

And now I was lying in bed with Amana, running downstairs when the phone rang, just in time to pick up after the fifth and final phone signal. Amana, though she didn't say anything at first, hated this and felt offended. She knew I knew Rebecca might call. It is true that I did not hide my enthusiasm about Rebecca. If that hurt, it was by no means nice, but I couldn't help it: no one had invented pain. After all, 'my' attraction to Rebecca on the physical-energetic plane happened to be very strong, much stronger than that to Amana and Samaya. No, since Rebecca entered Amana's life involuntarily, life had not become more pleasant for Amana, to put it mildly.

In any case, there was no doubt in my mind that – other than with Amana who, when she was with her new lover, didn't immediately recognize her ex with whom she had just finished after 14 years – I still recognised Amana now that Rebecca was also there. As a man, I don't have to focus on 'the one' that makes me stop seeing someone else. A man, if he wants to give love a chance to actually manifest as Himself, leaves his state of oneness to enter the Duality of Woman, while a woman, if she wants to give love a chance to manifest as Herself, has to sacrifice her own world of duality to the Oneness of Man behind it. For both this is a hell of an ordeal. Love without sacrifice doesn't exist, at least not on an earthly level. Man and woman find each other in this sacrifice. Love is a lifelong, continuous sacrifice whereby in the meantime, almost secretly, it realizes itself in and as the Body.

Penetrating deeper into the truth of 'man and woman' is difficult and arduous. So far on earth, hardly any light has been created in the darkness. The cord of truth is wafer-thin. If one chooses to go through life with a partner and cut off all inevitable attraction to others in advance, one is very unlikely to find the truth. If one fucks around, as it is called in the netherworld, one is also unlikely to find the truth. In all honesty and vulnerability, one will have to face the truth, the reality. As long as a person is attached to anything at all and is not fundamentally willing to sacrifice it, one will not know the truth.

Before I met Samaya, I had a three-year relationship with a girl – Chantal, Bayantha's sister of all people, who I had not met through Bayantha – a relationship that as far as I was concerned would last till our deaths. She seemed to be transparent, almost unearthly. I had never seen anything like her before when I saw her cycling around town now and then. But at the same time, it appeared when we had come together, heavy earthly forces had a grip on her. The power of jealousy was so insanely strong in her that, as far as I remember, I did not even *think* about the possibility of ever having anything with another woman. The Jealous Force filtered out such possible thoughts in advance.

Talk about being one... Unjustified by reality thus, 'she' – or, rather, the Force of Jealousy – made the greatest dramas when she once again found an old letter of mine to an ex-lover in my house, in which, for instance, I had somewhat poetically sung about the curves of the breasts of a former lover (Tiara). This example was quite exceptional by the way, but Chantal knew how to delicately filter such utterances from my archives. If she suddenly asked quasi-innocently but in a very suppressed way, "What are the lyrics of that song actually about?" ("Only You" including the phrase: "I see only You in every woman I meet"), I would spontaneously cramp from head to toe in the face of the next big drama, even if I tried in vain to save the situation.

I can say that, thanks to Tiara who had put up with me no less than two years, just long enough for me to see through the (basics of the) man-and-woman drama, it was no longer affecting me *personally*, but I couldn't possibly not feel the cramp triggered in Chantal by the subject of "other woman". The relationship with Chantal was the only one in which I failed to avoid physical beatings. The power of jealousy proved, only now, to be so gigantically strong. Chantal disappeared into it, literally. She was no longer there in the haze of jealousy and blind rage. It so happened that her voice too sometimes took on such a distorted, mean timbre – one of those from scary films with inhuman shapes – that any possible image of the human that might hitherto possibly still have hovered somewhere in my head and heart was spontaneously shattered.

The times when we managed to let the outburst of jealousy proceed in a harmless manner, Chantal squirmed and bounced across the floor like a wild man as if she had extreme epilepsy while uttering wild cries without meaning or a continuous long scream. But regularly this did not work out, and if she did not take it out on my body, it was even more dangerous when the jealousy stroke inward. Once, for instance, she lay down on the highway ramp when she said she had seen me touching a woman whom, she had discovered in a notebook, I had liked before I met her, Chantal. I had not seen the woman in question in the currently somewhat chaotic situation of many people tightly packed together as a ball of (attempted) love, including myself, but I do not rule out the possibility of an accidental touch. In any case, it was incredibly stupid, not paying close enough attention and not keeping a distance from that particular woman, because I hate motorways.

But in every situation we can learn. In this case: it is not easy to get jealousy off a ramp with words, at least not in the middle of the night – in the daytime, when more cars appear, I haven't tried this out yet. For I indeed refused to drag her off by force. That would make me 'her' slave, a slave of jealousy. I had more to do in my life than constantly saving my beloved, although, paradoxically, this work was precisely: showing Woman the Heart of Man – if we consider this the fundamental form of *saving* indeed, and there is something to say for this, as I know from my own experience. This showing can ultimately only happen in freedom, not in slavery. My words did not seem to touch her at first glance, and eventually I felt I had to walk away – even though I was keeping a close and somewhat anxious eye out for a stray car passing by in the dead of night. After a while, she did come after me thankfully. My words had not been in vain, or rather this concerns my heart that she must have been able to feel somewhere anyway in the apparently apathetic and truly scary zombie state she was in.

I also walked away when she went to hang herself at the next opportunity. I had had it with this kind of violent manipulation. This time, it wasn't even that she had caught my past in 'the act' – indeed, she was utterly incapable of keeping past and present apart and understanding that I was now with *her*: I could see that her lack of discernment was real and, of course, could not really blame her for that. This time, a 'hopping to music' lesson had been cancelled – due to the teacher's holiday, as it turned out. Chantal shot into the drama saying that if she doesn't move she will get too fat and therefore I don't want her anymore, or even worse, that I want another woman, a woman with big breasts, as she had the assumed male

perspective instilled in her by her mother. I could not reach her as she stormed into the room un-hopped and wild, in great cramp, in search of a rope. She found a belt and tied it around her neck and to a stair step. It really wasn't a pretty sight, that purple belt. But there she went.

Before walking out of the room, I had quickly checked whether, if she changed her mind, she could still reach ground under her feet, which indeed, in a flash of a second, I was able to assess so. This way, it was up to her. I did not want to be a nanny, as I had made clear to her earlier. She survived the onslaught that as usually comes from within, however much people fear the outside.

Meanwhile, she had already covered the floor with hundreds of holes, the floor apparently unable to withstand a fiery flinging of crockery. Floor designers are indeed known to be bachelors more often than average. In fact, it was when I recounted – and imitated – Chantal's worst flinging during a retreat (the same as where Amana met Dominique) that Amana became very curious about the earthly happenings of the woman in whom jealousy apparently plays such an important role, even though this force is for the most part active underground and manipulates human circles in such a way that the actual expression of jealousy itself can usually be avoided and remains hidden and makes it seem as if she is not one of the very biggest players on the earthly stage but that there are more important matters.

Amana had never felt jealousy herself and wanted to know what that must be like. She laughed as I imitated Chantal waiting for me at home with some crockery already in her hands, again and again poking her head around the door abruptly for a moment to see how far I had progressed down the long street we lived in, only to retract it again as quick and aggressively. This time, Chantal had found an in itself innocent inscription from Maja in a book. Blind as she seems, jealousy is so unbelievably clever that she would sometimes just let Chantal walk up to a seemingly random book in the extensive bookshelf only to have her find exactly one of the rare books with a dedication. It was a book by Woody Allen. Woody Allen's wonderful humour proved not to withstand the drama earth either. Chantal didn't care when I suggested that Woody could make a great film out of this. Every comment seemed to make the drama worse. Silence also made it worse. At least the acknowledgement of this gave some peace. Nothing helps. A hurricane cannot be stopped by a human hand, a joke, love or by whatever. A heart, too, is being humbled by this.

Chantal, meanwhile, had also cut up several thousand euros worth of good clothes. If I could no longer wear them, was the reasoning, at least the earthly women would no longer fall for me so much: a long-haired handsome man in good clothes, that was too much of a good thing. I admit that I thought it safer for both of us not to approach her too closely in that frenzy of spontaneous clipping given the scissors she had in her hand. And I even managed to save two pieces of clothing, when I mentioned that the two did not belong to the ex of one of my exes, but that I had gathered them myself. The latter was a lie, and if Chantal would come to read this after many years of no contact at all, she will probably come over with a scissors or borrow mine to help the two remaining blazers transcend to their deserved end. Karma needs to be worked out after all.

To explain the strange possession of clothes of good cut – otherwise a possible reader will be left with this inconvenience – these had come my way after Tiara (the one from the

train journey to the south of France indeed), despite the shoppers all around, had erupted in anger and shouted, "I won't do it any more! I will no longer walk beside you if you keep walking in your underpants!" True, I had mistaken the garment in question for shorts in the shop. I never understood fashions. But to, because of something so futile already, chew out your man in public, that's going a bit far. She could at least have done so in French, so that at least the French women on the street understood what she was talking about and could agree with her point of view. But then again, her French was a lot worse than mine.

I had, I must confess, gone a little too far along with Chantal's illusion by depositing a few past writings that included exes in the bin, although I was able to fish almost everything out again when she had to go somewhere. Most of the suspicious writings, several bags full of writings regarding love, exes and such dangerous material, I had already stashed in my brother's house, by the way, but well, Chantal had an admirably good sixth sense for finding leftover material that indicated I had once had thoughts of other women who also, to make things much worse, had bodies. Anyway, I had been loud and clear about one thing: if she hurt my concert guitar with a hair, she was out, and I made no compromise on that. She sensed this and, as much as her tantrums got out of hand, she indeed never touched my first guitar.

After six months of the fits – well, they happened 'only' once in a two weeks – she suddenly asked me seriously if I would leave her if these physical dramas always continued like this; the hospital was not unknown to us by now. For she knew how terrible I found the fights, and regularly she saw me crying on the ground in despair when the worst jealousy tornado seemed to be over. Not to complain, but at the time, despite the earlier brief affair with Chantal's sister, I was indeed not quite used to the fact that on earth love was reciprocated in such a creative way, with its supposed opposite. Despite her fits, Chantal was not stupid, however uncomfortable this combination might be for the rational intellect: in any case, and despite her unjustified reproaches, she was very aware that the jealousy force was coming through *her* and could destroy us.

I found this the most difficult question I had ever been asked in my life – though at the same time, something in me immediately and eagerly threw itself at the challenge. Such a difficult question sharpened awareness and had the potential to expand the heart further. I could be trusted to extract an honest answer from the deeper truth. That I had by now experienced first-hand that the truth was dangerous when shown to a woman, somehow did not detract from this – on the contrary. In the heat of battle, Man can rise from the fire and show Himself. And He turns out to be a Knight of Truth, not a slave of Woman. If He passes the test...

Could I accept that from the moment I had met Chantal – or after a few months, to be precise – I would suddenly have a truly shitty life for the rest of my life? I had pretty much escaped the dance in the darkness and heaviness of life until then. Who stood to gain in the end, if not only she was ravaged by the dark earthly force but it also dragged me down with her, pulled me into the ravine from which I would probably never rise again? But 'I' was literally already too far gone, in the sense that 'I' did not believe in the 'I'. It was not about me protecting myself from physical and psychological attempts of abuse. It was about love. I

couldn't leave Chantal like that. That I had not firmly prevented her from committing suicide before – as a childish cry for attention, and especially as a form of manipulation – does not mean that I had abandoned her, that I did not know what I was doing; it does not mean that I had withdrawn my love for her. In fact, by not going along with her manipulations (except for temporarily storing some 'suspicious documents' in the trash bin), she could feel space again for my love for her and her love for me – instead of seeing me merely as an enemy, an enemy who should say B when she says A and vice versa. Space is crucial for a relationship, even if there are quite a few more things that are crucial in that regard.

Being chained for the rest of my life, however, went a bit further. It was also not to be ignored that if 'I' was lost, my (spiritual) 'work' that I felt I had to do on earth and which, while not of a personal nature, was apparently not what many other men were capable of and which, without my input, would therefore not be done, or at least a lot less thoroughly and carefully, less truthfully, would already be reduced to ashes in advance. I would have been born and lived for nothing, would have had 'my' (ultimately impersonal) potentiality crushed senselessly by the monster with no name that seems to serve nothing and no one – including Chantal – but only destroys.

It was also basically true that if 'I' went down with 'Chantal', if the monster killed us both, no possible woman could later have any benefit from me, from my heart. However, this, a possible other woman, was not a conscious thought in me at that moment and, anyway, there was a stronger feeling in me that said that if I could not give myself completely to one woman, who is to say that I could with others? Didn't I simply have to respect the circumstances in which I had been placed from Higher up, instead of seeking or secretly hoping for better, easier circumstances? It was the moment of truth. If I said I would not leave her, even if the hysterical conditions continued forever, any escape route would be cut off. My life as I had known it would be over. I couldn't, to reassure her for the moment, say, 'no, I won't leave you' and then do so when things really got too much and I couldn't take it anymore. I am not a liar. 'Praying for the end of time', as Meat Loaf sings in 'Paradise by the dashboard light' in a similar situation, was not in my path either.

I heard the Man in me, tested as he was like never before, say, "No... I will not leave you."

In principle, a man does not leave a woman. From the point of view of nature, it is the woman who deals with the possible leaving of the partner. The formless cannot leave the form, where the form leads an ostensible, human-supposed independent existence apart from the formless. In that moment of confrontation, I felt my love for woman, and it was uncompromising. I loved Chantal – and still do – and love does not know how it could run away from severe difficulties. Even if this did not mean that I would not do everything possible to manifest the deeper love between man and woman on an earthly level such that its power would be greater than that of jealousy. I was aware of 'my' inner strength, the Male Force living its truth. I *knew*, beyond all the aforementioned considerations, beyond the phenomenon of consideration itself, that that Male Force, was ultimately of a higher order and stronger than the drama of Woman and that it could stand all tests.

What certainly helped in my ‘decision’ – a *true* ‘decision’ is actually a (stage in a process of) becoming aware, a becoming aware of the truth – was the fact that not only did ‘I’ no longer see an ‘I’ in myself, but not in Chantal either. She could, upside down, not help the fact that this force had taken hold of her – I knew her mother (and her mother’s father), just to mention something in this context, even if this ‘only’ gives a *causal* explanation – and had to erupt every fortnight to keep life bearable, to drain the tension to earth, just as a lightning does. Moreover, I had to meet the very earthly forces instead of staying safely away from them. It was not for nothing that we had come together. Six months before we had come together, we were walking together – we hardly knew each other, but I had felt compelled to address her in the cloakroom during the break of a spiritual event – away from a church in Amsterdam-south to a park and in the middle of the street I felt ‘click’, as if I literally heard this in and with my body but also between us. This click between us was something I had never felt before, even with my great love Maja – although I was now much more conscious than I was then, it is true. A click of Forces, Forces that *had* to meet.

That it then took another six months before we suddenly kissed each other passionately on the lips is a detail. She had been in a steady relationship for four years, but that was no objection, she said. The morning after the lips, Chantal immediately ended that relationship. And also then, my thoughts and feelings went out to the abandoned one. Regularly I followed his new bachelor life in my imagination. He would never have a second Chantal, I knew. There was only one of those and he had lost that one forever. His journey into the depths of life could begin – if he was capable of meditating the dark force neutrally but with feeling and all. That chance was minuscule, to be honest. He was doomed to shrivel up. While Chantal and I, the dual forces, were allowed to fight cosily and the police appeared at our door, the poor boy shrivelled up and he did not know why, he was not even aware of the process of shrivelling up. Unconsciousness is the true tragedy of life, not the content of the misery that is poured over you.

The two former lovers may not have had to face the physical fights that Chantal and I had experienced thirteen times with varying degrees of ferocity, but the alternative of unloading the natural force of jealousy from her tension which she practised with her previous boyfriend, was not exactly pleasant either. The first thing Chantal did then when she woke up in the morning next to him was to bang her head against the wall for a while, so that after a while, she calmed down a bit in her head that kept having to clear it of all the rot she had endured in her life, especially since she had such an open energetic body. At least she didn’t do this solo head-banging during the time she was with me.

When she was 14, her mother invited her to join a so-called ‘club’ where strange men could fuck you. This friendly invitation she had thankfully not accepted. Her sister Bayantha, at the age of eighteen, had, however, accepted the invitation to be driven by her mother to a ‘club’ to work as a ‘hostess’: “Yes, child, if that is what you want, I fully support you in that.”

What is a person’s own will? This is a much more important question than most people realise. Normally, a person’s ego’s will is mistaken for that person’s will. This is a charade. And everyone should actually meditate sooner or later to get rid of this impertinent lie.

In any case, Chantal's best friend congratulated her with me when Chantal could not hide her black eye: "Finally one that strikes back." She herself also finally had one that hit back and was very content with that in contemplative moments: she couldn't suppress a smile then. A man who did not respond to her dramas, who was out of touch, she found significantly worse.

After my confession that I would not leave Chantal, the excesses stopped. Jealousy had learned a lesson in love, apparently. The fear of being left for another – the engine of jealousy – had calmed down. The most poisonous sting was out – even though jealousy itself was by no means dead.

To enter the depths of love, it is possible and even necessary not to choose. I did not choose monogamy for the rest of my life but was not against it either and I was fully prepared to have sex only with Chantal for the rest of my life, even if it would be limited both in quality and quantity, because Chantal and sexuality did not exactly have a happy marriage. Actually, I didn't think about the topic at all. If love had monogamy on the agenda – as it did with Chantal – then so be it. Now things are running differently.

Chantal herself has exposed her own lie. Where she lived in a constant state of accusation towards 'me' – this state of siege was severe, I must say, not much less severe than its volcanic eruptions – she herself fucked another person at one point. It all turned out to be projection of the Sexual Force – she did not trust herself in this regard. What was worse was that she had lied about it, and continued to lie afterwards, including about the fact that she and her in-between lover were no longer seeing each other. As my body is not divorced from the truth, I sensed with my body that she was hiding something. It was almost unbearable in the house. The more love for truth there is in a house, the heavier it becomes when a lie haunts it.

At one point, in the middle of the night, I went to the bedroom – by now I was sleeping downstairs on a mattress – and made a *true speech*. In a true speech – which no one can give as themselves, but which comes through someone – another can only be silent and listen. I told her, as a fact and no longer as a possibility, that she was hiding something. I have made it clear to the lie that she has already been seen. The truth is already there and has already 'won'. It is at most a matter of time that she, disguised as Chantal, *sees* it.

Without waiting for an answer – I had no question either – I went downstairs and put myself back to bed. After an hour, Chantal came down the stairs and confessed – and the very next day confessed to other lies she had not confessed before, lies that also involved her with other men. The lie of monogamy had finally been exposed. It appeared to be she herself who was attached to me being monogamous, who wanted control over our relationship. Every attachment is, ultimately, a lie. 'Her' 'infidelity' coupled with 'my' 'fidelity' – even after confession, I still had no inclination to look around to see if there might be another nice partner somewhere, perhaps one that was less hysterical – naturally paved the way for the situation I find myself in now, five years later, with Samaya, Amana and Rebecca. There is no preference for monogamy or polygamy, I am faithful to the truth of no choice *but life itself*.

Since the lie of 'the adulterous man' and 'the faithful woman' had been unequivocally exposed – I was not dissatisfied with this: every revelation is a festive ceremony, even if it is

usually painful – my faithfulness to Woman is no longer limited to one woman. ‘I’, the Man in me, is Faithful to the Woman who recognises ‘me’ deeply as Her Man and who shows this. Since the Force of Jealousy can no longer manipulate me, since I no longer serve Her in the dark, since the hell of earth has been revealed to me thanks to Chantal, I am free to be Loyal to the Divine Woman, the Woman who recognises Her Man and values this Love more than anything else in or of herself. Every woman carries the Divine Woman within her, in principle. It is hard but naturally fulfilling and challenging to serve the Divine Woman Herself instead of the self, the ego in a woman. I am Faithful to Her Natural Love for the Man in ‘me’ and, generally, to Her Love for the Man. If this Love does not manifest in any woman then I am Loyal to this reality. If She manifests or threatens to manifest in three women, then my devotion does not change. I am free. Free to enter hell – because ‘I’ *see* her. Consciousness Sees Itself, by Seeing Its supposed opposite.