

Radiating the Mirror of Man and Woman – Goodbye nonetheless?

The next morning we had the usual circle. Unlike in the beginning of the week, when Tiara sat next to her lover Ram, she sat at my side. We were silently holding hands, as if we'd been lovers as long as humanity remembered. I hardly ever, if ever, felt better. It is true, we were sitting there very vigorously next to each other, as one peaceful powerful energy-field of man and woman that seemed to affect, take the whole group of people into itself. Ram was crying at the other side of the circle. This theme had gone through me several times this week: Tiara is with another man and this man is here. And it is even a strong man. If there would be a duel at a certain point, as in the old days, fought on the basis of physical force only, I would have lost almost for sure. He seemed not much of a bad guy after all – though probably not sensitive enough for Tiara, who had a delicate energy system.

It was touching to see Ram crying there alone in between all the participants. And yet, at the same time – apparently this was possible – I felt totally indifferent in it, which undoubtedly had to do with Tiara's general state of indifference during this week and at that moment, which certainly included indifference towards her lover. Or should I already say ex-lover? I didn't know. Can you take over a girlfriend just like that – while the, muscled, competitor is there as well, looking at it, watching how every next day his woman gets more and more close and intimate with another man, including physically intimate, without clothes? Was this possible without being beaten up or killed?

Ram's tears seemed a good sign in this respect – if indeed on the crossing of aggression and grief he takes the latter road. But I didn't know how things could go further, it all happened just the way it did. I didn't stop it from happening, that's true. Nature, that is the Force of (and often hidden in) Man and Woman, if Allowed to Do Its Job, was Stronger than anything, any fixed *form* of Man and Woman, than any form that *seemed* to be as it was. I could only Look at It Happening, 'me' taking over 'Ram's' woman – or, rather, Tiara allowing me inside her instead of her lover up to now. As for me, I didn't plan to get her – although, true, my heart and body hoped ever to be in a relationship with Tiara or Balaya. Interestingly, without taboos, without obstructions – as I knew those so very well in my love life that for so long had not found the way to really start – Allowing Man and Woman to Take Their Natural Course, this outcome was apparently True, at least for now, this, how by the end of the week we were sitting together as one Energetic Body with two bodies.

Imagine I had been in this tantra workshop with any of the about fifty great girls of my past that I miraculously failed to get closer involved with in the end. Without the usual obstructions, circumstances, resistant outside world, she already having a boy-friend, bad luck, no opportunity to meet more often and so on, there had been no escape for her – or them – to Meet me, my Heart, here. And we might have sat here together hand in hand, like I sat here now with Tiara. It was not only that earlier I was not Found Ready by Woman – although this was an important part of the background, indeed. If I only think of Bayantha a year earlier, in comparable circumstances as here now... Without the workshop setting Bayantha hadn't allowed herself to be with me, without clothes a few times, she had simply been too afraid of my Heart. For my Heart to have a chance to Go Down into the Earth, It

must Meet a woman in let's say for her non-suspect circumstances where she lets go of a part of her usual armour. If I had met Tiara in the same unfavourable circumstances in which I had met most of the great girls, we wouldn't sit there, united for now.

Everyone, including Ram, could see that it was True, how we sat there together, Tiara and me. That's why he could cry, this tough man. On a deeper level of Man and Woman there was nothing to fight. He was confronted with the truth of Man and Woman, right before his eyes – the truth of that moment at least. He was confronted with his own powerlessness in face of the Truth. He had to face the fact that good intentions and will power were not enough for a relationship with the one you love, or like to have – even though, as Tiara said later, before the tantra week he had yelled at her that they would go to the very bottom of whatever to find out what's wrong and why it was so difficult between them, in hope and trust that this insight would clear the way, melt Woman's resistance to him as a man.

It seemed Ram realized that, no matter how much he had done his best and how much he wanted to be with her, the insufficiency in himself – or between them – and the fact that apparently Tiara found in me something she missed in him, meant the end of their relationship. He saw that he had never and would never have such a union as he faced opposite the circle, not with Tiara, and perhaps never with any woman. Sitting there as we did, as *Man and Woman* – unlike Bayantha and me one year earlier in a similar circle as *Boy and Girl* united, albeit that was beautiful too – we were a Mirror Together, not only for Ram but for everyone present.

Although I looked indifferently at Ram's crying, yet the whole affair – Nature Taking Over, going straight against all norms of keeping your hands off a woman who is with another man – made a big impression on me. This was how nature could go, unfold, reveal Itself, when the illusion of the boxes was simply left at that: unreal indeed, illusion, a temporary form.

Not only, as I learned via Balaya, did every Woman-form, *Beyond herself*, Want to Be with 'Me', as Man, as Her Heart, this was – on individual level – also practically possible, whether or not she had already put herself in a box, in a form of a 'relationship' – or her man had done so. I had to See now: a relationship did not exist, not really. It's all transparent, flexible, not fixed. I had always lived in an illusion, seeing couples of man and woman as something fixed, as facts. If you liked a girl you had to wait as a sweet boy until her relationship was over. And then, if you were quick, if you were lucky, if she hadn't immediately found another partner yet and you met her at the right moment, which was almost impossible – if only for the fact that often she had met the new guy already before the end of her relationship – then there was a little chance she could maybe come to me. All this was vanished now and it appeared it had never existed. As so often earlier and like everybody, I had again been deluded by Woman's form-world. Forms, however, weren't proof against Deeper Nature – unless, of course, Ego resisted very much letting go of the chosen or conditioned form.

Despite it sounding horrible, in principle no woman – whether she had a relationship or not – was 'safe' from me any more. And this was not about 'me'. It was about Consciousness Piercing through the Lie – the Lie of Love captured in a box, in a form. It was

about Love, not about ‘me’. No woman was safe from Love – not truly. I felt really beautiful sitting there next to Tiara – beautiful as a human being can be. And she looked beautiful too. *We* were beautiful, Together, (as) Man and Woman – not as individuals. This was why I had been so much after being in relationship with Woman in the preceding three years. I couldn’t lift myself over myself. I couldn’t, as just me, be the One I Knew I Was. The Two were Needed to Make One.

God, how far was this from the individualism of my twenties, which was not even that long ago. A revolution had happened in a few years, ever since Maja. She opened the Flood and ran, for it was too much – but not for me: not even the biggest disappointment of my life couldn’t stop the Flood, the Love, the Knowing that I Love. How Happy I was, that I was Allowed to Go Beyond the Lie of individualism, the Lie in which, how painful, nearly everyone still lived – even if they had a partner, as an *other* indeed – in (or even as) which they would die. And how sad it was that people were convicted to live in and as the mind, like Asla, not Able or Willing – and wasn’t this the same, the same Resistance – to Surrender to a(n endlessly) Deeper Life-Force, to Love Itself.

Even though the program still tried to address other subjects, people’s attention – staff as well as participants – went naturally to us, to Tiara and I as one being. I was not used to being the centre of attention, but it was totally all right, it felt only natural. This one being that we were provoked a lot. Everybody was allowed to cry, indeed, to be jealous or to enjoy ‘our’ Beauty. Mártuska lived the last option. Tom, with whom I had a good relationship, experienced another one: hate. It all didn’t matter in a way. Those were all forms triggered out by Love and they would sooner or later return into Love. Without introduction or begging permission to speak, Tom suddenly said:

“Maarten, I hate you! You’re a very good guy but I hate you! I feel very good being with Tiara. I got a big pain in my balls in regard to being with her, feeling so intimate with her. And now you are sitting there with her, not me. I want to sit there!”

Joy, grief, hate, pain in the balls, intimacy – imagined or not – I thought everything perfectly all right, just like Tiara. We were like a transparent rock of Love. Everything and everyone had their place in it, but couldn’t destroy or damage ‘the rock’ itself. The rock could feel compassion in its indifference, but it didn’t know how to fall apart, how to be seduced to undo itself.