

30 September 23.00

*Dear Rose,*

*I have just received your letter.*

*I want to thank you for writing honestly and, as a result, once again causing me so much pain. I do not mean this at all ironically. I feel 'honoured' that you are giving it to me. I don't think anyone else can take so much pain in his heart, pain associated with this delicate subject: the man who, as assumed, only wants to get a woman in his bed, or even have her in his bed at all quite apart from whether or not this is all he would want in the arena of confusion between man and woman. So my Heart is a good choice to hand over this pain to. Nevertheless, it hurts like hell. This pain is much bigger than you and me. My Heart is a graveyard of pain not felt by people (and now including you).*

*First of all, to keep things simple: it is your (great) pain as a woman, Rose. I don't know if anything bad has happened to you in the past in relation to men and sex - but if not, it's many other women who have had that happen to them and that you carry within you. The other, equally likely and related possibility is that you have been so very Open from birth or conception that, on this subject, you immediately absorbed the 'karma' (which can be 'simply' defined as 'the pain not consciously felt') of humanity - or 'the guilt of sin', as it can also be called with some sense of drama.*

*In any case, as a 'sensitive lad' of the male sex myself and even as a baby already, I have skilfully absorbed the female 'view' and pain around this subject. Until I was thirty-two, I almost hated men for this and other reasons. At sixteen, I walked through school with a feminism button on my clothes. The last thing I wanted was to be like them, like men, like what I mistakenly assumed was 'man'. And I felt sorry for women, being a woman, because that meant 'having' to make love to those rough bastards, hairy monsters. The first time I kissed with a girl and she was on top of me - I was sixteen - I carefully turned my pelvis towards the ground as much as possible, away from her, so she couldn't feel my hard-on, proof that I was Wrong. I am not exaggerating. When you are young and open, you absorb the karma, the unconscious pain, the judgment of your environment and begin to identify with it.*

*It wasn't until I attended a men's workshop that my whole feeling and vision around the man-and-woman theatre changed, quickly and drastically. Or actually it already happened in a protracted flash during a mixed workshop a few months earlier, when I walked away with the six other men from the 20 female participants. The totally unexpected relief as great as my being that I felt then - I had just been dreading having to spend a day and a night only with the 'roughs' - and which grew literally larger every step away from the women, I can still feel. Seeing and feeling the pain men carry with them certainly also helped me embrace the man in my heart. And no longer did I see women as passive victims of the active asshole man. Now that I had allowed the Male Force into the earthly arena - awareness - I saw the more hidden and sneaky role of women in the game, fight and love between men and women.*

*For example, by not indicating (clearly and freely) what she herself wants and does not want, she does not have to be Vulnerable and can 'safely' look at anything the man supposedly does not do right, such as 'using' her body, and secretly or openly accuse him of that whenever it suits her. But it's true, who can clearly state what she wants if she doesn't know this in her duality, when everything is two.*

*Believe me or not, but I actually felt very good and not irritated in the least after you said no in response to my asking if you perhaps wanted to be in bed with me - which, by the way, didn't necessarily mean that I thus wanted the big crime: making love. How can I want that if you don't. This would be totally absurd, as if I were (totally) separate from you. I only asked you a few things - including this, since sex had so clearly hung in the air before - because you were stuck and I always find it valuable when a woman is aware of where she is, what she wants and doesn't want. In this way, it is possible to maintain or restore contact between man and woman. It will come as no surprise to you when I say you don't understand Man. He likes directness. A 'yes' or a 'no' is, in a way, the same for him. I am talking here about the open man, or in fact Man Himself, and not men in general. In any case, this is how I myself, from my masculinity, function. I was glad you said 'no' this time - which can be taken as a progression in consciousness - because last week I wasn't sure if you really wanted to be naked in bed with me, or at least without ambiguity.*

*Which brings me to the next point. Why, for god's sake, do you allow a man to touch you, and even go inside your body, if you don't want this, or if you anyhow don't feel comfortable doing this, or even if you're not a 100 per cent sure you want this. Why is he an asshole if you don't respect him by saying 'no'? In my book on Man and Woman, I dedicated a chapter to the fact that on earth it is the woman who decides on the sexual embrace and not the man. Be Woman, say no or yes, be Vulnerable, be Responsible. Even if the 'no' lasts a long time or forever. It is my problem if I would have trouble with that. It is so sad - and part of the great Lie on Earth - to reduce, as you do, the man to a prick.*

*Why am I, why is man, 'guilty', if he only asks you if you might want to be in bed with him and not if he asks if you are hungry? I want to be guilty when I ask if you are hungry, and when I ask if you feel safe. Where and when does innocence suddenly transform into guilt, into a crime? Isn't the cramp already there, and isn't it merely evoked by a 'male', after which the whole game of woman, with its inherent judgement towards a side of herself, starts all over again, century after century after century - the woman who, beyond a will of her own, uses the 'male' for her own game and cries out that she is being used by the male? I am, of course, not talking about male sexual violence here.*

*To give you honest feedback back too: you have already managed, in the space of a week - albeit triggered by me - to cause me more pain regarding condemning man as far as sexuality is concerned, than in my entire life before this. Again, I am not exaggerating. Reality is my lover. You are a champion at projecting the condemnation of your own sexuality onto men. I cry now every day and for a long time because of your blind, conditioned and untrue accusation and refusal to see your own truth as well as me, a man who loves you completely, who does not see you as a body but does not deny the body either. In doing so, I must honestly mention that I cry for every woman, not just you. This is too big for you alone -*

*even though, I feel strongly, you can play an important role in this minefield you feel at home in, despite your criticism.*

*Give me more of your venom that sex apparently holds and, 'already' after having explored each other's bodies once, brings to the surface and go on, make me cry. And may my tears be enough, soaked deep enough in the salt of the earth, to melt you - to that depth where Love wants you to Love, as far as you can still handle this. Despite my well-founded hatred of hope, I hope that because you cannot melt yourself, you will tolerate me to such an extent and for so long that I can substantially melt your centuries of bitterness. Petrified fossil sexuality hangs around your neck like a millstone. It is a bottleneck. If you remain trapped in sexuality, attached to it, you can't get it down your throat to say 'I love you' sincerely, directly, unequivocally, without second thoughts, as the truth itself. The higher forces cannot connect with the lower ones if the neck is energetically blocked, if your head then remains arrogant and your body unloved by love.*

*That is why you have come to me, to be melted into the whole, to finally become aware of the very painful separation between body and everything that is or seems - seemingly safely - non-body, between earth and heaven, between woman and man, and thus, possibly, get rid of it or at least ease the pain of this separation, but also to experience the other side of life, not just the painfully familiar one. The Woman who does not truly accept her Physicality cannot function as a woman: she closes off the lower parts of her body to consciousness - even though she seems to be able to have sex normally then, because one can also turn it around: her higher parts become closed off, inaccessible to earthly reality.*

*It is an ironic and in a way laughable fact to me that, of all men, you accuse me of sexual misconduct, blind lust and whatever - even though I will not be the only one. I who, without wishing to make a hero of myself, but as a seemingly regrettable but actually triggering fact, have always respected a woman's feelings about something in every little detail, and have never required anything for myself. There is a deeper truth in that this is the way it has to be. Somewhere you feel this respect and feel safe enough to finally enter the area of insecurity and open 'yourself' into this subject, so that you can finally return your pain and anger to Man - because it cannot be Returned to Woman, nor to an unconscious man: the man must be able to feel your pain. Somewhere inside, you feel that this is your chance.*

*However, this does not at all mean that I, like a dummy, accept your version of recent events as true - if only because you are mixing things up: different moments of mood changes have different causes, even if in the end it all has to do with the same thing. For example, when we were lying on your sofa, I did not change so much, as you assume. Rather, I had absorbed a large dose of pain from - or, if you like, through - you into my heart, after saying something about 'the Pure Woman' without activity and the situation in which 'the active Woman' has disappeared. You, recognising yourself as the active side of Woman - and thus not pure, you suspected - felt rejected and this only got stronger when I had to stand up a while after this transmission, the transmission of the pain of misunderstanding, unconsciousness, judgement and fear of losing the man to the 'other side' of Woman.*

*It may sound terribly teacherly, but I see you are in great company of women who have never studied this simple fact: a man is not just a trash bin. For a man, it is damn tough*

when 'karma', hidden, unfelt inner pain, has been triggered in a woman and there is physical contact at the same time. Unlike her, he weakens energetically from the transmission and this only becomes more apparent during the 'meditation' that then begins, becoming aware of the transmitted unconsciousness. But, and I note that this is so far difficult for you to follow in your form-consciousness that holds you all your life in its grip, this energetic weakening, this meditation, this need for space, does not mean that as a man, as consciousness, I change. On the contrary, in an open man, you see your own change as a woman - or (continuous) changes within your Womanhood - reflected.

If you, as a woman, for whatever natural or egoic reason, close yourself off to a man where there was an opening before - and in itself it is idiotic to be against this closing - the energy in a man largely disappears: he disintegrates, becomes weak and falls back into the whole; the more macho-talented who cannot or doesn't want to or dare to temporarily give up contact with the earth go in the opposite direction and actually become very tense and angry, although these natural reactions are not foreign to me these days either. As a woman, if you understand and accept this principle, namely that the man is a reflection of your own state, of two sides of yourself, the whole process of man and woman, even if it is very difficult and heavy, can basically be allowed in an atmosphere of intelligence, love and togetherness. I'm sorry if this last remark sounds unctuous, but if 'unctuousness' is simply part of reality, then I say: fuck the anti-unctuousness.

It's about time you started realising - and taking it seriously - that, next to my (mirroring) body getting more filled with (yet) unconscious pain, something is happening in you in this and other events - which, by the way, is not at all wrong, on the contrary - and that you are necessarily experiencing the whole atmosphere, including me, suddenly completely differently from before, that you are experiencing something that you may have previously perceived as abnormal or threatening. I am one hundred per cent certain: if you are totally at peace with your own 'no' (to being in bed with each other), then you will not feel the atmosphere change. We will remain in love - unless, of course, the love wasn't there before.

It won't be easy, but in principle it is possible to stop blaming me, Man, in relation to your pain as Woman - although I understand this tendency well: in the end, Woman comes from Man (or the Form from the Formless), without His existence She would have been spared Her suffering. Yet instead of blaming, it is not impossible to consider my Heart as its trigger that brings to light the pain 'or' confusion - which is the same thing: unconsciousness is pain. Not only the trigger but also its redeemer is He. The alpha and the omega.

Even if you see no purpose or gain in us struggling through the pain, and thus letting it be brought to light, there is still a direction in which the whole seemingly pointless thing is heading. That goes beyond your own gain. It is up to us to play a larger part than seems to be assigned to us by earthly laws. There is not just matter, not just Form, just Woman. There is Man. If you are (too) attached to your self, you will not know your greater role. Only the wholehearted acknowledgement from your Heart that you love Man - and not just a little - and that you do not just feel attracted to Him, can pull you beyond the hell of yourself.

But I understand that if you stop looking outside yourself for a cause for your difficult feelings, but look within, you feel yourself becoming vulnerable and you prefer to do without

*that: it's hard enough for you, you think. It's hard to allow this vulnerability if you don't trust 'me' - or actually Man Itself - (yet). Then we are dealing with a vicious circle. Without recognising and acknowledging Man, in that atmosphere of insecurity, there will be no vulnerability, no openness, and without this openness you cannot see in a direct way how things actually are - and without seeing, you cannot trust, not me, not Man, and not at all. The trust you place in your girlfriends, even if it feels (or, as you say yourself, felt until recently) right, is not true trust, it is based on illusions. Only Man can be trusted, whether manifested in a man or a woman. Interests cannot be trusted.*

*I cannot and will not force you in the least to be vulnerable - even if it is the key. But without being at least somewhat vulnerable, I don't know how we can go through this and things to come: I can't do miracles just with the tears streaming from my eyes. Sooner or later, beyond yourself, you will want to share all these difficulties with the seeing eye, with my Heart, to be redeemed from them - even if that redemption seems a matter of egocentricity to some, which ultimately turns out not to be true. I hope with my whole Heart completely open to you that you understand at least something of the phenomenon of 'projection'. Although this projecting is perfectly clear to me, I cannot prove it. It is your inner 'decision' to face your fears and other issues or not. If you want me to be there with you in that, I am there, I appear to be there. I am already there.*

*You are very dear to me, Rose. I would like you to see who (or what) I am beyond your projections on me in sexual and other ways. Perhaps in your own life you have sometimes experienced how painful it is when people project things onto you. I have a big heart and can tolerate a lot. Only, I am not a masochist. All this should not lead to pointless suffering, where suffering itself cannot and should not be avoided.*

*I'll tell you once and for all: I don't want to get you in bed! I prefer the sofa. What the hell do I care about that rotten bed. If you don't like or are even repelled by my naked body, or in general by physicality - when it is too much in the light - if you are disgusted by love, then don't. I see no problem; except for your separation between body and love - which makes everything double - if we have to call this a problem at all, which it is not for me ultimately, other than a huge challenge, a challenge as big as humanity itself. It is only a 'problem' in the sense that if you love and are drawn to (allowing) the deeper Nature that you are, you will sooner or later run into trouble if you want to hold on to the separation at the same time. It is true that in me this separation is not present, but that fact does not make me a sex maniac. The love you say you can feel radiating from my heart is exactly the same as that with which I hold you in a sexual embrace. Nothing changes here. I am not even specially aroused to have sex. I don't separate it from love. You are going to teach me how to do that.*

*Try it. Say 'no' a hundred times - even though the chances are not good that I will ask the innocent but apparently loaded question a hundred more times, if at all. You will see how liberating your 'yes' will be when your 'no' becomes clear.*

*If you like, tell me if you would actually have preferred not to have sex on the Sunday night in question. But you won't be able to answer this pointless question. Everything is double in a woman. Everything.*

*Not irrelevant in this whole story, and if you want to say something about this sooner or later: have you ever been abused by a man, Rose?*

*Thanks for everything you shared.*

*Love, Azar*

*PS If you like to know, I went to work on Friday because I love my work very much. We had already spent a lot of time together - something that is completely natural - and there obviously comes a time when other things need to be done as well. This also depends on how the process goes with you. If nothing more is happening and it looks like it won't happen that day either, I won't stay on the sofa with you forever - especially if I have energy left and there is work to be done: there is always work to be done. I wouldn't have objected in the least if you had stayed, as I told you.*

*But something else is that the longer I have contact with a woman, especially if this is a contact of physical closeness, the more I have to 'drag myself' through the ensuing days, the more transmission my body and heart have to process. Sometimes it really does become too much: the body, in the broadest possible sense of the word, is a complex, fragile and limited system, which becomes all the more apparent when you actually live the body, instead of lugging it around like a thing that has to carry out the orders of your mind.*

*Without wishing to be arrogant, but I sincerely feel sad for you in response to the fact that I 'have to' explain myself to you - instead of just being able to trust and enjoy the great love you feel for me. I suddenly feel such tremendous pain at this lack of trust from you, from Woman - not being able to trust Life, not trusting yourself, not trusting your love, not trusting Man. I am so sorry. That you have to live like this. I love you.*