

Azar Baksh – Autobiography - Focused on Sri Sri – getting closer to Sri Sri

Focused on Sri Sri – getting closer to Sri Sri

Regarding Sri Sri's meditation: from now on I should meditate on every full moon and every new moon, after 10 o'clock in the evening. And I should do this at home, in my own place, rather not somewhere else. Also I should come to his home, also when he'd be gone in India, join the meditations of the inner group around Sri Sri, that is: twice a month, at full moon and new moon. 'I missed you here,' Sri Sri said.

Well, my surrender to a double life went already quite far, I thought, but now I also was supposed to split my body into two. It's true that simultaneous appearances of the body of masters at two places far from one another were possible – in India, that was, and as the stories went. But I had my doubts if my meditation would deepen that much that I could meditate in Groningen and in the South of Holland at the same time. I was just a beginner in the master school.

I was supposed to meet Sri Sri only in January or February again. I asked him, however, if next week I could join the event in a village somewhere in Limburg. There would be the exposition of photos of and by Sri Sri very much enlarged and put in big beautiful golden coloured frames. There would be a slide-presentation by Joyce and Sri Sri himself would preside a sort of public meeting. It was okay, I could come. Not only that, but now again all kinds of ritual-minded things had to be considered and done. I was asked to buy a red book, a notebook it seemed. Red or Bordeaux-red, with a black broad vertical margin.

"Don't show this book to other people. Promise!!!" Sri Sri impressed upon me. This was not as strange as it may sound. He meant to not show it to anyone because he would draw and write something in it, something that carried a big force in it and that shouldn't be seen and possibly be misused by people, people with 'bad intentions', or even normal people who would use it for themselves out of whatever self-centred motives. If so, Sri Sri would be responsible and it would be very bad for him. And not only bad for himself but also for his gurus who had given Sri Sri their trust.

That I didn't like promises and even less if so forcefully requested leaving little space to resign was not relevant now. If it was for Sri Sri I could of course easily make the promise and certainly under the circumstances he mentioned. Then, also, on the preceding Saturday I should eat no egg, no onion, no garlic. I must wear clean clothes. (I was sure he told this to more if not all people as a necessary preparation for a ritual, not only to me.) I had to bring a red flower with me, a red rose for example. Also one piece of fruit was to be taken. Or 50 or 100 gram of grapes, organic, unsprayed. And I should eat all of it.

I remembered I needed to ask if – next to another woman – Kasha could meet him and, on her behalf, if it was good to sometimes withdraw from everything and everyone for a couple of months. Not a bad question. She of course felt like doing so now and then but liked Sri Sri's confirmation to be more comfortable in it. All sensitive people liked to withdraw now and then. When you're sensitive, when the Heart is more open, you get (very much) fucked up from meeting people. And you feel a natural tendency to clean yourself again. If not, confusion takes over more and more, unclarity, feeling lousy, heavy, without energy, less *Me*, etcetera etcetera.

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Not remarkably while being around Sri Sri, questions appeared again when I was home again. This was certainly related to the air he radiated of knowing everything, or if not yet he could easily attune to something and some answer would appear. If I was very lucky and would get the chance to talk with Sri Sri personally so soon again I wanted to make use of the opportunity to ask if Vinnie would be a suitable woman for me. I liked her enough for it, she was rather humble and there was also a dualistic attraction between us as man and woman. She was interested in spirituality and she also looked good, was feminine and had beautiful long hair. Only, if she could come close enough to me... This would be difficult considering her 'normal' female escaping behaviour.

The matter of appearance was an interesting one, by the way. It would have been difficult for me to be with Imelda for instance with not only her short hair but especially boyish look. But I would leave that issue for later, to get real clarity in it. Being freed from any kind of attachment to forms didn't mean I could be physically intimate with just any woman, that would be absurd. There was 'Something' beyond what seemed to be just appearance.

In this respect i still liked to know how intimate the tantra would be that I was supposed to do with the woman that I still hadn't found. For there might be a few candidates but certainly not if it would become too intimate in the physical sense, I couldn't help myself in this respect. This was a border I could not cross, even if ten Sri Sris told me to do so. I had learned enough from a few experiences in the past, especially with Elma, that I couldn't repeat. I rather sat in unbearable pain as in the retreat than making love again to an 'Elma' or something similar or even worse. Apparently, I'm not that courageous.

When Sri Sri had inquired about 'my woman' that he had 'ordered' me to find and I had to confess that she still hadn't appeared, Sri Sri seemed almost irritated when he firmly said: "You have to decide finally. Do you want to do the process with or without woman? Both is possible, but it is different, and you have to decide". He said it in a way as if I couldn't make up my mind so far. But the Truth could not be farther away from this. It was totally Clear to me and I said: "With." 'Without Woman' would have been the greatest kick and resistance to Nature, to Reality, to Truth, I could have imagined.

Sri Sri told me to go on steadily, as I did. Don't hurry, don't weaken, stay steady. Never doubt. Still two years, if I continue this way, and then I'll be there for the world, Sri Sri said.

He came back to the issue of the red book. I must not show it to anyone, he repeated. When you look into it "use the power of it, for children. Also, write your experiences in it, your visions, your growth and so." For example the red 'burned' chest, burned from Heart's working overtime.

"Never ask money for what you give with this energy," Sri Sri impressed on me. Sri Sri himself was, from his tantric religion, not allowed to touch money – not even to see it, I think.

With his third eye he foresaw that I would travel everywhere, to many countries, and I would give to many people. "Whatever you give from your heart will be returned three double."

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Every Saturday evening at 10 exactly Sri Sri would be in contact with me in my meditation. I should burn candles for this. The rose should be there lying somewhere. Also Kali should be there, the shawl and the mala. Sri Sri would make contact with me and this went much easier if I was with him in that moment, meditating. The Kali image was one of the presents Sri Sri wanted to give me at the event of Sunday 3rd of October. This happened in a big public, with 60 to 70 people around in a relatively small room. The other presents were a meditation shawl and the mala, the meditation string of brown beads.

“It’s a present from the heart”, Sri Sri said. The last present, the mala, was given during our next personal meeting, by the way, since Sri Sri was concerned that other people of his inner circle would get jealous when they saw me getting three presents at the same event. He took this subject very seriously. He considered it normal that people would get jealous because of something like this, yet he tried to avoid it as much as possible to trigger it in people, certainly if it was about the people in his inner circle.

On my way to the exposition I had ended up in a train full of football supporters. Their awful energy could not touch me. I was focussed on Sri Sri. When I arrived in the building the first ones of Sri Sri’s circle I discovered were Evayana and Amana, Sri Sri’s wife. Somewhat clumsily, half-heartedly, I joined the group of four people, which for a part was due to the fact of the splendidly radiating Evayana in her gorgeous dress. I felt an intruder to just join and enjoy the beauty. As man I must first suffer, stand and survive the hell, to, perhaps, ever, be worthy of enjoying the company of such splendour.

Sri Sri walked about through the hall and greeted me. Something in me had expected the greeting to happen a bit more heartily after our heart-meeting one week earlier, but he just passed by, not interested, as it seemed. I was guided to the stand of the Sri Sri Foundation. There was also a girl, Laura, who I had seen shortly the previous week and who took thoroughly stock of me with a look that by now I recognized in women: I was more than interesting, a serious candidate for being her love-partner. Later, the next day on the phone, Sri Sri warned me. He had noticed that she liked me and by no means Sri Sri wanted fuss between men and women in the circle. This could ruin the ashram.

It was so crowded in the hall with a few hundred of people that in a given moment I got fed up with it. I took the meditation cushion that I had brought with me and sat down on it. Amidst of the mad crowd I sat there meditating, crossed legs, eyes closed now and then. This felt very good to me. Just being with myself. I didn’t need to do anything with all those people, with no one.

Then I was called to come to Sri Sri who had already started his session quite some time earlier in some inner room in the building and in front of strangers, visitors of the event, plus people from the inner and outer circle. However, at the entrance of the room some stupid discussion between three disciples came into existence whether I should go in immediately now or not and wait for another sign of Sri Sri. The fat woman found I shouldn’t go in. There was no space enough in the room. I had to wait until there was more space in the room. In general I was not the favourite of fatsos. I left the scene eventually, in some discomfort. I had got this nasty energy of the fatso in me and, also, I was unfaithful to Sri Sri who had asked for me, which was worse. I thought it no good idea, however, to force myself into the room with some violence and push the fatso aside just like that, as she was guarding the room with her whole body, all the fat included.

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Again, after the retreat in Belgium, where Marie-Cecile had tried to stop my process when something important was happening, something important for ‘not-me’ as a matter of fact – otherwise, if I had been going for myself, things wouldn’t have been a problem, but normal – now again the unconscious fat of the world tried to prevent me from going where ‘I’ must go. This time even more fat was involved than the previous time considering that Marie-Cecile was relatively fat as well. Fat had a very good intuition when it was in danger, when a Deeper Consciousness threatened to Manifest. It was only after an hour that I could go in finally. God, how important people found themselves once they had a task to do, any kind of task but especially when serving the lord himself. And how nice it was to be able to misuse the given task for dark interests of an unrecognized ‘self’.

In spite of Sri Sri’s concern about possible fuss in the inner circle, the first time there was a group meeting after the public event Sri Sri told the group he appreciated it very much how during the whole event in the village I had been with him, supporting him in his job there. He wanted to show this as an example how he liked everyone to be so well attuned to him during events and rituals and in general. Showing something beautiful as this could very well be a kick for people at the same time.

It was true, I felt very close, felt more with him than any time before. I was sitting amidst of the crowd – and it was so crowded that you could not but touch your neighbours everywhere around you – and yet, in spite of my big sensitivity for other people’s energies, I was *totally in tune with Sri Sri*, all those four hours long. I was concentrated on him as hell, I remember, without exaggeration. There was only concentration on Sri Sri sitting in front of the people and doing his thing, whether talking, being silent, meditating, attuning to his gurus or doing some ritual, having personal meetings in front of everyone, whatever, I would not lose sight of him, whether I looked at him or, often, not, as it was not necessary. There was only Sri Sri, the whole room was one big powerfully present Sri Sri, the rest didn’t exist in a way. I felt warm. And hot. And full. And powerful, indeed. I was part of this power. I was totally immersed in him. It seemed there existed only this strong Relation, Connection, this strong Attunement, this Presence. There was no separation any more, no difference in a way. For the rest, there were just some forms that seemed to have to be done as part of the show, completely unimportant in themselves. The energy had been so strong – and the air ran out of oxygen – that Sri Sri wanted to have a break of half an hour. In this break I kept sitting crossed legs at my place, kept attuning at Sri Sri.

In our first personal meeting soon afterwards, wherein for the first time we really spoke, in a closer way, I mean not just as master and pupil, but both sharing things, Sri Sri said that if I proceed in my development this way people will find me arrogant, when I show my Power, my Knowing. I must know this and bear this. He knew all about it, he said behind his words.

After listening to what I said about my relation with pain and people, taking other people’s pain in and not living for myself any longer, if ever I had done that –actually not – Sri Sri said: “It’s our karma. Don’t complain, don’t cry over yourself. Only cry over the world, over others.”

It was during this personal meeting or one of the next – from now on I sometimes slept at his place and then there was more time than usual for a more elaborate talk – that I

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told Sri Sri that people did not understand him. I saw there was such a big gap between him and the people around him, between what he wanted to communicate, give, and what people could receive and understand. People liked him, were attracted to him, were amazed and in awe of him, even loved him, but it was all too far for them, the world Sri Sri showed them too different from theirs, the bridge was too long. For a part this had certainly to do with the gap between the East and the West, I said. Sri Sri was quite interested in what I said, certainly because he was indeed often frustrated about the lack of, real, reception of him and his work. Although highly unusual (or completely absent, in fact) and ‘not done’, I felt an impulse to say all this and what else because I saw no one else would say something like this, no one took Sri Sri serious in that sense, afraid as they were of his power and judgment, rejection.

On the Monday afternoon, after the public event and my personal meeting, I looked in the red book and saw the symbol that Sri Sri had drawn for me and the written text in the strange language. I looked. And looked. And Jesus, what an enormous power radiated from the page, from the written text. Incredible. I had to cry from it. I had to laugh. Cry. Laugh. What a heat! What an energy! I was very impressed, to say the least. Who could believe this. Who, if people would just look with their normal eyes at it, at what seemed to be just a piece of paper with some strange text, who if they didn’t know Sri Sri, or even if they did. Who, if they could not Feel Sri Sri from inside.

It was like a new world opened for me, the world of energies, the understanding of them by feeling them from inside. It was becoming clear that forms, all forms, had their own energy, even if usually not noticed, if forms just seemed to be dead lifeless forms. Forms were always associated with (the quality of) life, that is with the one who had dealt with the forms concerned, so that more or less ‘life’ (and also the sphere or level of life) – or: ‘death’, ‘lifelessness’ – had been ‘put’ into them.

Or ‘death’, indeed. If, for example, someone with a deadening energy lived somewhere he or she had, in all Unconsciousness, often the tendency to clean a lot in the house and keep cleaning, not knowing why. The forms around the person take over his or her energy. I can’t say that all this and more was totally clear to me already at the time. But this extreme case of the form that Sri Sri had created in my notebook, overflowing with life, with power, as it was, was more than a big input for this understanding. In a most direct way it showed the general principle, as always extreme situations show a deeper truth.

I had to think of Sri Sri’s words: “Love without fire is for tantra not interesting. It doesn’t live.” I totally agreed.

I was sensitive for Sri Sri’s male energy. Monday afternoon at home I could suddenly step into his fire.

This was much more interesting than the many regimens that overflowed me and the other people around Sri Sri. Here are a few:

- . Don’t turn pages with saliva
- . Don’t pick up money with the left hand
- . Look out. No banana on the way?
- . No sewing thread on the way?
- . At special events the right foot first, also afterwards crossing the threshold when going out
- . Don’t read while eating

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- . Spoon not 2 times in food for tasting; clean knife into sandwich filling
- . Shawl of silk
- . Don't wear clothes worn by other people.
- . If you see a black cat you cannot pass through that street any more, you must drive via another route

And many more. But I was sure that Sri Sri's impressive energy didn't have to do – not even in the least – with the many regimens. My way was not that of the regimens, it couldn't be further from that. In a way – or for now, with Sri Sri – my way was, via the natural way of Seeing-Feeling, not to be impressed by his huge energy any more, in general not by Energy (or: by Woman), but to See it for what it is: ('just') energy. The thing was to Recognize Energy as not being the Source, but something that Follows, Follows a Deeper Force, which would be Shown when all manipulation with energy, with energies, stopped.

Sri Sri's huge energy was very tempting, for others even more than for me, tempting to believe that this was the way to go, you could see it in front of you, you could almost touch the energy, the power, with your own hands. For me, though, it was, *in itself*, not *True*. In its overwhelming presence, in its warmth and 'safety', in its radiance and seeming fulfilment, its being enough in and as itself, the big energy could easily prevent one from Feeling the Pain in the world, or in the best case one could feel it in a separate observing way. In case Energy was, truly, Surrendered into Consciousness – Woman into Man – instead of reinforcing itself and forcing itself upon others, other energies, the Body has not much reserve energy, no protection 'wall' and in contact with the world it will Feel very easily its, usually hidden, Pain.

If the Body has Become Consciousness instead of Energy, it can't be fooled any longer. It 'flows with', coincides with Truth in this world. It is true, from the 'normal' unenlightened perspective, you live in quite a hell all the time. Well, there's a nice variation in that respect ranging from more to less – sometimes you think: ah, this is how it feels like, dying... – and manifesting in different kinds. The Surrendered Body shows the actual state of the world beyond its mask of, egoic, energy. The 'safely' in Energy immersed body doesn't do this, certainly also not if it chooses what is considered the good side: with its power trying to create a better world.

The Mirror is the Truth, however; manipulating energies can never come There. Looking in the Mirror the Ego ('the Devil') shrinks and dies. If 'good' Energy seems to win over, to overpower, 'bad' Energy, then the 'bad guy' will come back in another appearance or in a similar shape but stronger than before, since action = reaction. A Mirror is no action, and therefore causes no reaction. From the standpoint of Truth, of Consciousness and Body Being One, the Body should become sick if it meets 'Lie', 'Ego', in whatever appearance or behind whatever kind of mask. The Body is not wrong in any sense when it becomes sick of the Lie. The in itself tempting conclusion should not be that the body (or its kundalini) is imbalanced or not strong enough (yet). The 'normal' perspective, whether material or spiritual, is inherently egoic. It is not embedded in the actuality of the Pain of the Earth that is so obvious when one feels with an Open Heart. Allowing the Body to Openly Feeling what is actually the case is beyond any perspective, beyond any form of wanting or manipulation, beyond any form of the inherently egoic fight of the Light Armies against the Dark Armies.

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Sri Sri had a lot of forms considered important, forms forms forms, good forms bad forms, favourable forms unfavourable forms, supportive or dangerous. *Man*, as I had Found Him in Me, was not absorbed by forms. But it seemed we were supposed to look out at every step we made. Although I respected the fact that Sri Sri came from a different culture where this was normal, to me this was all an endless battery of forms, of potential drama therefore. This was not my cup of chai in the end. Even if there might be something true in better taking all those forms so seriously – I was not convinced and would never be up to today – I didn't want to live that way. And it was unavoidable that I sometimes started making jokes about it, pretending a drama when I saw someone walking first with the wrong foot over the threshold – after which he or she sometimes could not help laughing either, or felt caught and a bit guilty, blushing. I tried to hold myself a bit, for I didn't want people to think that I ridiculed my master, which was not my intention, of course. It was sometimes just one step too funny for us Westerners, especially me, not to laugh, even though some of us tried – sometimes – to comply to the form instructions.

I had good news to tell Sri Sri though. Finally, after almost a whole year, I met a woman with whom I could do the tantra. No restrictions what the degree of intimacy was concerned. She was part of the inner circle round Sri Sri. Her name was Evayana. I had seen her now for the second time at the public event. She was terribly beautiful, had refined features and looked rather peaceful and balanced. After the event she went with me and quite a few other inners to carry away the pictures of Sri Sri in their big frames to one or two addresses. At the place where I would sleep, at Anil's, Sri Sri's sort of protégé, I found a moment in which I couldn't hold myself and, in spite of the lack of privacy, said to a beaming Evayana that she had such a very beautiful, refined, feminine energy which delighted me.

"Thank you." And she smiled gently. The work went on like before. No rejection. No coming closer together either. Not very satisfactory. But I would ask Sri Sri if it was a good idea to let us do the tantra together – if she would feel like, it went without saying. As far as I was concerned, I could very well see us in a tantric position and embrace. I called Sri Sri with the happy news.

"No!"

The no came out so firm and loud and quick, before I had finished the word Evayana, that I was surprised. It seemed almost as if he was angry with me. "No hustle-bustle in the ashram family! We're brothers and sisters." Well, a bit of 'incest' now and then would do no harm, would it? Certainly not if we'd call it tantra.

I didn't know yet that Sri Sri made love not only with his wife, but with a lot of women, amongst whom a friend of Sarah whom I met in the Sufi camp. Well, then Evayana was surely one of them. And I could imagine he didn't feel like sharing her with me. But okay, I didn't know this yet. In general, I didn't know much if anything about the so called love life of masters, interesting as it was for me in principle. It was not in my focus, my sphere of attention yet at the time. I had better things to do, it seemed. Seemed, indeed, for in the end masters' love life could not be separated from their Realization. It turned out in the course of years to come that Man and Woman had everything to do with the Truth and Depth of one's Realization. It was an egoic Lie, followed by many (egos), that private life was

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private and Truth or Realization was of another order, another level. How, in all seriousness, could one Realize the One and maintain that privacy was not part of that Same One.

By the way, I was not per se against Sri Sri or any master making love with more than one woman. Nature was nature. What I didn't like was the Dark sphere around this, the idea that this should better not be known by the public – even though I understand that a (considerable) part of it would indeed not be able to deal with this maturely.

Something I didn't know yet either – again, none of my business at that moment – was that a master becomes stronger if more people attune to him. Well, especially women, that is – and then again, one woman was not the same as the other in terms of receptivity. Every man would want to be Received by Evayana. Yet, if any man, including Sri Sri, would ever manage to really open her, her heart ... Because without this could she actually play a part in the Man's Reception here on earth? A rhetorical question by now, but at the time not totally Clear.

Sri Sri continued his explanation why I should not get involved with the gorgeous Evayana, also not if this would be in the form of a tantric learning process – possibly, very probably, and as a matter of fact surely, beneficial for both of us: “I have something special with you in mind. You must not get involved in these things. Your tantra woman will come. If you have the feeling she's there, give me her name and birthday.”

I was very happy to notice that I could let go of Evayana just like that. Just because Sri Sri said so. Justified or not, it didn't matter. I could let go of everything, even of this most attractive woman I had met in years. I felt totally free – free and happy in letting go. The intimacy fantasies about Evayana and me could, while they had hardly started, come to an end. My surrender was complete.

In a way it was a pity I had to start from scratch again in my search for a woman. But my love for Sri Sri was stronger than a possible sadness about the loss of someone that I hadn't had. It outshined it simply. Last years' Deep Process had Freed me even from the Woman that 'had to come'. There was nothing I could *do* in this respect anyway. I could only Love. I loved Sri Sri and that was enough. I loved Woman and she could not, not yet, Recognize my Love. Had She at the time really Recognized Jesus' Love? Or couldn't She, since He was just not There, and it was all a story?

So no sitting meditation with Evayana's naked or half naked body in front of me, our knees touching, my hands on the back of her hips. No breathing in and out through each other's mouth as Tiara and I had done in the tantra week three and a half years earlier. Back to work, back to the red book meditation, 'to stabilize the energy', as Sri Sri elucidated. My left hand had to be put on my own navel – not on Evayana – then the right hand on the left. Sit in half lotus. Meditate 15 minutes, or more if I can.

I thought I had told Sri Sri I had meditated for 4 hours at a stretch sometimes, but it was true, if the energy was so strong, pouring out from the pages of my red notebook, then 15 minutes was not bad to begin with.

With all forms however – and 'I' had Seen this so irreversibly Clear in the long retreat – it was so that they fade and eventually disappear. In the course of time the energy in the book – Energy *was* Form, the Form of the Formless (Consciousness) – increasingly lost its power.

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In the beginning of the meditation i was supposed to use the mala. After a while I could do without. Then, during the meditation cotton clothes had to be worn. Forms, forms, forms, where was my Woman... Was it enough to be Freed from the urge that She should come? Shouldn't She just be here?

The meditations increased. I was supposed to meditate and stay at home:

First day of the month.

Last day of the month.

Every Saturday.

Every Tuesday.

At full moon.

At dark moon.

During solar eclipse.

During moon eclipse.

The entire evening on these days I should be home, from 6 o'clock. Meditation started at 10 exactly.

The issue of physically appearing at two places at the same time was solved for now. I should not come to the moon-meditations of the inner circle in Sri Sri's house because I should be home then, meditating. In the same conversation on the phone of 18th October I told Sri Sri that I was glad that (at least) he found and saw it went good with me. Except for myself my surrounding found the opposite. Sri Sri said, understandably, that in a period of great inner change it could sometimes look like as if physically things weren't going so well. Didn't matter. Also about the kilos I had lost lately – while being already below what was considered healthy – he said "Ah, kilos come and kilos go." He was more interested in how things were regarding sleeping and appetite. Both were good. If one grows in consciousness one needs less sleep as well as less food, he added.

"Once", Sri Sri said, "I hadn't left the flat for 32 days. I had hardly left the meditation room either. I had not or hardly eaten and was like a skeleton. I only went to the toilet now and then. Don't worry about body weight. Don't worry that people worry. You look good."

Sri Sri said he heard from Joyce that my loan of 2500 guilders had changed into a gift. This was weird. I had told him already on the 26th of September. Apparently I had to watch out better if Sri Sri had really heard something and had comprehended it. "It's from my heart," I added. And indeed, giving money to someone was exceptional and far from what I was supposed to be doing here on earth. I rather needed to receive it, in order to actually live, survive, to be able to do and continue the, to say the least, not easy Work of Feeling and Transcending humanity's hidden Pain which cost a hell of a lot of energy that could not be used for earning an income by myself. Sri Sri did not earn an income either, by the way. He lived, rather poor as me, if not even poorer, from the sickness benefit of his wife.

Sri Sri had heard from Anil that I wore my shawl inside out. I shouldn't do this, Sri Sri impressed on me. I didn't even know there was an inside and an outside. The world of paying attention to, unimportant, forms was still a weird one for me. But I would see to it, I said.

The next thing I had done wrong was that already the very first evening of the new series of meditations I had played truant. I had not been home on the first Saturday evening. Sri Sri had heard from Joyce I hadn't been home that weekend but had gone to Amsterdam. It was very important I was home, Sri Sri said. I responded that I had been attending an Indian

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concert and exactly at 10, during the music, I had meditated and attuned to him. Sri Sri got interested in the concert and thus the telling-off stopped. What's more, Sri Sri said I could come already next week again, on Tuesday or Saturday, which were the easiest to 'work' on. He again wanted to give me something special. There seemed no end to it. Sri Sri was very grateful to me, he said. And me to you, I replied. My western mind tried again if it was not more handy to already now on the phone make the appointment, but Sri Sri didn't buy it. He would call me or I would call him. My process is going well, he still said before we hung up.