

The start of a relationship

Three days later Tiara called me. Phone numbers are part of the Miracle of Love, just like four years earlier when I called Maja, and she picked up at the last moment before I would have hung up the receiver. I can't guarantee that without the existence of the telephone (no mobiles yet in those days), I would ever have managed to Go Down into Woman.

Tiara said she was busy with me, she couldn't deny it. Her mind wasn't strong enough, apparently. After all, an indifferent woman has ovaries as well, just like a heart. This didn't mean she wanted a relationship with me, she hurried to say.

“When I first saw you during the first group circle, I thought: ‘god, what’s to be done about you.’” She meant: how, for god’s sake, could I ever get a place in society, in the human community in general – and, much deeper hiding in the unconscious background, how and what could she possibly contribute to this, to get such a ‘man’ (or heart) down to the ground, if at all she should have a role in this, which was most improbable. A next meeting was getting probable though, despite my apparent handicap – which I had not been informed about before, at least not so directly, but that could explain more of why women were used to withdraw from me ‘last moment’ before our being close would be celebrated in a physical form.

Although I felt that sooner or later I must be in a Relationship with a woman, I cannot really say that *I* was dying for this. I just felt open, in general. Yet, strongly responding to Tiara’s capacity to receive Man and her actual openness to me in the tantra week, it was only natural to allow our contact to take further shape. I must say that my balls quite agreed to this, even though up to then they had little experience with mermaids. In Holland mermaids were untraceable, despite the presence of a lot of water.

I don't remember exactly, I think we still managed to drink a cup of tea before we finally relieved ourselves. The making love itself might not have met what had been aroused in us in the tantra week, and afterwards on the phone. That was too big to be fulfilled by our bodies. I think that even after the orgasm my balls still hurt. She was so feminine.

But who cared that for that moment our bodies were too small to conduct and give the proper form to the attraction. It seemed that a first time of making love a female body had to adjust to the new lover. Considering how we made love the next times, the adjustment had taken place very quickly.

And here started the longest relationship of my life up to then, which took no less than two years. Well, it was easy to break records when I had had only one short relationship before, next to some sexuality related fuss here and there, and if I don't count the ten days with Iris when I was 16.

Also this time, however, as with Maja, what we had together was not allowed to be called a relationship – or at least not for the first year. As for me, I didn't have trouble with words – I was rather into content – but for girls this seemed to be problematic, or at least when ‘relationship’ was threatening to happen with me, or someone like me with a heart, not adjusted and non-adjustable to normal society, but wild, untameable – not especially in the sexual sense but at least in the sense of not letting yourself be told anything, never taking the

common opinion or norms for true. Perhaps if a woman managed to tame me, get me, then it could be called a relationship.

As I had heard quite a few times from women, what Tiara too said was that she didn't want to be in a – new – relationship. This was no coincidence, and not only a simple trick of Woman to keep the man at bay at first, not to have to commit herself already when her heart, mind and ovaries hadn't made up their mind yet, and who knows she might meet a better specimen of 'man' in the meantime. It was rather that somehow I didn't arouse in Woman the feeling of or longing for 'relationship' – but something else. I was not the type of man to be in a – normal – relationship with; although I certainly don't want to reduce what I was for women to an interesting in-between either. A sparkling attractive pain-in-the-ass came already closer to the truth, soft-hearted and simultaneously potentially ruthless (when it was about allowing truth).

This lack of prospect of sliding into a normal relationship despite feeling attracted to me, was not only related to the fact that I wasn't well-adjusted to society, that I wasn't presentable, but in addition and rather that Woman felt somewhere inside that I was free in Her world of Form, that She could not get me for herself, that I would not and even could not bow for a self, that she couldn't fix me, have no control over me as seemed to be relatively easy with most men. And last but not least – and related – in this Male freedom of mine I could hurt her, possibly, even if didn't want to.

Beyond this and beyond what she knew – and beyond what even I myself knew at the time – *I Am, My Heart Is, Relation*. So how can you be in relationship with that. It Is Already there. If there is no *Relationship Already*, then the need for or longing for 'relationship' arises, naturally – because one, Beyond him or herself, Wants to Become One; even though the Woman Side doesn't want to go too far in that, the direction itself is clear and attractive, pulling. Women felt I was that already, that oneness, I didn't need Her. How to be in a relationship with someone who doesn't need you as woman...

However, I was not Wholly One yet. For my Oneness was not Related to Woman yet on an Earthly Level. Apart from personal attraction, involvement and love, that's what Being in Relationship for me was about in the End: Earthing (or Grounding) the Heart, Allowing It to Become Conscious of and on the Earthly Realm with all its darkness, Connecting Formless Consciousness to Form, Giving Shape to the Heart, Expressing it – not just being Aware of Love. And this was not possible without Woman. And yet, this is not the same as saying that on a personal level I needed something of Woman. Being in Relationship, Relationship *as* Divine Nature, as the most Natural Part of the Divine Process, is not the same as needing.

Generally, I could say I was not *formed*. Most men were much easier controllable, since they, unfaithful to their Innate Freedom Nature as Man, *let* themselves easily be formed, be fooled by Woman, I could even say. In exchange for the *form* of sex, they let themselves be boxed, formed, be deadened *therefore*. They are utterly deluded by Woman's Delusion, by Her Deluding Force That Deluded Herself in the first place but took also 'man' in the grip of mist, slime, lack of clarity, (semi-)lies, compromise, lack of fulfilment.

Despite Tiara's understandable reserve, a Deeper Force took us; I was not meant to stay freely aside, looking at the whole show, the human drama, commenting from a free place

at the side-line. No, to Know the Drama of Man and Woman from within, I had to Totally Go in it, devote myself completely to the relationship, to Tiara. I had to Totally Go into the problem of ‘relationship’, a normal, earthly relationship – with Divine Potential though – into its being inherently problematic. I had to Become the problem. To be Able to Go Beyond, to be Able to contribute to Freeing not only myself but – through ‘me’ – people in general, or on a large scale humanity, from the Lie of relationship in all its form-ness, (almost) totally clouding What it seemed to be meant for in the first place or where it originated from in the first place: Love.

I had to become the problem, feel, experience, see it from inside. I had to let myself be entangled without holding back and then, Somewhere still Remembering a Deeper Truth, unravel the knot, let the Lie and Truth ‘freely’ Fight Inside – ‘freely’, even if one of them represented being stuck in a seeming dilemma inherent in Woman’s Duality. In other words, by plunging into the relationship, into the mist, slime and suffocation of Her Duality, I had to Find again Man’s Freedom of Oneness – and thus, through this ordeal, I had got to Know Woman from Inside. ‘From inside’ also meant: not looking *at* Woman in the relationship – the relationship was just the form, the context, the situation, just a means – but Actually *Becoming Her*, or, Eventually, Realizing that She is Part of Me, of Man. Becoming Her and Be Blown Beyond Her. Touching Her and Be Touched Beyond Her.

Well, I’m not really looking forward to, by describing it after quite some years, go again in the problematic of this ‘relationship’, heavy as it got at a certain point – which was, in fact, rather normal. To be able to describe it, however, to show the normal drama of Man and Woman from a now Free Place, I must feel everything again, as it was. Fortunately, I took notes at the time, or at least from the period on that things got harder – hard, in fact – which meant that, apparently, there was no one to share with what went through me, or at least not Tiara herself, and so I talked to my notebook – not necessarily always reasonably, they were notes after all, it was not an ethical essay, nor esthetical. From the ‘standpoint of relationship’, sharing my thoughts and feelings with the notebook instead of with Tiara wasn’t a good sign.

I came across notes from 31-8-1996 to 24-1-1998. So the writing started – and therefore the trouble intensified – four and a half months after the beginning of our relationship that, once again (after my earlier ‘no-relationship’ with Maja), wasn’t a relationship, according to my lover, Tiara this time. I was lucky anyway that Tiara was 40 years old and had sort of given up on the idea that she would ever be a mother, otherwise she hadn’t even wanted to be in a no-relationship with me, let alone a relationship. Somehow I was not the type of man a woman could imagine as the father of her children. I could, but I could imagine women couldn’t. As far as ‘father’ was concerned, we’d see how far I would manage to Go Down into this world of form. That seemed quite far away still at that point. I was not busy with it anyway.

Considering my previous writing about my experiences with Maja, described in *Testament of an Individual*, and with Suzanne, described in *Suzanne* – and even though both stories weren’t published yet at the time – I had in mind that, again, I could write about my experience, now with Tiara. I noticed that my autobiographic writings about ‘woman and me’

were better, much more alive and appealing than my previous and other – constructed – writings. For the first 4 months with Tiara I didn't write. Somehow paradise – in whatever variant of it – was less inspiring now to write about, unlike when I was with Maja, although from the latter period I remember that already relatively soon in that story I wrote that I had to hurry up with the writing for I felt that things were threatening to happen, bad things – which I could only feel as a premonition, of course, because underground they were manifesting already.

Nevertheless, I had in mind to possibly, in the future, write a book in two parts; Paradise and Hell – not claiming that life is an original idea by me. Regarding the writing about Tiara and me, I would have to try to recall the Paradise part indeed. I found again only one little note from or about the first period, written separate from the rest that seemed meant to be the very beginning of the book. For now, the first part of the book, *Paradise*, contained one paragraph.

She ate out of my hand. We were naked. With my hand I picked up food from the pan and she ate it. Sitting behind her I fed her. One moment I felt Tiara getting moist from my hard-on or from whatever – that's difficult to determine in a woman. From behind I stuck him in her. Ah, how nice was this. I pressed my hand with food into her face. Half of it arrived in her mouth after all. And I fucked her. My dirty hand seized her breast. I didn't wait till she was ready with chewing and had finally swallowed the last bite. God, I fucked her.

[Notebook Tiara 1996]

This may not seem like paradise to some, but the state of (or at least the feeling of) No-Separation between Man and Woman, easier to experience in the beginning of a relationship, the state of no norms, no shame, no holding back, no fear, could certainly be labelled as such.