



the
butler
from
the
ancient
forest

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A strange meeting

No one had seen the butler before, but it was told that he had been captivated, a loner in the woods, living by himself in the jungle. There, he had always had everything, he had not been able to explain, for the people had come to bring him prosperity.

Prosperity, he would later come to see, is when you would have nothing, but you still have the things you need.

But it was far from always having everything, as he had always known, without therefore owning anything.

The whole family was gathered, for they did not know what to expect. The bureau, arranging the heights and ranks of people, who had taken the butler-to-be from the jungle, and had classified him as a household helper, a butler in a 'relatively high class' family, had only told they would procure a butler, and where he came from.

He was there not where he belonged, they said, for he was a savage there, where they had wanted to cut down some more trees, for the 'relatively high class' and 'high class' magazines.

So they put him to work.

And he was coming now.

Nobody knew just what to expect, could he talk, would he know how a coffee-machine works, would he be violent perhaps, or rageful? The children had already made their utmost expectations. They had drawn a boxful of portraits, of butlers tall and small, heavy and thin, nice and harsh, they had dreamed and fantasized and played riddles and songs about it with each other, and had anticipated in enactments, plays.

The parents had kept their distant observation point, a frozen stance of not knowing whether their role was going to be politeness, or brutal disapproval of the butler and complaint to the bureau.

It was a little past eight, when the doorbell rang. Standing there was a gentle ebony man, not so tall, with very shiny eyes, as if the sun were shining in there, in a simple fashion dress, that made him somewhat of a magician, carrying a cotton sack with a beautiful lizard drawing.

Harry almost fell back from amazement, such powerful and simple a creature, so far from home, so within his grace. Harry knew not how to move like the

winds or flow like the waters, Harry could not fall down from the skies like an eagle, nor could he rise on the winds of passion like one. Harry only knew politeness, the rules, how to act, not how to be. So he smiled as well, said something like 'hello 'and made room for the little wonder-man to enter.

Many people had already worked on the wonderman's nerves, instructing him forcefully on certain tasks they felt he needed to comprehend in order to enact them in his destined place of work. It was not up to the family to have to instruct him, but in an adding, aiding way. He also had been taught some basic words, but much more was in the magic he kept within his silent smile.

It was strange, in a world of complaints, to meet someone so shiny.

He was appointed his room, and given some bites and beverages. They could not talk much, but they felt for one and other, a strange greeting of subconscious love, that had walked in eminence into their house that night. It was a strange cloud, hanging around him, a soft perennial smile, that was his making with the love, his breathing of the jungle, a marvelous touch.

The jungle in town

The next morning, when Tony, the sun of the family, walked into the kitchen, he found the table radiantly dressed, as if the same was there that had always been, but be it in a soft angle of 3° , or in a few millimeters difference, that things lay with regards to one and other. Everything seemed more harmonious, more balanced, more like arranged from a wholistic vision of grace and beauty, than from a presumption that when every part is perfectly arranged, the collection of the parts would therefore procure the esthetic sensation of pleasantness.

It was something Tony found hard to define, and it was no doubt doubtable that it was in fact more different of more shiny, but it was there, in a way of feeling of openness, like a blink of light, and the moment that you question it, it had passed, but it was experienced forever.

Somewhere between his bowl of cereals and his glass of freshly squeezed orange juice, he found a small creature cut from wood. It was a lion roaring, walking as if in a demonstrative act of going somewhere, and going there strong, from the living movement of the roaring force within him, from the erection of the whole of his burning being, a full ocean movement.

All of this spoke within the fine linings and the graceful movement etched within the parcel of wood. He did not know, and the butler could not say, but smiled.

Emily came to the table, and Janey, the mother, and they all sat down and agreed on the goodness of the morning, and on the tasks of their day, and as usual they quarreled some about where to be when and how things would arrange themselves, since it was Tony's football night and Emily had a late time finishing school, due to an excursion they would be making to the museum of pre-Columbian findings. She was now fifteen and in her third year of high school. Her brother was two years older.

Harry said he would be later for reasons of business discussions, and so this would work out well, since so many were late that night.

When all walked out of the house that morning, they left their belongings to the caring of a very special stranger.

P.M.

The bell rings, school is out. Tony is discussing some very difficult sexual preferential questions, as to what the preferred color of the partner's hair would be, with some of his even philosophically-minded friends. They cannot find the answer, and it does not matter what the answer is, the answer for them, somehow, lies in the telling of the tales, so the girls be present, when they are not. So they will never get out of it, unless they someday have tried all the girls, and have learned that they are like flowers, to be scented, not preferred.

They all say goodbye and go their separate ways again. Just the moment, a hand is waving from across the street. It is a brown-haired girl's hand, Cindy, she is pretty cool and very lively. She calls him, and he surrenders to her call, and rushes across the street. He don't know from where, but a car that comes from behind another car is suddenly very close, and as he notices, the car comes to sound like the roaring of a lion and he is, standing still, lifted and thrown forcefully on the safe side of the street. In that movement, he feels the peacefully strong sensation of a lioness caring for her young, and he cannot explain. Was it real, had it truly happened, or was it like the glimpse of light you can question forever just the second after, but which was forever there.

Many people come to see, he swears them off, he says he is all right, as he is, for though all occurred within the flash of a flash, all seemed perfectly guided and cared for, as if there were an intelligence to which such speed was still pretty easy-going.

So all was well, and the crowd disperses mumblingly, for having seen some action. Their blood then comes to a higher pump, it is adrenaline some say, some say it is panic, whatever, it is enlivening, it is maybe shock, a state of dynamism that requires the flowing away afterwards. And so they talk and nod, and say it once again, and breathe, heavily, for refinding of their ease.

Cindy walks him along to the football class, and they decide, and decide not, on how close they should be, and whether his hand may touch hers, and where all of that would be going if it could loosely run its course. They speak not of that, yet that directs their speaking. It is what is speaking in their tongues, it is the shame, adrenaline, the fire, the will to live, to know, to feel, to scent, to taste, to be, and where, and how far, and what.

A fire burning

A few weeks pass, gently, nothing much special happens. Tony dreams of lions at night, and then he walks among them. He cannot explain, he is not there, he is simply the force of a lion. And he learns that the lion is in fact much more than thought to be my mere scientific analysis. For the lion is one with the heat. The lion sees not only, and hears not only, but he senses fields of heat, and from that, he feels the savannah, he feels the animal, he feels the heat around the animal and knows its inner linings. And when he acts, it is the heat in him, the field itself, that is the force. The lion is the jungle, all happens within him, and he is not there, but through the force of the field. And sometimes, the boy starts feeling like a lion, the lion enlivening within the boy. He does not know what to do with it, how to regard it. It is fascinating, he must admit, and it brings forth a knowing that would make for royalty in choices and intelligence. He also cannot fight it, 'though sometimes he wants to, but it gives him too much thrill, too much fulfillment, and it is too dear such a friend such poweress, to ever want to say bye to. So he keeps what he intuitively knows, a dear growing in his heart, a becoming of the king.

The butler, who had not been given a name yet, solely a number, was given the name Clay, since he was so close to the original earth, and he was a fruitful choice, and since this was a small and simple name for all to recognize in talk and hearing.

Clay was very observant. He often knew where to find things, easily and without doubt, without anyone ever having informed him. He simply walked to that closet and took out that plate, as if there was not even a question to intervene in his wish and the realization of it, as if all were spontaneous oneness. He was also very musical and very refined in that. It reflected in the way he could pick up words, in distinguishing tones and nuances, and so he came to some remarkable vocabulary pretty fast. It was remarkably endless, the starry skies of his intelligence, the endless grandeur of his smile, the fiery joy burning forever in his eyes, so fresh and friendly, so prone to vision.

Then one day, Clay gave a fire-sculpture to Harry, and Tony looked a bit awkward, curious, concerned.

On the streets

On a midsummer lunch break, after having so kindly received a beautiful statue of a full fire burning, like a soulful fruit of tree trunks gathered in heat, Harry passes through a part of town he had not seen before. He is having an extended lunch, and decided to walk along the docks this time, for some fresh sea winds. As he is eating his lunch sandwich, and thinking about whether or not to include the last diagrams in his presentation at 3 pm, he walks by a container and hears voices from within.

From within the container that is.

From the grinding of his shoes, his step is made clear, present to the sensing, an enlivening of the field, a heightening of attention, and from the container jump two boys, taller than him, stronger than him. And to them it is simple, they want what he has got.

And normally he would, because Harry is such a good citizen, who gives when he is asked for it, who will certainly give when he is prompted for it, and who would throw it at your feet when he is demanded for it. This has made his life somewhat less productive. It has made him run too much for others, and always being in a career position of being the executor, never the director of any kind. But he has always been making it acceptably all right this way. But he doesn't know what it is today, this lunchbreak, but inside him is an arising that takes him to the stars, and makes him hear his soul's cry there, that he does not have enough to give from, and that there is no external measure for that, solely his own feeling of balance and fulfillment. At this point in awareness, in full erection of the soul, there is the gentle and spontaneous and full acceptance of all the cries, and so he sees his cry as justified.

In this, a chemical stance is created, in which man stands in oneness with his belief, not because of an elaboration of reasons and explanations, but from a simple connection to the heart. In this, a long-forgotten part of the person that Harry was or is or had (not) been, came within his physical being, to stand there again, in a different stance. Harry, who in his life would not have said no, and certainly not in such dangerous and isolated conditions against opponents taller and much more muscular than himself, felt a fire within, an enlivening of a core question, to which he simply consented from the heart, and for which, in that moment, he had chosen to stand.

He had fire all in him, he had hard and small fires, he had tall and strong fires, but all fire was quick and from a constantly present core oneness. He was abundant with fire, he was all activity, and conscious of the boundless choice of strength and weapon. His body became absent, as it was merely filled with canals for the fire to run through, but the fire was the essential movement, and

at that time of adrenalin or whatever the names for fire, Harry was no more, there was only fire.

The two, who had been somewhat surprised and destabilized by his refusal to comply, by the absurdity of this tin office-clerk-jerk defying two guys like them, set on a harsh grim, and an attitude of overpowerment. But Harry was greater than that stubborn force. Harry could move everywhere quickly in between, he could throw six blows after one and other in no time, and then be gone to blast a blow someplace else. They were... slower than him, they were handicapped in a way by their stance of mastery, for that restricted the boundless freedom of their own movements. He don't know how, but the force was with him, for he was with his heart.

He got no blows, he knocked them out.

He was a fiery whirlwind, the Harry-who-was-not.

And he discovered the fire, the quick burning, the solution, in many a case. When the paper presented was too difficult to discuss, he left it to the fire, and that would explain itself. In time, the fire seemed to become physical.

He could not put it otherwise, as though his whole being had been a fixation of the fire, a crippling and cutting blocking of the flows of inner wellness, and that he was now, as he experienced it, flowing back from his own superimposing on those forces, into the being of those forces themselves. They flew throughout him, his passions, his heart, as they had flown throughout him when he had been a child, and they warmed his body, so that at times he was really sweating from all the running, running and running through his limbs. Maybe, in that moment of forgetting himself, he had come to find himself for real.

And there was no question, that his body became free, and younger, as did his spirit.

And he enjoyed all of it.

And all of it enjoyed him, as he was for real, totally, in all his ways now.

Clay forms the eagle

Some months have passed now, since Clay was first greeted at their doorstep, but the Madison family have really come to love his simplicity, his smile, his silence. At times, when there is nothing to do, he sings a bit, and dances, and sometimes he sits there totally absent. Then he is silence, or the inner sounding

of the body, the constant creation of the universe, and then his body moves in watery speech, and his lips are carried in the sweetest smile.

One time, Clay takes Tony out into nature, for Tony has wished for an explanation for the powers of the statues. Clay had not wanted to say a word about them, but he had wanted to explain the bigger question that was burning within his friend. They came to a pond, and Clay lifted his arms, and with the arms, a strange veil seemed to be lifted from the surroundings, a veil of weight and milky vision. From where he was sensing now, Tony experienced all as light and open, and movable in ways that were easy to understand in terms of pure power, but ungraspable to the thinking. In this state, the winds came from horizon and drew their lines of energy-movement throughout his body, and he was part of this whole universe of energies dancing, and his body drew from the winds and let flow into the water, with majestic perfection of the tai chi movement. Other winds and stirrings called for his movements to pass in perfection, and all was perfect tai chi. At last, there was emptiness, a shimmering space full of light and power, a queen bride, so high yet everywhere. Then he felt again the milkyness returning in the vision, the veil of weight, the world of objects, plants, waters and stones as he knew them, separately that is, as if the truth lay in the isolation, as if not each part knew the whole.

Clay had lowered once again his arms.

That night, Ms Janey received an eagle statue at dinner.

A new way of thinking

Ms Janey is having her lunch, the day after receiving such beautiful a statue of the eagle. The animal was not shown in a fierce attitude of war or fighting, but rather in a peaceful and confident ascent, for it knew the winds that would take him to a higher rising, and the spread of his wings was all the confidence he needed. All of his force and power lay in the grace of that gesture, his power was his, to move or to be still, and the difference was the spreading of his wings, and the arising of the acting of intelligence within him.

It was forceful but in an assuring way of simply being there, the force, the knowing, the intelligence, it was not the destructive potential of his claws, nor that of his jaws that were portrayed in the sculpture, but the peace of his highness.

At lunch, she was discussing the topic of artificial insemination with her colleagues, but somehow her heart was feeling too warm, to be able to say so many things without weighing and balancing the sounding of the words, the emotionality that seeks its expression in the message. There was a strange

heightening of the love vision within her, as if to aspire to the inner heights was to aspire to love. She felt like Tibet, 'though she had never been there before, she could tell what the air smelled like, what haven of ascended emotions, what curly hairs would grow from such winds.

Later that day, driving home from work, she decided she had to stop by some places to buy groceries and vegetables, some cleansing products and some office papers. She had wanted to drive by Nudget's, the new supermarket downtown, but she felt somehow that there was another way she needed to take really. She did not know why, but she took that road. It drove her a couple of miles out of town, into a part of the landscape she had not really known before, when she came upon a store that held much more.

And she came back from it fulfilled, with a smile even, she was given.

In the days and weeks that followed, she got the sensation of a higher form of intelligence. This form was not like the mind, for it knew things the mind did not. It showed what was yet to be seen. It was not like the mind, for it spoke first, and then proved its point effortlessly in the thinking, instead of thinking and thinking it over and never ever gaining clarity. It was not like the mind, for it beheld viewpoints where the heart spoke to, and the balls to act. It was not like the mind, but it was swift, and loving, and intelligence and freedom.

And it showed, in vision, things yet to appear true in the world.

It made her life easy, for gone was the doubt, gone was the need for far-fetched solutions, gone was the not knowing which direction. All lay perfectly clear within the silent wingstroke of the eagle flying within her being.

And her life became full of surprises, some to learn still, of parts to let go or strengthen once again within herself, others just to enjoy colors peace and warmth. She found this strange, for it was like the mind was trying to control her life, even though it had to admit the greater wondrousness of the eagle-vision-magic, the beautification of the life she knew that way, the love that was her silent advisory companion and the unmovable strength and simplicity of all her faithful moves.

For which she laughed for ever more, and sat with ease, compassionate vision and inner clarity and strength.

But who could explain such a thing, and in the end, would we care still for the explanation, living all the miracles? We would know, as in so it is, and there would be little left to argue, and all left to discover. But those who cannot discover, I guess then they must argue.

The salamander spirit

It was not as usual this time, the magic had been in the house for some time now, and all knew it, but none spoke of it. All was enjoying perfectly their own precious knowing. And in each of their ways, there was the ascent to the One, the openness, the field, in all was the knowing, and 'though being different in creature, all were the same in inspiration. There was only one left, who had not known the grace of magic, the little maiden Emily. She was thrilled that morning, when she found a salamander statue.

For she had had a strange dream that night.

In that night, she had receded into nothingness, the void from where all is potentially possible. In this great landscape of the meditative, she felt the nothingness playfully splicing itself into two polarities, in between which, a current ran in waves. It could play with the waveforms, the distance, the strength in between. These waveforms curled themselves and made up all the smaller and the greater material beings in the universe. Suddenly, the great emptiness was filled with all sorts of creatures, but she could see now, through the insight of her vision, that at the most playful level, all of this was just a mirage, a trembling of creation.

She then became the snake, the primal movement of the wave, and then she got paws, like reptiles and amphibians, who still move their bodies like full snake. She noticed how as a human, we might consider the back of our being as a snake still, running through our spines, but we have limbs attached differently, which causes us to walk more in a way of the rocking chair. In that, we lose the spiral dance of the snake.

So it was for her, like a vision given form in an animal, the amphibian creature, the reptile-like. Many things she did discover. For when it stood, it held the energy-currents within its body in a most majestic way, spiritually. It stuck its head out amidst the stars, while grounding itself firmly in the abdomen. In this lay a firm stance of power, authority and peace, and a gentle flow throughout the being.

Discovering this way, the left-to-right pendulum movements, next to the forward-backward ones we are used to as humans, she found the pendulum to swing to power. She felt she could throw up her snake-lizard vibe into the stars to high that it made her free and laugh, vibrating throughout with sheer elves play.

She also came to know the ocean. The ocean was a strange rocking in between the back to front and the left to right. There appeared the powers, and the knowing. This power-creature was one with the currents of the water, when it

dove into that, it had within its being the capacity to become the river, to become the ocean.

This way, her ocean powers brought her to move also the ocean in another, for healing, for washing things out, for gently washing a feeling towards the other or for simply shining as the sunlight-poured wavetops on a midsummer day. The ocean became her knowing, and she could move objects with it, at a distance, and she could move ego-intentionality. That meant she could divert the targeting attitude a drunk might have towards her. Then she dove, and she arose, and she brought the loose mind up throughout the waters and threw him upon another shore. And the person then, the drunk, would stumble stupidly to where she'd sent his seeking.

There was much to do with the ocean, it made gravity no longer a physical resistance, for the ocean drew her up, and ascension was throughout her being, and ever gently rocking inspiration.

She had most fun.

The chameleon

One day, in that house trembling with magic, there was no more butler to be found. The children had looked into his room, and sitting there, was only a chameleon.

And he lured them all into his eyes, and they looked into his eyes, the whole family-lot-of-them, so divided, why each had been given what each had been given. Though it was beautiful, they still wanted to be it all.

Looking into the chameleon's eyes, their spirits where drawn in in a magnetically seductive fashion, and like in whirlpools and vortices of energy, they see with the eyes of the chameleon, that there is time past nor future, that all is a liquid changing, and the original weaves itself into all derivatives so different anew, and knows then from there, that way, and from here, that way, but the knower is the same. To see this is to see no envy, for a part of me is perfected just as well in you, as a part of you is then perfected in me. And I see, when I simply drop my self, I am all the others just as well. And for a moment there, the distinctions that are made on the basis of the human class system are, thus considered, a simplistic confusing stance.

And the chameleon spits them out back into their bodies, and sits there, mute, such tongue that does not speak, and he is respectfully locked within a cage from which one day, he has simply disappeared.

The strangest phone call

Of course, this leaves for a vacancy within the occurrences of the household, that is, in part, emotional, in part practical, for which they after some time must contact once again the bureau.

There is the most friendly lady on the other side of the line, and she informs them about her sincere regret. She had wanted to arrange for another butler than the one they had originally discussed, and which was to arrive some two years ago. Regretfully, this butler, who came from some distant jungle forest being cut, had somehow escaped from the cage they transported him in. The cage was still locked, but inside had lain a cotton sack with a beautiful drawing of a lizard which, upon opening, revealed only a small rainbow lizard, jumping out of the cage, into the jungle, where it was to die with it.

It was the strangest story, and she had been very grateful for their patience, for doing the household themselves for all those months without insisting or complaining, and she could understand how the time had come that they had wanted a good butler now for real. She would see if she could find one perhaps from another forest being cut down for magazines, the wood that is, the animals die as a side effect, the flowers to, where there was perhaps a savage running around, who knew nothing of the world, and who could be taught, easy things.

There was a great demand for butlers, and since many people had already been on the waiting list, the new butlers to arrive were to be going to those already spoken or called for, and, because of their unfortunate accident, their case was now up for revision and re-appeal from the start, which would make it take some time. This has never happened before...

Harry hung up.

She knew nothing of the butler, she had never known a man named Clay.
