

The last ejaculation?

I skipped the last few lessons at the conservatoire, since I wanted to go to the island, to Terschelling, to get some breath, still before I would travel off to the South of Belgium where I'd have my longest vipassana retreat up to then, one of 16 days. Hearing about my plans, not to miss me too long, Angela asked if she could be with me on the island. I was all right with that, although first I needed to be a few days on my own there. So she arrived indeed for a period of four-five days. We had a fairly good time together, no trouble anyway.

For me, the current situation with Woman was new, very different from before. I could see it better now, this first time after Tiara that I was with a woman for a longer period. Since I had gone through the struggle with Tiara, since the Syrup, the problematic character of 'relationship' had left me – it seemed that everyone and everything left me sooner or later – I was suddenly Free in my relationship with Woman, radically. I didn't, secretly, want *anything* any more of Woman. I could just Freely Feel what was going on from one moment to the other. Things were turned around now. (Only) now that I was Free, it came irrefutably to Light that Woman wanted something of 'me', of Man. It's not that this was completely new to me, but it was so Obvious now, I no longer 'had to' confuse the demand, the wanting, any more.

I hadn't known myself like this. Indifferently I went here and there with Angela, to the beautiful places I knew so well. Indifferently I fucked her a few times in her cunt. There was no fuss, I was not busy with her, not keeping an eye on her – like in the past I had been all the time aware of and took serious every – especially inner – movement of Woman. I just went where I wanted and I liked it when Angela joined.

It is true that I was aware that Angela wouldn't be my Woman, so in that sense the new situation, the changed roles, could not be definitively confirmed yet. But in fact I didn't need more confirmation. I just Felt it. I Knew. I would never become the old Maarten any more. Basically, I was Free now in the Relationship with Woman – without separating myself from Her; separate Freedom was no True Freedom. I was Open for whatever She'd come up with, but this wouldn't influence this Basic Freedom any more. Tiara had been really great, great, in granting me enough time to go through the whole process of doubt about 'myself'.

All doubt was gone now. In itself this was not a big achievement: when the 'I' was (practically) gone, there was nothing left to doubt about. The 'I' existed as doubt. The State Beyond doubt didn't mean that everything, anything happening, transmitting or whatever form of relation of 'me and the world', was clear immediately. That was something else. No, (self-)doubt as a way to escape reality was gone. This was of course not the same as stubbornly holding on to my view(s), without allowing doubt. It was rather that when one sank into, surrendered into reality, doubt naturally stopped. As long as there were, personal, views, there was doubt, often hidden. In Surrender into Reality, doubt was unmasked as (part of a) Force, a trick of the always doubting mind, of the (Female) Reality-Resisting Force.

It was Simple. Reality Was as It Was. What was there to doubt. Every question mark was (part of) a lie, basically. When something was not clear yet, this could simply be

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acknowledged: ‘I don’t know’. Not (yet) knowing was not the same as doubting. Not knowing could be very clear, not causing the uncomfortable feeling doubt brought about.

Angela and I made love, in the night, in my little tent, in the pitch dark. Without the moon we couldn’t see a single thing, no shadows moving. There were no lights at all at this nature camping. I quite liked this way of making love, I must say. We could just touch and feel each other and hear some groaning sounds – that now stood out much more than usual – and maybe smell, although this was not my favourite sense during making love, to say the least. The times that I avoided and even fainted from sexuality – as happened at school in the biology lesson when I was 13 – were way behind me. The sexual smells, however, were something I still didn’t like as I knew many other people did. Often, smells from a woman’s mouth were not my favourite either, as I learned during my time with Tiara. There were no distracting eyes anyway now with Angela in the deep dark night. All one could hear at the camping was sometimes a cracking of some branches by an animal in the adjoining wood and our groaning sounds, and then, in the far, distance, the rustle of the mighty sea.

Two days later there was again an impulse to make love, this time in the day light, the night was too far. We walked 500 meters for a place for ourselves in the dunes. We tried to make love, but it didn’t make sense any more. Angela wasn’t really into it any more. After the walk and looking for a place something else got on top. The impulse for copulating was gone, despite the romantic place in the dunes that we found eventually. She said ‘sorry’.

No problem.

But Angela couldn’t believe it, that it was *really no problem*. It must be that she had different experiences with men. She again apologized. Woman’s drama could take many forms. Many must be tried out with (a) man, see how he reacted, find out who and how he was – and sexuality was certainly no exception to testing him in this respect. So it was time that I ‘had to’ give a little speech. My first naked speech in the dunes. I said I *really* didn’t mind. Sex was not an attachment, at least not in my case. It happened when it happened. Sex was no problem. As Man I followed Woman’s Opening. If the opening closed again, then what was the sense of nonetheless still making love or keep trying to do so – which was, purely physically, probably not impossible. Basically, life was simple, if only we respected nature, if we were not so self-obsessed. In this case, yeah, it could be and usually was uncomfortable for a man in his sexual organs not to make love despite an (earlier) Opening of Woman. But discomfort – in the worst case leading to pain, especially in his balls – was in itself no problem. If it got really too bad, he could conjure the seed out by himself. So far no problems discovered.

In between the making love and attempts at it we made long walks in nature and along the sea, on the moors, in the woods, in the dunes, along the tidal marsh. We watched the sun sink into the sea, we listened to the birds, we watched the funny rabbits hopping over the field and eating their meal close to us. We had some ice creams. We cooked our own diner. We rested on our backs on the ground, on a mat – for the camping was a plague of ticks. And so we got to the last day, the last morning walk before we’d go home with the late afternoon ferry. And that’s mainly why I mention this whole trip with Angela.

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Just before we'd return to our rented bicycles at the end of the walk, we felt again an impulse to make love, even though with Angela this was never really strong. It was not absent but there was something else as well. There was no one-directional line. The impulse was anyway strong enough to undress at least half. Standing there in a dune valley, I thrust my penis into her, first from the front, then from the back. In my detached state I fucked her how I wanted, or how the impulse through me went. Now she bowed and leaned with her hands on the dune sand, while I was fucking her from the back with her pelvis in my hands. In itself it was a strange feeling that it seemed I could do about anything with her – not saying that this was a particularly nice feeling (if anything, rather alienating), but it struck me, I never had such an experience. I would anyway not misuse this, I wouldn't know how anyway, was not busy with that. What didn't slip my mind was that I had a great wide view during the copulation with Angela. Making love in nature was great in its naturalness, in its normalness. All the fuss was gone. One became one with nature again. Sex was just what it was. Not something special. I copulated with nature, not just with Angela. And I couldn't say that the consciousness during copulating naked in nature was fundamentally different from an animal.

Yet, I was all the time aware that the impulse for sex was not very strong, as I was used to with Maja or Tiara. And fucking Angela from the back, her breast in my hands, I was suddenly wondering what I was doing there – despite the surrounding nature, and despite that I liked Angela a lot. In fact, what was going on – thanks to my Process of the preceding half a year – was that the Force of Consciousness was Stronger than the Sexual Force. 'I' did not get lost in sex in any way any more now. 'I' stayed exactly the same, whether I was in or out, sex or no sex. Energy could no longer seduce me to, at least partially, let Consciousness be taken over by 'Her', to let It be intoxicated by the Sexual Female Force. I Remained the Man. Consciousness didn't change. In or out of Woman, there was no Difference.

I felt I was close to coming. I held back a bit, something in me didn't feel like ejaculating. But later the moment returned, the moment of decision. Now I gave some extra pushes and I flashed my seed into her body and could return my primal scream to nature.

Not denying the joy and relief of that moment, but something in me was not satisfied at all. Consciousness so strongly present, it felt boring to me, all the fuss. Or rather I should say: I couldn't help but See the senselessness of the whole enterprise, the utter senselessness indeed of making 'love', having sex, with ejaculation at the end of the procedure, as a reward or something. I had Gone Down Deep enough into Woman, into the Earth, to See – *from Inside* now instead of as 'separate intelligence' – the fruitlessness, the senselessness of the whole affair, of the old ceremony, of the ejaculation in woman's body. This had got *nothing* to do with Union, Real Union of Man and Woman, with That Which It Was All about in the End, with the Divine. We were all fooled. It was a surrogate, a senseless surrogate. Because the sexual impulse from Angela was not that strong it had been easier to See this, certainly in combination with the rapidly developing Consciousness in 'me' and the Sexual-Energetic Union with the Master that was the finalization of giving sex back its natural place, as part of the Divine Union of Man and Woman, not as something nice, special or exciting for its own sake, as a reliever of tension, as a separate activity or even as a way for reproduction.

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And now, suddenly in the middle of Seeing things so Clear, with my penis free now and still large from the sexual act that has just been finished, an ‘inner decision’ was made, and I screamed an authentic loud euphoric high-pitched sound through the fields of dunes:

“This is it,” I yelled with great enthusiasm, “I have reached the end. I’m through with it. I’m never gonna ejaculate in a woman any more. It’s not necessary any more.”

Now, after ejaculating this statement, I *was* satisfied. And, very happy, I embraced Angela, who had been willing to be with me on my way to the Insight, this Insight that, in order to Be Realized, had had to be Lived, Lived in Direct Relation with Woman. For it was a Reflection of Woman’s Suppressed Consciousness – or, Unconsciousness – that had now been made Conscious through my Body, through my Direct Experience, through the Direct Meeting and Confrontation of Consciousness and Unconsciousness.

Now I got it why the making love with Angela was not one-directional but something else was there as well. It was a Fight between the Forces. Consciousness had become Powerful Enough by now to Finally be a serious partner for the utterly powerful and seducing Sexual Force. Only by Going into Sex One could Overcome Sex – that is, Overcome Sex as masked separate activity. Sex did not bring Union of Man and Woman closer. In the energetic hustle and bustle of sex Man and Woman were energized into the middle again where no real Seeing could Happen, no Real Union therefore, since these were Related. After the sexual act Man and Woman were deluded to believe that they could manage again with each other for a while, but in reality what they managed was not to (thoroughly) Face and Feel their Separation. The Female Sexual Force was so utterly clever in its behaviour and masking.

But there happened to be One even Cleverer than Her – or rather, more Intelligent, opposite utterly refined cleverness – and that was Man, His Eye Embedded in His Heart. In the End, the One was Overruling and Outshining the Two – to which the Sexual Force belonged, seemingly.

I embraced Angela again with my sperm still after-dripping from my penis. She seemed to be rather confused with the whole happening. Something in her didn’t like it. She intuitively thought I was going against Woman’s Interest, she could feel this somewhere in herself as woman. What should Woman do if Man doesn’t ejaculate in Her Body any more? Wasn’t this against nature?

It certainly was, but our Deeper Nature Was Something Else, even though It could not exclude our biological nature. To Get to, Understand, Honour the Deeper Nature, the Natural Order of phenomena, however, sometimes contracted nature had to be passed, not submitted to – which was not the same as denied, of course.

Regarding Angela’s worry and confusion, I meant and I was talking about the Divine Union, not the physical one, not the energetic. I was not against the reproduction of what seemed to be Form – through human ‘forms’. Something in ‘me’ was not happy with and not tolerating it any more, however, that the Sexual Force prevailed in ‘normal’ life and could so easily seduce and manipulate and abuse ‘Man’ – or His remainders – and always get away with it, could kill or dim His Consciousness so easily in the Dark.

‘I’ was ‘In’ now. ‘My’ Consciousness was In. the Sexual Force could no longer rule over ‘me’, over Man. First, in my life, I had to stay safely away from ‘Her’, not to get fucked

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up too early. Then, finally, when I was Ready for Her, She Called me, via Maja. I got dimmed and confused, my hair was cut to a worrying extent, but ‘I’ Survived, by Letting the ‘I’ be Seen and Killed by Consciousness, in and by the Heart. And now, 36, I managed to Resurrect. The last ejaculation happened erect, standing in nature. Consciousness Said, Loud and Clear: “Now I Am the Boss. The game has taken long enough. In fact, I was Always the Boss but You didn’t See...”

If only I could have explained to Angela she didn’t need to worry. I didn’t withdraw from Woman. On the contrary. I Had Pervaded Deeper into Her, Her Dark realms of Sexuality. Wasn’t it great actually that Man could no longer be Deluded by it any more, by Woman’s strongest ‘Weapon’: Sex, the promise of Union that would never be fulfilled, not as long as the Sexual Force Ruled and Fooled? Wasn’t this Woman’s Real Interest, that Man *Saw* Her, that He was Present as Consciousness *in* Her world? That Sex had lost its primary place, its easy victory over Man? And that only then, when Consciousness was *Consciously* the First, Love could Rule, a Real Union of Man and Woman was Possible, Finally, after all these millennia.

But even if I would have properly explained to Angela what happened to me in the dunes thanks to the ejaculation in her body, she would have had at least double feelings about it. After all, Woman was not one-directional, but Dual. And She was not necessarily happy with Consciousness shining brightly into Her Dark Domain. She was Drawn to (Real) Union, but when it came – even a bit – too close, She ran to the Other Side, to Separation, with or without ‘good arguments’ for it (Maja, for one, didn’t Know why, she just had to go). And the Sexual Force was the Force That could easily sustain this situation: serving the changing interests of Woman, of Her Duality. When She was (long enough, but at a closer watch, from the beginning) at the side of separation, She felt the impulse to the other side, to union, to getting closer – and Man was the most suitable, logical target at hand to blame if he didn’t seem to cooperate, if he seemed to be avoiding intimacy. When to Her feeling and intuition She was too much on the other side, too intimate, She needed to return to the safe separation, and She could then easily find wrongs in Man, Her simulated reasons for having to separate from Him.

Now, with ‘Me’, as Consciousness, Present in Woman’s Sexuality, this eternal click-clack, with serving senseless, Dual, changing interests going back and forth, was not easy to be maintained any more, if at all. Her sexual dark games were Over. *I* was Here, Now. I had struggled myself a way into Her painful world and I had not Come to be a slave. *If* I managed to be of any Value in Her world, then it would be in the form of Freeing Woman of *Her* slavery. I would not merely copy Woman’s slavery, as virtually all men seemed to have done and allowed to whatever extent. My Heart had a double function. It could perfectly copy, take over, but It would never, not truly, forget That Which was Beyond what was copied, thus Taking it back, Returning it, Melting it back into Itself.

Biking back with Angela from the nature reserve to civilization I was still so wild about what happened that again and again shouts of joy came out spontaneously, fully given, whole-bodily. I biked as fast as I could through the dunes and the heath putting all my energy and force into it, just from pure joy.

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At that moment it even seemed to be literally so: I'd never have to ejaculate in woman's body any more. But this was, again, deluding. It was not about the actual form of ejaculating itself. The breakthrough was about the Insight that had Come, about the Finalization of the Process of not begin Fooled by Woman's Sexual Force any more, about Taking, occupying My Place as the Seeing Heart in the Sexual Realm.

Far-fetched or not, in a way it was true what I said to Angela: 'I' would never ejaculate in a woman any more. For, before the next physical opportunity for this would arrive, the 'I' had been totally destroyed. There was never an 'I' any more that could ejaculate. The *Lie of I* had been thoroughly Meditated through, Unmasked, Exposed before the Truth. But no, I would not keep the seed to myself later, I was not that stingy after all.

On the first pavement terrace we found in the first hamlet, to celebrate I treated to hot chocolate and home made apple pie. There, calming down, Angela shared rather nervously that she didn't like it what I had said, that I'd never ejaculate in a woman's body any more. What to say, I understood. Woman's trust in Man was not strong anyway, let alone when he made remarks like this one that seemed to go straight against Her basic interest, Her biological interest at least (next to sex usable as Her main 'Weapon' for manipulating Man). My undeniable straightforward strong joy about it didn't make things better, didn't seem to give much hope for a compromise.

And it was true, there *was* a Fight going on, always Raging between 'biology' representing Form and Consciousness representing the Formless, in the True case Embedded in the Heart. A Fight between Sex (Woman) and Love (Man). Erroneously, people associated Man with sex. People were deluded here by the Female Force 'Who' Wanted to reign in the Dark, unSeen, Who wanted to make Man believe that *He* was a slave of sexuality, instead of Her. If He bought it, this Lie – and He did, with no effort – then She had free play with Him in the Dark. She could so easily, *without words*, make 'Him' clear that if He didn't do this and did do that, then He wouldn't have His beloved sex any more. 'She' managed to make Him believe – at least to a considerable extent – that sex seemed to be more important for Him than Love; She Herself could then, in the Duality of Man and Woman, take the more heroic and morally sound role of 'Love'. The Female Form Force turned everything upside down.

This turning things upside down was not a personal bias of anyone – in Man-forms it happened just as well as in Woman-forms, although, very generally speaking, on the average slightly less – it was a *Force*, the Deluding Force. The confusion was understandable. Women were much better in hiding (things, themselves, or at least part of them), than men. Everything Woman hid in the Dark was given a shape to by Man who, if this 'copying' happened unconsciously, became Woman Himself, more and more until in the end the Man in Him was 'dead', powerless anyway; or rather, the Man had never really come to Life anyway, had never Seen the Light, (mis)taking the usual Dark Sphere of Woman, Her Blindness, for normal, the standard, for reality – to the extent that (a) Man, a (more) Conscious Being, could hardly if at all be recognized in this overall grey deadening everything-equalizing mist.

All the time Man was in a mist, indeed, in a vague state of consciousness, in confusion, and 'kicked upwards', as I call it, driven up by the on earth usually much more powerful Female Sexual Force That by Its Nature Resisted Man ('s Unifying Consciousness

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Embedded in His Heart). Just until Man Finally Stood Up, Breathed through the mist with His Heart. Until He was Fed up and Needed to ‘Restore’ or anyway Show Love in this Dark world. Until He Showed Love to Be Stronger than Sex, even on an Earthly Level. Until He Said No to Woman as far as She was Bound to and serving Her Deluding Sexually-based Form-Force, not willing to Let Go or Go Beyond, and He Said Yes to the Divine Woman – not denying Her Body by this, but *on the contrary* Taking it, Her, Finally Totally Seriously. That is, He Showed Her She Was Nobody, no body but Him, Part of His Conscious Heart.

‘Of course’, although she didn’t say so, Angela (or ‘her’ Ego, if you will) didn’t like it that she had been granted the honour to be the last woman I ejaculated my seed into, to be the limit, the last straw on the camel’s back. She wanted to be special for me, but hadn’t expected that she would be special in this sense. It was not nice to be the one via whom Man became definitively Conscious of the senselessness of copulating as such – even if there was a wider and not untrue Story beyond it that could nonetheless not truly Manifest.

Yes, I had felt wholly liberated, ecstatic, still when we sat down on the terrace. But when Angela had voiced her difficulty with ‘my’, Man’s, Freedom, my Heart had got heavier again. It was true, I could not and would not leave her, Woman, alone in the shit. It didn’t make Sense if I as Man was Liberated and Woman was not. We’d have to Meet. When She wasn’t Free, I wasn’t either. We were One in the End.

Without Man’s Freedom, however, Woman could safely forget about it Herself. Only if Man, as He Was, was Totally, Consciously Free She seemed to have a fair chance, if His Heart Listened to Her and Felt Her, Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily – which was something a True Heart could not help ‘Doing’.

So, in a short overview, there were two main things. Man must Be(come), Realize Being Totally Free. And, if so, He ‘must’ – this went, in principle by itself in case of a True, Whole, Realization – Allow Himself to become un-Free, over and over again, Taking Over Woman’s Non-freedom. His Body, in the True case, in Reality, Was a Constant Battlefield between these Two Forces, the Conscious Male Freeing Formless Force and the Female Contracting, Limiting Form Force – no Force being the right or wrong one, but just being Nature Itself, the One as Two.

The goodbye after the island was a bit difficult, at least for Angela. I myself was rather indifferent, still. She was nervous and a bit fearful, I felt. She didn’t want to let go of me, me being the second big love in her life. Her bus was already waiting when we arrived ashore and she said, somewhat solemnly:

“These days have been very important for me.”

Observing her, feeling her, they even seemed to be the most important in her life. This could not have been related to what we had done together – although that was good in itself – nor to our conversations. It was ‘simply’ about Being with ‘Me’, with ‘my’ (almost) Free and Selfless state – and the setting of superb nature around all the more evoked an Adam and Eve feeling. In the End, stripped off from all distractions, forms, beyond any possible state of mine, it was about Being in my Heart for those 5 days. Even if I seemed to be indifferent, I had allowed her to Be in ‘My’ Heart. And nothing could give her the feeling of depth she had

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now, except for (Being in) the Heart Itself. There was nothing Beyond It. Angela could just be with me, as she was, these days, without having to be in any specific way, without me wanting anything from her – which would have caused feelings of doubt in her as a woman, Dual as Woman Was. For Angela 'I' was a big next step in her development, and more than that, when it was about Love – although 'Development' and (Surrendering to) Love were not easily to be distinguished in the End.

Yet, I Responded to everything in her, not only to her longing to be with me. I could have wished to be able to take her, deeper, pull her closer to 'me'. But in Consciousness, living reality, such a wish became silly, without any value, superfluous. If there was no 'I' left, there was nothing to wish. There was Seeing reality as it was. The distance was just too big. As Woman she could not really Receive Me – her crying over me hadn't (yet) created a breakthrough or miracle in this respect, which meant that something in her could not really Surrender (yet), to the situation, to Herself, to Me.

After Tiara I was no longer attached to being Received by (a) Woman. Only, Beyond the personal, for the Natural Divine Process of Man and Woman Reception was simply Required, as one side of the Coin. I'm afraid that Angela, as most young women in Western-Northern Europa, was just too much manipulated into the middle, the middle between Man and Woman, thus no longer naturally taking one side of the Duality of Man and Woman. Sad for her and the many with her, but I was not into that. In the best case 'I', via showing that I was not able to fully be with her, with her manipulated state I mean, could serve as a Mirror for Angela, making thus a serious beginning with un-manipulating, undoing the nasty satanic 'brainwashing' of the West fucking up so incredibly many beautiful girls and women, trying to compromise, subvert, destroy the Nature of humanity.

It seemed Angela hoped for a miracle – from outside, instead of from inside – that I would take her home, to Groningen. It was floating through me, but I let the bus go, with Angela in it. I looked after her till she was totally out of sight and even the whole bus had disappeared. It was not totally the same as when earlier Angela and I saw Astrid slowly walking away from the concert hall until she was totally out of sight, but, although more distantly, a similar drama was somewhere hanging in the air, the eternal Drama of Man and Woman flaring up in the moment of goodbye. The sight of the slowly disappearing Angela was sad enough anyway – even when at that moment I couldn't know yet and hadn't expected that I would never see her any more.