

## **Doing ‘nice things’ together – the gypsy caravan**

Yes, one of the things I really didn’t like in the association with Tiara was, in accordance with what I just wrote, her fascination with ‘doing nice things together’. Invariably I then became some form to which she could talk about the nice experience. I was not a form, however, and usually I got quite sick from ‘doing nice things together’, mostly taking place somewhere outside, sometimes at home. Tiara, during the dramas of ‘doing nice things together’, talked to me as a prolongation of her own mind, without ‘making’ or rather allowing Contact with me. It’s true that usually she didn’t manage to prolong this procedure for too long, for when she saw my face and my energy getting increasingly depleted, she was reminded of the fact that I was an ‘other’ and not (merely) existing in her world. Her reaction to becoming sort of aware of this was then that I screwed up the party. Why could I never simply, without any fuss, join her in something nice? Why must I get cramped from everything? Well, what to do, I was who I was. My Body got indeed stressed from no-Contact, from no-Space, from only Woman left, only forms forms forms, from Woman’s high when something nice was on the program.

How could I ever make Clear to Woman that I Myself, Man Himself, was the ‘Nice Thing’, the Party? That all nice forms she liked to associate with, to have fun with, to look at, touch, celebrate and to have, were dead. Dead dead dead dead dead! I had the urge to shout this into Woman’s face not because, in itself, I wanted to screw up the party in her mind. It was only because I Wanted to Show Her the Truth. Perhaps, if She Listened, if She indeed Saw that Her whole life of form was basically dead, lifeless in itself, that Life would Break through, the Sun would Break through all the clouds finally. Using words or not, ‘my’ Body was the Truth. It Showed Her the deadness of Form, if She treated me as Form, if She got enthusiastic about whatever form while forgetting ‘Me’, Man, Her Source.

No, I never liked Tiara’s enthusiasm. Even though it was not unreal in itself, it was, to say the least, cherry picking out of the Whole, and disappearing in the cherry, forgetting the Whole, narrowing her consciousness into the very limited realm where no pain seemed to be as long as she could hold up the high – and it was, of course, impossible to keep it up all the time: everything wants to find again its equilibrium sooner or later. Cold turkeys are inevitable when you flip out of reality. To me her enthusiasm felt like a whirlpool of some nasty energy coming from above and taking you over, leaving you no escape – unless maybe if I had become furious every time she found something nice to do, to look at or to have, and the whirlpool attacked me again. But I didn’t manage yet to counter Woman in this respect. I was rather copying her state, that is the part of it that she didn’t (want to or forgot) to feel by herself when she went into forms. I, and my Body as the first in line here, functioned as Tiara’s consciousness, the part of Herself she didn’t want to See-Feel yet or not at all.

It was not that I blamed Tiara for being Woman, interested in and deluded by Form as She seemed to be (at least in Her Unconscious state), if only for the fact that forms needed to happen, too. Yet, I had loved it if I would have managed to make her look in the mirror that I was, without drama around it – well, this would have been quite a luxury – whatever she would see, but at least an acknowledgment: ‘ah, that’s where I am right now’. It was hard being crushed already by the tornado of forms and then, in this miserable state, getting the usual critics of Tiara poured over me about being in such a deplorable state: what is this for

man, what a loser, what a weakling spoiling her pleasure, what a karma ‘having to’ be with this thing. She said most of these things literally, but even if it was not completely literally, it was certainly the energy behind her complaints about me.

Our ‘nice outings’ were often: going to a place where ‘things’, items, whatever kind of forms, were exposed, inside or outside, for sale or not. On a small scale Tiara collected relatively old stuff for in or around the house, mostly decorative. The look was more important than the use. I got loopy from all those forms. Signboards were already too much for me, all the more if there were many of them in one street and you saw them all at once. So, Tiara was in quite a fight with herself. On one hand her hobby was ‘forms’ and she much liked to involve her lover in this hobby, liked that he would show the same enthusiasm as she felt. On the other hand she had a strong preference for men who were not in the least interested in all those forms, who even got sick from them and from her getting lost in them.

Of course, as always, Tiara’s mind tried to find a solution. Why not, instead of with me, just go with a girlfriend to the world of forms and get nicely lost and excited together, overheated, from perfect, funny, dubious or stupid products, from right and wrong colours? Well, sometimes she did. But then again, when she was finally free from work, especially in the weekend – and she didn’t like working at all: with an ex, Joris (the one of the fine clothes), she often discussed how and when she could stop working as soon as possible, financially spoken, being 40 years old now – and nice things were or should be on the program to compensate for the burden of work, she wanted to spend her time mainly with her lover, rather than with her best girlfriend. And so she was disappointed, which could easily be read from her face: her facial expressions were often like a child, she couldn’t hide what she felt. And when she tried nonetheless, she got stiff and ugly from the attempt, and a bad smell came out of her mouth. The state in which she tried to repress her emotions was always much disliked by me, such a tension as it gave through the whole house, even when I escaped upstairs.

The world of Love and the world of ‘form’ were hard to combine, if not impossible...

The anticipatory pleasure of Tiara made her perfectly cramped already, shut – well noticeable for me, but not for others, strangely – and was often just as bad as actually being at the funfair of forms: the mere expectation of how they would thrill her. ‘How they would kill her’, I could add. But how could I explain this to her, if I myself didn’t really or fully understand yet how these things worked and were, even if my intuition grew and grew just by experience and by the fact that I was not *totally* killed yet when we were in some whirlpool of forms.

God, what was this: ‘Something’ in ‘me’ had to Go into the Dark Caves of Woman to Find the Truth Beyond the Truth, the Living Truth Beyond the Lifeless Abstract Truth, and I seemed to end up in a funfair of forms in which, more and more, I became one of the forms myself, a difficult form but interesting and appreciable as well – and a challenge, because Woman could ‘work’ on this one, mould it, improve it, embellish it, adjust it, make it fit for *the world*, that is: the world of *forms*, no matter how lifeless this world of forms was.

No matter how hard it was, no complaint. Something in Me *wanted* to be in the normal world, not forever or all the time but ‘I’ just wanted to be there, to find out close up how people lived, how they screwed up love, because of forms or due to whatever reason, why they were unfulfilled, why Woman didn’t seem able to just step out of Her Prison. Of

course, I couldn’t do this as a strategy. It happened by itself, through Natural Attraction between Man and Woman, a *woman of the world* being open to me, inviting me into her world. But okay, being responsible myself for being in that situation didn’t mean I had to (learn to) like the form show. If Tiara had been an average woman, I wouldn’t have been able to stick it out. She was lost in the world of form and yet, at the same time, she had some access to the subtler world, to the heart(chakra). Or else there had been no basis on which we could be together in the first place.

Nevertheless Tiara also had quite a talent in looking in the ‘wrong’ direction, as if she, Beyond herself, *Wanted* to get lost, lost in the eternal labyrinth of Unconsciousness. When Tiara, as often, started to look into a magazine, some style magazine, I remember, or woman magazines, sales magazines, whatever glossy, things didn’t forebode much good. All those hundreds, thousands of pictures, fashion, style, design, interior concepts, sales, still lives... The latter were sometimes photographed by one of her two best girlfriends, the one I didn’t really like. Yra was Wessel’s sister, and – I could hardly believe it – earned her whole income by putting some forms in a certain way and then taking pictures of this. Magazines published the pictures and paid her well for it. I couldn’t help but reflect on this and come to the same conclusion as I had in my twenties when *thinking* was my ‘normal’ state: Most jobs that were being performed in society could simply be abolished without it being a loss for the world in any sense. On the contrary, it would be quite a relief and save the environment from getting exhausted and destroyed.

To my annoyance – and despite that as a therapist Tiara actually helped some people with their lives – Tiara looked up to this self-made career woman very much, this photographer of lifelessness, stiff as she was, hard, cramped, utterly unfeminine, with her ugly short hair and ugly face – ugly, due to her deep resistance to (and, possibly, ‘wrong’ choice of) Man, not because of birth. And that while Tiara herself could be gorgeously beautiful at times or moments. This was one of the things I had to learn in Contact with Woman: despite Her played arrogance or pride, She’s never satisfied with herself, others are better no matter what, no matter how ugly they are, how much Man-resisting, no matter what senseless work they do. It was not Tiara’s deeper call or mission to help people therapeutically, she had preferred, like Yra, to easily earn a good money by photographing forms, to work whenever you felt like and not on fixed hours, not having a boss above her either.

Indeed, Tiara loved it that this woman earned her ‘own’ money, and was not dependent on being paid by an institution as she was herself. To me this illusion of ‘independence’ was just silly, a sign of not looking deeper into how things really are and are organized in society behind how they seem to be. Functioning in this money system there was no real independence. But even if you grew your own food, and had your own water source, still you were totally dependent on nature – although, it was true, you could cooperate with nature’s ways. ‘Being your own boss’ was so attractive for Tiara – getting up from bed how late you wanted, doing some photo (or whatever kind of) project during the day and that’s it. Creating your own job, your own means of existence. Instead of facing her own resistance, non-acceptance, attachments, Tiara simply dwelled dreaming in the other – ‘male’ – side of the coin, the one she didn’t have.

Yra was just as dependent on ‘Miss Society’ as everyone else for having an income, dependent on whatever the inherently deluding and deluded Society appreciates and values in

terms of the unnatural form money. The whole notion of independence was just a sweet dream, ego’s dream. Ego wanted to be as independent, strong, and isolated as possible, completely self-regulating, not needing anyone or anything from its environment.

As for me, Yra stood for the battery of hard career women flooding society and often so ugly, so self-possessed. Even though Tiara wanted to join the ‘free women’s’ club and she hardened often as well, fortunately she was basically soft and feminine, no matter her inner wall that nearly every woman seemed to carry as her cross.

Well, the latter addition was not a small thing, of course. I was – and all the more since Bayantha had crossed my path – in a period of transition of Consciousness regarding Man and Woman, which would take a few years. As anyone, men and women alike, I had been easily deluded by the world of form when I entered this world. To me it had seemed obvious that woman was soft and man was hard – or at least this simple fact quietly stroke me since I had got interested in the opposite sex in the beginning of my teens. If only for the physical bodies this was so clear that the fact didn’t need much consideration – except for enjoying and silently longing for ‘the other side’, Woman’s softness. I didn’t know yet that the clearest things needed most consideration, meditation, fathoming, unravelling – until a deeper Truth was being revealed.

That ‘outside’ was the opposite of ‘inside’ was something I could only learn by getting to Know, to Understand the Forces of Man and Woman, *the Forces* behind the apparent forms. Even though girls, women, again and again, were so *hard* regarding dumping their love – appearing sometimes in the form of ‘me’ – in favour of some self-interests, I still had trouble truly Seeing reality in this respect (of their hardness). The Force that, Impersonally but nevertheless, wanted to make me – and everyone – believe otherwise was so strong, so powerful that I was not easily convinced. Only without any ‘I’, without any society veiling reality therefore, ‘I’ would be Able to Clearly See, unbiased, things as they were, without prejudice, without judgement, without preference.

For, of course, it was not very attractive to Accept the Notion of Man Going into the Hardness, the Resistance, the Un-love of Woman, having to Melt it with nothing but His Heart. Apart from the possibly heroic air around this, Man intuitively Knew this was hell. The Earth was no air. And most men were not such heroes as they, not infrequently, presented themselves. Also in this respect there was a turnaround of things: the men who on the outside seemed brave, were, when it came to the Depth of Life (instead of to superficial form-life), to Meditating Woman’s True state for instance, not brave in the least, but cowards – and vice versa, men who seemed to shy away from the battle in manifested life might appear to have guts and talent when it was about meditating this Painful Earthly Place, becoming Conscious of it, not hiding in ‘safe’ Unconsciousness as the tough guys did. Generally, the tough guys were hard on the outside, had a hard skin, but were weak in their heart and consciousness – and vice versa, the seemingly vulnerable had a strong heart, more developed consciousness but were, generally, not well prepared for the physical survival of the fittest. As indicated, this is stated much too general, but meant to make patterns clear. Understand Duality and you understand Life.

And, in principle, from a natural-spiritual perspective, there was nothing wrong with Woman’s inner hardness, or at least as far as this was related to staying closed and hard to the many, the many men who didn’t fit her deeper constellation but might energetically or even

physically enter her Body if she was too soft – related to saying No with her Body (in the broadest sense of the word) as far as She was Waiting for her One Man who, from her Heart and by Nature, she wanted to – or could not but – Open to. At the same time this natural protection, this hardness, was Woman’s big burden She had to carry as Her cross. This was certainly related to the fact that Woman was always, somewhere inside, dreaming of the Prince on the White Horse: he would finally allow her to really open (or open up at all) and be safe and loving, the stress of protection – or of pretence of opening up to some man, while in fact she didn’t, couldn’t – could release.

The common man, instead of struggling in unavoidable Pain and only with his Heart and Heart-Embedded Consciousness through Woman’s resistance against Man(’s Heart), prefers to, just like that, as a miracle and Divine Gift from Heaven, Be Received by the Soft Open Receptive Loving Woman, simply on the basis of Woman’s recognition of the Man He Is (or assumes he Is somewhere inside Him).

In this respect, I was, in the end, not to be deceived by any form of ‘niceness’. Truth Itself was not only way more Attractive, It was in fact Beyond Attraction or Repulsion. And it was precisely this what was Needed for dealing with Woman’s Inner Wall, Her Natural Resistance to Man. It was only Truth That was not only able to make me Survive but even to Melt the Wall by Showing, as a Mirror, Her ‘Lie’ in the Ultimate sense, Her Illusion of being Separate from Man – in other words, to Transcend the earthly illusory sphere and Bring Her back into the Reality Beyond but Including the Earth’s Drama.

The ‘nice thing’ that Tiara found for us for the end of August ’96 – the summer threatened to end soon, which meant working without much prospect – was staying together in a special caravan for a short holiday, somewhere near nature, only 40 kilometres south of where I lived. It’s true that, despite my creative nature, it was, again and again, Tiara who came up with ideas about what to do, where to go. My creativity needed space. Being overwhelmed by the ideas of another, and being expected to react to them, was not an optimal setting for my creativity to thrive – in general not for (me as) Man to thrive.

The somewhat longer duration of our new ‘nicety’ gave a better prospect than usual, especially when the nicety was shopping. For after Tiara’s first great enthusiasm, the first ‘high’ that was usually separating us, we would simply live there for a few days and the ‘high’ would die down by itself. Well, not totally, as it turned out, but we had some good days anyway. We had our own space away from the inn guests and had nothing to do with anyone else; even eating in the inn restaurant once didn’t distract Tiara from being with me. Tiara was so excited to live as gypsies for a few days. In itself this was touching, if it weren’t for the fact that I saw that this overenthusiasm was actually born out of pain, out of a deep lack of fulfilment inside.

Our relative good time together was confirmed by the few times we made love in a very satisfactory way somehow, which left some imprint on us afterwards – a few decades later I still remember the events, even the energy involved. Especially one time impressed us when I felt the urge to totally pierce through her and we went on and on and on, it couldn’t be enough. Somehow this feeling, the urge to totally pierce woman from below upward to where ‘I’ come out through her seventh chakra reaching freedom of the endless space above, seemingly having overcome all resistance of Woman’s material parts, was facilitated by the

smallness of our sleeping room, where my feet were firmly pressed against and grounded by one wall, while my and Tiara’s head were almost or literally touching the other opposite wall.

It was certainly inspiring that Tiara was totally into this procedure herself, wholeheartedly and whole-bodily – no matter that sometimes I had to correct the position of her head, it got a bit squeezed now and then between my pushing and the wall, up to an angle of 90 degrees, despite that as a gentleman I had put a cushion between her head and the wall. ‘I’ penetrated Tiara deeper than ever before. Although it sounds strange from a merely material perspective, yet we could both feel that this was indeed so. ‘I’ touched a place within that had not been touched before. Making love was not just a pleasant physical exercise.

I also appreciated it in Tiara that she was relaxed with the possibility of people seeing us nude and making love outside on a chair. Since it was so hot, we put the chair in precisely such a way that I was sitting in the shadow, and Tiara just in the sun while making love. So I had to hurry up a bit, otherwise Tiara’s head had gradually gotten into the shadow too, and as man you cannot do this to a woman. At the risk of being over-stimulated, my light needed to be dimmed, but Tiara could never get enough of the light, her darkness being her subconscious burden.

This relaxation in being together during making love no matter what or who was such a relieving difference from the panic of Bayantha one year earlier regarding the fact that, despite her being extremely horny as I never saw any woman before or after, someone might possibly hear us making love in the – locked – toilet building or might even imagine my penis being in her vagina, the fear of which prevented at the very last moment my penis from entering her restless hungry body in the end. In itself this had been a good test in self-control for Man: being at the gate of the most sexually-open-for-you woman ever, and then to abstain... In retrospect, I am amazed that the sperm wasn’t shot out by itself, even without entering Bayantha’s body.

To Tiara our days together in and around the green caravan were so good that it frightened her, as she ‘confessed’ afterwards. I’m sure this was not only thanks – or due – to our contact itself, but also to the vision opening up to her that, in principle, we could live like this, away from the mad crowd, away from her boring unsatisfactory work as a psychotherapist. This may sound strange, because Tiara was such a society woman, afraid of not belonging to ‘the group’, afraid of judgements of people (except when she felt (more) one with me), etcetera. But, in fact, despite her good social skills, she didn’t like most people, and usually she just wanted to be with me and be left alone and that’s it. The mentioned fear of society, this ‘negative’ relation to society – society as the bully if you don’t submit to its written and unwritten laws – already indicated that deep down Tiara, as so many if not everyone, was not really into society, but longing to be freed from it, from the prison. It was not by accident that she chose a bohemian kind of place for us to be together.



*The bohemians*



The activities we had during our few days were – apart from the intense making love in the tiny bedroom – not special in themselves: walking through nature, the woods, the fields, the heath, eating once in the restaurant, cooking ourselves, some reading, some talking, some nothing, some guitar playing, taking some pictures, washing clothes, having a bath. But the whole atmosphere had gotten her: staying in the long caravan, mostly outside, good

weather, sun, no fights, her man not in a too bad state, no worries, no work, no people. I could say that this one time making love added to her being touched beyond herself by our stay. It’s true that she had a good energetic shake up by my drive to fuck her wholly, although it was of course something in herself that had let herself so go and be opened. And that ‘something’ was not something apart, something in itself, but existed *in relation to* me, and deep down that ‘something’ felt safe with me, and recognized herself in ‘me’, her own original purity – unveiled by society – even if on a more superficial level she had a hard time not criticizing me and being satisfied with me or the way I manifested so far in this world.

That Tiara wore one of her beautiful long dresses – all of which fitted her feminine body perfectly – was a good sign in these days. That she let me choose the one I’d like to see her in hadn’t been a bad sign either. She didn’t feel like wearing underwear at our sanctuary. If we felt like making love urgently she just lifted her dress. Despite her attachment to the fake safety society seemed to offer, she had quite a strong urge to be free from it in whatever way, including bothering details. Something in her screamed ‘back to nature’, even though, considering her conditioning, it seemed almost impossible this would ever seriously manifest in a structural way.

Anyhow, *something* happened to Tiara during these days, and there were quite a few instances later when she came back to our days together in the gypsy caravan. It seemed to give her some clue that she could not totally fathom.