

Sheila – Addressing the Whore in Woman in public

There was a female participant, Sheila, who had followed rather many courses of Jip and functioned a bit as his assistant, although their relation was not clear – without having any proof of it, I suspected strongly they practiced ‘tantra’ together, or at least had intercourse, for I could hardly imagine they practiced anything close to what I associated with the word tantra. Sheila looked good, I must say, the society type of beauty, that is. But she was whorish as Bayantha and, as it appeared soon enough, treated me in a way Bayantha could hardly have improved. In behaviour she was almost a copy of the ‘impossible’ Bayantha. Yet, if free choice existed, I had certainly preferred Bayantha of those two girls. Bayantha was not only a seducing whore but also had fire in her, which I didn’t detect in Sheila who was a more civilized ‘whore’, no matter the fact that Bayantha, too, had tried to – without success – cover her wildness with a false layer of civilization.

Seemingly casually using the word whore, doesn’t mean, by the way, that I wouldn’t respect the concerned women – no matter the fact that at least Bayantha actually practiced as a whore for a while. I can and do Love them just as much as other women. I’m just afraid that their unnatural behaviour is, partially or even totally, a result of forms of sexual abuse in their childhood, too early sexualisation anyway. Often, the reaction to such abuse can be either going in the direction of (too) promiscuous behaviour, or rather the opposite, shutting down from sexuality altogether, or, if allowing sexual intimacy at all, not feeling much if anything, like Nina. This was not necessarily so, however, as Tiara’s case proved. Despite being heavily abused for no less than 10 years in her childhood, her sexual behaviour in itself was mature, I can testify. It is true, the first seven years of her life, she had her father around who was there for her, which made a hell of a difference. If a girl didn’t have even that (early, protective) period, she could later easily go anywhere, sexually.

After scanning me in the very first (introductory) practice of the week, one with alternating partners, Sheila couldn’t hold herself when we, almost instantly, met and, not taking the risk that other women would be first, hurried to throw out an energetic fish line and tell me: “I fancy guys like you”. Funnily, this was exactly as Bayantha had formulated her desire, and typical for the whore archetype. It was not about (a recognized or intuited *love* for) ‘me’ – which, in the end, was true, only we were far from the Depth of that Realization yet – but about (her attraction to) *guys like me*. Sooner or later I would have to disappoint her that I was not ‘a guy like me’.

Yet, I didn’t say no to Sheila’s invitation. I was not against beautiful women playing the whore, I was not against being seduced, not against finding out and feeling all about it, now some years after Bayantha. In general, I was not against finding out anything related to Man and Woman, on the contrary. An invitation indeed, for somewhere after diner and after the evening practice, Sheila had invited me to spend some time together. In the nearly empty session room we sat on the ground, on a cushion, and held hands. We looked into each other’s eyes. We hugged. The pull in her was strong. We found each other’s lips, and kissed. Things could go fast. In my thirties, that is, for in my twenties the Sheilas wouldn’t kiss with ‘a guy like me’, full of undetected cramp and unconscious forms I still was at the time, which had

weakened and crushed the Potential Man in me – but which appeared not to be my definite fate as I had shouted and cried and consciously felt it all out by now.

We lay down on some sort of a mat. Our bodies intertwined. In these kinds of workshops the strangers of the past, the other participants that you had never met before, who were suddenly naked, sometimes literally, were often less strange, closer, than people you knew for so long already. Sheila, however, was a stranger and might always stay a stranger. I noticed she had a drive to want to come closer – I don't want to reduce this to the mere sexual aspect – and I responded to this. But something in her stayed on a distance, clearly so. Man Being Patience, this distance was in itself not the end of the world (yet) as long as at least the inner direction was towards Man – instead of to men.

She worked in a very big store in Amsterdam and was a shopper herself. Instead of going into the *Depth of Life* – which was my way, or in general Man's Way – Sheila shopped around for *the many*, however, for the best quality here and everything else of good quality there. But this was not immediately clear to me during our first kisses. Allowing some more intimacy would bring this – the lack of real intimacy – to light. Not that I was so much busy missing something in that moment, the Sexual Force had its own 'charm'. Sheila put her hand on my balls and my erection and massaged them, under a blanket. Yet, she was too civilized to completely let go in a public room.

In our bodily-energetic struggle I managed to manoeuvre her face before mine. I held her head firmly in my hands. Wherever this would lead, I was heading for intimacy in the struggle. I wanted us to see each other. I wanted our faces to be close, our noses touching, our eyes in turn, in natural adoration, awe or something similar, our lips touching now and then – and then say *yes* to each other. Sheila had to go to the toilet.

We had been lying together, embracing, struggling for about two hours by now – and despite late December not many clothes had been left on. In itself a toilet visit wasn't utterly strange in a romantic-sexual mood when two new lovers had just found each other. Only, Sheila didn't return. This *was* strange. I waited, for half an hour, three quarters – too long, not much able yet to believe that in our situation a human being would just break off the whole thing and let the other lying there – and then decided to go, to have a look. She might have met some other people and have started to talk with them – which would be strange enough anyway, not informing me in that case. In the worst case, not used to ending close up with a man with a manifesting Heart, she could have had a heart attack, and have been transported to the hospital, but I hadn't heard a siren. I went upstairs, to the dormitory to find my new woman again. Most people had gone to bed already, but she wasn't among the sleepers. I lay on my back on bed for a while, hands under my head. Fuck, I didn't like the situation. My balls weren't really pleased either. I went down again, asked someone if he had seen Sheila recently.

“Yes”.

“Is she all right? Nothing happened to her?”

“No. She's just in the session room, together with Wants.”

“Wants? Weird.”

I went straight to the session room and saw Sheila sitting there alone with Wants indeed... intimately. They were embracing and kissing now and then. Somehow I was not into making a scene – and certainly not one like Lenny had performed towards me a few years earlier around the same theme – and left the room. Even though she pretended not to have seen me, Sheila must have, couldn't be otherwise, she was not the type to get totally lost in 'love'.

Wants was another opposite of me. Successful in society, 'and' quite some belly – without belly, it was known at the time, one could hardly be successful in society. He was a teddy bear with a smile on its face and a touch of toughness, an air of not letting himself be touched. The word heart was one he had never heard about, or if he did he didn't get at all what it meant, lost as he was in Woman's world of Form. His wife had sent him to the tantra workshop to develop his sexuality at least a bit. His pelvis was stuck as hell, indeed. His woman was not blind – down below at least. Then again, why did she choose a man that she 'had to' send to a tantra workshop. There were always deeper layers of Blindness that didn't want to reveal themselves so easily, but preferred to keep fooling you and laugh at you secretly in the Dark, especially when you think you are clever for instance in trying to improve and upgrade your man, for your choice of him in the first place couldn't have been wrong.

I didn't like Wants at all, least of all participants. His form(s) represented what society defined as a 'man', but I could not feel Man in him – could not feel anyone at all, as a matter of fact. He looked much like Norbert, who was part of my men's subgroup and who was publicly rejected by all the men in the men's week except by me despite that he looked, like Wants now, as a sac of potatoes devoid of spirit. In Norbert it had been easier for me to detect 'heart' in the background – and innocence – crushed as his heart was by the Female Force that had been overwhelming him throughout his life probably and recently mostly in the form of his woman who, not coincidentally, had also sent her man, Norbert, to a workshop with the aim of upgrading her man, to the 'men week' in this case.

So, Sheila went radically to the other side – the Other Side of Her Own Duality as Woman. From the wild alive Heart-man to the castrated dead society man. From the Beauty of the Formless to the Ugliness of the Form. From (heading for) Union to Separation. From Consciousness to Unconsciousness. At the time I didn't (completely) Understand Woman's Duality yet, let alone the fact that Woman *Was* Duality Itself (in the Duality of Man and Woman, Man Representing the One, Woman the Two).

Sheila could not, no longer, bear the intimacy that threatened to become even worse, couldn't stand being so close with (the Force That Is) Consciousness – just like Tiara was no longer able to bear the Depth and Invisible Power of Consciousness that manifested in 'me' thanks to intensely practising meditation and thanks to and after Tiara's revealing, all relativizing and humbling remark that she doesn't want to be with me as I Am (now, but then anyway), which had liberated me from the Female Force, the Killing Kali, wanting to make 'me' believe that 'I' was an 'I'.

'I' – Union – started Working in Sheila's Body. She felt Urged to escape, Urged to go to the Other Side, urged to find a safe(r) man, for she could not be without man and anyway

she was aroused now; something needed to be finished. Wants' wife would be happy. Sheila tried, via being aroused by me, to heal Wants' woman's man. Everyone had their function in the Whole Mosaic. She would be less happy if Sheila's 'therapy' truly worked, and Wants would no longer be a tool in her tool box. But she didn't need to worry, I was sure. Upgrading a man was not possible, at least not if it didn't Come out His Own Inner Need.

Realistic irony apart, the event hurt. 'My' Heart was hurt. People's fear, their reaction to it, hurt other people, unavoidably, no matter that this was usually not the intention. In a way I had got used to all the rejections women had given me in my life, initiating me thus gloriously into the world of separation that earlier was not Known to me. In another sense I, anyone, could not get used to it: it would always keep hurting, as long as the heart was open. It was anyway no longer a rejection, or at least I didn't feel that *I* was being rejected. As described, there were Forces Active. The Female Separating Force took Sheila over again when she Came too close to Man('s Consciousness).

The Female Force, in its extremeness, in its purity not Balanced by the Male Force, and despite its sweet deluding words, Rejected Love Itself, Rejected Union, was structurally Opposing Man and Woman to (Re)Unite. Consciousness Recognized this Rejection manifesting once more. Here we were. The Drama of Man and Woman Manifested again – even when one of the partners in Crime denied the Drama and pretended everything was perfectly normal when She hopped over to another man again 'just like that' and without informing the previous prey, trying to humbly Initiate the next one too in the world of Rejection, and in a way, on a certain level of Reality, it even *was* normal, although there was more to it, of course, on other levels of Reality that, for the sake of ease, were paused for now.

There had been a Tendency to Unite, One Side of the Duality, and if humbly (even if unconsciously) Followed, the Other Side, Separation, *Had to* Appear and Take Over. Would it always continue this way? Was this the very Nature of Man and Woman, Divine Nature? Or was there more to It? Would 'I', and the few ones with me, who would Allow Consciousness in this Eternal and inherently Painful Drama, ever make a difference? Would Consciousness (Have the Power to) Make a Difference? If Consciousness through 'me' *Saw* Sheila's behaviour neutrally, without condemning it in any way, without falling into the trap of taking things personally, yet with full Heart-involvement in the situation, allowing to be Touched, to Feel all there was to feel, would it change something, ever? Wasn't Sheila just a sweet whorish marionette in the Play of (Opposing) Forces that Super-intelligently Worked together in such a way that the One Heart was enabled to Manifested more and more Deeply in this crazy Duality, that Man's Essence Manifested slowly but sure in Woman's world, that the 'Holy Spirit' could finally make a Difference here on earth, Fill the seeming human forms with Conscious Spirit that could now no longer be denied, forgotten, overlooked, ridiculed, escaped from so easily if at all?

I didn't know. I had to do my humble work of feeling consciously all there was to be felt, all that was aroused in Man in an event as this, all that could stimulate His Consciousness to Take Shape on earth as the Human Body. This was certainly a good opportunity. For I was freer than ever and at the same time I couldn't remember having been treated like shit by Woman to this extreme extent. Truth kept amazing me, how far things could go. Something in

me – call it Truth, indeed – couldn't help even laughing about it, seeing in an overview how I had grown up very if not ultra romantically with the picture that once I'd find my beloved woman and we would relentlessly and fierily love each other to the very end; and then, comparing this to where I had 'ended' up now, physically struggling with a whorish woman who, even before I had entered her body, dumped me just like that for another man, one made impotent by society, she sitting on his lap in the same room full of 'something' of Lie, of cheat, as where we kissed and cuddled intensely just before.

Experiences as this one were very instructive, humbling, eye opening, funny, and, even more, sad. In the land of 'love', of Man and Woman, there was nothing to hold on. Literally, when the female Body went away, just to pee or for whatever, 'it' was gone. There was no self-evident continuation of something we had, or at least seemed to have built up together. There was a new situation. From one moment to the other Woman could leave and *take* another man, if She *felt like*, if She didn't feel like putting on new lip-stick first, if she didn't feel like wiping off my saliva from her lips first.

This, Sheila's 'betrayal', seemed or was an extreme situation but it revealed something deeper, something structural. As I said earlier, I loved extremes – again, not including extreme physical torture. Extremes showed reality. Extreme manifestations like this one with Sheila should be cherished and appreciated as carrying wisdom instead of putting them in a box of absurd, wrong, too crazy for words or whatever. Sheila was not wrong, not absurd. She showed reality in her whorish innocence. The Ego was innocent in the End for She was Part of the Truth. Yet, I had to Fight it, this distorted, deranged, distracted, derived Innocence. I Had to Fight it with the Ultimately Same yet not Deformed Innocence Truth had Provided 'me' with, not Deformed into Form. I Fought with Consciousness, with No-Fight. Everything belonging to any form, any kind of and any Level of Duality was part of the Fight. Only if one would abandon Life, one could hide in Oneness, in seeming no-Fight, not to be confused with the No-Fight on the Deepest Level that is seething with Life.

Sheila was the typical Bitch, She who nearly all women feared and who they didn't want to See, detect in themselves. They were very keen on recognizing Her in other female human 'specimen', and safely despising Her that way. But their own Bitch was one they usually kept in the Dark, afraid that Man would See Her, condemn Her, and leave, afraid that Her chance of ever Meeting Man would thus be screwed up, even though somewhere deep inside She unconsciously knew She would never really make use of the opportunity anyway.

Sheila avoided me the days after the victory march of sexual Duality. I didn't exist – or shouldn't exist. This was, again, a copy of the Bitch' behaviour in Bayantha, which had been very painful at the time when i still – although, thanks to her treatment, for the last time – believed in boy and girl falling in love and getting increasingly intimate and forming an indestructible unity. Man's Association with the Bitch was instructive and hurting.

In Sheila's state of resistance and avoidance it was difficult to approach her. I anyway didn't feel like approaching her in order to be (sexually) intimate again, to retrieve her – she was not, or much less, attractive now for me as a man due to her 'betrayal'. But there was certainly an impulse to approach her in order to go into a Fight about her betrayal. Betrayal? I could not exclude the possibility that she existed *as* 'betrayal', and she had 'betrayed' another

man – or a whole line of men – with me, in turn. If there was only betrayal left – betrayal of herself, in the end – could one then still speak of betrayal, if she gloriously coincided with it, if it made her up?

I could wish to confront Sheila with her behaviour, but there must be Two to Fight. How could I fight with Non-presence?

Yet, something in me was brewing. Her continued denial of our (former) intimacy, of me as Man, as a human being, was food for the Process of Consciousness in me, food of a spicy type. Every instance I saw her and she denied my existence – and that was often in the one room where all the sessions took place; only in the nights I could not detect her, she wasn't in the dormitory but may have been at some secret place, doing some secret practice – was a drop of fire into Truth. Something in me was preparing, waiting for an opportunity, even though it is true that in the foreground I was not so much busy with her at the same time, as a reflection of her distance to me.

The moment arrived.

At some point, earlier, I had talked with Adriaan and the conversation went, unavoidably it seemed, to Sheila. It appeared that Adriaan, too, had been 'intimate', physically intimate with Sheila, already before the workshop. They knew each other from earlier workshops of Jip and had got involved with each other. Adriaan didn't have clarity about the fact if he and she were still 'together'. She behaved strangely, he said, unclear, leaving everything in the dark, and all the more so regarding 'relationship'. I told Adriaan about the 'making love' of Sheila and me, and of Sheila and Wants. Surprisingly or not, I didn't notice a trace of jealousy in Adriaan, no trace of (suppressed) anger, no sadness. Yet, he was (relatively) present when I 'confessed' my affair with Sheila, more present at least than anyone else of the participants. He showed a sincere interest during our conversation, an interest in the phenomenon Sheila, and also, maybe even more, in 'me': how did *I* see Sheila. He respected me.

This was a new phenomenon. Up to then I didn't feel *real* respect of people towards me – except from the bass player in my last band who was younger than me. This subject had even been on my list of issues to hear Sri Sri's view on: what to do with the lack of respect people seemed to have for 'me'? It's not that, as a little child, *I* wanted, or would even think of demanding, respect for (a) *me*. Rather, I felt there was an unnaturalness in people's seeming disrespect that I didn't really understand. In fact, 'lack of respect' is better formulated than disrespect. 'Disrespect' would have shown some kind of relationship people had with me – albeit negatively – but there was no relationship, people didn't know how to relate to me. For that to establish they needed something they had not learned in their lives, had never met. If someone functioned without personal interests people didn't know how to relate to such a thing. There was nothing to hook onto. In fact, I could feel something of this quality in Adriaan too, even though the Whore could have stuck it out with him longer than with me, apparently.

What Adriaan shared, how Sheila treated him, was extra fuel for *the moment* to arrive, the moment of what seemed to be a 'pay-off', or rather of return, a return in conscious form of what she had offered me, Man, to meditate-feel through. It was a main part of my task as a

Man to make Conscious in my Body what Woman Herself didn't want to See (yet), or couldn't See without Man's Whole-Hearted Involvement.

We had breakfast. There were about seven people at our table, Adriaan included. Sheila joined and took the last seat. She played 'innocent beauty', which was not my favourite game, certainly not when it already started early morning just out of bed and there was no time yet to get 'used' again to the lies here on earth when people were 'awake' again. It is true that she didn't make a fuss this time, she was relatively quiet, it seemed. I anyhow didn't believe in this supposed peace. She knew I was sitting there. She knew Consciousness was watching her, as It always did, and not just through my form. She knew Adriaan was sitting there, too.

In this whole constellation I didn't need a big trigger. I just started to speak to her, and we would just see where it would go. Even though Sheila didn't respond a word, I kept speaking. It became a speech everyone silently listened to. Now, in this situation of silence and the energy, the attention, being one, directed at the consciousness pouring out, I was at my best, it appeared. So, it *was* possible, it turned out, to, as Presence, fight with non-presence, to give myself wholly in it. I didn't need a reply, I didn't need her defence or whatever. It was even better this way. I could freely, without being interrupted again and again, say to Woman what Man had to say, how Man actually felt when (a) Woman treated him this way, like shit or even less, for shit can be used as a fertilizer at least.

Everybody listening, I told Sheila in her face that it had hurt me that she had lied to me, saying she'd go to the toilet and return, that she'd had left me waiting. I told her that she just did what she wanted or felt like at any moment and didn't give a shit or care a fuck about other people, how they would feel about it. I told her that she didn't communicate, didn't make contact, denied contact to be there. I told her at her face that it had hurt me to be intimate with her and then in less than an hour find her embracing, kissing with another man. I told her – for apparently she had no idea about it – that (a) Man is not an insensitive dummy or bastard. He Feels it *hurts* when Woman treats Him the way she did. I told her, the audience still humbly listening and more and more impressed, that she was irresponsible – irresponsible by running after her interests that, apparently, kept changing again and again, or at least as far as the form of 'man' was concerned. I told her she was selfish. I told her that after our intimate meeting she denied me, tried to ignore me and that this had hurt most of all and still it hurt. And I showed her my tears. I told and showed Sheila, by my presence, by my clear way of talking – no wavering, no 'uhmmm's – by my clear determined voice: I exist. Man exists. First she used him, then she dumped him, just as easy. By denying me, avoiding me, she tried to deny the fact that her actions had consequences in the world, and certainly in her close surrounding. Closing her eyes didn't undo these consequences.

The fact that Adriaan was sitting there helped to be able to and actually Fight for Man – not for myself, indeed, since it was obvious by now that Sheila and I wouldn't end up together anyway, I had nothing to win. I was Fighting for Man and *therefore* for Woman. For without Man ('s Presence) Woman was lost, left, done, hopeless, helpless.

All the things I had said to Sheila had to be said, finally, and that in public. They had to be brought into the ether, including the earthly realm, in fact. My presence at this last test-workshop was, not for having a little superficial intimacy with an attractive woman – which would be lost in the face of eternity – but for being able to give this speech, in public, the radiance of which had at least a bigger chance of surviving time. And I spoke the words without judgement, indeed. I didn't want her to change. I just said how it *Was*, how reality *Was* beyond speculation. I had meditated enough to be aware of what *is* without tendency to change it. I could freely show my tears – what is a true speech after all when there is no life-showing emotion involved – without wanting anything from her, without expecting or hoping that in the future she would display another kind of behaviour, a more responsible one.

Just like I had done in the fight with my father one year earlier – and not like me at all considering how I functioned up to then – I had used my hand to reinforce what I had to say, to give the energy full power. Except, if you will, for giving it an energetic earthly presence, for the sake of the energetic movement forward in Sheila's direction, there was no (cramped) aggression in me when I spoke. During my monologue I was very aware, however, that I spoke *very* clear, clearer than ever before, in fact.

My unclear way of speaking had always been one of the irritations my father had regarding me. Although not consciously purposefully, I had spoken this way because I didn't want the words to become forms standing alone, separate from the Heart. The disadvantage of entering the Earth's Sphere too fast, before its time, was that one tended to get split into two: words (from the mind, from one's (hidden) lower interests), and Heart. They would lose their Original Connection. People tended to go into the world of Energy, of power, without being able (yet) to 'Drag the Heart behind them'. It is a subtle yet ultimately powerful 'String' most people lose when they manifest into the earthly realm, hurrying into life to get what they seem to want or need. Losing the String – neglecting it or letting it be buried in Unconsciousness – meant you became an 'I', lost to the Heart.

Now, with this speech, in this perfect setting – Adriaan, sitting next to me, being another man treated like shit by 'the Bitch' – 'I' had finally crossed *the Barrier*. The words were given freely, clearly, full power and 'yet' they came straight from the Heart. As I indicated, 'my' spoken words – without fake modesty, they were really not mine, it was Consciousness leading the form, formulating through my throat and mouth and tongue – impressed the listeners big time, and as deep as they could allow what was happening.

The women who were present besides Sheila didn't say anything about it, however, just like Sheila herself didn't, the one I seemed to address personally. She was silent all the time and also afterwards didn't spend a word on it, not to me, and I'm pretty sure not to anyone else either. Rather, she hid the wounded animal inside in the dark, as if nothing happened, no earthquake happened to have passed by.

But no matter the not really flattering things I said about Sheila's behaviour, how could I have judged her for it, if only because, in her drive to get at every man she could find who had at least one quality attractive for her – and extremely different as they were from one another – she might have been abused in her childhood and trained to please men sexually, arouse them, otherwise she would be tortured, to name but one serious not improbable

background of her unnatural anti-divine behaviour. Perhaps she had learned, like Bayantha, to say to any man who was attractive or just available, or more specifically to the high-ups she was forced and trained to seduce: ‘I like guys like you’, impersonal as it was and even though it may have been true for her in a way in some cases, like with Adriaan and me, men with (perceptibly more) Heart, the Potential Rescuer. My behaviour, however, didn’t fit the content of the training she might have had, and she couldn’t say anything, while I’m sure something in her had wanted to scream out her drama to the full extent.

The men present at the table, on the contrary – not bothered by shame – came to me afterwards and could hardly stop praising ‘me’, which obviously happened beyond themselves. They felt uplifted, their energy was lighter, as if they were relieved of something, some burden they always had to carry as man in this Female world in which they assumed they were not allowed to speak the Truth, had even no access to it due to the Repressive Female Force that Their Heart assumed they could not ‘pay back’ without being unreasonably rude to Woman. Adriaan, for one, was visibly very happy with the speech, with the manifestation of what every man in his Heart would have liked to say to at least a certain type of Woman. He found it really great, great what I had said, that I had given everything in return, directly to Sheila – instead of, as he did, keeping on wondering about his relation to Sheila and things that happened in it, and staying confused that way. He kept repeating to me: “Great... great...”

Another man, softened, quite kicked upwards by ‘life’, by the Female Force through Woman, but a very good-hearted guy, was totally amazed and could hardly believe what he had just witnessed. That a man could just say all these things to a woman... He told me he had never met anything like this in his life. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever experienced. And he greatly admired it, how I had spoken, how I had just spoken my truth to Sheila, so straight, so sincere, without reproach, taking her and myself totally seriously. In fact, this good man could hardly speak, hardly find the right words to express his amazement and admiration. ‘My’ speech came from a depth of life, from having entered the earth so deeply that he could not fathom, process yet. He was anyway deeply touched. He was shocked, in fact. It was as if ‘I’ had picked him up from far, very far, and opened his eyes, here on earth – or at least, thanks to not just ranting out to Sheila but with the Light of Consciousness addressing her, showed him a pathway to the earth in which the Light didn’t need to be sacrificed in order to be Down Here.

“I admire you... I wish I could ever... be like that... speak like that.”

Of course, it was not just the words that were apparently well chosen. It was the undiluted Force of Truth Behind them, In them, that had impressed him so much. ‘My’ words were not material, pieces of fuel, for an argument, a discussion, no phrasing of an opinion. They were beyond Duality. What I said was So, just So. There was nothing to say against them or to doubt them. I myself had never heard such a speech either, I must say. As I said, it was not me who had spoken. The Potential Power vibrating in me had manifested. I could not speak like this (as) myself. There was no difference between Being and Manifestation any more, between Formless Consciousness and the Given Form. Truth had Given Itself Energetically on Earth. They were One. *The Barrier had been crossed.*

What was not said and not totally consciously noticed in themselves by the grateful men – the last man present at the breakfast table also complimented me for the speech – was the fact that a substantial part of why they were so impressed was the Total Freedom in (a) Man and Willingness to sacrifice any *prospect of having sex* with Woman, which stood for being received here on the earthly level, or, in the end, being recognized as Man on Earth by Woman. Man's Radical Independency from Woman('s possible response), Giving Himself Freely with no (hidden) concern for the consequences whatsoever, the Radical Willingness to Sacrifice Sex for Truth, Duality for the One – the Actual(ized) Willingness of which is What Makes a man Man – was a blow to their 'education' here on earth where 'man' learned to listen to the ego of (a) woman instead of (Only) to the Divine Woman in His Heart. They were impressed by 'my' attitude of 'no secret barter in the Dark'. Just This. Truth. Not any surrender any more to Woman's hidden deal, whispering in man's ear: 'if you let my ego alone, I will offer you my Body, and that's what you want in the end'.

No, that's not what Man wanted. That's what Woman's Ego wanted, that 'man' bought into this show, thus losing (the Contact with and as) His Real Essence, and being subject to secret manipulation for the rest of his life, or until the Man in Him was fed up with it. But Woman('s Ego) was more clever than that. Although she pretended it was so important for 'man', She Knew that Man was not attached to sex in the end, but that being Loved by Woman was essentially more relevant and True. So, in normal circumstances Woman('s Ego) would not only secretly threaten to withhold sex from being given to 'man', but also her love, leaving him empty behind – as a projection of her own fear of being (or already having been) left behind, empty.

'I' had broken through the 'normal circumstances', through the projection, through turning things between Man and Woman upside down. In a way it didn't matter if it was Tiara or Sheila. The Truth, Man, had to be Given. As Truth – and not as myself – I had to show and give 'my' Power to (and over) Woman. I Had to Respond. I couldn't stay apart, merely meditating the misery on earth as a good Heart. I had to participate. I had to confront the Bitch, Openly, Freely, publicly, without attachment to any possible result. Truth was not Operating in order to change. Change was Woman's world. Truth Needed to Reveal Itself, that was Something Else.

Altogether it was a very important event, giving shape to Truth, giving energy to Truth, *in Woman's world*. Truth combined with Sri Sri's energetic power had created it. Somehow the event amazed me myself as well, albeit at the same time it didn't, so natural as the Flow of Consciousness had Come Through and had Manifested in public instead of rather circulating in the mind even if in connection with the heart.

Giving Myself Beyond 'me' was Humbling, Humbling me deeper into the earthly Realm. Of itself now there was respect. Not for me, but for this Force, for the energetic Embodiment of Truth, for what was possible in respect of Man's Manifestation. And this was but natural. An 'I' could not and should not be respected. It was the Selfless Manifesting in Form that created a natural respect or awe.

It wasn't the time yet, however, for 'the Bitch' to really Hear Me. That was too early. Later, however, (a) Woman would Hear – although this (later) Woman started to faintly work

through Sheila already – faintly indeed. Sheila wanted to walk with me. It was the last evening of the ‘tantra’ week. It was dark outside, slightly misty, moist and cold. Only the moon lighted a bit our small path on the dike along the canal. It was not at all a type of weather or atmosphere a woman like Sheila would like to expose herself to. This showed all the more that there was *something* in her that wanted to ‘make up’ with me. What also inspired Sheila to make her somewhat courageous proposal for a walk together was related to the other motive that was more important: the fact that Sheila wanted to be with and have something of the Force that had come through me, unexpected for her. It was dangerous, this Male Force she had always avoided, but very Attractive, too.

Sheila didn’t know how to approach it, however, how to simply be with it. How to be with the Formless in this world of Form, even if it had not been dangerous to the life of shopping she knew so well and couldn’t imagine to give up? She didn’t know how, where to start, start with what...? Could something of this Force at all be added to her (life), without losing the rest, without it being overwhelmed by It and degrading the rest to futility? Inviting me for a walk seemed all she could do, showing me her interest, and then hope for the best for the rest, hope that I would take over, take care of whatever should happen, possibly, probably, getting closer physically again, suddenly being kissed again on the dike in the dark by this strange attractive man. After all, she could always run away again, to the men she knew and that seemed to be happy when she offered her body to them now and then. This guy was not dangerous in a physical sense after all, only in another sense that she didn’t know and was kind of creepy.

Sheila was confused, hadn’t met such a situation before, couldn’t relate it to anything she knew and experienced so far, and that she at least seemed to understand... to some extent. I indeed felt literally a bundle of confusion walking next to me. Here was Something Attractive for her, something she could upgrade herself with, but she had no idea whatsoever how to get it, how to associate with it, how to make it consumable for her, nor what it *was*... although she had a vague notion that it was related to ‘man’; but then again, she didn’t feel this same ‘Thing’ in other men, or only much more vaguely, to such a low extent that she was not triggered to have to do something with it, to be on her guard against it.

The damned thing was that the most Attractive was the most dangerous at the same time. She didn’t like danger, it was uncomfortable, all the more if she couldn’t detect what the danger was exactly about. Well, I had shown her some hard truths about herself, but also this was something she didn’t know what to do with. It was not her world. She was even confused about the fact whether or not she must learn and get to know this Something that, apparently, manifested in this man walking beside her.

In turn, I had never met this before either, I mean this level of confusion, although fundamentally it was no different from and I was in fact quite experienced by now with the confusion I saw in all women flying around, like Maja, Damiantha, Donna, Tiara, just name them – a general confusion, not only related to the difficulty of properly relating to this man who was ‘same but different’ from other men they knew, but also, in the first place, related to *searching for something* they seemed to have lost and miss and that only now, meeting (someone like) me stood out much clearer than before, clearer in the mist that is. *The*

Confusion stood out clearly in the Mist, indeed, thanks to the triggering and hidden-forms revealing presence of ‘my’ Consciousness and Heart. The simultaneous presence of the latter two made women like Tiara run up and down the stairs in despair.

We were outside. Sheila tried to behave, not to run up and down the dike. That’s why she took my arm to intertwine it into her own, thus pretending, especially to herself, that we were walking there as two normal lovers, as a starting point. It is true, I didn’t help Sheila in her confusion. It didn’t feel natural to help her out now. Truth had Spoken. Now it was up to her to make a gesture, something *real*, even though I knew it wasn’t easy for her, that she had to squeeze it out from somewhere at the bottom of her heart. The invitation for a walk was a beginning, but not enough. The arm she gave me and had kept tightly around mine during the greater part of our ‘walk’ – it was no walk, rather a meditation in the fog – was not sufficient either. The body was not a real gesture – at least not in itself. It could be part of it, that’s true, but not as a ‘stand alone’.

It was the *Gesture Itself* that was Awaited. I was totally open for that. I was not against her, not at all, I couldn’t feel anything like that in me. My speech had been an offer, a possibility for her to finally get Closer to Man, to end the spell of misusing men for... for what, what did she get from her whorish behaviour, truly?

But, unlike her with her easy way of talking, she couldn’t say anything, not one single word, during our walk. When Truth was there, with her, she couldn’t speak, her throat was blocked, her heart suffocated, as it appeared now, as was brought to light. She had spoken with her body, her arm. And this should be enough for me as Man to understand what she wanted. Despite the fog, the confusion, I sort of got it what she wanted, but unfortunately for her it was no longer usable for that – unless she, beyond herself, would be willing to Enter a deeper Process of Man and Woman with me. The time of being misused by Woman was over anyway. There was no way back.

In fact, I had already shown her my Willingness, my Openness to Enter the Struggle with her, by responding earlier in her own ‘language’ by what seemed to be my body. She responded by ‘betraying’ me. I responded then by my speech. Now it was up to her again. Only, offering the same body, same arms, same lips, as in the beginning of the tantra week, did no longer work as a response. A next step, a sincere gesture, was needed now in the Natural course of things.

So, humbly waiting for a sign of her heart or consciousness, I didn’t speak either. She made it clear that her body was available – even though it would keep wandering here and there and everywhere. I, in turn, had made it clear – not only by my speech, by taking her head firmly in my hands during our sexual encounter, but also by now being and walking with her with all my attention and patience – that my heart and consciousness were available. And now we were in a stalemate. There was a promise, a willingness, but the different types of willingness were too far from one another, yet, or for ever.

The only words spoken during our walk of almost an hour were mine, eventually: “Let’s go back.” That was all. The next day, the day of departure, we didn’t speak either. We exchanged phone numbers, although, miracles aside, this didn’t make much sense, in fact. It seemed another ‘form’ of Woman was to make the Gesture, sooner or later. Sheila was

powerless, in the end. She couldn't squeeze a word out of herself, one word of truth, nor out of me any more either. She had – or, I would almost say, *was* – her body. That was her 'weapon'. And that was it. Her beauty was empty. It was not supported.

The emptiness of outer beauty may be a popular wisdom, but I had to experience this, as everything, close up. Sheila's arm hooked into mine together with her inability to speak, was close enough. I could so easily have turned suddenly toward her, and kissed the emptiness and she would have greedily gone along with it – this was the language she understood and loved – but it took me an hour not to do this. Not doing this meant we would never see each other again. We never saw each other again. This seemed not fundamentally different from the moment I hadn't kissed Amalia at the moment this should have been done – and, ah, with so many girls so many same moments supreme passed by un-kissed – after which we never met any more either. If I didn't *seem* to Understand the language of the Body, and considered Truth more Important, then my chance was over – *or hers*.