

Love and the Dark

The Drama of a Lonely Woman

An unusual love affair

Or: The deep and inherently complicated Relation between Man and Woman, caught in a correspondence

First, to keep things chronological, before the email correspondence between the two principle characters in this book, Nadine and Azar, will be presented, here follows the sort of (irregular) diary of Nadine – or, the ‘reliever of pain’, as Nadine prefers to call it. It starts to be written in February 2017, the year before Nadine and I, Azar, met for the first time, which was in the beginning of June 2018. The diary stops at the end of July 2018.

That first meeting between us was a spectacular and unprecedented one – for me, if not for anyone who could have witnessed it. When we walked in the opposite direction, she up hill, me down – could it be more symbolically regarding Man’s and Woman’s Direction – we met on that small path (a meeting had to happen anyway, since Nadine was joining our retreat), saw each other and stood still on the very same spot for an estimated 20 minutes, about 40 centimetres from each other and without saying anything, without moving a foot. We weren’t looking at each other but were looking down most of the time, or sometimes into the distance. In fact, we weren’t looking but rather feeling and allowing what this new, unusual but apparently deep if not archetypal meeting did to us. Indeed, this meeting was as old as humanity, I felt. There was no impulse in either of us to change anything in the situation of being stuck there, man and woman being stuck with each other for as long as we remember and not knowing how to reach the other, how to bridge the seemingly endless gap, the gap between two totally different worlds – even though we Knew Each Other, we were no strangers. Finally, the right form was found, had been manifested, ‘right’ in the sense of the reality that had been shaped by the Deeper Reality of Man and Woman that in ‘normal’ life was usually hidden – this immobility that lies always behind all movement, all dynamics and repressed chaos in the relationship of a man and a woman. It had to manifest in an extreme way – not as if we were just a little or half stuck – or else the Relationship of Man and Woman would fail to become Truly Clear (and without Full Clarity no Real Development is possible). Nadine was greatly cooperating, I must say. No social masks, no nice first chat, no ‘hi, how are you?’, no face that is happy to meet me in person finally, no happiness anyway... No, just total silence, radical standing still, no movement, albeit I noticed some honest suspicion in her towards this guy.

What ‘happened’ from my side is that ‘my’ Male Heart, Open as it is, had immediately taken over Woman’s Deep Earthly stuck immobilized state, and therefore, as a mirror, I couldn’t move either. It seemed almost like the Egg-cell waiting to be Fertilized in a figurative sense, Her Body Kissed to Life by Man(’s Heart).

It’s only because after 20 minutes I felt I could no longer keep our host and cook for that first evening waiting for us with her prepared diner getting cold, that, for now, I tore myself ‘free’ from the revealing scene, from our millennia-long immobility. Meditator of reality as I Am, however, I could have stood there much longer, and Nadine too, it seemed.

As far as I am concerned, the background of this event can also be described in a seemingly opposite way, which doesn’t necessarily contradict the first. MAN, or let’s say the Male Force, the Formless, is Static of Itself – It Is a Magnetic Force, if you will. It starts moving when it is in touch with the Female Force – or the Electric Force, if you will – when it Manifests as Form. The Female Force is Dual, however, and thus the two descriptions come together. The Female Force is the Moving Force but the Fixating or Immobilizing Force too. ‘She’ is everything that is Dual. In Touch – or confronted – with (the True Depth of) the One Male Heart, a woman may easily be thrown to the Side of Her that is usually hiding in the Dark, since She prefers the moving side which She, not correctly but understandably, associates with Life.

Before we met for the first time, I had already been meditating Nadine, via a friend Henry, who reported me regularly about her and his relation to her. Such a report – and all the more when it comes from Henry (or from anyone who, by Deeper Nature, has a strong association with me) – makes me already, inevitably, consciously meditate Nadine’s state(s) which includes the energy and (forms of un)consciousness behind the words. From the first time she was mentioned by Henry this process had started. In a way, thus, she was already in Relation to me (Man) then, without knowing it. Well, something in her Knew, already – if only because it perceptibly affected her state(s) and certainly her consciousness developed quickly.

With regard to reading Nadine’s diary, it is worthwhile to mention that not long before it started she had already followed a vipassana retreat of about 10 days. This form of meditation – which is also the one I have practiced intensely myself, by the way, the one that played an important role in ‘my’ Realization of Truth in 1999 – may have helped not only with formulating the way she did but also with becoming more conscious of her inner (dark) states. But, it’s true, she has a talent of her own for associating with the Dark inner world of a woman – all the more stimulated and developed by the ‘grace’ of the mess with men in early childhood. Also, the mentioned Henry played a role over the few preceding years in enabling Nadine to become more aware.

Yet, considering my experience with and insight into the nature of Woman’s reality in the Context of (possible lack of or more or less fundamental separation from) Man, probably all of this was of less influence than ‘my’ (or Man’s) Conscious Meditation of Nadine as (a) Woman. This was confirmed when, still before we had met, I read one or a few messages from her to Henry – in whom she was interested as a man, a potential partner – which was a strange and, in a positive way, even shocking experience in the sense that it was like (part of) ‘Me’ writing that message, and that while we had never met up to then, although by then she already knew of my existence and had seen pictures of me. Reading a few of her messages to

Henry, she felt Part of ‘Me’, already – which, as you probably understand, has nothing to do with possessiveness in one way or another.

This is a feeling I usually don’t have (and usually not at all) when I read women’s writings. Actually, it never happened like this before. Something of this Recognition that a woman is Part of ‘Me’ may develop when the woman has been with me for a while, and is allowing ‘Me’, her Heart, to a certain degree or, as in Satlova’s case, completely. But, when it is about Nadine, I had never met her, we were not together, she was interested in another man. This can only be explained if reality is much more subtle than most of us assume – or because it is subtle in nature at all.

Something in Nadine had already Recognized that she was – or Is – Part of ‘Me’. There are women who are, let’s say, flexible. ‘Flexible’ in the sense that they, by their (Deepest) Nature – and automatically as a Force Beyond themselves, or even against what their earthly interests seem to dictate them – turn to (and become part of, or Recognize they have always been Part of) the Man who manifests Himself on Earth in the Deepest sense of Man. Instead of ‘flexible’ one could also call it Faithful (to her Deepest Nature of being Married to Man Himself, and not to a man, a man she loves, is used to or attached to, and wants to have for herself).

As for me, I hadn’t read anything from a woman like this “Trapped”, as she had named her report on her inner states, even though since long by then I had Seen-Felt what Nadine describes about herself in most women, perhaps less pronounced, less sharp, less dramatic, less conscious, but anyhow... It shows that the Dark Force that she shared with me in her mails, had, next to the slumbering and sometimes suddenly peaking Love, already been active in her in similar ways before we actually met. Meeting me made things ‘worse’ for her in the sense that everything she mentioned in the diary became so very undeniable, so tangible, inescapable – instead of merely or mainly looking from above at the whole inner drama, hardly realizing that it is about her. However, ‘my’ (Man’s) Consciousness Present in her Earthly Realm also gave her an opportunity to transcend the darkness – or Allowed it to Be Transcended – if she could Find ‘my’ Heart Wholly Being with her, Living her, and could surrender all that darkness she felt inside into ‘my’ Heart, undoing thus the identification of the (illusory) self with the Darkness that was suffocating her. But what if, in fact, she could Find ‘Me’, her Beloved, but not on an Earthly Level?

Although Nadine had already sent me her diary on January 31st 2019 I somehow did not read it until six months later, at the end of July 2019. And it touched me deeply – despite the fact that by then, as I’ve said, Woman(’s Darkness) was not at all unknown to me; I have always been very sensitive – and responsive – to Woman’s (hidden) Pain. The fact that a woman showed it so openly, or at least on paper, was much less known, if at all – not in this way... In the Light of the One Heart’s Consciousness all Darkness shows up.

[Here follows an excerpt from Nadine’s diary **Trapped** which has been integrally included in the beginning of the book.]

TRAPPED

12.2.2017

Lifeless world. Disconnected, confused, empty, lacking energy. I dream of death. The soothing thought of the end of all suffering, of life. What could possibly be the purpose of all this? Is this some kind of a bad joke? I am trapped.

16.2.2017

Unlived potential. Violence, ignorance, barriers, walls, illusion, confusion – within and without. I am the world. I am to feel it all. Days and weeks have passed and I am still empty. I let go, I do not judge, I observe me not being me, no form of control, who am I? Confused observer. Waiting, bearing pain. Will I ever feel love again?

1.3.2017

Horses are wild, I am letting them reign. Conscious self-destruction. I surrender, I dive. The water is cold. For shallow shores I can't see the ocean... Dangerous shores, your safety is an illusion. Trust the ocean, dive deeper. Will I ever learn, how to swim? Shores, I no longer believe in you. I have no other choice. I have to leave you now. I remember moments I lived and loved. I feel I can die now, for I lived and loved, if only for those few moments. Moments that mean more than a lifetime.

3.3.2017

I am disgusting, fake.

12.3.2017

Self-obsession, consumption, waste, ungratefulness, failure. Shame.
Parasite...

13.3. 2017

The ego reigns. It drags me around like a dead rat. It does everything it can to prevent me from progressing further, going deeper. Setting traps. I stumble. I fall. So I deserve.

23.3.2017

What is real? What is true? Not this, not me. I want to find out. Whatever it takes. Whatever it takes. Whatever it takes. Take me.

27.3.2017

I am sick and tired. I used to have life. I was I, I had a past, present and future. I had potential. I had energy. My life was easy and stable. Sweet. I liked my reality, just as it was, simple, comprehensible. I didn't ask for this madness. The messy mind, unable to make sense of anything it experiences. The bliss followed by hell... Wild horse in control of my life, my life which is no longer mine, tearing me into pieces. I have lost it. I am failing life. I don't know who I am anymore, I don't know whether I am real, or not... Life is mad, I make no sense. I am destroying myself, falling down into the hell. I fear that I will never be able to get out. I am afraid of failure. The reality is becoming more and more crazy, incomprehensible, irrational, senseless. I am not ready for this. I am not strong enough. I am dirty, evil. There is no way I can lead a good life. Light visits sometimes, but only to disappear – leaving confusion and despair behind. I don't want this anymore. It is stopping me from leading the life I once used to have. It was a beautiful life. I did not mind my walls, they were restricting but safe. I was safe, I was loved. I was safe and loved despite my delusion. I want to go back. I don't want this madness anymore, it destroys me, it hurts me, it makes me weak. I struggle to cope, I am unable to understand. I don't have the power, I don't have the will. I no longer know who is responsible for my actions, where the source of my energy is – and why something is preventing it from manifesting. My passion, my purpose, my energy – all gone. Teasing me with its presence only for a few moments, and then it goes, fades away. Here's what you're missing, it says. Here's how it feels, enjoy it before I take it away from you again, to make you suffer more. Suffer in your confused and dull state of mind shown to you in your own mirror. The mirror of yourself, the one that is hiding, not present, and feels as though it will never be. I will never reach the heights of the self, for I am weak and unprepared. I will never reach the potential the gods have shown to me, not in this life at least. I am sure of it. I keep failing. I am unable to control it, to maintain balance, to follow the path. Please kill me or bring me back to my illusion. Either way is fine. Just please not this. It hurts, it stinks, it is unbearable, it casts a shadow over all that is good in me. I am evil, I hate myself. I am a disgusting, wasteful, useless piece of shit. **I'd better be dead. Dead.** There is no use for me in this world. I am a burden, I suck in air and give back nothing but smell, I am a parasite, feeding on the pure and loving soul breathing inside of me. I am pissing on it, raping it. **All the love that is in me – I won't let it out, I will kill it, I will suffocate it. I will do what I can to prevent it from entering the world.** You see I am getting mad, here is your proof. I will never turn my energy into anything useful. If only I had a chance, I would use my potential to create. But that is not going to happen, my evil is too strong, too powerful. Well done, so far you've been doing a brilliant job. You killed me. Well done, you beast. You won, happy? Now please, let me die. I want to go home. I hate being in this world in your stinking presence. Constantly leaning on me, skin on skin. Following me in every step I take. Allowing only a few moments for breath and hope and then starting the torture again. You filth, you evil. You

devil. I don’t believe there is any purpose in all this. It is all just a big mistake nature made, just as a cancer, a useless mutation – destined to die, to disappear – for its uselessness, for its wastefulness. It’s ok, it happens. We all do mistakes, it’s all right. Just let me die now, and create something better instead.

15.6.2017

The world is heavy and dark these days.

I live in a pile of stinking mud, the kingdom of the slimy dirty bug. It sits there on its muddy throne, squanders, pollutes, spits and moans. Cleverly it sneaked into a sacred chamber, like a wind through a slit. The Guest of mine, the beloved, left the chamber long before I sensed the bug arriving. Surely He could smell the filth from a mile away.

The chamber used to see the light so bright that its walls couldn’t but dissolve and melt into the air full of sky blue hummingbirds. Now the air is black and thick and the birds turned into heavy bricks. Good feed is essential for the bug to live. And so it sits there spitefully and eats, day after day, night after night, turning into stones what’s light, into filth what’s pure, into shallow what’s deep, real into fake, compassion into hate, life into death. Every day I enter its smelly chamber and feed it my own flesh and soul. The soul well spiced with values is what it likes the most. In return, between the meals I’m free to roam in the garden of the kings. The garden of earthly delights. Once the stomach starts to growl it’s time for me to fill the bowl. Its voice is louder than the loudest storm. Woe betide me if I dare to ignore the stormy call! It wants me back. Without its servant it’s destined for death. I know, it knows. We know. Day after day, delicious meals served on a silver plate. Night after night we play an evil game.

The garden is an illusion, and so is the bug. Yet it has me in its grip. It likes to play and never runs out of tricks. How dark is the kingdom, how muddy my feet. How long will I serve my soul to the king?

1.12.2017

The head feels heavy, the body weak and tired. Hanging about directionless. A bundle of confusion and chaos. At the edge of collapse...

The ocean of stirring waters within. The winds blowing wild. The dark, deep blue. The deep, pulsing blue. Pulsing darkness. The sense of flow has long been gone. Lost and forgotten in the shadow.

Not a single thought is clear. Every thought branches into infinite possibilities. The thread is short.

Every step is a stumble. Every step there is a wall. The force to jump doesn’t come. Changing of direction, backtracking, wandering. Circle. No escape. Running stumbling, motionless. Standing still. Storming. Struggling.

Thousands thousands thousands, of feelings. Unexpressed. Acceptance gives birth to helplessness. The depths are dark, I cannot see. Fatigue. Effort? Eyes wide open, yet blind.

The road is stony, dusty, dry, the wells poisoned by darkness, cold, whispering, beckoning. Poison.

Threatening to explode, threatening to collapse, threatening to fall over the edge deep into the unknown, into the lost, fading away... death in flight, shattered, shard and scream dark dark dark.

What does it entail, surrender?

Who surrenders? And to whom? The bitterness of being. The pressure, the defiance, the split.

The fatigue of misunderstanding, invisibility. Life lacks structure and direction. What am I afraid to lose? There's not much left. The shards of light, I fear for them. I save them. To surrender is to accept the loss of everything that still has a heart beat... I choke out the last little flames for fear... I don't breathe for fear... for fear...

To die? To die alive and willingly, is that what I'm asked to do? Who wants this? To whom am I giving my life? It won't give me peace until I give it to it... drumming, drumming, drumming into my head with a hammer.

3. 12. 2017

I no longer seem to understand the language that life speaks to me. I am a foreigner in my own mind. Words, words, words, lost in translation. Countless identities. The past has been shattered, no future yet to see. Lost in the now.

Groping in the dark, crawling. I don't understand, anything. The voices are fighting, fighting for the word. All directions torn, pulled. I fail, I'm falling. I don't understand, I really don't understand... I can't see a step.

24.1.2018

I am everyone and no one, everything and nothing...smooth changes, changes, waves...layer after layer, what claws held tight, the palm was pressing...I am giving up, peeling off...I, you...forms... with gratitude I receive, with gratitude I surrender, with gratitude I give nothing, I dissolve into the unity of a thousand forms, I'm falling – and yet I stand firm, I uncover a core that is pure, imprinting form and taking form, permeating. It pours... it descends... it flows... it infuses... it has no boundaries... surrender, unfolding... to be carried away by the current, and at the same time to be the current... to change and to be changed, to emerge... to float... to flow... to be safe.

Layer by layer, transparent spontaneous manifestation, nested in purity, towards unity.

12.2.2018

Who else, if not me?

Numerous attempts for creative expression painfully failing. They are nothing but one of the infinite forms of self-avoidance after all. Avoidance of my own feelings, of taking ownership, of taking responsibility for my own life. Who else is responsible, if not me? Who else is supposed to drive my feet into steps, who else is there to choose the direction, who else, if not me? Surrender into my own darkness – so bitter, so sweet. Sweet. Sweet? Where am I going? There must be a better way. Have I not had enough of careless surrender? Of not giving a fuck? Of wasting? Of throwing away the gifts? The time so valuable. What am I waiting for?

Stop. Stop. Stop for a while. Stop and listen.

The mystery called life. What a mystery. Taken for granted by so many. So many. Granted. Thoughtless. What a tragic comedy. Is it not? And once we start caring, once we start raising questions, what is given to us is an infinity of possibilities, confusion and pain. Ha ha. Infinite bliss too, for sure. Only it likes to hide very much. Oh it likes to hide. It shows up its head and disappears into its hole. Whoaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa fuck! Fuck, come on, come here. I know you are there. Stop babbling and say something useful. Something that makes sense. Well, for that you would first need to stop that wild animal that is your mind. You ridiculous animal. So wild. Running around like crazy and begging for stillness. Stop tearing yourself into opposites, and maybe there will be something for you to see in the end.

You, You, the one who gives direction. You, my beloved. You, my Love. I ask you, raise above me, raise above my swirling waves and shine upon me and all my children. See us in our nakedness. With your loving, all-knowing eye. I know you are there. I know you are. Raise. Raise above us. My world without you is wild and dangerous. It swirls in all directions. Nothing is safe, nothing is protected. Please, please, come and save us. Put up a roof above our heads.

Fucking hell – who do you think you are to call and spit your filth upon that which is pure? Do you think you can forever rest your muddy ass on your self-created throne without being seen? You are all over the place. Like a slime. Your words are poison. No you are not invisible. Not anymore. I see your lies.

But what to do with you? That is another question. For that I don’t have an answer yet. You are so damn stubborn.

Is it you who stirs the waters so wild? Who are you!

I am going to fall again. Am I?

I don’t think I deserve light. I deserve hell. Hell and nothing but hell. That’s it for now. I am in hell and so it is. This is my place. I don’t deserve help. Fuck me.

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Fuck that shit. I've had enough. I've had enough of the shit. I see you now. I feel you now. You the prisoner. You the beast. You whom I know so intimately. You who's been fucking me around all this time. You and your myriad faces. I no longer fear you. Come on, come closer. Touch me with your sticky finger. I see and feel you now. You have nowhere to escape. I've had enough of you and your tricks. Your stinky lies. Your filthy giggles. You've done well. But it's been enough. Long enough you sat on the throne, long enough you wore the crown. Time to swap the seats now. Enough of games. Enough of lies.

I say No more.

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All are your friends, none is your enemy.

None of them is you – and yet you are all of them.

Mental patterns are like holes in the ground. Easy to get stuck in. Mind your steps.

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I've totally had it with my slavery. Necessary, for sure, but enough is enough. Time to move on. A little higher, this time. All my “selves”, I call you, come, turn, dance, fight, swirl. Become my body, live my body, you are all welcome. I can hold you. Welcome to my house.

Here below the Dark Seducing Force talks to her, just like the perpetrators at the seeming top of society (and at morality's deepest shit hole) nowadays have been seduced into an inhuman realm from where they try to get total control over humanity.

7.7.2018

I will look after you if you obey. You can get all my powers, my skills...I can teach you how to rule. It will be easy for you. You can have all the luxury, the pleasure, the fame... No more discomfort or pain. All there to provide for your needs. No more suffering. Not with me. It is him with whom you suffer. It is him who gives you pain. I live in a kingdom of eternal pleasure. Eternal fame. No cravings are to blame. Not with me. You can crave, you can rage, you can manipulate...the world is ours... All beings our slaves. Come on in, come and play! You have talent to rule. Do not put it to waste. Come and see, have a taste! You will enjoy, so I swear. You chose the role you prefer, if you get bored – you can change! I am all – and so you can be – the seductress, the millionaire, the queen! ... I can make you anything you've ever wished to be. You won't need him anymore. He is useless. All he can do is take off your face – to make you nothing. No one. Make you carry loads of pain. That can't be what you want. Not compared to what I have. Go on, let him be, enjoy! The world is ours! Just take what I give. Here, take it, Taste!