

### The school of acting difficultly

Despite my falling in love with other girls, Damiantha was still in the picture. Now that My Heart was Torn in Two, i had to find Love in ‘the many’, no longer in the One as with Maja. “**You sent me to the many**”, as i wrote many years later, speaking to Maja as if she was still sitting in front of me, even though somewhat older now.

Actually, Damiantha and i had quite a few meetings and we quite liked each other. We recognized a purity, honesty and vulnerability in each other, which was something we didn’t meet in many people. This didn’t mean in the least, by the way, that ‘Miss Ego’ was absent. One day after my desperate nightly phone talk with Maja, Damiantha and i met once more.

#### *Saturday May 8<sup>th</sup>*

*Finally, after two months, i’m in love with Damiantha. No longer half way, no longer simmering. Finally, i hope, i don’t have to again and again fall in love with other girls any more – which is actually the only thing i’m successful at when it comes to girls. Probably i’m won over because for the first time i noticed feelings of love to me in Damiantha, instead of fear and lust, affection and curiosity. Affectionately she cuddled up to me on the sofa. I put my arm around her, pulled her closer to my body and thought: ‘everything ended up fine yet after all.’ Fortunately i didn’t think of you. Damiantha asked:*

*“Do you think of her now?”*

*Of course i had talked about you many times. There is no ‘subject’ lovelier than you.*

*“No,” i said truthfully, “but now that you say it i do in this moment.”*

*I quickly squirmed to make it clear to Damiantha i had gotten over that. That’s how it really felt at least. Apparently – and so much was sure – i can love someone else again, someone who does appreciate my love, for instance.*

*Slowly i feel, not so much this writing as i myself – but that comes down to the same thing, in fact – come down to the level of a Mills and Boon novel. How can it be otherwise, i ask myself, when you take part in ‘life’? But don’t worry, i speak to myself courageously, this is the transition. If only you act long enough in the silly novel, you won’t know any more in what story and that you are acting.*

[The Grief – page 8]

How incredibly naïve men are – and i was also, now that i joined them on an earthly level: when a woman seems to offer her body, everything seems okay. Since i can’t remember meaning it ironically, i can’t help laughing over it now.

The next day Damiantha and i met again. In my, in the end Impersonal, attempt to join life as others lived and experienced it – not for its own sake or to get lost in it as well (although this was the risk), but to Know it – i even drank some alcohol. This says a good deal, considering my body’s utter and natural disgust of it.

**Sunday May 9<sup>th</sup>**

*The wine flowed abundantly at Damiantha's place. It didn't have a good taste. It did have an effect though. We became rather jolly and we started to talk about the boys who were, in great numbers, after Damiantha. It was a good joke. What did all these boys – there were about 35 of them, as we counted – see in her? "And what do i do with it", Damiantha broke out laughing, "I'm getting so tired of it."*

*"And what do i do with 35 girls that i am after", i roared with laughter. "I'm getting so tired of it. What is it they don't see in me?"*

*We had a smashing time and it came to us starting declaring off the boys of Damiantha – after all I couldn't reject my girls, since I didn't have them. Laughing all the time we nevertheless addressed the matter seriously and we drew up a real list of the boys and Damiantha called one after the other and in fact called them off. As her advisor in love affairs – after all i have been through your love and at least my love for you, so i had a right to speak now – i sat on the sofa next to Damiantha exploding from laughter. There were boys who were offended, announcing such a dramatic decision in such a jolly way: 'are you crazy', they asked rhetorically.*

*"Oh no, i've just lined up everything for myself." And we were convulsed with laughter again. Sometimes i kissed Damiantha in her neck.*

*'There are still 34 waiting before you, please have patience, stay on the line', i felt like yelling in the phone. 'It's a total mess here. No problem! It's just the land of love! You are just part of this love, honey!' But i contained myself.*

*Other boys became angry somehow and didn't ever want to see her again. Pretty petty-minded, we thought. You are a friend or you are not, and these poor wretches were apparently not. If the whole thing was just about making love, then it was better indeed that Damiantha shouldn't see them again. This was the big test: if they really cared for Damiantha and would still like to meet her and give themselves to her when there would be no sex any more on the program. Some men were upset and insisted they wanted to see Damiantha right away. This was out of the question, of course: she was busy now with another one of the 35, a strange funny guy who didn't care about sex in itself, hilarious as this was.*

*If it was too painful to have some boys live on the phone, i, chief of the writing department, wrote a beautiful goodbye letter to them, embellished with a few personal memories that later they would read once more: 'oh yes...' And then there was still quite a big category of blokes who had treated Damiantha badly as a matter of fact. They didn't have a right to receive a phone call or a letter. We just crossed them out.*

*In a good temper i went into town that night. I was not allowed to talk with more than two girls, Damiantha said rather giggly, and i laughed in return but only seldom is a joke a pure joke and i felt some earnestness and fear in the background. Luckily she didn't have a notion of my excessive faithfulness. Better no leakage of something like that. It makes me highly uninteresting, i begin slowly to understand.*

*"Three", i said. I started liking the mess of man and woman.*

*“Then three ugly ones”, Damiantha proposed as a compromise. I agreed to this, knowing that every girl is ugly compared to Maja.*

*Would it then really work that way, i asked myself while biking to the centre of town. The fact is that for the first time in my association with members of the opposite sex i have made a bit of trouble – me too, finally. My simple attitude to life had always been: something is nice and then you do that; or something is not nice and then you don’t do that.*

*Next day Damiantha called me. It seems she was still in the mood. I started to be experienced in being called. Every man will be called sooner or later. Not picking up won’t help.*

[The Grief – page 9]

A few weeks earlier, already after Maja’s leaving, on March 27, i met with Sjon in the pub The Holy Fuck. He listened to my story about Damiantha and my behaviour towards her.

*His mouth went into a straight line that was a cross between irritation, perplexity and being amused. For a long time he kept shaking his head – one of the two gestures i could interpret without error: no no no no no no no. I went to order something to drink.*

*Sjon had to be given the opportunity to ascertain and formulate what was wrong with me. I may be a decent chap, he said, the way i dealt with the opposite sex was on a deplorable level. Actually there was no level at all, because even the least strategy was alien to me. I just did something. Just what i felt like doing at any moment. If the other one agreed with it, everything was settled, i assumed. This was totally wrong. First i needed to know what i wanted, Sjon said. Did i just want some pleasure for a little while, or did i want to keep the hussy for a longer time.*

*“Well, i... i rather like her, i... would indeed like...”, i bungled, once more surprised by the idea of having to develop ideas about love, how to succeed in something and how to prolong something.*

*“Hussy, you shouldn’t say that”, i continued, perhaps in vain still clinging to my former shape, “she’s a very nice girl.”*

*“That may be so”, Sjon replied self-assured, “but she’s a hussy anyway.” This is exactly where you go wrong. You keep seeing girls as girls. Man, you’re no longer twelve years old when you fell in love for the first time. You’re still that boy staring in wonder at the beautiful girl, that miracle out of nothing, looking at himself surprised, what for god’s sake is happening here. You’re a psychiatric case, Maarten, really. I say that because i am your friend and i want the best for you. People, Maarten, go through some development in their lives. At a certain point they know what is what, and they choose. That, by definition, this choice, must turn out bad, as we discussed the other day, doesn’t matter here. They choose. But you, you got stuck at your twelfth. You’re still in love with the immaculate girl. Even the first beginning of growing up is lacking in you. You’re a boy and you know this. That’s not bad and certainly it has advantages, and sometimes, even often, i envy you, let me confess this in all honesty. But if you want a woman everything is different. A woman doesn’t fancy boys of twelve years old. You need to choose therefore. That’s all i want to say. You keep behaving*

*so innocently and if you're lucky you'll find the rare girl that got stuck at twelve as well. Or you change. That means you will behave differently, through which you change along, as i experienced myself. The choice, Maarten, is up to you. Everyone is guilty. You can't avoid this, by not choosing. (...) You have to act, dreaming is over. If you want the hussy to be yours and to keep her, you will have to mystify yourself to begin with."*

[The Grief – page10-12]

I may not have remembered what the exact words of Sjon himself were, but it's rather accurate and certainly the spirit of it was as described. The things he might not have said in reality, he could have said. For instance, i'm not sure if – but i suspect – i added the words about me being a boy myself to the manuscript The Grief, which was, as i have said, not meant as a strict autobiography. For one thing, the tendency to cultivate a certain picture of yourself is always there. Another thing is that the lower tendency to write an interesting story exists as well, or to show reality through words that make things clearer. In any case, now that i was involved with women, the transition from boy to man was certainly a theme for me at the time.

Next to this, the conversation also shows, via Sjon, how people use to live as a self, the self that has its interests and on the basis of its interests it chooses in favour of certain things and against others. It's true that i didn't live that way. And i would have been deluded if i had bought what Sjon was selling. As a self, the self that chooses, i would not only never have been able to Go Deeper into the Process with Woman – and, in the End, Let Her Return into My (Man's) Heart – also, i would never have Found out what the Real Man means, the Man Who is needed for the Process of the One and the Two in a relationship based on Truth. The grown up man that Sjon refers to, is fooled. He cannot distinguish between Man as the Selfless and Woman representing the Self. Instead he just assumes he is a self as well and acts accordingly, thus screwing up the chance of a Real Meeting between Man and Woman, based on Difference. Why was the meeting of two selves in different bodies so interesting. I preferred to be a reflection of Woman's Longing for Man as He Is in and as His Heart, above trying to get a "hussy" for myself, above trying to sell myself as i 'should'. I was born as a Man of Contact, not as an attempt to get things for myself, or get people or even one person for myself.

Although his talk didn't leave me untouched – and anyhow it was useful to get in Touch with the Force of Society, of the normal world, that cannot help but guide everyone in a certain way that serves its own interests and de facto leads to separation between man and woman instead of union – i could relativize things. This was not only due to my own insight into Life that went deeper than his insight (that was based rather on earthly, inherently limited, dual experience), but also due to the fact that he himself was, already for thirteen years, with a woman who was full of social fakery and i always had a hard time being with her when we met. Grinny's whole face was literally shining with Ego. When Sjon was so much into choosing as a grown up, how could he choose to be with Ego and leave things that way, as if things were settled now, now that a "hussy" had decided to try it with him as a man.

In a way it was a conversation with myself, or, in the end, a conversation of the world with the Heart, of Duality with the One: Sjon representing Duality, and trying to guide me into it, and me representing the One interested in the world of the Two. In The Grief, ‘Sjon’ was a construction, mainly based on one of my closest friends and especially the actual conversation(s) we had about ‘me and girls’, and for the rest (a minority) it was a bit supplemented by others and society (or: the world of form) in general.

*“When you tell everything to such a ‘girl’, as you call her, when you tell her what you do, what and how you think, what you feel and, above all, what you want, you are no longer interesting for her. Every adolescent knows this. Finally think, man, dog!”*

*I thought.*

*Perhaps he was right. Perhaps girls assumed i didn’t really love them, since i didn’t act in a difficult way, fixated on truth as i was instead of going for what i wanted. Being difficult had become the norm in the world as a cryptic way for people to express their love for one another before they resign from the whole thing. Acting in a difficult way and doubting, making demands and being afraid of the other, of oneself, of the continuation of love, not daring or wanting to say what you want, not knowing what you want, acting differently than you would want.*

*I thought of Damiantha, of you, of all girls before you. I hadn’t met one girl who didn’t act in a difficult way. Were nice girls always difficult? Did i fancy difficult girls? Did i, as a compensation for my own simplicity in the land of love, look for difficult girls? Did simple girls exist at all?*

*I thought again. And suddenly i got it! I breathed out and Sjon did the same. With a handkerchief he wiped the sweat off his forehead. It wasn’t so difficult actually. If i am the only one who is not being difficult, i saw now with certainty, then i am the only one who is acting in a difficult way.*

In and as the Heart this was not so – There it is the opposite – but here on earth, where other Rules prevail, it was.

*On my own, as an outsider who likes to go in, i can’t change love. First i’ll have to ‘break in’, first i’ll have to adjust. And once i’m settled and desired in the land of love, i can change things. From inside, as it is called. This way is swell for combining my big love drive with the urge to change the world, to do something good for the world, the urge of which has been pushed aside by this love drive. Everything would be all right after all. Sjon ordered.*

[The Grief – page13]

I wrote: *Being difficult has become the norm in the world.* Seeing the world changing rapidly, had, of course, in fact, to do with the fact that i had associated with Woman so suddenly and intensely – for me there was no other way available than ‘intense’. The world didn’t change – although there is more to say about this, it has its own development, yet

structurally the world is just the world – but it was me in the first place who got in touch with the world, the world of Woman, the world of Duality, that is the world of Difficulty.

Thus, after my insight into the world's normal functioning – inherently difficult – and urged by Man's Drive to Enter this world of Woman, *it happened that for the first time in my life i undertook a brave attempt to seriously be difficult. The point was to keep the end in view and yet not to burst out laughing. It was the same day i had spoken to Sjon – or rather he to me. If i didn't do it immediately, implementing the earthly 'wisdom', i would have forgotten it possibly the next day already, the fuss of the goal – the girl – and the mystification and so on. It was so remote for me. I had nothing to hide, nothing to defend. 'I' didn't exist, as i already knew by then. Through (being with) you i actually felt that truth of no-me now, so strongly, instead of, as I had done before, merely reasoning 'myself' a way to that conclusion.*

As often is the case with men especially, consciousness had rushed ahead of the actual experience in and as the Body, in Woman's world – even though, apparently, it was not impossible to catch up at a certain point and let knowing and feeling become one.

*Everyone was allowed to know everything about me. Not that this was interesting in the slightest sense; people, cherishing goals, were anyway mainly interested in themselves. Yet, when somebody asked me something i felt obliged, which meant feeling an insurmountable urge, to give an answer that was as much as possible in accordance with truth.*

[The Grief – page 12]

Strange or confusing though it may sound to some, to manifest the Heart i was prompted or even forced to join the (world of) Ego. To be able to truly Be with Woman and thus to be with *a* woman – or, in fact, to be able to allow Her to Feel and Recognize the Heart – i had to, as it appeared to me after Maja's rejection of 'my' too pure state, join 'the Lie'. I could not always stay separate from it, from the whole fuss on earth. Otherwise, 'my' Heart, 'my' Potential, would turn out to have been wasted in the end, as i sensed. Maja had been my mirror: the earth didn't know what to do with a pure heart. She got so restless that she had to leave me. It was not True to die unused, as the prince with the pure heart who could not live. I started to Intuit what i would have never guessed: that the Lie was (Integral) Part of the Truth.

It was not about the particular form the Lie would or should take, nor about the result of my attempt to 'lie'. It was about the *direction* inherent in associating with the Lie. It was about the consciousness hidden in this ordeal saying that i couldn't stay without dirty hands forever. Well, i could, in principle, but then i would not be *lived*, i would not be *given* and who would benefit from such a 'purity'. By having been with Maja long enough, by catching her eyes in an unguarded moment, and no matter how confusing and shocking the Clash of our two Different worlds was – the Male Uniting world (or, in fact, Already Being One) and the Female Separate world of difference, of Duality – i began to intuitively sense, to have premonitions of the fact that there exists a Purity Beyond the purity i had known so far: the Purity that can be 'purified' by the mud of the earth, the Heart Surrendered into the Dark.

That the form of ‘making difficulties’ – or faking some ‘mystery’, as Sjon formulated it – didn’t serve my particular Process or Development, as it turned out and not surprisingly, couldn’t take away the fact that the *direction* was right: Down. The Heart takes care of the actual forms that would naturally fit the Process, i learned later when the confusing fog of the Clash of the Formless and the Form cleared away. I didn’t need to add or copy anything by myself, in fact. For now, still in (or, in fact, recently introduced into) the fog, i just had to start somewhere, with what came my way. I had to experiment with the form, i had to find out what would allow the Heart to be here on earth.

My first attempt to ‘lie’, to copy and, through my behaviour, mirror it, was a bit hilarious:

*It was cosy again that Saturday evening at Damiantha’s and it got late. No, not at all proud or eager, i felt deeply unhappy when Damiantha asked me why i was so hesitant, why i didn’t want to stay for the night as usual. What could i say? Truth was pelting at me from inside, continuously with venomous balls that had sharp points. Every time Damiantha asked – and she kept harassing me for a long time, an hour at least: she felt my ‘lie’ was as weak as a snail – the balls doubled their force. Gee, what remained of me, why was life so complicated, why couldn’t everybody just say and do and feel what he or she wanted?*

*Shouldn’t i just say it again? That i really liked her very much, and a ‘relationship’ – i was already getting fairly at home with the terms that were apparently needed for love, for communication – wouldn’t repulse me. That i already felt i would come to love her very much. And that in that case it was not appropriate to just say what i wanted most. That i had just learned this behaviour from a friend that very day. For i had always been extremely self-willed and i had to learn now to take something from someone else, certainly from someone who is more experienced than myself. That i hoped she could have some understanding for the fact that i was supposed to make myself interesting, to mystify myself, and that this was by no means an easy task.*

*All my muscles were tensed while i painstakingly avoided Damiantha’s eyes. To enhance the drama, she threatened that she wouldn’t be able to sleep ever again, if i didn’t tell her what was going on. Why did i behave so strangely suddenly, i was not like that, she said. All my nerve cells continuously worked with full power, all of them tried to filch the truth from me. It was a real pandemonium. And i almost let myself go. I was this close from having said: ‘I have to act difficultly. I do it for myself but also for you. It is nice when you can love someone incredibly again. It is attractive for both of us.’*

*I must say i behaved worthily. I really acted in a difficult way. It is true, this was easy for i had a very difficult time acting in a difficult way. And what mattered, i succeeded. Without having to lie with words – that would really have been physically impossible to me – i had lingered just long enough until Damiantha couldn’t face it any longer. Suddenly she became very calm and said: “You don’t have to say it, if you don’t want to.”*

*Just long enough, indeed. I was just about to confess it. I thought: okay, then i can’t integrate in life, in the love that is so much interwoven with it. I am incompetent. Or, the others are incompetent. It comes down to the same thing. We don’t match, the two of us, the others and me.*

*Just on time i was saved. “No doubt i will tell you some time,” i promised Damiantha. Triumphantly, with a staggering speed, i biked through the city afterwards, homeward, although on my way i crossed the centre and went therefore into nightlife again: i had been difficult! I had actually succeeded. Only now crazy wild life would really begin.*

[The Grief – page 12-13]

This may be an ironic piece, indeed, it actually happened nonetheless. It may also seem ridiculous to take the nonsense of Sjon seriously. But i had to learn in direct ways – and not preceding the action – that ultimately people on earth hardly know anything about love, about Man and Woman, that the entire Heart-Investigation had to be done by myself. The quality of the school didn't matter. It was about the willingness and eagerness of the pupil to learn, to discern.

I didn't know that a Man can be *silent*. That he doesn't need to react. With my 'Oh's and 'Hm's in the past as an adolescent i had not been very reactive anyway, it seemed, and indeed *reacting* was not much of my nature. But this was different now. It was not that i lacked the words but, in fact, i should say (more) or do something. My clumsy experience launched me into the beginning of discovering that as man i don't need to react at all, that i don't have to give a form – in words, in physical gestures like making love, or in whatever way – to *Woman's* thoughts, feelings and desires.

I didn't Know yet that Man as He Is, *Is* the Truth and that no particular form is necessary for Him to Manifest Himself, no form but Form Itself and Form is already the case, is already Part of Him. I didn't Know that a man can just speak his Truth and that, if he does, he will get all the rejection of Woman he needs for the Process of Realizing that Man and Woman Are One, the Process of Allowing Woman to Realize and, eventually, Bodily-Energetically experience the same. I didn't Know that Man must not merely copy Woman's unconscious thoughts, ideas, feelings and behaviour, but that He can *Consciously Feel* Her and by this 'Add' Man to the scene, to Her.

*Only in the course of the next day the recoil came. I knew there was no meaning to life, but this could not be the meaning of life: acting in a difficult way for the rest of my life. Never to be allowed to look girls in their eyes any more. That was the most beautiful thing there was, wasn't it? I started looking for reasons, excuses, for my acting in a difficult way. Perhaps it had been just for one time, this silly behaviour, and it had been no more than a reaction to Damiantha's difficult phone talk that morning:*

*“Things are going too fast for me”, Damiantha imparted to me.*

*There was silence on my side of the line. (And this was not because i understood Man's Silence already.) I didn't understand this language. Despite my experiences with you, through which i was forced to think about the psychology of a human being<sup>1</sup> for the first time,*

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<sup>1</sup> I should have rather written 'the psychology of (a) woman', since Man is not interesting in this respect. Of His Own Nature He is utterly Simple, associated with the One as He Is. Woman, of Her Nature, is intrinsically complicated, associated as She is with Duality. She has to simultaneously live two diametrically opposed forces, directions. She has to live them in one body. No wonder She feels torn apart and in pain

*my innocence – i don't know how to express it otherwise – had apparently not vanished yet. Something is nice, or it isn't, i thought again by accident.*

*“You don't like being together?” i asked a bit surprised, for now that i had returned to the land of feeling, i assumed i was allowed to feel that Damiantha liked me very much indeed.*

*“Yes yes yes yes, on the contrary, i do. But things are not that simple.”*

*“No... no, i understand...” i murmured.*

*This obviously was a relief for her. But what i finally, finally understood was that i didn't understand anything at all of it. Not of you, not of her, and, in retrospect, also not of any of the girls before you any more. How could i, who was so permeated by wanting-to-know, have lived all that time? ‘Lived’, amidst millions of girls of whom i didn't know anything, who for all that time had applied a logic of their own, without my knowledge, without their knowledge too? How during those thirty years had i managed to even kiss no fewer than ten girls, without devoting profound studies to it, to the girls? What was i for one? Was i worthy to live, if i just lived?*

*Another excuse for my misbehaviour was the fact that the night before ‘things went too fast’ for her, Damiantha had made love to another boy. I asked if it was so, since i had seen them leaving together. It was so. Just like me, Damiantha couldn't lie. Perhaps, if i were more attractive for her, she could have. Then she could have postponed her choice – wanting to enter into a relationship with me or not – with a lie. But i didn't understand that yet, and actually i don't yet understand now either.*

*Anyhow, while hearing the good news – it's always interesting to experience something for the first time and a girlfriend who made love to other boys while being with me, no, i hadn't gone through that so far – i had a strong impression that i was supposed to show utter indifference. But i failed:*

*‘Hm’, i said. And truly, this was my deepest feeling that moment. Every new situation creates this unexpurgated emotion in me. Hm.*

*But Damiantha didn't take ‘hm’ for an answer. She was looking for drama.*

*“What do you think about that”, she asked in a tone as if an annoying conversation would inevitably follow now, one that she had already gone through a hundred times before. As i said, i was not embedded yet in Man's Silence and thought i was obliged to give Woman answers to her questions to herself. She was not really interested in what i thought of it.*

*“Well, what can i think of it? I don't know.” Damiantha tried to help me:*

*“Do you like it?”*

*“Well, no, ‘like’ is not the first word entering my mind.”*

*“I knew it! That's how it always goes with boys!”*

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when Man seems absent and She is confronted with Herself. That's why she prefers another, male, body, to be with her, so he can take on him and represent one side of Her Duality and she can thus fight forever without ever being really Touched.

Later I got confirmed in my experience, reading in a book that there are 12 times as many books about women than about men. Apparently, men are not or much less interesting than women, or in my own words, Woman's Duality is much more interesting than the yawning-boring Oneness of Man.

*“How do you mean!” Now i became peevish. Everything was all right, but comparing me to boys or men, this was going just too far.*

*“I haven’t promised anything”, Damiantha said dispirited. The same conversation for the umpteenth time. The same button pressed. The same movie played. As if she was tired as the world of itself, tired of repeating the same dramas over and over again, but still having the energy to delegate the cause and responsibility of the drama to ‘man’. The same delegating over and over. I didn’t like it that she disappeared in her own film and didn’t make contact with who i was. Although i couldn’t promise anything, if anyhow she ever wanted to watch another movie, she may better make contact with me.*

*“I know that and you may do what you want, i wouldn’t want otherwise. But if you require of me that it doesn’t matter at all to me and that it leaves me cold, feeling nothing at all, i can’t manage that. As far as i’m concerned nothing will change between us. But you can’t expect that i don’t feel anything at all for you. Or is that what you want?”*

*“Yes... or at least, not like that, if you put it that way, but... in a certain sense, i do.”*

*“I understand,” i sighed. For i understood that this was again something not to be understood by someone like me who had limited his social contacts to a minimum for years, let alone that i had gone into love. A new world, a new language, opened up to me. But for the time being i stood at the door. And through a hazy little window in it i could just look a bit inside. The key was still lacking.*

[The Grief – page 13-14]

After introspection on the subject i came to the conclusion that *it wasn’t revenge that i didn’t allow Damiantha to touch me that evening. It was rather that the idea that Damiantha would touch me, ten hours after she had touched that buffoon Sjaak everywhere, was too uncomfortable for me if not repulsive. I couldn’t feel the sense of touching, if there were few or no feelings involved – also not when the same (lower) feelings could be projected on and acted out with just anyone.*

*Subsequently my thoughts came to my own behaviour. Already two and a half days after we had made love, Maja, i lay in bed with Damiantha, where something happened that some people might call sex, since my penis was being... milked. I lay there for i liked her and some warmth and cosiness with a lovely girl was certainly welcome in the state i had been in after you had left, but even so. It was over between us, but even so. I was not to blame, as i have already explained, but even so. If you were indeed the one who ended our relationship, this didn’t mean that i had won the right to suffer, but even so.*

*My god, i’m getting entangled in life, i suddenly realized. My armpits were soaking wet. My behaviour had always been so easy to justify. Now, to clear myself, to still be able to love myself, i had to dig more and more deeply to eventually come across innocent feelings that must have been my motive indeed. How long still? How long would i still be able to carry on this way, without suddenly being awash with disgust one day, disgust with myself, with the new self-image?*

*Everything is different now. Good and evil, it had been so easy. But now that i have to directly deal with others, everything is different. Nostalgically i thought of the famines i solved, the inequality, the destruction of the environment.*

[The Grief – page 15]