

Becoming the Masters

At the same time while losing interest in individual (in principle attractive) women who refused to give themselves – a huge progress compared to my past – my interest in the phenomenon ‘master’, including individual masters, was highly increased. Triggered by my own experience and feeling of Natural Surrender to ‘the Master’, I started to read in this period some books not only of various masters but also on the master-disciple relationship. In itself this was another, and hilarious, break with my past, in which ‘master’ had been a taboo that at most was there to be sort of ridiculed a bit, to get a bit angry about – people surrendering their everything to a master... – and for the rest be ignored. There were more important things to do after all, like saving the world and things like that.

A year ago there had been the enlightening, ‘enloving’ shock of meeting Pir Vilayat. Now, just recently, I had met SriSri, who was a totally different man and master. Both were very beautiful in their own way. SriSri and my relation with him triggered this subject of master-disciple more than Pir Vilayat did, I must say.

Anyhow, gone was my disgust, resistance, to the idea of ‘master’ and ‘disciple’ and everything related to it, including the actual manifestation of this. Gone was my judgement. Gone was the attitude of not wanting to know about it, about that human tragedy, about such a humiliation of humanness and dignity, as I considered it somewhere in my mind. This attitude was for a 100 per cent gone now. It had not been ‘Me’. I had been deluded, like almost everyone (at least in the rationalistic ‘developed’, corrupt West). I had projected sheepishness on disciples, devotees, while I myself just ruminated what I had, sporadically, read and heard here and there. I was deluded by society, manipulated to support empty terms like ‘democracy’, and to be against ‘master and disciple’, to be against lived wisdom, to limit wisdom to mind knowledge discovered exclusively by what was called science, by nitwits scientists (who were not seldom corrupt).

To exaggerate a bit for the purpose of clarity, everything serving the Ego, like cleverness, private interest, mere *forms* of love, looking *at* life (philosophy), democracy – that supposedly served as many egos as possible – was considered ‘right’, ‘everything’ undermining Ego, like Surrender, Wisdom, Love, the whole notion of ‘Master and disciple’ where real experience and wisdom was shared, was ‘wrong’, and even Living itself, (Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily) Be(com)ing One with Life Itself, was ‘wrong’. Running after your ego-based interests, being greedy, self-centred, which included helping other ‘selves’, was not only ‘right’, it was worked out up to the smallest details in the books of law, and defended in the theatre called politics.

Anyhow, I would no longer bow for society’s successful, projecting attempt to make ‘the Master’ black, thus covering up its own greedy greasy darkness. People were supposed to for god’s sake not surrender to a Master but to, as unrecognized slaves, working for Society, for this world of matter, 95 per cent of which went to a small group of super ‘owners’, while this was called democracy and was what people worked their ass out for.

Free from the dictates of society now, i would feel the truth about ‘master and pupil’ myself. I had gone to the library and returned home with a book written by an Indian guy

called Muktananda. It was about his process and relation with his own master Nityananda. I quite liked this book. It was a welcome and definitive blow to ‘my’ by Western society, western mind, indoctrinated aversion against ‘Master’ and the principle of Surrender to ‘Master’. It wiped out the remainders of Western conditioning, indoctrination, manipulation, propaganda, delusion in this respect. If still needed at the place where I was now, it helped, by a firm kick, to make the way totally free for letting go of any possible reservation regarding Total Love for the Guru, Total Surrender. The Western mind that was eternally doubting while in the dark firmly serving its own interest, had lost any appeal – long ago, in fact.

Reading a book is ‘reading’ (a) consciousness. The more Open you are – and I was very Open by then – the more the consciousness of the author entered you. I wholly resonated with Muktananda’s struggle and love for and surrender to his master Nityananda. You could read a book with the mind, you could also drink it. This was what I had ‘done’, allowed, with Osho’s books and now with Muktananda’s autobiography.¹

Of course, every resonance with and entering by any kind of consciousness could be called a (new) form of indoctrination. The fact that ‘I’ seemed to want the new form of resonance, indoctrination, doesn’t make this less so. You take over every form of one-sidedness, every hidden obscurity, of someone, a writer, a speaker, a teacher, a friend, a parent, a poet, anyone. The only ‘way’ to go beyond indoctrination, to be ‘immune’ against it, or let’s say non-seducible, is to Be(come) Whole, to Realize the Truth of Wholeness, Directly Knowing, Experiencing the Two Sides of Duality always trying to lure you into their own side but ‘whose’ activity in this respect is now Seen.

This means, necessarily, that one must be Present on every Level, in every Sphere, of Life. One must be Willing, Able, to See there, to Know. No form of whatever kind of Duality can seduce you successfully, or at least not fix you (in one side of the Duality). In the West, important faculties of life, like love, devotion, surrender, ‘master’, energy, consciousness, oneness, were heavily underexposed, underestimated, denied, ridiculed. They were rather a potential danger for the growth of the holy grail called economy. If people seriously allowed those faculties, they would lose their interest in serving Woman Society, serving Form. They would find out they had been indoctrinated all their lives by society’s focus on figures, economy, technology, growth, improvement, in general on form – although I may sometimes better use the word ‘lifelessness’ instead of form, for how come that in the past humanity was able to build truly beautiful buildings (and other forms), people putting their heart in their work, and nowadays, with the rampant and suffocating ego, they build mainly ugly dead rectangular shapes. Apparently, through form(s) we can still see the *heart* or *heartlessness* with which the form had been shaped.

¹ At the time I didn’t know yet of Muktananda’s sexual use of many young teenager girls. Forms of abuse by masters was certainly a serious down side always showing up if they hadn’t addressed the ego in themselves and projected it merely on their pupils – a phenomenon that seemed more often than not the case, unfortunately. As far as that is concerned one would easily and understandably be tended to return to the Western antipathy against the phenomenon of master and disciple. But, as the saying goes, one better not throw out the baby with the bath water.

To be(come) Free, it is inevitable to get in touch with the Other Side, other than the one that was one's original, accidental conditioning. For Realizing the One, the Two Need to be Known, first-hand, Directly from Inside.

I could easily resonate with Muktananda's spiritual struggle and his consciousness regarding his love for his master and his surrender. Nonetheless, I could not identify with him so deeply. This was much 'easier' – although it went of itself, of course – when I got in touch with Yogananda via his well-known book 'Autobiography of a Yogi'.² His being fitted me better and, just as his master Sri Yukteswar, he became very much to life to me, even though he had died already in 1952. His autobiography was great to read, fascinating – and also confusing, in a way, because many of the things, events, he described, were simply not possible, as viewed from a Western perspective. By then I was not attached at all any more to 'my' previous Western, biased perspective, yet I can't say I took everything Yogananda wrote for True, for Reality, either.

Only by my at a certain point rather many meetings with SriSri – that were yet to come – by my continued observation of how he functioned, how he spoke and saw things, I learned to distinguish the, also biased, eastern perspective. In the Western, material, perspective, for instance, a body could only be at one place at a time. In the Eastern, spiritual, perspective someone could manifest at different places in or as more than one body, at the same time. It is the gross opposite the subtler form, or matter limited by time and space opposite spirit or consciousness unlimited by time and space. In the material consciousness and language used in the west it is true: it is not possible that someone manifests at two places simultaneously as the same body, same cells, molecules, eyes and so on. But if you dwell in, live in, are focussed on the subtler world(s), the manifestation of the subtler form as a formless constellation of consciousness at another place as where the physical body is, is possible. One can see the person actually while his material molecules – which appear to be non-material in the end, by the way, and to 'make' things even more confusing – are at another place. So, if you, as in the West's usage, associate someone with his physical body, then what for instance Yogananda wrote is pure nonsense. However, Reality is so much wider than the limits of a physical body that the Western tunnel vision is quite embarrassing, in fact. Later, also 'I', 'my' Body, appeared before or even in a few people while the physical construction was somewhere else.

Interested in masters now, I also read texts of Ramakrishna, of Ramana Maharshi and, associated with the latter, also other teachers or masters from Advaita Vedanta, like Nisargadatta. Reading preferably included pictures of the masters that I then thoroughly saturated myself with. Maharshi himself didn't seem to have a master, or at least not one in a human form. His beloved mountain Arunachala functioned like it, more or less. I also tried to read texts of a guy named Sai Baba who was the living guru with by far the most followers, even in the West, many millions of people being attracted to him. Sarah, for instance, was into him and had pictures of him in her 'spiritually decorated' apartment – despite the fact that when later I told her which guru I myself felt an association with, she suddenly said, not

² Probably it was only late spring (1999) that I got in touch with Yogananda.

bereft of emotion: “No, not for me, no gurus for me this life time, I had enough of those in previous life times.” Apparently, having one or more photos of a (supposed) master in the house was okay, but the guru should not come too close. To me, as Man, this half-baked attitude was strange in a way, but it fitted well with what I learned from Woman up to then. She wanted to have her share of the pie, but not disappear in the pie, stay in control instead, stay ‘her self, even if she had no idea what this self was, and therefore what ‘staying herself’ truly meant; she, as so many, was even ignorant about her ignorance in this respect. Being afraid of losing something you have no idea about what it is, apparently everything was possible when it came to human’s confusion.

Anyhow, I thought I’d give it a try to read Sarah’s not-guru. I didn’t manage. This was not even in the first place related to the fact that this guy cheated people with materializing, conjuring material objects like watches out of the universe, out of the ether – out of his sleeves, to give the ether, that had already enough work to perform, a hand – into his hands, and materializing the so-called holy ash vibuthi, which was just a stupid jiggling trick having nothing to do with spiritual power as which he sold it; ‘sold’ indeed, cheating of whatever kind could make someone very rich. Well, to me all very rich people were cheaters anyway, regardless of their method to acquire their wealth, through selling watches or however. Tricks were tricks. Apart from this cheating, if it was possible to isolate this anyway, there was something that just didn’t match between him and me, at least energetically, but certainly also regarding his consciousness. There were pictures of him that I had a hard time looking at. Something in him I didn’t like at all, even if words like ‘darkness’, ‘powerful slime’, were relatively poor in describing what I felt.

Another book, one of Karl Durckheim, on the master-disciple relationship, matched better, even though he was not a master himself and his consciousness didn’t really pervade me. Much of what he wrote seemed true to me. Only, there was no Force in it – the presence of which I appreciated much in reading from other ‘writers’, masters. I also tried to read something of Gurdjieff, who had regularly been praised by Osho after all, and as far as I could see Osho seemed to have a fairly good overview over (especially passed) masters, whether or not his repeated teasing of J. Krishnamurti – who was another spiritual source of wisdom I got in touch with, and that was at very best sort of all right for me, tolerable, but didn’t really Touch me, didn’t ‘get’ me, couldn’t sparkle me – was part of this overview or rather a personal one-sided fun competition. But I didn’t manage really. Gurdjieff was too far from me, it seemed, not inspiring – too mental, strangely, despite his advocacy of involving the whole Body. With some masters, i felt, i had to struggle reading them, absorbing something of them, ‘getting’ what they meant, who they were, while with others tuning and reading, absorbing, becoming them, went more or even wholly smoothly.

When I read myself a way through the books and texts (and certainly pictures) of various masters and teachers, I was not so much interested in the words – I’ve had it with that by then – nor in the ‘persons’, not with finding a new, ‘better’, master either. I had just met SriSri and as a Master he was Sufficient to me, fulfilling the Function of personal ‘Master’. Rather I was busy with Allowing Consciousness to Expand in whatever directions, with no limits as far as I was concerned. Well, the only limit seemed to be simply not-resonating with

certain masters, it couldn't be helped. Meditating on the non-resonance was then still possible, but this wouldn't lead to a rapprochement. And I was anyway, soon enough, directed away from some energy-consciousness that kept on being disharmonious with mine. It was not different from how it worked with girls: if from the first sight of a girl, letting her resonate in and with my heart, there wasn't a 'click', a sparkle – I could even say *Life* being conjured out of nothing – then whatever we could try, and no matter how attracted and open the woman claimed she was for me, it would never work between us, not as man and woman at least.

It was true that, for me, finding out 'all' about 'Master' didn't stop at SriSri. It was (much) bigger than SriSri could contain. I could – and 'did' (or Allowed) – Surrender to Him as Master; I can't say I Surrendered to 'SriSri' (as an, evolved, person). I drank the consciousness of the masters I 'read', their state, their development, their depth of manifestation – not only as a master, but also as a human; evolvment as the first without this being reflected and manifested in the second didn't make sense to me in the end, although such a phenomenon was interesting in itself. As I already suggested, at least as much interested in their Consciousness I was interested in their pictures in the various books. These two things could, again, not be separated from each other in the end, but were one, in principle. Normally, we couldn't expect a certain consciousness to manifest in a Body while them leading totally different lives matching not at all, going their own way.

I learned, very quickly in fact, that it was not necessary to read all the words, the whole books. In principle, as far as the Transmission was concerned, and although written texts could certainly be assisting, I could just look at a picture of a master, if available, and meditate on it. Then, the same 'Something' that I 'Needed' to Integrate in 'my' system in that period of my life, Entered me – much faster, however. It was about the, humble selfless, Association with a master('s consciousness or Being), not about the specific form via which that Association happened. It was the Selfless Association, Surrender, that Worked – beyond any form of judgement, any separation between Him and 'me'. A crucial thing here was that 'I' did not want *anything* for myself from them – which was something that, in all its Beauty, could not be faked: Only Truth Recognized this purity of selflessness to be true, or not, if there were self interests hidden in the dark.

Regarding finding one master after the other, absorbing them in my constellation, it's not really that I was so greedy in that period. In fact I couldn't find any greed in myself in that period. Greed was not my strongest point anyway, but it is true, not much earlier I had my strong *drive* to associate with (a) Woman and, before that, my drive to win sports games might be called greedy, or eagerness. At least, by self-inquiry, I couldn't call it greed, my associating with one master after the other – not in the normal meaning of that word. No, the truth was: I simply had to Become them. It was bigger than me.

In spite of the name Pir Vilayat had given me, in spite of its meaning – 'holy master' – I was not after becoming a master myself. Gaining clarity about something – being a master or something like that, who cared about words – was not the same as wanting it. It's not the same as the ego getting a boost when you hear something 'good' about what seemed to be your 'self'. The whole thing of Pir finding a proper name for someone, was precisely about something *Beyond* your 'self'. If the self interfered and took it, then it was all for nothing

anyway. The Selfless Association with ‘Master’ just needed to happen. There was a time for everything. If one’s natural development was not blocked – or when it was restored, as seemed to be a more realistic path here on earth – associating with Wisdom, Consciousness, in another more evolved human being was but a natural, important next Step, not really comparable to earlier steps one made as a self, even if in that stage one could not but learn for a substantial part via others as well. From now on, however, it was about the development of the Selfless in someone’s system, mine in this case. This happened when the development of self had come to a natural end. Instead of further evolvment, the self became its own block, break, burden, if it wouldn’t surrender, disappear into the Development of the Selfless – although this was *not to happen before its time*.

So, I experimented with meditating on the pictures of masters I had come across. Muktananda, Nityananda, Yogananda, Ramana Maharshi. It was amazing. *I actually Became them*. I could feel and See as they felt and Saw. I *Was* them. ‘I’ didn’t tolerate any form of separation between the master and ‘me’. Apparently, this was possible, and so easily, since ‘I’ had Seen already and fundamentally through the illusion and hopelessness of the project ‘me’. ‘I’ didn’t have anything to defend any more. I didn’t feel fear of losing anything, simply because there *was* nothing to lose. I had lost it already, the Illusion. This appeared now to be the advantage of the ‘Path of Conscious Failure’. Things had turned around. What first seemed to be failure (on earth), now, in the Spiritual World, turned into its opposite.

Consciousness was now at a very fast pace Discovering through ‘my’ form Its Own Potential, Its possibilities on earth, allowing Its Own Expansion without fundamental obstructions like a woman hanging around and keeping me down, to name but something relevant in my own case. The speech I had given at the last tantra week had shown that my Freedom from Woman(’s Drama) – finally and definitively gained upon Tiara’s answer ‘no’ to my question if she really wanted to be with *me* as I *was* – was True. The Way had been Cleared. ‘I’ had dug my own grave – of the self, that is.

Talking about Woman – regardless of the Freedom, I always had to Come Back to Her, anyway – what I had Discovered in my relations with Her, namely that I took over energetic-consciousness formations of a woman so easily, that I became Her in a way, as described at many places in this autobiography, turned out to be Working also in regard to Master(s), the Other Side of the Coin, I could say, since now we talk about Male Consciousness being transmitted and not about Female Unconsciousness well-known to me by then and that, during and especially after the transmission, I ‘had to’ make Conscious in my own physical-energy-consciousness system.

Of course! Now that I Saw it, how it functioned, it was so simple. In the end there was no real Separation. I had taken over Woman’s Consciousness when I had taken in Her ‘forms’, formations, patterns, pains, cramps, darkness, separation, and also her love and the tendency to unite – which I focussed on most, because I liked it most and associated it with our Deepest Truth, but it appeared to be one side of Her, undeniably at a certain point – and all the rest. Now, with the masters I took over their, Male, Consciousness. The Principle was the same – whether it was about the into-Form-Contracting Female Consciousness, or the

into-Formlessness-Expanding Male Consciousness. Only, of course, the result of the process of taking over felt and was very different.

When I meditated Nityananda, for example, I *was* him. It was him looking through my eyes. Or me in his Body, looking. There was no difference any more. ‘I’ was suddenly bigger, more powerful, than I had experienced ‘myself’ – or my energy system – before, except for when I had met SriSri not much earlier.

‘I’ was Deeper Conscious when ‘I’ was Ramana Maharshi, when ‘he’ was ‘me’. I was radiantly loving when ‘I’ was Yogananda and ‘he’ ‘me’.

‘I’ Discovered the Other Side: Woman, after having Seduced me successfully, had Shown me Pain in many many variations; She wanted *Me* to See it, Feel it, take it, Transcend it, not get lost in it. Now Man, the master, Showed me the Painless, the Freedom Beyond the Pain of Woman.

It was up to Me to Let the Two Sides Be One. But first I Needed to explore a bit more this Free Male Side of the Coin – until It would be totally Clear and in that sense Grow, Dissolve, into the Oneness of Man and Woman.

So, in that winter and spring of 1999 I regularly, certainly not all the time – I didn’t feel an obsession with them – naturally allowed the attraction to the masters, and the masters of the masters. I read some texts or, especially from a certain point on, just Looked at their picture(s), in a selfless way, no ‘me’ in between – empty, one could say, letting this emptiness be filled by the masters.

.....