

Liberating Love

Charlotte Eaton is an anthropological experimenter who loves spontaneity, humour and freedom. She studied Music and Philosophy at Birmingham University and has worked in various roles supporting and encouraging others; teaching music, as an educational facilitator, conservation and English teaching and then aid work in Sri Lanka after the tsunami and as an outreach worker for people with physical disabilities.

She visited the ZEGG community in 2009 and wrote the following two articles (www.lifebulb.org)

Liberating Love: visiting ZEGG, a free-love community in East Germany. November 2009



Here I am now in Berlin again, settled at the computer in a quiet hostel, cup of tea by my side, warm and dry. Feeling deeply moved and a little poetical. No worries to anyone who doesn't get all the way down the page, I'll be bending your ears before long anyway :)

So I would like to tell something of this trip. It has been unbelievable and incredible. I would like to share with you what seems now such a clear and profound and obvious truth that sex is not something separate from love- it is the huge great swirling cloth that love itself is. When love is free it is this. Nothing secret nothing dirty no noise nor strangeness but utter gratitude and the deepest of truths. The greatest and most powerful healer there is. It is the natural flow of creation, not in the simple sense of making a child but as the essence of all that is. These great waves of creation which we have called sexual energy are true and free and do not do well to be contained. In fact it is madness to try to contain them, because they cannot be contained, only squeezed and clenched and turned by pressure into weird and sore constructs. When they are uncontained it seems that everyone can be truly and fully everything they are, in openness, in freedom, in complete blessed uniqueness. Respected and honoured exactly as they are. Part of the huge wave and never separate from it. It is not something to share with a single person only, behind closed doors, but the magnificent arena that life itself is. Infinite and sacred.

There are so many things that have been felt these past few days it is hard to share. The beautiful energies and colours of a group of people working together to free one another and encourage one another's freedom.

We were a group from around the globe, a medley of accents and experiences and entrenched cultures which licked and tickled with one another. People experimented and explored and loved. We were out every day among the trees, these great tall strong beauties sighing and easing us on, that's how it felt to me. We were held and loved by the trees, as by each other and the space that is offered by this community, what it stands for. (Thank you to the community. It seems from the little

that I spoke to people in the settled community it is not always easy to live among the comings and goings of people searching and digging and seeking, and yet at the same time that it is part of the magic.) We chopped and stacked wood and I learnt to use an axe and felt the heart of trees, it makes me sad to say it. Such great beauties, and also such pleasure in the swing of the axe coming down just right. It took me two days to get anywhere with it, such a sense of achievement and pure pleasure at playing with the wood- first it got the better of me, then I the better of it, mostly it still had the better of me :)

We also shifted some of the old stasi fencing- the land used to be a stasi training ground. Cutting away rusty barbed wire was wonderful, it seems it would be hard to find a more apt response to this period in history than to found an experiment in love and communication and celebration of everything that human beings are. It made me laugh also that we were putting up a fence, not to keep people out but to protect them from the sight of naked people (there is a public byway through ZEGG's land). Stupid laws about hiding from one another mean that people lose the right to walk between the trees in openness, without fences.

We had a bright, glorious four-year-old in our group also, long and thin and active, a monkey exploring and climbing all over anyone and everyone, she was a wonderful bright spark especially through all the emotion. I am tearful again now, sitting at this quiet desk. I will be out later to an open mike night here that someone recommended, I am looking forward to the music, excited to be in this foreign city on a rainy wednesday night, feeling the city flow back through this Londoner after the quiet majesty and secret growth of the forest.

I have experienced so much here too being a Jew in Germany, in Berlin, the tears come again. They are healing. The holocaust memorial here is a load of concrete blocks, with the occasional tree pushing its tiny way in between. To walk through the blocks is to begin with them low down, then slowly to find them way over the height of your head, looking through the tunnels they make. Powerful. Bleak and disorientating and stunning. Like a dream. I did dream of it in fact, among many other things over the last few days. The power of this place, this experience, has been exceptional.

I can't ever imagine again going back to having a single partner for sex, I can't imagine why this has been the way for so long. It seems only a way of trapping an incredible amount of energy - of truth, really. Sex is only what is utterly true, utterly there it seems. To ignore this or try to block it seems to be to sit on the beach like King Canute trying to hold back the tide. To misunderstand what we are, what the essence of life is. To pretend that we are not intimately connected, the great playground and play things of life, creators and created at all moments.

So I want to say a huge and heartfelt thanks to the beautiful people I have walked away from today, I am thinking of so many accents and fun and individuality and honesty, and feeling you so deep in my heart. Thank you.

Thanks for sharing this with me folks. Wow, wow.

With great love, and this sense again of meeting life and swimming and swirling and growing, peeking and seeing,

your devoted cha