

Amanya may never get over how her love had fared in her teens and twenties.

She and her lover, whom she met when she was 16, were made for each other. Four years they were in paradise. And the world would always know this love. But when she was 20 – and she cannot tell it dry – she felt that “it was time”. This meant they should finally make love: ‘make love’ as the English language says, instead of ‘love’. Amanya herself could not explain where this urge came from, as everything was perfect up to that point. Only, she knew that this urge was in her or came through her. Her lover had never insisted on making love. He had never said a word about it. The love was already there. How could one make it. I could have been him.

Beyond ‘everyone does that at some point’, or ‘apparently this has to be’, Amanya did not get any further in her explanation, as the sexual urge was by no means strong, to say the least. Her lover was not opposed to it – something I also recognise in myself. And so the lovers set to work. The first attempt was a decidedly unpleasant experience and failed moreover. Still, Amanya would not give up, and after a few days of recovering from the misery, they made another attempt. This second attempt, in the bathtub, was successful. Successful in killing love. Afterwards, they were suddenly strangers to each other, not daring to look at each other out of shame and whatnot. Something had totally changed in their relationship, and Amanya could not forgive herself. She had done it. Only a few years on, during which they had miraculously stayed together anyway, did the relationship get slightly better eventually. Slightly, but it certainly never became like it was then, back before the ‘sin’ – the sin that makes love be sacrificed into sexuality, makes the higher disappear into the lower.

Here’s what I wrote in my autobiography about it:

*When they had finally ‘succeeded’, the woman cried, for days. Not because it had been so beautiful or physically painful. No, their Love had been destroyed.*

*The first thing Amanya did after the penetration was, in the dark with lights off, sink up to her nostrils in a full bathtub, hoping that she could feel washed, cleaned again. She had turned off the lights because she couldn’t bear to see herself, her body. The body was more than wounded – not in a physical way. It had been separated from Love. The surgery had been ‘successful’ in that sense. Amanya stayed for hours in the bathtub, but to no avail. The dirt she felt didn’t leave her. Also, the lovers hated each other after ‘the sin’. They couldn’t bear to be with each other any more. And although they were ‘officially’ still together as a couple they couldn’t meet again for one year. When they accidentally met during that year after ‘the enemy’ had been born into the world of Duality, there were sparks of hate between them. The lovers had become very ugly after the sexual act and gross too. According to Amanya this ugliness and grossness was something they never recovered from afterwards. After the year of ‘licking the wound’ the boy and girl came together again and continued their relationship for many years still but Love never recovered any more. It improved a bit a few years after the first devastating shock. How poor can improvement be?*

At the age of 30, Amanyta met another man, a well-known actor, and from the moment she saw him, she stayed with him. When her previous boyfriend – for 14 years she had been with him – walked in unexpectedly, she did not recognise him. ‘Who is that, that man?’ she thought. When Amanyta is with a man, it’s total. And she forgets her exes completely, even if they have not yet been informed of their new status as ‘ex’. She felt that, when she finally understood who it was, it was intrusive of him to still bother her with his existence. After all, she was with her new man now, wasn’t she?

Personally, I am someone who, on hearing such a story, even if it turns out to be less dramatic, follows the life of the abandoned one in this case who was suddenly written out of the script and never heard from again. As if life is made up of threads of people, and one thread suddenly goes in a different direction, losing all connection with another, earlier thread – and I have to follow that thread. I feel his feelings as mine. Things happen in my imagination that may not be and probably are not true, at least when it comes to the events themselves. When it comes to his emotional life, I dare not say at all that my imagination has little to do with reality. Until eventually I am whisked back to the reality of my immediate surroundings, in this case Amanyta who continues with the story of her life, her thread.

It is very difficult for Amanyta to be with a man. She knows the Female Force that, in principle, kills the Man in a man. How should she be with a man without killing him, she loves him so much... She doesn’t want to be the spider who, when the male has impregnated her, kills him. She can’t figure this out. And it has driven her to suppressed despair – suppressed, because it was simply too much to be fully aware of. I am now her hope, yet something in her, for fear of ‘killing’ me, remains distant. As I said, I did not have sex with women until I was 30, despite two thank-god unsuccessful attempts. Amanyta recognises in me the purity she looks for in a man. I am protected by the gods, an astrologer had once said to me, and she meant it. Yes, despite my scientific studies that had lasted seven years, I had by now entered a different world from that of science, of rationalistic thinking, of denying the existence of a deeper reality that is partly knowable *if one stops movement* and thereby gives consciousness room to emerge and expand.

That woman who saw that I had been protected was my first dance partner when I practised tango. She herself was not protected, at least not for long, as she died suddenly at the age of 51 out of the blue. This left me with the uncanny feeling that said: now what if I hadn’t refused her kissing me goodbye on the mouth, as she so wanted. This seems an extremely self-centred thought, but I now know how enormously strong women can react to sexual rejection – or even perceived rejection. Well, the mouth is too intimate for me to let just anyone on there. That the mouth is a gateway to more intimacy did not make it any easier to allow the woman, even if my whole body would not have been filled with revulsion at the thought of feeling her lips on mine after dancing.

In the funeral home where my dance partner lay laid out and which I visited on my own, I danced a final tango with her, took her subtle body in my arms, and swayed her around the room – despite the fact that the surveillance camera light was on. Later that day, when I was in the shower, she tried to enter my body through my crown – she had apparently appreciated my gesture and assumed I was more open now to merge with her. I was somewhat

surprised by this, but when I noticed that it was serious and not a fantasy, I had to resist, because I absolutely did not want this. It was not without effort, but if one is really decisive, one need not fear an unwanted entry. I actually had to shout ‘no’ loudly a few times before she gave up and had to find someone else to take on her un-lived karma. The Heart is big, but this doesn’t mean I don’t feel a clear direction I have to go, and not everyone who wants to be part of that, fits in, even if she was a fine woman.

Amanya saw me for the first time when she had been in the Netherlands for several weeks and one of her three cats, which she had taken with her on the plane, had been sitting on my roof somewhere for days. I hadn’t noticed much about it myself or at least hadn’t been bothered by it, having grown up with cats, but the neighbour, a terribly self-centred fuckwit, couldn’t – understandably in itself – sleep from the cat’s meowing and insisted that the cat be taken off. Amanya was standing in the neighbour’s garden when I, still not really impressed by gravity, climbed up the roof like a cat and scrambled towards the cat, a magnificent long-haired Asian cat who indeed seemed to have nestled under my bedroom window, even though she wanted to get out at the same time, but she didn’t dare or want to either. When deeper forces need to bring people together, they can be stubborn like a cat that sits under a window and will not leave from there until the people in question have at least had to see each other and an energetic connection has been established. With Pazit in my arms, I clambered down; she did not resist at all. Only when I handed her over to the woman who later turned out to be called Amanya, did she start blowing. My neighbour who was standing next to Amanya was too much for a sensitive kitty. Rarely have I experienced a more convulsive person than my neighbour and I will spare you my torment in that regard. It is true that ‘I’ seem to make such a thing worse, if indeed the neighbour person constantly ‘has’ to resist the Heart, resist being touched where her self would no longer have control if she allowed it.

Amanya later said that she didn’t quite know what I looked like at that very short meeting, for she saw almost only a glow of golden rays coming out of me that made my precise forms vague. Now one can be suspicious when it comes to the accuracy of vision of a woman who wants a man – which was not the case yet here – or at least is very impressed with him. Still, I am convinced that Amanya was not trying to present things more beautifully here than she perceived them – not only because she is not the only one who has perceived the golden glow, but her interest in me as a man was by no means primarily, if at all, of a sexual nature. As is clear, not everyone has the same eyes. Even if self-proclaimed ‘science’ thinks so.

When, aged 13, at a subsequent biology lesson, we had to cut into cow eyes that the teacher had disinterestedly obtained from the slaughterhouse, I refused to do so. I didn’t even want to see ‘my eye’; it had to stay in the cow eye bin. I found the whole thing disgusting and, despite well-meaning attempts by the teacher to compromise, such as quietly watching the other students rip open the cow’s eyes so that I still felt involved and could also learn something, I was not willing to make any concessions – if only for the fact that I did not want to faint again, which is not a pleasant pastime, especially when the actual fainting itself keeps getting postponed.

More importantly, as with genitals, eyes for me were not merely forms that could be

taken out of their whole to be examined. For me, they did not exist as separate parts. If I fell in love with a girl I would see something in her eyes that attracted me – her attraction to or love for (someone like) me, for instance – revealing something that I needed to discover in life, that I needed to approach, if not become *one* with. So how could I sit there like a barbarian cutting into a cow's eye, as if it were basic material for handicraft class.

I have forgotten the grade for the test on eyes that I got, but no doubt it will have been no more than – very nice of the teacher in itself – the 2 for the effort I had received beforehand for human reproduction. In fact, I had not yet made any effort to master human reproduction – on the contrary. It would have been fairer if I'd been given a -2. I was working against it. On being in love, on the other hand, I could have gotten a 10 – but this was not a subject at our school. Just that year, I had really fallen in love for the first time with a girl in my class. Yvette. She had curly light blonde hair, almost white. She was an elf, it seemed to me. At home, I pressed my lips to the mirror when I imagined she was there. Human reproduction and the elf had nothing but nothing to do with each other.

This knowledge was put to the test just a year later. One class night, I looked back from my bar stool at one point and that's when I saw Yvette lying on a mattress with the second biggest asshole in our class. Their arms were wrapped around the other's body and they were rubbing it and kissing each other and bah, I couldn't believe it. Yvette with Ab. Not long after, Yvette cut off her beautiful curly locks and she was suddenly an ordinary girl, nothing special. I lost all interest in her, even though I had been intensely in love with her for two years. Only some strange faded afterglow without content remained when I still saw her now and then, of something that is no longer. It was a similar process like Amany had experienced regarding her male friends who for the first time started a relationship with a woman, albeit seen from the other side. When a (seemingly) pure girl gets 'intimate' – or at least physical – with a man with an undeveloped heart, she loses it, she loses her innocence, her purity.

However, I didn't let it get me down and fell in love with another girl, which lasted for no less than three years, even though after some time, helped by the fact that nothing happened, it was permissible to be in love with some other girls at the same time, albeit to a lesser extent. Being in love was going excellent, the actual advances fell far short of that. Even though the infatuation, the adoration of the girl was by far the most important thing, it was grating a little somehow that I did not know how to approach her. My rapidly developing mind was completely at a loss in this regard. I was lucky that, after four years of being in love, Iris laid the foundation stone for the long long bridge from heaven to earth and took my hand. I felt blessed that my first kiss was with her, she who was fourth on my favourite girl-list, one of the four I was in love with.

The first thing Amany did when she came to live permanently in the Netherlands nineteen months after the cat transfer was to find a man, so that she could comfortably look for me from that security. She also told me that, if she had to, she would have no problem at all – on the contrary – living in a doghouse outside my door. Finding a suitable doghouse was more difficult than finding a man. Men are always willing, it seems. And there are men she

can put up with. She could sometimes still feel remnants of ‘Man’. The only time I saw her between the solemn cat handover – she was convinced that her cat Pazit wanted us to get together – and her moving in five houses away, was when I led a retreat in Poland a year later and she was one of the participants, even though she had never participated in a retreat before and lived far away in Romania. Earlier, to open a line to me, she had got her Dutch girlfriend to attend a concert of mine, the same one where Rose had listened to my songs in vain – in vain, because her lower parts did not understand the meaning of art if its beauty did not sooner or later lead to a carnal fusion: l’art pour l’art, Rose didn’t have anything to do with that.