

## **The Transformation by the Whisper of the Divine Woman**

A next practice was more inspiring – literally as well, as we did a tantric breathing. As is clear, I always liked ‘breathing’, tough though as it might be sometimes. Lying on our own matress we inhaled slowly, long, through a little opening that the lips, directed at the front, left. The breathing was whole-bodily, as if the filling with air started at the bottom of the body and then all the way up. Exhaling, again through the little opening of the mouth, was also slow, gradual. At the inhalation the pelvis went backward, at the exhalation to the front. It made quite some sound altogether. It didn’t take long before I got in a natural rhythm with it, letting it go at its own pace. It didn’t take that long either before I felt *something* coming... closer... closer... It sat down next to me. Then I felt the warmth of her mouth and breath in my ear. It was Balaya, the goddess herself. And she whispered soft and warm in my ear:

“I want to make love to you”.

It seemed Balaya could no longer stand it seeing my body making these free and present, conscious rhythmic sexual movements. And she came to relieve herself. She added, however:

“Only, I’m part of the staff, so I’m not allowed to.”

In spite of this addition her confession hit me like a hammer blow but then the softest hammer you can imagine, one without a form. This, these seven simple words, meant so much, so very much. They made the whole world look different. Somehow I was not at all tempted to go into desire, or have fantasies about her naked body, about making love together. Something happened in me.

Some huge relief...

If the Queen Herself Wanted me, what did this mean? I could hardly contain this. I could not confine her seven soft words to sex somehow. Ordinary sex didn’t exist. No, it was the Divine Woman Herself Who Wanted to Unite with Me, with Man.

This little Big event – Balaya had left already, not long after she had said what She had to Say – meant nothing less than that, on a Deep Level, I could let go of all the usual fuss around ‘boys and girls’ in the normal world of form. If the *most Woman* in the world wanted to Be, to Unite with ‘Me’ – for, indeed, I didn’t manage to suppose that if this woman said she wanted to make love to me she was just after sex, that her words just pointed to the mere *form* of the Union – this meant that I was Free from all striving. I didn’t need to do my best any more, as man. I no longer needed to prove myself, that I’m worthy to be Received by (a) Woman. No longer was I supposed to convince Her in any way, while convincing was not my thing at all. Although I had never been into all this, indeed, still it had been *hanging around somewhere* that not only on a vague Deeper Level of Knowing but also on an earthly level Woman had to Understand that I Am Her Man.

And now She said it. I was sure I didn’t primarily arouse her lust that I was invited to satisfy. I was not the type for that, even though it is true that in the preceding years this sexual arousing happened quite a few times by accident, especially in night life.

It’s not easy to explain why the fuss of ‘boys and girls’ was transformed in that moment, why all striving in this area suddenly stopped – or at least on the Deepest Level, for

on an earthly level the Forces would continue, yet in Freedom. In a way it can be compared to becoming Olympic champion in whatever discipline. The drive falls away, as the highest, the goal, has been reached – or in this case the deepest. It felt like the Divine Woman Herself had Seen Me and wanted to give an earthly form to what She had Seen. The Divine Woman Knows She can Only Marry the Heart Itself. She hopes that by making love the Heart will be Closer, that She can Receive It, Absorb It, Become (Part of) It. But, This Happens only when She Consciously Recognizes the Heart as Form, when She Truly Sees, Knows Me – Which, with a Closed Heart, She cannot truly, by Herself, not Beyond Her Intuition at least. That's why, Beyond this, She hopes the Heart will Recognize *Her*, as Part of Itself, and Become Her, but Consciously, not Unconsciously as She.

Although the Making Love, the Union, didn't happen yet, for the Transformation in 'me' it was important that She Wanted it. Important to note is also that this Transformation could only Happen because I *Saw* Her as Divine Woman, not as 'just' a gorgeous beautiful earthly woman-form. If without Seeing the Divine Woman in her, 'just' the most beautiful woman in the world had whispered the same seven words in my ear I certainly would have loved this, but it wouldn't have Transformed me into Me – or at least have played a significant role in this. Through Her, through Her natural impulse to 'me', to what Her Heart Saw as Divine, through this mirror, I became aware of my own Divinity – which is not mine in the end, but Divinity in general.

In a way, paradoxically, I could be with any woman now that the Divine Woman Herself had Spoken our Her Longing to Unite with Me – Freely Interpreted this way by my Heart, admittedly, but I'm sure it was accurate. I mean, as a corollary of this event I Saw now that every Woman-form Wanted to be with Me, in fact – no matter conditional circumstances, personal preferences, the Force of Unconsciousness, which made this seemingly not to be so, or even bluntly absurd. It was a matter of Realization. There were no – fundamental – limits any more. My Consciousness was Cleared – by the Lightning. I had never been rejected. I was the Divine Man. Woman Rejected Herself when, in the outside world, She seemed to reject me.

To be clear about this, I don't mean to say that He, the Divine Man, was exclusively reserved to my form. In Principle – albeit not in reality – He could Manifest in every man-form. It was a matter of Consciousness. The Divine Woman – or rather My 'Own' Eye Seeing Her that had Needed this trigger – woke me up from my sleep, from 'my' borrowed and confusing form-consciousness, from the tiring fuss of 'boys and girls', from the mind estimating if a woman would like to be with 'me' or not. Of course, she would like to. It all depended on 'Me', on Man – *not* on *her* preference. If *Man* Manifested in 'me', and this Man was Recognizable by Woman('s Eye in Her Heart), every Woman through or as Whom the Divine Woman in Love with Man Manifested, Wanted to (Re-)Unite with Me, Return in Me, and on an Earthly Level to make love with 'me'. The Lie of *the form* had been cut through. It was not about me, not about the form – form would always be imperfect – it was about the Divine Man, and the Divine Woman. The Recognition of the Man in 'myself' ten months earlier had Cleared the Way to the Divine Woman's Eye that Sees Man here indeed.

It's not that I had literally these thoughts at that moment. It's not that I thought: I am the Divine Man. It's rather that beyond mind, beyond words, on a deeper, archetypal level things were going and were interpreted this way. This didn't mean, however that this deeper level didn't have consequences for daily life, for my daily consciousness, for the way I experienced things. On the contrary.

Balaya's words caused a thorough shake-up. Short pinches of memories and questions arose without having the form of a clear memory or question, with no elaboration on it in the least, but rather being part of a reorganization of my system. Like: What had I been doing with the pelvis of Anne? Was this necessary to now be catapulted into the 'highest league', so to speak? The unnatural 'injustice' to 'have to' *practice* with Anne and Lenny and Elma and Korona and Manon earlier was wiped out with one stroke of the softest and most delicate voice I had ever heard. Without being able to say that I had been totally lost with them, yet this Whisper was coming back to my Own Heart instead of 'practicing man and woman' with willing women, women that wanted (to make love to) me. I had had to learn about the earth's natural forces that weren't Natural to me, or at least not Ultimately Natural. Although there was still a lot to learn in the Love Struggle, something fundamentally changed now. Knowing yourself – and this was related to Recognizing that Basically I was Married to the Divine Woman, which meant inherently that I was Divine Myself – means no longer groping in the Dark and being tossed to and fro by unconscious forces, but Resting in Something in Which it all happens.

The shake-up was so thorough exactly because Balaya had whispered 'making love'. In the preceding years I had, at least on an earthly level, learned that girls wanted to share with my heart everything that bothered them, and even anything, because I could Listen, See-Feel them – but, talking about Woman's Duality, making love was reserved for and meant to happen with the earthly men who could fuck them in the Dark, give them some energy boost, but not See them nor Truly Love them. I could see all those girls Loved Me, but their body couldn't move towards me. They didn't seem to open sexually when as in my case the radiance that reached them stemmed from my Heart instead of from the pelvis as with most men – or, I could better say, the sexual energy emitted from here was refined instead of gross and was a subtle prolongation of the Heart. Balaya shook this 'normal' Duality completely up with one stroke – the Duality that to my Heart had never felt normal. It restored Reality.

Was it the next day already that in a break Balaya put her coat on? I had the intuitive feeling that she on purpose constructed the situation in such a way that I should see this, and that, while she was walking through the empty session room – only me and perhaps one or two others – I should see how she opened the outside door, how she turned right and disappeared in the bush in the direction of the heath field. It was as if she had given me her eyes, so I could see what she wanted me to see. I seemed to be supposed to follow her, and we should become Cathy and Heathcliff. I got a picture of us making love on the heath. Was this also her eye that she lent me? I'm sure she was busy with it, finding a way to allow us to make love somewhere.

Considering this chance out of billions, strangely enough I didn't immediately follow her. It was only a bit later that I went through the same door, pulled by her call, by the images

she seemed to send me. I looked around. She was not there. What was clear was that things were not Clear. I'm a feeler. If the situation is Clear, if *Divine Woman* is Ready to Receive 'Me' – or, from the other, Same, perspective: if I as Man am Ready to Be Received, which is something necessarily beyond self – then I go, no doubt. As Man I Follow.

But this situation was not so Clear as it may have seemed. There was also – still – Resistance in the Universe to letting this happen. I could – still – not deny this Other Side, its simultaneous existence. And I don't believe that, or let's say, it *was* not because there was a formal reason in between causing the resistance, the fact that Balaya was part of the staff. There was also resistance manifesting through her that I must have picked up and felt somehow. Or else it cannot be explained that I hadn't been running after her immediately.

My going out had been too late, too slow, not straight enough to the goal, not one-pointed enough. I didn't find Balaya any more, even though I checked also on the heath. My head was not clear enough. I was meditating the fog, the fog of the Divine Woman on the heath waiting for Her Lover. The fog had to do with the fact that She didn't want to Receive 'me' – Man – in a merely physical or physical-energetic way. But for a deeper Reception fear stood in the way, Balaya's normal Female fear, and, connected to this, my not yet being wholly Down *Manifested* as the Divine Man Who Knows Himself – Manifested 'Beyond' Realization.

This picture of Woman, Balaya, wandering over the heath in the fog and my failure to find her, has been appearing later now and then, many years afterwards still... The relentless time was not ready yet. It was Clear that I had to Meditate Her Fog, Her lack of Clarity, more, Deeper, with full determination and dedication. Well, not me, it was Clarity Itself that had to Meditate its opposite. Meditating Balaya's Non-Clarity would make me Clear. Staying in Touch with her would Do the Job, being persistent, relentless in 'My' Love for Her. If Balaya's 'form' would not be so patient, then another of Her forms would. Indeed, strange or not, it was in fact not *that* difficult to let go of Balaya now that the Divine Woman *Herself* had Revealed Herself through her form. But, the week was not over yet. There could be more opportunities to lose her.