

Azar Baksh – Autobiography – “Where is this going...? No one can follow me any more”

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I was not referring to my interviewer especially when I wrote in my notebook of that time:

“Where is this going...? No one can follow me any more.”

With my intense processes in that period I had gotten in a wild river and there was no way back, out of the question, it only gave a taste for more, further, deeper. I could not even reach the banks of the river, if need be. I could not slow down the river, I was way too small for that.

Unfortunately, I can't find the notes again. Anyway, apart from the wet water of the river, at the same time I felt like a hot volcano boiling of lava that sooner or later had to burst out and it would rather be sooner than later. And yet, forgive me the strange simultaneousness, I felt quieter than ever before in my life. The more I Saw, the more Consciousness was Allowed to Live 'me', the more It Took over from the mind, the quieter I became inside. The Fire of Consciousness was a miracle. It burnt away all that wasn't True. It became increasingly obvious that only by Living (in) Reality one could be truly Quiet.

Becoming aware of the fact that no one could follow me any more, could follow the Force of Consciousness that had Taken me, was a, last, Test. I knew already how it was to be the most Conscious in my environment. But if I Allowed the Force to continue as It Worked through me now, then it would become even much 'worse' – if I'd use that word in this context. It would mean the definitive end of all 'normal' contact with people. I had always been aware of 'abnormality' in contact, not only between people and me, but in general between people. The displayed form of contact was just a fraction of the contact happening below the surface. Not acknowledging the deeper, hidden contact was felt as a 'lack of contact' when the outer form it took was merely about something superficial indeed.

So what I meant by the 'end of 'normal' contact' was the form of contact as Miss Society 'wanted' it to be, not too much feeling involved, and certainly – worse – Consciousness should not be (too) Present. 'My' Consciousness had been the main reason for Tiara to finish with me. “Stop it!” she yelled in my room – and this was an emotional form of manipulation: if I didn't 'stop', she would leave me. Instead of feeling within what caused her to be so triggered, what it exactly was that Consciousness shone upon in her, she started to manipulate her environment, me, to get rid of the scary feeling and responsibility – even though I think this was the chance of her life time. Funnily, she was dying for Man to be Present finally, and at the same time resisted Consciousness as if It would be Hell itself. In this splits, she would never find out that this was the Same Thing.

But even if I had wanted it, I wouldn't have found the button to switch off Consciousness – at least not at that moment. I could have stopped Meditating altogether – and Society, via Tiara, would have appreciated this gesture very much. Only, I couldn't. I was already Taken by the Force of Consciousness, and, apparently, that was at that moment in my evolvment more important than keeping Tiara's 'form' with me or any other *form* of Woman. As Man I was not attached to Woman's form(s). If She didn't want to Marry Me as I

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Was – and the Manifestation of Consciousness as My Body was Integral Part of This, of ‘me’ Becoming Me – then this was a sad truth, but ‘just’ part of the Truth, of Reality.

Just so, I couldn’t give up Going Down the River now, when people, beloveds, were standing along the banks and didn’t want to jump on my float because it seemed too dangerous, too unstable, too uncertain. Indeed, I might lose everybody. I didn’t know. There were no examples, there was no pre-walked path. But I was an adventurer. I was wild. I was not afraid. I had to take the risk – even if I was sensitive enough not to like losing people I loved or appreciated.

Where other people would stop – as I noticed for instance in the many workshops I attended – because an explosion might occur, I would only heat up the fire even more to head for the explosion. The water had to boil, totally, before the water could be transformed into another condition, existence. If I’d put the fire down it would never reach boiling point and I’d never Know from Inside how water was in its gas condition. I didn’t like philosophizing or discussing over it, I Must Feel it. First-hand, Directly. If people went into the ice condition with their heart and body, it must also be possible to go into the other direction, the gas condition.

So, altogether, with my constellation, will power, experience with being alone, having Given up on Society already, and my Innate Tendency or Urge for *Deeper* Contact, for Truth Itself, this test was relatively peanuts. The masters were Working through ‘me’, on Me. Although the issue was serious, I didn’t consider it seriously to stop them in favour of keeping my social life. I was Faithful to the Master, to Truth Itself, not to any person. On Energetic Level, Sri Sri was the main Worker, main Master Working on ‘me’. On Consciousness Level it was Adi Da. Da’s Consciousness – via ‘my’ Recognition of his State – offered me a Force incomparable to anything or anyone else.

I was not afraid of losing people. I was not afraid for myself either, as to where the wild river would take ‘me’. I had passed the Tests of Falling Down on Earth and the one of Uniting with Energy – Taking back sexuality into its Source – there wasn’t much left to be afraid of, it seemed. When the ‘I’ had become so small, there was not much fear left either, these things went together. The ‘I’ *was* fear – fear to be ‘un-I-ed’, to Be Taken into and Vanish into the Whole. Yes, that was exactly what I somewhere felt ‘I’ was heading for: the Whole, the Total Radical Humiliation of the (Illusion of) ‘I’.