

**13-2-2019, 17:47** Nadine to Azar

Azar, can I just say before I reply properly to your and Anca's email, that I recognize the lies in all my words to you all along in pretty much everything I say, wanting to get to you, it is as if a huge stream of lies was flowing out of me. I see it but cannot do anything about it. I want to get to you so badly, I want to lie lie and lie until there is no other choice...

There is indeed two of me. And the two are fighting.

I see the fight just now from what I wrote.

And how it has been there in me all along - making it impossible for me to live ... becoming so intense nowadays it presses so hard it wants to be free!

It is a huge force in me, I feel it very strong these days and now I also see it... You indeed have dangerous eyes, now I have them too.

Now I'm pleasing you, teasing you, knowing nothing can work with you for you won't bow - but i will do it anyway.

I feel so full of energy at the moment.

You intensify everything...

**16-2-2019, 15:32** Nadine to Azar

i don't know what to say... my head goes all white and misty when i attune to you...

it's been a huge rollercoaster these days. I am not surprised by what Anca writes... I don't know where is this all coming from, it must have been there all along, indeed like a vampire in its cellar, totally terrified to come up to the light. It is true and shocking what Anca says about how i have been avoiding contact (and only realizing it now), for what would come up in such contact is something i would rather not see... what is coming out of me i would rather not see...what "is" me, or pretends to be, it's like opening up a huge rubbish bin that has long been closed and smelling the stink, its all just fakeness and dirt... i don't know what to do with it, all i can do is to stay with it and be honest, as much as i can...

i know i am only talking to myself again now... it is difficult to find "you" - wherever you are... only saying that i feel in some kind of bubble protected (from feeling...) - safely away from you. Things change all the time... it feels what i say or do affects everything in me, outside of me... there is so much information coming to me, i am unable to process it, so i just get lost - it is a great chaos, madness - a mixture of totally everything. To find "me" in it is totally impossible -

it is like everything is stopping me now from making any kind of contact with you... everything distracts me, I keep biting my hand and jumping in my thoughts here and there...

how do we make contact through this? I feel like I am only showing you a tip of an iceberg – of what a huge force is stopping me from making any contact with you – and what it does to me, what it feels like.. like I am very scared of it.. for it can kill when one is not careful

I have been trying to make contact with it, not avoiding it out of fear (as Anca says I have and it's true) – these days, but it's like playing with fire, sooner or later one burns – but I am not afraid (as much) to go through flames... for deeper somewhere I feel the flames do me good.

Now I have an urge to finally maybe try and write as though there was another person on the other side receiving my words... so far I have been managing not to. Somehow I don't consider you a person to pay attention to, like I can just dump my words my confusion my shit and stick it all to you – because you can handle it, so what, I don't care, you are not a person to me...

Not somebody who can feel. I can just be spreading myself forever – nobody on the other side. NO responsibility. Let's just now all focus on me and my problems, because that's all that matters. And you all and your feelings can all go to hell, if it was up to me. I don't really care too much... indeed... if you are lying dead on your bed after reading me or whether Anca has severe heart problems. It is not so much for me to care..

It's your feelings after all, not mine...

I indeed don't seem to have much of feelings ... the world for me is plain dead. I can just do anything I like, what difference does it make. Treating people like a piece of flesh... so insensitive, so uncaring... and yet pretending to be “the one with the heart” – so persistently - but spreading deadness everywhere, in fact. Everywhere in all my interactions.

It makes me sad somehow, this whole thing. I don't know why I am doing this. Why do I have to give so much pain to others – to kill every possibility of contact. As if I wanted to be alone so much that I cannot be more alone anymore, I'm totally squeezed. As if I was rushing to kill every light in me – and resisting this at the same time.

This whole thing is crazy, Azar. I mean my interaction with you – look at it.

What is this? Who am I? I feel I have Anca behind my back all the time ready to shout.

i am only sending this out of pure carelessness.

### **16:13**

If somebody is in pain because of me, I don't take any account for it..

### **18:10**

I am sorry, Azar, I don't know what's wrong with me. I think I'm just scared

It's a bit too much of everything at the moment...I see my lie and self obsession everywhere and no escaping... I don't know what to say and how to say it... There is such a big need to stay in contact

with you while at the same time it seems impossible to say anything to you that would feel true...all I can see is me - and my heartlessness at the moment.

I am sorry for what I've been saying to you and the pain it gives, also to Anca, and whoever else is involved...

I don't know how else to say this

Nadine

**16-2-2019, 23:42** Azar to Nadine

Hi Nadine

Before moving on to bed, i see your last mails. I understand your position is uncomfortable - but a good learning school at the same time. Immediately upon reading your mails, I felt a natural impulse to say: 'don't worry, honey'. Not from putting on a popular tone suddenly, but as a natural male response to seeing a woman in confusion - which is, in fact, a form of pain. And, in a way, it's even the basic form of pain. I often do have this impulse, also when, unlike you, the woman in question is not attractive. I'm talking about the male impulse to *solve* Woman, strange as it sounds when i write it straight like this. Solve all un-clarity into clarity. This is a natural Force indeed, not right or wrong. This is also in the end what your need to stay in contact is about. Whether this is clear or not - for by far most people it is not - you, beyond yourself want clarity.

Solve is close to dissolve... In a way Man's Work with Woman is about Outshining Her Duality by and into His Oneness: Woman returns into Man. In full clarity this is so. Woman can only exist - seemingly - separately as long as she is unclear, confused. Man is Your Deeper Nature. Being in Love with Man is being in Love with your Deeper Nature Which Is Man. This overrules, outshines your borrowed nature, borrowed from society - society being Female of its nature, and even (without it knowing this) being anti-Man, anti-Heart. This need to stay in contact with 'me' is, unfortunately or not, not just a whim. It is a conviction. Of course, this is scary. When throughout our life we learn that our ego is free to want what it wants and to go after what or who it seems to want, it is humbling for Woman to See that this is all humbug. You're not free. As a woman you cannot help being in Love with Man. Beyond what you want, You Want to be in Contact with Man. The ego is just a funny dummy - although, true, a stubborn spoiler too - when it is about this, about real Life. Ego specializes in fake life. In fact, that's all it does. There's nothing more to it. It's a waste of life, waste of potential, a hiding without anything or anyone being served by it. In a way, you can say that the ego doesn't have but *is* fear of contact. Or resistance to contact. In the end this is resistance to be absorbed by and become the Whole.

You're wholly welcome, Nadine, to share all your 'strange' thoughts and feelings that show up in the - interesting - human process of discovering the truth 'and' love, the need to confess love, to in the end no longer be better than love - love that is self-

devastating. As for me, i'm wholly responsible. I'm not against feeling bad, in general not and certainly not when it is evoked by our contact. Perhaps i have already told you earlier that it is hard to find a better state of mind/feeling than feeling totally responsible. There is such a Force in that. This doesn't contradict the possibility – and probability - of having heavy meditations/states in contact with the world, with people.

I wish i could just embrace you - physically, i mean here - when you feel confused or lonely or longing for contact. Life is already complicated enough.

You're doing well,

My respect for seeing lies and fake and so on and yet acknowledging the need of contact,

Azar

Let's not re-read this letter but send it, in the flow of love i feel for you when you share honestly your confusions ...

**19-2-2019, 14:51** Nadine to Azar

Azar,

i get so much energy every time i decide to "go away from you", to put you on hold.. go and try do my own thing, see if i can make myself feel good  
in return the energy is what i get...but what kind of energy? crazy energy! only running after things after things after things... wanting to get to people, invade people, totally insensitive, uncaring, desperate... desperate by itself trying to be "loud" only to cover up its own despair... inventing lie after lie after lie running away full speed...only to keep itself alive, nothing else, no other purpose...as i experience it it's completely crazy..what it does to me, how I'm dragged along to fulfil its whims...i have to "go with the flow" there is no other way (if i lose contact with heart - man - i lose my freedom totally), even if the flow leads to hell...there is such a huge power, energy in there... it moves my body it moves the world - everything! it is so heavy and it has such a momentum - difficult if not impossible to resist! One has to flow.. or fight.. unless there is heart to be felt - that seems to be the only thing that can melt it - "dissolve it" - have its say in its stubborn world...but without the heart the whole thing can turn dangerous - it can kill - almost as if it turns solid - no movement or freedom allowed - there is no fun in there (i can see-feel it in my writing (to you) as well as in the way i live) - there is a fear to be absorbed by this flow because what is there then left? nothing.. no life... no purpose.. it is scary

i try not to panic and not let it stop me writing to you... it makes me feel like i have no choice, only prey to its whims...it wants this, it wants that, and then it doesn't want it anymore...totally irresponsible, incomprehensible, insensible...just wanting to "play" - play with it's prey, like a cat with a mouse - indeed...just for pure enjoyment of the fact that it "can" do it. It is interesting how all these things i've seen before, only living them out now properly, all seem much more real. Things become scary when they become real. Suddenly there seems no escape anymore..it is real, it is here - something **must** be done about it! Responsibility must be taken..it must be seen - properly recognized - or else it won't give any peace! any rest.. imprinting myself into energy has been a real heavy task for me these days, most of the time i get smashed (by it's heavy force) and i don't know what i am saying or doing - but i feel strongly i have to try...i feel such a strong pull to be in contact with the

world (very much different now, i didn't feel this before) to be in contact with people, with situations, with the world as it is without avoidance - throwing myself into it over and over again no matter how much pain and confusion it brings...i feel a drive to be present here on earth, to be here, to live here, to work here.... to be **active** ...at the same time i see my impossibility to be in it alone - i mean to be in contact with the world but not in contact with you, then it all feels desperate and pointless and dangerous and empty, like i can try and try and try but eventually i will die and nothing will be done ... like everything is lacking substance - i am lacking substance - and there is no escape to this whether i want it or not.. i see my desperate attempts and how desperate they are...

yesterday i felt a big urge to "show" my love, to show that i can manifest it - i was sitting on my own in a pub drinking coffee after coffee in my typical irresponsibly self-indulging female state..being so proud i could make myself feel good (without needing you and "your pain" for it).. i felt so happy and at ease..i was enjoying myself very much, writing to friends feeling i was nice... Suddenly, out of that energy of love that came, i felt like sending it to others..so i went off to buy some presents. First i thought of my grandmother how she would be happy if i sent her some nice things. I set off to the shop, with energy pushing me behind my back - i felt so good. I realized during that time something was strange, as if i wasn't fully in control. There was this typical sense of flow (pleasant, but dangerous at the same time - if one resists it...) and as if the flow was pushing me..wanting to buy things without "me" being sure whether i really wanted it or not..or whether it was a good idea (to spend so much money without, as i was increasingly becoming aware of, any true feeling in it - as if everything was just a big whim. What did this have to do with buying presents? thinking of the "other" maybe, somewhere in the background - or pretending to be thinking of the other, but mostly run by my "self(enjoyment)" and self interests....it was the most selfish buying of presents I've ever experienced. After a short while the whole thing started to feel a bit crazy.. i found myself buying thing after thing after thing, loosing all control in it, and "couldn't" stop it - or wanted it to happen at the same time? I went to many different shops and bought many random things, then put them in random orders and put them in envelopes to be sent to my friends and family members...i think it was somewhere in between when i realized the "fight" in it, and how it had nothing to do with real buying of presents (when i was choosing the scarf for my grandmother, for example, i just took the one that first caught my attention and I felt in the flow - that first one rather than the one that was next to it which (part of me) knew my grandmother might like better...i didn't care too much what my grandmother would like, i cared about myself and my joy in it, my free-flow - and everybody should witness how great and free i am ...insensitive bitch. Especially my grandmother should feel **HOW MUCH I LOVE HER**. Stuff it into her face, here, there is my love for you! eat it! so fake, so full of pretence, so not true! And it continued like this, when i started seeing into it more, the force got stronger and as if on purpose, started to be more and more whimsical - it wanted a sweater, it wanted a flower pot, it wanted a tie, it wanted a piece of cloth, ...it wanted mingles and tingles and shiny little things and necklaces... totally crazy"!!!! in the end it felt harmless and it was only a pound-shop so no danger of spending too significant an amount of money so i just let it happen,...still the thing felt very untrue and violent inside (behind the seemingly innocent scene). We made it all the way to the post office. There i was supposed to wrap all these things to envelopes and send it. One by one, to each member of my family. Totally random things supposedly showing love - but there was so much pain in them instead! i could feel the pain, in each and every one of those packets, pain dressed as love wanting to get to my loved ones and which had gotten "undressed" by my seeing in the process of it and then the anger showed up, and disinterest, dishonesty and hate..and all that filth and ugliness went into those packages - they were all so charged with them - i couldn't send it - and i had to send it at the same time - ... i knew it made no sense to be sending those "presents" ...it would do no good to the recipients, it would only give pain (or confusion - the same..) i mean, deeper, under what it would probably be seen as by most others. I knew i would probably be harming myself also most of all - by sending my pain to those who cannot receive it .. knowing it all and yet sending it anyway..only to do what, to experiment? to see what happens if? For it to all be about me again? fucking shit i feel angry again. i hate to always be a burden to others. yet apparently, i cannot help it, it happens.. yesterday in that post office i was standing there for about an hour, in my typical horror of decision making, thinking whether i should send my pain to my family or go "out of my flow" and put a stop to it. Perhaps give them a call instead

- ask them how they are, be honest. No. too much effort. i will go on and send the shit off, since i already started. Let's finish the shit job - at least to make it seen and feelable for once.

I can't say how outraged i am that i keep letting this happen ...letting my irresponsibility to be a burden for others. To confuse others, to hurt others, those who cannot receive. As if i couldn't deal with my shit alone. No i cannot deal with my shit alone, apparently, and let others in peace. I know if i feel no love i am destined to swim in my swamp for ever and nothing or nobody will be served by it, indeed, i know it and still, this thing is so stubborn.. i feel no love, no being close, no openness, no honesty, no freedom... only struggles and struggles and lies..conflict after conflict, crazy! only the need to change reality, forcing - changing - forcing. everything should be different from how it is. how it is is unbearable!

I am talking to myself again now. Or maybe i have never started not to - well. This typical female babbling as Anca would say.

i see this energy that spits itself out through me and yet i cannot "detach" myself from it.. it is like i am being and seeing it - or partially at the same time, and i cannot help it, at least i don't seem I can now

I am so confused and chaotic these days and in panic most of the time and unable to receive or open up to any kindness or support in any kind of form, it is all fake to me, i am fake...so talking to you now seems also a bit paradoxical. I could just go on forever like this and nothing would happen.

no peace, no rest..running running running  
Nadine

...

i can see how all the time i am trying to detach myself from that strange "thing" that i am talking about... as if it was outside of me - my enemy, or something  
how can you live with an enemy in your own body? it won't let me say anything except "itself", so i will stop now

i cannot love ..- and yet i **want** it so much

the world feels surreal these days..unlivable

## 16:15

i am sorry Azar for such long e-mail. i think i am just angry that somebody is making me do things that i don't want to do... and that i am so unable to stop it...

with my best  
Nadine

## 23-2-2019, 14:57 Azar to Nadine

Nadine,

We're home after 4 utterly stressful days and i see you had just written me on the day of my departure. Although my body is exhausted and it feels as if I have a broken back - sorry, this is not really of woman's interest, so i will spare you the many 'details' that caused this - let's write already something; for you provoke such an urge to respond.

Feel sorry for your long letter if you like, but as for me it is not appropriate. On the contrary. I truly like and appreciate how you write and i can't suppress natural smiles on my face while reading. It is funny how you see lies and lies and lies in yourself and i see truth being spoken through you, even when you include in the 'lies' sometimes your writing as well. Seriously, i never met a woman who is so dedicated - even though 'dedication' seems to arise from another world - to showing the Lie in herself, in Woman in general (as far as She's locked up in Her Own Female world without way out (in)to Man) - although this last thing, the generalness, is something you will need to See (much deeper) still.

In Man's Presence, you're showing Woman. And you can imagine now and feel consciously and directly from within how women live, in this 'flow' that you describe, 'happily' unconscious of their unhappiness. As long as the flow continues one doesn't need to turn within and see the truth. Considering Woman's HUGE resistance to seeing the truth of Herself, it is really exceptional that you are taken by a Force that is even Stronger than this resistance. Call it Truth Itself. I can also say, in other words and in all seeming immodesty - but only immodest from the 'normal' fucked up egoic perspective - that 'I' Am even Stronger than Woman, or rather: Man is, Ultimately, even Stronger than Woman. Only, this situation seems to never manifest itself on earth as such and that's why it doesn't seem like it is so. Instead of Stronger I'd better say: Man is *Beyond* Woman, since on a Deeper Level of Man and Woman it is clear that it is not about a normal power-fight between male and female power. And so, every woman is frightened of the Man who is 'Stronger' than She, in Whom or in Which She can Dissolve. And She Wants nothing more than that He is Stronger than Her, since this is Her only chance - chance to ever be freed from supposed strength, from the unrecognized hell of the self, from being a slave of running and apparently unstoppable energy, from independence as a surrogate word for loneliness, from her lovelessness; for She cannot truly Love (a) man if he is or seems weaker than her. She cannot help her seeming lack of love. The love Is there. Only, it should be revealed by Man, by being in Relation with Man. If there is no Recognition of Man, how can She Love? And so, in their resistance to the Man of their Heart, many many dummies women turn to spirituality for surrogate love – and, not infrequently, project on a male teacher the love they cannot find and manifest. It is true, for Man on earth it is much easier to love: everywhere is Woman (the Other), Duality is everywhere. Woman, however, seems convicted to project her feelings on a man-form who should represent her One - this one, and, disillusioned about this one, then the next one, and the next supposed One.

In a way, i feel a bit double writing about my smile being put on my face while reading your mail(s) - knowing what the energy behind the smile-provoking 'confession' does to Anca's state to name but one person faced with serious health effects of 'your' state. Yet, i am beyond need to be convinced of the deeper Truth of your sharing. It is really not you doing that to other people. It is Woman who cannot (yet) Find, Acknowledge, Accept (Being Part of), nor Surrender (in)to Man. Woman naturally shares with Man all the layers and even many details of Her natural Ego until She is naked in the end, naked before Him. Or, in fact, it turns out, then, that She is the Other Side of Him, the Reception of His Heart on an earthly level, the Manifestation Side. It is almost

needless to say that, although there exist women who are, by their Deepest Nature, attracted to this - Being the Reception of Man('s Heart) that She Recognizes as Her Own Truth - virtually always, sooner or later, the resistance in a woman becomes too big and the Process stops and something dies in her, even though it costs a lifetime to pretend otherwise. In Holland, for instance, but of course not only there, the situation is quite sad in this respect, full of arrogant women, many who have cut off their long hair to look like monsters.

The impulse came to me to respond to your letter only by three letters: Man.... This is the Only True Answer to everything you write, to all your despair. Everything i write is to keep you busy, to allow you the opportunity to in the meantime and behind the words Find Man. Man's Oneness is the Only Answer to Woman's Duality. Without this Oneness there is no Rest. In Man's One Heart you can go into the hell of Woman's suffering without being truly lost in it.

Selflessly letting the self be revealed and be shown to Man('s Heart)... Naturally, this cannot go without self-obsession. Then the whole thing wouldn't work. It is precisely in this Relation between Man and Woman that life is interesting - whereas woman's world is endless suffering, and man's world senseless detachment. In a way, we make a whole. Somehow, what comes up in me now, is a memory of Rose who, when she left us - or should i say: herself - and as one of the 15 to 20 background reasons why she left, she could feel Man hanging before her body, apparently every moment available to her. She thought she doesn't need Man from outside any more now - in my form - and could safely leave. For, to her in her duality, it had been - and not totally unjustly, let alone ununderstandably - about finding 'man' in her, and not about Love. She was kind of fishing for confirmation that i would be happy for her as a great result of her work with me. I was not. Of course, i cannot be deluded so easily - and, in fact, not at all. Without true humbleness, when Ego secretly or openly rules, (a) Woman cannot Find Man, which is a just Law. Certainly He cannot be Found hanging before Woman's Body. Certainly He won't be Available, always whenever Woman needs Him. He is only 'Available' when Woman is Available to Him, when, for Her, out of Her Nature, He is more Important than She. Sharing with Man as you do seems to emphasize your self-importance all the time. In the background, however, it means that *something else*, something beyond yourself, is already more important; otherwise, Woman keeps her darkness for herself. Honestly sharing is detrimental to your seemingly personal interests. It is part of your faithfulness to what we can call the Divine Woman which makes only deeper sense in Relation to the Divine Man. For (Meeting in oneself) the Divine One, one must go into and See the many, the details. The Divine Woman is Willing to See the (many clever ways of) Ego and relate it to Man. She hates the clothes She has to wear from society that prevent Her to Stand Naked before the Man. She wants to get rid of all the rubbish She gathered and deliver it at His feet. She is angry, indeed, that She is supposed to be a slave of energy, of the flow, instead of being allowed to Love, allowed to live Her Heart on earth and not only in Her dreams.

Noticing the amount and flow of energy you get when you turn away from me, you can easily see how tempting it is for a woman to follow this impulse to leave Man and

do things on her own, as her self, without truly being in relation. That's why Woman will only manage to Be with (a) Man - (a) Man who doesn't bow for Female games, for Her world of Form, for Her flow of energy which includes and in a way is sexual energy but not limited to sexuality in a narrow sense - when She Knows - and values(!) - there is Something Beyond her world of energy, and is not (too) afraid to be without energy sometimes or often. Just like i became Freed from female attachment to Energy at the end of my twenties and i had a life-or-death experience: Energy (or Woman) appeared not to be the Source of Life but Its manifestation. Man Himself Is the Source. People are, like always, fooled by form: woman gives birth to new forms so the fooled assume Woman is the source of life. So no, it is not Man who stops 'your' energy - 'your' energy doesn't exist as yours, in fact - it is the other side of Woman's Duality who 'does' this. Only, in Man's Mirroring Presence, one can become aware of the Duality of the flow of Energy and the stopping, the limiting of it, which - in itself true - gives space for (becoming aware of) Man, the World beyond Woman. The energy is the moving of the world, Woman, moved by Man. I feel it is very good that you as a woman have a true insight into the danger of the Female Energy when it is unstopped, not balanced by Man. There are many male and female political leaders that are good examples of how dangerous this Female Energy gets when it is not guided into something constructive instead of going its own way in confusion. Confusion is killing the world if it gets in (political or other forms of) power.

Well, in your case, you already See that there is no true joy in the flow of energy. Paradoxically, the flow of life's energy is lifeless in itself. You may have never experienced it so far, but the only true joy is the joy that springs from the Heart, directly, without reason, without reasons overburdening it, dimming it, transforming it into fake, second-hand joy. All the more sad, when a woman like Rose sees the emptiness of her own energetic flow and yet has to sell it - even literally sell it by means of giving workshops - as true to the world, all just to prove that she was right, right right right right right in leaving Man and starting - or continuing - for herself. It is no longer surprising to me when men of such women commit suicide, not knowing that they take over Woman's state. This happened to one of Rose's boyfriends that she took after me, which made me burst out in crying when i heard it. And i know of more examples of men committing suicide when the Female Force is too big for them to handle if only because often this Force is working underground but nevertheless very real.

Satlova, by the way, had a dream about you this night. She and you were involved in digging into the ground - some trunk of a tree had to go down. Earth was sticking to one side of the tree, and (both of) you were shaking the earth of the tree to fall into the pit. When Satlova woke up she had a spontaneous orgasm. She regularly has such spontaneous orgasms, related to processes.

Touched by your hidden Love for Man,

Azar

28-2-2019, 16:48 Nadine to Azar

Hi Azar...

I feel totally impossible again. Trying to (get to) write to you already since yesterday when I came from my work but there always seems a 'better' thing to do, or a reason not to, whatever reason, trillions of reasons. I am always too tired, too hungry, too confused, too not ready yet - or too anything that can possibly pop up in mind - and I seem to have a very imaginative mind.

No matter though how persistent my mind is (or whatever is) in its attempts to stay separate from you (just saying that I feel like I have flown 100 yards above my body and am looking at myself (writing) from the top somewhere...) ... I cannot rest in that "running away mode", in fact not at all, I go crazy from it - nothing I do makes much sense to me then. I will try this time not to delete what I feel like deleting immediately as I type it down...

I change so much when I start writing to you, opposed to normally feeling like I'm more or less on top of things, with you I am an endless well of mist and confusion, of not knowing (what will come out of me or not)...or not knowing whether I should or not...and not being sure of anything and yet feeling like there is no other thing to do...and being scared of course because it means opening up to something I don't know...something that may send me (again and again) into the painful world of confusion and despair - where there is no me to be found, and the world an endless hungry incomprehensible realm. Dangerous.

It is this losing of control that I both fear and love, secretly love, but I do, and I like to be in control and to write sensibly and nicely as if I knew who I was and was nicely organised and self controlled. I hated those days (I say hate it, but I don't think I did hate it...it was just something quite scary -for it was new- and came unexpected...) when I seemed to have lost any control over myself...and things and words were flowing out of me I couldn't stop it, and that gave me so much pain, like I was losing myself in my own world...totally in danger and at stake...throwing myself into the unknown - fuck I hated it so much

Coming to write you is like going deliberately towards an operation table lying myself down, knowing how much pain will be there, and so I wait, and hesitate, and cover everything in words I feel like I cannot stop talking....

Knowing that this is just the way to prolong the 'silence' before the operation starts...

God how much I don't want to be operated...feeling a bit like a dog who fears the vet and so does all it can to prevent it - it is funny in a way.

Floating above the hot stone...

I am noticing these days how much I want to be 'in control...'

i think what is scary when i start writing is noticing the feelable forces that stop me from it...and how they try and manipulate me out of you - and then feeling this inner (senseless) fight, i fear, that the forces that pull me away into the dull nothingness will grow bigger one day and i won't feel the need anymore to come close to you, or to get in touch, that you will simply float away...or rather, i will... i've been feeling it these days how as the silence grows bigger with me not getting in touch it is as if i was further and further, and more and more swallowed by this invisible, empty void - in which one can literally disappear - so painful, it feels like dying

i couldn't concentrate on anything these last couple of days when i felt myself losing (touch) with you, i couldn't put myself into anything, the awareness of it was so strong in me everything happening "on top" was just a temporary cover... i feared i would - i wanted to say lose you forever but something stopped me from writing - but i did, i also wanted to say that i cannot live without a man, i am impossible without a man, but i cannot really say it either..nothing without a man makes sense, nothing i do carries any heart - the opposite - when i feel i am losing you - i grow so angry and so restless, and so violent and frustrated and jumping from place to place, not doing anything properly, not concentrating on anything properly, as if everything was just so empty and senseless...with permaculture, for instance, i tried yesterday to go to the site despite that i felt just so as i described -

torn away from you - and i followed (the tearing force...), it took me all the way to campus and we were sowing some seeds there, wildflower seeds, i was bashing the ground with such carelessness, not caring about what i was doing, well i was doing a good thing, but without any heart, the whole thing felt such a waste of time, while this inner turmoil was going on in me, knowing this is not the way and yet doing it - because what else was there to do, getting in touch with you was not an option ... then as this energy grew wilder and felt more freedom to do so (as i didn't resist it) it took me for quite a ride, we went to the shop again and bought biscuits, and i couldn't stop (well i could, but the energy didn't want to, and there was no stopping to it...) eating biscuit after biscuit, and other things, whatever i felt like..there was no judgement to it, no resisting either...i felt quite peaceful beyond it, in fact for the first time, the whole thing went so smooth i was watching it as a show on a screen, as if it did not and couldn't really affect me - no matter what it does or what extreme it takes .. all the way home i kept eating filling my stomach with thing after thing - until eventually i arrived home and just threw it all up, felt a bit sickish and tired, yes well but nothing else..

i am noticing these days myself as separate from energy, in general, mine or other people's, it is a bit strange.. even my own energy feels separate from me - like i am just watching the whole show going on in the world, "include" myself in it from time to time, if i want to or feel like – only, because of this "dissociation" it comes out a bit strange, as i am always a bit ahead or behind - trying to weave myself into things to "fit in". So i am also noticing how the energy affects me less, how i am not a complete slave of it, since it happens and it's dangerous when it's a mess or even pleasant but something beyond is more calm, or rather separate, but i know i can lose it also...

i am starting to feel tired and heavy again now as i write - it is becoming more and more difficult to say or write anything, ... and again i feel like going eating or sleeping, so no, i am not "not a slave" of my energy so much it seems - no not at all...i am slaving still

i know if i follow this separating energy now it will be dangerous - it can be dangerous, it is totally crazy. Certainly when it comes to you - yes when it comes to you i go crazy  
crazy with you and even crazier without you ...???

am I to be locked in this stupid duality forever, is there no end to it? Feels like a prison...

and yet i am not against it, i love this world i really do. I love to be with people and i enjoy doing things, i am not so scared of them anymore...but being part of the world and not being part of you is totally crazy and impossible, it cannot be. I mean, how can it be...and yet, i won't cross the line..and yet, i am terrified when i feel myself growing further...because when you get lost what will be there? If you ever get lost what will happen then? Will i go back to how i was? Will i forget everything? What will it be like?

I was with a girl in a polytunnel doing some job the other day, and she was saying things about her life, about her boyfriend, her job, and it all felt so "familiar" - just like i was before i came to England, i had everything secured, the future was secured, i knew what i was doing and everything felt so simple...no need to go anywhere deep, just being there in pleasant unknowing, getting a boyfriend maybe, a good job, and that was it...enjoy life just like that, without worrying too much about things - without getting lost too much. I felt so safe with her as she was talking and for a moment i felt i could also live like that - to go back to how i was - for a moment it seemed possible - and as if a stone fell off my shoulders, i felt so happy and light suddenly. The world was full of possibilities - and I even got excited as I started to think (but not really seriously) how i would "get myself back on top" such as choosing the direction in my life, perhaps finding a job that would fit me - and a boyfriend...???? a place to live..things like that. Becoming a nice wife maybe.

It was a nice time in that polytunnel. But then i left and hit the reality again. You were there again. You are always there. Always you never leave.... i can never go back to who i was. This is just so strong and powerful and feels like it can never leave me - that the torture will never leave me, that there is no way to escape - and i don't even want to escape, even though it is crazy, crazy and crazy and seemingly just in my own mind - no one else can understand - no body else except you and few people around you i can share this with ... so there is a tendency in me (sometimes) to think, is it even real, and then - sometimes i feel, you are a bug in my mind, bugging me, like a black seed of something, that is there and inserts all this information into me, and i live according to it - i live what you tell me life is - i just so simply believe it and feel it and take it as mine - as if you understood me so well and knew everything - even before i know it - or simultaneously - just like Henry did with me (or i felt like with him) at the beginning of our contact after meeting in France, as if he just knew me so well, better than i knew myself. And so i followed. Naturally.

I was so attached to Henry all those years because i knew if i lost him i would lose everything...and now i don't need Henry anymore and there is you,..?? and i forgot all about Henry and now if i lose you, i know i will lose everything... only with Henry i knew i would never lose him, i was so confident with him, with you i know i can lose you so easily...by my own means, of course, but very strong means... anyhow i sometimes think none of this is real.

Now i feel so light i feel like flying. Now it is easy to say things and be whatever i like. Like a kite on a rope.  
sometimes i need pulling back... it doesn't happen to me so often anymore that i fly high, by the way. So i am surprised it is happening now... most of the time i am bogged down to earth with responsibility.

My friend Alice, by the way, is very much in love these days and flying ungrounded like a bird. I sometimes remember how i was like that with Drewes not so long ago. Everything was easy. We were just in love. We could do anything on earth - everything possible. No need to worry or to feel pain ...

And now there is you again, how am I to be with you? ...

I keep having dreams, yesterday i dreamt you gave a concert in a big modern building full of offices somewhere...right on the very top floor. You came with a guitar and a little baby wrapped in cloth on your back. Then you started playing and came to me and i bit your string (with my mouth) just on a whim. But i think you provoked it - in that dream. I wanted to do it gently but the string accidentally sprang, and you couldn't play anymore. I felt so guilty i went running around the whole building up and down the floors, to find you a new guitar. I don't remember how the dream ended but i know how many difficulties i had on my way to search for the new guitar...people confusing me/giving me false information/ or getting lost, once i think a woman (a friend) gave me her own guitar but it was electric...it wouldn't be what you wanted.

In other dreams you appear often with women, and me standing nearby watching. Hiding or running away.

They are quite wonderful dreams, i mean vivid. I enjoy having and waking up from them. I don't have this usually.

OK now i feel so up the elevator that I should better stop myself. Like i have not a single worry in my head right now....

I am not sure how to end this email

it is interesting how in my writing to you, what comes up as me is something i would never say is me... or the complete opposite to what i see or feel as myself in life. Or would like to be presented as...silly and childish

i don't think i make any sense

Nadine

**16:54**

\* i feel that "bug" in my head bugging me has a power to convince me that none of this is (has to be) real and i will just lose myself and jump onto the same plane as this girl in the polytunnel...

i feel it is already happening...

**17:39**

.. these days i have been prioritizing "my needs" a lot and pursuing them and noticing how this automatically drives me away from you...

**23:25**

Azar again I am sorry, it is not true what I wrote, about wanting to live somehow differently to how things are.. Or not trusting you. I trust you deeply and who you are, I would put my life in your hands, I would live for nothing and nobody else but you, I would take my life if you said so,... I cannot say how much my life revolves around you, around nothing else but you, in fact, to a point that it really scares me - to be so totally and completely dependent on somebody, I don't know how to live without you anymore, very simply i don't...and even if we don't see each other again, even if it means i will suffer forever without rest, I will still never chose to live for any other purpose

I will live and die for our separation if that's what needs be. If I don't know how to be in union with you, at least I will know deeply how it is to be separate from you. I will live and feel the deepest pain of it, how it is to be without you. And I will feel your heart in that pain...knowing that you are, have always been with me. That you never left. I will love you always, i will never stop, no matter how impossible it is here.. And I won't stop feeling the pain for you, nor trade it for anything else. There is nothing else, but you

I just cannot stop. I cannot

I love you too much...but you know it already

I'm feeling squeezed again

n

**Sat, 2-3-2019, 8:10** Azar to Nadine

Dear Nadine,

Confused as it may seem to outsiders what you write, i can totally follow what you say, probably better than you yourself. As a man by Nature interested in Woman I have made quite a study of Her, as closely as I could. As a woman, of course, there's no need to study Woman if you're interested in 'Man' or in men. Only in Man's mirroring Heart-Presence Woman is suddenly forced to look inside.

Ah, wait, now your fourth (late evening) e-mail arrives. (Internet was mostly off since Friday due to technical shit that is solved just now.)

That's really quite something what you say in this last mail. No, it's not superfluous to say that you love me – or love me even 'too much', as you phrase it. It is very important that this love of Woman for Man takes on a form, and one relevant way is through words as the representative of Consciousness. It is great if you as woman are open to and honest about both sides of Woman('s duality). I feel humbled by the things you say. After 20 years of work on Woman('s consciousness), I fall silent when Woman suddenly speaks her deeper truth – which is something She always succeeded to hide, also because, apparently, Man could not trigger it to come to the surface from the depth of her heart. Yes, I always knew her truth, but still it is a miracle that, let's say: the Heart managed to let Woman overcome everything including pride to be able to say what you say. No woman ever said these things, or at least not a woman like you who simultaneously is connected to the dark earthly forces – even though Anca once, I was still living in Groningen, said that she would be all right with living or even loved to live in a little dog house in front of my door.

I am deeply touched by your eruption of (acknowledgment of) love and dedication. It is so good that you can and do follow the dark, confusing, self-obsessive, dual forms that show up again and again, if not continuously. This makes it possible that suddenly this love-consciousness can break through as well. ‘Break through’, indeed, for it is not enough that, as always, somewhere inside Woman is aware of her Love for Man. It must manifest, become earthly palpable smellable reality. Well, ‘must’ – only in so far as Man and Woman ever truly want to Meet each other on Earth, indeed. But this ‘wanting’ happens beyond any personal will. The Divine Will smiles gently about personal wills. Only if you are taken by the Divine Will you are able to say what you say. Yes, this seems scary, if you start feeling, experiencing, that you don’t have anything to say, that the Divine Will Does everything, and start Seeing that it has always been an illusion to suppose that, earlier, there was at least a choice. The truth was and is that people – virtually everybody, everybody who’s normal, ‘normal’... - are simply deluded by their ‘own’ self-obsession, by the impersonal Ego-Force. But ‘because’ everybody lives in a similar dream, the dream seems to make sense. For Woman it is safe if everybody believes in the same dream. This illusion that has so much power over people is also involved in blocking love, in preventing the borders between two (or more) people from melting.

Man and Woman ‘should’ become aware as deep as possible of the Dual War in Woman regarding her Love for Man. Instead of ‘simply’ acting it out in real wars, or in economic competition etcetera, people, for the sake of the earth, should allow the truth of this raging duality. It is not only that consciousness is added and that’s it – even though in the beginning it may seem like that. Consciousness has the power to transcend and transform. That is: if it is Connected to the earth(ly forces), and not disconnected from them. Well, you see already clearly now that it is not about ‘just adding consciousness and that’s all’. Your life revolves, as you formulate this by yourself. Being in touch with (as body manifested) Consciousness has its consequences. ‘My body is not a body’, I said sometimes to just very few people who might, in principle, be able to understand a bit better what others don’t want to know. ‘Don’t want to know’, indeed, for I See they could in principle See but they turn away. People can See much more than they do, but they don’t want it. They are faithful to the illusion of ‘self’. I exist as an offense to the self.

I can understand that it might look like a strange tendency in you, to first feel in you this dedication to a man towards Henry, and now it changed towards me. What is the sense – or rather truth – of this then, you could ask yourself? Well, we have already touched this subject to whatever extent when you were here: the dedication that you felt in yourself towards Henry was already part of the same Divine Impersonal Love for the Truth of Man. Via Henry this Force entered you and understandably you could only project this on the messenger at the time – not to his dislike. When Henry let me read some of your mails I was immediately struck by them, feeling-seeing that a woman cannot write like that – only the Divine Woman herself can, as I call Her. And She needs to manifest Herself in the female body, in her consciousness. It is Logic beyond earthly logic: the Divine Woman only makes sense and can only manifest in Relation to Her Divine Man. Then, here, it is about Love Itself, not about the love between a man and a woman (although I don’t look down on that: in the end it is about the same, but the latter comes in a deluded version). You cannot feel how you feel nowadays if it was just about you – impossible. That’s why others won’t be able to understand you – they reason and try to understand from the perspective of ‘their’ self. Only in True Contact with *you* they could possibly Understand. But there we are, True Contact is the weak point of the self, the lack of contact is even at the core of its (non-)existence. You (only truly) exist in Relation. Now that you are in Relation to me, you Exist. You can only Exist beyond yourself. The Life-Force you feel now is evoked by the Love in your Heart, by being in Relation. Trying everything, life, by yourself, even when copying other selves, means going out of Relation, out of Love. In fact, it is not scary to be in Love, to be in Relation, to be Dependent. That’s all part of Ego’s Lie in order to get you

(back) and suck you out – of Life-Force. Everyone carries their own Dracula within, and everyone takes care of the poor fellow as if it is their dearest child. In reality it fucks up your life, thoroughly. But it is safe, being fucked up. For everyone is cozily fucked up.

In the land of Love it is – if you allow me to say so – quite an advanced stage to prefer suffering in pain till the end above giving up your truth of Love that has finally, on the grounds of pure recognition, found its just direction – even when concrete forms regarding its actual manifestation may not be obvious (yet, if ever). Scary as it may seem to the Ego – of course, it threatens to lose and is busy losing its self-proclaimed power that is ‘rooted’ in castles in the air – in fact it is such a relief to surrender into love, to Admit, so that it may even literally hurt in the beginning. The Wall-ness can be felt all the better when love is allowed, admitted – admitting that the loveless life on earth is just one side of the coin and not all there is to it. Admitting that there is more than the Wall. Admitting that the pride of the Wall is pure Pain.

I guess you already see the pattern in ‘yourself’ that first, again and again, you have to reach some kind of a climax of confusion, duality, fear, distrust, resistance and those things, after which, through a more or less obvious kind of explosion, clarity shows up, trust, responsibility. I could say: the One Eye shows up that outshines the dual eye(s) that people on earth are used to (even when they are usually ruled by one side of it at a time). A difficulty in this seemingly repeating but in fact deepening process is to withstand the tendency to decide, to choose. The Female Duality Force is always seducing us to choose. And at the same time, it doesn’t tell that any choice is ‘wrong’ or let’s say false, that choosing itself leads you away from the truth (and therefore ‘also’ from your ‘own’ truth) that never chooses. Man never chooses, He is choice-less. Woman’s (usually un-manifested) Heart belongs to Man’s world in which she cannot choose her man. Everything is chosen. Following the ‘choice’ that has been prepared beyond herself, brings relief. The alternative for (a) woman is to fight ‘her’ Heart for the rest of her life and to stubbornly (want to) choose by herself. This seems to be the same as what you meant when you described your girlfriend’s love and ‘your’ pull to ‘do’ the same as her. It is important to See that it is not your pull, nor hers. It is no one’s. It is a Force, ‘just’ an incredibly powerful Force, and, based on Insight into Life and my experience, I call this Force the Female Deluding Force, seducing you to believe in the illusion of control, the illusion of choosing against pain and discomfort.

My deep respect for allowing the Male Force to speak through you the truth of woman – and, therefore, by-passing the female warnings that it is dangerous to Allow the Male Force too much. Whether you like it or not, your Love for Man that isn’t yours must be very big. As Man I can only Respond to That – there’s nothing more natural.

You’re dear, much dearer than you (could have) allowed so far in life - i feel like touching you gently on your head

Azar

**3-3-2019, 10:10** Nadine to Azar

Hello Azar,

It took me stuffing my stomach to its utmost full and throwing up 3 times before I could say to you what I did.

The force that doesn't want me to - grows so big in me, every time when I have an urge to approach you, doing all it can to stop me - to seduce me - to its empty side. It almost must come in a surprise, an unguarded moment - as you once phrased it, when there is no obvious intention and yet (so) it comes - like you caught me "unguarded" the morning before you were leaving Henry's home in my room just after I woke up, and I could feel the love for you for the first time. Actually for you. It lasted only for a few moments but those moments have never left me, even if they seem to have gone. ...

I can even say they changed everything. And certainly shifted the course of my life from then on... My detaching from Henry started on that day.

It is difficult for me to speak to you as a form - I am not used to that form. And it gives me cramps in my stomach when I attune to 'the man I love' and connect it to you at the same time. It is so strange for me. Yet it has to be - because what else could I do? Who else is there? I don't think i can ever belong to another man, i am so shut off from other men - they do nothing with me

You are right, there is no choice, i don't feel i am making any choice at all..not in relation to you. You magnetize me.. and when i try (or whoever/whatever tries) to resist that magnetism it twists and tortures my entire being .. i have never experienced anything so strong before. Like i have no rest until i am clear with you ... although making myself clear seems impossible at the same time - i am not clear, yet i feel you in my body, so strongly, as if you've lived there - constantly. Breathing my body into life every time it gets deadened, i can feel your force in me liberating my body again and again. It almost seems as if it was me doing it - but it wasn't there before, i know when I'd lose contact with you the force will get lost. I will die.

It is strange for me to write to you since there doesn't seem to be a single standing point from which i write - one moment i feel myself as something and next moment i am something else...so i am jumping jumping jumping -

Every time I try to say something from my heart I feel the beasts encroaching on me.

This morning i decided to go a safer road and to seem more self controlled, I even deleted the part i wrote last night where i felt exposed. I feel a bit cold like a stone wall, or a dead frog, while writing.. Like indeed i have everything well gathered. I only did it out of fear..

The beasts are strong.

I feel another unbalanced "beasty" episode coming just now...it already started this morning

We will see how it goes..

### 10:26

.. yesterday when you wrote to me i could feel how it changed me, from cold and restless to calm and peaceful, and i was able to give some love to Eileen, the way i spoke to her or cooked or gently massaged her hair... i wish i could be "that person" more often. More balanced, that is.

Unbalanced by you i am like an unstoppable wheel - dangerous to myself as well as others. Like this i go from one extreme to another.

### 10:43

None the less I feel like I'm hammering you down with my every word, talking to you from top...as though you were a good use for me and thank you for doing that but that's all, ..the rest I can manage on my own - as long as you keep sending nice messages to me I am good...as long as I can manage to keep you both in - yet out..

Incomprehensibly, Stonycold..

Nadine

**16:41**

Its extreme how much of earthly energy I can get and storm. Especially when something is disagreeable with me. I hate it when my energy flow gets disturbed...I can go crazy from it. A bit like Anca's energy I imagine, this kind of strong big female earthly fat bitchy energy I get, like a big fat female spider who would go on and bite off the male spiders heads just because she can - because she is capable - because she is big fat and strong and she can do what she wants - to her will and her liking. She is the best - she can move energy around perfectly and she is so capable in it, so skilled and great - everyone should respect her and bow for her - and let anyone dare to interfere - then she will scream and shout and kill - what an offence! Or rage and storm in utter outrage - until her strength is proved back above everything else. She is the one the only one to rule, to play, to keep herself entertained... she is the queen in her world.

I am rather unwilling to let go of her power, it feels good to have her on my side, I can feel her weakening now

And it feels dangerous when she turns against me, I can feel her turning against me now

She can only play with people...and it is her who matters above all.

She cannot feel closeness, for she makes sure she keeps enormous distance, even when she pretends otherwise...

She is only harmless when supported by you

I am not sure where I am now

I can feel her power weakening and I am not fully with you either...

Feeling a bit strange in my stomach ..

A rollercoasting

n

**18-3-2019, 10:40** Azar to Nadine

Dear Nadine,

Yesterday evening i/we had some breakthrough to and of the Heart, so let's profit from this and write you - even though i also wrote to my sister just now and, related to that, feel already something filling again the Space that the Heart is. (My sister is quite an earthly woman with a strong force.)

I'm quietly amazed how i can take over 'your' modes, in this case taking over the force preventing me to write - to you, but to anyone. There are moments that i can better or even easily observe this force. And i must say that there are no words for it, to describe the 'substance' or essence of this force - or at least so far i didn't come across any word(s) that is/are accurate to describe the state. Even when, as yesterday morning, Sunday morning, i was determined in my plan to write you - and 4 other people - i, sitting at my desk, feel the force taking over 'me'. Or in fact it is an acknowledgement of the fact that this force has done this already. And the practical conclusion is then that, in that moment (or period), 'i' prefer space from people, to recover/process further instead of taking more in by associating more with people.

Life is a life-long struggle-process of taking in/associating and, then again, processing - in the meantime, and in the 'best case', becoming more conscious of and thanks to this dual process. In that respect of space and recovery or rather processing, i am lucky to have my own music to work on. It is an anchor-point of the Heart. If one doesn't have this or a comparable alternative for the Heart, it is (much) more difficult not to be absorbed by forces and forms in all their variations. Optimally, there must be a buoy, beacon or haven or similar anchor point for the Heart in everyone's life, not to get lost easily or at all, overwhelmed by the heartless (with or without (vague) memory of the Heart). Once i thought 'my' Heart could be that beacon for many, but it is already quite something if a few people recognize it and naturally use it in that sense - even when the line between 'use' and 'misuse' is thin.

Despite not writing for a couple of weeks, i can't say i was/am more separate from you, even though on 'normal' feeling level this seems to be the case. I feel your state very well. Consciously feeling the (same) state of separation means not being separate. Attuning to you, evokes the dearness in my heart for you and the natural movement of my hand to touch you, my hand as a prolongation of my heart. It's just nature and so small and big and self-evident and yet it is like my hand has to reach out to another planet to be able to touch you. If i focus and let all the movements stop, let all thoughts stop - which is easy for me, in fact - then i 'm just there, for you, surrounding you with my heart. And you are just there, with me, beyond all fuss, beyond the 'storm', as you called it recently.

Well, i said there are no words to describe the force that prevents writing - and of course not only writing, but Contact in general. Sometimes poor attempts are better than no attempts. Certainly the word resistance plays a role here. When i attune to someone, i attune unavoidably also to the resistance in that person, the resistance to being lived by the Heart, to Something Bigger than the person herself. It is true, the 'storm', the 'strong big female fat bitchy energy' is also a Force that goes beyond the 'person'. So, there is no person: there is the Dual Fight between these Two Forces. The Earthly Force with its illusion of Form, its illusion that it, one form, one body, one mind, can do whatever it wants or assumes it needs. And the Heart Seeing this whole drama happening and that cannot manipulate but can be touched by the drama. Every woman Asks a man - without words though, which is not an irrelevant detail - not to be eaten by Her Spider; and yet she has to try to Kill Him, to Test Him, to See if She can Surrender, if He is Strong enough to be able to handle Her. 'Handle' is: not being Killed. 'Obviously', the women with the strongest Female Force seem almost doomed here on earth, for they cannot help but Kill a man, while, secretly, they Want nothing more than Love the Man in a man. As i may have told you - i don't remember - Anca always 'had to' stay on a distance from men, for she Saw how women Kill the Man in a man and by no means she wanted to do this, if only out of self-interest: it is a terrifying picture to her that only Woman is left here on earth and no Man... A Jesus is easily killed. That's why 'I', in 'my' lifetimes as Consciousness, had to Learn and become Strong. I had to learn to See Woman, Feel her Inside as Myself - so that, when resonating with Her, i don't get killed but, no matter how far the weakening due

to the Female Force goes - it goes far, i can say for now - can Resurrect again and again.

On practical earthly level, one could, in these terms, say that He is Her Beloved who Lives her Pain inside Him without being Killed by Her, Who has let Himself be Stung by Her poison, but has Learned to Transcend the poison into Love. Such a man can never be a man, a 'me', but Only He Himself, Man Himself. It is not personal. Seeing that Tiara, an important ex of mine at the time, 'just' wants to be with a Man and not with me, was such a liberation of the whole personal drama that 'man and woman' seemed to be. The difficulty is, of course, that exactly the One who She Loves - and can love at all - is the One she 'needs to' avoid. For if She cannot Kill Him, She Herself might get Killed - thanks to His Mirror reflecting the Killing Force to Her in return. So here we are. Which Woman can let herself be Killed in the Heart of Man instead of going on safely Killing in the Dark? Suicide doesn't seem natural, does it? The alternative is to live with the poison in yourself, which is only bearable if again and again it is let or shot out into other people. Usually, the Force of Unconsciousness helps - to a certain extent - the women through their potential bad self-image that can be triggered or worsened because of this earthly procedure. In your case it is not easy, for you have already become 'too conscious' by now to still 'safely' hide in there. Seen from a broader perspective - which i am sensitive to - Woman's Killing men is part of the same Love that Man carries in His Heart. She needs to Kill the men who are not Man, so to prepare the Earth for Man('s Heart), the Man who cannot be Killed for He is Beyond Her. The Form cannot Kill the Formless - not truly, even though this seems to be the most common thing here on earth to happen: see only Henry's greed by which he launches himself (or Herself) onto any slight manifestation of Heart. Man is not a form. It takes a long time until Woman is convinced of this and feels safe with Him.

Please feel free to share about your breathing experience, it would be welcome if there's anything at all to be said about this. Or anything else you feel like sharing. Don't be deluded into thinking i'm not there any more in case i don't respond for a while - or even respond not at all, by words.... As long as something in you Loves 'me' beyond yourself, i cannot go. Ergo, i cannot go.

Azar

By the way, the new child is not there yet but can come any moment in the coming weeks. 'Official' (average) due dates are counted between coming Wednesday i think and Wednesday two weeks later. But Mango had been born considerably later than the official counting would suspect. Speaking of which, Mango carries a big Killing Force as well. It is remarkable how Satlova and i, after two and a half year physically-energetically-heart stress due to Mango, felt better two days ago when he was ill and couldn't kill, when he had off for a day. Next day things went back to normal again and Satlova was soon exhausted again. The truth about children is kept in the dark here on earth. Should i cry or laugh about the picture that in society we learn of children being pure and innocent and the parents fucking their purity up...

I hope it is all readable, for - unlike i usually did in the past - i don't feel like checking my letter as some kind of duty.

23-3-2019, 7:43 Nadine to Azar

Hello Azar...

today I woke up at 4am with an impossible fear that i can lose you, in fact, i already felt losing you - from my body and from my life, as it is, i felt as though i was losing touch with you, as though i decided to go another direction and this was the result of that ... for the first time i felt, bodily and scarily, what would-could it be like without you - or the possibility of it, i mean, if you would simply disappear from my life and you wouldn't be there anymore... not part of it, as it is now, and as it lives and forms and shapes me, like it is now. As if i wouldn't be you - anymore...how could it be? Could it be, possibly? How could such a substantial part of my life - or simply my life since you are my life - get lost? It feels unreal... i cannot imagine it, and yet it felt so, this morning, as if out of my own choosing...or rather, my own avoiding...I simply pushed you away...or set you aside - on some unused rail...to be there, yes, but not part of me - not part of my "doing". And yet what would my "doing" be then?? What would i do?? I grew through you - i grow to be you - so what could i be possibly, without you? I don't have an answer for that... and more than that, i don't want to allow this to happen - although i know i have the "power" for it...or do I? Is there something stronger in me, that won't allow (for you to get lost?) or is there not? Am I actually capable of just forgetting you? I wouldn't want to believe so ...but i don't know, i felt frightened this morning, i was touched by the possibility of it... and it felt so untrue, so far away...

Since my visit in Sweden i grew so much more bodily into you, or you into me - that i feel you all the time, living me, the world is new to me therefore - i mean, so much more to explore - than there ever was... it can get very confusing at times, in fact a lot of the time - a great chaos is there - but beyond that chaos **there is you** - holding it all together. I know with you i can never fall apart, no matter how crazy the world becomes... the energy doesn't seem so harmful or to be afraid of, with you. And so there is a new "load of" bravery in me to go on exploring it in more detail and intensity. Or allowing it to be bigger - more real. Because there is you - a tangible you, now, you actually are - you exist, and i know you... (with you i can never get lost - you give me so much certainty and strength, you are my only stability - the only certainty there is (for me) - the only thing i can trust. With you i don't have to fear anything... and so you go on showing me )

When you wrote to me a few days ago, it shattered my ground a lot - for i realized how difficult it is for me to be in contact with you ... i thought i was "with you" until you wrote to me - or rather, until i attempted to write you back... i often feel a lot in me (that is: in my dream-world somewhere) ...how easily we can hold conversations, how easily we can communicate ... only not when it comes to the real world, to the screen...there things become impossible...realizing that i cannot share from this place (that i know) to you and that whenever i "attempt"...that there is always something in between, some energy in between, something nasty in between - something very separate in between... as soon as i sit to write to you - the lies in me come up to the surface and grow in intensity...or

my resistance to becoming conscious of that which wants to "speak"? Anyway it is such a painful process...to be in contact with you - i feel, whenever i attempt to reach you, all i am confronted with is my own separation - is the empty void that comes up instead of a warmed heart - separation is all i see when i attempt to give our contact a written form. I think it is the fear of that separation, or the very fact of it - that i think i am with you but in fact i am not, at least not here, and to know and see and feel this fact... this is very difficult - i think, to admit that, what i am on earth is not what i am inside. And to show it to you - in my writing, it becomes so obvious, the lies that come up - nothing but those lies - and i cannot see/speak through them... it is a great great fight there is. And eventually i get so confused from it i lose myself, and all the strength, the determination to write - to say anything - so i simply walk away, or run away - or sleep away, or eat away...whatever will do. I just give up .. give up and give up and give up, again and again and again. And i know this leads nowhere - this is the direction to nowhere...

To see through the energy in the world is something i am learning to do and i even enjoy it, but seeing through the energy in me is different...that can eat me up, swallow me, that has power over me

And yet being in contact with you means exactly that - means seeing the lie in myself - because that's what you bring up...and the pain of it...there is nothing else to our contact ... so complaining about it doesn't make much sense, given that i just said how impossible it is for me to not be in contact with you - it is a crazy contradiction - and i am again floating above everything.

I fear that i will lose you, by my own means, and that we will never come close - and i fear that all my actions in this world then will have no meaning, because what other point could be there... i fear that the world will be bigger than you, i fear that i won't manage, to stay with you, and that i will let you get swamped... i fear that the fear will win...?

It is scary what you open me up to (in me) the forces are big...the nasty, horrible, killing forces that i feel - when i relate to you. You open me up to this. I fear i won't manage with them..

What speaks through me when i attempt to speak truth...what sneaks on my tongue - the heartlessness that comes with my words...

Do I dare to wish you luck with the birth of your child - as i would like - already wanting to say this feels impossible - and how can it be, since i do wish all the best to you - to your family, to you and Satlova, and Mango - and that the birth goes well...and yet i don't feel any heart in it when i say it, i turn stony cold - and all i feel is poison being spoken

(surprisingly it went away when i said it...)

i wonder if i can ever manage to speak through it...through the lies that come up when i attempt with you..

i am including a little poem i wrote sometime in June 2018 and thought of just now..

*May the Lie*

*Find her peace  
In her Truth*

*may the Lie  
Rest silently  
In her Truth*

*May the Lie  
Be True*

with love in my heart and snakes on my tongue...

Nadine

**8:03**

\*I feel myself full of and spitting out a lot of separate energies these days...  
i know our contact is my only work...and that everything else I do or am is only  
extension of that contact...imprinting itself on everything

**24-3-2019, 09:17** Azar to Nadine

Honey,

I must have told you before, how dear you feel to me and are when you just speak the truth. There's no better treatment for the Bitch in a woman than the Force of Truth that is active through her. Seeing all the details about truth and lie is just as important as having the Overview over the Whole. Showing Woman the Truth, is a victory over many centuries of lies - lies between 'man and woman' and therefore in general. You 'must' - or, in 'my' Heart-Sphere, do - See that, in the process of Man and Woman coming closer to each other, the Lie in Woman is smoked out. This is (a crucial part of) making place, space, for Man (to Live you). In your impulse to 'me', to Man, first the Lie needs to appear, to be Seen, consciously Felt, and - apparently not easy, considering the history of humankind and considering 'even' my ex-girlfriends: - not reacted to. The Stronger Man Manifests Himself as Man on an Earthly Level, the more Lie shows up. This is the Truth. Part of this Lie as part of the Truth is, indeed, the tendency to separate, to go away and do it alone - as if Woman can Exist at all without Man, as if the Form can Exist without Something Deeper moving it. Yet, it cannot be skipped. As My Woman you need to See and learn and not deny all the details of how you separate from your Man - or else, by a deeper 'just' Law, you are forced to 'live' Alone, in illusion and hope(s) that will never come true. When i say 'My Woman' there is not the slightest possessiveness in this, as i'm sure you feel, but rather it is an acknowledgment of your acknowledgment of 'me', acknowledgment of my Being in you, up to the point of Being you. Only an 'other' can be possessive. I Am though the End of Separation, I show all separation because i Am not that, because 'i'

have pierced thoroughly through the normal Lie of that. My Love for you is way bigger than you can bear, up to now at least - but if you continue this way, the way of not running away from who/what is different from this ordinary dead world of stone, then suddenly, and again, and again, you will need to cry when you See my Love, the moment you let yourself be touched by it. It's not that i want you to 'do' or allow that, it is just that when you will See it, you will burst out crying. This crying is Love - Love that manifests itself. It is not your love 'for' me, it is the Recognition of the embodiment of Love here, the Love that Moves (in) you, the Love that, more and more, people around you would 'like to' or must try to destroy when it becomes too obvious, when you cannot hold it in any more, when they feel your outpouring pull to the magnet of Love. The power of Love that overwhelms the fear of Love, that shows the fear and the fear and the fear and the Love the Love the Love.

Whether i have told you before or not, you 'are' an extension, a follow up, a deepening of the Process i had with earlier women, a deeper manifestation of Woman who - whether She wants this or not, but it's not about Her always alternating duality in this respect - is busy with Truth in Relation to Man instead of just in Her own world. That's also why you 'had to' do Vipassana courses out of the blue - which is something one would normally never expect in your case. Your trained distinction serves the process splendidly. The prolongation of the process of Man and Woman is about manifesting Love through Seeing un-love. Even though it may seem you see a lot lately, last years, as yourself you cannot See. It is My Heart Seeing through you, the Heart that - only out of Love as a Reflection of Woman's usually hidden Love for Man, the Love of which is the Impulse to Return Completely into Man, to give up on herself as a separate inherently lonely entity - Went into Woman as no man dared to ever before. The latter seems quite a statement, but yes, men never dared to Go into Woman, justly afraid to be really Touched by Her, Swallowed by Her, Killed by Her, un-Manned by Her. Without Man actually Going into Woman's Pain (of separation from Man), Woman cannot See. I can freely laugh about men's cautious (or blunt) attempts to approach a woman, the spider, to see if they can bodily enter her without being stung to death by her poison. This laughter is not to ridicule them - i feel rather compassion for them - but the laughter of Consciousness is Free, totally Free. Seeing reality is being Freed Beyond it. It is the anti-serum against the poison by which (a) Woman cannot help but try to kill the Man in a man.

Talking about manifestation of Love, the difference you mention between feeling this Love somewhere inside and the actual lack of outward manifestation is very relevant. Or in other (your) words: you think you are with me, but you are not actually. An inherently confusing something - certainly if i say that both are true. And then again, is either of them really True if both are true? I could also say that on a deeper level what you feel inside is True, and that Love needs time and space to manifest itself, so that not only 'your' consciousness but your whole body can *celebrate* Me, my existence, your not being alone because I Am Here - I Am Here as You. 'Normal' life is an endless series of unconscious egoically based attacks, pinches, suspicion, escapes, lies, meanness etcetera against letting Love manifest itself as Body, against truly incarnating instead of 'safely' hanging around the Body, not being truly *Involved*. If you See 'me'

properly, you can See that i am Involved. By Seeing again and again the counterforce, Love could manifest as Body. I hope once you will have the opportunity to quietly feel my body, without fuss around it, to feel that it is not a body, not a piece of flesh. This may certainly contribute to another image of yourself as a human being too.

It is so true that, when you actually make a movement towards 'me' - in practice, usually, starting or planning to write me - the Lie is smoked out, and you assume you are that Lie, for, obviously, it comes out of you - out of your body somehow. But, in fact, behind the scene, you are part of the Truth allowing this. It is only when, as usual, people do not (want to) See the Lie they live and adhere and advocate, then they *are* the Lie. When you 'confess', acknowledge, it appears you are Part of the Selfless Truth that the Heart Is. It is the Truth That spits out the Lie through you; it is not you. It is exactly so, when you have spoken the poison out - or at least confessed it to the Truth - it disappears, just like when Dracula looks in the mirror he burns.

It is also true that women left me out of fear of being left. In this case it is rather sad than funny, although i can always see the humour of such an absurdity. What can prevent this kind of a self-fulfilling prophecy is to see and 'confess' the fear, as you do now. Fear is like a Dracula too. Only, for Woman it is the most difficult issue to deal with, since out of Her nature safety is so important for Her, more important than Love, in principle - that is, in her Unconsciousness. Only Consciousness can get (a) Woman over this biologically inspired preference of old - well, that is: Consciousness embedded in Love, as in my case - can get her past the Lie of a Dilemma, the Lie of her normal Duality.

My Love 'for' you is beyond romantic love. You could feel this in the hug we had in Belgium before i left and i had caught you in an 'unguarded moment'. Home is no romance. In principle, in non-romantic love a woman should also physically not be (far) away from her man. But, as it sometimes goes, it can take time before Love manifests in and as a form. Instead of thinking too much about this, it is better to let Love do its work - and, then, related, also the force of un-love that cannot but rage out in the presence of Love, be it repressed or expressed.

Azar

As a sign of my unromantic Love, i like to ask you how is your stuffing food process going lately? I ask you with my hand resting on your head. Can you feel my hand beyond the flesh?