



Ayaki: Looking for the Yakuza and Amaterasu

Ayaki Kasuga was a girl I met in Kyoto. She was extremely StRanGe and, in her own way, charming. Most of all, Ayaki Kasuga was beautiful as a 'kawaii' Japanese girl. Now, I must say something as a kind of a preface to the book. I am not sure what Ayaki Kasuga's intentions were towards me. It could be that she just wanted to ruin my life. How? By making me, first, fall in love with her, as they say, and I did that, in a sense, and then, second, by cutting me out of her life completely and suddenly. That would all make sense given everything that transpired in between us. If that was the case, then you must understand that Ayaki was someone else and not who I thought she was, a very beautiful, *genuine* woman. For if a woman is beautiful she is many things besides, say, just pleasant looking, or whatever we call it. When you interact with the beautiful lady, you automatically get a sense of what her life is about and what is beautiful is the whole person. Obviously enough, I would have never fallen in love with Ayaki if I knew she had some kind of evil intentions in the background and that she

was something completely different than what I imagined her to be. To be more precise, I just saw in Ayaki a beautiful Japanese girl, who had her own choices to make, and that is all. But if she is really deceptive and on some kind of a mission, say, to destroy a foreigner's life, then she really is not who I thought she was, at all.

This teaches us something at the very beginning and that is that beauty can be illusory; for in a way it all must go together, the person and their beauty, and if you find out that the woman is not the person that she pretended to be you can no longer look at her as beautiful, at all. You forget her, immediately. This teaches us that there are such phenomena as mere appearances of beauty-feminine. Here, as everywhere, appearances can mislead us. So if this is the case, you must understand, I think, that I only experienced a possible beauty of this type, and a possible beauty is just one that is not real but is, well, possible, in some sense, and that can happen of course, that one is mistaken. Other than that, things are as I have said here.

How I met Ayaki Kasuga

It was around 2013 and I was in Kyoto, which I liked a lot as a city, mainly for its nature, like the 'kite' or 'tobi' birds that live around the Kamo river and which swoop down, aiming at your food, mainly, I found out quickly. I was in Kyoto then because I was visiting my strange girlfriend at the time, Yuko Ishihara, who was studying *tetsugaku* or philosophy at Kyoto University. One day I went to study at the library of a small university very near where I was staying. The university was called, I think, Doshisha University Seihokai. I was just in the canteen eating gohan (lunch), when two gorgeous ladies sat next to me. One was Ayaki Kasuga herself and the other one was her friend, Gushi.

I had never before seen such a beautiful, small, black, in the best sense, girl as Ayaki Kasuga. Under *her* promptings, we talked and at the end of the conversation we exchanged email addresses. Sometime after this, Ayaki invited me to go hiking with her and her friends. We did not go, it was canceled for some reason. While I was in Kyoto, the three of us, I, Erol, Ayaki and Gushi had lunch together once or twice. When I left Kyoto and Japan, Ayaki and I kept in a little bit of contact, maybe for a year. The next time I returned to Kyoto, a year after that, in 2014, I broke up with Yuko, and I told Ayaki about it immediately. During this time, Ayaki and Gushi met Yuko. This was when we all went out to dinner together. In any case, the day after I broke up with Yuko, Ayaki and I had dinner alone. I really thought that we were falling in love and that day I held her hand for a couple of seconds, asking her to be my girlfriend on the same day. But Ayaki was not comfortable with this, and even though she promised to see me again, on mokuyoubi (Thursday), I never heard from her again, except once and then it was very brief. And

that is the story of our lives, in all. Now I will write about Ayaki Kasuga's beauty-feminine and of Japan as I came to witness it through this 'encounter'.

The Fall

Beauty is power. I know the power of Ayaki's beauty because I was in its grip. Generally, power is defined as the 'ability to control people and events'. Although there is much more to it than this, we will begin there. It is true that this is a necessary structure of Power in Essence; the ability to control beings and events. So we will stick with looking at it in that way for now, as control. Nevertheless, as if suddenly, we enter into confusion. For even my physical body can control people and events. But the power of beauty-feminine offers the possibility ([PhR](#)) of controlling them in its own way. And so we must distinguish beauty-feminine power and power simpliciter.

Here we are only interested in the kind of power that beauty-feminine gives to a woman, and we distinguish it, right away, in that it is the power to influence beings, of every kind, but in particular masculine beings. This is a special kind of 'influence' that we will explore.

Ayaki Kasuga was not high in stature, like say [Ivanka](#) or even [Ibuki](#), the latter being very high for a Japanese woman. When I describe these ladies as 'high' I do not mean that they are just tall women. Both of these women are high in the beautiful sense, even in their human 'form', Ivanka is High as a Towering, Beauty, Reflecting, Wise and Ibuki as a tall Red, Splendorous, Tree, unreachable in Beauty, up there somewhere, in her apartment. When you see Ibuki, and Ivanka I bet, and know in some way, it is like this, they are high, grandiose beauties. [Kayleigh McEnany](#) is also like this in some sense, except that she is a woman on a podium, in her soul, so she is high, in a different way in her beauty-feminine. And with that Kayleigh thought we

do approach Ayaki Kasuga's own beauty-feminine. When Ayaki exists she is as if sits on something, a cliff edge, and is then high, as a beauty. In this way, the Beauty-Feminine of these women is different in stature, and very different.

Ayaki was quite small, for a girl. But when she sits next to you, it is as if, as Kant writes somewhere, you lose your own sense of height and become small yourself; I was at least four times bigger than Ayaki, I really was a huge man, and yet I felt as if she shrunk me down to size, just by sitting next to me. This is the source of Ayaki's beauty-feminine power. So we will begin with that.

The Power of the Cliff Edge

If you meet Ayaki Kasuga, and you are Erol, it is as if you are always falling. This is related to her stature. It is as if I am falling from a high cliff edge, on which Ayaki sits, and it is as if she is pushing me down, constantly, in her beautiful soul. As I said, Ayaki was quite short, even for a Japanese woman. But her beauty-feminine is not in her human 'form', for sure, and neither is the power of her beauty simply in her human form, which is small 'chisai', petite. So what really is size in this context?

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I only noticed that Ayakiiii was chisai when I reflected on her later, in my memories. But when I first met Ayaki, she was neither small nor medium, although she was not tall, like say Ivanka, Ibuki or [Eliza](#). What then did I experience? Well, that is the thing about experiencing; how can you truly experience beauty-feminine when it enters into your life?

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You must be engaged. So I will say now that in my engagements I came to know the possibility of being overpowered by something, this woman, or girl, back then, maybe twenty-five, she was, and I, Ekiris was overpowered in such a way that I, Ikiris, Ekiris could not really get a grasp on things but was always falling, as if off a cliff edge, even when standing still, or sitting, still, in Zazen, I was falling, in myself. So how can she look chisai, when I am always falling from her, up there, on the cliff edge? And how precisely did this possibility alter I, Ekiris, asks?

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Before Ayaki *suddenly* sat next to me, I was just writing some notes, thinking of how to end my relationship with the strange Yuko, or something like that. And I was okay, in that sense, to write these things, as in a diary, and to think of philosophy. Then I looked up, with my physical eyes, and I could no longer do any of this; not because I was talking to Ayaki, who said “hello” to me, before she gave me her email, but because of some other power that I felt. I was falling, obviously, and, suddenly, I myself felt small relative to Ayaki. My life itself was relatively unimportant and small, really, in the bigger scheme of things then when I was in the grip of this power. This is a distinct power of this woman, no other one had ever made me feel like this.

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The place where I fell, Kasuga, was very localized; it is as if I was on a walk through a dark, mysterious Shinto forest when, suddenly, I fell off a cliff edge that I did not anticipate on the path, a surprise of sorts. So I fell and I kept on falling, even when I left Ayaki's human presence; for beauty-feminine affects you, masculine being, with vision for it, and makes effects at a distance. What is this phenomenon of falling, lady, Kasuga?

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It is a possibility of a being in a certain way, that I obviously never knew before, as a man. So we have to say that it affected me, as a man, a masculine being. So a masculine being can fall, and always be falling, in this sense, in his being, in the presence of a beautiful woman like Ayaki Kasuga. And when you are falling in this sense, your human life is obviously different; I thought of Ayaki Kasuga the next day, and the day after, and a year after, and I did not really think, at all, at the same time, for I was overpowered by her beauty-feminine in its power to make me fall away from myself and in myself in some sense. What do I mean?

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Well, on some level I was aware of her, and that is all, for she is somewhere else, affecting me, say, beautifully, a concrete case, I. And sometimes a thought did arise in my mind: Ayaki's eyes are so

beautiful, and I thought of her pretty little nose, sitting sharply on her petite face, dark, in the best sense, shadows, and all that stuff. But even when these thoughts and memories do not arise, I am still falling, in this sense. So if I am just walking, at this time, nothing is quite, well, solid, for it is as if there is an abyss, dark, dark, dark, and the path is itself falling into this abyss, and even Kyoto is falling, and especially Yuko Ishihara, in every sense is falling, anyway, all this time, away from my life, thank god. And this space, through which I am falling, is not physical, it is a space in Ayaki Kasuga's beauty-feminine, which I have just welcomed into my life, and as long as I am in communion with her, I fall like this, even if I was married to her, I am sure, it would always be falling. So what is beautiful about it?

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If I was really falling of a cliff edge, it would obviously be physical space that I would be falling through, and there may be something beautiful about that, as Japanese women and men know, for this state-world (see [Essays](#)) is so evil that it may actually be beautiful to leave it through suicide. But not everything in beauty-feminine is itself beautiful in the strict sense of the word, as sometimes a dark beautiful, kirei, forest does not look beautiful, hiding, like beauty in depression. Beauty-feminine is power, say, of protection. For some beings will do anything to protect a beauty, say, Princess Kaguya's strange father, and when that power works you do not necessarily feel that that work is beautiful, although the beauty is there, in the background offering the possibility of such protection. So when I was falling,

Ayaki in the world

I knew Ayaki Kasuga for only a few moments of my life. Even if it was not for very long, it was good to know her. But when we know beauty-feminine in a woman, even for a moment in time, we in a way know all of it. So I have spoken a little bit about the power of her beauty-feminine. Now I will speak about its strength.

Strength is defined as the power of something, an object or a substance, to withstand a great force of pressure. Now Ayaki certainly had this quality. For she could withstand me, a man who is, as I said, four times her size. She never seemed intimidated by this huge foreigner in her land, not even when we were by ourselves talking about life by the Kamo river. She was always strong in herself. This means that she always remained herself, Ayaki Kasuga.

But what we must remember is that all these aspects that I am depicting, like the depth of her beauty-feminine, which gives her the power to make another person, like I, Erol, fall, and to keep on falling, and now her strength, really are aspects of her beauty-feminine. It is not that Ayaki is strong independently of her beauty-feminine; it is her beauty-feminine that gives her the power to be so strong. So what is the nature of this strength?

We can compare it to a small spring, which is always itself, even when branches fall into it. It resists everything that comes its way and remains itself, so she is always solid, in her own way. Now, another metaphor is that of a giant lake, which is always itself, no matter how the weather changes and what floats in it. But what you must remember is that, as Ayaki's beauty-feminine, this lake is very compact. For, as I said, Ayaki is not grandiose in

stature, but she is high in her own way, deep and strong. This lake remains itself even when it becomes a deep little spring; the whole lake is the spring.

What does this have to do with her physical appearance? This is a really tough little girl, as far as I can remember her. If you look into her eyes, you sense a dark depth, like that of our imaginary spring, but the whole thing is extremely strong, so her eyes are strong. In a sense, this is all we will say but it is necessary to become more precise in our descriptions for this is a beautiful thing to understand itself, and, by the way, a beautiful thing to understand is not exactly the same thing as the beauty being understood.

If you look at the colour of Ayaki Kasuga's beautiful eyes, you say "her eyes are dark, blackish". But with that description you really miss your mark, if you take into account what I said above. For the sense of something in her eyes being deep and dark comes from her beauty-feminine; it is the power but especially the strength of her beauty that makes her eyes so irresistible. Now we must speak of contrasts.

In colour, my eyes are in a sense the exact opposite of Ayaki Kasuga's. They are green and blue and gray. Hers a pitch black. Now what do my eyes tell me about my beauty masculine? Simply that I am very fractal, as these depictions make obvious. I always see many things in one thing and the one thing in many things, so it is all colourful and multidimensional. When I spoke to Ayaki about life, I had grand plans; in order to succeed in the world, I needed to first succeed in myself, and that for me meant mastering philosophy. If I was, say, to become an engineer, which I could have become, it was a natural path, I needed to first master engineering on a philosophical level and to

understand the deep meaning of it. So what is the deep meaning of engineering?

It says in the dictionary that engineering is a kind of science that is concerned with designs and buildings and the use of machines and structures to bring these designs into reality. And I am like that; I need to use machines in order to actualise my designs. But what is the true meaning of a machine? And what is the true meaning of a design? Such questions are not answered in the dictionaries, so we begin from scratch.

A machine, in my understanding, is just something that pulls things together *mechanically* in order to give you one thing in the end. And in order to really know how to use a machine, you must first have in your mind the design, for the design is outside the machine, in my way of looking at it.

Now, I could have made designs for, say, buildings and apartments but, to be myself, I also needed to design the machines, and even hire the employees who would use them, to be fully satisfied in my work. But that whole process would need to make sense in my life so, at some point, I would have needed to reflect on the meaning of designing in this sense, and of actualising my designs mechanically, to be fully satisfied in myself as an engineer.

And that did not come to pass, although I did design some things which have been stolen from me, through serious evils, read [*The Offer*](#).

But Ayaki is not like this. She was very honest with me, in a sense, when she said that she needed a man who could make a lot of money and she thought it was good that I was at some point an IT engineer, which I was, as I told her. But IT engineering is not what I have in mind when I speak of engineering. In the kind of IT engineering that I

was involved in, someone else makes the machines and the designs. As someone being able to use these machines and as someone being able to develop these designs, you, the IT 'engineer', are, in the end, more of a worker than an engineer. But, in any case, Ayaki was not very impressed that I was interested in 'tetsugaku' or philosophy.

I liked her then. For she was darker than usual, to be honest. Ayaki knew what she wanted, and that is a man who could give her money, and a lot of it, if they were married. It did not matter that much to her how he made his money, I think. But it matters to me a lot. But that does not mean that we were incompatible, not at all, for if it does not matter to her how I made my money then she would not have cared that I made my money while also actualising myself as a human being.

Ayaki in her welcoming aspect

I met Ayaki in the canteen of her university. And as soon as we started talking, I knew that she was welcoming, in a sense that a small deep spring in nature is welcoming. And sitting next to a small spring, surrounded by a dark forest, exactly of the kind that they have in Kyoto, is my favourite image to get immersed in.

I am not going to say that when I am falling, as I have described, that Ayaki is welcoming. In fact, it is the opposite. For the falling really takes place when you leave her presence. And, as soon as Ayaki left me by myself, I felt that I was not welcomed by her anymore, for when she is distant, she is really distant. So we find a certain kind of contrast in Ayaki, which appeals a lot to a man like me. This contrast between welcoming and keeping at a distance makes Ayaki *especially* strong, which she is, for sure.

When I saw Ayaki with my girlfriend and her friend, Gushi, for dinner, she took care of me by arranging my cutlery and also by sitting and being close to me, like a wife. Yuko knew this. But what Yuko did not know is that she could never be Ayaki in my life, in this sense, or any. For it is not that Ayaki *tried* to be like this; she really is like this. She takes care of things, again, precisely as a deep little spring, which nourishes all the small things that live in it. And you may think: “but aren’t you four times bigger than her?” Yes, that is true. But, as I said, her beauty always reduces you down to size, so that she can take care of you, perhaps.

But on the other side, when she failed to turn up on mokuyoubi (Thursday), and when she would not answer any of my emails, she was not caring for me at all, as if I was a little animal that could no longer find its way to the spring, for the spring rejected him.

And both of these aspects, the welcoming but also the distancing, are aspects of Ayaki Kasuga's beauty-feminine.

The Distance

I have been separated from Ayaki Kasuga for over a decade now. This distance no longer causes pain in me. So I can write about it more objectively.

Ayaki Kasuga is who she is and who knows what she does with her life today? But I am also who I am and I know what I do with my life. And that is as it is.

But Ayaki Kasuga still leaves me with a sense of wonder: is she who I thought she was? Is she really this beautiful woman or am I just dreaming of someone who would be like Ayaki Kasuga? This often happens in life. You meet someone and then you see someone else in that person. I don't know the answer but I think that she is not exactly who I imagine her to be. I mean who knows what life would have been like if I actually dated or married Ayaki Kasuga? So the distance gives her a certain kind of charm, about which I will now write about.

She still delights me, Ayaki Kasuga, when I think about her. And this feeling of delight is a reflective objectification, to say it technically, of her unique *energi-a*, which I defined in my book *Erotic-a* (page. 23). This delight corresponds to something charming in her beauty, like a magical spell, which only she knows, naturally, how to cast. But if she did not hold me at a distance, I would not know the charm or experience this delight in its presence. I would not be surprised if this little Kasuga held everyone at a distance, just in order to let them experience her own charming energy, which is for sure that of her beauty-feminine.

So I must say that I appreciate in a way never really having known Ayaki Kasuga for that familiarity may have taken away the charm. So she is also like that scary spring, over there, and the little lost

creature is sometimes grateful to not be near it, and to only be affected at a distance by its charm.

It is not what it seems with Ayaki and I

I was very upset that I did not marry Ayaki Kasuga. Or so I sometimes tell myself. And I used to say this a lot more to myself. For, really, in life, there are some women that you would marry as soon as you meet them and take a chance. The only woman that I can truly say this about in my life is Ayaki Kasuga.

But, in the end, I did not want to marry anyone. Why? I like my life as it is, when I am by myself. It gives me a chance to know many things, things that I could not know easily if I was married. And that is as it is.

So it is not that I still wish to marry Ayaki Kasuga. Not at all. So what is it?

It is simply that I want to know her, as I met her and then to let her go, while keeping this book in between us. For, in the end, because of her distancing aspect, I really do not know what I meant to Ayaki, if anything.

And that is a mystery, as her name 'Ayaki' is said to depict something mysterious and strange in Japan. For how do I know what Ayaki thought of me?

Well I am sure that she felt something for me, at least at first. And I am pretty sure that the fact that I was not on the way to be what she would have wanted me to be, say, some kind of a successful, rich engineer, is what made her distant, in the end. But even then this distancing is beautiful so we must depict it again, in a new chapter.

Being in the world and not of it

I am not Japanese, obviously. I am from Yugoslavia, as the land where I am from was known when I was a child. So how does a little boy from Yugoslavia get lost in Kyoto? By finding Ayaki Kasuga.

It is necessary to understand that I am not naturally inclined towards politeness. I am nice, it is true. But I am nice in my own way. Let me explain. I dislike, very much, being in conflict with people. And one way to avoid conflict is to be polite. But if someone does something wrong to me then I do not want to even see that person yet alone be polite towards them. And that is as it is. Japanese people are not very polite, in fact, despite what we may believe from hearing people talk about them. They are very silent. And that is as it is, good, mostly, for one of the best parts about being in Japan was being around people who are silent, and quiet and who keep to themselves. But in the shops they are very welcoming, caring, and so on, and that is not politeness either, in the pejorative sense, which is how I use the word 'polite' in my MaFia writings. When I speak of politeness I mean some kind of a ShoW, behind which the actors are in truth very mean and evil even. Are there any such FrEaKsHoWs in Japan? Yes. You will find them, mostly, as far as I know, in the academic sector, which is not natural to Japanese people anyway, this 'academia'. So let me say a bit about this before coming back on track.

Before it was my time to make a living of what I do best, which is think philosophically in my own way, these people in academia were very polite towards me. They would bow and respect me and even speak of future jobs for people like myself in academic philosophy. And I loved nothing better than daydreaming about working at, say, Kyoto University and living near the Kamo river, and eating

the simple but delicious food that is sold around there. And so it was. But then I found out one day that they just stole my research and pretended that I did not exist when they used it for their own academic and state ends and to my serious detriment. Read *The Offer* for a proof of this. So I would now say that these people from Japan are polite, in one aspect of their being, this is what I call the ShOw, behind which they are literally some kind of FrEakS, stealing and grabbing money and pretending to know things that they cannot possibly know.

Ayaki was nothing like this. And it makes sense. For she did not go to Kyoto University but was from a small, local university called, I think, Doshisha University Seihokai. And Yuko, who was studying at Kyoto University, looked down upon Ayaki and her friend in a condescending way, for they are not from an 'important', 'imperial' university. But even though I was in some sense myself from important universities, i.e. Monash University and the University of Warwick, and even though I was in a sense involved with Kyoto University, I never thought, at all, that Ayaki and Gushi were in any sense lower than me for this reason. So this is something distinctly Japanese, this attitude of looking at things and people in such hierarchical ways. But that is not the important point here.

What I want to say most of all here is that Ayaki Kasuga was not polite in the sense of being two-faced, at all. She was really a natural woman, beautiful, real and even then when she decided to hold me at a distance, and perhaps then most of all. And that is not all, at all.

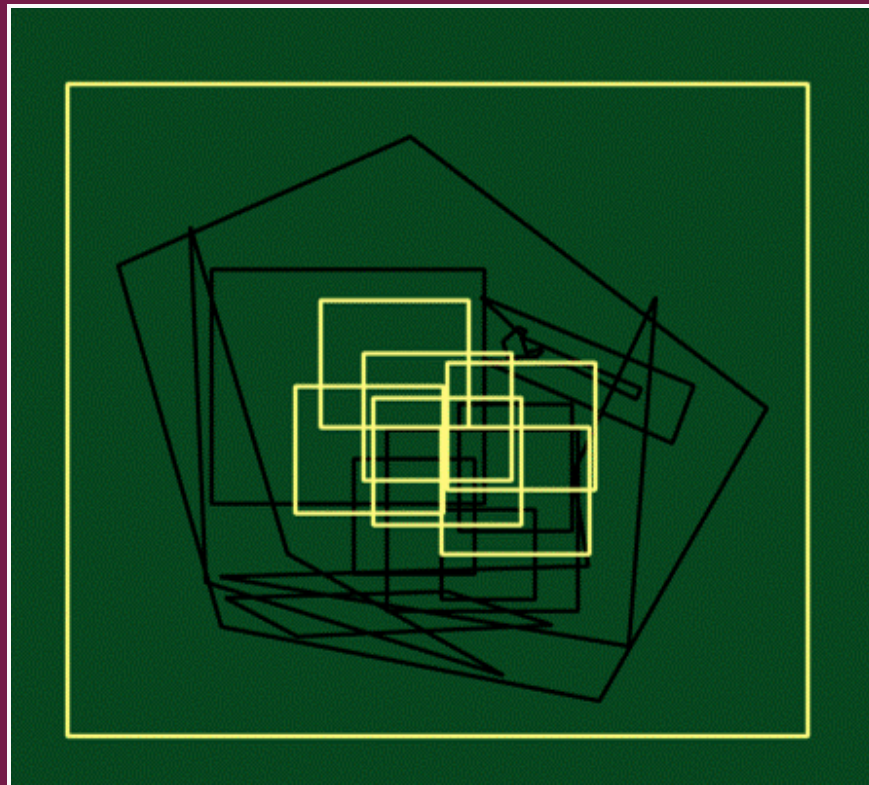
For now we must speak of her beautiful speech.

Beautiful Speech

Speech can be many things. Sometimes it is forced and very mechanical. But when it is beautiful it arises from the space of beauty itself. If a woman is beautiful, like Ayaki, she naturally speaks in a beautiful way.

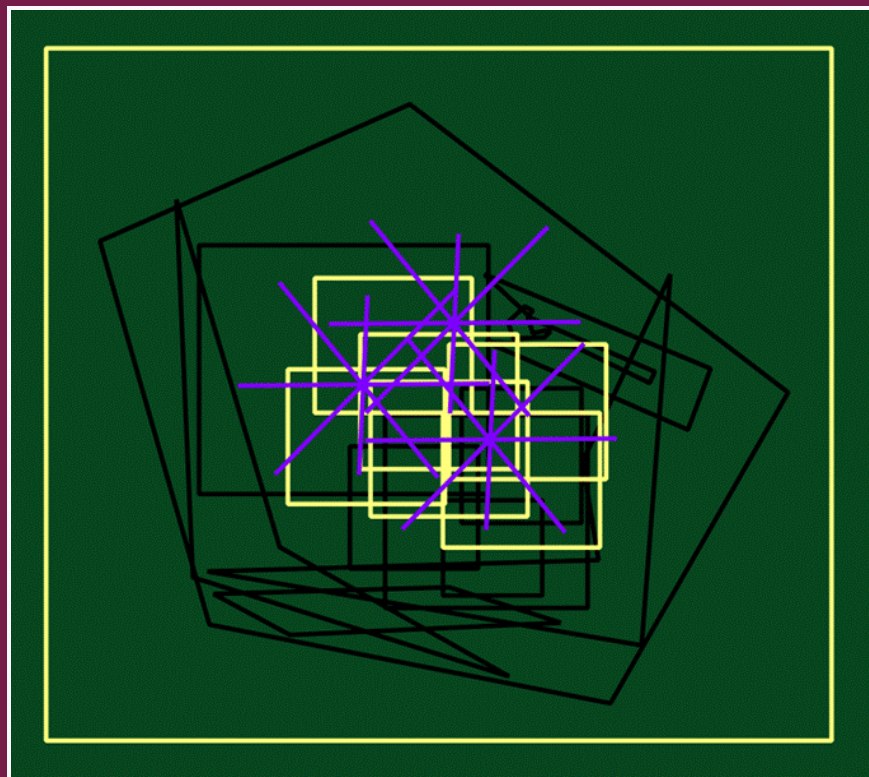
But if you listened to Ayaki speak, perhaps overhearing our conversation, you may think that this is the most ordinary girl. But you would think that only if you did not also see her and witness, in some way, her beauty-feminine. But when it is there, her beauty, everything else is there too, like her beautiful speech.

In what way was Ayaki's speech beautiful? These depictions will help us answer the question.

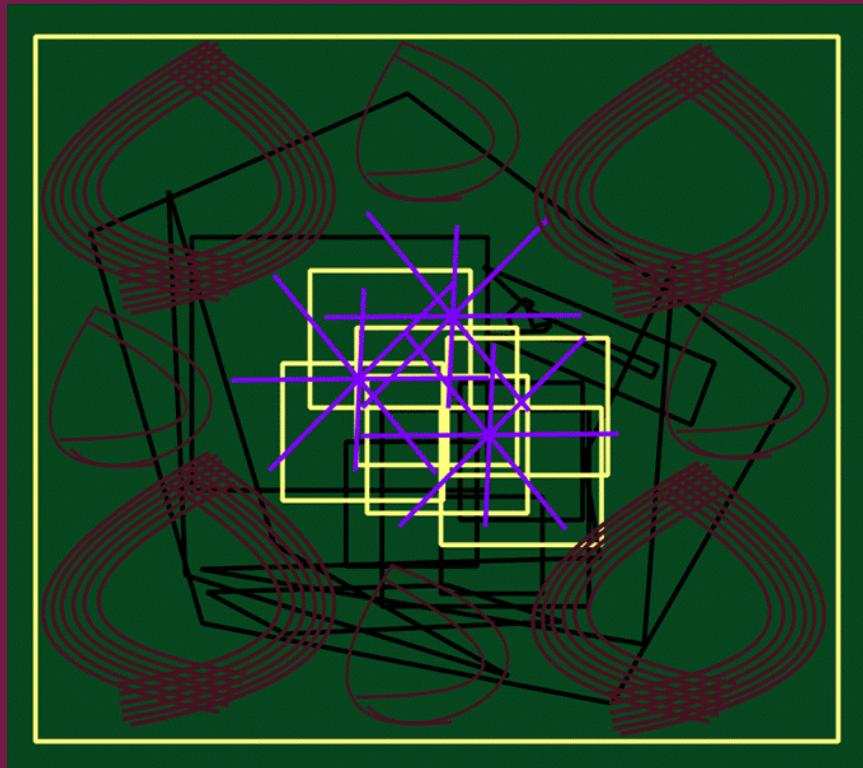


And what does this depict? The aforementioned spring, of course, which is just a metaphor we used to help us witness Ayaki's beauty-feminine. But

what are the lines? The golden lines represent the light of her beauty, as when small bubbles well up from the spring, nourishing everything that is around them. The golden square is just something that signifies that it is all light, in this spring. It is all light because beauty *is* light, although every beauty has her own distinct kind of light. The black lines are more difficult to understand; let me just say, in my own way, that it is the very *energi-a* of the spring, bubbling, and twisted, in there, in a darkish way. For that is how I witnessed Ayaki's beauty-feminine.

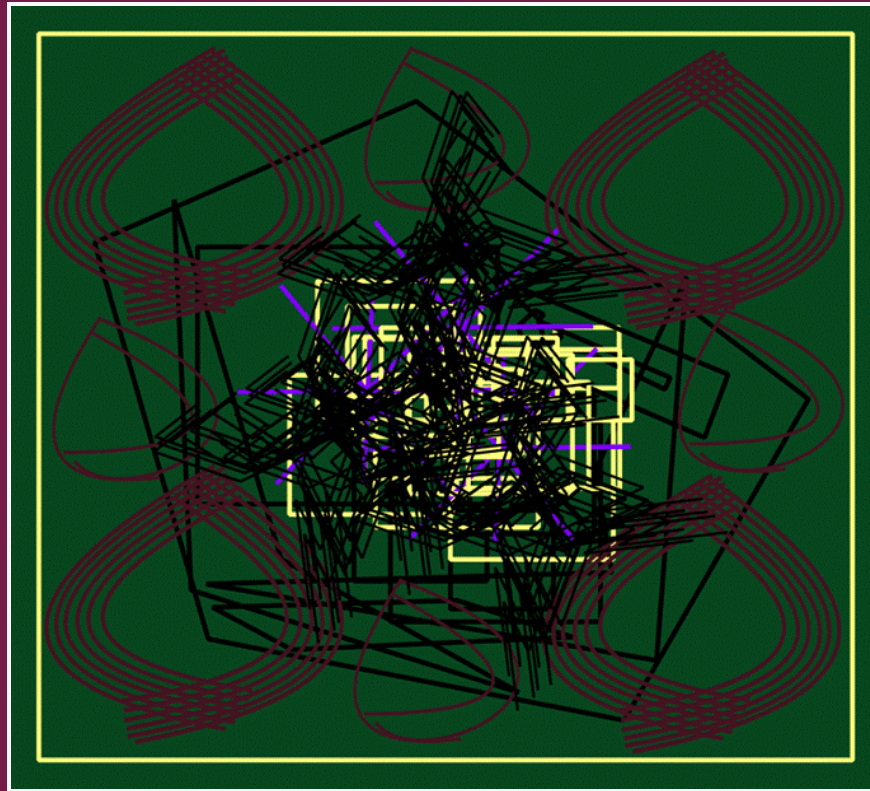


Now we add these purple lines and once again witness the depth of her beauty, which really is deep and fractal so it is never as simple as it first seems to be. But I will not now explain the complexity but simply leave you with the depiction to ponder.



These maroon lines capture the charm of Ayaki's beauty, about which I have already spoken about. Now, we get to her speech.

From this background, which is the complex nature of her beauty-feminine, and it really is complex, in the end, if you want to know it *in depth*, something springs out like strong, black branches covered by snow, for even though she is black she is always bright as a beauty.



This is her speech. Now let me say something more realistic about it.

I do not remember much of what Ayaki said. But when a beauty speaks it is not always the content that matters. For better or for worse, I do not care much about content in those moments when a beauty speaks. But what I remember is that Ayaki spoke reality, even when she just said “hello”. It was nothing like a programmed lecture, say, or something she picked up from a TV show.

In the words Ayaki spoke, her beauty was present. And when you understand just how uncommon and wonderful this beauty-feminine is, you realise that it is itself the content of the speech. What does that mean? And now we will get a little philosophical.

In ordinary ways of looking at things, you separate the material of the words being spoken from their, well, content. This content is whatever the words make you understand. So if I say “Ayaki Kasuga”, those words carry me, so to say, to this person that I am now writing about. So we say that, in a sense, Ayaki Kasuga herself is the content of those words. Now, listen.

When Ayaki herself speaks, the very materiality of her words carries an *origin*. And that is not something we usually understand either. And this thing we do not ordinarily see, this origin, which is obviously her beauty-feminine, in all its fractal aspects, is what we must learn to decipher in her words. So it is not so simple with words, after all.

But the point here is that these branches, stemming out of Ayaki’s mouth, have their origin in her beauty-feminine. So she speaks beautifully, *that* Kasuga.

I am in the way of being with her

In my own way, I have said goodbye to Ayaki Kasuga. But how many people knew her as well as I have? Not many. Why?

Because people take beauty-feminine for granted. This is illustrated very well in Mario Puzo's description of Hollywood life, as in his book *The Godfather*, where beauties are used for their beauty-feminine until they just become old, wasted, rotten women, who no one wants around, in any sense, for they are no longer beauties then when the beauty wastes away. But beauty is something that stays with you, *if* you know how to appreciate it.

I appreciate Ayaki's beauty, as should be obvious by now. But what is this appreciation? It is not exactly 'experience' but it does depend on what we mean by that term.

Ordinarily 'experience' means the experience of the five senses: touch, of which there was a little, smell, taste, and we had food together, which smelled good, as it always does in Japan, at least to me, hearing, and we already spoke about her beautiful speech, and vision. So let me say something on the last.

Seeing the beauty of a woman is often taken for evidence that a woman really is beautiful. But beauty is not there in her sensual form, which is just how she is when she is experienced through the five senses. It is rather that her sensual side is *in* her beauty-feminine. But how is it 'in' there?

It is not there in the way that, say, a house is in a suburb. Nor is it there in the way that the rice is in the pot, which is currently cooking, just to keep it current. It is there in a unique way, precisely in the way a 'form' is in a larger reality. So let us think a bit about this, together.

A form, like the form you have as a 'tourist', is *in* a foreign country. But it is there in a unique way; if I am a tourist then I am related to the country in which I am a tourist, albeit in a special way. So it is. But the sensual form of a woman is *in* beauty-feminine in an entirely different way. This is because the woman really is beautiful *herself* so it is her beauty-feminine that we are always describing.

And that is not all. For if I am affected by beauty, that beauty's beauty-feminine is also always with me, whenever I go. What confuses us is that the form of the woman is somewhere else, and that is not important in the bigger schemes of things. But that is one of the mysteries of life and of, well, Ayaki Kasuga.

In the way of shadows

Nothing in Japan is obvious. So let us speak a little bit about that. What could be more Japanese than the word 'kawaii'? Nothing, really. 'Kawaii' is commonly translated into English as 'cute' but that is not exactly right. Why?

In the Cute, as I said in *Kayleigh, Written, History*, something is always boxed in, in something else. So we find a structure where larger things box in smaller things. But in Kawaii, as the very etymology of the word teaches us, if you study it, there is always a moment of glow. So when something is boxed in, this being the common element, something glows and we will call that the 'kawaii moment'. And this means that it is obvious, in that sense, as against the box, which is not obvious. So we can say that it is in the shadows of the larger box, the kawaii moment. But the whole thing is called 'kawaii'. And so it is for that.

Ayaki Kasuga was very kawaii. And what was kawaii about her? Everything. But most of all it was her face, her nose in particular and her shining black, eyes. So what is the kawaii moment? I have to say that it is, first of all (there can sometimes be many kawaii moments to emphasize the overall quality, in which case the phenomenon is very kawaii), her nose. It sat very sharply on her face and it was just the kind of wondrous nose a man dreams about; it really was a sign that she was not a stranger in Japan but a real kawaii, Japanese

beauty. And then it was her eyes and her mouth. But overall, she was all boxed in, even the clothes she wore complimented her in every sense, boxing her in further, a small little box of wonder, like a box full of shuriken, that I may find as a little boy, somewhere, and wonder about that distant land, Japan.

The first time I consciously thought the word 'Japan' was on the airplane, when I was travelling as a refugee from Yugoslavia towards Australia. I was around ten years old. I said to my father, as a little boy, "imagine if we end up in Japan by mistake. What would we do then?" And even then there was something kawaii there, like a little place on earth that glows as it is boxed in by the rest of the world. And what is it that glows? As a grown up, I must say that it is Ayaki Kasuga.

On Love

I am not a man who falls in love easily. In fact in my life I only fell in love once, if I am being honest. And that was with Ayaki Kasuga. Other women just made me *feel* that I fell in love with them. But love is strange so let me say a bit about it.

It really matters, in love, that the woman is genuine in her appearance. If you meet a woman who is spiritual, say, and you fall in love with her, but then she turns out to be a sex obsessed freak, which does happen, Eliza, you really cannot say that you fell in love with her at all. Or if you meet a woman who is profound in her appearance, and spiritual in that sense, but she turns out to have been an escort, then that love is also not genuine, at all, Grace. And, believe it or not, I have seen this happen so I know that it is a possibility to meet these kinds of women. When the true life of the woman is revealed, you no longer can look at her as a beautiful woman, you just think that you were tricked and you never think of her again in that way, even though you may be okay with her on another level, which is different, perhaps understanding that she had a difficult life herself and it caused her to stir off course, or something like that.

Was Ayaki Kasuga genuine? Well, to me she was just a wondrous, mysterious and beautiful Japanese girl I met one day in Kyoto. And I really never thought that she was anything other than that, a real Japanese woman, going to university and spending time with her friends, and strangers. So that is all that is required for this love to be a genuine love, from my side of course for I cannot speak of the

other side here, at all. So it could very well be a case of what people call unrequited love.

But we have to be careful here. I am not saying that I wanted anything at all from Ayaki Kasuga, even though there was a time when I was confused about that. *If* I desires anything from Ayaki Kasuga it was for her to be herself, and even if she forever holds me at a distance, in every sense, meaning now both in form, so even if our bodies are very far apart, and in her beauty, as I have explained, it is still true that I love Ayaki Kasuga.

In the way of endings

I loved Ayaki in the way I have said. I must now speak a bit more on this love. There are many beautiful women in the world and, naturally, I, Erol have met many also. And if I were to describe them to you, I would say that they are like this and that they are like that. And I have done that in some of my other writings, which you will find soon in a book called *Beauty-Feminine and its Corruption, Ekiris Ikiris*. But it is not like that with Ayaki Kasuga.

I have already said that she struck me as a depth, unimaginable, into which I was falling in myself, wherever I was and wherever I am. And I have said that she is *very* kawaii, and I meant it. And I could list other qualities but I have not done that for a reason. And that reason is that I was first of all struck by Ayaki *herself*. And this means that I just loved her beauty-feminine itself. For love and beauty go together, otherwise, if one is missing, it is something else. If I found out that Ayaki lost her beauty, I would no longer be in love with her. And just to be clear, there were two older Japanese women (who were perhaps in their fifties or sixties) who I could have loved, if we were more compatible. So it is not an age thing, beauty, at all.

There are many aspects and dimensions to Ayaki's beauty-feminine. And I really could write a 'work' ten times this length depicting these other aspects and dimensions. Another one would be the shamanic like spells that she casts from her beauty-feminine, which do not so much cause me to fall, as that other, depth, aspect does, but to be intensely

interested in her as a mysterious woman, always distant. Or whatever, there are many more.

But I only ever saw Ayaki Kasuga here and wanted to always learn more. So it is. It was love.