

Angry letter to Bayantha

....

Not avoiding but allowing and going into the Clash of Power, between Male and Female, didn't leave the whole Body untouched. It's heavy, intense, hot, potentially dangerous. The Body must (be able to) process the cramp and dead or resistant energy it associates with. Saying No to the Egoic Female Force is not a pleasure cruise for the male Body. It is a hell, a hell so painful and, indeed, potentially dangerous – unless Woman would surrender upon mirroring Her Ego, which is usually not the case; often, at most, the Female Force goes (even more) underground which may make it, certainly in the long run, even heavier for the Body to bear. If it weren't dangerous, many more men would say No to the Female Ego, since they are always already fed up with it, albeit in a suppressed way. The 'fear' in men is a premonition-feeling of what their Body will need to process if they say No. Most men are simply not capable of processing such a pain, since the – for this indispensable – Male Power That *Consciousness* Is is usually lacking. If they'd nevertheless bravely try, they'd be lying there wounded on the battlefield without a saviour.

Yet, sooner or later if Man beyond himself Wants to Manifest on earth in Woman's world – which can only happen Beyond any possible self-obsession, beyond 'fear', without holding back, if Man Really Listens to Woman Calling Him to Manifest His, Male, World of the Heart in and Overruling, Outshining her world, Her illusory world of self-obsessed interests that leave Her cold-hearted and empty – then Man needs to Overcome His, natural, Resistance to, as a Mirror, Touch the, natural, Resistance of Woman to Him, to Man. And He should, so to speak, put a letter in Her mailbox – or whatever form it takes, but at least strike back instead of being slaughtered in the usually dark abattoir, Submit to the Fight instead of avoiding.

Saying this, it has to be kept in mind that it is not about striking back itself – a hit in the light to a kick in the dark – or even about survival of the Body, but in the End about the Heart Manifesting in the world. That's why, whatever form it is that Man, in the Light, strikes the Dark Force, somewhere through the form the Heart must transpire. Otherwise it's just a blind copy of what the Female Force offered Him in the Dark that he, slave of Her, simply gives a form to, the procedure of which is, to a great extent, the usual course of things in the world.

Well, in fact, you cannot *do* this. You cannot *put* Heart into (a) form that you return. You cannot in any way simulate it and try to Touch Woman with it. Woman will Feel beyond the words or any other form. That's the beauty of it. In Reality, there exists no bargaining, no fooling. Only if man does Humbly His Job – That is: Taking Woman's Pain in His Heart, Feeling, Meditating and Transcending it and Giving Back to Her what has been Transcended, Un-formed, the Heart will reach Her. It's true that, in the earthly reality, many – most – men make use of Woman's own weapon, fooling, to mislead Her by words and acts and seeming attitude, pretending having (a) Heart but in reality not having done the Male Job of Feeling and Transcending the actual but usually hidden Pain of (a) Woman. That Woman likes to be fooled in this way does not mean that, Somewhere, She does *not* See (the Truth). This

(Function of) Seeing is, in Principle, always There or Available, since Ultimately She is Part of Man, of His One Seeing Heart. It is also true, however, that Woman's Resistance to Man (and His Reality Revealing Eye) is so very big that usually this Seeing Function is far from being Allowed.

(Since I make a lot of comments on the letter to Bayantha, you may consider, if you want, to first read the cursive parts, the original letter as a whole – and then, if you still feel like, return to the comments on various parts made in between.)

Bayantha (for now I will drop the 'Dear...')

10-8-1995

I thought this letter was not necessary. I thought: apparently neither you nor me wants to still be in contact with the other. My reason for this: you have nothing to offer me. Your reason is not known to me. I thought: the positive feelings will wear out, just like the negative ones. As far as the positive ones are concerned, the wearing out has been quite successful, although it is not impossible that I have skilfully repressed them. As far as the negative ones are concerned, things turn out to be differently now that I have called you. On one hand I called you out of curiosity, on the other I had a very incomplete, unsatisfied feeling regarding us. I have already told you on the phone that there is still a lot of anger in me towards you. But, as it appeared after I hung up, that this was so very much and so very intense, amazed me utmost. I mounted my racer and biked at top speed. It didn't help or hardly. I talked with others about the whole thing, but now they were the ones who received my anger. That's not right.

Let's for once not think so much while writing this letter. Thinking only complicates things further. Everything can be excused, justified, explained away that way, if you think about it. But my anger doesn't dissolve by this. I will try therefore not to package the case Jongman-van Susteren so finely as I have done in my previous letters to you. You can finally have me, plain and raw.

As a starter, one way or another you have managed to be the first person in my life whom I don't trust any more, whom I cannot trust any more. Undoubtedly this is a good – yet for me shocking – experience, a hard school to learn in.

What drove me nuts and made me angry: your continuous pulling me and pushing me away. Whenever I was in my power and, also, whenever I finally gave up on you, you came to me again or, to be precise: you let me come to you, you ordered me again. Whenever I had let myself be sucked empty, whenever you had again fed and filled yourself with my energy, you left once again, for inaccessible places – leaving me behind completely crumpled.

It is true that I had always lived in a basic feeling of trust. For me, my parents were certainly an important factor in this in itself great start in life, even though my sister, with the same parents, had not taken a basic sense of trust with her into her adult life. To mature into Life I needed to meet Distrust – unlike as it seemed most people who, to become Whole, needed to get in Touch with the other side: Trust. Now that I finally met distrust *consciously*,

I starting to realize finally that my trust in people had been totally misplaced, or let's say my basic trust in Life Itself had been falsely projected on people. On an earthly level, having trust in people was naïve, closing one's eye for the actual reality. In retrospect I had to see and admit, that I could not really trust the girls I had been with, no matter if it was about Iris, Nathali, Maya, Suzanne, Anne, Damiantha, just name them. I had trusted my 'own' indestructible Love for them, and their love for (me as) Man.

It's true that my trust in people had gotten a blow earlier, when the members of my band Hemisphere suddenly without informing me, continued with another front-man. But the (non-manifested) Love in me was just too strong to let me be cured from my Trust in Love between Man and Woman, in the Oneness They Are Together. It was not simply because the girls kept leaving me that distrust was born in my Eye finally. There was some truth in leaving me when apparently I was not Ready to Embody Man and I could take the loss (as part of a deeper True Process), even though and obviously it wasn't easy. I had to be awakened (in)to the dark, to Woman's ego-centrally moving around in there, following her own – changing – interests, and see that these interests were not Love. Intuitively Already Knowing (and Trusting) the One, I had to learn that one cannot rely on Duality, on ever changing interests, on changing moods, on anyone dwelling in confusion, in Unconsciousness. This happening down here in which I somehow got involved, was the world of Duality, a world that I had to learn to basically distrust. Otherwise there was not even a chance that I could ever manifest my Heart, Something of Man. I had to accept that Woman would not speak the Truth to me. I had to do it alone.

Bayantha's pulling at me and pushing me away again was, in fact, a normal happening here on earth. That it drove me nuts as man was also normal. That I hadn't known about all this, didn't make it strange or even absurd. It was only absurd from the perspective of the One in Which Love is the Standard. Letting go of the hidden Standard, Opens the Eye (on an earthly level).

The radical disappearance of my trust in Bayantha was a great victory for me who had been blinded by always seeing good intentions in people – like my father did too, without ever begin cured in his case. It was the signal or beginning of the important later Insight that, actually, no one can be trusted, not as long as Ego has its claws around them, ruling them in the dark and dictating them as a dictator – instead of Letting oneself Be Ruled by the Heart That is, in Principle, not Separate from the Dark. Without judging anyone, but this applied to pretty well everyone. As long as the Heart is not Free from the claws of Ego around it – instead of the Heart Surrounding and Including but not (secretly) Submitting to the Ego – one is slave to having to follow impulses coming from and submit to the mighty power that is self-interest. Blind trust is not appropriate here.

You yourself don't give anything, cannot give anything, while I somehow keep giving attention and love. It took a few months before I found out that I am responsible for this too, and that I just got to stop it, giving you so much attention. One-way love, one-way energy can never be good.

Perhaps you're afraid you'd lose something if you show and give your love. Undoubtedly, you will find out that it is precisely the other way round. Perhaps it is also that it is especially to me whom you don't have love to give.

Bah, I'm already fed up again with these 'perhapses'. Let's just say what I feel. The big gulf between your words and your acts, between your attitude and behaviour as well, makes me so very sick and tired. Yechdamned!

Once you said to me: 'I know already what it is to be in love, I know what it is to love, but this is even deeper, I want to crawl into you entirely.' Then show at least something of this in your behaviour goddamned!

When finally once, during the Primal, I doubt your words, you become outrageous. Rightly, as I could hope. But it is one or the other. If your feelings for me were indeed true, then I was angry because of your cowardice, because of letting your own feelings down so very much. Every time you opened up for a moment you ran back into yourself as fast as you could.

About contacting each other: time and again when this originated with me you thoroughly ground me down. In the ground one can earth well, that's an advantage indeed, but it's not really nice. Why must you keep control over everything to such an extreme extent? Then you can never live, since life doesn't work that way. Life has to go through you – wisdom lies in life itself, not in you, not in me.

Something I was totally fed up with as well was your turning me on (and yourself). And if, then, I felt like making love to you or just making an appointment with you, apparently this was once again no go. There was supposedly always something. You never had time for me.

And now you do have that time for other guys. That's nice. Saying to me in your own horny way that you feel such a desire for making love and then, eventually, doing this with other guys, do you think this liberating or so, do you consider this the ultimate freedom? I think it's just a dirty cunt-trick. Bah.

I know I'm not special to you. If I hadn't been there you had undoubtedly found another guy who could help you opening up, as I did. Everyone uses others for his or her own development, nothing wrong with that. But do respect the other one. Respect me, primarily by telling me the truth.

I understand and feel finally what it is: being kept on a string. Perhaps I have been kept on a string before, but, thanks to you, only now that things become so very clear and can't be denied any longer, I really see it... and therefore can do something about it, change it.

In fact, I prefer to, without this letter, just quarrel with you. But then I would forget most things and it would probably become an ordinary slanging match. Moreover, the load is too big, first I better blow off steam in this way. Now that I think of it, I rather feel like it actually: what's wrong in the end with a lovely honest slanging match...

But for now I continue still a bit. You have never seen me! You have never seen Maarten. At most you enjoy your own feeling that, sometimes via me, had been aroused in

you. But Maarten, who is that for heaven's sake? One time I am a Prince, the other time I am Death, the Enemy, the Hate. I am neither of them. I am Maarten, do you understand this? See me!!

You talked and talked and left again. I can't believe that this was what you really wanted from me. When I said something in return to your monologues, you said 'yes...' or plainly nothing and continued your story. I wanted to be your lover, not your father, your therapist, not you dream, your talking stick, your projection-person. Once you said to me that you didn't like it yourself either that you were, in fact, talking in yourself when you were with me. That you had preferred that I would pull you out of your own small world, your prison. Maybe I have done this too little, indeed, maybe I have listened too much. And then again, maybe I have tried it too much to get you out of your world, anyhow without result.

I am so enormously angry. I'm so terribly tired of the understanding I have always had for you, for your problems, for your situation. Here is another human being.

In my being full of Woman in that period of having a lot of contact with Her, in being triggered and maddened by Woman's Duality, I shouted a desire that, at first glance, as Man I should leave to Woman: *See me!!* Woman has an inner need to be Seen, by Man. To Manifest Himself, however, also Man is to be Seen in the end, by Woman. Only, this Naturally follows Man's Process of Seeing Woman. He cannot demand to be Seen before its time, and in fact He cannot demand anything of Woman. He is the Creator. If He manages to Create Her as His Divine, Conscious Woman, She will See Him – and this Woman She will only Be when She Sees Him. He cannot hurry things up in this respect in any way.

More relevant than being Seen (before its time) was my longing for true contact, even though in the end this urge cannot be separated from the urge to be Seen. Anyhow, also 'true contact' was something that I should create myself, by giving myself, even when I felt somewhere inside that it was not really Me, all these feelings and emotions and other feedback that I was supposed to and finally did want to give (back) to a girl who had a(n ever alternating) impulse to be with me. Yes, this is overcoming your self: to wholly give 'yourself' while you know it is not You (Me) what comes out, and yet, despite its untruthfulness, it is True to do so.

No, it's not bad at all for a man to learn to give things back to Woman on Her life level of feeling(s). On the contrary, Man cannot Truly Manifest Himself (as Heart) if He would skip the emotional level of life. First He must associate with and absorb, internalize feeling and emotions, to then de-identify with them again. Thus He learns to master them, and in general to be the master over the whole realm of emotional-sexual life. Staying separate from the whole tiring struggle, won't make Him a Master – even though quite a few men have acquired the title 'master' without the lived insights that could make this title true and soaked in Freedom that doesn't deny Woman's world of Duality (in which emotions are inherently present and important).

Interestingly, I write: *I am neither of both.* Or: as Man I Am not (Part of) Your Duality. Apparently, I was fed up with Woman's projections on me as man, arising from her Duality veiling reality. Fed up with either way the projections take in any moment, Prince or

Enemy. I was fed up with her dreamy life, and wanted to live in reality with a woman. This was not possible as long as Woman's consciousness would relentlessly shift from one side to the other, as long as she couldn't Feel My Heart beyond Her appearing forms, as long as she was not willing to Look in the Mirror instead of project, as long as she only considers herself, as long as she is the measure for everything, as long as *Man* doesn't seem to exist but only *men*, men as part of Her own illusory world of only interests.

You have, as I have written earlier, humiliated me. This is my own fault perhaps. If I let myself be humiliated, why would you stop this activity then? Is this your revenge on all those men who have wronged you? And that unconsciously, I suppose, for I cannot imagine that you enjoy this. Or are you looking for a man who doesn't let himself be used as a doormat and just tells you the truth?

Anyhow, I find it sordid, dirty, that you direct your frustrations in this respect precisely at someone who had the best intentions towards you. Are you disgusted with, sick to death of someone who loves you? Does the idea, the feeling that someone loves you, the real Bayantha, not fit your deeper convictions?

Well, no matter what, in any case that humiliation of me will not happen any more. Recently, suddenly, very quickly, I (re)discovered the Wild Man in myself. I simply remain standing. Just push against me; at most I'll bow along a little, but I won't step aside any more.

As a scar I will always carry with me the scene at the picnic table during the Neo-Primal. One's wounds, one's scars, are the best teachers.

Obviously, I was not really aware yet of the fact that, by lack of ground in Herself, Woman can actually enjoy playing with men, and enjoy showing – or trying to show – them that She is more powerful than Him. This doesn't alter the fact that simultaneously, and in a deeper place within, the Divine Woman in her is sad when 'man' lets Her win the fight, and lets himself be played with at all, when thus the Beast in her needs to rule, expressed or repressed, when apparently man is not Strong, Present or Conscious enough to Stop the monster.

In any case, and although the romanticism had been finally killed in me thanks to Bayantha, I hadn't looked the Ego-monster deep enough in its face yet. There is an inherent pleasure for Woman's Ego in humiliating 'man', to treat him like shit, to utterly disrespect him, a pleasure that doesn't let itself be explained away by a long history of many women being oppressed by men (which cosily co-exists with the long history of vice versa). And there's nothing wrong with Her pleasure of humiliating 'man' anyway. It is Part of Divine nature. She can only Respect Man Himself, not any light version of Him. If a man doesn't manifest Himself as Man, then, Out of her Divine Nature, Kali becomes active. Kali needs to destroy what is not-Man – even though in Her Blindness She tries to Destroy Man Himself, too. She cannot Stop Herself, Her Destructive Force, this is Man's Task.

It's not as simple as I suggest in the letter, that Bayantha, Woman in general, would be looking for a man who doesn't let himself be used as a doormat. Well, in itself it is true, She

cannot stop Looking for the Man Who She can – Finally – Love and Respect, Who takes Her Beyond the (repressed) Kali, but on an earthly level She does not Want to find Him or at least not want to Be with Him, Her Beloved, since in that case Her Ego would await a hell of a time, or it would even feel compelled to Surrender sooner or later, if it appeared that – and She Knows that – in the End Man is Stronger than Her Ego. Woman is Two. At least in that respect Bayantha was ‘just’ one of the many.

The reason that Bayantha left me – even though this parting wasn’t necessarily for ever, as Woman is like a flag in the wind of her current (and long-term) interests, the content of which is in principle flexible – was not that I wasn’t Strong enough for Being with such a woman who stored such a huge Female Power in her. It was the opposite. Even at that time, being a relative beginner in the whole man and woman show, I was already too Strong. For this strength not very much experience was needed. In a way my lack of (much) experience was an advantage. I had not been lulled to sleep by common patterns between men and women. But more importantly in this respect, ‘my’ Selfless Heart was Powerful from the beginning. This Strong Heart didn’t and doesn’t and will not fit the plans of ‘the many’, the hidden plans of Woman with Her form-interests that She ‘likes’ to or is Forced to run after with chains around Her feet that she confuses with pearls.

Certainly as intense as the anger is the pain that everything left me with. Everything? No, this refers to the lack of contact between us, I understand now. I cannot imagine you do dare to allow real contact with someone else, at least not for this moment, how you function now. It will come. At this moment real contact still evokes too much in you, apparently.

I also dive into my own bosom. I have always been targeted at beautiful feelings; the nasty ones I invariably knew how to repress. It was above all my anger that I withheld from you that way. I’m sincerely sorry for this. Herewith after all I want to give myself completely. And by giving myself completely I do not give myself away – on the contrary – which is a strange yet beautiful discovery.

At this moment I have a girlfriend and notice how great it is when you have contact with each other, but also that it is difficult and painful and confronting. It’s not that it already works every time, but the most important is: we both want contact, with all our heart and are willing to be in the confrontation. I’ve had it with escaping for ever.

I truly hope you will not merely consider this letter an attack on you. Finally I want to be honest with you.

At so many places in this letter one can read ‘Woman’ instead of merely ‘you’, Bayantha – even though, it is true, Bayantha was extreme, I think the most extreme I have met – the chance on this extremity is much bigger when a girl has missed a father figure in her life, as in Bayantha’s case. As for me, I finally wanted to be honest with Woman. I wanted to address Her directly, tell her the truth, without considering consequences, without being not too hard on Her ego. Thanks to Bayantha I was so fed up with the Darkness that seemed to surround Woman in everything, Her acts, Her attitude, Her words, Her interests, Her smile...

If this directness meant that I could forget it to ever be with (a) Woman, for they would just not accept it, then so be it. If the Truth was that hard on the Heart, it must be so.

I have always thought I was so very honest. Never, never, did I lie to whoever. Ah, that good Maarten... But by merely not lying you can withhold a lot from others, I think now – that is: your own truth, yourself. I want to show you therefore what you aroused in me. To wit: now the other side of the coin for a change. I myself am happy lately when people dare to criticize me. Usually it hurts at first, but at least I learn from that. After the pain I love these people – if what they say comes straight from their heart. Of course, it can always be the pain, the past, the conditioning of the other that he or she projects on you – in this case my own pain that I set free on you.

I notice, now that I have – it is true, on paper – offered my anger somewhat, ‘pity’ shows up, a bit of a melancholy pity. Pity that things have to go this way, apparently. Pity that I haven’t given myself completely to you – not only my love, attention and understanding therefore, but my anger as well, my disappointment and incomprehension. Pity we haven’t met a couple of years later but now already – now that apparently there’s still a lot of mess in between us.

For me perhaps the most beautiful moment of us together was when we, after the bump-exercise¹ in the Neo-Primal, lay with each other in peace and silence, where no words were needed. Only then, in that peace in ourselves, love can truly flourish and rise to great heights. No thoughts, just love.

At the breakfast table in the Primal, after we had made love, it was at least as beautiful. Such a mutual love is rarely experienced in life. To allow this, to stay in this as long as it lasts and to enjoy it...

When one day you said you were uncertain and didn’t really dare to make love to me – despite that earlier we had already been in bed with each other – I loved you so very very much. For you showed yourself. Also, for the first time, I felt real interest in me from your side: “Who are you actually?” There was no need to make love with you any more, so happy was I that you opened up for a moment.

Something that I in turn get somewhat uncertain of is that I have always thought and felt that, despite the troubles, there existed something very beautiful between us. Is this what is called self-deception? Am I, in addition, the only one who feels this beauty? Can I not trust my feeling any more which said that you felt it as well somewhere inside of you, regardless of how deeply concealed it may have been usually, regardless of how contradictory it was to your behaviour?

If this was self-deception, this self-deception is still somewhere in me, I feel. But anyhow, despite the beautiful feeling, I don’t want anything of you any more, and this is quite a relief. Although the fury still spouts up and takes my breath away every now and then, I can see the whole concern now especially as a very instructive experience.

¹ In lying position one bumps the pelvis on the ground supported by a rhythmic breath.

If this feeling that I had with you will be there again when I'm with another woman, I will plunge into it again in any case, albeit in a very different way. To my Heart I will remain truer. Never will I let myself be guided by fear. My fear of showing my anger and strength increasingly disappears too, I notice.

It wasn't really self-deception. There are – can be – moments that you get a splendid premonition of how things can be between Man and Woman, or in fact Beyond 'between': there is already a certain (level of) oneness. That then the struggle for manifestation of this oneness on all levels - and for in the background permanent oneness – only really starts, and is difficult as hell, is something else. These rare splendid moments with Bayantha were True, and a great inspiration. No, it would rather have been a self-deception if I would have denied the Heart's Direct Seeing, considered it untrue or illusory, unrealistic. As I have sometimes said: the Heart's Knowing of the Marriage of Man and Woman is the only Dream that is no dream. Again, that something is so very hard to manifest, doesn't make it untrue in itself.

But it was true that I as Man took our Inner Dream much more serious than Woman, certainly Woman in the form of Bayantha. And that while Bayantha was more in Touch with it than almost any other woman, as the confession she once made on the floor in my house revealed. This was maddening. I was closer to the Woman who could Be with Me – for without Seeing Herself as Woman in Relation to Man, there could no serious Marriage – and yet I was confronted with the fact how incredibly far she was from 'me', from Man, how incredibly uncooperative in regard to letting the Only True Dream come true.

Your remark "I am better at giving than receiving" has quite amazed me, by the way. Do you really mean that? Your mind may indeed think all kinds of things that you could give, which you then do, taking everyone into account – although you resist doing this very much at the same time. But it doesn't come straight from your heart, and that way it doesn't reach people. Unfortunately, I may add to this, I know all about this from my own experience – even though things are changing rapidly in this respect.

You carry so much hate and hostility (and defence) in you, which for most people apparently remain invisible behind your sweet innocent girl-face and smile. The 'solution' to this is, of course, not wearing other clothes and showing another image – as you do – but showing yourself. When someone touches your deeper feelings, like I do apparently, this hate and hostility and being hurt come to the surface. Just express that mess. Fine. But if you do this the way you do to me, or to the next boy, it won't help things. On the contrary, you will lose the people who do want the best for you, as you lose me now. I would say, express the mess to the people who were responsible for it.

Below this hostility and far below your winning smile I see a very beautiful Bayantha, the real one, full of love for herself and others – I was in love with her. And I clung my hope to those rare moments that this beautiful woman broke through all lines of defence. Maarten has landed on earth again, hard but strengthened, wiser.

As one can see, when I wrote ‘*the real one*’, the *real* Bayantha, I didn’t consider the dark, beastly side of a person that is driven by self-interest the real one, but only the beautiful side, what seemed to be the heart side. This was an opportunistic fishing out of the bowl of reality the parts that I liked, while the other parts were ‘just’ things that we needed to face, address, feel, go through with courage, dedication and faithfulness to the Heart, to Love, thanks to which the Hero, the White Purity of Love would win, win over the Black Monster, and Man and Woman could happily live ever hereafter. This childish immature wishful attitude is, in worse egoic versions, common in practically the whole spirituality scene. While defining and identifying oneself as and with the Light (and light) sides of life, it doesn’t accept the Dark Ego-Bitch as an unavoidable part of earthly life and usually judges it. Even though earlier I had a huge resistance to that side, I didn’t judge it – well, in myself I didn’t tolerate it and judged it, that’s true; the ones in power screwing up our world I was judging too, that’s also true. (At least I didn’t judge the judging, one has to start somewhere.)

In Reality, the Heart contains everything. Bayantha’s bitchiness towards me and in general was part of this reality. Only when she would allow this to be fully Seen and therefore Be Overruled, Mastered, Swallowed by the Male Consciousness, then one could say – if one defines things that way indeed – that the *real* Bayantha is what remains. The Female Force Returned into Man and only then She becomes Real, She has gone beyond Her normal Illusion – even though not overlooking the fact that (living in) Illusion is also part of the same Reality, and it has very real consequences.

In retrospect it is hard work to truly See the mentioned love in Bayantha that I wanted to see and therefore saw at the time. This is not to say that I’m against hard work. I love to work hard.

For me, that I have really let go of you – and I understand that this is related to my own strength – is shown by the fact that I don’t care any more how your attitude to me will be now. Perhaps this letter closes the last door. Perhaps, now that I finally show myself, it will rather be an opening – to really seeing each other. Perhaps, but that would show you to be extremely insensitive, you don’t give a shit about this letter. Anyway, this is me! I am so very fed up with swallowing everything, with playing hide and seek – especially with the one I love.

Do you really want to hate me? Hate me!

Do you really want to love me? Love me!

Do you want to be indifferent to me? Be indifferent!

As long as you goddammit follow your heart, your undefiled heart!

Lastly, and you won’t believe it, I am behind you. I love to see your struggle, how you try to free yourself, from your past. Fight on, to eventually be able to cease the war!

As for me, I have felt ‘too much’ for you – otherwise I couldn’t have been so very angry – to still play a role in that struggle. But you will be there. You are strong.

Lots of love and anger,

Maarten

At the end of the letter i wrote '*you will be there. You are strong.*' Something similar I wrote earlier – '*It will come*' – regarding her current lack of courage to enter real contact with someone, with (a) Man. Apparently, I felt some impulse to inspire her a bit here and there, to support the Other Side, not only give her back what I was fed up with in her.

It's true that, in that period of fast development, I considered that such a development that I had was in principle possible for many more people, certainly if such a talented young girl was at such a young age of 24 years already busy with going through things that she felt kept her stuck. This was much too optimistic, and a projection from my side in turn. Even though my eyes were not in my pocket, and I had already seen that there were not really people like me in the development workshops that I attended, people with such a strong will and radicalness when it was about (Love for) Truth, apparently I was not ready yet for giving up the Heart-Dream to become One with (a) Woman, and I Knew that if a woman didn't go to similar heavy processes as I did – albeit woman's inner and outer processes were partly of a different nature – then we could never Really Meet, and that Oneness would return to dreamland, un-lived, not manifested.

It was not easy to fully accept that by far the most Potential I Saw – and See – in women, beautiful as Bayantha or not, would not be Used but simply wasted. That, honestly, Bayantha, the one I had loved so much and still at that time, also belonged to 'the many' in this respect, that she would never do it, never Allow herself to Enter a True Love-Relation with Man. I Saw already more than I admitted – or at least than I admitted in the letter. This Seeing was a hard one to Digest, to Accept as the reality on earth – all the more now that I had got such a very good taste of it, of Freeing myself from any obstacle, any attachment, any possible Ego, anything that was not Me. But what if Woman didn't follow? Did it really make sense to do this whole struggle for myself? Logically, it did not. But deep down I Felt it was True anyway to Go into the Process as Deep as possible.

In any case, my Heart had to practice some more to be able to, in the end, Surrender into the sad fact of Seeing such a beauty in someone, in Bayantha, and simultaneously Knowing it would not be, not manifest. It would need more time still to stop wanting to Save the Woman in a woman, time to, in the End, Be a Pure Reflection of Her manifested, expressed Longing for this Mirror, for Dissolution into (Relationship with) Man, in and by 'my' (Man's) Heart.

Altogether, my letter to Bayantha already contained many topics that we still, after all these years – albeit deeper, more Consciously, more Embodied now – Meditate now and will always Meditate, since there can be no end to the Fight. Even when there is Clarity regarding the Fight between the Male and Female Forces, the Meditation continues. It's remarkable how so short after meeting Bayantha, I saw and became aware of quite a lot of (the patterns concerning) Woman or the Female Power, the Female way and principle in relation to Man. And this was Possible thanks to the fact that, 'somewhere', somehow, Bayantha had allowed me, even when it appeared too much for her, too dangerous. It was Possible to Meet such a woman, extremely female and explosive – a walking bomb – because Something in 'me' was

ready for Allowing the (Wild) Man and, therefore, Woman. It was Possible because the Power of Consciousness Saw I was ready for Allowing Itself in this Body, Taking it over.

Although the consciousness transpiring through the letter was still far from what it would become later, the Meeting with Bayantha, her allowing something of the Man in me, ‘my’ willingness to let my dream regarding Woman totally explode – before the Depth behind the dream could prove itself out to be True it had to be completely smashed, that is: the dream that later turned out to be Woman’s dream and that I had borrowed, copied from Her – meant a big step forward in consciousness, in getting the Heart Down to earth. Man must not be deluded by the fact whether a woman stays with him or not, or at least not when it is about progressing in ‘Falling Down Consciously’.

A relevant point that I started to See – as Body – is how the Whore sucks Man empty, sucks His Heart-Energy so She can keep moving. She uses His Life-Force Beyond Energy to fuck the other side of man who is or rather seems present down and is unconscious, who is not dangerous (therefore), who will never Truly Touch Her, Touch Her where She Wants to stay Dark, who is Her Dark Slave.

It is funny to see how I was not only (at a rapid pace) discovering reality (of Man and Woman) on earth – that, strangely, no one seemed to know about, or at least I was not informed at all – but also fighting it. As if it shouldn’t be so that (a) Man loses his power, his energy in the presence of (a) Woman. Or, as if Man, if He loses it, should still be loved by Woman – as if She shouldn’t leave Him but be faithful to the empty bag that she left of Him.

In fact, this mirror called Bayantha, the whole setting, was very good for, eventually, Discovering Man as Something Beyond Woman, Beyond Her world of Energy – Man Who is Free in Woman’s Duality of ‘having’ energy and lacking it. That I wrote Bayantha and, in the heat of writing, no longer holding back my Heart, tried to make her see that I am neither her Prince, nor her Death, her Enemy or Hate, was already a sign that something was dawning in this respect – even when at the time I labelled this Something Beyond the Two with my own (birth-)name.

As I suggested earlier, the big drive to make a(n exceptional) woman like Bayantha “*See Me!!*” was certainly a characteristic of Man in the coming and ever deepening Conscious Fight with Woman that had already started to some extent by then. That Man as the One is Beyond the dual version of Man who needs to fight in Woman’s Duality doesn’t make this untrue, although it is true that Basically, Ultimately, of Himself, Man as He Is doesn’t care if Woman Sees Him or not: He lives as a Pure Reflection of Her Longing to Truly See Him, and He can Act, Respond, as if it is He Himself who wants this. If Man manages to Let Woman Look in His Eye, She will be Thrown beyond herself and be Liberated, by Returning into Him. But this makes only Sense and is only True when Man is Present as Man indeed, and She doesn’t look into an in any way faint pale version of Him.

Mentioning in the letter that I had a girlfriend now – with whom I had real contact – triggered Bayantha to visit me by the end of August, as the main albeit not only reason. (I didn’t know yet that the relationship with Genevieve wouldn’t survive the first two weekends.) Bayantha called me, purportedly, to talk about the letter. Her jealousy didn’t tell

her to also want real contact. Rather, Bayantha wanted to know if I still wanted her – sexually – more than I wanted the other girl. I didn't want either of them; the issue was if they were – or could possibly – open up to *Me* or not, or less. If I'd want them, they couldn't Open up to *Me*.

The three weeks in between my letter and Bayantha's decision to finally call me revealed that they were not enough to on her own get over the nasty feeling from the idea that, apparently, I could so easily change her for another girl, just like seemed to have happened at the Neo-Primal workshop. Exchanging one lover for another – and another and another – should be *her* Game, not mine, not Man's. This should certainly not be the case if *she* was the one who was being played with, who was being used for the Game as if she would be no more than one of the many, an exchangeable pawn. She should be the one who is in control, who Reigns, who Plays, who is moving the pawns, who Divides and Rules. Many, most, people are not well suited to be humiliated. They cannot take it, cannot let their ego be crushed just like that and right in the heat of the battlefield where Love and Un-love Meet, the Formless and the Form. This annihilation would Happen indeed if one can stick it out and stays in that invisible borderland.

It is true, and not contradicting all this, that through my letter Bayantha felt some male force again here. She felt I had risen from the dead once again, and she got naturally interested again, interested in getting something of the pie, of this rare combination of Heart, Spirit and some earthly male force. In the end, the Oneness of what seemed to be Heaven and Earth was what she as Woman was after, was how She wanted to live, what She wanted to Be – if only it wouldn't be so dangerous, so unknown, so vulnerable, so confronting, so painful. If only she could live this oneness as Ego – which, unfortunately or not, is not and will never be the case.