism, got so frustrated in the end from the lack of real response to what he was saying beyond the words, that he gave up and sat for years meditating in front of a wall, and he was talking to the wall.

When finally people asked him why he was talking to a wall, he said he preferred talking to a *real* wall; this was less painful.

The fact that Maja didn't respond to my letter is not because at the time i was not Clear yet about my Mirror Function as Man and therefore couldn't Clearly, Directly, speak the Truth to Woman, to Maja, still struggling with 'me' and 'she' as I did, with and (partly) in the Illusion of selves. The clearer I had spoken – or written, indeed – the more *Man* I had shown, given, the less response I would have received, if 'less' had been possible. And it's certainly not true that no response means 'I' couldn't grow from having sent my letter(s), Grow into the Earth. 'I', Man's Consciousness, Grew from Contacting the world, Woman, from My Heart, regardless of the specific form this takes that is always more or less weird – which is no problem if 'Heart' is the Basis, the Ground.¹ The Heart – Man – is not attached to, not dependent on, receiving an obvious response of Woman, strange though it may sound, since Woman seems to be the Receptive Force here on earth and in the Duality Man seems to want to be Received by Her, even when this is not about His sexuality in the first place but His (seemingly unique form of) Consciousness.

If She doesn't say Yes to Man, to His approach or endeavour to reach Her, if She doesn't Open up to Him, it seems, logically, the end of the story for Man as far as His earthly adventure is concerned. This supposition is deluding, however. Man Creates His Own Reception, Simply by Being Man, Man in Woman's Form-world – which means He's always Faithful to the Heart Itself Beyond (being faithful to) any possible (inherently Female) form, to Form as such. If in the letter I gave 'my' Heart to Maja, to Woman – and in between the lines you might feel this, even if I was using some language (and even consciousness) borrowed from the workshop-scene I attended in that period – this means 'I', the Male Consciousness grows into the Earth, into Woman, (very) slowly or a bit faster as it may be. My, Man's, First Responsibility in this respect is to give His Heart to Woman, and not (be deluded to expect or want) to have a Woman-form receiving him or even the right (or perfect) Woman-form. Yet, He doesn't need to abstain from 'effortful' attempts at being Received by Woman – in itself failing one after the other if He dares to Feel the Distinction between being physically-energetically received by a Woman-form and being Received by the Love Woman Has for the Man She Recognizes as Such. (The first form of reception is self-based, the self slurps male energy in for itself, for its own sustenance, expansion, development or reproduction, for its own suppression of the reality of its inherent pain; the second form is selfless, it is an allowing and giving rather than a taking in, the latter of which can be covertly aggressive of its nature: 'reception' as aggression...)

Also, still regarding Maja's lack of response to my letter – although I must say that no response is a form of response too – the lack of which is in itself very usual for Woman, it is important for Man to Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily Feel through the end of the relationship, whether he gives a form to this in the form of writing one or more letters as I used to do or otherwise, as I used to do too. It's deluding to simply man yourself and say

¹ In my case for one, and in terms of the chakra system, the highest seventh chakra, the Sahasrara, is My Base, My Ground, Oneness with all and All – not, as usual, the lowest, not the Muladhara. Selflessness is My Ground, not the self.

‘well, that’s it, it’s over.’ No, it’s not over. The physical meeting with the woman concerned may be over indeed – when (a) Woman really says NO, it is the end – Man’s Body is still full of Pain, energies, contraction, slime, non-clarity, lie, tendencies. After the relationship the clean-up can’t be skipped – not only because a man, in that case, would take the non-transcended burden into the next relationship but Man Himself would be increasingly veiled, unClear. This would make a Real next Meeting with (a) Woman (much) more difficult to manifest, or even impossible, simply because Man is not (Fully) Present, and for the Meeting of Man and Woman Two Are Needed, Woman *and* Man: if He doesn’t Clear Himself again and again or continuously, there is, sooner or later, only Woman left, no Man. Man turns into Woman if He is not Clear, within Himself and therefore also outwardly.

The Wall. Almost with every sentence I wrote in the letter I had to dig through a mountain of Woman’s Resistance. With every sentence I felt ‘leave me alone’ as a response through the ether. In itself I’m not a Don Quichote fighting windmills. If, far in the background, Maja’s Heart had radically shut from ‘me’, then I couldn’t have even written anything any more. Keeping digging in her, I had to reveal the craziness of the situation: the Heart opening up to ‘me’ and closing again – the normal craziness of Woman’s Duality.

In fact, looking deeper into it, Maja didn’t say through the ether: ‘leave me alone’, but ‘leave my darkness alone. I don’t want you to See it. It’s too bad. You would reject me for once and for good. All hope would be gone’ – hope of being saved. Well, if Maja didn’t want to See deeper into Herself in my totally Available (albeit not yet fully Manifested) Heart, then at least the digging made the man in me more Conscious of Woman. Without Resistance of Woman, Man *cannot* Grow into the Earth. If only for that reason, complaining about Woman’s lack of True Reception is the last thing for Man to do. Woman’s Resistance to Him *is* the very Thing He Meditates in His Heart here on earth.

Maja played her – natural – role very well. In the end, she was not separate from ‘my’, from Man’s Development into the Earth, into Woman. Even though not Consciously, she gave Man what He ‘needed’. Yet, despite of the big words I sometimes use – True in themselves – on an earthly level it is (very) tiring, sickening and frustrating, this banging and ‘having to’ bang on the Wall. Holiday doesn’t exist for the Heart. All the time It Feels the thick energy of Resistance, the energy of heartlessness everywhere in this earthly realm. As far as the Earth’s Forces have manifested themselves in (and as) Maja and in general in (and as) Woman, I’m talking about the Resistance to becoming Conscious of Herself through Allowing the Mirror of Man’s Heart in Her life, Which she, paradoxically, unconsciously Recognized here. There’s no welcome committee for Bringing (the Heart’s) Consciousness Down into the Earthly Realm.

In the end, however, again and again, tired, exhausted, the Heart Rests, as Itself, and only then, Beyond any seeming effect of the knocking or banging, Something Happens, the Wall Melts, becomes Transparent. Yet, this doesn’t mean that the humble work of digging into the Earth, the banging on the Wall, has no function, even if, indeed, it has no effect. If you do not reach the point of being tired of a form, you cannot Go Beyond it. The alternative, to not start associating with the form at all, is not possible on earth, or at least not if one is truly Dedicated to Touch the Earth, to Touch Woman, to Give oneself Whole-Heartedly *and* Whole-Bodily.

That evening, the 17th of August 1995 was the last time I ever saw Maja. Bye, big big love. Love you anyway, just as much, just as deep, just as unlimited and unconditional – yet differently now.