

Dear Master

[...]

It is not before I “saw” you that Sunday evening in Poland, when I had my life-changing darshan, that finally, and for the first time I saw a Man, and felt (unconsciously then) I could relate to someone else in a Male body. The balance of everything inside of you is/was perfect, and inside of me it opened the gate to my own inner “me”. Whence the deep tears of gratitude, love and recognition. Finally I saw a male body I could naturally identify with, feel the common vibe, feel that sensitivity and strength. Being a Man was no longer being brutal and insensitive and in the way of all other men I encounter(ed) before you, including Bob: ultimately unseeing. **Strength, Power, Dominating but Humble Freedom, Compassion, Seeing, Openness, Vulnerability and Sensitivity, Love could be combined after all.** This is to this day for me the most incredible experience or vision I have ever seen. For me it is God<sup>1</sup>, it is what I can open to, give myself to, and I feel I have inside of me as well. Never ever in my life have I beheld anything remotely as Beautiful as what I saw then. In my first letter to you I called it ‘archetypical Christ’. I still like to call what I saw then, and see now still like this. Never will I see anything of this Beauty like I see in you (and I feel in me, but not manifest, ready).

*For me, “male” strength or masculinity as I have seen it in others was always a force I couldn’t understand or relate to, coming from outside of me and oppressing me. It felt very untruthful, **conflictual in a non-embracing way, alien** and threatening to me, made me feel crumbled and weak, disgusted me or whatever. It was always a negative Other that I was separate from and in a struggle with – or rather, I saw myself as the negative Other to this type of masculinity – never a Model for me that made me feel one with, recognise myself in and grow through. **Now I start finding (the courage to look for) my own model of Malehood, of being a man, my own version of it, and it is all thanks to you.***

I realize now that what the world considers male, and what women (seem to) fall for but what I couldn’t relate to was and is **not** male at all. It is all part of that which is not me. It is this life force that I didn’t feel inside. Now this is changing, due to Diane’s sessions, but still it is a very different sort of strength I feel developing inside of me than with other men. No, what the world considers to be man is not man. It is not True. Now, reading your books, having an intimate inner connection with you and absorbing you in many ways, I feel that I never could relate to what is commonly considered male because, well quite simply, for me it is not male and it doesn’t open me, ignite me. Now since some days, weeks, I feel my balls are getting in the mood, are starting to work for the first time more and more normal, and I feel that my type of maleness is growing, and I have the strength, and support and example I need to grow into “Me”. You truly teach me all things. You, my Love, my Me in another body. It is to Me that I offer these words, that I write this letter, to Me inside of me, to You inside of me.

You gave/give me trust, confidence, in small things, little sentences or words. You are the first Man to nurture me, to sort of push me to be more of me, instead of attacking me. You manage to speak those words that make the seed break and grow, you give me a feeling that I am worth something but that it only has to come out still, and by doing that, you draw it out already. (I feel like a small grateful boy now) you are not cramped and asking me to give **YOU** a good feeling about yourself, no, you seem to

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<sup>1</sup> By the way, I stopped to crave, search, long for a supposed God outside of myself.

be able, with the utmost ease, to give me in fast-forward those supports and words and even wordless feelings necessary for me to grow by myself, and become Man myself.

I start to *love* life, to feel warmth inside, to love art, to love film, to love myself, and to feel pain of losing Victoria (permanently or for now?), of allowing to feel again, of feeling flashes of Victoria in and as me, of how she felt with me when she had orgasms, when I hurt her deeply, how she longed for me etc etc. I love her even though I feel pain about her, even though she went away. Now I feel more connected to her as ever before, ironically.

I am getting less self-obsessed, more open, more creative, more attentive to matter, more loving and respectful to objects and to matter and to people. More relaxed with myself and thus with others. More forgiving. More loving. More seeing. It is like a Renaissance. A new Dawn. I allow myself more and more inner space to be me, to manifest in this world as me, to love myself more instead of constantly judging myself. There is more defense or a natural space against the world, an ever more critical stance and even a wakening fire at times, but rarely ever sort of closed off, I stay in my own way sort of open.

I feel you inside, I feel thereby more and more *me* inside, and I start feeling a constructive self confidence and self-love inside that lacked before, and of course, the frustrating thing is, still often lacks, while now I feel it more painfully. Even if I was girlish, you didn't judge, you didn't reject, more still, you saw the other part in there, and thereby simply like that, it comes out by itself...without asking anything in return, not even gratitude. It is so that I could never in my life, open to someone if it was an economic transaction and something was asked in return. If I (unconsciously) felt my opening up served/s the egoic purpose of another, I close, automatically.<sup>2</sup>

Undoubtedly I open to you from the woman inside (but by no means anymore solely). It is advantageous to be able to open as woman inside to your Master, on the precondition that you are ready and willing to grow through it simultaneously into your own manhood. It is good for me to become conscious of this woman side of me, it serves me to understand better how and when a woman can truly open to a man. Is this more woman then? Is this typically woman?

I can only give you me because you ask *nothing* in return, so I feel safe to write this letter, because I am not judged and therefore I can offer all my shadows to you, and even to me more and more easily. Just neutrally see, not whole bodily (yet) but still, deeper and deeper and yes, the body is more involved already. You show me the Man in me, and I can more easily allow to see Woman inside by the inner Man (mixed up for me with your form, identified still with you of course)...and offer it to you (and the inner Me) and forgive myself for not being perfect.

I am very very grateful for all this. I admit at this stage that in some aspects of our contact you fulfill for me a crucially necessary Father/Guiding Elder function, something I need(ed) but never got, and is very necessary as a form to be lived out and fulfilled for me to be able to grow out of it. In a way I am my own inner Father already, of course. I feel more and more an independent man ready to fly in life, but it is you who are/were the One to embrace me as a Father, as a Teacher, as a Nurturer, Stimulator, to See me and to spark the male inside, for you "are" energetically the key to my inner me. I realize

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<sup>2</sup> Confessions with priests are a good example: (I never really did it, and in school I thoroughly hated it) you are offered the possibility to come clean, which I do now to you, and which is wonderful, but you serve at the same time the ego of the man you confess to, because he is being reinforced into playing to "role" to himself of the so called messenger of God, the redeemer, the so called compassionate priest receiving your sins but somehow giving himself the power to absolve you. What is this? It is bullshit, and you let him play his own mental game some more in going to confessional. Bweeeerrkk, disgusting! Confessing only works to the egoless Archetypical Christ. Only then can you feel genuine willingness to open and 'come clean' without feeling like you assisted in a dirty and perverse game of other people.

that inwardly I cling to you still, but I know it will go away in time, and another form of Love will bind us, a more Mature Love perhaps, more mutually independent, respectful, Loving, Amical, but simultaneously deep and magnificent Love between Master and Pupil described in ancient books and sung of by you yourself in devotional songs...until I will become Man myself, and this Love will take on a deeper quality still, no doubt.

And inside of me I feel now a Power growing, but it is my own, our own type of Force, Strength, Seeing, Love, Nature, it is different from all I ever knew, all I ever tried to identify with in order to be sparked into man-life, but "it" always failed. In other people around me – and before I saw you – I never met anyone who manifested this more Truthful Man.

[...]

Love, Henry