

# **A CALL TO THE REVOLUTION OF THE HEART**



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**Mark Josephs-Serra**

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*the feminine must not compromise,  
and the masculine must find the dignity to look into the feminine mirror*



“Millions of women need to stand up – together. Women need to support each other as ‘sisters’. This is the only way this Revolution of the Heart will gather pace. If just one or two women say ‘no’ to masculine disconnection, then the masculine can just ignore them, and go to those women who are still willing to collude. But as millions and millions of women say ‘no’, there will be less and less places for the disconnected masculine to go and get pampered and praised.

And millions of men need to stand up together. Yes, this means ‘betraying the men’ - if ‘the men’ means a position of arrogance and disconnection. Yes, we need to ‘let the team down’ - if the team stands for objectification and exploitation and near-numbness and utter irresponsibility. We need to form a new team, a new mass cultural male patterning.

This is a call to the masculine, to stop indulging in arrogance, in mindless achieving, in escapism, and in self-excusing - to stand in Centre, in connection, in dignity, and to use its enormous power in service of the heart.”

And this is a call to the feminine— even in modern cultures, where women have supposedly got equal rights, the feminine is still almost totally silent. The feminine must speak out - in our bedrooms, in our schools, in our international politics. The feminine must not compromise. It must hold up the mirror of the heart.”

“For centuries and centuries people have been struggling towards equality and democracy. We now need to address the quality of our equality and democracy— a disempowered-feminine/disconnected-masculine democracy of all-equal disconnected-masculine/disempowered-feminine individuals will still lead us to environmental and societal self-destruction.”



**MARK JOSEPHS-SERRA** is a visionary. As a young man he renounced conventional education, eventually spending ten years as a Hindu monk. In his early thirties, Mark ‘came down the mountain’ and became a successful businessman.

In 1993, together with his wife, Elisabeth, Mark founded ‘The Culture of Honouring’ – the pioneering social movement that has tested and refined the vision presented in this book.

Mark is the author of ‘Sex, Spirit & Community’ (Carpenter, 2000) and ‘Intimate Freedom’ (C of H Pub, 2011). He has written hundreds of essays and articles, and run hundreds of seminars and workshops in Europe and the USA.



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## Praise for Mark Josepchs-Serra's work with groups of men

“an extremely challenging and yet profoundly influential experience. (It) challenged me to consider my commitment to myself, to reclaim my power, and to make choices from a centred and aware perspective. I have learned... to become much more self-caring and self-responsible, to trust in life and to stand with dignity as a man alongside other conscious and courageous men”  
M.B. - Personal Development Coach & Facilitator

"words can't fully describe the transformation I have gone through. It is fundamentally the most important thing I have done in my life, it is the time that I finally came out of the darkness and stood up for myself and began reclaiming my power, wisdom and heart. I can now choose to step into life rather than be tossed around by it. I am now proud to be a man!"  
G.B. – IT Programme Manager

“I have discovered parts of myself that were previously hidden from my consciousness, and can now nurture those parts of myself that I neglected. (Working with Mark) is a path of commitment, truth, brotherhood, honouring of both the masculine and feminine, and of deep intimacy with oneself. It has been challenging, painful, exciting and profound - and such an important landmark in my personal evolution”  
I.H. Local Businessman

### Praise for Mark & Elisabeth Josepchs-Serra's work with couples

“our work with you was life changing for us, and we continue to live out our deepening and challenging journeys in our local community and family. With our hearts reaching out to you we will always be conscious of our open-hearted connection to the wider collective of the evolving masculine and feminine. Thank you both for this”

Dr R & Mrs J H

### Praise for Mark & Elisabeth Josepchs-Serra's work with communities

“for me the masculine/feminine community work has been a coming home, a coming home to the truth that both our difficulties and our delights are collective. I have carried so much on a personal level which is really collective - both as an individual, and within my marriage. I made a huge burden out of this, and it was such a relief for it to find its rightful place.

The invitation to stand in brotherhood with the other men and represent both the mature and immature masculine, and to meet the collective feminine though the women, was a wonderful and essential opportunity to build the community we need – community in which to thrive as men and women in relationship with our truths.”

Dr T.S.

## CONTENTS

More Than Just Democracy	<u>10</u>
The Bare Bones of The Big Truth We're Not Facing	<u>11</u>
A Call to the Revolution of the Heart	<u>16</u>

### PART 1

#### THE CALL

1. Please Don't Get Caught	<u>20</u>
2. I Assure You	<u>21</u>
3. Beyond Fanatical Unisexuality	<u>22</u>
4. The Global	<u>24</u>
5. It's Not About Gender	<u>27</u>
6. It Is About Gender	<u>30</u>
7. The Individual Is Embedded In The Global	<u>32</u>
8. Global Is In-Between	<u>33</u>
9. We Are Not Independent	<u>35</u>
10. We Are One, And We Are Two	<u>36</u>
11. Not Should, But How	<u>38</u>
12. Two Camps	<u>39</u>
13. No Danger	<u>41</u>
14. Infrastructure	<u>43</u>
15. Community Gatherings	<u>45</u>
16. Simple	<u>50</u>

### PART 2

#### ECHOES

#### FAIRY TALES

1. The Naked Knight	<u>54</u>
2. The Lake of Power	<u>60</u>

3. The Glowing Princess and The Headless Prince	<u>62</u>
4. The Three Bodied King	<u>71</u>
5. If Only I'd Known	<u>75</u>

#### POEMS

1. The Dishcloth Poem	<u>77</u>
2. The Eyes of Gods	<u>81</u>
3. The Feast of Life	<u>84</u>
4. Erotic is not Porn	<u>87</u>
5. Celebrating Deep Disillusion	<u>89</u>
6. Still I Say No	<u>90</u>
7. Fast Forward of the Two Sex Maps	<u>94</u>
8. A World Falling Free	<u>97</u>
9. Keep Your Eye	<u>98</u>
10. I Worry For My Brothers - Crossing The Bridge from Second to Third (and notes)	<u>99</u>
11. The Masculine Condition	<u>109</u>
12. The Feminine Condition	<u>110</u>
13. Show Me Your Shopping List, And I'll Show You Mine	<u>111</u>
14. Body And Breath	<u>113</u>
15. The Pulse, The Breath	<u>114</u>
16. Oh To Sculpt Without Stone!	<u>115</u>
17. A Culture Of Honouring	<u>116</u>
18. Blessings	<u>118</u>
19. Moving	<u>119</u>
20. Warrior Of The Soul	<u>121</u>
21. On Becoming A Dragon	<u>125</u>
22. Ogress Empowerment	<u>128</u>

#### ESSAYS

1. The Row of Our Times	<u>132</u>
2. Feminine Rage is the Gateway	<u>139</u>

3. My Own Struggle As A Man	<u>144</u>
4. Men, Porn, Power and Intimacy	<u>157</u>
5. The Next Evolutionary Wave	<u>165</u>
6. Japanese Water Crystal Man	<u>170</u>
7. Inner Marriage, The Men's Movement & The Feminine	<u>179</u>
8. Power To The Feminine, Power To The Masculine	<u>184</u>
9. The Experience Of Erotic Empowerment	<u>188</u>
10. Our Own Journey	<u>191</u>
11. Choosing The Third Body	<u>196</u>
12. More On The Next Step For The Men's Movement	<u>202</u>
13. The Cutting Edge For Men	<u>207</u>
14. Commentary On The Dishcloth Poem	<u>214</u>
15. Masquerading As Empowered	<u>219</u>
16. Beyond Growth Work	<u>221</u>
17. A License For The Feminine To Be Abusive?	<u>226</u>
18. The Tao Of Relationship	<u>229</u>
19. The Collective Rule	<u>236</u>
20. Re-Valuing The Masculine	<u>239</u>
21. Angry Feminine Calling	<u>244</u>
22. It's Deeper Than Our Stories	<u>247</u>

### PART 3

#### HEARING THE CALL

1. General Guidelines	<u>252</u>
2. Cultivating Our Power	<u>254</u>
3. Caring For Our Conditioning	<u>259</u>
4. Egoic Pain	<u>264</u>
5. 50/50	<u>267</u>
6. Stripping	<u>271</u>
7. Further Support / Website	<u>274</u>

## A CALL TO THE REVOLUTION OF THE HEART

The women need to find the voice of their hearts – and risk speaking it. And the men need to risk really listening. Yes, yes, yes, I know it's not just about men and women, I know it's not so black and white, but this is the bulk truth, the generalised basic ground truth – from which we can then depart into the variables of individual sexual preferences, and character formation, and so on. Let's not lose sight of the big picture: that it's mainly the women who now need to go deep within and uncover The Feminine Mirror, and stand up and be seen and heard. And that it's mainly the men who now need to go deep within and uncover the Devotion to Truth that will enable them to stand up and look straight into the ego-blinding Mirror of the Heart. Both need so much courage. Both need so much strength.

And millions of women need to stand up – together. Women need to support each other as 'sisters' – they need to stand up 'in sisterhood'. This is the only way this Revolution of the Heart will gather pace. If just one or two women say 'no' to masculine disconnection, then the masculine can just ignore them, and go to those women who are still willing to collude. But as millions and millions of women say 'no', there will be less and less places for the disconnected masculine to go and get pampered and praised.

'Standing up', for women, will mean deep introspection, and studying the differences between disempowerment, masculinised-woman's power, and true feminine power, and seeing how these different tendencies live within, and learning to choose true feminine power. This is not just about standing up and shouting 'No to Disconnection' and 'I am the Mirror of the Heart'!

And just as I appeal to the women to stand by each other, and not betray your 'sisters' in order to meet your security needs, or the needs of your 'inner child' for father's love, or even your need for sex, I appeal to the men to also stand

up in your millions, shoulder to shoulder with your 'brothers', and to not give in to cowardice or laziness, and just let the one or two 'brave ones' stand up for the Dignity of Man, while you indulge your arrogance, and toss about trivial male banter, and hang on to your addiction to the objectification of all things, but especially of woman.

There is a dignity in man that has nowhere to go, because nobody is spelling out the obvious loudly enough. Of course men have femininity (and it is extremely important that they develop it), and it is equally important that women develop their masculinity. But if we can acknowledge the special capacity of woman to feel, to intuit, to sense, to love – without becoming defensive and objecting “so what are you saying – that men can't love?” (of course men can love), if, as men, we can stop seeing woman's gifts as a threat, but as a resource, in fact as the very resource we now need in order to pull humanity back from the brink of self destruction, then our dignity, the Dignity of Man, will know what to stand up for - it will have its purpose, the avenue for its expression.

Millions of men need to stand up together. Yes, this means 'betraying the men' - if 'the men' means a position of arrogance and disconnection. Yes, we need to 'let the team down' - if the team stands for objectification and exploitation and near-numbness and utter irresponsibility. We need to form a new team, a new mass cultural male patterning.

This will mean familiarising ourselves with our macho posturing, and our feminised 'new man' posturing, and how they both live within us – as well as waking our creative power, and learning how to place it in service of The Heart of The World.

This is the deep revolution, the Revolution of the Global Soul, that has been impossible until now because the women were too disempowered, and the men were too convinced of their superiority, and too condescendingly disinterested in the emotionality of the feminine.

So the deep, heart-soul, global revolution can now begin. In fact, it has already

begun. But this book is spelling out the missing piece – which isn't gendered, and which is gendered. And avoidance of, or lack of clarity around, this missing piece is what is stopping the revolution from igniting.

## OGRESS EMPOWERMENT

I thank her now.

I didn't thank her then - or then, or then...

I didn't thank her on at least a thousand occasions-  
that red toothed, bloody thighed, mad eyed Banshee.

'No rest for the heartless' she'd screech,  
beating her drum with the bones of her dead bitch.

"Get off of me, leave me alone, let me sleep" I'd protest  
as she pounded my chest with her massive hairy feet,  
dancing her mad victory jig.

(She knew she'd always win.)

No - I didn't thank her then!

"Closed hearted, cut-off bastard,  
you're dangerous, dangerous, dangerous!  
How can I trust you if you can't feel?  
How can anyone trust you?  
Everything you say is a calculation, a manipulation...  
You're self-centred, narcissistic..."

"Stop it, stop it, let me sleep – you've lost the plot,  
don't you ever sleep?,  
this is Ogress' Empowerment gone mad!"

But the drum would just beat harder and faster,  
the yelping and howling would get wilder,  
and her necklace of iron engagement rings and marriage rings and eternity  
rings from her thousands of dead husbands and partners  
would clatter and clang about her neck,  
like funeral bells at an asylum.

No - I didn't thank her then!

And, believe it or not,  
over time she got worse!  
In the early years  
I'd be in-my-head, or out-of-my-body,  
or playing the victim, or playing the persecutor -  
and she'd turn her blind eye,  
and let it pass -  
quietly returning to mixing her poisons -  
her potions concocted with bits of broken laptops, and porn magazines, and  
articles about child abuse and sex slavery,  
and statistics on domestic violence and rape.  
Actually,  
she was a very good cook.

But then as she got older,  
boils began to erupt between her eyebrows,  
arthritis twisted her already gnarled fingers,  
back pain hunched her so that she'd scuttle around looking at the ground -  
and she began to dance through the night.

Sometimes I'd wake to urinate at three in the morning  
and she'd leap on my back screaming  
"you want to annihilate women,  
but we won't let you, you toadstool –  
you want to turn all women into children and sex them to death,  
you mad, cruel, vicious bastard!  
We won't let you – no, no, no!  
Me and my sisters, we've seen you,  
we know who you are now,  
and we won't let you destroy us, or our children,  
or the planet - you bastard!"  
I'd shake her off, insult her,  
scramble back to the bedroom, fumble for the lock -

and sometimes manage to keep her out.

Such was married life.

No - I didn't thank her then!

Then one day I was down in the dungeons,  
supervising the pubic shaving of the girls  
we were distributing throughout the kingdom,  
(and who, I can tell you, were bringing in a mighty income),  
when I was suddenly dumbstruck –  
I saw that the girls were suffering,  
I'd never seen it before -  
in fact, I'd never looked before.  
I looked and I suddenly saw their pain,  
and I fell to my knees and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed  
for a thousand days and nights.

The young ogres somehow knew what to do  
and they released the girls  
and left the castle -  
so that when my wife came down the dungeon stairs  
she found me alone.  
“Where have you been, you bastard?  
Do you think you can hide from me down here?  
Look at you, sitting in the slop and the slime of your own undoing -  
you are a diseased creature, a virus, a contamination, an abomination..”  
And she began to beat me on the shoulders and head and back  
with the bones of her dead bitch,  
and her necklace of iron rings.

I didn't resist her, or insult her, or even try to.  
I just looked into the depths of her one good eye.  
“That's enough looking, you bastard!” she shouted at me,  
“now you can marry me.  
I am sick and tired of waiting!

Come on, you ugly, immature, misogynistic bastard -  
pick me up and carry me up the dungeon stairs -  
and don't you think you're going to get off this lightly!"

And yes, I did thank her then.

And I have thanked her ever since.

And have we lived happily ever after.

## RE-VALUING THE MASCULINE

We live in an age in which men and all things masculine have been and continue to be discredited, and women and all things feminine are being increasingly valued and elevated.

This is only natural, since the masculine (which – despite our best relativistic attempts to make everyone not only equal, but also the same - is principally embodied and championed by men), has brought us to the edge of spiritual, emotional and social bankruptcy.

But a new subtle and not-so-subtle, spoken and unspoken philosophy of feminine supremacy is not the way forwards.

The negative portrayal of the masculine and the positive portrayal of the feminine – now echoing throughout the media of the first world in sitcoms, comic strips and adverts – might be understandable, even predictable, but it is not something we should indulge if we want to build a post-patriarchal world, and not an anti-patriarchal world.

I am not anti-feminine. On the contrary – I believe the natural proclivity to phallic, directional, creative leadership of the masculine needs to be guided at all times by the innate emotional depth and awareness, and illogical non-linear bodily-knowing, of the feminine. I am more feminist than most feminists.

But I am also more deeply ‘masculinist’ than the old-school masculine supremacists (whose need to dominate betrays an agonising sense of inferiority), and even most proponents of self-development work for men.

Most men’s self-development work helps men become more feminine. It helps men connect with their emotions, communicate their emotions, and receive and respond more maturely to the emotions of others. And this is crucial. It is a deep, honest, humble, courageous response to the feminist critique. Without an educated heart a man’s power is dangerous. Men’s self-development work is very necessary. It is reparative. It addresses the macho conditioning that still controls most men’s psyches. And - we need more. We need a vision of masculinity that we can respect and honour – even revere.