

Happy to be in love again but unable to reach her, to express my love for her I was still restless. The letter she was about to receive by then was not enough. I biked to the city where I knew she followed a course and wrote with big letters on the blackboard that stood at the entrance: “BAYANTHA IS SWEET”. Somehow the whole world was allowed to – if not must – know that I loved Bayantha. The workshops of the last year had not only made me at ease with sharing publicly the emotions that are usually considered as difficult, which were mainly grief and anger, the nice side of the coin of emotions had undergone that fate as well.

In the evening at nearly 11 o'clock, after her hypno group, Bayantha calls, from a payphone. She is quite nervous. Before we get to something she says: 'I need to hang up, my bus is leaving...' But she hangs on. And says that she found it a sweet letter that I wrote her. And the blackboard conjured a big smile on her face.

'In fact, I'd like to visit you tomorrow.'

Thursday 15.15. I don't count on it any more but suddenly she calls. I pick her up from the station. I see her from a distance, in her red girlish coat with the black border. The weekend isn't over yet. She seems to be uncomfortable with the situation. Why is love uncomfortable, Maja, why not a limitless joy? Isn't it its opposite, un-love, that is uncomfortable? Am I an opposite in everything?

It's not like in the movies. They meet each other at the station and fall into each other's arms and start kissing like crazy.

"I have exactly 30 minutes. Otherwise he will get suspicious."

I give her a kiss, without much hope that this helps for the tension, but still. Bayantha is so very nervous about being caught that I wonder if her john called Harm is dangerous actually. Will this be the dark I need to meet?

"Okay, get on." I don't have a limousine yet, but there should be women who can love me when I have only a carrier of my bicycle to offer, so I tell myself, exaggeratedly optimistically. Perhaps Bayantha.

I didn't know it, but it was not for nothing that this thought appeared in me. I was always more sensitive to things that were not outspoken but merely floating through someone's energy than I realized. It would turn out that the young Bayantha was quite into matter, material wealth. I don't think that her craving for luxury was totally separate from the fact that she had worked as a prostitute in a club for a while. Indeed, the thought was exaggeratedly optimistically.

She repeats that she will only stay shortly, she needs to do shopping still. Meeting the love of your life and then you need to do shopping. This is the normal procedure.

Fortunately, at a certain moment Bayantha says that she is rather nervous. This takes a bit of the tension away.

"In fact, I am afraid of you.

You acted rather aggressively during the weekend workshop."

"Yes, I need to get rid of all the shit inside," I reply.

This is a really strange experience. I'm trying indeed (in vain) to no longer be the sweet kind beautiful boy. But that my love calls me aggressive is completely absurd to me,

even though my mind seems to understand. I hardly know something sensible to say to this. I grab her and show her my tenderness and love. This is the only answer I have. For the first time I'm shocked from the intensity and nature of my own feelings of love when we stroke one another. This is quite something. Never before have I experienced so intensely that one woman is not like the other. Every woman is a world apart.

And me as well. After this weekend of 'opening up', everything feels different to me. After the anger there is much more love than I had thought possible.

We lie on the ground, face to face.

"I have to go," she says.

She stays.

For a moment she dares to look at me. Immediately, as if everything is programmed in advance and only the right keys should be pressed, as if all the inhibitions that the weekend could not dissolve are suddenly gone now that Love is there, now that Man and Woman have a moment of Space to Meet, Bayantha says:

"I want to crawl into you."

"I want to eat you."

"I want to disappear in you."

"I know already what it is to be in love. I know what it is to love. But this... this is a completely new feeling, it goes deeper, it's such a very strange feeling."

Wow, this was quite something else than the arrogant attitude of so many Dutch women I spoke about earlier. Here was magic in the air. It seemed I made progress in finding, triggering, Woman Herself, Beyond her norms and forms.

It was not primarily the weekend that made me so strong, although this played a role. It was the presence of a very female energy – call it Bayantha – that was, whether she liked it or not – and this was always double in a woman – so open to me that my force just got activated, that I wanted to break through all the possible blocks, break totally Free so that I could give this Man to (my) Woman. I had smelt or anyhow tuned into this female energy that could be open to me already before we had arrived at the weekend.

I must admit that such a force that I felt now with Bayantha was not possible to manifest itself with Maja. Well, theoretically it could, if she didn't keep the door closed. But life was not a theory or a dream. I was willing to sacrifice all my dreams about Maja – and all my possibly hidden dreams in general – for the reality of a woman truly opening for me. Deep within me I felt I was not attached to Maja. I was Free, Free to honour the Woman who was really Willing to Allow Me here on Earth, who could and was Willing to Open up to and Trigger the Man in me to Manifest Himself.

This was the Freedom in Man that Woman was afraid of, for it meant that I was Ultimately not faithful to a specific form of Woman, but only to the Divine Woman Herself, She who Selflessly, Beyond herself, Recognizes Her Beloved, in whichever form She Manifests. The Divine Woman existed only in Her Recognition of the Divine Man. We were not allowed to celebrate the Divine, however, we were not allowed to kiss each other passionately and not at all, for the earthly rules said that she has a relationship, and she didn't want to be seen as a whore.

Later, in Book IV of Flashes of Consciousness I wrote:

Although there exists no starting-point, one could say that My Work – the Work of Man and Woman, the Work of the One as Two, as Duality – in this Male form, started when I, at age 14, long before Realization of No-self was Established here, for the first time started to See that Woman-forms who were undoubtedly Longing for ‘Me’, for the True Man, for Man Himself, chose nevertheless again and again (a) ‘safe’, easily manipulable Man-form, (a) form indeed instead of choosing their True (selfless) ‘Self’, the Formless, as Reflected by ‘Me’. This ‘choice’ was strange to me, unnatural, confusing and painful but did not at all stop My Natural Male Divine Impulse – that is: Impulse as the Whole – to Reach Her, Liberate Her, the world, from Her Self-hurting behaviour, by Whole-Heartedly Feeling Her. On the contrary, this contradiction, the tension in it, the Lie in it, the Pain in it, Urged, Inspired me, the Man in and as Me, to Gain and Bring Clarity in it, to untie the Knot, to be a ‘Warrior’ of Love, to Show what ‘Man’ (and Love) is Truly about.

Thanks to one Woman-form, still, after all (Woman’s denying of Me), being 30 years already present on earth as this male form, ‘I’ could Enter Woman,¹ the world of forms, the for me strange world of Pain, of dissatisfaction, of no fulfilment, of no Love. Once I had an entrance and cried many tears about Her ‘having to’ leave ‘Me’ (being too confronting in and as My Love for Her) it became easier to Find the next Opening – despite a maddening period of not being able to let the many interested women be close enough with me to Serve the Process of Man and Woman.

This is My (so far) Lonely Truth: (as Man) to Meditate (that is: not separate from and, therefore, Breathe (Life) into) the (earth-bound) Pain of Woman, of My Beloved, and not let Her be, supposedly freely wandering, in – but in fact half-consciously suffocating from and still egoically protecting (against Feeling) – this Pain forever, the Pain being Her Unconsciousness, the Pain even being Her being Unconscious of Her Pain.

This is the Man I Am.

I don’t relativize Bayantha’s words. I say: “You are still young. You think you have gone through everything already. But there are so many new and beautiful feelings waiting ahead of you.”

She kisses me, very softly, again and again in my neck, front and back. I think: she’s ‘making love to her fidelity’. (from lyrics of Heather Nova: ‘my fidelity’)

Not belittling Bayantha’s own unique part in this revelation in the least, yet apparently I had already gone so much and fairly deep into Woman in a relative short period of time, and

¹ Well, there was another important event in this respect that happened when I was 16, almost 17, and Iris, associated well with the earth, with Duality, somehow picked me out to be with her and kiss with her for 10 days and look a lot into my eyes. Since then, since this first (still unconscious) association with Woman (Earth)’s Pain stored in Her Female Body I, my Body became weaker and weaker, even though in energetic sense this started to be perceptible only from age 20 on, seemingly not unrelated to the intense making love with Pandora (even though this making love was without penetration). From 17 on, suddenly, I had one physical injury after the other, while none before.

subsequently worked and felt through what She had offered me, that it was possible that a woman could let her Inner Wisdom be triggered to suddenly spout out. Bayantha’s sudden honesty – where otherwise stress and worries were ruling – made a big impression on me. It opened something in my Eye. Woman was all the time busy escaping, postponing, being distracted and wanting to see wrongs in a man, so she doesn’t have to be *really* intimate with Man. But then, suddenly, in an unguarded moment, her deep truth may come out.

I Saw Bayantha when and how she said it, this was no slip of the tongue. Woman Wants to Disappear in – or Return into – Man. Bayantha certainly had a talent, being able to suddenly blurt this out even when just a moment earlier a confession like this seemed to be so very far away that any thoughts about what she now said would seem absurd. She may have been attracted to society and what it had to offer, she was not totally ‘spoiled’ yet, she had something pure left. Yes, something had really touched me in what she just said. That she didn’t show much vulnerability or sensitivity in her statements but brought them as facts, didn’t make them less true or less touching somehow. I was agreeably surprised.

I felt like naturally responding to what she said by coming physically closer. But this was something completely different. One side of her, the controlling one, didn’t want me to come closer, to touch her. The world of intimacy and sexuality should be and stay separate. For her, after such a unique confession that she would – most probably – never make any more in her life, no physicality was possible. In fact, as for her, she had said already too much, by accident.

Time was over. The meeting ended without kissing mouths. They had to be punished for too much being said. Embracing, as in the neo-hypno weekend, was too close now as well, after the forbidden words – not speaking about making love, which was something I hadn’t been against. But something more important had happened. The words had to be spoken once by a woman and they would continue to inspire me to Reach Woman. An open moment of honesty of a woman was more worth than being together for 1000 days with a woman(’s body) in resistance. What was some kissing and hugging compared to this – even though, when it comes to Bayantha, I should not underestimate that: without Bodily ‘acceptance’ or Recognition by such a Feminine Woman-form who carried the Earthly Forces in the Darkness of her Being, I would not be able to manifest Myself either.

Although at the level of Understanding (of Man and Woman) of that time I could not *totally* get what she meant – even the seemingly silly thought visited me that she wanted to be in and be part of my body – it resonated in me on a deep level, certainly deeper than where I could See at that moment. It was True. Truth doesn’t reason. I Felt that Bayantha, with her 23 years, told the Truth that no Woman dared to speak. Her female classmates at gymnasium who, unlike her, did not become a whore, could not speak such an intelligent thing. Her statements were beyond sexuality, even though sexuality played a role in bringing the taboo words to the surface. But, it is true, in the End Sexuality was not about Form, but certainly Related to Bayantha’s revelations.

It seemed that our abstaining from kissing, embracing and making love, was part of heading for a higher goal, for Understanding Reality, without Which Man could not Reach Woman – for on a normal earthly level we were plainly crazy that, now that we were alone, we didn’t finally grab each other and tear our clothes off to never put them on any more. Without Understanding (Reality) Man cannot See Woman, and therefore not Reach Her.

The Tendency to Disappear in Me, in Man, that Bayantha got Aware of now, didn't happen either, however. The Woman in Bayantha Wanted to Disappear, she didn't want to be forced to forever escape Man. Only, this deeper Want was far, very far from reality, from its manifestation. Despite that she was the one who revealed the Deeper Truth of Man and Woman – Woman carries the Wisdom in her Body that Man Needs to Trigger to come out – she seemed to be a winner in the respect of resisting this Disappearance to actually Happen.

She knew she couldn't Solve by herself the Problem that she *Was* – she as Woman Separate from Man, that is. If she could Disappear in Man, her continuously felt problems – and, despite her remarkable history, she just gave more honestly forms to Woman's Inner Dark world – were over, her stably lonely state would be finished. She would no longer have to run after and defend her – supposed – interests that up to then never brought her what she really Wanted: to Disappear, Disappear as a self in the End.

There were two ways of disappearing in Man: one was the child that doesn't want to grow up, to be Responsible itself, that wants always to feel good and safe and seen and loved, whose heart is not yet separate from Man's Heart, from the One, but part of It. The other Way had never happened on earth: a Woman fully Responsible, having surrendered to Him, Surrendered Her Separation from Man back into His Heart, for She Consciously *Saw* that She is Part of Him.

The crucial difference is Consciousness. Whereas the child is unconscious of all the Dark Forces in and around it, the Responsible – call her Divine, if you will – Woman Knows Her Darkness. In Relation with Her Man She, after thousand of years, was Ready to face it, to Feel the spiders crawling out of Her Belly. She Returned them to Her Beloved who takes them all in His Heart-Body, who Shines Light on them and makes the dark creatures disappear thus, as His Body and Consciousness are One, not Two as in the case of Woman.

Sometimes, like now with Bayantha and her secret words, I got in Touch with the Deeper Reality – just like when I was 20 and had the vision of entering the Universe through Going in Between Woman's Two Legs, the Legs of the Universe: with Me in Between She was One, Her Two Were (Part of the) One instead of merely Two. It was not easy to use these Insights in daily reality. And yet, the daily and deeper reality must be the same One Reality in the end.

Woman was the key. So much was certain. But She offered me no more than flashes, albeit important ones. And then She ran away again. And it seemed up to me as Man to Do something with them. To Make one pie from all the separate ingredients. I liked cooking. That wouldn't be the obstacle. Or call it alchemy.

At 7.30, four hours later, I bring Bayantha to the centre finally. She gives me a kiss. She looks at me. Another kiss. She is not allowed to stay on my mouth. The judge is severe. I don't think I have ever received a finer kiss. The kiss of promise, the kiss of eternity, of unconditional love, sweetness itself, life in all its simplicity and intensity.

Bayantha walked away with a smile on her face. Not only the prospect is sweet, the feeling of holding the cards in her hands is tasteful as well. As for me, I didn't like it that I couldn't reach her by phone. Only she could reach me. This turned out to be almost maddening.

I'm sick as a dog after the meeting. And just like Bayantha I have a headache from the tension.

I'm in love. It's very special. Rarely has being with someone felt so good.

Nevertheless, the days after, although it goes up and down, I'm rather sick than strong.

I started doubting whether it was really that I was on my way to ‘be like them’. The meeting with Bayantha was not normal. I didn’t use the word Divine yet at the time, but it would have saved me some trouble finding the right words if I had done so.

On Saturday afternoon she calls. Tuesday or Wednesday she can see me shortly around diner time. I can't on Tuesday. Grrrrr. Wednesday is possible. For an hour the lovers will suffer each other. I don't think of anything else any more than of Bayantha.

I am terribly angry about this whole shit situation. Suddenly I love someone. And she loves me. And we are separate. Dependently I have to wait for your phone call, for a crumb of prospect of love, for an hour of stress not to be caught, not be caught on not making love, not kissing, not holding each other.

Physically-energetically I feel extremely miserable tonight, earlier even worse than now. I just shouted the rage out in a cushion. This gives some air. I can breathe at least a bit now again, for I was com-ple-te-ly-stuck.

To have no misunderstanding about it, the deep misery I felt was basically not related to having difficulty accepting that we, the lovers, ‘could not’ meet and give free rein to our love. It might have been maddening to some extent indeed, but it was not causing the extreme miserable feeling that I had after meeting Bayantha. Meeting Woman with her earthly hidden Forces was already difficult enough for a sensitive man with Heart. But a woman like Bayantha, who had practiced as a whore, who had let many men enter her body and put their un-felt unconscious energy into her Body, who had let them fuck her up into ‘the many’, into fragmentation, who had, just before that, been in the psychiatric hospital for half a year, who had committed suicide for extreme lack of Man’s Presence, was a huge challenge for Man’s Heart to Meditate, to Consciously feel through, and thus to bring Clarity in sooner or later.

It was not the *idea* itself of the life she led that made me feel completely sick, it was the *actual* difficult *energy* she carried within that was responsible for this. She was almost my opposite, and yet attracted to me, yet she had Contact with what Man and Woman was about, albeit an Unconscious Contact. It was up to me as Man to make Her hidden wisdom Conscious – more than ‘just’ blurting out deeper truths in her fragmentation when she meets the Heart of Man. If it would turn out that she could not bear ‘my’ bringing Her Light hidden in Her Darkness to Light, then at least the attempt, the struggle involved, would be good for my development as Man, I could say from a helicopter view.