

One – The story of what?

I have always wanted to write a book. A real book, I mean. I have written two books already. These were scientific books. I didn't write a real book because I had nothing to say, I thought. Now, I don't care. I'll just write it. Nobody would believe me if I was going to tell this was the story of my life. Neither would I.

The women I loved Upto now I have loved seven woman. That is, there are seven women with whom I shared a part of my life in one way or another. This does not mean I did not have other women. I did, but they have left no more than a memory, not an impression.

I got married to the seventh. Seven is not my lucky number, that I can tell now. With her I had the feeling that all the women I knew converged. She subsumed all the others. That is why I feel at a loss. She disappeared. And with her she took the memory of all the six others.

Warning When she left me, I lost my identity, my personality. I write my story to recover my identity and to learn who I am. My story may be read as a warning. A warning for number eight, or nine. Perhaps I lost count by then.

Lonely I am a lonely person. I have always been that way. Every attempt to change that has failed thus far, one way or another. I may need therapy. But I decided to write down my story first. Or instead.

I am dutch Before I tell you my story, I have to explain something. I am Dutch. I can't help it. That's the way I was born. And raised. In other words, I am very Dutch. Even if I don't appear to be, at first sight. Why do I write my story in English then, you may ask. Well, simply because all these months I have lived in English. Besides, I can use the exercise. The girl I married to was French, with an English speaking mother. We got on well, in English. Her accent was perfect, better than mine. And since I read and wrote English already most of the time, English was fine with me. Nevertheless, English is not my mother's tongue. I found out the hard way. I may have been too eager, too naive, to think I could warp into a different language zone. Is that why my life is in such a mess now?

Life Women are an important part of my life. I have only a few friends. My best friends are women. But I am also at war with women, in particular the ones I

loved. I have no brothers. My father died when I was young. So I have been living among women, my mother, my sisters, my lovers, the women I slept with. My relations with men have been focussed on work. I have never slept with a man.

Statistics I am in my forties now. Forty-three to be precise. When I met my wife, the girl I married, I was the happiest man on earth, ready to settle down and lead a normal life. Moreover, she was beautiful and very sexy. What more could I wish for. When we broke up I did some statistics on my life.

Of the seven women I loved, two have been anorexic for a period in their lives, there were two abortions, two were very shy, two of them were French and two of them had ex-lovers that one way or another reappeared. There is no need to say that they were all very special, but to continue counting, two had big tits (very big, actually), two had a doctorate degree, and (only) two of them lived in the same house with me. They were all slim, like me. Significant is that none did not smoke and that none of them had money.

What I got from this all, apart from a love life, is one child and one marriage. The marriage will be ended soon. So I will only have a child left. Of course, I am very proud to have a son.

Intellectually I didn't do so bad. I have a regular job (with income) and I have written two books. I am a doctor in science and completed three doctorate studies: philosophy, psychology and computer science. Also I have completed an artschool, as a painter. I did these things because, once, I was very ambitious. The fields comprise the area of Artificial Intelligence and I hoped to be able to program a computer to make Art. My ambitions have been tempered in the course of time, though.

A classical story The story I am about to tell is in a way a very classical story. A love story. With a dramatic ending. We met on her birthday, the seventh of february. We lived together for about a hunderd days, three months, making love, enjoying life. We separated a month after we got married. The whole affair had taken less than six months. Seven, if the divorce is included.

It has been like a dream. Now, I must wake up, get on with my life. But it is difficult. I miss her. I can't forget, unless I understand. Why were we not able to build a normal life? What did I do wrong?

Writing the story is like an intellectual revenge. Emotionally, she has proven to be too strong for me, too lively, too unpredictable, too vulnerable. A poor revenge, indeed. But I can't do any better. She left me. What moved her was beyond me. Too complex and too dark.

The outline The outline of the story is simple. We met in Paris. I was there for a conference. She took part in the organization. I asked her out for dinner. She agreed, and we spent the night together. Back in Amsterdam, I called her. We both liked eachother and agreed to meet the next weekend in Paris. There I said "welcome into my life." Since she had already planned to go to the States for a few weeks, I proposed to meet in New York, to celebrate my birthday. We

had a party for two. She dressed up very chic, and we went out for dinner. She gave me a pen, as a present. Back in Amsterdam, I wrote her two letters. Love letters. I mentioned the thought of marriage, of living together. When she came back, I went to Paris to pick her up, to go to Amsterdam. We were all excited. I had already met her parents and her family, and they all liked me, her future husband. Things had taken a quick turn. Two weeks later, we went back to Paris to pick up her things with a rented van. I still have a picture of that. We look very happy. In the mean time, we started organizing our life. We improved the apartment, bought various cupboards, ordered a new bathroom, and did an incredible amount of paperwork to get her a residence permit. She also started learning Dutch. Never things were done so harmoniously and efficiently. Finally, we got our wedding papers ready. We invited the family, and the wedding took place. Immediately after the wedding, on our holidays, everything collapsed. It appeared to have been false pretense all along. She said we didn't have anything in common, we never had intelligent conversations, she didn't know anything about me ... I was shocked, in despair. I had told her everything about my life, more than I have ever told anyone before. In her all the women I had been in love with converged. Suddenly, it turned all against me. I am still on my feet, but I need to find my way back, my way back to life. I need to relive this episode and investigate my past, to find how the dream could turn into a nightmare, to understand why, blinded by my love for her, I went over the edge, to awake in utter despair and loneliness.