

The fog of Mártuska wanting me

Anyhow, shortly after my first visit to Tiara, well before I wrote this piece in my notebook by the way, I had visited Mártuska in Utrecht. This was perhaps not a clever thing to do, but the Heart is not and does not want to be clever anyway. I liked Mártuska a lot. And life had its own way to show the truth. The day was okay, but the night...

Again skipping the good part, the light of the day – memories don't stick so easily when energy is freely flowing through the spine, unlike when energetic blocks settle, become manifest – the night happened in a fog. I could literally see it before my eyes. The fog of Mártuska wanting me – wanting me in general, but in her body as well. And I couldn't pierce through the fog, I must admit. This was for advanced, if anybody on earth knew how to do this. I was very Open to Woman and took everything that was stored inside – or that She associated with anyhow – over very easily, unavoidably in fact. I made it 'mine', so to speak, so that I could do something with it from inside – instead of from outside trying to do something about the fog, the lack of Clarity, the darkness someone – or should I say humanity – was associated with. Indeed, you can't Free an 'other', only Yourself – through which, if the 'other' allows resonance with your by now again Freed Heart, the other would also become freed, in principle.

I couldn't sleep next to Mártuska. For hours I just lay there, feeling worse and worse. It reminded me of Damiantha's transmission, when for the first time I was fully consciously undergoing the procedure of Woman's Transmission to Man. There was a big mystifying Force going on, making me sick to the bone. The problem with the Fog – a perceptible form of the Darkness Woman was by Nature Associated with – is that it is covering everything, including clearly feeling lousy. As I found out, in the Fog – that is taking away Direct Contact with (and as) the Body – you're not aware in what state you really are, how bad the situation actually is.

After a while I didn't like our touching and stroking any more. Well, from the beginning it hadn't been my thing anyway. Yet I kept lying behind her, on our sides, all the time her big behind inviting me, literally pressing backwards against my penis and moving to and fro. In the fog it seemed that part of me – but what was 'me' here, really – was caught by her desire and, in a state characterized by a lack of presence, disgusting as it may be, started finally, after a few hours, doing what was expected of me, manoeuvring my penis in her vagina – which, not backed up by spirit, by true force and determination, didn't go very well. In the fog, in the perceptible, tangible thick field of unconsciousness, so close to her body, her behind, I seemed to have become her, and was no longer radically against penetration. In the Clarity of Man's Presence this couldn't have happened. Jesus, this thoroughly sickening fog was so very far from – if not the opposite of – the clarity I had felt during the tantra week.

'I' didn't go in deep, but I made some movements anyway – so she might not feel totally alone in the whole operation – just until it finally became clear to me that I was actually fed up with the whole scene, that going in was no solution to which problem, and I went out. In the return of at least some male determination I was, finally, more aware of how lousy I felt, in fact.

Needless to say, Mártuska hadn't really liked the whole thing, just like Elma hadn't nine months earlier. This meant, once more, like in the tantra week, talking the whole matter

out with Mártuska. For a kind of nice contact heavy talking about difficult feelings was requisite, apparently. Having difficult feelings was not causing enough trouble in itself. Now again, like with Elma indeed, I *seemed* to have to excuse myself for the fact that *she* could not receive me, no matter how much she might have wanted this. I ‘had to’ excuse myself for the fact that the attraction on sexual level wasn’t very big, that the Duality of Man and Woman wasn’t much Present, not much activated. Two bodies of the opposite sex was not enough for this. I was supposed to excuse myself for Nature As It Was, excuse myself for the fact that I was sucked into the Mist of Woman and had lost Myself, lost Overview, lost Clarity, lost Determination.

Of course, theoretically, I should have said things clearly before the nightly show had started, since I had felt ‘somewhere’ which direction Mártuska was heading for. It’s not impossible to walk opposite the direction the hurricane blows, but apparently at that moment I was not strong enough for that. I had to learn (even) better how I let myself be mixed up in sexual activity that I didn’t really want.

Although I have forgotten what I have said to Mártuska during our talk, what I certainly do remember is that Mártuska was a good teacher when it came to discovering how heavy it was for Man to talk things out with Woman, how syrupy and painful. The idea sounded great in itself, talking to gain clarity. In practice it could be heavy as hell. It was not that Woman simply shared her feelings while Man was listening openly and interestedly, taking everything in his Heart – and that’s it, we’re ready. Going with a slime covered torch through the fog, through an invisible web woven of semi-lies and hidden interests, through the sticky syrup and then through the mountain, was something else than a nice idea.

When Woman seemed to understand something, man’s position or something in herself – Mártuska was certainly not against this understanding – this didn’t mean She would, could or would be willing to let go of the cramp involved. Out of the dungeon of the cramp one question rises after the other. Then, after a next answer indicating how I apparently function, after some longer silence this time, the next question bubbles up. In the end, after many of those ‘innocent’ inquiries with a big hidden load, Man is totally exhausted, His spirit drained and he can only still wish it is over as soon as possible, while Woman is still freshly fighting in the battlefield, considering She has all the right to ask Man eternally why he is wrong – or at least why it seems to look that way – and having not the slightest idea what she causes in Man.

No one was to blame for all this. It was Nature that Woman had the Impulse to gain Clarity, Gain Man, as a matter of fact. If a man was serious in Manifesting the Man in Himself, He could not avoid this trouble. The Dark is the Way. In Man’s presence – other than in the presence of a male body – ‘problem’ got triggered in Woman. It showed up, and now Man Beyond his form was Needed to Solve it, to make Her (more) Conscious. This seemed almost an endless task, but we had to start – or continue – it anyway. As for ‘me’, I would nor could give up. I was Man in the End. But yes, I started to have experiences now and then, as this one with Mártuska now, that made me finally understand men a bit more, directly from within. I started to understand how they functioned, experienced things, the men I had never liked and had always resisted to be. Of course, this enhanced my sympathy for them – which was, of course, not the same as losing my sympathy for women.

I started to learn that, unlike Man, Woman – I mean the Female Force through Her – lived in a consciousness of right and wrong, of duality in this sense. When (a) man did something that evoked a difficult feeling in Her, there seemed to be two options: he *did* something wrong or he *was* wrong. And, if only (but in fact especially) for the sake of potential future children She might have with the man involved, She needed to find out which option was real. In this trial She re-educates him – if still necessary – that there is ‘wrongness’ about him. She doesn’t do this on purpose, but it simply happens by her being busy with the subject of ‘man and wrong’ again and again if not all the time. She penetrates him with Her dual consciousness (of right and wrong) – as far as He allows this, but usually this happens in the dark. Yet, even if (a) man seems to buy it, Man cannot truly get it that he is wrong or does something wrong. His consciousness functions differently.

Here we have the normal fight between man and woman. A sham fight, because this is not what it is about, whether man is or did something wrong or not. The game of ‘wrong and right’ is used by the Female Force to prevent Her real or deeper feelings to be triggered and shown: Her feeling lonely, separate, unfulfilled, Her anger or hate to Man – to Herself, in fact – Her despair, Her hidden dependency on Man, her helplessness, Her being stuck (if Man is not Allowed), Her inherently problematic, Dual State.

In reality Man is wrong nor right. He is Just As He Is. Man. Reality Beyond Woman’s imagined, form-induced reality, Beyond Her interests – He Is All, All As It Is, All What Is No-Problem Beyond Woman’s experience of *being* (a) problem. Even the Dual Fight of Man and Woman is Simply Part of His All, of No-Problem. All is No-Problem. Only the (illusion of the) part is problematic, in its seeming and inherently limited relation to the Whole, to All.

This Man was not there yet. First Man had to – seemingly – be sacrificed in His Love for Woman and then, if He ‘Somewhere’ survived in the Background and had Gone through the Inner Struggle of Internalizing Woman Consciously in Himself, Man would be Clear again, but Different than before. Man would not only Exist as the Potential but Be Alive as Body on Earth.

In fact, beyond what seemed to be the case, I was just a good – albeit not totally Clear – mirror for Mártuska. Through our bed procedure it was shown now to Mártuska that I could not fully give myself to her. Via my body, my energy, ‘I’ could show this better than words were able. My words were things to her that she could not understand deeply enough. They confused her. I saw this happening when I spoke. She felt so much attracted to me, and my words were not powerful enough to do anything against this. That her bodily invitation hadn’t convinced my system of our potential of unification, however, was much more realistic to her – even though for her our union felt true.