

27-4-2019, 2:30 Nadine to Azar

Hello Azar..

yes it is true.. it seems i am far from you and to many people it must seem strange, that i look like a woman without man and yet i feel so far from it...i cannot explain it to anyone except myself, how i came to be with you i don't know, it is a mystery but one thing i am sure of, there has never been anything stronger in my life than my being drawn to you, and nothing more effortless - for it all seems to happen without me putting any will on it, to the contrary in fact...it happens just like this - like a water flows down the stream, there is no stopping to it - although there are many curves and crooks, even dams...plus the consciousness in me changes so rapidly as you grow stronger, that every day, every week feels like a different lifetime, life is different and the world is different - and i in it am different - and yet the same, more and more certain and confident of where i am going. As if you were breaking the walls one by one, without stopping...and what is being revealed is beautiful, and powerful, and scary at the same time. I feel we are getting closer every day, but with this closeness comes also a big fear, because the whole thing becoming real feels so extremely challenging, although i know this is the place I've been so persistently heading to all this time, all these years....longing for and dreaming of... pushing away and trashing everything else (that stood in way...) not caring about any costs...running like crazy...only to find you and now, now that we are so close only to touch... i feel struck by it, it feels so close - it may just be a big car crash and nothing will come out of it, for i will (prefer to) die... i can feel the whole new world opening up, something very known yet new and unexplored, i know i revolve around you and am at my knees with you and will always no matter what i do or don't do...there is something soothing in this, knowing that i don't need to do anything in order to come to you, and it doesn't really matter when (or if at all) either... i am just letting the universe do this, it does this already...it has been busy doing this for some time already, in fact... you were. Shaping me and leading my steps, until i met you - and saw it in your eyes, that you knew me completely. And that it was you all this time. I could never be with anybody else since then...since i met you in June last year i could no longer take any real interest in any other man, except some confusion still with H but that was soon resolved...it was too untrue for me to stay in it for too long. There is a fine line between truth and lie...sometimes i feel i am standing (too daringly) right on that edge...it is like a thread so very thin, and one turns into the other and then back again...is my love for you true or not, oh it must be and yet it doesn't seem like it often. In my energy (interactions) i feel much more true and relaxed, than i used to be...that is what enables me now to be much more with people (unlike before when i was avoiding contact (myself) in all possible ways...) and i am aware this is all the result of our process and you helping me the past three/four months.

I am very used to the walls in my room...it has been like this for such a long time that the idea of it being different, and having you there instead of walls...seems very revolutionary. I don't think i can imagine it very well but i believe it could be beautiful (well that's not completely true, for i often have very vivid imaginations of it - of me, you, Satlova, Mango and Saja, and whoever else might come...and what beautiful things could spring from that space...) but then i am struck by reality and the stubborn impenetrability of it (of myself)...that although i enjoy having/feeling those dreams, i also try not to cling to them too much. Well, i don't cling to them - i don't have to try. Now i go jumpy again...without any need for it...well, what i want to say is, that it would be beautiful to be with you, to be able to, finally - maybe - live the potential that could be there - that i am aware of so much more these days - and that i am certain i cannot do by myself (every other solution would feel only temporary...) - and there is no body else i could do this with (i am quite certain of that, too...) - i don't think i wish to be anywhere else, or with anybody else, but with you. It wouldn't make much sense to be anywhere else...what would i do? Without you my life is one big struggle (to keep you alive in me), one cannot create anything when there isn't enough space for it - i need your space, if i am (you are) to create anything... and i also need to learn how to allow that space...how to allow you, in the first place, maybe that will be a big enough struggle for one lifetime ... before any creativity can take place...although i also see the creation (through me) as a result of whatever work we do - not a goal...

i am so willing and ready and open to (at least attempt) to allow you now and let you create through me if at all this could be possible...that i don't see any other goal to my life, be it together or apart, but together would be nice...at least the idea of it.

this is probably the most clumsy way of saying it, but i d like to work with you.. i mean, be in contact with you closer than through email, to allow you to let me feel how much i cannot allow to let me love you, how much not love i feel, how stony i am, and how untrue... and hopefully stay with it, and not run away...so that i can live in truth and not in lie, even if the truth hurts i hope not to run away...not to be driven away, by myself.

I would like to see myself as thoroughly as i could be capable...so that something worthwhile can arise from it, so that the deep love that i feel can be manifested... even if only for a moment and in the slightest of form...i would live only for that. I know you are my deep love. I know you are it thoroughly and completely...i believe and know and trust so. i have no doubts about that. i know you can make my body burst...and my reason or will to do or be anything else just dissolve so that there is nothing to it, nothing to me...nothing at all - only you

i also know that i am good at keeping myself away from you - but less so now, that i start seeing...i hope, and trust, or wish...that my seeing will be strong enough to enable me to stay. I know now that all that i could be driven away from you by is only your reflection of me, nothing else, and so how very little sense it would make for me to (really) go away... for all i wish is to go towards you, not towards me. But i also know that my reflections are heavy and can be powerful, so i cannot be sure of anything...but as i said, i would like to try.

There seems to be no way back anyway... i don't think there is anything else i can do. Whether i like it or not...

I feel jumpy again... somehow i am less afraid (of lies, of me)...i don't seem to have so much power anymore. I feel more loose, more at ease...and a bit more free.

I feel good to be able to talk to you like this... although i am aware that it may just be the safe emailing distance that allows for this, i may just turn stony cold and stiff and speechless again when we meet. But i don't know, maybe not...

For sure i won't be able to love you. But i will be glad to be around you, probably...

I might not be able to even meet you - for i said too much (untrue things) - and you'll think that i love you and that won't be true, and i will be so totally cramped about it - that i will probably just burst. Or feel totally stupid... that's because i don't love you, it's so untrue to (say i) love you, very much not so, there is no way love can be even talked about ... let alone lived. This is so far from true.

Even only the word love gives me cramps in my stomach, right now...love love love ...it feels like a jumpy gum ball bouncing there and back...totally dead word it just jumps about...

..

it seems that, amongst all the lies, when i (attempt to) lie about love in relation to you is the strongest one...it is a really heavy and unpleasant one.

i feel like a mixture of everything at the moment and i am sorry if i spoiled this email unnecessarily...i seem to have a talent for this

tired of lying
Nadine

i would also like to create a garden with Satl and work on it, and with children enjoying it.

please do send me pictures of Saja sometimes when it is possible...

i am aware when you invited me you also invited both sides of me and that makes me go/feel crazy and also dangerous...i feel so horribly disgusted by myself at the moment, i think by what i wrote but also how chaotic it was and what a mixture of things of feelings it was... i just seem to have no clue how to talk to you, i wouldn't want this to be as disastrous as this always...but then again i am back to my wants and not wants, well, i better go to sleep before i entangle myself in this totally (if it could be even more...)

Nadine

28-4-2019, 11:49 Azar to Nadine

Nadine,

What wants to burst in the end - call it a quantum burst - is the big separation between formless and form, between the love you very well know by now is there in you, planted in you by or through ‘me’ indeed,¹ and the love on an earthly level that flows out from your heart, out of your body. Nothing for sure can be said about the future, but in principle bursting is possible - if only i think again of what happened to me when i was 30.

Thanks, Nadine, for the homework you gave me at the end of your last letter. I can well imagine it is not satisfactory to let it end happily - not only because what i ironically sing at the end of "The Fight" ('I hate, yes i hate, i hate happy endings'), but because in the

¹ Understandably, many people have resistance to this idea of ‘planting the seed of love’ in someone, even if this person wants this. It's not an idea. It's my experience that things work this way. If one is ready for it, the love realm can be activated through or by someone who is there already – this happens by itself if someone (selflessly) tunes in to the activator, the catalyst. The catalyst doesn't need to do anything in particular. And such activation works in a similar way regarding other realms of human existence, for example the realm of consciousness. This realm too was activated in Nadine. Via Henry she got in touch with this Force.

In fact, it is people's ego that has resistance to any idea that they themselves are not wholly for 100 per cent capable of certain things and even anything regarding their development into the spiritual or other realms of existence. The ego is abhorred of the idea of being dependent on others, on Forces they cannot control. It wants to have total control, over (the implementation of) its wishes, longings, needs, over the direction in which one moves. Reality itself says simply, with a dull blow, that the ego is not in control and it will never be. It's a big illusion that people who are serious about their spiritual development let go of. I was lucky – and, frankly, humble enough – to, when I got in touch with several masters – it was time – let myself be touched by their heart-transmission, and I was not attached to the idea that I should do everything, all of life, myself.

The activation of the heart on the fourth chakra should be distinguished from the flowing love between man and woman that can be felt and become active on an earthly level, which happened to me to a tremendous degree when I was 30 years old and met Maja – although in the end both forms of love come from the same Source. The seemingly more personal form of love between man and woman can in the end become embedded in the impersonal love of the 4th level or sphere of existence.

background the force is active that at least wants to bring closer the possibility of the earlier mentioned burst. For your love to be able to manifest in the world of form - and without this you cannot truly Live as woman - you need to show me the other side that i, then, should meditate, and do meditate, to free you from your (earthly) self existing as resistance to Love. To belittle, or suddenly deny, or ridicule Love (or whatever variation on the same theme) doesn't feel unnatural to me as long as love doesn't, and apparently cannot yet, manifest, not flow - not actually flow from one person to another. When in my case love suddenly started manifesting, flowing to another person, at the age of 30 i could no longer and didn't have any impulse to still deny the existence of love on earth, even though just one or two weeks earlier, as you could have read in my autobiography, i wrote a song 'Liefde is dood' (love is dead). And then suddenly being catapulted to the other side... there are hardly words to describe this. I'm sorry if you cannot actually feel (yet) the content of the seemingly silly word love. In itself this is not unusual at your young age, and even not unusual throughout people's lives. That's hard anyhow. Love shouldn't be considered, by the way, to be of a similar kind of (simpler) emotion like being angry, grieved, horny or afraid. It has a subtler flavour, to be located in the fourth chakra on a feeling level - instead of in the lower chakras like the grosser feelings/emotions. If this is not developed, not burst open yet, 'love' may seem something abstract, almost surreal. One can even work on this fourth chakra, as the Sufis do. But as for me i don't like this too much. Any egoic path is not True for me. Love can be Recognized, awakened, without ego involved that wants to have or develop love as well, as if it were another, subtler, cookie to get and consume. The fourth chakra opens when and if one is ready for that. In my case, i was already relatively open and loving, but the opening and feeling in this fourth chakra got anyhow a big boost when i met several masters - whether through a picture, a scripture or a meeting in person. But apart from the fourth chakra, not coincidentally the heart chakra - where also qualities like adoration, devotion and selfless service are located - there is a Deeper Love Beyond the feeling level, the One Love Beyond all variations of and levels or spheres of Dualities of life That of its Nature Embraces the Two sides of the Coin of Life. This is the Love that I call Man, the Essential Male State that Man Lives if He exceptionally is able to See-Feel-Embrace all the Dualities of inherently Female life and is not deluded or successfully seduced to choose in this ordeal. This is the Man that Woman by Her Nature is in Love with - even when She cannot feel this on a feeling level - and whom She tries to avoid at the same time through a huge set of methods, for example by denying Love, denying Herself as an inherently Loving creature that in all honesty longs to Be Part of Man, denying the One, but only acknowledging the (Female) seemingly safe (for dead) life of Duality wherein the normal dual sexually based attraction between men and women takes place. By the way, just like one can shift one's attention to the sixth chakra of Consciousness - in your case already fairly well developed (or at least compared to most people) - one can also change the focus to the love-chakra in the chest. But in both cases this doesn't mean that High and Low in you - or anyone who does this - would be One.

The woman who is anchored - beyond her own will - in the depth of life, cannot but test Man, if he is - from his Heart, without self-interest - willing to and able to Meditate her in the Real World where they laugh about and are not interested in words, test Him if he doesn't get loopy from her always alternating Duality, but Knows Himself as the One Beyond yet Embracing and Including Her Duality as if She has never truly left Him,

which is True: You have never really left Me. Only in the world of Illusion this seems to be so. This illusion is confirmed by society, by the others, even all the others. When, by a seeming miracle, one stops listening to ‘others’ but listens to Me (that is No-other), to the Heart (seemingly deluding people that it is their own heart), the illusions will fall from their arrogant pedestal. And there is only *Me* left, no you. Yet, this Formless Force Who Shows this, must on an earthly level be stronger than the Deluding Force. It is, in fact. Only, this must become Clear.

You see, the lie that is lived in the Sphere of (or Context of) Truth is, viewed from a deeper perspective, no longer a lie. My father, when i told him the title of my second cd - "There's Only Truth" - said immediately: ‘that’s not true, there's the lie as well’, in a relaxed way, as if no discussion is necessary about this. But it helped me Seeing better how people are absorbed by the world of Duality. It is no coincidence at all that, having gone as deep into Duality as no one else has – that is, I haven’t met anyone who has, nor have I read about it in any scriptures, supposedly holy or not, but I feel anyhow it is simply so - it is, of all people, easiest for me to See (and Be) the One. It is true that, for being able to descend so deeply and thoroughly into Woman’s Duality without resistance - for it is a hell in itself - one must already Be One. Duality cannot enter itself. Everything you have *seen* over the last years in yourself - and outside yourself - is possible thanks to (or due to, as quite a few people would say) the One Eye, the Eye that is part of the One, the Eye That Is the One, the One That Sees everything and is always everywhere present in (or seemingly mainly or only above) everyone but usually denied - because Miss Ego (in men and women) wants to sit on the throne and because Space is not Allowed, Space in which Seeing-Feeling naturally emerges, ruthlessly, compassionately.

The lie you feel again and again is in fact your feeling of separation. In a way it seems incomprehensible, the simultaneity of Love and the Separating Force. How can one not have the feeling of lying when and as long as the separation between High and Low is still in place, between Left and Right, between East and West, when the Berlin Wall in us divides us? You would lie if you wouldn’t lie. When i praise your honesty i mean that you don't pretend that this division is not there, don't pretend that you're not crazy, that you would be one person, as many people unconsciously assume they are. As long as one doesn’t See thoroughly one’s ‘own’ – or, in fact, the universal - crazy Duality, one is crazy.

Helped by this ‘craziness’ of not yet thoroughly Seeing the reality, the unavoidability of Duality, you can soothe yourself by saying: *knowing that i don't need to do anything in order to come to you, and it doesn't really matter when (or if at all) either*. Hoping that it *doesn't matter at all*, is - at least at this point - denying the inherent human struggle between the Formless (Love Itself) and the Form (of Love), denying that there exists a ‘human’ tendency to put the Formless into Form, the human tendency to make One out of Two, denying a part of Yourself. But of course, i understand your point and i must say you wrote an extraordinarily beautiful letter. It would be great to put your letter under the nose of the typical modern career women of nowadays and watch their faces while they’re reading... i’m already laughing. I love such kicks in their self-made ego-faces that may actually shake one or a few of them awake.

Let’s see what the jumpy ball of ‘love’ in your stomach is up to the coming time,

Azar

1-5-2019, 6:35 Nadine to Azar

Dear azar,

today i woke up with an unbearable pain in my chest, and it is there still, i feel like i am about to burst out i feel so irritated, i feel like shouting and breaking things...yesterday night i wrote an email to you and at the end deleted it all, so that it couldn't be sent.

it is unbearable how much un-love i feel, in relation to you and how i cannot stand it, that i cannot feel love. It lies so heavy in me and i don't want to feel it...and you bring it up in me so much, it is the biggest pain i ever felt, it stops me from wanting to be in contact with you but at the same time makes it impossible for me not to be so...it just flows out of me in relation to you, so much pain i don't know what to do with it...other than give it to you, at the same time it is so difficult, i feel so much resistance to do this...i just don't know what else to do...not being in contact with you doesn't seem the option... i don't know what to do, whether to cry or shout or vomit...i am so full of this and i seem to love you and at the same time not and this unloving part is so crazily stubborn...i cannot imagine, only the idea of any sign of love from you seems unbearable to me for i know i would be able to feel the same love for you, and that is what stops us from being together and i don't know what to do about this

but no matter how much i resist it, this seems to be so much at the core of everything that since this is there i cannot do anything else, everything else loses its importance then, and life becomes so uneasy to live - as if it all stopped, as if nothing else mattered

this scares me, azar, it seems you are so important so how come i resist you so much

it all started when you addressed the unloving part of me, the one who doesn't know, who cannot yet feel love, I've never realized just how strongly this part is operating in me - and i was so blind towards it, almost unaware it was me, also, this unloving me – and, it is true, it doesn't know love, and so it totally contradicts you - or the idea of us, but the idea of life, in general. It seems since your last email this is what grew out of it ...and i see how much I've been trying to highlight the heart in me but completely denying the part without the heart, it hurts so much to be in contact with it now and i seem to have thoughts such as leaving you, never seeing you again, or rather never being able to come to you, and whenever i attempt to walk away, like i did yesterday i feel relief at first but then the heaviness comes and i cannot do anything as i am paralyzed...and nothing has any meaning to me then, i lose every will or reason to live and i even think of committing suicide, for i feel so lost when I seem to have lost you, or there is the potential of losing you...and yet i feel this painful inability to allow you

just how much this doesn't make any sense...and i wonder whether i can stand this crazy duality taking place in me now that we ended up in some kind of contact, even like this, far apart, i cannot deny it is there, the deep love i feel for you and what other side it brings up in me - and how it determines and affects everything else...

i cannot deny you anymore, you are too real - too present in me - and feel too true, even though it contradicts all the possible conventions - somehow it all doesn't really matter, the conventions don't matter, i know how much this must seem crazy to everybody else...it feels dangerous at times how much open i am (for there seem to be no rules whatsoever...not the way there used to be - i am not bound by any rules anymore...) - so the world seems so fluid, so translucent, so much there available but at the same time not important (not as much as you). i seem to be able to forget all about me when it comes to you, to a point that it feels dangerous - because if you get lost there is nothing for me to see, to live for, to be...i would just be lost in the world, somehow surviving and that's all

it is sad that i have to resist you so much, and i feel there is so much pain yet to feel - to not run away from ...but it doesn't seem to be in my power to do anything about this, only tapping into it yesterday and the night before was enough for me to understand just why and how much i resist you - not that i

understood the reason but the pain was so big, the un-love so big and the unconsciousness that came with it - that it is *this* that i resist feeling and not you. It has nothing to do with you if only i could feel you and your heart i would want nothing else then
but i can't seem to avoid feeling myself, if we are ever to come close, i won't be able to avoid this pain... it hurts very much and is very big

and so i resist your touch, for this pain is what i (am forced to) feel then...this is what you do to me, and i know i want nothing else and yet it is so difficult not to withstand

but i cannot run away from you again, i can't seem to be able to run away from you anymore, you are too big, too strong in me
you opened me up and i feel so vulnerable with you, for i cannot be without you anymore, you are too much a part of me

my love for you is too deep and dear, and the un-love and pain that comes along seems unavoidable, only my deep hope is that it won't be stronger than you, than us.

you shattered my ground completely, and set a new kind of rules...i don't feel safe in the world without you anymore
i don't understand it without you

wishing nothing else but to be close to you
Nadine.

6:38

i love you- is still what i wish to add
n

2-5-2019, 11:40 Azar to Nadine:

Dear Nadine,

Thanks once again for sharing so openly with me. You're learning quickly about Woman and now for real. (Only) in (True) Relation to Man, Woman becomes Clear. I can hardly emphasize enough how nobody on earth went deeply if at all into 'Man and Woman' and therefore, with our conditioning of 'safe ignorance', it all seems strange and terrifying what you are discovering, even though physically you won't die from all this. Seeing the unloving side in yourself now strongly, you start understanding why Anca - if you would know her - has such a seemingly highly exaggerated dislike of and resistance to Woman. Almost nobody understands this, except for me - and Satlova can also touch what Anca means, although she's very different from Anca: Satlova, as you have probably felt, doesn't reject Woman even when she Sees the un-love of Woman, and she has had a good learning school in Anca who always resisted her very deeply – until Mango was born and, for Anca, Satlova changed from a competitor that she could never beat (for Satlova

was from another plane) into almost a hero, a hero in the sense that Satlova exceptionally manages to Be with Man, to not run away.

Reading your mail, the first paragraphs of it - i didn't finish it yet - makes me want to 'say' so much to you that i hardly know where to begin. Everything i 'd say is almost a ridiculing of all i have to say or rather feel like giving. Consciousness feels sometimes, like now, as One big Arm that i like to put around people, as an unearthly, seeming consolation but it goes beyond consolation: the Truth that Consciousness reveals is an endless Blanket of Love of which selfless compassion is but one not irrelevant aspect of it.

Just to make sure, i guess that in all the dual mess, you forgot one word 'not' (*I would not be able to...*) in the following sentence of yours:
only the idea of any sign of love from you seems unbearable to me for i know i would be able to feel the same love for you, and that this stops us from being together. But correct me if I'm wrong.
Funnily enough i could also understand it if I'm wrong in my interpretation and you'd really mean it without 'not'.

I wish i could take away your fear just like that or at least wrap it thoroughly in my heart so that it cannot harm you or pull you away from the depth of life only which is fulfilling. It is quite something for you to get so close in touch with 'me', with a Heart-man who has let himself be Touched by Woman (which means inherently Her Duality which usually tears men apart) and can therefore Touch Woman in return. How much easier it is to just meet men and stay on the usual distance that no one wants to really see-feel and seriously address - men who have been torn apart by Woman's Duality and cannot therefore be a serious Mirror to Her but at least be a warranty for a 'safe' and (therefore) basically empty life. At least you have had a preparation period of i think four years since you met Henry for the first time in France. Obviously, there must be something in you that is, beyond yourself, Drawn to the Heart of Man and that, exceptionally, acts upon it; otherwise you could have just left the whole thing from the beginning.

Only, partly (or let's say in the world of cause and effect) because your father left the family so early, you haven't 'had' much Man in your life. The fact is, however, that the more Feminine (Dual) you are – that's what attracts men to you, of course - all the more confronting it is to meet the other side: Man (One) ... He reveals - one by one, if you keep on being in Touch - all the illusions Woman has about herself. It reveals the true state of humanity which Woman normally doesn't want to See - if only because this is about Herself. For if you, in the Mirroring Presence of Man start Seeing yourself, Seeing Woman, you will also See people around you much better, their true states beyond their illusions, this is unavoidable. I think i have told you one of the many reasons why Rose left end of 2008 - all part of the one big Reason, not and never to surrender to Man's seemingly unsafe world of Connection, of Oneness, but stay in Woman's separate world of seeming safety (of the group, the group of separate persons who are willing and able to deny the painful earthly reality). And the reason I'm referring at right now is that on our

way back from Poland to Groningen (Holland) in the car November 1st 2008 she Saw in a road-restaurant exactly this, the real state of humans, their suffering that they didn't want to feel, to be aware of. The ‘funny’ thing is that their (attachment to) Unconsciousness is exactly their unconscious suffering that they don't want to ‘go through’, don't want to consciously feel so that it could, in principle, melt, explode or anyhow dissolve. But Rose - fortunately she had still the guts to share with me what she Saw - in her dual confusion took this rather as a sign to leave the apparent revealer of all this, so that she doesn't need to be confronted with the real earthly reality any more, rather than finding a deeper selfless form of Safety and Relief in the Heart.

I'm getting cold writing this and put a pullover on - i've always been easily bodily cold here on earth, while my Heart is always warm. Attuning to Woman's state of Heart, Her unfaithfulness to one side of Her, makes me cold as a reflection of Her own coldness. It's understandable that people don't want to ‘go through’ the unconscious pain they carry inside. It feels intuitively like an endless cesspit. Once it opens, how to close it again when, at second thought, you don't want to feel it any more, when the hoped relief doesn't seem to come and only more pain seems to be awaiting. It's true that if you don't have the trust that, as in my case, Truth is Always with you or, as in Satlova's case, (my) Heart is Always with you, how can you go through such an ordeal that hardly anyone knows about nor wants to know about but Is There anyway. In a way you're lucky that, so young, you come in Touch with the Truth and the Depth of the Heart and don't need to waste too much time on things that later appear to be irrelevant but rather a pastime until things become more clear, the direction of your life becomes clear(er). I wished i had started ten years earlier with ‘the Process’. I just wasted my whole twenties, curva shit. Gone.... To be Conscious, which necessarily includes being aware of the suffering in people, in humanity - and then, naturally, also in one's ‘own’ body – is, to me, incomparably more worthwhile than supposedly happily or sadly dwelling in unconsciousness, not knowing your place, not knowing what to do or not being convinced that it makes sense, trying or hoping for the best, convicted to trying to (ful)fill yourself. But it is true, I'm a man, preferring reality above (soothing or belittling and distracting) illusion. Woman (at least when She doesn't Know Man) cannot see things this way.

By keeping in Touch you give Man a license to keep meditating you(r state as Woman) and therefore to make you Conscious. If only for the sake of the (state of the) Earth itself, i think it's high time that Woman becomes Conscious of the reality on earth. Unconsciousness kills the Earth, at first it did so slowly, gradually, but lately there is an acceleration going on in this respect. I would not be surprised to see that this issue of the (state of the) earth is an important background of your - in itself, viewed from the normal perspective, unexpected - association with ‘me’. Although *direct action* (to save the earth) is very worthwhile and necessary, there need also be at least some people who work on a deeper level, on Consciousness level (Embedded in the Heart). I have difficulty seeing our attraction as just some personal reality or whim. ‘My’ Heart-work for the Earth is, already since 2004, based on Meeting the Two sides of Woman, not only one. A woman who on the grounds of her constellation - the way she is ‘made up’ beyond herself - has a connection to the earth(ly forces) and, yet, is deeply attracted to the Heart of Man, is a Natural Part of the Process of allowing the Heart to do Its Work here on earth, not to

simply leave the earth to the self-centred ‘savages’, to the blind who serve Woman’s Ego (which is inherently detrimental to the earth).

Despite these big words, if you feel the contact is too intense for what your heart-body seem to be able to process, you are of course wholly free to take it easy for a while and to put the contact on a lower flame - although i realize that it’s true what you seem to indicate, that without this contact you cannot be you and it seems impossible to stop it; how can you stop the truth anyway? It can be helpful if you See that it’s not your Pain that you feel now so intensely but Woman’s Pain that was always here on Earth, the Pain that feminists (and what woman not?), in their unconsciousness, want to finally run away from and who want to become like Man so they no longer have to feel their inherently Painful Association with the Earth, with the world of Form. Of course, in this run and denial you get into an impossible split. Wanting to be (like) Man - without Pain - and wanting to Live Her (Earthly) Woman at the same time. In normal Radical Seeing this is not possible, indeed. Only if Woman is wholly, Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily Willing to Feel the Innate Pain, She is Able to Go Beyond this Pain, that is: Able to Be in the Heart of Man that doesn't radically kill this Pain but rather Outshines it. Well, one can actually feel the pain dissolving in the (Presence of the) Heart - after first being highlighted, or made aware - only, it comes back in whatever forms: yet, once the Heart is Known and lived, the pain doesn’t have the same quality as before. Feeling Pain as one’s ‘self’ is soon unbearable, but being aware of Pain as part of the Whole gives it a very different context of feeling. If one has gone through one’s (seemingly) personal karma, one is in principle Free to enter the world’s or humanity’s karma, the same pain is not the same any more. In a way I’m eating your pain, and in that process it seems ‘your’ pain gets worse. But, as i have said earlier, it is smoked out. How for god’s sake can i explain to (even well-meaning) people that it is worthwhile to feel this pain that comes out in the Presence of the Conscious Heart, because as long as it stays inside – and ‘staying in’ is something that the self-centred Woman in the form of Rose ‘chooses’, but this holds true for any ‘normal’ fearful woman – it will necessarily come out in the form of doing harm to the Earth; it is an illusion to suppose that the pain that is or seems locked up in ourselves, our bodies, is really safely locked up and doesn’t have any consequences for other people, for animals, for trees, for the whole nature, for the earth. Assuming this reveals a stubborn denial of the interconnectedness of everything. Pain that is there anyway and that is not consciously felt, lived, will turn against and be transmitted to others, including the earth - i know all about it in my own conscious body (part of the earth as it is, despite its heart-ness), how this works. So yes, if you see the opportunity: cry, shout, vomit. This is giving space to the Pain, taking it seriously instead of protecting it and letting it rot inside and suffocate you. It would be ‘nice’ if you could ‘do’ this here. But there is no right protocol for this. It is possible that in my physical presence the resistance (of Woman Earth, through you) to ‘bursting’ appears to be too big to overcome. I may have told you earlier about a statement of Anca of i think January 2014: "I won’t cooperate". I don’t demand cooperation, i don’t demand anything, even if Woman’s ego screams for this demand of Man. Rather, I Am a Reflection of Woman(’s Earth’s) Own Longing to finally Marry the Man of Heart after millenniums of being stuck with the impotent men, of Her Own Longing to finally release the Pain inside Her in(to) My Heart. So, yes, it is true when you say that you don’t know anything better than to pass this pain on to *Me* (which includes Satlova, and Anca too - and ‘even’ Henry plays a

role). This doesn't mean, however, that you should stay only dry in the background passing on the pain of Woman that comes naturally to the surface in the Presence of my Heart. You can surely cry now and then - as you remarkably and humbly did before Henry's door, for example - and it is almost impossible to stay away from anger as well, unless you stay extremely attached to being energetically withdrawn. The truth is to switch, to alternate, from being seemingly withdrawn to enter the energetic world, and back again, and forward again - without you having to decide for this alternation. Every entrance of the Heart into the world will have its recoil effect and makes 'you' (seemingly) withdraw again. Still about anger: to me it seems impossible to seriously incarnate without being able to fully express anger.

So, let's finally read the rest of your letter.

Hm, that's really beautiful again. I love you so much. You're lucky that you don't know how much - even though, it is true, in her process with 'me' it has given Satlova a lot to, again and again, See how far and deep Man's Love for Woman goes.

In addition i'm really happy that what 'I' - including the women with me, without whom it would have been impossible - did for Woman in the past is now reflected back in your, feminine, love for Man. It's nice to read in your additional short mail how you can also without fuss and vulnerably say that you love me. In fact, even though such a confession usually makes a woman restless, afraid, confused, dual etcetera, in principle you can also become quiet from it, just resting in the truth of this. Not thinking of possible consequences. Just resting in the fact that you don't decide this - or even anything. It's bigger than you. Bigger than me. In allowing to See how Bigger Forces Rule us, we get humbly small and then grow much bigger, rise much higher than we have known ourselves. For it is this Bigger Force that Rises, Enlarges through (and as) us. This love may surprise you to come as almost painful, sweet painful. In fact, the (fact of being able to feel the) Pain that you feel and that you mention in your letter is (part of this very) love. One must always see beyond the superficial reality.

i should not forget to mention that the fact that you feel the Pain of Woman stronger now is certainly also related to the fact that lately i meditate more. i had planned some form of retreat, although without neglecting the family obligations (in fact, meditation is a big contribution to the family welfare that otherwise gets easily choked in form-business, form-fuss) - nor putting other contacts on hold as i otherwise do - but at least to change other work for meditation. Instead of the usual 7-8 hours of meditation i don't make more than 3 hours a day maximum but still it makes a difference. Since i have taken you, the Woman in you, deeply in me, the meditation has undoubtedly its effect on you, now that i 'start' giving things back beyond words, or, let's say, now that i intensify this process through meditation. It's not for nothing that once in 2005 a woman shouted while jumping on me: "Stop meditating me!", not understanding her own impulse towards me to meditate her/woman - although, true, in that period she already got - for her standard of comfort: too much - confronted with the dark side in herself, and soon afterwards she

called the whole thing a quit, despite her love for me. Self-obsession in Woman is usually stronger than love for Man. In confessing the Dark side of Herself to Man - or not - it is shown if Woman's Love for Man is Real indeed, or at least how strong it is. In your case, even if you are struggling with this love - and even with the word itself - you have confessed more than any woman before - including what i had already seen in your mails to Henry. Love on earth may not take the form that we expected it to take, but at least i can distinguish what is and what not. As woman you don't have to love, love by yourself. It's rather that if the Attraction to Man (i don't mean to *a* man) becomes 'too big' to not allow Him in, you become part of this Love - and the easily upsetting discovery that as woman you cannot love, becomes un-problematized. You See that you are nothing without Man (again: i don't mean without *a* man). You can Relax, you no longer have to (unconsciously) improve Divine Nature, as Woman inherently Wants. You no longer listen to 'society' that says that Man and Woman are the same - society that can only look on the surface, to the forms of men and women. If there is still an inner struggle, you at least also Relax in a Deeper Reality in which Man and Woman are One Organism and not necessarily enemies and (possibly) romantic lovers. It is Love that allows you to say: i cannot love. It is Love that allows you to say: i love you. As yourself you cannot say this.

Resistance to Man is Pain, Woman's Pain that, if a Man is Man, He takes as His Own. It is indeed sad once you start to See-Feel how far this goes, this Resistance to Man. Women always assumed that they were open to at least the Prince on the White Horse, but they don't know themselves - not at all. They're stuck in the mud and dreaming of heaven. Denying their heart, women almost faithfully consequently chose the men who fuck up the earth. It is very true how you formulate things, that it is not me who you resist but in fact the pain that will be revealed through 'me' and that you had now a serious insight into - even though I as Me Am the Whole in the end, and therefore resisting the Pain is also resisting Me, the Heart. But the Pain is so much that it might be delivered to me in stages. Important here is that you Know that i'm with you. I've heard various women in the past saying that feeling this Pain in 'my' presence, is very different from feeling it on their own, the latter of which is impossible for Woman. It is the same pain and yet it is a world of difference. In my Heart, Knowing that i have felt this Pain already, makes Woman much much stronger and her pain-bearing capacity appears much wider than She assumed. Talking this way, to some, to many, it seems like i am an advocate of pain, which is absurd if you see how i function. I am, by the way and naturally, not the only one with the insight that becoming Conscious of Pain gives on a deeper, karmic level Relief. But true, my constellation, intelligence 'and' my natural humble Love for Woman allowed me to go much deeper than 'normal' ('normal' here is already exceptional) into Woman's Pain, into the hell of Unconsciousness, to make it Conscious, to bring Relief.

Reading what you write about the world being translucent, i can easily say that you are certainly in Touch now with the Real World beyond the world that we see with our physical eyes, touch with our hands, hear with our ears - and you cannot be the same any more therefore, which is not saying that you will be crazy in the eyes of others who cannot See deeper (yet). Some will even be quite attracted - certainly including spiritually oriented men, if not all of them in fact: there's nothing more attractive for them than a woman rooted in the earthly forces and her Heart filled with Man.

Feel free to talk to me through the ether - if you don't do this already. I may appear to be surprisingly close...

Azar

8-5-2019, 20:12 Nadine to Azar

Dear Azar,..

if only i knew, what to do. I feel again a bit lost now. It seems as though with you, so much of a potential opens up in me, and great ideas come, and i feel i can do anything...i feel it could be so easy with you, to create and to be of use in this world, of great use - potentially, if i allow you... sometimes this potential is so great, so big, that i feel i can be unstoppable with you, and that the world would benefit so much from it, if only i could carry on my work the way you open it up through me. When i feel your heart and you shine through me, it is as if everything else around me knew it too...knew that i was there, and the potential i carry...and called me, or gently encouraged - by making me feel just how much you could be appreciated - and needed in this world. Just how much the world needs heart, an active heart.

i would like to say more about this, i mean how i feel when I'm with you and what i feel i could do, and my encounters with nature then (i was licked by probably 10 cows that i met on my walk standing behind the gate, they all started licking my hands, head and hair and were unstoppable and had no fear as if they loved me so much, or maybe i just tasted good...i don't know, but i felt so close with them)... and grasses, i can feel so close with grasses...almost as if we were to touch and talk to each other as equal...i can feel their presence and how they radiate, and how their presence is not seen...not appreciated, only stomped upon, or discarded as not of importance or hardly existing... How their dignity is not seen. And how the painful ignorance all around just kills and treads upon everything... the same with trees. Well, i have such deep respect for trees. They seem to be just standing and withstanding it all... but the deep anger i feel, arising from deep inside me, like a volcano sometimes makes its way through and i can be raging...just seeing the injustice of what is happening in the world with regard to nature i can deeply cry and scream the pain of it, or get just so angry over it, and knowing-feeling it is - it can be - in my power to move, to shift things, to be of help here, even if a little bit. But it could be a great shift too...if only i could stay with you, not leave you when things get difficult, when i am again and again confronted and, eventually overpowered by the crazy forces of the world, of me, for they are in me also - and arise especially strongly after i felt closest to you. It is just that i can feel so strongly the resistance to you - and often it doesn't feel personal - but how the world resists you, i can feel this heaviness - of this no-admission - so much that i get so scared, that it will trap me again (for it does, i had another episode of this over the last couple of days) - and so i suddenly lose the confidence that i could do the work for you, (to bring you) up here - out of fear. I guess there is guilt in this too ... for i feel sometimes that it is of my own making/decision, that i drive myself away from you - that i am (consciously) going against you, while at the same time, i try to be with you and let you do the work through me - it is a painful contradiction and i feel i should, i hope...soon to grow completely out of it.

The resistance of the world and its not allowing you is something big enough to deal with - so adding to it my own (personal-ego)resistance/stopping doesn't make much sense - it cannot be. it doesn't do any harm or serves any good, it only stops, delays, and puts unnecessary obstacles on the way to that which could be of value.

i wish i could be of use here, Azar, i cannot tell how much i wish it...certainly now, after so many years of wasting, of being inactive. It may seem i am young and everything is all right but i don't feel young, i feel my time is running out... and i don't want to waste it anymore, i wish i could finally yield and be myself and be whatever it is that i need to be... i would like to put my potential into a

good use, and i know my only potential is you - it is you that i need to bring to the world, in what form i don't know yet, i don't need to know - in whichever form, in all forms... i d like to be here for you. I've been trying so hard and so persistently to create something out of you here - all i can see are painful failures of it ... it is like a flower that tries to bloom so far from its native soil... i can feel my body so eager to yield, i feel so fertile... and yet the environment, or the form of it doesn't seem right... i mean i try, and i won't stop trying...for i see the value and benefit in what i do...but ultimately i feel i need to be with you, really with you, in order to fulfil myself and therefore succeed - in life. Somehow, it is so difficult to say - i feel i can do so much, i feel i can give so much, yield so much, i feel so full of it so so much life in me - only to find the right environment, right form - to give it, i feel far from you and i don't want to be...

i feel that, what i am doing here - i can do so much better with you. I could love so much better with you... i feel the time must come that i finally find my place... and through that i will justify all my causing of pain - i can give back love that i wasted... i feel i could love so much, azar, and give it to all that need it... there is so much love in me... and i feel so far away from you, so misplaced, so much not in my own environment...i feel it is tiring and hopeless to try and do it on my own...

i know i will be terribly vulnerable if i would be to come to you, to where you are, i know i am avoiding it very much... i know i would be confronted with the fact that i am just as lost with you as i am without you, and so there would be no escaping then

but at some point i know i will have to try...and die from it, maybe... well, i am actually quite willing to die, if that's what would be the case... i wouldn't mind it at all...to die in shame, next to you...would be much better than to live in pride so far away
i know i need you very much...

i watched all your pictures and i loved them very much, it took me hours to go through them. It is very strong what you all radiate. And i don't think i even seen pictures that beautiful
i was especially touched by the one of mango in a bathing tub next to the grass.. it felt so good and so familiar, as if it was the home every child should ever wish for...there is so much heart-space in it...the way Mango stands naked in the grass picking white currants...i loved that picture too very much...also the way the white currant bush stood in grass...that was growing so freely around it...no mulched and restricted pathways...it was all so free...i miss the freedom so much, there is not much of it here...i also think of Cidi often and the place where we had our first retreat, how wonderful the nature was there...how the river flew so cold, where i could brush my teeth every morning and feel the freshness of it - of naked and free nature, just as it is - and how the wood smelled, and the little pond from which we collected our water to drink every day...the little path leading to it.. Everything, the food there...the toilet hidden in the bush, the strawberries i picked once for our breakfast...the flowers from your piece of desert you gave me once on my plate because i didn't have any... and how everything smelled, i remember it all so well. i miss it very much...i miss nature that is free...how much i miss it all...i felt so close also to my own nature...and to you, even though i didn't know it then...

i feel so glad that Mango, now Saja and also Satl can have - and benefit from - this nature, the space that you provide and that is there surrounding you. I could feel it in all your pictures...the way you smile, there is so much reassurance in it...i know i wouldn't have any worry if only you could smile at me like this... there is so much power in all of you. Satlova, by the way, is very beautiful... I had those two pictures of her with the baby scrolled down on my computer wall some of the following days...just to look at her every now and then. I felt so much love for you all.

and the goats on the field...i loved those pictures very much too, somehow it reminded me of freedom that animals need, and the need for them to live in communities, to feel close with those of their kind...how beautiful forms the goats are, and all animals, when only they are allowed to live freely, and given the space they need, to thrive, and to flourish, to live their potential that is inherent to them as beings that share the world with us... i loved those goats roaming freely on the field. i felt very much with them.

it triggered in me also a big force wanting to do something to protect and to free those animals, who have been deprived of that space they need. it makes me very sad feeling how rare it is to see free animals, or most species in this world, how mostly what we encounter is restriction, manipulation and

non-freedom...how painful and how great a crime this is, what we are doing to the living beings around us. this bring lots of pain and in my thoughts i must go back to those cows who so gratefully licked my hands and my cheeks, and how much love i felt from them and how i would love them to be happy and free. they were licking my hands so eagerly as if they wanted to tell me in short and in a hurry how much they are loving and living animals...not only to be raised as a potential dead flesh to be served on our plates.

fuck.

so thank you again from my heart for sending me those pictures. I loved the ones of you, too. i find you very beautiful...even though some of them i found too powerful to look at at first or after some time. i realized just how powerful you are in what you radiate. in some pictures i felt myself so much drawn to you - and just how much i wanted to touch you on your face, to feel your skin...just to see how it feels or how it smells...i realized i don't know these things about you and i found it powerful and also scary, i still do...i haven't touched or been touched by a man for a long time. i've been saving myself for you, i feel

thank you also for your kind words, i feel and appreciate very much how you say you'd like me to be there with you, i also wish it...i believe the garden and the woods must be wonderful this time of year, and also your family now. i imagine you all being very happy.

i wish i could come closer to you at some point soon... i can feel my body magnetized just when i speak of it, as if there was a strong magnet somewhere beyond this emailing-screen, pulling me towards you. i do nothing...i am just being pulled

just how much i let go of (pretending to be in) control these days - and just seeing the show that happens beyond (supposedly our) actions - how life happens just like this, how much more there is to it than i thought...or ever dared to imagine...so even my strong wish and pull to be with you can be distracted and diverted or stopped just like that...what can i do...and what's worse, it will happen through me - it will not be "done to me". just like that i may never know the taste of your skin

the world is so vicious, and it can be vicious through me... can it? or can i just be freely living you...

sometimes i feel so strong with you i feel i can do anything and i am so clear and sometimes all this strength goes away, and i am not sure... sometimes it is so difficult for me to decide on anything. (only now the things i am hesitating upon are slightly larger than the dilemma of which cup to pick out from the cupboard...but in principle it feels like the same thing)

well, now that I've loaded onto you all my hesitations, i think it is in general the dilemma of what form to take, when i am just so painfully unsure of where i stand. perhaps i could just try...and see. i feel there isn't so much use in all this hesitating anyway, i hate hesitating... there is only fear rolled into it - and rolling it - over and over. i don't see why i should be afraid. i don't see why i am making such a big deal out of something that could be so simple... just as simple (and difficult) as loving you.

i am going to make some lunch now and see if i can come back with a clearer mind.

i thought about it and i feel i should really try, to put my time here to a maximum benefit, alongside running our project which i believe could bring a lot of benefit too - i like the idea of permaculture as a bridge between people and the land - and perhaps i could also write something about it, it shouldn't be so much of a problem, for it is something i feel deep in my heart is simply true... it is only a question of putting it into words, into some kind of a written form - it doesn't even matter what form - at this stage, perhaps i should just try and see what i can do ... i could base my dissertation around our project but also in general, how permaculture could be of benefit to the land and people. perhaps Rick could help me too...

i think i should try... plus i have time - place to stay - and all the support i need...i only wish i won't lose myself this time, for sometimes i enter states that make everything so terribly impossible...i think that is what happened to me the past few days - i felt how i felt when i attempted to write my

dissertation the first time, and how impossible it was for me, and it brought me so much pain - feeling that i am not capable of putting into words what i feel is true and deep inside me and i so wished to give a form to...

mostly it was me but also the environment that was so resistant - and i got swallowed by it. i hope i could be stronger this time - now that you are stronger in me. perhaps i could manage...it makes sense somehow, i don't know...

i think what makes me sad is that i would wish to already be with you, and i know writing my dissertation now would prolong my stay here again.. and it just makes me sad that's all, but i also don't see what else i could do...

i feel i am torn between the world and you...somehow the two don't want to come-fit together ... but i hope they will, one day, that i will find the way

in my last email i meant to add "not" in my sentence - i know i would not be able to feel the same love for you - yes indeed that is painful to imagine ... i can feel very much the split now, how the reality inside me and the manifested reality is radically different...whether it is my project, my dissertation, or my coming to you...all so beautiful on the inside but so painful and difficult on the outside... and i am somehow rolling myself in it...

what form should i take...how should i manifest...i feel so lost, so unsure about this... again, you see...

and i have managed to write such a long email i didn't even notice, i must finish it up now...

i wish i can stay with you the coming days...to let you lead me...and see where this takes me. in fact, i think, that's all i can/wish to do

i hope you are all well, my true best to all of you

i love you all very much, you are so deep in and part of my heart...i am glad we are close no matter where i am

i feel yours,

Nadine

i can feel you very close sometimes...as if my breast was your breast...as if i could feel you breathing in me

n

14-5-2019, 12:27 Azar to Nadine

Dear Nadine,

Being loved by cows may indeed be easier for some people than being loved by humans. They don't have the cramp around love and sexuality. Their tongue is their main 'instrument' to show their love, whereas humans can use their hands, next to facial expressions – well, sometimes the tongue too, but that may easily be disconnected from love. The other way round is at least as impressive, to see how cows don't resist being loved and can be receptive. Perhaps I had told you how in Holland I sometimes sang for the cows. They're a great audience. I never felt their resistance, as I often, usually feel in one way or another and to whatever extent with a human audience, which then influences

the quality of the singing. I’ve also used cows as a means to show a pupil our connectedness that doesn’t stop at the borders of humanity. I let him look into cows’ eyes for a while and afterwards he never ate meat any more.

Like you, I’m also moved always when I see animals having a large (or even unlimited) living space. In its beauty it shows immediately the other side indeed, how exceptional this is whereas it should be normal.

It is touching how you write that you could do so much good for the world with me in you (on one picture of you, face slightly behind the leaves, I could even see something of myself in your face). And it’s inevitable then that you feel the other side arising too, the resistance of the world. Probably needless to say, I’m very experienced in this subject. As soon as you have Heart to give, the resistance shows its face – the face that, without this Heart being present or shown, can hide behind all kinds of well-sounding words, good intentions and even deeds. Generally, people resist like hell the Heart-*Force* that actually lives on an earthly, perceptible level. It reveals to them the hell they live in (without Heart), and, of course, who wants to become aware of this (without a clear safe alternative)? Then, to not deny their own love for the Heart, they prefer to hang a heart-*form* (of whatever material) in front of the window, put it on the altar or around their neck, or as a tattoo on their buttocks.

One most important trick of the Heart-Resistant Force - a respected huge ‘adversary’ that is allergic to Love and almost impossible to beat - to keep you away from ‘me’, is to whisper in you that it is - also - you who resists me, not only the Force Itself. It may seem at best something of theoretical value and not in the least practical, when i say and mean that ‘you’ do really not exist. There are just these Forces through you: The Heart-Force That, as it seems, Wants to play a part in ‘Hearting’ the world - and the Heart-Resisting Force. When the second Force seems to get stronger again, the thought will creep in that it is (also) you who wants to or needs to resist the Heart(-Work). When somehow, for some funny Divine reason, you would manage to keep Seeing the Force that likes to personalize things, the drama of human life - no interference of ‘you’, of being ‘you-ed’ - you can See the Duality of Heart and Resisting Heart alternating. Well, you have Seen this already. But, without ‘you-ing’ (‘me-ing’) – just think of or listen to a sheep bleating every time ‘me’ comes into view again: ‘Meeeeeeh!’ (i myself happen to have a perfect voice this moment for imitating a sheep in its indifferent meeeehing; the tone should go a bit downwards when you come to the end of the meeeeeh) - this unavoidable Duality will become Sharper in ‘your’ Consciousness. And what’s more, the two sides of the Coin will start alternating faster - and faster. Freedom lies there where the Two Sides alternate so fast that, instead of ‘you’ getting crazy as it may seem, the Two explode into each other, into One – in short this is what had happened to me - and this freedom can not be found by choosing one of them, which for most people means choosing (on mind-level) the generally considered good side of the coin, things associated with the heart. As long as there is still the slightest personalization of the human drama - which is, shortly, being the Formless in (inherently limited) Form - this explosion cannot happen; and so hardly ever anyone will know what i mean, they’re afraid to lose ‘the person’ that lives due to and on the ‘grounds’ of the duality that is un- or half-consciously

alternating from one side to the other. To Satlova - 4 years after me, but only one year after we met - the explosion happened. She is not afraid - or at least not of and for the ego to disappear, the ego that is the person. She kept looking in ‘my’ Eye. And so she ‘exploded’ in my Heart - the duality exploded. We’re no longer different persons who should try to reach out to each other, who should try to make contact. If one has his or her Eye Open one can See this. No one is the same, however. Satlova was not so much harassed by dark earthly forces as for instance you - and most people. And anyhow, almost everyone would be repulsed of such a separation-crushing explosion. People are so afraid, without knowing. Fear hides, survives, in Unconsciousness. In (My) Consciousness it has a hard time surviving. Fear is connected to the institution of ‘I’. If Consciousness Frees you from the Illusion of me me me, fear naturally follows the defeat - or at least the egoic fears related to self-cramp which are the worst anyway.

All this may make you wonder if you ever truly resisted the Heart... Or were/are you perhaps simply receptive for the Heart-Resisting Force, and have you lived (and do you live) this as if it were (part of) you - even when a deeper identification seems to be beyond that?

When I say ‘I Am the Whole’ this is beyond any identification. In principle one cannot identify with the whole, only with favourite parts selected from the whole. When there is no one, no identification, there is only the One. The One, the Whole cannot identify with Itself. To be Freed, the secret or obvious favourites (and, just so, the opposite, repulsions) are detected and thus identifications dissolve. Isn’t Love, in the end, to have known, seen-felt all the Forces – inside you and outside of you - and to have accepted them all as unavoidable part of Reality Itself beyond right and wrong? Isn’t Love where inside and outside have merged and cannot be distinguished any more?

I don’t think a woman ever wrote something more beautiful to me as man when you write: “... it is you that i need to bring to the world...” This can only be because you somewhere See-Feel my radical non-attachment to the ‘I’, and therefore you Recognize the Love of Man (beyond himself) that you as Woman are naturally in Love with (you simply cannot be in love with *a* man) and that you naturally feel like giving to the world. As (Natural) Woman you love and like to Receive and pass on Man in and to the world – opposite to the Egoic Woman who wants to use a man for her self.

In this natural Flow (of Woman Recognizing in Man Something of Beyond Her world of Form, something that She likes to give to this world, to un-form it, in a way, or at least to let the (dominance of) Form be Outshone by the Formless Heart), Man and Woman Are One. This is only possible if also Woman is brought, meditated, beyond the ego, or at least beyond the state in which the ego is ruling her (which is Woman’s usual state on earth). For otherwise, if she is attached to the self, she would want to have and keep the Man She is in Love with for her self and is not able to give Him to the world. In other words, the Man (that is lately strong) in you, is Recognized to be the First Principle, Naturally Ruling over (but not repressing or oppressing, but Loving and Wholly Including and Naturally Taking into Account) the Second, Female Principle. When the Selflessness of Man(’s Heart) Rules, the whole nature is naturally considered and the carelessness regarding nature is not possible.

What you write about being so vulnerable when you’d come to me, to where I abide, is very true. Vulnerability is the truth for a human being, it reveals your beauty, and provides force as well. Another good thing is that (showing) vulnerability cannot be abused – well, unless you’d show it to ego. The latter is a background why everyone stays at least partially locked up in a vicious circle in this respect. If and as long as the ego is still secretly ruling in human beings - it is - it can use whatever is shown in vulnerability against you sooner or later. There is no strategy how to break through the vicious circle: (the Recognition of) Love doesn’t ask this question.

Regarding ‘coming to me’: as you may have noticed, patience rules here - and ‘I am ‘even’ not attached to some kind of an end goal. But i know i can take your hand, if you like me to – not saying by this that I don’t do this already. Truth works anyway without promises. Perhaps, despite your fear, ‘I – that includes ‘you’ as part of ‘Me’ - can loosen you up (further) to whatever extent. I think so. Of course, in an environment wherein, at least on a deeper level, no or at least much less cramp rules, one can by nature easier loosen up, even though in this setting first cramps, blockages will arise and must be faced-felt. Well, that’s what you already experienced during your first visit. You’re brave that you didn’t project these revelations on us, I must say. Not projecting on a Mirror isn’t easy.

If you’d make it to here again at some point, I’m really curious if, like last time, thanks to your presence, it is again easier for me to be with Mango. ‘He’ usually suffocates the Heart here, (as the world) resisting ‘Me’ as I Am and only seemingly accepting me if – in my flexibility - I (seem to) turn into a form-man. Saja doesn’t have this effect. On the contrary. So far at least we feel very good with one another – provided she is well-fed for the moment, of course, otherwise every baby gets naturally difficult. By feeling-meditating Mango(’s earthly state) I feel I’m meditating Woman (Earth) and this is quite a deepening of my (Man’s) Process with Woman. I may have been with difficult women in the past (and sometimes I’ve written about it), but being with Mango beats everything so far. Small as he is, so far he perfectly represents the man on earth who forgot about his Origin, about Man, and is already full of pain of the earth (and therefore afraid of silence, of nothing moving), but unable to (want to) recognize this and acting tough instead. It’s Open where this constellation of different ‘characters’ will lead in the end. An interesting battle – that happens not without the context of Love.

I do feel your sadness when you write that you already like to be with me, and that writing your dissertation would postpone this. I suppose you cannot (partially) write it here, can you? Anyhow, Satlova, although limited by time, offered to help you with your dissertation where and whenever she can. Also apart from your dissertation, she got enthusiastic imagining you could together do something in the field of permaculture. She liked to write you by herself in fact, but so far she didn’t manage with the family demands screaming and so I like to at least mention this. Lately, instead of merely being informed by me about what you write to me, she also reads your letters (and my letters to you) and got touched by them.

It is certainly possible that one, you, can feel some force in the pictures I’ve sent you. It is nice that you take your time to look through them, all the more since I am experienced that people turn away from my ‘forms’, like my music which is ‘too much’, too intimate, but also from texts and pictures for instance. One life-long friend of my family could not bear a picture with my father, mother, brother, sister and me on it, and dedicatedly he set himself to edit the picture, to make me smaller and my father bigger. The result that he thought a favour for the family, looked totally weird. It taught me once again and perhaps better than ever before how huge the resistance to ‘me’ – that is, to anyone who is a ‘not-me’ – is in this world. And the human world doesn’t know its own resistance to the values they hold by themselves and it doesn’t want to know. Duality rages on in the dark.

It reminds me of when in the train back home after a meeting with a few people around me, I looked and smiled at a man, how he instinctively turned away, trying to look out of the window. Without a judgement, but he could simply not bear the love in the smile and that I felt at the moment. Soon he turned back towards me, and turned away instantly again. And so on a few times. It is burnt in my memory. The world needs love – the only little problem is that it cannot bear it.

When you write “I’ve been saving myself for you, i feel” you again do a serious attempt of breaking the record of sweetness embedded in a deeper truth. It is very melting. There are a few women I have met in my life who could, in theory, have said the same (but never did), who can only be Touched by Man Itself and who will not be seriously touched by *a* man. They preserve their heart for their Beloved. This can even be so when a woman gave her body away earlier. A female body cannot be Pervaded by a penis – not saying by this that Woman’s Body’s unfaithfulness to Her Heart doesn’t leave any traces, for the energy-consciousness of the man or men she is with and makes love to may not fit the subtle constitution of a woman’s Heart, which is something she cannot *not* become confused from, and probably she is projecting this on her self, that she is, apparently, confused. In the end the Body is (part of) the Heart. When they, Heart and Body, have the tendency to be(come) One again, it is not strange when the Pain of the previous separation comes to the surface, including previous (attempts at) relationships in which this separation was lived, expressed. I’m not in principle against forms of sexuality that cannot find the Heart, but indeed, sooner or later one may be confronted with the inherent painfulness of it.

Your - humble - remark reminds me somehow of how Satlova in the beginning period sometimes humbly asked if she could just come over to my place and just look at me - without any fuss possible, just look... So, when you’ll be here and you feel like touching my face and explore it, feel free – even when ‘the other side’ triggers you to feel uncomfortable then.

About ‘hesitation’ that often bugs you. Sometimes - often, if not always - it's good to enter deeper into an issue, certainly when it comes back again and again. It may be that

we half- or unconsciously try to go about something, to not face what is there behind the issue, in your case behind the hesitation. Saying this doesn't mean that it will be easy to get an answer in this respect. But anyhow, it would be good if you'd have or find the courage and space to dive deeper than up to now what is behind the hesitation(s). I may have some premonition about this, but it seems better if you first descend in it 'by yourself' - between inverted commas indeed, for some of 'my' Force would certainly be helpful here.

We can certainly come back to this issue. Keep sharing it, I would say. A woman who shares non-clarity (with the Heart) gains clarity. I have no limits as to going into things until something is Clear for you – for anyone, in principle, if that one really wants to have Clarity, which is often not the case: people are afraid of clarity. Fog seems safer, for then we don't see the danger, the monster. You are a special woman to me regarding the ability to carry Me inside, regarding your extraordinary willingness so far to be truthful – I don't distinguish between these two seemingly different things. Therefore, I will take you as deep into the Truth as you want or can bear – and not deeper, by the way. I don't think you have an overview of how exceptional it is for a woman to be truthful. You must love me very deeply. It's such a gift to the world when a woman is truthful, as a response to the Truth of Man's Heart.

Breathing in you, Azar

22-5-2019, 2:45 Nadine to Azar

Hello Azar,

for some reason it is again difficult for me to write to you, it is interesting to observe how the whole army of forces in me stand up to prevent me from it. Well they almost manage, but it is like putting a head under a pillow, it is all black and dark and there is no air no space nothing in there... so why would i stay there, or choose for it, i can't seem to be happy in there anymore ...

It is interesting to see how, after i feel so close with you, so confident with you, suddenly the forces in me arise that completely overshadow everything... and they can (at least temporarily) make me believe that i am also losing you - that i cannot come back to you anymore, that it is also my fault that i have lost you... and so they prevent me even from trying - they want to keep me in their realm. And sometimes i "follow" and it is pure pain... knowing that in so doing i am torn away from you. for no reason.

Well, it is sad, when it happens, especially now that i feel so much life, so much potential, so much ahead to be lived and to do. And i know i won't be able to do any of it - if i don't at the same time manage to stay with the heart in me - with you, for when i chose the other way, there is nothing to be lived, or to do then. It is scary how, sometimes, it can all really just disappear - and i can be such a dead body, a dead piece of flesh...and everything around me is just randomness and chaos, with me not having any real participation or value in it... it is just wasting

I stay peaceful even in the shadows, for somewhere i must know that i cannot lose you really... that you are always in me.

I love you so much

And i love also everything that arises in me as a result of that...i love it so very much, that it happens like that, and that i can stay with you in it... there is so much beauty and growth in every drop of resistance and pain and difficulty that i experience in my process with you, i can see now how it is (only) the resistance that enables you to grow - through me - how without it it wouldn't be possible. I can also feel the heart being more free in me these days, i can give heart more freely. But of course i feel also so much un-freedom - and how this is just the beginning. But i feel this is something i have always been made to do, that i couldn't find this kind of satisfaction in anything else, and i feel deeply that this work is completely satisfying - and satisfying finally, fully, my craving and fascination of life and desperation to explore it in depth that i always had, but also to love and to give and produce. i feel i have at least landed - or found this ground i was looking for. and i would like to take it from there...

i trust that you will be showing me the way when i manage to show myself to you...and that somehow it can result in beautiful things. i already feel it being beautiful. i can feel so much closer with my family, my mother, my brother, and my father also...we grew very much closer over the past days, we talk and we exchange messages almost every day, and i let them know about what i do and i am curious about them - and it all feels so genuine, i do love them and every time we speak i feel so close despite whatever the invented differences.

I managed to get closer to my father, also, for the first time i felt that the barrier of concrete between us melted, and i felt so much like his daughter, just so loving and vulnerable and small with him - i realized that as a child or as a growing up i never had this feeling, i always felt on the contrary, big and impenetrable.

... a lot seems to have happened since last night when i wrote this part of letter - i now got an email from Satl and it made me very happy to read it, i keep being surprised - and at the same time not, how much i feel close with both of you - and how much i know you - as if we were never separate before as if we were just family who know and love each other deeply, only haven't seen each other for a long time. but coming to you feels like coming back - to where i know it and where i belong. Well there is so much i would like to say to both of you and it all gets a bit confusing now since i am actually talking to both of you at the same time when i write this... of course i will answer Satl separately since there is so much i would like to say to her, and i have been also intending to write her for some time now, but just as Satl i have been so busy and overwhelmed by everything and it is only now that the space is opening up a little...i will write to her soon but lets just finish this first...

still i feel like i am talking to you both now and i get a bit dizzy from it. It is a funny feeling. yesterday when i mentioned my father to you and how i could never feel just small with him and open and let him protect me - i went to bed since i had to cry very much...i've never cried so much in relation to my father before, even now as i write this i feel a lot of uncried tears are there still inside me... i never realized how much emotional i can feel and it seems that my father is at the root of that - of my coldness as a child, as a teenager, it was as if i've stopped myself from having any emotions since my father left me (and that's ever since i remember...), i would convince everyone including myself that i don't miss him, that there is nothing to be missed ...that there is no father, that's all, i have no feeling about that...and i am not affected by it. i was convinced that i didn't mind. now I am thinking whether it has had all to do with my father and how he wasn't there for me, that i was such a hard, unemotional person most of my life, how i was stopping myself from feeling emotions. i am feeling very tired and heavy now every time i go about this topic - so there must be more hidden in this still. Now when i attune to my relationship with my father the big coldness comes, as opposed to when i get touched by it, when i feel a deep love for him and vulnerability and trust as a daughter. i've never realized just how important he was and is for me - and how much i must have missed him when he was away. not having this element in my life must have affected me very deeply. i was identified

for a long time with my unemotional self, i was known to never allow to feel or express any emotions. I even went out for a casual drink with my friends to the pub just like that the day my grandmother who i loved very dearly died in my mothers hands and left my mother and the rest of family at home sitting on the stairs and left as if nothing had happened...i abused my brother most of his childhood, i would never openly express love for him, and emotions to my father especially...would be forbidden. I would never allow myself to admit that i love my father.

Well, now i want to say that i've never missed my father, he was nothing for me - he didn't exist, i was fine on my own, ... but i can feel my heart pulsing underneath that, just how much i fucking love my father, and always had. fuck. fuck fuck

this is all a big messy compote of love emotions avoidance and pain and chaos, chaos chaos so i better step out of this for now...

there is a lot to be revealed it seems

i am glad for now that i can at least start feeling love for my family again and cry, that underneath an ice cap that was there spoiling everything most of our time we can at least try and rediscover and touch what was always true and the love and pain underneath it...

i remember you once said you cried every day for some years... i feel if i am to cry all my uncried tears and the pain that was never allowed to touch, i will probably have to cry also for very many days ...

i am suddenly getting very strong energetic releases related to the topic as explosions and screams coming out of my chest, i feel like shouting inside, full of anger and i go about slamming doors and hitting walls with my wrists, i am lucky that nobody is home and hopefully neighbours won't mind

shit i really have touched something nasty, it seems. it will take time to process

Azar i would still like to finish this letter, it seems there is a lot to how i feel about my family relationships and things that are buried deep in my past and have been put on hold - but sooner or later they will have to bubble up to the surface and come out - i can feel it already very near, the pain that longs to be felt and the darkness that will come with it. i would like to thank you from my heart for allowing that - but i told you already how grateful i am for all this - and for the freedom i feel with you. freedom to be also un-pretty and not worrying about it too much. or to just be whatever. thank you.

i can't say how much these days have changed for me... how things are changing rapidly. I can't believe it. i can't believe how much there is, how much is opening to me layer by layer. how dynamic and intense and beautiful is life. and just how miraculous... and how much how much is there...!!! ?? and how all this complicatedness and seeming variety all boils down to one single thing, love and love and love again... again and again.

i love all this. i love you

2-6-2019, 15:24 Nadine to Azar

Hello Azar..

i feel like i should write to you, even though finding my words isn't very easy... now that i feel far away the world turns into a vicious machine and i feel i can be so easily swallowed and torn apart by

it. finding no ground, nothing. i can't really seem to be able to do anything like this... i just have to put everything on hold until i manage to say something to you.

i need to find you again at least a little bit so that i can live my life somehow. so that everything isn't just a big chaos mess and randomness to be lost in. i seem to need you so much. my world is crazy. without you in it nothing is possible

i am sorry for how i was with you last time i wrote. i can see how much i lean on you (both) and try to pretend i am with you (which is just so painful for me as it is in itself) - while denying the fact of my own resistance, my separation from you that is there hidden behind all my nicely wrapped up words - just wanting to get to you get to you get to you - but the fact is i can't hide anything from you, none of my lies that stand between us, no matter how much of wrapping paper with nice pink hearts i put on it. and how this resistance to see and feel this, or just simply admit this, is there like a big bubble between us. Well i would like to learn how to be true in all circumstances but for god's sake there is so much horribleness in me that always shows up and prevents it in one way or another and especially strongly when i feel so happy because of you. then the good side of life seems to be the preferred one and to win, and i think i can win you this way - this is so difficult to not stay deluded by this. i am a woman made of lies, it seems. All what there is that separates me from you is huge, huge. but then again not...it seems possible for it to not be so huge, also. I can easily imagine for it to just lose importance - when i feel or look at you, it can shrink or disappear, but only for a while. then it comes back again - perhaps in slightly different form. just how crazy is this world!! and sometimes i have no clue how to function in it - things keep changing so quickly. what feels true one moment isn't true the moment next. god how much i would like to get some rest from this...

then i read some of your texts and i see the almost hilarious comedy of this, of how i am rolling myself tortured in my own world, when on the other side, on the only side there really is, in fact, things seem to be just ok.

i read the part of your biography, the chapters about Maja, the other day...it left a big impression on me. I loved it and at the same time it made me sad. It reminded me of times i was in love. How it felt. how it can be beautiful - and silly, to be in love... and how the world changes then. i liked the way you wrote about this. she must have been a magnificent girl, Maja. I could almost imagine her. and how lucky and at the same time doomed are those who ever experience this kind of being in love. i feel heavy and dizzy again after saying this, so it must be that i also feel hurt and perhaps even envy that i cannot be in her skin, because i am forcing my way to you, instead of letting you be free. i seem to be very skilled at this, and very persistent. it makes me physically sick and heavy and yet i can't seem to be able to avoid this. when i start writing to you it boils down to this, every time. how can i be such an unattractive woman, forcing her way to a man. i don't even think it can ever work but i am doing it anyway...you seem to bring up the worst in me...

i know you don't need to say or do anything, and i don't ask it of you. i already know what i need to know, for now, i am just somehow strangely entangled in my own webs - and i just wanted you to know. i feel in a similar place as where i was last year, which was the messiest part of my life, just when i was coming out of retreat and about to start with my dissertation. as if nothing has changed. but i am hoping that at least a little bit has changed since then - so that it is more difficult for me to give up. hopefully i will find my way to get through this mess somehow, this time. Give at least some form to my dissertation (even though it is difficult to think or write for i am such a mess) so that it is done, once and for all, and finish my work with Eileen here - which i am proud of, because we grew so close to each other just by going through good and bad times together for almost 2 years now and it has been a good experience for me.

all my best to you and to family,
Nadine

15:38

also, i am sorry for giving - while at the same time not willing or trying to be responsible for - my own pain. Instead, expecting you to be able to take it all in just like that.

i am sorry i act that way.

Nadine

13-6-2019, 21:45 Nadine to Azar

Dear Azar,

i tried to write you already yesterday but it proved rather difficult - i often crumble down under the heaviness of things when I'm trying to "reach" you. Even when i set out to do such a simple thing, such as the confirmation of my arrival to you. You open me to the blackness, heaviness and the impossibility of life to an incredible degree. Or rather, it shows very clearly, feelably and incredibly tangibly in the face of love you evoke in me also. Often times i dive into it too deep and then i get lost in the impossibility of it, or rather, in the infinity of possibilities of impossibleness that surround me and absorb me completely. Then i don't know what to do. I often get too lost to find you in it.

I would like to say millions of things to you - often i feel/think that i would just like to sit with you in a tent for maybe a month and tell you everything.

for now i don't know where to start...for there are many things i can't really put words to. I feel again very different these days...as if you've touched another layer of me, and i feel you much more close - more tangible in me, and so much more freedom and love and possibility arises from it...it makes me feel like beauty is so much more possible in the world - or at least i see and feel it possible - because i am free and because i am with you, ... and it is all becoming real, earthly somehow. But on the face of this beauty and possibility - i can't say how painful is the other side also. I can feel it thousand times more now that i feel you more, i can feel (and if i am lucky, also see) the heaviness that is between you and me and it is scary, when it is there, because i can't seem to be able to do anything about it. Sometimes it just sits there and sits, and spoils everything, and makes things/life impossible to be - to live, to do anything, to work.

And i get all-absorbed in it...

Now knowing how beautiful you are and that we can be, and i have no intention (that would feel like my personal intention) to escape or to leave...now that the reality shows me the painful reality of the fact that no matter what i want-do or not, i can't chose or do anything about the fact that the pain is there, the separation is there, and it can be in me and make me separate from you, not able to feel or reach you, or even manipulate me into its opposite direction. And it all happens without me wanting or intending it. In fact, i have no intention for it at all...if only i could choose i would never stop feeling or being with you. I would never leave you not for a single second. I would be with you and Satl and your beautiful two kids and a cat for ever and that would just be it...because there is nothing else in the world that would make more sense... i love you and feel you part of me so much.

And it pains me so much when i cannot feel it that way. As if it wasn't true all of a sudden, for whatever random or obviously irrelevant reason. And it is all in my mind and it has a power to do so. I

am aware of it laterally even now that i am trying to ignore or stay above it in order not to get lost... it is pain pain pure pain, pain of not love - all in relation to you.

but the pain doesn't want to be avoided either. i feel that by avoiding that pain i am also avoiding you - or somehow, i am separating myself from you with that avoidance-fear. there are many things in me that don't want to be touched and i feel like a bag full of wild bees.

in fact i am terrified... it is all horribly terrifying, the whole thing. i am terrified to come near you and face all these things. in the face of your love which is the strongest and purest i've ever seen. i am terrified i won't be able to face my not-love for you, that it will be so purely and hellably feelable to me - and that i won't be able to escape it, since there is nothing i can do. And i will feel so impossible then. Absolutely hopeless

Often i feel, as if i had you in me - so close and in the centre of everything, as if the world around was just something i look at and am somehow entangled with - but none of those forms feel dictating to me. i feel very much centred in you, as if i've never left Sweden - or as if i just went out shopping, yes i went out and am busy with something now but i am still with you and i will be back in a minute.

also, no matter what happens here on earth, really no matter what, it does not affect my being with you. I feel so free in this. Free but not irresponsible...i also find i can relax better these days in what i am doing...in how i am in general, because of that. But i also realize how strong this is - how strong you are and what you evoke in me, the deep sadness...i hope i will manage with it somehow i can't seem to avoid this. whenever i feel for you, the painful, vicious side also arises with it in me...

so my mind is going crazy with all the changes happening but i am trying to stay with my feet on earth. It helps doing my work - which is writing my dissertation.

I haven't started doing literature review yet but i made my poster in which i had to present my idea... really what i want to do is to write it simple and true - and just what it is about - and not more. i tend to lose myself in detail and overcomplicate things - so this will be an exercise for me not to do so (not to be trapped) and be more relaxed and free in how i write - which means being with you in it and make it true, and that is the challenge...as in everything. Finding true words and expressing myself clearly, that is hell.

i will see how this turns out... i really hope i can finish it on time and in the way i would be more or less happy about. Let's see.

It would be nice to come to you already in August, and to try and finish my work with you, it is nice that you are inviting me already for when you are still in Holland. Perhaps i could arrange it so that i come after you are back but i will let you know...i will have to look at the travel possibilities. In general i am finishing my work here (with Eileen) on the 13th of August, but i can stay as long as i want at Eileen's house afterwards...so maybe i will let you know when i look into the possibilities. I would also like to see Mango soon...and the cat. I have very strong relationships with cats nowadays, especially Eileen's cat. She comes often to my room and sleeps on my bed, and i like to have her in my company - when i write or work, she sits there and purrs and comes to me for a cuddle. And i like her very much and she knows-senses it, so we ended up being an inseparable couple. I've sent some pictures of her in my email to Satlova the other day. Also, my allergy to cats is gone - suddenly.

the night after you've sent me your email the other day, i had a dream in which there was Satlova, me, and you with a fox.

Maja reminds me of my best friend-flat mate Alice here. She looks similar and is also very feminine in her nature, very wild and hardly tamable. You did show me a picture of her before, i remember now, she looks very pretty.

Hoping to stay with you,
Nadine

PS - i don't think i will make it to the retreat in August, although one can never be sure. But i am likely to be quite busy with my dissertation then...also, i am going to Austria with my brother in mid July and will be visiting my family afterwards for a week so that will already make it for the summer happenings, i think.

i would like to be of good use... but there is this thing stopping me, for gods sake, this stupid thing - that i cannot grasp ... what is this??? and why is it there in me, spoiling everything

18-6-2019, 22:57 Azar to Nadine

Nadine,

That's a good formulation, when you say that i give so much freedom - and you even managed to not say 'too' much freedom. This offer is in fact an important background why women could almost never be with me, or only shortly sometimes. Freedom is too confronting, making too responsible, making it much too difficult to nicely blame the other in order to once again and in vain get rid of one's inner cramp.

My life has gone strange. I have - so far - never met a man who loves 'woman' more than i do, and yet - but, of course, it is related - i was 'stubborn' in the sense of not manipulating her into being with me; as you, for instance, may have read in the autobio where Maja was about to break at our goodbye moment, and i didn't want to/couldn't help her in bending a little bit further still in the direction of staying with me, to give just a little push or pull so that she could cross the line. A woman will be in freedom with me - or not. It doesn't feel True that as man i 'should' act out Woman's Manipulative Force in the dark, return it to her as a dirty mirror that she then cannot recognize as such. This would make man a hopeless marionette of Woman's onraging Duality - and she would stay unconsciously dizzy for ever. Better be consciously dizzy, so that in the background stability can settle. Only the Woman who can (learn to) bear my Love - which is in the end not something different from this offer of Freedom - will be with me. If, out of self-protection, the need for projection on Man, is still too big, then this is not possible. Just like the Man is Free when He Knows Himself, the Woman can only be Free when She Knows Herself, when She has been Willing to Look in the Mirror. Funnily, man's manipulation feels safe to Woman - unless or until she becomes too conscious of it and starts to protest and turns against him. In this manipulation – due to and straight out of man's secretly wanting her - something seems to fill her lower parts. This filling feels safer than the unknown vulnerable openness - openness to Man.

It is confronting enough to see how people, without even knowing, constantly manipulate each other. If you meet someone who by his nature doesn't do this, everything is different suddenly. You can imagine a woman (Darli), once, quite a few years ago, said that 'something is not right here in the house'. She came down the stairs, slowly, almost dizzy from non-understanding. She had quite a potential i must say and it's one of the saddest things in my life that she couldn't make it to me, projecting the Ego-Force just too much

on the one who gave her freedom. It must have been because of this potential especially that i didn't enter her physically in bed when my penis was already before her vagina and she wanted me in, wanted me in all the more because there was hardly any man who she, with her deeper consciousness and great sensitivity, could allow in that respect. I felt just too much Ego in her in that moment - and in general the ego was quite something, strangely, for it suited her even less than in other people - so i 'couldn't' enter her body. This (unfortunate) 'refusal' was facilitated by the fact that the smell of her ego came out of her body, her mouth especially, during her visit - which she tried to put on a tooth, but i didn't buy that. Pity, i certainly had liked to make love with her - we were a great fire together - but i'm not fixed to anything. And so much more pity due to the fact that her potential got lost, she couldn't find a man that suited her potential, her sensitivity. The man before she 'tried' me, seemingly a (or the) big love, betrayed her suddenly - not with a woman probably, but with leaving her. (Sorry, if I've already told you this story, i can't always remember to whom i told what and when, as i could in the past easily.)

About your paper. Yeah, it's not so easy Nadine, to formulate your inner truth on paper. Being in a female body this is all the more difficult. Well, for men it seems easier, but that's because 'truth' is more on the outside for them, easier accessible. If they would make it more 'personal' - or let's say, if they tried to connect Inner and Outer - they would also have difficulties with it. You can surely send your theoretical part to us, and we'll probably find some time to read it. Then we can see if you're too hard on 'yourself' or at least on what you wrote and if you're a perfectionist - or not. Admittedly, i could not help laughing - almost uncontrollably - over how you, quite well as a matter of fact, describe your failure. Somehow, openly failing is so relieving, after all the previous stress of having to do it right. This doesn't take away the fact that i do read how bothering and painful it is to you. I'm sorry for that. I hope anyway that the one in charge who must judge your paper will be all right with it.

I'm with you, Azar

I'll meditate now or after lunch. Without meditation, 'family' becomes almost unbearable in the end - well, it is Mango that makes me say this. Saja didn't manage so far. Life is shitty and, in a way, unjust: Saja just naturally provokes a smile on my face every time we meet, while with Mango i don't have this. Also Fabian said this, that, in my own words, love with one child flows and with the other one he cannot feel it. In his case it's the other way round as here. He can only naturally feel this love with his son and not with his daughter. Confronting. But i prefer to live in Truth anyway. Things are as they are. The pressure on the Heart that 'Mango' causes is already difficult enough; belittling or not. Feeling this reality would only make it harder.

2-7-2019, 15:31 Nadine to Azar

Hello Azar,

It is hard to be open to you, I am finding nasty things in me when I do.

I feel the potential and also the no-potential, when I am too much in touch with myself it is hard. Sometimes it helps to have a coffee and chocolate. It makes things easier... I feel like I'm wearing safeguards and so it is easier to walk and talk...
It is easy to get bogged down in myself. I am a living bog - in fact. A quick sand. A mass that doesn't allow anything.

You are the most challenging person I ever met. You are changing everything... this is, as you say, with you i can be anything and that anything can be quite scary. I wish i could understand Life. I am only beginning to and it is already quite something.
I wonder how you got to know woman so well. When you are a man you should know nothing.

I know you so well and would love to come close to you, but to go past me is quite a challenge. No wonder women cannot do this...

True how with men who know nothing it is easier to be, but also hopeless.

PS I always found academic works written by women very sad to read. I find a lot of pain in it when I do.

(I think I sent you my paper in the earlier email. Did it not arrive?)

Nadine

21:47 Azar to Nadine

Hi again,

I did receive your paper, i see now. I just overlooked. It's easier for me to See Woman, than to see an attachment. Typically me. Probably because i'm not attached to woman.

I can imagine 'i' provoke nasty things in you - and anyone. These nasty things bring me more and more down to earth, even though this ongoing process may work better when they are shared. In case you'd feel the nasties stand in between us or for other reasons there's an impulse to share them, feel welcome. This depends, of course, on where you (need to) go. Sharing them carries a serious risk of bringing you closer to me. So, if a deeper force has power over you that doesn't want this, then you better not share, or perhaps later, when times are more favourable for this. Anyway, it's up to you.

azar

In case you still have some time and space for me left, i include herewith - just to tease you a bit, nothing special - an essay from 2005 i just came across yesterday when preparing the final publication of Book V (of Flashes of Consciousness). I could write intense, i must say. Also, in a few items i am suddenly very angry at and fed up with (people living in) the mind. Rereading it after a long while, a good laughter was unavoidable. I laugh again now thinking of it. I'm 'afraid' not many people understand my kind of anger.

[23.12.05]

- ‘Happy’ – in the sense of Home – is the woman who is Seen and Treated by Man as the Formless instead of as a form. I, for One, Guide Woman from form-consciousness into the Ocean of the Formless-Consciousness. For That I Allow Her to See Me, Who, What I Actually Am. This is Enough. Just Seeing Me, Recognizing Me. If I would see and treat Her as a form She cannot See Me, then She is and stays lost in and bound to Her form-consciousness.

Again and again when She forgets Me and treats Me as if I were her man-form (that somehow She could have) I send Her body away. (Only) by again and again, in My Heart, Whole-Bodily Feeling the pain of the Man-Woman Separating Force on earth – the pain of which is related to form-consciousness – She can and will (and, in fact, does already) Surrender (in)to Me and See Me. I, Man, have to Remind Her of Her pain, again and again – in the first and Necessary but not only place by Feeling it Myself. A miserable painful Divine Task, Which I Do without complaint. It’s an incredibly difficult Task of Man – but All the more Worthwhile – to Make Woman Actually Bow for and Melt into, Surrender into Him, and *by This* to Relieve Her from Her Deep Pain of Separation. It Requires all the possible Dedication and Humbleness of Man – and also of Woman – to Allow and Manifest on earth This Natural, Divine Process of Union of Man and Woman. A Man- and Woman-form who, on the Deepest ‘Level’ Beyond levels, (Are Intelligent and, thus) Cooperate – while on other levels there’s a Natural Inevitable and Necessary Fight – cannot fail, even though not much can be said about the time it takes for Manifesting Their Union. The Total Embrace of all Pain Inherent in the Fight of Man and Woman and Their Separation (is the Only ‘Thing’ That Really) Transcends this Fight and Separation, even though It cannot and doesn’t need to kill these Forces. If Man and Woman Consciously, Intelligently, Surrender to Their Fight on all levels, then on the Deepest ‘Level’ Always Present Oneness is Realized and even Lived – even though in the world of forms many times it might seem otherwise to outsiders and even to the Woman-form Herself if again She has to live (through) the form-consciousness and forms which simply cannot be avoided as long as She is in the earthly body. Because the Bodily Present Conscious Heart-Man cannot be lost in this world of form, however, She is Constantly ‘Saved’ by Him. All the time, already as soon as She Allows Him to Shine Through all ‘Her’ forms, He is There, Immediately, Already, She is Embraced by His Heart, His Eye, His Wise Arms, by His Wholly Hearted Body, She is Embedded in Him, Resting in Him even in the midst of the chaos of the forms, karmic forms coming from other, (more) unconscious human forms, She is Home, even in the world of forms She is Home. By Allowing Her Pain of Separation She Sees (Him) and She is Home in and as Him in Eternal Non-Separation. That’s Why the Woman Who has the Natural Courage to Be with Me, with Man, is ‘Happy’ or Home. I Allow Her to See Me. I don’t let Her swim as a lost form in the ocean of endless forms. I Make Her See I Am the Sea, the Ocean Itself Beyond – though also including – all apparently from-Me-distracting forms. I Make Her See – if She Wants – that She does not need the (exactly) right forms in order to... be happy, fulfilled, safe, survive and so on. I Make Her See, or: I Am Her Seeing, that forms are just forms, that they always lead to nothing, that I Am Here, Beyond and In and As Form. I Am Fully Present, Always, Whole-

Heartedly, Always Embracing Her, Already, even when My physical-energetic body is always in Pain and often very crushed, even to the point of almost dying, from this painful world choking the Heart.

If Man is not Fully, one hundred percent Present, Conscious, if Woman, thus, cannot Surrender into (and as) and Rest in (and as) Him, Woman cannot be (Truly) Happy.²

Praised, Blessed is the Woman, Divine Woman, Who Recognizes Her Beloved, Who Recognizes (one hundred percent to Woman Dedicated) Consciousness in, through and even as a Male Body – Who Recognizes that (Only) This in(to) Her (Pain) Surrendered Consciousness is the One ‘Thing’ to Marry, Eternally Marry. Without Eternal Marriage there is no True Happiness. Happiness in the Sense of the Fullest Whole-Hearted and Whole-Bodily Knowing of Oneness – and not in the ordinary sense of being joyful, satisfied, healthy, having energy, a good partner, children, an interesting job and so on.

15-7-2019, 00:30 Nadine to Azar

Azar,

I’ve been in quite difficult states lately, it has been difficult for me to do anything, the nastiness in me is raging and raging. I don’t understand what it is in me that can’t speak to you honestly. Or is so afraid of you, in general. I don’t understand why it should be such a big problem... just speaking to you, nothing else, why should there be such a great gap between us. That gap is making me crazy - i can’t stand it. I feel strange because i don’t know how to go about this...i can just stay with it how things are and feel the pain, but i don’t know...i feel i should do something about it, it doesn’t have to be there... i don’t know what it is that’s causing it, but i can see how this stands between you and me, and today i felt so heavy from it, so absorbed in it, i was sitting on my bed in such a pain, and just wanted to sleep...do nothing, but then i sat up and tried to find you, i felt the resistance at first, but a bit like through the thick clouds, somehow i managed to go through them and to see whether you are there somewhere...and then i felt you, just so simply and as always, i felt such a force form this, all the clouds that were suffocating me went away, my body got so hot from it as if you were pushing something from the inside and the body cleared up this way, energetically, and i didn’t have to do anything...it was just you coming back for a few moments, i felt so much lighter afterwards...i couldn’t do it for too long, i got up after and ate some nuts to strengthen up, and immediately felt impulse to do some work - to already read a bit about possible research methods for my dissertation. It was so relieving to know that you can do this...and also how i changed, how my body changed as a result of those few moments. Really i can do nothing without you - or in resistance to you, i have no inspiration or energy and i just get heavier and heavier every day, until i could just die... i really don’t want this, i would like to learn how to allow you to just be in me freely, or i don’t know, whether i can influence this or not...but i know it is possible, when i attune to you, somehow to find you through the clouds. This is such a force, crazy stubborn force in me, i had a chance to feel into this quite a lot these days, the nastiness of it... no wonder i was such a terrible child and a teenager, i really think i am evil

² ‘Happy’ as used here has got nothing to do with the normal use of this word.

Normally ‘happiness’ is referring to the energetic flowing of the body, in general to Energy. Understanding the Duality of (energetic) life, this form of ‘happiness’ inherently alternates with ‘unhappiness’. The latter is usually more or anyway denied, but still, unavoidably, so.

Happiness as used here is Happiness of the Heart. There’s no condition needed for it to be so. In Recognition of Man, the Truth That Man Is as Heart, this Happiness is Obvious.

inside, and this evilness was there in me strongly and deep as long as i can remember. So coming to you is like coming to a fire, this evilness in me is so feelable suddenly, and so strong. I wanted to tell you that i won't let it stop me come to you anyway, it would be such a shame if i did... i really think i can handle this. And keep on doing my work. I hope i can learn. It is painful but i am learning...

Through working it is especially feelable this pain, this resistance. When i need to work, when i have responsibilities. Sometimes i feel such a child.

I really look forward to seeing you. It will be crazy but i can manage... i feel this process is so worth while, i can see pain everywhere... if only i could manage to keep going through this, and therefore feel inspired to also be present in the world...and do something good, i would love that and i know if i stay alone it will soon swallow me like a swamp... i was already very near to this in the past so i can recognize it...this process of getting swallowed.

I was surprised how much breath and space you gave me today in such a short moment, how it changed everything. I would like to be with you more.

I hope you are all well...i think of you very much. Please tell Satl she doesn't need to worry about my dissertation as i asked for it in my previous email, only in case she really feels inspired to..

I will be working on it the coming days, and i will be fine doing this...so i don't want to put any pressure on her or anyone. It will be fine, i hope, i still haven't heard the feedback about my theoretical part but i hope it will be all right... so the practical part should also be all right to do.

Now i am preparing already to leave for Austria (tomorrow) and i will be with my family then for some days until 25th. I believe you too are going to Holland soon. So i hope you will have a good time there...and that your mother will manage with the children. I hope for Satl it won't be too tiring. I would like to be of help but i can't as i am on my travels and also busy with work in Lancaster..

The garden is growing so well too. There are many colours and plants of all kinds...that always surprise me so much when i come to the garden, sometimes i think they will probably have died or they won't germinate...and then i see them growing and thriving, and it makes me so happy and joyful, really it makes me happy all these plants.

Thank you Azar for everything and again, i wish you well
i will try and be with you the coming days.

already feeling the pressure (threatening to come) back, this is such a never ending, continuous struggle... and these ups and downs so extreme

thank you Azar, for being in my body
i never want to leave you
Nadine

15-7-2019, 9:22 Azar to Nadine

Dear Nadine,

That's really nice to read, your mail. And your feedback is very inspiring - all the more since i had an (extremely) difficult Sunday, as far as the feeling-level is concerned, but also physically-energetically weakened. But it is all worth, certainly if you react so obviously strongly to my meditation of 'The Earthly Woman'. I can't say you were the only earthly woman-'form' i was meditating, but this is all the better. The more input of 'the earthly

woman' i get, the deeper my/our meditation of Her. If as woman you attune to me then, you can feel the result of that meditation happening through you, in your body, mind, spirit, energy, consciousness, and in principle 'even' in your sex-centre.

It was not only Sunday that i meditated Her strongly, it's been going on for quite a few days already - the (energetic) craziness of Woman's Female Force and (not unrelated:) Her Resistance to Man, that we needed to deal with here. But on Sunday, yesterday, I tried to pierce through the fog that had manifested this last week all the more and tried to find 'My' Way to the Earth. It's a Play - only theoretically a nice Play - between Woman's Resistance and Me as Man taking it and trying to feel-meditate through it. Almost invariably on Earth, the earthly woman wins this Play - or Divine Fight, or: Love-Struggle. That's why, so far at least, the earthly woman never comes to Know Man. Feeling She has lost in Her victory, She just marries a man, but she doesn't Know Him. She sustains the human world by having children, so that perhaps the next generations can do what She couldn't. Not only the Man must be strong, however, to possibly ever change something in this sadness of old. The woman, too, must be firm in her Love for Man, even when it seems to disappear. To not tolerate the same drama to happen over and over again and once more turn around in her dark misery.

Reading your story, you have the right spirit for this. Even though it may indeed not happen without my meditation of 'you' with 'your' normal earthly resistance, still, it is very important that you respond to 'the other side' beyond resistance, and even literally sit up. That's a good way of formulating things. Finally, Woman must Sit up - and not let Him do all the work. In Cooperation and Dedication a lot is possible - even when sometimes it needs to 'come out of your toes', as we have an expression. I'm also in your toes. Feeling me again, you can indeed feel becoming very hot in a rapid tempo. How late was it, Nadine, that you sat up?

Your unexpected 'sitting up' reminds me of my own process about 8 months before Truth-Realization if i remember well. i got seriously ill during a (group-)vipassana retreat and in my own room i wanted to lie down, exhausted. I could no longer meditate, i thought. I lay down, or in fact i wanted to lay down, for as soon as my back touched the bed, i jumped up again: No, i'm not going to surrender (to the sleepy, sick-making Force of Uconsciousness). I sat up, meditated further and had an important breakthrough there. It is tempting to surrender to the weary, tiring, old forces of the earth, strong and powerful as they are, but we must not deny that the Other Side is also there. The Heavenly side makes us sit up again, against the odds, despite what seems to be ourselves. Our 'self' is not merely the earthly side of the coin. Or, let's say, it disappears when Heaven and Earth Meet in, through and as 'you' - the Meeting of which is at the same time the end of 'you'. What you See in 'me' is this (continuous) Meeting... the no-me.

When we manage together to go through some layer of resistance i feel as man a strong impulse to celebrate this in bed together, the awareness of which gives a radiant joy and a natural smile on my face and no fuss. Behind the unavoidably involved struggle and pain and resistance in the Meeting of Man and Woman, there is such a joy in it if Man and Woman Work together.

Be with me. Die in me. Go beyond all self-concern. Love me therefore.

Azar

I'm touched to hear from you that you are thankful for me being in your body, that a woman, you, can say this. This is quite some balm after a life of resistance of Woman (even when, in the course of time, there was not only resistance eventually). It is really inspiring to help you further through the whole ordeal.

I hope one day you will feel so free in me, in my presence, that sharing with me the nastiness that comes up will feel but natural and not like sharing to an 'other' and together we can laugh about it.