

Bloody heavy days with Tiara – breaking free from the prison

At the train station I took the train straight to Tiara. I had called her before from Veenpluis. What to say... Dark clouds, very dark... floating above what could have been Lighted by Love. Tiara was not in the very least happy to hear me after our month of separation. Not happy hearing that I quitted the whole year training ‘man and woman’ in favour of working and feeling through things with her. On the contrary, she was angry as hell with me. But god, I wished she could express her fury. But no, no bath of energy, I would ‘have to’ bear and survive the suppression, the cramp and the blaming, the mere *attempt* to express. Already over the phone I felt this could be even heavier than in September. Tiara’s fury was there *without* even knowing of the fact that I had met Nina and that we had come closer – closer even though being close with Nina had its own meaning, and even though we hadn’t kissed or made love.

It appeared that only when Tiara got home from America she received my letters to her, which had gone from Spain to the US and then to Holland – I don’t know why. I’m almost sure there were three of them in total of about ten pages each, besides postcards. What made her so furious was concentrated in just a couple of subsequent sentences that I had written at a certain point. Shit, I better had to learn which kind of sentences triggered Woman, Tiara, so much. So that from now on, instead of avoiding them, I could leave out the rest. The letters had taken me quite a few days of work altogether, including writing final fairly readable copies by hand, finding a post office, a copy shop. I’m sometimes raging against the modern world in which efficiency increasingly takes over all humanness, but I’m not always against efficiency on a personal level. The beauty of my letters so much praised by Damiantha, 30 pages, was completely lost, wasted by the few lines I had written that apparently triggered Tiara like hell. But well, this is being man on earth, what is there to complain in the end. A man shouldn’t have come down here if he’d be against the normal procedures here on earth and keeps sulking about it – even though he should roar like a lion from them every now and then.

What had triggered Tiara so much was that I wrote that my first choice was to have a sexually exclusive relationship with her. And that, if she was against this, fair enough, I wouldn’t manipulate her. But then, accepting that ‘you can’t always get what you want’, as the Rolling Stones sang – and I was very much used to this in my (former lack of) love life, if not an expert by then, as so many, by the way – my second choice came into the picture. And this was that I’d be open to meet a woman who did want to have that with me, who was not attached to her (supposed or real) freedom to make love with another man. I made clear that I would not so much if at all look actively for that woman myself, but *if* I would meet her, and *if* she’d be as great as Tiara was for me, I wrote, then I would not be against and probably would be going with her. The chance of this could be neglected, was almost theoretical. Despite this, I still wanted, or had, to make clear to Tiara that’s she – or her ego – was not the absolute monarch, I was not her slave, and I meant it what I wrote. If a great woman came by, then Tiara would lose me with her attachment to making love to her ex-lover. It was crazy, crazy fate, that I had met Nina now, so soon after this confession.

Tiara was furious about my utterly mean, filthy form of trying to manipulate her. How could I be so low? I, of all people? She was not used to this in my case, and shocked that I dared to speak out and go for what seemed to be my own interest instead of taking care of her.

To me it was rather a matter of being honest, instead of keeping things in the dark, instead of suddenly leaving for another woman when that woman would show up indeed, and confront Tiara with an accomplished fact. People's normal way of keeping things in the dark and hoping for the best, was simply not my way. The fact of putting an important matter on paper, informing her, suddenly made it into manipulation? From a rational point of view at least, I could not follow this. But all right, I was not and did not want to be married to ratio. I was learning about the reality on earth. I knew already what was rational and logic and moral, this was no longer interesting for me – even though I didn't want to lose these qualities either; they were just part of Me.

On top of my low behaviour – and this seemed to be almost worse for Tiara – she blamed me for destroying her very good feeling that she had brought home from the retreat with her teacher. She kept repeating this. How could I do this! Immediately, when she had settled down in her house and read my awful letter, the whole feeling of one month was gone. Wham! Just like that. From heaven straight into total misery. It was almost as if she blamed her rapist of ten years for destroying the good feeling she had had with her father before he died. I was appointed the role of rapist, destroyer of good pure loving innocent feelings, and her teacher Ilalah the role of father protecting her against the misery waiting in the dark.

Yeah, real life was awaiting home, the holiday in the heart of the master was over. To me, blaming me for this unavoidable fact was just as absurd as when she had blamed her teacher for taking her out of normal life, and afterwards, going back home, she was confronted with (having to get used again to) all kinds of nasty troubles that the pure heart doesn't know about, usually. Or had blamed him for the fact that, while she was at his retreat, he didn't dissolve for once and for all every and each of Tiara's inner and outer troubles.

So after all of Tiara's blaming I wondered indeed if, from her perspective, her teacher Ilalah didn't have a wonderful remedy against life, or at least against partners unwilling to bow totally, or at least for when the students came home. Perhaps some new mantra, word or syllable, could be found and applied, since their practices mainly consisted of repeating syllables, spoken softly or repeated inside, like 'lab', 'lom', 'hom' and so on. Maybe 'bomb' or something could work, something more radical. Or otherwise, more down to earth, a syllable like ...'fuss'... Or: ...'pain'...

Somewhere inside I knew the answer already. Seeing and feeling Tiara's state at that moment I seriously wondered if it made any sense all their inner work when three or four meant sentences of a lover could undo all that work so easily. Wasn't the whole spiritual enterprise happening separate from real life? To me this wasn't an unimportant question – and not just because I'd be worried that someone would miss his or her chance to, during this lifetime, work on one's karma, which has to be confronted with real life as the sandpaper for becoming (more and more) Conscious. I would never sign up for something – at least not permanently, as a path – that was separate from real life.

Still about the issue of manipulation, because this is important in a(n attempt to establish a) true relationship between man and woman. Had I indeed manipulated Tiara by

honestly writing her my preferences regarding our form of being in relation even if she was my number one? Was being open and honest not the same as non-manipulation, indeed? If I had gone ‘too far’ in consciousness to *know* about (the seeming drama of) my preferences and had kept this yet from Tiara but for myself in the dark and had just *acted*, acted when I would meet another great woman, did this mean that there’d be no manipulation from my side? Was the energy of my knowing, my consciousness, not anyway there, already manifested, already influencing (the direction of) our relationship, whether I would use words to communicate this with Tiara or not?

In principle, it seemed to me, Bringing something to Light could, in itself, not create manipulation. If my writing had been manipulative – there was something to say for that, however, and not only from Tiara’s self-cramp perspective, but also from the perspective that my own not yet (fully) transcended self had a preference at all – then people’s secret acts, in this case secretly looking for a partner who’d meet their wishes or first preference better than the current lover, were at least manipulative as well. And indeed, as long as there was any ‘self’ left, a self inherently having preferences, as long as there was a ‘self’ active (and it is present and active even when it hides in the dark background), then manipulation was unavoidable, also if it was not spectacular or unnoticeable for an observer, also when it is open and honest. It is true, in the Selfless there are no preferences. Beyond self, in the World of the Selfless, I follow the Divine ‘Plan’. But also, a part of the Divine ‘Plan’, as it came through me, was to trigger Tiara with my truth. The Divine ‘Plan’ seemed to be of a Higher Order than staying away from the earthly dirt like manipulation, apart from its definitive definition.

So, in a way at least, it didn’t matter if manipulation was happening in the light, or, as usual, in the dark. The ‘self’ itself *was* manipulation. As I indicated, it automatically sends out a certain energy to another person, stimulating that person to, if not follow then at least take its wishes or preferences into account. This made the whole human social meeting into an endless arena where interests battle with one another. That I had brought this process more into the open didn’t make things worse, of course, as Tiara assumed somehow, but it gave her the chance to become furious or even express her fury that she had to meet anyway sooner or later when Man appeared not to be controllable and inherently unsafe for ‘her’ Ego. At least, when it was out in the open, we knew what we were talking about, or screaming and fighting about. And, certainly, for sharpening our consciousness about ourselves and about the relationship between Man and Woman it wasn’t bad either.

Did Tiara perhaps only not feel manipulated when I would do and agree to everything how she wanted it for herself? Was it a form of manipulation to call my openness and truth ‘manipulation’, since she knew that her remark would touch me, not being bereft of heart? Or was it all beyond her and, from a deeper plane, ‘just’ a test for me – coming through Tiara – to see if I fell for the manipulation to call me ‘bad’ in the form of manipulative, and if I could still *stand* despite that, would still stick to my truth, to Truth in general, no matter how powerful the fury of the Manipulative Self-Force active through Tiara entered me.

Ultimately, the only way to go beyond any form of hidden or overt manipulation was to let go of any preferences – which was not easy, to say the very least. To take life completely as it comes and respond to it in the moment, that was quite something. This meant, in this case: letting Tiara do what she seemed to ‘need to’ do (even when ‘her’ Ego

was, unavoidably, involved), simply letting her make love with Wessel, and every time it happened, give honestly my response, whether to her, or at least to myself (in the case that I'd notice she's not at all open for my feedback). It meant not creating a program – like 'no making love with another man' – so that, if Tiara would submit to my preference, I wouldn't have to feel the pain or fury or fear or possible confusion or suffocating possessiveness any more.

But as long as I wasn't Free in this respect, as long as the Selfless Heart hadn't Fully Shown Its Higher Authority over the 'self', any honest response could be considered a form of manipulation as well. Yet, it was not impossible that, if I dedicatedly kept observing my responses something would happen, that at a certain point I'd be ready with it, with the whole show. Maybe then Tiara, seemingly out of the blue, would feel like stopping making love with Wessel.

I still tried my best to see some truth in the huge energetic cramp Tiara and I were in now. And I could not help but notice that 'truth' was not of any concern for Woman. She had her interest to defend – that was hard enough – and she did her job. I had truth to (see and) defend, and I did – even when it was not the final Truth yet. My body, face, limbs, all parts were professionally squeezed out from life. Woman was firm in teaching me a good lesson here as to what happens to naughty boys who do not bow for mommy.

In this utter cramp we were already in I had to tell Tiara the truth that I had met Nina in the Tantra week. As a starter and for at least a bit of extra strength that I needed, I would have liked to take a deep breath first, but in the current suffocation this was impossible. Yet, because during telling my story I had to shout a few times, I got some breath now and then. If I hadn't shouted, I would have collapsed, I felt.

The first fact I shared, Nina's presence at the tantra week, was easy. It turned out that Tiara knew of it, already before she and Wessel went to America. Wessel had told her that Nina would do the same tantra week I had signed up for. Tiara had decided not to tell me in advance and, knowing of her own attitude and feeling of safety towards Nancy when she heard an acquaintance of me would be attending her scary workshop – and the consequences this had – Tiara might very well have instructed Wessel not to tell Nina about me being there as well.

Why do I tell Tiara such a thing, and she not to me, I asked myself rhetorically. Rhetorically, because I didn't need an answer. Reality itself *was* the answer to itself, being no problem. Reality was, anyhow, the huge cramp we had to survive somehow. Reality was not equality between man and woman. This equality appeared to have been a stupid dream I had taken over from feminist manipulation in the seventies when I was growing up and found 'isms' and power interesting. I had worn a feminist badge on my chest, as I said before and apparently not getting enough of *mea culpa*. I had entered the world of ideas, nice ideas. Nature Gave that Man and Woman were so very different, but a power-ism stood up and wanted to equalize, killing even more Male Force in humans than was already the case in this world that was already being Ruled in the Dark by the Female Force. Maybe that was equality indeed: to *totally* kill Man, so that there was only Woman left in the end, women in male and female bodies, all equal. But in reality things couldn't go that way: Action was reaction.

When one side was reinforced, the other would grow as well, whether openly in the Light or rather behind the scene, behind the obvious.

When the Lie got stronger, when it manifested more (obviously), the Realization of Truth would be Deepening too.

“How was it?” Tiara asked, trying with all she had to come across neutrally.

Apparently attached to truth, I told Tiara that Nina was a nice attractive woman, certainly the nicest and in fact the only nice woman of the tantra week. And that there was something going on between us. Only, she had quite some difficulty with intimacy. As an example I told Tiara how the final tantra practice with her went. Tiara said she had been afraid I would do the ultimate practice with Nina.

If I had told Tiara only the first part, how attractive and feminine Nina was – she was – and about the attraction between us, suggesting that only her fear of intimacy had stood in the way of us getting closer than we already were, I could have packed my bags for the last time. Although I couldn't expect Nina to ever be so open for a man as Tiara could be when she was at the nice side of the Coin, I must say that Nina did have something that Tiara didn't have and that I expected to never come in her either. No matter how closed Nina seemed to be – for me as Man the issue of Woman's being closed is, by the way, not the final judgement, if Man had had judgement at all – she could feel compassion for another being. Even though this feeling was in her case mainly directed at animals, this didn't make it less true. It showed me that in fact Nina was not so completely or drastically caught up within and attached to the walls of her 'self' like Tiara was. Wasn't compassion a sign of Openness? I appreciated Nina's love for animals a lot. This love was not simply an escape from (expressing and receiving) love for and from people – although there was certainly something to this.

Sometimes I was pointed out – and triggered by the fact – that Tiara didn't feel anything for animals; or only in the negative sense of disgust and fear. I didn't have to think about it if this was normal or not. I knew. It was not. Her great self-obsession took this form too: being interested only in her own species, in other humans that could one way or another serve her interests, which showed no genuine interests in the other, of course, but rather in herself. The word fitting best when it was about her lack of interest in or let's rather say her lack of feeling toward animals was 'sterile', sterile like her whole empty living room was sterile, no dust particle to be found on the floor. There was no overlap, no connection, with the natural, animal environment. At most animals, especially insects, were a nuisance or threat to her comfortable human life. Tiara hated it when the old hag next door was gone and she had to feed the cat there. She couldn't say no but didn't have any feeling to the cat, she said. It was a thing that needed to be taken care of because the neighbour asked her and it was important to have good relationships with neighbours. She preferred the old ugly complaining hag above the cat. This was totally absurd to me. Tiara's entire world was 'human', human-based. To me this was not natural, rather a sign of her Wall or *the* Wall. Nina's humanness in her feeling for animals quite caught my fancy, anyway.

As could have been expected, the talk about Nina made things even worse and sometimes, in the evenings, I felt I had to go out of the house for a little walk in the neighbourhood, something I hadn't done before during any of my visits. You never knew, perhaps I'd meet a cat. Perhaps the cat even felt some compassion for a man who 'had to' be

with a beautiful gorgeous jealous fearful furiously suppressed woman without compassion. Now, in this situation, any sign of space, any small breath, was very welcome. Seeing, tuning in to or even, if I was lucky as usual, stroking a cat, gave me breath – the opposite effect dogs had on me. To me, cats were divine, representing the Male Force with the space they carried within and around them, strongly centred within themselves. Dogs had a suffocating effect, their centre was another being, usually a human being, their ‘boss’ who, as an ego, liked to be that centre of another being, a dog in this case.

At some point in these days of ‘trying to’ maximize cramp that a human body could still bear before collapsing and fainting, losing consciousness – by far the worst days between us up to then – I managed to ask about her, Tiara, to ask how her month had been, and, of course, also if she had made love with Wessel and, in general how things had been with the two of them. In the beginning period they indeed had made love several times – ‘as beasts’, Wessel said, forgetting his magic delicate syllables during the act – but then it had stopped and it hadn’t returned. This reflected the state of their relationship, and this was, in fact, the usual pattern between man and woman – not surprising to me any more. First there was the physical celebration of having found each other (again), certainly after Tiara had broken free from the prison she felt she was in with me in September, now that it was allowed again to make love with another man, with Wessel. But then – certainly in their repeated close physical contact, by which it works even stronger – Wessel, no matter how glad he was that ‘beast’ was set free again, took over more and more hidden cramp, un-transcended attachment, not Consciously Felt Form-association of Tiara. And when Tiara saw and felt her (yet un-transcended) cramp reflected in Wessel’s face, how he looked at her, in his whole energy, despite their dedicated repetition of the ‘labs’ and ‘lambs’ and ‘rams’, when she saw and felt how now he seemed to want again, wanting something of her ‘out of the blue’, she got increasingly and naturally repulsed by ‘him’ and wanted to stay more on a distance since then, no making love any more, beastly or otherwise – until it, hopefully, got better again at a certain point, until he finally could let go of the cramp he selflessly but rather unconsciously had taken on him, until he could Free it in(to) the Male Force, in his very Heart.

Wessel didn’t succeed in this respect, and so the last three of the four weeks they were confronted again, as always, with the great difficulty of coming and being together, man and woman. Their spiritual path couldn’t address the ‘problem’ of, the separation between, man and woman. Like other spiritual paths, it tried to improve, let grow, elevate the *individual*. The teachers, the paths, couldn’t – and were not designed to – address *Relation*. It was a pity for them that the individual was an Illusion in the end, that (Being in) Relation was at the Core of Reality. Wessel couldn’t solve the Separation, the Relation of Man and Woman, by doing more his best, repeating even more thousands of ‘lubs’ and ‘rums’ and ‘frogs’ in his free hours at night when Tiara was asleep. Spiritual paths might be able to lead you in one direction, but not to Address or Overcome Life Itself, the Fundamental Duality of Life.

I called Nina.

Addressing the Fundamental Duality of Life was not necessarily limited to one beloved, to Tiara who was as stuck as a duck, and not in the least willing to open up any more, to also consider me a human being besides herself.

When I was still at Veenpluis I had already called Nina once too, lovebirds as we were. This conversation was much much more pleasurable than the one I had with Tiara –

which was unfair to compare, of course. Regarding Tiara I came at a point of huge Resistance in Woman that I hadn't managed to Go through yet, to Transcend yet in my Heart, a normal, female Resistance that 'I' could not manifest (so obviously) in Nina yet – or, rather, reveal in her – since we had just met.

But then again, life was Dual. Was it necessary that I *only* sat in the cramp with Tiara – afterwards go home and meditate, feel through it, possibly cry or be angry to mobilize my energy, come back to life again, come back to Tiara again with the Space in my Heart that she liked, to let it be filled, contracted again – and so on? Wasn't it natural too to follow my Response to the Opening of another woman, of Nina? I had always responded to Woman('s natural opening and closing): the first seventeen years of my 'love life' this meant that I responded to Woman in her to-me-mainly-closed side. What was more natural than now just keep responding to Woman, now that, being ready, more mature, more Man, 'suddenly' the other side, the opening side, showed up? Wasn't Nina part of the Same Woman? Hadn't Nina been sent to me on the ground of the Same Meditation on Woman, even *as part of* 'my', Man's, Meditation of Tiara's being stuck, her resistance? Would I have met Nina when Tiara had not entered this next, much deeper stage of big Resistance of Woman to Man? Wasn't it all taken care of?

From a deeper perspective, a deeper feeling in Me, I didn't have any judgement whatsoever to myself, not the slightest fuss if I would just go to Nina now, leaving the bloody iron cramp behind for now and go to (a) Woman who is (much more) open to me now. I could understand men whom I had judged in the past for their apparent selfish behaviour much better now, from inside. The cramp of a woman who is rigidly closed for you as a man can be maddening, making the body almost explode and I could very well imagine – and I was sure it actually happened – that (quite some) men (had) actually physically died from this cramp after first fading away more and more, simply dropped out at a certain point from this resistance in Woman to Man, certainly if they stayed in it for too long, going against and perhaps having lost contact with their intuition to get the hell out of there, out of the suffocation, every now and then or for good.

I didn't mean to blame Woman for the killing cramp at all, it was Man's own Responsibility. If He stayed with her in the cramp situation he could actually die or shrink, weaken to such an extent that the Man in him would be completely gone, killed. It's just that by being in this huge cramp with Tiara – the former mermaid – my understanding and compassion for people grew very fast. In fact, my understanding of the whole thing of incarnation started to become clear(er) thanks to suffering in the (non-)presence of Tiara.

No, no judgement to myself for phoning Nina and making an appointment for Saturday November 2nd. But still, I could not just *do*, just *go*. I could not *not* consider and feel the fact that Tiara was furious and might very well end our relationship. The latter consideration, however, did hardly have any influence on me any more, if anything. I was reaching Fed-Up Point. And then (possible) consequences are not (partially) leading any more. Yet, I had managed to write and give the following card to Tiara. To keep things with myself usually worked better than subtly or blatantly blaming.

Saturday November 2nd. 1996

Azar Baksh – Autobiography – Bloody heavy days with Tiara – breaking free from the prison
(p. 1498-1506)

I'm sorry that I defended my self so much. I understand that this makes things even more difficult. That's the last thing I'd want. I'd like to hear and see you. And I find it terrible if I have destroyed something between us. For I know how lovely and special we've had and can have it together, and I will always carry this knowing along with me, from now on as a wound perhaps. It is difficult to bear responsibility for this wound in you and me. But I will do so – even though I have wanted something different, not this.

I'm sincerely sorry and I accept what is going to happen. My heart burns from pain and longing for you,

Maarten

My words didn't reach her, didn't help a single bit in this situation. Tiara was still as stuck as a stone. Everything I said or did was wrong – according to 'her'. Fed-Up Point was nearing, indeed. When despite sincere attempts to come together, the Female resistance only grew, Fed-Up Point was unavoidable sooner or later, and then things could suddenly go radically in another direction. I got Fed Up with my own behaviour, still trying to reach her when it was hopeless, or even with trying when there was still hope left. Fed Up with always being sorry. Fed Up with always understanding her. Fed Up with bowing. Fed Up with the fucking cramp, the 100 % instead of a hopeful 99 % closed-ness of Tiara to me. Fed Up with her blaming, her constant projections, unreasonableness, self-obsession, not giving herself at all but only wall wall wall and shooting from behind the wall. Fed Up too with the usual implicit but constant threat in her toward me: 'If you... this or that... then we're through, I'll finish with you.' I did not want and could not live in this suffocating Lie any more.

When I had told Tiara I had made an appointment with Nina for Saturday, the next day, she was furious again – at least *something*, it might have seemed, but it was not the beginning of an opening, on the contrary. With the new ammunition to pick on me, she asked indignantly and rhetorically how I ever did have the guts to do this and even use *her* phone for this?! I wished she had *given* me the fury. But my example in the affair Rancy, freely shouting at my loudest and kicking the mattress with all my force, hadn't reached her apparently. It's true that even people who followed the emotion courses were afraid of 'me', of this power, when the emotion was freely, whole-heartedly and whole-bodily expressed, holding nothing back. But she could have borrowed at least some inspiration from it.

There was no way back any more. I was Fed Up. Saturday at the end of the morning I resolutely packed my bag and left Tiara's house.

"You actually do it?" Tiara semi-screamed after me with pinched voice standing in the doorway. "You actually go there now?"

This moment is one I will never forget. It was the greatest relief I ever felt in my life. The church bells were ringing, the angels singing. Even now, while writing my body feels the huge relief again and tears well up in my eyes and I cry. Every step I took... every step was a miracle... Every step was a step to freedom... I was so very very aware of every step I took away from the prison, from the condemned cell, from the extreme torture my body had undergone these last four days without a break, from the Bitch. With every step I could breathe... breathe better and better, breathe breathe breathe. BREATHE! I never breathed like this, so very conscious of it, the air filling my lungs centimetre by centimetre. It had gone so far this time, the heaviness and shit poured out over me in a repressed way, that I didn't care

any more about the cramp left behind. I felt so very much joy. My whole body was celebrating and had forgiven me immediately that I had allowed to put it under such extreme pressure. Joy Joy Joy. What Joy. If I hadn't had that rucksack on my back I had made a dance in the street, and pirouettes in the air.

Stay in your suffocation if you prefer, I thought. I go to Freedom. Bye. If Tiara wanted to hold on to the cramp instead of surrendering it to me, to my Heart, she must certainly do so. The problem was totally gone, for now. I heard the door closing behind me. Good, close the door. Bye. There was only joy left, the body celebrating that it lived, that it could breathe breathe breathe, inhale the air. No punishment for taking a deep breath, no judgement, just freely inhaling the air, the oxygen. I had paid for my 'sin', the sin of being a man, I had endured the thorough cramp of Woman that manifested especially when as man you triggered it to manifest right through the barricades of Her outer softness. And now, for now at least, I was free. I had survived the test. If Tiara finished with me, then she finished. It was not up to me. *This was freedom: to Realize it was not up to me, to have given everything till the body almost collapsed and then Surrender, Give it all back to Truth, Reality Itself.* Live to the limit, die to the maximum, then Surrender. I felt so joyful, so utterly relieved, I felt so strong, completely and so quickly resurrected from the dead. I felt so masculine. And it didn't feel as if I would leave my responsibility. I just felt like living, I was alive. There was a time for death and a time for life. Problems would return, no worry about that, but now was the time for joy.

Tiara hadn't realized she 'created' or manifested the problem herself, even though not without my help. If she had surrendered her ego – if only for that moment – I probably wouldn't have gone to Nina. As always I had to Listen very carefully to Woman. In this case I had to Listen to the Force through Tiara that Wanted to Feel the great Pain of being left by Man that was ruling her so far but only reaching her semi-consciously in the form of *fear* that it could happen. This fear had made her go extremely into control in her life, trying to prevent the Pain from manifesting. I broke now through the chains of that suffocating fear, that stuck pain, after having taken it in me. I liberated myself from it, giving Tiara thus the opportunity to be liberated too.

Every step... I'd never forget. It was comparable to the event of walking with the men away from the women one and a half year earlier and a big big burden falling off my shoulders. Only, the focus then was on the Realization of it, of finally Seeing-Feeling how very heavy Woman is for Man, in fact, below the face of it. Now, after having Gone Deeper into and through the cramp and resistance of the Earth in the meantime, the Body was very intensely involved, which was a sign of the Deepening of the Process.