

Sharon

There was a woman at the weekend seminar, Naomi, who had come with us from Groningen and who had got interested in me. Notwithstanding her ‘spiritual interest’ Naomi was very present in the lower layers of existence, and especially in the second, sexual sphere. She asked if I felt like walking with her a bit outside in nature. I was not against it and said yes, even though I did not feel totally at ease with her. She was one of those women who, by their nature, had a, as I called it later, big Female Force, who were continuously charged by an inexhaustible battery of Energy in their arse, so to speak – all right then, in their ovaries, to be more accurate. Indeed, this battery never needed to be recharged, because these women seemed to *be* this battery. If such a woman had the chance – or allowed herself to do so – she would easily, as a steamroller, overpower me or anyone with a delicate constitution. She would easily swallow me. Only, she tried not to, because it was exactly that delicate heart she was after.

If she crushed it completely the delicate meal was over, for good. She had to hold herself back, to stop the machine out of self-interest. There were not so many delicious examples of ‘man’, the few interesting ones should be dealt with with care. But, in all fairness, she could hardly hold it in and inside felt like finally letting out the Beast totally, devouring the prey wholly and right away as a matter of fact.

It was, indeed, dark outside when, walking next to her, I suddenly became aware of a very unpleasant strong, powerful, thick energy surrounding me, closing me in. Intuitively I had to think of the big powerful pelvis walking beside me and seemingly heading directly in the direction of some, uninteresting, point in front of us. In fact it was as if her power-legs were around me already and were sucking me out, despite their attempt to fake innocence, of pretending to just walk nicely in the wood and support the nice conversation we seemed to be having.

Well, I did not have a judgement to what was happening but ‘innocence’ was not the word that rose in me either when, seemingly out of the blue, she suddenly shared the fact that she regularly had male lovers who were quite younger than her, such as recently an Arabic young guy she had met when she had gone for a ‘holiday’ in Saudi Arabia. When Naomi said this with a radiating smile from ear to ear, her Dark energy was so clever, so deluding, that the content of what she said seemed to have no connection whatsoever to the two of us walking there. But in the Dark She had put her tentacles around me, entering me and trying, with her unconscious sex-consciousness, to not only bring down but reform or take over my male ‘free’ consciousness – in such a way that I would ‘naturally’, of itself and seemingly by myself, go along with her, that I would feel, experience that it was ‘me’ who wanted to be with her, physically. But not only physically, then. Also – and in fact in the first place – I was supposed to give my heart to her, ‘lend’ it, make it available to her with her closed and secretly longing heart.

Yes, contrary to how things are normally seen, penetration is part of the Female Force. The form in which reality presents itself is always deluding. In Reality, Man as He Is, Gives Space, Surrounds with Love, doesn’t penetrate – even though a Male body can penetrate a

Female body in the physical sense. Also, He cannot manifest on Earth as Man if He does not ‘borrow’ the Penetrating Force. If He doesn’t do so, if He doesn’t Press Down, using among other ‘tools’ the diaphragm for this, then He would all the time be ‘kicked upward’, cut off from the Earth, Cut into Two by the Female Dividing Force, into ‘Up’ and ‘Down’. To Reach the Sex Centre of Woman, which so far ruled the earth, He – as He does in general – uses in Woman’s world Her own ‘tools’, forms, but, and this is important to Understand, His Mirror-‘Penetration’ Happens *as Heart* from Above and not from below, not from sex centre to sex centre. Otherwise it is just Woman fucking Woman even with two bodies of different gender – instead of Love and Sex Meeting. Since there is in general not much of *Man* present in men on earth, men act out the same Female penetration – or secret entering the other sex in the Dark – as women do if they as usual indeed live their Female Force; and, usually, men do this more obviously, giving a more visible form to what Woman hides in the Dark.

Noami, not accidentally ‘openly’ sharing about her having younger lovers, was at least 15 years older than me and although she had something, I did not want to – could not – be with her. This one walk was enough.

At another big Sufi event some 8 months later she told me, again suddenly out of the blue and as part of Woman’s normal roundabout on Her eternal way to Man, that she had told another woman that it was a pity there were no nice men around here... except for me. But well, I was a bit young, she added.

I didn’t like this. In a way I hated or at least felt repulsed by Woman’s ‘incapacity’ of talking just straight. Why didn’t she come to me and, happily or in tears or just quietly, declare her love for me, whether this love was restricted to her legs or not? And why didn’t she add to this declaration that she was scared to say it because I might and probably would have rejected ‘her’. Indeed, I would have. At least if it was about being partners or being in any way physically intimate. But I would surely have responded with my heart if she had been that vulnerable. And in that sense she would have given herself a great present, via my heart. I could not have rejected *Her*.

But no, she kept her love in the Dark, albeit close to the surface. By her transmission in the dark, by confusing me, she tried to make me aware of the fact that I should do something with ‘it’. With what? With the big Force of Sexuality hanging as a cloud around me and pointing in her direction while she was waiting, waving, smiling.

Instead of love ‘her legs’ chose safety, supposed safety – that is: not being rejected. Because indeed, as long as Miss Ego hid below the surface, overt clear rejection could not happen. Or, at most, it could be a bit of a forced rejection. Anyway, if a rejection had happened, she could with this strategy still always hide behind the lie that she did not really intend to approach me with a sexual intention. In the moments I – sort of half consciously – realized that Noami, the entire Noami, was after me, that I was supposed to go in there, I only felt ‘Brrrrr.’ I was not ready yet for a *full* realization of the fact that, sooner or later, I had to anyway meet her (powerful and dangerous) Sex, her Dark Force, in whatever form(s) of Woman She’d appear.

If things happened in the Dark, there was no space for anything, also not for my repulsion of Woman’s indirectness. There was nothing concrete to direct my repulsion to. To

direct this repulsion to the broad smile was not easy, to say the least. The dark was so very dark and deluding and distracting that I could not even clearly feel or be aware of my repulsion. Only later the repulsion became totally obvious. This hate or repulsion was, by the way, a reflection of Woman's hatred for Truth, for reality as it is, Woman's constant avoiding, resisting it.

True, it was part of my Job as Man to bring things from the Dark into the Light, to trigger the ego to put its head above the surface. Woman would not show this by Herself. She didn't even cooperate but rather obstructed my Work in this respect. She could only secretly hope in the dark that I would manage, once, to overcome all the obstructions and Love would Be Obvious and Shine.

Soon after the Sufi-seminar of May 1998, in June, there was another Sufi happening somewhere in another part of the country in a renovated farm that was suitable for groups, a very nice place with a big ecological garden on the border of a nature area. Naomi was there again. But it turned out she had changed her strategy, for now. In spite of the lack of a clear rejection from my side it had become at least somewhat clearer to her that I would not be close with her, not now and not in the future. In this situation, and anyway, having my heart available was more important than having sex with me – which she could have with the young Arabian men after all.

Well, at least this change of strategy of Naomi was about letting go of her 'idea' of me having sex with her form. Because, with a similar broad sexy smile like the one she had earlier tried to approach me with, she had announced now that she would bring her daughter to this next Sufi meeting. And indeed, she managed to persuade her daughter to come from the South of Holland to this alternative farm in the North.

Wow, what a nice daughter! I was grateful for her persuasion and I was not against 'strategy' any longer. If she wanted to couple us, her daughter Sharon and me – and she wanted to, as second best, I felt, and in spite of the fact that her daughter had a relationship with some guy and even lived together with him – I would let myself be willingly seduced into the family. I would just see how I would survive the pelvis of the mother. In the land of love one must be courageous and take risks.

Yes, it was true. As Man I could see in the flash at first sight and in the first meeting if 'I' 'wanted' a girl or not, if 'I' could be with a girl or not – as a reflection of the girl's Potential to Open for 'me' as (a) Man, or at least being a not insignificant Part of the Process of Woman (sooner or later) Recognizing Me as Her Man, as a reflection of Woman's Longing to be with this 'form' of Man, this Potential to Manifest as Such, as Man Himself Beyond the person – although I was open to other information, new developments that would modify the first impression. In principle I didn't need any time for this assessment of the situation of Man and Woman, as Woman seemed to need (unless She'd be immediately honest to Herself, to Her heart). It was immediately obvious to me.

Sharon was a nice girl with a slight touch of 'alternative', 12 years younger than me. She sang, played piano and a bit of guitar and she could draw well. Naomi introduced me to

her daughter... and soon left us. Very kind. We got along rather well. There was enough to talk about. We had enough common interests. She was as big a fan of Joni Mitchell as I was of Leonard Cohen. Yet I didn't always know what to say. When a boy and a girl like each other, really, and this is obvious for both, the sphere can be such so as to make words sound strange. They can be felt almost as lies, since something else is going on. Our consciousness and energy are meeting each other, seeking to become one. And then having to have a conversation disturbing this, is just stupid.

To help us further, later that day, Naomi yelled in the room who would like to join her for a late evening walk. About 5 to 6 people joined, including Sharon and me. I don't know how she managed – the Female Manipulative Force can be incredible – but once we were outside, in no time and after at most 50 meters Sharon and I were the only walkers left, the rest had returned home without a clear reason, and we were heading straight for the moor, like Cathy and Heathcliff, and it was getting rapidly dark. And it started to rain.

A big part of the walk we were silent. On the moor, walking close next to each other, I felt all the time like taking her hand in mine. And yet I didn't manage, strangely enough. I copied her 'shyness' of me. I could also say fear of me, or in general fear of Man, of a man who was not a thing to play with as she was used to, who was not easily manipulated and who could, finally, be a serious partner if it came to Real Love. It was as if I had to put my hand through an invisible wall that was perhaps not that thick but thick enough to not manage simply to take her hand in mine which had felt so very natural at the same time. It started to pour like hell. Kissing with Sharon in the rain in the dark on the moor with thunder and lightning around us... I would have really loved that.

But it didn't happen. God, why was I always so faithful to *the whole reality*, which in this case and in general included her fear and resistance to Man. Why couldn't I sometimes simply (and superficially) break through – force, 'rape' if you please – the wall separating Man and Woman? Why must I *feel* everything? Why must I always *respect* everything? Wasn't I also part of this everything, 'I' with its desires of the heart, the desire to Let Man and Woman Reunite? But what could I do, I hadn't created myself. My Love for Woman naturally included this total respect – even if the woman herself, one Side of Her, hoped secretly that I would overcome or ignore my respect for Her. The Other Side of Her respected my respect and Loved it, but for Her daily business this was of no use.

It was just like when I had to Respect the Doubleness in Maya when it was about 'me' going into her body during the half year we were together. I miraculously 'managed' to not do so, even though I was totally crazy about her including her body, my hormones were incredibly active as never before or afterwards and even though we made love many, many times. I couldn't overcome her Duality (yet), her Two Sides. First I had to Overcome her one Side that Had to still say 'no' – sooner or later, and on the Deepest Level that is, and not merely seemingly and just casually in an energetic-sexual play.

Soaking wet Sharon and I arrived home – and that not from our many kisses or other possible juices. Like her mother, Sharon kept things in the Dark, certainly if it was about 'contact'. I had an intuition that it was so, but I couldn't tell for sure whether she was at least a bit disappointed that I hadn't 'taken' her, just taken her with me in whatever form or way

that would have been, didn't matter. Or disappointed that she herself had, unconsciously, blocked my approach. To give us a second chance she said she would like to take a shower before going to sleep. And asked if I would also like to take a shower.

Another opportunity, indeed. But here again some strange uncomfortable darkness was wrapping itself around us, immediately. After her words she immediately went upstairs leaving me, Man, with the 'problem'. Indeed something that was in principle nice and natural, even exciting – certainly in this case, having a shower with a nice attractive girl that I had never seen before that day and with whom something undeniably clicked – was immediately turned into a 'problem', into something misty, something unpleasant in a way and even painful, and this painfulness would become clear only if the 'promise' of sexual closeness with a nice girl was not there, if it stood not in the way of Clear Consciousness. In this situation I could not feel if Sharon liked to have the shower together with me, or rather alone for now. She herself didn't know and she put the issue – in general: Love between Man and Woman – on my plate, hoping that I could Do something with it, bring Clarity in the mi(d)st of Opposing Forces. I could. But, other than Woman, I was someone of the long-winded road. In the long run I could overcome everything. I felt I could be 'crazily' faithful and dedicated to what I Felt or Knew was True. To make Man and Woman's Union Possible I could, if need be, if this would be Asked of 'me', be my whole life without (a) woman, even if I indeed Loved her so very much and profoundly as I did.

Right now, however, in this concrete situation – take a shower together or not – I couldn't solve Woman's Duality just like that. On the face of it, Woman was not so much after Clarity, She wanted Man just to take a decision, whichever one, and make Him the (only) Responsible One. She would just follow – the irresponsible Ego says. But that way, in that structural Irresponsibility – call it Unconsciousness – in the denial of what She as Woman Wanted Beyond herself, the denial of the issue of exactly what Kind of Man (or practically: which 'form' of Man) She wanted to Be here on Earth, She would never (be Able to) truly Give Herself. Usually 'man' reacted to Woman's hidden Ego and seemed to decide himself, but 'he' decided as She as Ego secretly wanted and not as *Man*.

Even in the mist I felt that Sharon would like to have the shower with me – as (just) a form for our (possible) Union. The Deepest place of a Woman was much easier to reach by me than the more superficial levels obstructing the way to the Deep, blocking the way in Uniting. I couldn't deny, however, that her 'no' – or fear – was also part of the scene. In this confusion, and the awful feeling of indecisiveness (but it went deeper than that) had grown really huge – I felt terrible by now – I decided at a given moment to take the shower, I'd just see what would happen. I started to get the point why people at a certain point just make a decision, whichever, everything being or seeming better than the prolongation of the terrible feeling of being blocked and turned crazy caught in between Two opposing directions.

It was a big bathroom, suited for a small group of people. But I didn't find her there. I took the shower anyway, hoping she would suddenly appear after all, in all her nakedness as far as I was concerned. Also during the shower all the time this strange unpleasant undecided dual feeling or energy stayed with me. Water proved its incapacity once again to clean the 'dirt' that got inside you. This double, indecisive feeling was her, Sharon. She was busy with

me, with the shower, that very moment. She got crazy from her dual mind and she wanted me to help her out – take her or leave her, drag her under the shower as an animal or wish her goodnight as a gentleman. I didn't, I was under the shower, it didn't feel True to, as a boy, look for her and help her out, taking over her responsibility. That wouldn't be a good start of a promising relationship. I could talk to her, through the ether, give Sharon my heart. But the belonging body did not show up eventually. And I didn't see her any more till next morning.

Sharon and I had to practice together, because earlier we had agreed we would perform together before all the guests, about 25 people. There was also a bunch of 4 or 5 children swarming through the room and also around us. They got happy because of us, I couldn't but notice, happy from when Sharon and I were together. The oldest kid, a cute girl, spontaneously stated what also many grown-ups were thinking in fact: Are you together now? Are you going to marry?

“Not yet”, I said. “We'll see.”

But the girl couldn't believe it. She felt we were 'together'. It was not that we might or did already fit each other. No, we *were* already *together*. It was not up to us, none of us had done anything. The girl felt our energy, how our being was beautiful when we met. Indeed, in this Meeting, the Meeting of this Man and this Woman, Something Beautiful was created in the room, Something that we could not create on our own, as a man or as a woman. This Something made the kids happy.

So, later the cutie asked once more: “Are you together now?” She wouldn't take 'no' for an answer.

How could I explain to her that I had to deal with, and love, and reach the girl, through an invisible wall and that I didn't know how to do that exactly? Maybe I'd never manage, maybe I'd never Understand. I Knew Love was there when we were together. But a Woman must allow me to take her (hand) – if She felt in Her Heart to do so, of course. As Man I didn't want to and could not force anything. Love was my Weapon. But if Woman's fear of this Love, Her wall, was 'bigger', stronger for now, then nothing would happen. The grown-ups watched the whole happening of the cutie and her spontaneous questions and my lack of answer. Sufi or not – and the Sufis are supposed to be the ones who follow the path of the heart – nobody had an answer, nobody knew how to manifest Love, how to Unite, Bring Man and Woman Together, how to *Actually* Create the Divine on earth, How to Make One of the Two Divine Halves, Beyond any form of practice, beyond theory, Beyond a well intentional consciousness. If I couldn't do it, if Sharon and I would not manage, they thought, then who can?

Our musical performance, if this was still of any importance, went all right. That is: especially the solo parts. When we sang together it turned out that, symbolically enough, we were not yet very well attuned, musically. I sold quite a few of my tapes anyway, tapes with the title “I'm more than me”.

But as far as Man and Woman were concerned and incomparably more important: They parted without a clear form for Their Love. At least, I didn't consider the exchange of phone numbers to be that. Once more, Love, so abundantly blooming, was in the air but so difficult to manifest on earth. I felt I, or we, Sharon and me, had betrayed the cute young girl

by not respecting nature, a Deeper Divine Nature, the One as Two, That could in principle manifest through and as our Male and Female Bodies. Whatever joke of Ego it was that we had to bow for this time, we had been Unfaithful. We were Unfaithful to our Own Nature, to the Other Sex That Wanted to Unite with us.

This was *Unfaithfulness* – not my ‘escapade’ with Angelique during my relationship with Tiara. But in society it was viewed the other way round. In society, unfaithfulness to a *form*, adultery, was considered to be ‘unfaithful’, a betrayal. Unfaithfulness to the Divine – and that was what we committed now – was not considered ‘unfaithful’. But I felt it to be exactly that. Something had not happened that Should have happened. Although not totally unique, it was rare on the earth that two such souls, female and male, or: two such constellations of consciousness-energy, met and in togetherness shone ‘their’ Beauty into the world, gave a shape to the Formless Beauty Behind this world of forms – if only for shaking people awake. Like the other guests on the farm had been quietly and ‘positively’ shocked.

Safe dead relationships were normal in the world, in society. Everyone accepted this. Everyone accepted – or tried to accept – that there was no Need for a Divine Relationship between Man and Woman on Earth. That meant that everyone was dead. Only the Divine Relation could bring people to Life. No teacher or master could do this. Only the True Meeting of Man and Woman, of the Male and Female Force, was Life Itself, as It Was, Divine. In ‘normal’ relationships the Meeting of Man and Woman was so far, so very unlive, avoided. It was my Task to shock people awake, to remind them of the Deepest Joy in their Heart when they Saw a Divine Couple.

But it seemed I could not, not yet. The Earth, Its Darkness, was so very resistant.

Yet, the Forces could not and cannot stop Trying. And, although I was not Fully Conscious of this yet, I was, by my birth, certainly one of Their main – if not the main – and one of Their most Serious and Talented Channels for Their Attempts in this respect. I would never give up. Not this. Not the One Deepest Reality, the One as Two, the One as Man and Woman. Maya could send me away a thousand times, I would respect it that I, Man, apparently hadn’t cried enough tears of Woman yet, not Deeply enough, to make the Divine Marriage possible on Earth. 16 months of crying every day after Maya left Me – left Herself, that is – was not Enough. More tears were Needed and Deeper, especially Deeper, Darker, not only the Tears so full of Light and Love that seemed to be Mine. These Divine Tears should be so heavy eventually that They would no longer evaporate into the air before They reached and Touched the ground.

I didn’t want the Divine Relation for myself – perhaps It was not that nice or great anyway in its Earthly Form or Manifestation, as I had started to discover – but for the Sake of Truth Itself. By letting go of Sharon, letting her return home alone back to her ‘normal’ boyfriend, and without blaming myself in any way for it – the Dark Force was just Stronger still – I *Lied*. I cannot simply say that Sharon Lied just because she carried the natural Resistant Egoic Force in her Body, the Force that Wanted to Separate Man and Woman and keep them Separate. I can’t deny it either. But the fact was that I was Responsible, the First of us to Be Responsible. I was the One who Should but could not bring Clarity, yet – even not now that ‘my’ Consciousness and ‘my’ Heart were developing on earth substantially finally.

No, the Forces could never Give up. If it were not *our* forms that were available for Their Love, They would look for other forms. But first They tried it with us, still.

Sharon and I called each other a couple of times. Sometimes I got her boyfriend on the phone. Not an ideal situation, if only it reminded me of the guardian of the beautiful woman I met at the tango camping in the South of France. Sharon was considering, sort of planning, to join the conservatory and I supported her in doing so. She was certainly talented and it seemed she needed some direction, she was a bit – or rather – lost, and didn't know what to do with herself, a normal but Eventually not Natural situation for Woman here on earth. I could have told her that I, Man, was her True Direction, the rest was all distraction. But I did not want to convince her of that in any way. She had to Feel and become Aware of that 'herself' – through Something that was there in what seemed to be the Background of our contact. Our telephoning was not the best medium, incidentally, for that Background to reveal itself as being the Front in fact, or let's say the Core.

But we met again, in person, quite a few months later. She hadn't gone to the conservatory after all, which disappointed me. Although from the 'normal' perspective it was none of my business, I felt this as, again, a (lesser) form of unfaithfulness. From a holistic point of view everything was 'my business', by the way. If I was Present here on earth, not separated into an individual particle that wants to mind his own business and leave others to their own particle-fate, I could feel and was Involved in everything. The Heart meditated and felt everything, everyone, constantly. Separation was a Lie.

There were two Sides in Sharon, as in everyone. There was the Centrifugal safety seeking Force, which had won, once again. And there was the apparently 'wilder' Centripetal Force looking for one's core or centre and urging one to find and express who one *is*, taking Oneself Serious and not 'the others' as a half conscious picture. The Centrifugal Force looks for distraction and for safety outside oneself, while the Centripetal Force is Serious and finds Safety within oneself, independent of any form. If the Centripetal (and seemingly egocentric) Force is Wholly Allowed there is, in the end and paradoxically, no 'I' or 'self' to be found any more. All others stop being 'others' and turn out to be Part of this same selfless Being.

Anyway, it could have helped Sharon to more easily find her way inside if she had taken her musical expression seriously, compared to submitting herself to a normal form of society which she had chosen now.

As some kind of compensation for the loss of a musical 'career' or anyway more intense involvement she wanted to make a cd, just like I had done recently. That was, I should help her with this project. I should play the guitar and sing here and there, at least once in a duet with her. Last but not least I was useful here since I had the recording and mixing equipment. Sharon would accompany herself on my old piano. We rehearsed once, a bit. And then, some weeks later, she returned for the actual recordings. She was more of an improvising type, not well organized. And so, in the weekend of the recording, it turned out that she could not accompany herself well enough and asked if I could play the piano parts. Well, not good enough for her purpose. And so she happily asked if I could arrange a piano player, out of hand. I was amazed by this what seemed to be a charming spontaneity but what to me was rather a lack of responsibility, a lack of overview, being poorly organized. But

miraculously I managed it, I got a professional piano player who, after some insisting, could come the next morning for a quarter of an hour in between his other activities. To play three pieces. A completely absurd schedule. But I let go of it and what's more, we managed somehow.

These two days of intense working close together on a few square meters brought us closer to each other – even though I again didn't manage to take her hand on our walk in the evening. When we walked so close next to each other, 'holding hands' was almost incessantly floating through our consciousness during the whole trip and yet it couldn't manifest.

Due to our tight working schedule we had just a few talks at my place. In one of those talks Sharon, although she didn't say it literally, indicated anyway that she had never been so intimate with a man, or even with anyone. She said she had shared things of herself with me that she had never told anyone. Among those things were a few strange experiences with men when she herself was only about nine years old. Especially one event of that time still triggered her after all these years. She couldn't make a clear story of it but it was obvious that something had happened in regard of some 'dirty guy' and which shouldn't have happened considering her young age of nine, something related to sexuality. It didn't become clear what it was exactly that the guy had done with her. The Dark Force had the event still in its power. And therefore also Sharon was still in its grip, locked. She said she had something strange about sexuality, she was not free in it. And as a matter of fact, she didn't feel like having sex, in spite of the fact that she should and sometimes 'allowed' it. In the course of years I got used to it that (almost) every woman had 'something strange about sexuality', also when they were less or not at all open about it – so this strangeness became 'normal' in a way. And, true, the women were right, their intuition was right: sex *was* strange, if Love of the Heart that should be Man's Part or Contribution to the Sex was either not present at all or, if it was, couldn't reach woman('s lower parts), if the struggle seemed to be reduced to mainly or merely *Form*, two forms trying something, trying to get Love into the flesh or not even that. The Sexual Force was strange if Love was not included. Many women could only feel strange if they seemed to be reduced to form. And yet Sharon 'had to' allow her boy friend to penetrate her body now and then. She could not Allow my Love in her Body.

Sharon concluded by saying that she didn't know why she told me all this and even more; she seemed confused in realizing her sharing and her slowly, slightly gaining some clarity – in my Heart-presence.

I knew, why she shared, about 'sex' and related topics. It was certainly not a direct invitation to have sex together, even though this was incessantly hanging around in the air as well. No, it was a natural attempt to 'restore' or in general create oneness of intimacy and sex, of the Heart and Sex, one can also say, of the One Heart and the Dual Sexuality. A first attempt – for without the Heart Present as It was available now, there could have been so far no attempt at all – to let sex happen only when Love was Obvious, when from her heart she felt she wanted to and could, from there, from the heart down, Open for (a) Man. It was not just a sharing of sadness about the fact that she couldn't enjoy sex. With my Open Heart right in front of her – and her closed heart still Able to Recognize an Open Heart, as it will always be Able – her sharing just poured out of her beyond herself. Finally there was someone or

Something that could Listen and thus there was a chance for *release*. Sharon was looking for a Heart, not for sex, at least not in the first place.

I would have loved to show her, in bed, the unity of heart and sex. But, whether or not we would ever have sex anyway, I felt intuitively I must give her now the opportunity to explore the Heart-side of Man. Men tried with her the usual sexual side and this didn't work. If Sharon and I were in bed she would be distracted again, by sex, by repressed resistance. Almost every girl has started in their lives with (exploring) the sex-side in themselves. That is: they easily went along with boys who reacted to the developing ovaries in a girl. And the girls reacted to the boys' reactions. And so forth. The more reactions the less purity. In these chain-reactions there was no or hardly any space to really Feel. There was no space for girls or women to allow their, closed, heart to Feel and See, and to Decide. Woman needs space for her Heart to Open, Man's Space. Man was the one who could offer Her this – if He had patience and did not react.

It was not easy. Sharon was an attractive young woman, energetically very present and shining. Although one side of her was not into sex, the other one was certainly present as well and her ovaries were calling me – or calling 'man', to make it more impersonal – and rather loudly as a matter of fact. Although her pelvis was luckily not as big (yet) as her mother's, it was still bigger than average and energetically active and seducing. In spite of these severe circumstances I 'managed' however to let her sleep alone in my bed upstairs and I slept on the couch downstairs.

Even now, describing this, associating with the scene again, I feel my whole body returning in and living this same fight again. It starts to contract and to 'worm'. There is a spiralling movement from up, above the head, downward into the body and to the lower regions. It was – and is – the Light Fighting with the Dark. You could say 'The Light and Dark Making Love', if you wish, but then 'making love' is far from being the nice attraction as how it presents itself; it's just painful, to associate with and *be the arena* of this Fight, Consciously Feeling and Living Bodily the Dark's Resistance to Be Lighted.

Although 'I', finally, in my thirties, had to have my share of sex – especially with Maya, Patty and Tiara – I had not at all become attached to sex, and not, in general, to Woman's world of Energy deludingly pretending it was 'life'. I still Went for the Divine Union of Man and Woman. My Heart was 'my' and in general Man's True Gift to Woman – that is, in the End: 'my' Heart as 'my' Body,. I would Show Her this to be so, no matter how often Her legs would still run away from It in order to wrap themselves around another man, around his *form* – doing this as one of Her less subtle attempts to manipulate 'me', Man, making Him clear in the Dark that He should submit to Her wishes, Her lower wishes that is, and not be busy with Her Heart, Her Deeper Truth.

So I had to leave Sharon alone for the night, leave her in confusion in my big bed. Her heart was triggered in the Space it received.

Lying downstairs on the couch I could not fall asleep, of course, with such a nice girl in my bed. I started to feel that I could play some natural role in the process of women who were sexually abused in whatever form, to undo the harm that had been done. But this emerging insight was not only about obvious 'harm'. Sexually abused or not, in every woman

I could observe, see, feel the discrepancy, the separation between sex and heart. To me, beyond myself, it was Obvious that I Needed to Work on Heart-Level to Free (a) Woman from or rather Beyond Her Inherent Inner Confusion, Her maddening and always present Duality – not on the level of sex (or even, in general, of ‘energy’). Sex was part of the form-world, Woman’s world of Form. How could Her Heart ever ‘Mend’, how could She ever be Freed Beyond Her Confusion, if I as Man did not Take her Beyond Her Own world, if I merely or mainly reacted to the Lower Dark Forces so active in Her? There were no real solutions in Woman’s Own world, in rearranging energies, in rearranging thoughts, in changing one man-*form* for another or in staying with the same one for a life-time or in being without a man-form, in whatever *form* She tried to ‘Upgrade’ Herself. Man Himself was the World Beyond Problem. In Woman’s world ‘acceptance’ didn’t exist. In Man’s Heart Pain could just be Felt as it was. Sex functioned as a main way to not Feel the Pain that was an earthly fact, as a way to stay unconscious.

If I would have taken Sharon’s body in my hands and put my penis in her we probably would have been together as a couple for a while. But, even if that would indeed have given me more time to reach her heart, to give her heart more space, space in which she could, further, Open for me, for Man, somehow I did not function that way. I did not function *strategically*. It was *Now* that I had to Respond to something in her, something Beyond sex although related to sexuality also. Now I had to give space to the untying of the knot of sexuality that was not free, of sexuality leading its own unfulfilled life as long as it was separate from the Heart. I Responded also to Sharon’s fear of feeling love during sex. The Beauty that hang around us in the subtler sphere should not be crushed or shocked too much by having sex if, indeed, her (hidden) love for Man could not be allowed yet during the sexual act. I hoped Sharon allowed us time, so that I could bring this Beauty down, so that our Human Divinity would have a fair chance to Manifest on earth as Such.

She did not.

It had been quite something for her already, her unexpected sharing of things she had never shared with anyone, her feeling of intimacy, my *seeming* rejection of the call of her ovaries – if not too much altogether – not even mentioning her having to give up her safe relationship with an available unconscious man, who was not able to Touch her in the least in case she decided to be (more, and more deeply) with me. Giving up her relationship was in itself one of the easiest things for her to do, at least if the guy could simply be replaced by another not present man, which was so.

Easier than taking her, uncommon and seemingly otherworldly but Natural, Attraction to ‘me’ seriously, was to let herself be distracted again by ‘normal’ life, here and there and everywhere. It was all too easy for her, for everyone, to postpone Meeting the Heart. It would not run away – unlike volatile things, forms, events. In itself this seemed to be so, the Heart seemed to be always Available in principle, just Humbly Waiting until one finally allowed the guts and the space to Meet It. Only, everybody kept postponing forever. And this meant, very simply, that, in fact, it was not True. Every form or event of Unfaithfulness to the Heart kicked the Heart further away, further from the possibility or ability to still, after all, Reach It, Let oneself Be Touched and Taken by It. In a way, in order to Be in Deeper Balance in the

(Oneness as) Duality of Life, every unfaithfulness should be compensated by Faithfulness, by a Return into the Heart. If one lets one's 'Debt' grow too big, one simply won't Return any more and one's heart gets stoned, formed, for the rest of one's life.

When I was ready with mixing Sharon's cd, we made an appointment. She would come to pick up the master-cd. And also, as some kind of exchange, she'd show and hand over to me the beautiful drawing she made for the cover of my short novel 'Suzanne', the beauty of which surprised me indeed: she had drawn exactly what I had in mind (and heart) and that I had informed her too late about when it turned out that she had already drawn it. But she came with her boyfriend – whom she did not really love. This was a sign. And also quite a kick to the fragility and holiness of our emerging love.

Going some time in the future, the final kick to our love came the next summer, the summer of 1999, which was so highly important in My Process even if, as a matter of fact, all the years of my thirties were of great significance for the Process, rather than (most of) my twenties. Something of Sharon was still 'into me' – and it would always be – and she wanted to come to the Sufi-camp in the South of Switzerland where I was for a week to be in the near presence of Pir Vilayat. She herself had a summer-job somewhere else in Switzerland. After the work she would visit me and stay in the camp. Since she hadn't brought a tent we agreed she would sleep in my, small, tent. Everything was set. I was looking forward to it. Only, just before I would go to Switzerland she called me to say that she wouldn't come. The reason was not clear. She had, in the meantime, broken up with her boyfriend in Holland, but – of course, and I don't mean this ironically – she had met another guy in the holiday resort where she worked. Sharon was unclear about this guy, but hearing the timber in her voice it was obvious that she didn't love him either. She stammered excuses, reasons, and none of them made any sense to me. They only spread a cloud of mist and confusion and 'lie' around me and us, instead of clarifying, which reasons are supposed to do. Sharon, how Unfaithful could we get...? Was there a limit to this? Was there a limit in Woman in being Unfaithful to Love, Her Own Love, to being Unfaithful to Her Own Heart? Was it really so very important for Her to have it and keep it closed for the rest of Her life?

If Sharon had met a man who could continue – or even develop more deeply – what I had started with her, I would have bowed and be all right with it. I was not cramped about myself. My only concern was her Heart. But she did *not* find an alternative for me, for my Heart that could Open hers and Allow it to Unite with the Heart of Man. Sharon, how Unfaithful you were not just to the Beloved Man in your Heart. But then also to Woman, to the Divine Woman. Your mother couldn't do it in her life, to Surrender to Man's Heart, and she passed on the responsibility to you, to her daughter, to the next generation of the Same Woman, with the request to Finally Do it, to be Faithful to the Divine Woman Inside, which was not the same as the Divine Ovaries, but Who could only be Revealed by and Born in Man's Heart. And now you, Daughter, on your turn, Resign.

Not long afterwards you had taken again another man – yes, 'taken', you did not Follow, not Follow your Heart, Man's Heart – and bore two children from the sperm he lent you. You sent me the birth greeting cards. Again you passed on the responsibility to the next generation. Why did you still inform me about your children?

But yes, it is true, Something can never forget. The cards were no happy sharing, they didn't contain joy of new births on earth. They were a cry out of the Dark: 'Please, don't forget me. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. But please don't forget.'

I won't. I can't forget the Heart, unlike you who almost manages to forget but never totally. I took and still take Seriously what you resisted, what you had to escape from. No, I won't forget. While writing the tears course down my cheeks, the moist that, in a way, should have come out of *you*, out of your *eyes*, but that was distracted and directed downward to your cunt in order to seduce a man into your lower side, your lower parts, so that, indeed, the Responsibility – too hot to handle, everyone wants to get rid of It – could be delegated to the next generation which would face exactly the same issue since your transfer happened in the Dark. By carrying 'your' children in your womb you carried over your Unfaithfulness to Love. It would have been different if you had Allowed the Heart Down, in your Lower Part. I had started it with you. And you said NO. How long still, Woman, will You feel the pity that there are no *men*? How long still will You keep complaining – like Tiara – that Man has left You alone, that He is not Present, not really with You, not Down on Earth? How sad must You become, how big must Your Ego grow, how Unfaithful to the Divine Man and the Divine Woman must You become, before it is Enough?

It is true, there were not many days in between Sharon's cancellation of our meeting in Switzerland and 'my' Realization of Truth that summer of 1999 – to which I will come back later. This didn't make it easier for her to be around me. Yet all the more sad it was. For This was exactly what was Needed for the Process of Man and Woman to really Start:

MAN.

In order to function as Man in the Relation of Man and Woman, Man sooner or later Needs to Realize Truth, Needs to Represent the Truth Side of the Coin, Needs to have the Overview, Be Fully Responsible for This. If *He* gets lost as well, there is only *Woman* left, Her Inherent Confusion (of the Two of Her Duality, of the many). So, now that we could really set off the Process, now that she was Really Safe in My Heart that during the Process of Realizing Truth had Seen through the basic Lies, Sharon resigned. She 'said', as always: let another Woman-form do it; as far as I'm concerned, I, first, would like to be safe.

But, then again, it's true, for Its Manifestation Truth Looks for the proper, right constellation, for the right 'Woman-form' who can gradually handle Truth, bear Truth instead of (merely) children. That Same Truth worked also through Sharon and, apparently, didn't find her 'suitable' (enough) and made Sharon worm herself out of the situation.

Yet, in spite of this, I sometimes wondered: *how for heaven's sake* have we managed to *not* come together, to *not* come closer, to *not* manifest this Beauty that Surrounded us Beyond ourselves and that the children recognized and wanted to be Acknowledged and Lived by us, to be Developed further? How!?! How for heaven's sake did Man and Woman manage... to fuck and fuck and fuck and not be Faithful to Manifest that Beauty? How could everyone accept this? How could I Accept this without getting crazy or dead(ened)? I seemed to have, to live a different kind of Acceptance than other people. I Accepted the Divine Reality of Man and Woman to Be There. I did not – not even in 'my' imperfection – have to deny this or escape it. Other people accepted being a slave of their ovaries and pricks.

That same feeling of ‘how did we manage to not Unite’ – to not even try, I mean – was also there regarding Monica, the woman I was much in love with before the reunion with Maya happened suddenly, and, to a lesser extent, regarding many other women, each one of them a sad story in itself. Sharon had stayed so very far away while Something was so very close. With Sharon, again, I had put everything on Love, not on sex – although, in principle, I could have done the latter, I was much more Present in the sexual domain than men usually were – and so I lost, again. Well, at least the body lost, that is.

In Accepting Love as the Reality we Live in, I, as Man, Follow Sharon, Monica, Maya, Suzanne, Woman in general. Man Following Woman is the Truth. Man as He Is is *not* the conqueror, *not* the spermatozoid who has to open, penetrate or rape the egg-cell. As Man, as Heart, I Give Space, Space to Woman so that She can Unravel Herself, Untie the Knot She is (in) – which Happens by My precise sensitive Following.

Coming back to what Woman sometimes likes to say and what seems to be so humble and such a great relief for Man who must Deal with Her never surrendering Ego, namely ‘I just follow You, Man’, this is – usually, though not necessarily – part of a Lie, a form of manipulation, of desired Irresponsibility in Unconsciousness. There is no True Heart-Surrender of the Woman – and This cannot Be So as long as Unconsciousness Rules. At most She follows the *forms* that ‘man’ seems to decide. If you See Deeper into Reality it will be Revealed that Man’s the One Who Follows. A Mirror Follows. In my case I, for example, Followed Iris, Britt, and other girls to become physical – even though, once awakened, this Force of Going into Woman’s Body, into Form, seems to lead a life of its own. I Followed Maya’s Cry of her closed heart out of the Dark to be Freed. There was nothing I ever wanted for myself. I was always and I AM a Reflection or Manifestation of Woman’s Longing to Be Freed from her Slavery, from Her Separation, from Her Ego that stands gloriously in the Dark in between Man and Woman, and I am not a man, I AM MAN ITSELF. I don’t have interests as Man. Man, in the End, can only Follow the *Deepest* Interest of Woman, (the Whole-Hearted and Whole-Bodily Realization of) the Union with Man, there where, by exact and truly humble Following, this Interest Eventually Melts with and Dissolves in His Heart.

When Man absorbs Woman’s Natural Ego and stays stuck in it – as is usually the case – ‘He’ starts to Penetrate, Delude, Seduce, Lie, Manipulate, all to ‘get in’, to be and stay received by Woman, by Her *body* as a matter of fact. He gives the Ego that became his to Her and he gets nothing in return, just a piece of flesh – because He *gave nothing*. Ego is nothing. Woman’s Heart Opening for His Love, *that* is Something. Her Recognition of Who He Is and what He Does Beyond himself, *that* is Something. Woman Wholly Returning in Man, Divine Nature Itself, *that* is Something. But the flesh is cheap, the Dark dark, the Ego big, the heart heavy, the pain relatively well hidden, the empty deal between man and woman is seductive.

The concept of what Man and Woman Are is hugely distorted here on earth. The Female Deluding Force has managed this easily and all, men and women alike, walk like sheep after it. Until (a) Man Rises and Sees and Feels and Stands... A Man who is no slave of Woman’s Unconsciousness, of Her Body, but who Sees and Feels and Cries Her closed Heart, a Man Who, Finally, Sees-Feels Woman as She is and does not treat Her secretly as a body, his Female, unfulfilled, body.

If Man reacts to Woman's Natural Duality by merely taking the role of the male side of Her Duality, He becomes (part of) Woman, Dual as well – Man is Gone, the Man Who, instead, could Offer Her the opportunity, the Heart-Space to Become Part of *Him*. If He reacts, as usual, then Woman has no chance to Look in the Mirror of no-choice, to See and 'Overcome' the prison of Her Duality. But what does the egoic man care that Woman stays a slave – of Herself – as long as She offers him Her cunt... What does he care as a slave of Woman's Ego that Wants Man to be a slave of her cunt. What does he care if he so easily lets His Heart be deafened and deadened and moulded and Cut into Two by Ego without Fighting Back, as Love. As MAN.