

Bayantha

In the evening I could, for the first time in my life as far as I remember, clearly feel jealousy. Bayantha sat on the lap of one bloke for hours on end. I progress, I become a human. But suddenly the whole thing fell off me and I could again be cheerful and be full of trust towards the befriended bloke and towards Bayantha herself. It was as if she had to sit on his lap just as long until I could see and feel through the limitation and suffocation of jealousy, until I had absorbed jealousy in my system and could let go of it now, until I had regained my freedom as man. Bayantha confessed me in the following night that she was definitely jealous, me again and again dancing rather intimately with other women.

The bloke in question was Ekel, a new participant who had not been there in the introduction weekend. The lap-sitting took the whole evening indeed and unfortunately it was no exercise that was part of the course, but real. I didn't know yet that quite a few women take extensive roundabouts to come closer to a man they are really interested in, but even if I had known this, three hours of lap-sitting, including tolerating Ekel's warmly stroking of Bayantha's back again and again and both having big relentless smiles on their faces, was exaggerated. In my simplistic love-logic she had preferred to sit on my lap if she loved me. But it was true, what she felt for me was 'deeper than love', as she had said. 'And certainly deeper than laps', I thought.

To not take away her – egoic, but anyway – freedom to do whatever she 'needed' to do at any moment, I didn't say anything of her lap escapade and her big smile during the 'moment' it took place. Later, when the time was ready, when we were more together, I told her that I hadn't really liked the chair she had chosen to sit on. It would have been different if it had been more obvious that she was with me, if she was my girl. Things not being clear yet in that respect and yet feeling a lot for each other, was a perfect scenario for giving me another big mouth, although it was not as intense as it had been at the doorway the other day:

"What are you then doing with that girl all the time, huh?!" It seemed impossible to talk with Bayantha about these things without intense emotions, whether expressed or suppressed. Although I can't say this felt really normal – but what was normal anyway, she was a human, and showed humanness in a form that was just not usual among the humans I had met up to then – I was happy and eager to learn this side of life, having grown up in a rational family. Bayantha was intense as me, but then from the other side, from the Female Side – me from the Heart, she from the emotional-sexual realm. Could this go together, her strong Female intensity with my strong intense Male Side? Could this work, apart from the Divine Promise it carried?

I hadn't expected Bayantha's outburst anyway. I had been talking with the new woman, Vivian, who later appeared to have fallen in love with me. Bayantha, Woman, reasoned – or felt – from the other side. For me as man, talking was not intimate, but physical closeness was – for woman talking was more intimate: this was related to the fact that, by

Law of Duality, Man as the Formless had to Find the Form and Woman, Associated with Form, had to Find the Formless. However, if Bayantha had seen me silently – without talking – copulating with Vivian while she was sitting on Ekel's lap, I was not sure if she wouldn't have been upset due to my lack of intimacy with the wrong woman.

But Bayantha may have studied better than me the way the woman looked at me. As a woman she may have felt things that I wasn't aware of. And she felt the other woman as a threat. For, despite her 'no' to me some time before the Primal, Bayantha hadn't totally decided yet not to want me as her partner – if she wanted to be with just one partner anyway. And even if she had, even if she had decided 'no', I still had to be available to her, for if ever she changed her decision, if the mosaic of Forces and interests changed one day, or one moment... A woman interested in her potential man – or target – was more threatening than when the man in question seemed interested in another woman. She knew the Manipulative Force of Woman.

Anyhow, although I liked Vivian, I didn't feel attracted to her. It seemed Bayantha, Woman, couldn't feel this, or at least she considered this of less importance, less than the fact that another woman, a competitor, was attracted to and even opening to 'her man'. She 'reasoned'-saw from the earthly nature's perspective: if a woman really opens to a man, he, as a dummy, as a blind boy, simply goes in – and, but this is something for the dark, will be swallowed by her. It's all Woman's Game, she Knows. Men were just walk-ons, puppets. Bayantha knew only men, not Man.

Secret sex with Bayantha

On the face of it, it seemed my chances to get through to Bayantha were nearly zero. Her record 'sitting on another man's lap' of 3 hours was just one sign of this. She liked feeling Ekel's hard-on under her buttocks. But whatever, there were just too many desired distractions for her to ever find the One in one Man-form. Earlier Bayantha hid herself and prevented herself from meeting me closer up (supposedly) because of guilt-feelings towards her 'boy-friend', her saviour. At other times we had to talk or meet shortly, because he could find out. There would always be something, while the truth was that in principle we could just meet now in these days. In principle Love could emerge, if allowed, if it was Respected as being more relevant than excuses, than anything or anyone else. In the End there was no excuse, Man was Woman's Only True Interest. And therefore It had to wait. First other things. First boy-friends. First hard-ons. Not the End yet. That would feel like a Death.

Yet, against the odds, I made some progress. Again on the face of it, it seems Woman in her ever alternating Duality is the one who is flexible, easily flowing with and adjusting to situations. In fact, She is stuck in Her slavery of the alternating sides of her Duality. For being taken Beyond this She is Dependent on Man. In reality, Man is the One who is Flexible – if He Knows how to Be That, How to Allow it, how to Be Free, if He uses this Freedom to Liberate Woman. Freedom used for himself leads to the same stuck-ness Woman seems to be convicted to (without Man('s Essence)).

The tears I had cried during the sessions had the potential to and in fact did melt something of Bayantha's stuck-ness, something of her resistance to 'me', to Man in fact, however long it would last. In a multi-day workshop where we could not escape one another, the result of this melting could be noticed easier. The resistance turned into attraction again. It's not that this attraction, hopping over to the nice side again, would pull her past her Duality. Much more was needed for that. Consciousness was Needed for That. And Bayantha for now preferred to be unaware of her being meditated. She didn't want to Know why suddenly, out of the blue, she was attracted again to 'me'.

Well, out of the blue... What I had done, next to letting go of jealousy and thus making space for Man, was, in the first place, singing and playing guitar for three hours in, amongst others, her presence. And seeing how some women looked at me and were interested in me, aroused and re-evoked her interest to get me in for herself. If other women were interested in me as a man, she reasoned as a woman without ratio, there must be something good to get here in the respect of Man. Secondly, I finally broke through my pattern of never saying goodbye as the first one to a woman I love. I had given her all space and had given up on getting closer physically. I was tired and wanted to go to bed. Here Woman's Duality came into play once more. Now that I had given up on her and that without any fuss or drama – I was just tired – she, when upstairs in the corridor we bumped into each other, walked into my arms just like that. I don't know how she got there suddenly. She seemed to have been looking for me, she was not made for coincidences. She just wanted to lie next to me, she said.

But whatever got her, suddenly she asked on top of that:

"Do you want to sleep with me tonight?" I had progressed enough regarding the earthly ways to – surprised, but anyway – understand that she didn't mean sleeping, this last night of the workshop. She hurried to add:

"It's a long time ago for me, and I'd like to find out if I can still do it."

This was not only not very romantic, it was a strange motivation, and, despite that I had just started to participate in the land of sex with women, I was not sure if I would ever get an even stranger excuse to want to make love with me. If I took it literally, it sounded as if she wanted to try it on me as a kind of guinea-pig, so that afterwards she could make love with men again, without the risk of making a fool of herself.

But I had learned also by now to know that love and its expression don't happen on my terms. So yes, sure, I was in. In principle, I was in love with her, not with her motivation. Keeping a distance, wanting to disappear in me, loving me deeper than love, disrespect, shouting, hate, cutting into pieces, jealousy, making love, whatever, I was not against the whole Drama of Woman. It was true, one form of the Drama was nicer than the other. Let's try a nice one, once again.

Our possibly cloths-less meeting was not supposed to happen in public. Again, and slightly annoying, her strong tendency for secrecy showed its face. Her plan was – and she told me in a whispering way as if we were conspirers – that I'd find an empty room and went supposedly sleeping there on my own. Possible people who were looking for more space and also wanted to sleep in that room were supposed to be kept away or deterred by whatever

trick I could find. Then, later, when everybody seemed to be asleep or almost, she would join me. First she needed to prepare herself in her room.

Preparing a bed for us in the empty room that I found indeed, I felt strange. I felt inside that she had lied to me regarding the reason why she suddenly wanted to make love with me. The dimmed light in the corridor was not strong enough to shine enough light on what she said, my consciousness could not catch it. ‘My’ consciousness didn’t Understand a Lie, somehow. If someone said: this is so, this is my motivation, then the consciousness accepted it being so. Only the body didn’t agree. Consciousness – easily fooled on an earthly level – and Body were not One. Consciousness had to Go Wholly Down into the Body to Understand the Lie.

And yet, ultimately it was her confusion – or rather Woman’s confusion in general – that I meditated or, in a fog, felt. The confusion of hidden motives, not being able to speak or even show the truth. The confusion of the tongue – or, rather, the mind – speaking another language than the Body. As Man, all the more as long as Man hadn’t been submitted to this world, I felt naturally uncomfortable in a Lie. If Bayantha was indeed unsure about me, the first man in her life who was not specifically of primarily after sex with her despite her radiating sex like hell – and this was certainly a background of the fact that deeper feelings for ‘me’ could arise in her than she had had experienced before with the many men who had visited her body – if she was unsure about herself thus, sooner or later this had to come to Light. Or at least from Man’s perspective this was so. By His nature, Man has this Urge to Resolve the Tension that hides in the Dark, the Tension between Truth and Lie.

It was true, at the same time I was happy that there was an opportunity now to come closer, to be intimate. She was not the only one with a nicely tingling prospect in her mood. And yet, yet, it felt strange when Bayantha entered the room finally with her big smile. Wasn’t all this one big show? Wasn’t I just being used as a puppet for Woman’s show, so that She could perform Her drama? I mean, it’s not that I felt egoically upset or whatsoever that I would be misused. I didn’t care about that. Only, and this is of course not something radically different: where was Love in the whole show?

For Bayantha love land was a chessboard. Fucking was a next move on that board now. Love was Man’s department, or at best it was one of the chessmen.

Indeed, where was Love when Bayantha undressed and nestled herself against my naked body? Where was Love when, very soon, she descended along my body, took my hard penis in her mouth and began to suck on it? Where was Love in being prepared for entering her body? Somehow I felt that she didn’t feel anything. I can’t say, however, that therefore I didn’t feel like having sex with Bayantha. I liked sex, as most people did. And certainly with the girl I was in love with. I had never been demanding. People were as they were. It would be silly to demand Love, when Bayantha – at least for now, but perhaps in general – could not feel or give this.

But it was true, the whole thing was quite mechanical and cold. Something in me didn’t get it. Where was she? It seemed she was out. Below the surface – and sometimes above – she was the whole day long busy with how to get (a) man, and when she’s with him finally she’s not there.

A good moment to put a condom around my penis. It seemed I was destined to enter the coldness. If my Heart was warm indeed, then why not go into the cold? I was the one who should give Love, not she. She was about to receive it. Only the One could Bring Love, not the Two. And moreover, I was not a magician. I couldn't conjure up Love in her just like that. It was here, although that was not enough: how could it be given? How could an Open Heart Give Itself to a Closed Heart? Was this possible at all? Couldn't it only be given if it could be received? Was 'my' love worth anything if I could not let her participate in this? Or was it enough when a woman like Bayantha was somewhere inside, semi-consciously, aware of this Love in her without being able to manifest it ever, and only in exceptional moments (or in one unique moment) this love would shoot to the surface, as it happened to her in my house, and be expressed by mere words, without acting upon it? Was this as far as we could get as (a) Man and (a) Woman? Would she be – and at least supposed to be – lost when she also *acted* upon this Love for Man she Knew Inside, if she let it Take Over her Body, when Heart and Body Became One?

Her uncertainty only faded away finally when my penis actually entered her body. Only now she was sure that I wanted her. This seemed even more important than her own sexual desire. In itself this desire was quite aroused by now, and she seemed dying to finally give a form to it, but she had also proven already that she was a mistress in repressing it. The Heart in its Purity would not have been able to arouse the sexual desire in Bayantha. But since by that time I had learned how to bring the Heart down into the lower regions – seemingly paradoxical, expressing anger played a relevant role in this, which was more about force than about anger in the sense as how it is usually viewed – I could touch her desire easily, and in fact, with my intensity, more than any other man in the workshop could.

To cover up her own sexual desire, Bayantha could not simply stop at her in itself vulnerable, courageous and seemingly spontaneous question if I wanted to sleep with her that night. It would have been too straight, a confession that she is a sexual being herself, instead of the preferred desirable object for men. It is true, I had added oil on the fire by talking with her about the issue if she really wanted to continue living the way she did for four years already by then: living together with a man she didn't love, and – very probably – didn't make love to either, but was thankful to. Wasn't four years enough? This was not the same as paving the pathway to her physical opening. I felt literally the pain of it when we talked about her living situation. And Pain was something to naturally dissolve by feeling through it. If this subsequently lead to an opening in Woman's lower parts, so be it. I was not against it.

Despite the possible appearance of the opposite, I don't mean all this as criticism. I much appreciated Bayantha's unexpected request to make love. Appreciation doesn't prevent me to see the unspoken reality, even when at the time the fog Bayantha spread was too thick for me to open my eye. I was happy anyway that the 'normal lie' had been surpassed: the lie that said that man would be the one who wanted sex and woman the one who wanted intimacy. The Deeper Truth – even when it hardly manifested in relationships between men and women – was that Man Responded to Woman's Call to Enter Her Body, to Go into the Dark, to Bring Light there.

When I ejaculated Bayantha put her hand before my mouth to dim the liberating scream. The condom was remarkably full, I noticed. Indeed, I had been in love with Bayantha for seven weeks already – although the intensity of it could drop down now and then – and my balls had had to wait patiently all that time, though not without tension.

The next morning – it was no problem to have skipped sleep – Bayantha was quite into me. The usual distancing after some form of intimacy didn't show up – or was postponed.

Finally one certainty that stood the test of reality: talking, talking, talking may be nice, but by making love to each other, the feelings for each other really increase enormously. She can no longer deny me in her.

During the trembling of the Kundalini afterwards I felt strong as a horse, and finally a sexual being in the total meaning of the word. Somehow this doesn't satisfy me: I feel accepted by a woman only when she, if only for a moment, totally wants me, that is: my body.

During breakfast we sat opposite each other, madly in love with each other. We were convicted to having to look at each other, again and again and again. Seldom if ever I felt more wonderful than now. The other participants had crumbled down to extras in the Divine Play without main characters, there was only One character, love. Yet, they existed, I was aware. And this awareness caused that I was not allowed to enjoy one hundred per cent. A little voice in me said: you're not allowed to exclude others, you're not allowed to enjoy so abundantly in public, not allowed to be happy when others aren't. Fortunately, the voice didn't have too much power.

Apparently, Bayantha's opening of her body to me had the power to postpone – or should I say overwhelm – the issue of the (lack of) manifestation of a deeper love to me as man. Our sexual union was part of this deeper love, and it was not up to me to make this Deeper Love Clear to Bayantha at this premature moment. It was already there, in a way, even when Bayantha could not express her deeper love through the form of making love. She had said it herself earlier, as far as words were available to her. Only, the Formless and the Form were not one yet. Not really a detail, but for the moment it could not diminish my happiness, nor Bayantha's.

She could not really eat, despite her brave attempts to spread a sandwich. Laughing all the time – and giggling – there was no space to put things in her mouth, or at least food. When she dared to throw a glance at me, her whole body convulsed in a next fit of laughter, her smile as broad as the opening down. When below the table, out of sight from our fellow eaters, I touched her foot with mine, this had the same effect. It was not at all a nasty or ridiculing laugh that left her mouth. It was an overdose of Love that she had received and she had – seemingly – gone a bit nuts from it. The process of actually being freed looks nuts to people, even to people who are busy with freeing themselves.

It looked very cute, in fact. But true, as the sexual arouser I may have been prejudiced in my opinion here. For not everybody at the breakfast table could appreciate the sexual craziness, our sexual unity. Some people laughed along – like Alice – others were obviously

disturbed and left the room, especially the ones who still tried to deal with life (and even with freeing) in a limited, relatively stiff way, holding on to norms that had already proven themselves not to be true, holding on to contractions that were too scary to let go off.

I had never seen something like this (and, I was sure, no one in the room): a girl's body being moved by my heart, expressed as sexuality. Finally a girl that couldn't resist my heart any more, whose whole body was literally moved by it. This was thanks to the pressure cooker of four days being 'locked up' altogether, Bayantha with me, not able to avoid me enough to stay stuck. On the face of it, it may have seemed that it was 'just' the volcano of sexuality that finally burst open. This sexual opening was certainly the case, yet on a deeper level I felt this was so because Love was involved and was in fact the originator. Although I had not been there, I was sure that usually when she opened sexually for a man, her body was rather stiff and repressed, similar to how she was when we actually made love a few hours earlier.

It became too much to handle in a socially acceptable way and Bayantha ended up under the table, laughing, giggling. She sat and crawled there for another ten minutes or so. Trying to shut up, and getting hungry by now, she took my leg and started kissing it and licking it passionately as far as she could role my pants upwards. She rolled her whole head against my bear leg like a cat overflowing with love. I stroke her with my feet. Then, finally, she came from under the table with a huge smile on her face. Bayantha had not quieted down at all. What's more, she couldn't hold herself any more. She grabbed my hand and, running upstairs, dragged me into the bathroom on the first floor. She locked the door of the first toilet we had quickly entered. She was in a great hurry. She wanted to give a form to the liberating love in the form of making love, and now without the stiffness of the first time. Something had got her, had given up, smelt freedom, the victory. Even if you were doomed to lose afterwards, first you must win and celebrate. Bayantha started kissing me like crazy, as if obsessed. She pulled my pants down and in a rage, hastily, almost in a panic now, started getting rid of her own, obviously annoyed by the materiality and slowness of things. Her breathing was wild, chaotic. Her tongue was everywhere at the same time. Her pelvis that couldn't hold still was obstructing the procedure of getting her pants down. Then, just when her pants dropped on the floor and the moment of entering her body for the second time was there, she suddenly stopped:

"Sht", she said, "what is that sound? There is someone."

"So what," the man responded, of course. What did Man care what other people might hear and think and say, and all the less at such a moment. The whole world was allowed to – if not sooner or later should – be a witness of this moment, that the Heart and the Closed Heart had Found Each Other, the Spirit and the Matter, that Woman gave up Her Resistance and let the Beast come out. It should be celebrated. It was a miracle, not an accident. It was an event of deep meaning – Love Meets Sex, the Formless Meets the Form. Let the church bells ring. Let's be Silent when the scream of the ejaculation resounds throughout the hall.

"Sht. There is someone."

The 'problem' was that there was always someone – or something. The 'someone' was somewhere in the corridor, not even in the toilet department. But Bayantha couldn't relax

any more – or let’s say, she couldn’t allow the huge sexual flow to go its own wild course any more.

“I can’t do it when people are there.”

The pants went up again, somewhat less hastily than when they were in the procedure of going down, but anyway.

Perhaps the most important instructive moment of the Primal was yet to come, this last half a day of the workshop. During the dancing that usually preceded the next session, in this case the sharing circle, I sat upstairs in my private room, crying. Once again I experienced this, and in a way it seemed worse than being simply rejected by a woman: usually a woman doesn’t dare to allow her intimate feelings for me, but in this case the woman does want (to be with) me, I want (to be with) her, and yet, due to whatever circumstances we don’t get each other. Tonight Bayantha would return to her friend whom she doesn’t love.

When I came down I was so stupid to cry out with Bayantha. “What’s the matter?” she asked.

“That I love you”, I said between the tears.

We sat down next to each other for the last circle sharing, but unconsciously I felt her rejection, her total rejection of me in that moment. I became only fully aware of this when at a certain point I whispered in her ear: “What I just said, I said in fact to my mother, you must know” and when I felt the energy rushing through me, saying, not even directed at Bayantha: “Goddamned, how strong I feel! Jesus, what a power I feel now”, upon which her attitude to me turned around really 180 degrees, literally and figuratively. Her body turned towards me and rubbed itself against my body. It looked as if she wanted to crawl into me. She wanted.

How amazed and angry, but above all how god almighty happy I was that I have finally, even directly, bodily, experienced why women reject me, and that I can give myself in a different way, in the now, being myself, strong. That I can let go of something of the past that has always limited me. And immediately the attitude of another person to me changes, drastically. Even when one swallow doesn’t make a summer, I’ve experienced that this is possible. It is in me.

[Report of The Primal]

How stupid could I be?

Bayantha and I felt so good together now. We held hands and, now that the volcano had finally burst – putting the lit back on in the toilet was not really a problem somehow – it was almost as if we had one Body the way we lay there together, one Body of Man and Woman instead of two. I hadn’t seen Bayantha like this. She was so soft and beautiful, so quietly in love. It was such a pleasure to see and feel the volcano so peaceful, so beyond her ‘normal’ tensed state of separation. In a soft and flowing way, like in a fairy tale, her eyes opened from behind her eyelashes and, when she had seen me and drunk me in, they closed

again. There was no difference between opening and closing. There was no difference anyhow.

Then, apparently, it was time again for something stupid from my side. Or else Bayantha would again have been the one to break our union. Paradise cannot last too long anyway. So, if Bayantha forgot to screw our love up, then I took over. This was more exceptional, but it couldn't be denied either. It was stupid even when my crime came from a good heart. The fact was that, just before the circle had started, a woman had taken me apart for a moment. It was the new woman who had not been there in the introduction weekend and whom had made Bayantha jealous earlier when I had talked with her. Vivian had confessed me that she had fallen in love with me. It was the last day, so she had to say it now – or never. Bayantha must have felt her interest in me and this caused the jealousy.

Here, the fundamental Split of Woman, of the world, of existence, into Two showed its face and as Man I couldn't go around this in any way. Woman's Inherent Problem – Her Duality – was My Problem. Vivian was a woman who was more in the heart and generally living more in the higher spheres of human existence. Being with her would mean a relatively easy life – just as it would have been with Fiona many years earlier. Vivian would not run away, as she'd be more consciously aware of My Heart and our oneness if we could come that far together and to whatever depth of realization and manifestation. The fights with her would not be big or too dramatic, if at all they would manifest. Everything could be solved by the Presence of the Heart.

Despite some potential in her for development of the higher existential planes, Bayantha was rather taken by and living the lower, earthly Forces. Being with her would be Fire, a continuous hell with, possibly, some glorious divine moments, like now. Heart meeting heart meant not so much would happen – although more can be said about it, later. Heart meeting no-heart meant Fire, the volcano spitting out its lava. Important here is that as Man I Needed to Go Down. Without Meeting the Low Dark Forces in Woman I could not Go Down. Duality was Needed, not (only) Sameness. By the very Nature of Existence as Duality, the attraction on an earthly level to someone like Bayantha, full of Darkness as she was, was much bigger than to Vivian who didn't live the Dark Forces, who was not aware of them. This doesn't mean, by the way, that there is no (deeper) Attraction between me and a woman who's more in the heart. I was also not against being with a woman like Vivian when Life's Forces would bring us together – only, not with her as the only woman then, not as a break from the Fire either. The One Man that I Was (but didn't Know fully yet) Needed the Two, Needed the Fire between the One and the Two. Perhaps I Needed this until I would Realize the One (the Oneness of the One and Duality) in and as Myself, but I didn't know this. Anyhow, the Light could only become Aware of Itself as Light if it Saw the Dark, not if It Saw only Light.

When I was 18 years old I was in a similar situation when I was dancing and had to 'choose' between – or let myself be drawn to – Iris or Fiona. I danced automatically towards Iris, even if this was indeed painful for Fiona, which I was very aware of. Pain could not be avoided, as that situation made clear or should have made totally clear. Not dancing was no

option, Life was rushing through me. Withdrawing from Life would only cover up the pain instead of living it responsibly.

But, honestly, at the time it was not clear yet that pain had to be lived and granted to others as well. I – or the ego through me – wanted to avoid it, not for myself but for Vivian (and therefore also for myself in the end, for how separate does it get?) Or at least diminish it. And this is what my naïve ‘stupidity’ was about. In our state of togetherness – something that Bayantha hadn’t experienced before with a man, caressing me softly and femininely like Love had finally broken through and would never come to know how to leave us any more – I, when our state of being so close was shown so obviously before everybody including Vivian who looked at us with an ever whitening face, said to Bayantha:

“Let’s slow it down a bit for now, because Vivian is also in love with me and it’s very painful for her to see us like this. Later, after the circle we can do what we want.”

For a moment Bayantha was seriously confused. Then, instead of ‘slowing down a bit’, she turned totally away from me. No touch any more. She went into a drama, into resistance. She was just very upset. I don’t remember if she had tears in her eyes but I felt her pain about what I said and seemed to mean anyhow and felt awful. Our unique harmony was destroyed, by trying to be good guy taking everyone in his heart. ‘Trying’ is not the right word, in fact. It went by itself, just by having an overview, seeing everyone and not only my own joy, with my girl in this case, or feeling our mutual happiness. How could I be really happy if a woman on the other side was so sad, wanted to be with me and I seemed not to allow this or chose another woman?

The situation was now very uncomfortable, having a drama while the circle was still going on. I made it clear to Bayantha that we would talk about it after the circle. But it seemed she didn’t want that any more. I had left her for another woman, she felt. By wanting to be or even Being One with everyone I had broken the Oneness with her.

I didn’t want anything more than being with Bayantha, reflecting her big Attraction to Man. This with Bayantha was even much better than being with Maya, to be honest, who had never been able and willing to let herself go, to give herself, to let her femininity totally flow, to disappear in adoration of (someone of) the Opposite Sex.

But life was complicated. Now two women were sad instead of one. Was this fairness? That neither side of the Duality could be with the One – leaving aside for now that I didn’t Realize this One yet but certainly carried it already in my Heart, obvious to the one who could see and feel a bit?

Despite morally seemingly correct, my request to Bayantha was plainly stupid, not only to Bayantha herself and to Vivian in her right for becoming aware of and feeling the unembellished or undiminished pain she wanted to meet beyond herself, but also in regard to the chances of Bayantha and I coming and staying together. And yet, ultimately it was *not totally* stupid what I had done. Only, let’s say, it was before its time. Something in me Knew, however – it is true, this Knowing was not yet at the surface – that my relationship with Bayantha, Man’s Relation with Woman, cannot be without the involvement of (a) Woman – Her Own Other Side – Who Recognizes Me, My Heart, as Her Beloved, as Her Self, as the Same That She Is – not only as ‘the Other’ as Bayantha saw me.

Whether I made stupid remarks like this or not, the ‘Bayanthas’ would always keep running away and at least as long as their closed hearts didn’t yet Resonate with the heart in a Woman-form that Did Recognize Me as the Heart, Consciously, not only Bodily – without degrading the importance of the latter in any way. It was very Touching and attractive to see how Bayantha’s body was being Moved by My Heart, yet ultimately this would not be enough to make it together, to Manifest the Union of Man and Woman on earth. Her previously expressed Wisdom of wanting to disappear in me and feeling something deeper than love to me should, in the best, Holistic case, merge with this body that followed my Heart.

So, from this Perspective, a Deeper Holistic Intelligence through me Needed to Include the heart-woman, to Consider her, Bayantha’s own other not lived side – although on a normal human level my ‘stupidity’ was ‘just’ plain compassion. I didn’t have to want to Include ‘the other woman’, the Inclusion Happened already. Only, it had in principle been possible not to tell Bayantha (yet) about her other side in the form of another woman. In my naivety I thought she’d understand. How could I have expected reasonableness of a woman in love, a woman feeling vulnerable in and openly expressing this love for her man? If it weren’t the opposite, being in love was at least not the same for her as being selfless and allowing other women to participate in the same love.

The ‘problem’ here – or what caused friction – was that Bayantha was in a state of love – with the Other – and I, as My Heart, was in Love, as the One. I projected on Bayantha to be able to Understand Man’s Selfless Love, while she, ‘strangely’, manifested the love of ‘self’. The self felt hurt, rejected, angry, resistant and more. All my love should go to her, which for her had been a proof that I loved her, while for me it would have been a proof of the opposite, that my Love for her had not been true if it were limited to one person. Bayantha’s position was: what had the witch at the other side of the circle got to do with us, with our love?

She didn’t get it. She was really, sincerely confused, I noticed when finally, finally, I managed to talk with her after the group circle had finished, which at first she indeed didn’t want any more. The ego got such a blow that was beyond being simply hurt in its pride. It was groggy, like after a big hit in a boxing match. No final knock-out yet but a considerable time was needed to stand on its feet again.

I tried to explain my point, why I had said what I had said. But it was difficult to still reach her; an invisible door had closed. She seemed to try to listen, but she didn’t get it. Her own ‘standpoint’ or feeling was much too big for that. At a certain point I think I had and at least felt tears because of her pain that couldn’t really be given but all the time almost. Bayantha said, almost desperately and from a place far away but still audible and understandable:

“For me it is so difficult to really open for a man, and now, now that it finally happened, I feel so hurt by what you did. I never want to open any more.”

Now I couldn't hold my tears any more and cried. How terribly sad this sounded – and was, for she meant it. I didn't want things to go like this. I didn't mean it like this. There must be a way out. If we really loved each other there had to be a way out of this stuck imprisoned love, of love turned into a hell instead of the paradise it promises, even if you blindly pressed the wrong buttons.

“I don't want to love any more...”, Bayantha continued, looking down, not at me. She trembled, her whole body was shivering. I could now understand how it could happen that she had tried to commit suicide when she was 18, and even why she said that her ‘partner’, the whoremonger, had ‘saved’ her, saved her into a normal life, empty but without danger. I felt desperate, as her – all the more since she didn't only speak for herself, to herself, but for many many women, even when they seemed less intense than Bayantha: in the end everyone was intense, everyone was Life, everyone was repressing Life. I felt so much love in me for Bayantha, it was overflowing all the more at that impossible moment, and I wanted to give it all and instead I had screwed it up.

It is true, if I hadn't screwed up our unity of that unique moment – unique indeed: with Maja I hadn't experienced this unity like Bayantha and I both felt it – our actualized insight into how it can be if Man and Woman are Together, on earth, then something else would have done this. For sure. Coming down to Earth included taking on the humble role of screwing up now and then.

But indeed, one basic difficulty regarding the relationship of Man and Woman had been touched – and sooner or later, with or without Bayantha, this should come to Light, also to Woman's Consciousness. Man's Love, if it was True, could not be directed at or at least not restricted to one person, one woman – unlike Woman was able to, for She was directed at the One. This Deeper Truth of Man was not really of my concern at that moment, at that period in my life, or at least not at the surface. I thought I could be ‘faithful’ to one woman whom I really loved, without having to force myself, without having to hold in, as it had shown itself with Maja. In itself this was true. I could.

I felt very sorry for Bayantha's state, for what my request had caused in her and I told her this. My sincerity in this and especially my being with her in the pain she shared, including my crying, but also my persistence in trying to reach her and not giving up on her, seemed to ease her down after no less than an hour in which Bayantha could not speak any more and which had turned into a monologue from my side therefore, an hour in which, considering her vulnerable hurt position, one more mistake had meant the end of us for good. When I was so focused as now – Love Itself was at stake, and therefore in a way the future of humanity, to use big words, not its physical survival but its spiritual development at least regarding the possible Unification of Man and Woman – I was not good at making ‘mistakes’, so I didn't.

At least outwardly at first she calmed down, despite the fact that during our talking out I had insisted that Vivian was also a human being with feelings, despite the fact that this was not a good argument but simply a fact. Bayantha allowed my touch and we hugged. I saw it gradually happening, her turnaround. From the ground she started to look up at me now and then, as short as possible, and almost a little smile wanted to break through when she looked

down again. Even when this continued and it became clear that we survived, that we would come together again – or in fact were already together – I kept saying things to her now and then, taking the opportunity to already give her something more of ‘my’ consciousness, instead of stopping at and being satisfied with our ‘physical’ coming together again. A woman who was not firmly embedded in ‘my’ – in Man’s – Consciousness would unavoidably run away sooner or later, run away from Herself as Being Part of Man.

During making love with Bayantha I had felt that our physical ‘union’ – as far as possible – was at least not enough to reach Bayantha, certainly not if this happened on her terms, if no surrender happened to Man(‘s Consciousness or Love) but when she acted on her own behalf, controlling what happened and what not. Her body was a bit of a fort, soft as it was. The world of Form, including making love, appeared to be limited in what it could establish, even though – but that’s something else, in fact – our making love, this form, had helped her to believe that I seemed to want (to go into) her, and this made it easier for her to loosen up afterwards. The form of making love took away her uncertainty about her own form, as deep as this went, for it was still happening in the Dark. There was no clarity yet on the Reality that Showed that, Ultimately, it was the Formless that Naturally Ruled over the Form.

This whole event was also an important continuation – if not finalization – of my process of learning to grant people to feel their own pain, of realizing that I didn’t have to prevent that from happening. If I happened to play a role in provoking someone to feel his or her pain, so be it. This realization may be something completely natural – and therefore beyond necessity of realization – for people who were born or soon after birth thrown into the earthly realm and had absorbed an earthly type of consciousness (which is not the same as being truly Incarnated into the earthly realm), but for me, naturally ‘handicapped’ with compassion, it was quite a struggle.

In my report to Oeboema and Dilibayo I wrote about the event that impressed me very deeply and more than I wrote to them in fact, for it was about the fundament of Man and Woman, about the Duality of Their Union and the Breaking of It (beyond individual mistakes):

Apparently, later in the circle sharing I said, out of ‘goodness’, to not hurt someone else in the group too much, something wrong again, something that once more evoked a big pain in Bayantha. I sighed that also Bayantha would once let go of her pains of the past and was suddenly worried that I was some kind of surrogate father to her, something that I definitely did no longer want to be for a girl. Nevertheless, I had to talk for more than an hour, one-sidedly, to pull her out of her past again. And goddamned, I succeeded. Apparently, I accidentally went that far in my talking that now enormous feelings of lust appeared in Bayantha, as I have never been allowed to see in the face of a woman.

As I have said earlier, these kind of workshops – with all respect – are directed at liberating oneself on an individual level. That’s why I referred to ‘pains of the past’. Only

later I could not but discover and See (what I Knew inside already) that, despite the fact that Bayantha's situation was certainly negatively influenced by her father leaving the family so early in her life, the more structural background had to do with the Natural Difference between Man and Woman, the latter by Her Nature being centred around Her 'self', while Man has no centre but represents the Whole. Therefore, the serious solution was not to try to be more careful in the future regarding not triggering Bayantha's 'pain of the past' or, better, to merely feel through that, but to give Her Insight into Man, so She could in the End Surrender to Man's World in Which the problem would vanish – leaving aside for now the not irrelevant issue that this Insight would not settle in a woman like Bayantha just like that, not without the Presence of a Heart-woman who is already embedded in My Heart and who has consciously felt through Bayantha's (Woman's) difficulty in her place. Well, pulling her out of her 'pain of the past' made sense, in fact, when Woman's past was her situation of feeling separate from Man, for this was the basic pain that manifested again and again or continuously in countless women in endless variations.

All this, my whole experience with Bayantha during this long weekend, was very satisfactory. Even apart from our mutual being in love, for the first time I have the feeling that I have really fought for a woman. For usually I immediately give up at the first signs of rejection, even when this doesn't need to mean a definite rejection. At best in such a case I still do a few uncertain attempts to make myself loved again. I have fought. And even won. Hurray. To my feeling we could not go back any more now, whether Bayantha has a boyfriend or not.

The primal has done me a lot of good, I feel. I experienced it as special, the opportunity to immediately, with Bayantha and in the now, deal with the pain that rises to the surface in the contact with her.

At the end, thanks to the scene in which Larry rolled over the ground with his chosen father, I realized that I also missed my father, that my father was not only a jerk who meant well, but that I missed him.

After the Primal I have read the book "In search of the man" that I found very inspiring. During reading it felt that my ancient man-power came back already. I realized that I missed the identification with my father, with the masculine, and therefore kept hanging at my mother.

[Report on the Primal]

Notwithstanding our happiness, I felt a bit sad at the goodbye. I definitely wanted to be more often with Bayantha, despite her bitchiness and all the trouble I could expect in a continued, closer form of contact. Basically, I didn't care about her bitchiness, Bayantha had *something...*

Now I would again be condemned to see if she'd call – or not. I didn't like this situation at all. That only she could reach me and I couldn't reach her. Also, I didn't know yet how our last drama at the workshop would turn out in the end. And then waiting, helplessly, till the verdict would come, without the possibility of giving Bayantha anything, waiting till

the resistance side in her took over again in the dark and rule her. At this moment Bayantha *seemed* okay again, and with me. But did I know Woman deep enough already?

There he was, her guy. Harm came by to pick Bayantha up with the car. I couldn't help a brief inner chuckle the moment I saw him, recalling how I had thought earlier that perhaps he is dangerous. He was as soft as a man could be who had bowed totally, unconditionally and unconsciously for Woman's Ego. The saviour. Bayantha, for heaven's sake, how could you live with this in one house for four years? God. Did Love then mean nothing to you all that time, or anyway? At least now that you met it with me, something should happen in this situation. Or else, how could you Be(come) (a) Woman?

Bayantha uses and plays with me, humiliates me

Tuesday April 18th, one day after the Primal.

I feel finally the force to create my own situation, no longer be a slave of what occurs to me. I quite enjoy my 'growth', I must say. And what a disaster, when you are still obliged to look at all those girls.

Wednesday 19th. A lot of slime comes out of my throat lately.

Besides this, Bayantha did call, yesterday already, around 10 in the evening. Remarkable, so quickly. It meant that she didn't flip over to resistance (yet), despite my stupid remark by the end of the Primal. At midnight we finally put down the receiver, with difficulty. Both of us madly in love. The first one and a half hours were nothing more than chattering, chattering and talking. It seemed she couldn't stop. I resisted the normal weakening in such a case, and not being able to breathe. Then suddenly I blurted out: "Lekkertje van me" – something like 'sweetie of mine'. The conversation radically changed from one moment to the other. It turned into a silent, feeling conversation. Now and then I said something sensual. And she, she had fallen completely silent, but I felt her glowing at the other side of the line. As for me, I had become warm throughout my body, I got a hard-on and suddenly I heard in Bayantha's soft voice how much she loved me. And she said:

"I love you".

"I love you too", I whispered in return. The longing, the love, was almost unbearable for the limitedness of this body.

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