



Meister M - Mario Mantese

In the Light of a Universal Master

CONTENTS

The Call from the Land of Silence

Born from the Essence

Not from This World

When Two Suns Meet

An End to Thinking

The Inner and Outer Master

The Light of the Mahatma

The Nameless Has a Name

Pearl of Love

Worlds beyond Imagination

The Ocean of Light

The Worlds Move with a Wave of His Hand

Multidimensional Awareness

Journey into the Mystery

Marvelous Grace

When Prayers Are Answered

No Birth - No Death

Gates of the Heart

The Eyes of Love

A Play of Fate

Darshan - Encounter with the Master

Where Did He Come From?

The Heart Overflows - Words Can't Touch It
I Am Not the Body
As the World Stood Still
From the Journal of a Star-Traveler

The Call from the Land of Silence

During the 1970s, Mario Mantese had a very successful career as a musician. In 1978, upon leaving a gala party in London, he was attacked and stabbed. The knife blade entered the middle of his heart, and for several minutes he was clinically dead. After being revived, he was in a coma for five weeks. When he awoke, he was deaf and dumb, and his entire body was paralyzed.

As he went through this intensive “death” experience, he recognized that the person he knew as himself, Mario Mantese, continued to live in another world without the physical body. He realized that his life had never been bound to a physical form of any kind. With absolute clarity he saw what he is. He knew that his true being is forever free of misconceptions and false imaginings, that he exists in a way that is timeless, deathless, and limitless.

The unfolding of this realization was a true resurrection in divine light. Mario was immersed in that which exists beyond life and death, beyond time and space, and beyond “the beyond.” His personality had sunk in the eternal waters and would never arise again. The Infinite had swallowed him completely, and he had become that which had swallowed him.

In this book, people who have known him for many years tell of wondrous, awe-inspiring, and deeply moving events that have taken place in his presence. They tell of their meetings with Mario Mantese and of his impact on them. In his presence they were touched by the grace of the universe and enabled to encounter unfathomed depths in themselves. The words they share here form a row of

shining jewels, testifying to a radiance that is not of this world.

These recollections are not simply about a man. As he says of himself, "I am nothing and no one." A journalist who interviewed him described her first encounter this way: "The room seemed to brighten. The source of the light was the man across from me. His eyes were radiant. As I felt the serenity and contentment that exuded from him, it seemed as if I had landed on a peaceful island right here amid the chaos of our world. Mario Mantese made me feel at ease, that I could easily slip into conversation with him without the slightest worry. His gaze sinks into the eyes of the one he talks to, without creating any strain or discomfort. Yet he penetrates through the personality, through one's clothing, all the layers of skin, into hidden recesses, to the very core of a person. He is someone extraordinarily ordinary."

This book reveals the spiritual world of Mario Mantese, demonstrating how his words function as the expression and activity of the universe. Through him it is evident that our words are the Spirit manifested. Words are life itself, and they bring to fruition that for which they are intended. Here, a world full of wonder and beauty mystifies the reader, offering us a look into the limitless, luminous essence of our existence. We experience how in his clarity and calm the impossible becomes possible. We read of happenings that seem unbelievable and yet have doubtless occurred. The following chapters recount experiences that take the reader on a journey into the infinite divine universe. Those who know Mario Mantese will enjoy the inspiration and depth shared in these pages. Surely, through his books or seminars, one will want to encounter this cosmic master again.

Born from the Essence

*Shodo Harada Roshi -
Zen Master of Sogen-ji Temple, Japan*

The absolute and definitive experience that distinguishes the religious life of Zen is the experience of death. From centuries past through to this day, no one has ever truly realized the way of Zen without this experience. All who have given their life to this path must inevitably confront and go through this death experience.

In Zen Buddhism this transformation is called *satori*. But this *satori* is not some special world. *Satori* is the undergoing of an inner death. The true and pure state of human beings comes to life through this inner death. The essence of this state is called *satori*. In other words, *satori* is a condition of holding on to absolutely nothing, of letting go of everything.

As a result of unfortunate circumstances, Master Mario experienced the death of the body. Yet, through this ordeal, he had the good fortune to receive a completely new life. Through his unusual experience he was able to realize the state of pure consciousness, *satori*. That which emanates from him, the words he speaks, and his way of seeing are truly from one who has undergone this “Zen Death” in his full being.

For the many people who are trapped in confusion and misunderstanding, Master Mario is a wonderful teacher and companion. His words are round and clear, born of essence and filled with essence. I am happy to have such a wonderful friend, and I feel that I have found a true

companion on the path. Whenever we are together, I feel this with my whole being.

Master Mario is an unusual teacher. With the pure heart and the strong energy that he emanates, he embodies the way of truth, the way that continuously liberates all beings. This is his essence. This is his teaching.

Not from This World

Herbert Werner - Germany

I stepped through the doorway into the adjoining room and ran smack into the gaze of Mario Mantese. Stunned as I was, my body managed to move across the room. But I knew immediately that I had entered another dimension. His powerful gaze, soft but piercing, seemed for a moment to stop time itself. I think sometimes that at that very moment my life was restructured by a higher power, realigned in a completely new direction.

Shortly after this first encounter, the gatherings were initiated. When I first observed M.M., I noticed the unsteadiness of his physical body. His walk was wobbly, and many of his movements required great concentration. I was deeply impressed when I witnessed his calm and care as he maneuvered his handicapped body. His speech was often unclear, his voice still showing the effects of his painful accident. But despite his outer appearance, I discovered a vital, bright, and dynamic spirit and a room filled with tremendous light. I knew he was the source of this light.

“Today we let go of time and space and move into the all-encompassing Land of Silence.” These were his initial words. We seated ourselves quietly and straightened our bodies. Very soon, I noticed the vibration in the room intensifying enormously. It flowed into us and lifted us into a luminous, timeless state. This strong energy created a platform from which he shared his intense, deeply penetrating words. After he spoke awhile, he invited us to ask questions.

One person questioned:

Q.: Can you give advice on how I can overcome my

great fear of death?

M.M.: Can your eyes see themselves?

Q.: No, but what does that have to do with death?

M.M.: Have you seen your own death, that event you are so afraid of?

Q.: I haven't exactly seen my own death, but I have lost someone who was very close to me. This person has died. This abrupt end, which comes so unexpectedly and wipes out everything, really scares me. I don't know how to deal with this.

M.M.: This occurrence you are calling death, you have observed it outside your own being. You have lost someone. Now the impressions, the images, and the information from this event have lodged themselves in your mind. If you look closely, you will recognize that it is these images and impressions that are arousing your fears and emotions.

You have adopted an idea that you, the subject, can have and possess another person as an object. Now you have lost him, and you are sad. But has this man really belonged to you, in such a way that you now have really lost him? How can one really lose another person?

Please see this clearly. We are not dealing with death itself but rather with concepts of death, with opinions and ideas, gain and loss, the discharge of thoughts in the brain. Looking at it this way, we can see that death takes place only in your mind.

You cannot observe yourself sleeping or dying, because your body has absolutely nothing to do with these things. And yet you are convinced that you are the body and your outer senses. But this / that believes that / sleep, / wake, / live, and / die is not your body, for your body can neither think nor speak.

Your body is only the instrument that enables you to express thoughts and feelings in words and actions!

This / is only a concept, nothing real or lasting. It builds itself up from subjective impressions, pictures, and information. But these are only appearances in your brain.

Memories are merely shadows of the mind, and they disappear as soon as they are seen for what they are. When you recognize this clearly, death itself is dead, as is the one who conceives and produces these deceptions. Never has someone died, for in reality this someone has never existed.

You are not that which you think or believe you are, for what you are does not tie itself to thoughts and words. Life and death are not meant to be your enemies. How could they be, when they are only reflections in your mind?

A man whom you loved very much has left this world, and now you are sad. Yes, death is a sad and painful experience for those left behind.

But look deeply within yourself and observe: This man never really was his body. You assumed his existence was the reflection you see in your own consciousness. This is because you are so identified with the body. But the body exists only as a superimposition, a projection of the senses.

The Totality contains all objects and the entire universe. Therefore it is impossible that something like an *I*, a *you*, or an *other* exists.

Don't be afraid of things that are not real. You are deathless! Don't confuse your own imaginings with what you really are.

Obviously moved, the person said a quiet thank-you. Something fundamental had become clear for her.

The profound insights of this day remained with me. Many of Mario's more intricate thoughts echoed in my mind weeks after the seminar. I noticed that, over time, this encounter had an increasingly powerful effect on me. Much was clarified and released. What truly surprised me was that it happened without me being aware of when the shifts took place. A powerful light had entered me and touched the deepest levels of my being. It was as if a stream of crystal-clear water had swept through my body and soul and dissolved all that had been polluted.

I was in great need of what I received. My personal life just prior to that meeting had been abruptly severed from its roots. Difficulties and conflicts in my outer world had become so burdensome that I was no longer in a position to resolve them. After a last effort to bring things together failed, the entirety of the personal difficulties I was having manifested in painful new ways. From one day to the next I experienced awful soreness throughout my body, and I came down with a terrible fever. For weeks I stayed in bed and just lay there. I had been taken over by a raging fire in my body and soul. Feeling completely isolated from everything and everyone, there was nothing I could do but lie there and watch.

When my illness finally subsided, I was extremely weak. Each movement still caused pain. And then Mario entered my life. There I was, sitting across from him - he who had seen much physical hardship, who knew much worse suffering than I. He sat there so serenely, shining like the sun. His bodily limitations seemed nonexistent. Really, I had no doubt that he was the healthiest and strongest person in that room. To be there and hear and see all that I did that first day was a great healing and encouragement.

The Star of Sinai

After attending several group gatherings I felt the strong need to have a private conversation with Mario. My health was still terrible, and I was continuing to lose strength. Although he has since discontinued private meetings with students, it was possible at that time to visit him at his home in Switzerland, and he enthusiastically welcomed me there.

Very quickly after we sat down, we were discussing the nature of my struggles. I told him that I was very sick. He answered, "The body is always sick, and in fact that is the only sickness." He closed his eyes and sat still for a while. Then he spoke rather abruptly, "In seven weeks something new will come into your life. Don't hesitate to accept it. This will not appear to you as you might expect." I was excited about this, for I knew from previous experience that his words are deeds. What he says will happen will happen.

Seven weeks later I was with my wife in Israel, in the Sinai. We were lodging at an inn that reminded us of the old caravan stops. Our room was very small, and on the concrete floor were reed mats that served as our beds. The inn was called the Star of Sinai. In the evening, shortly before going to bed, very suddenly a source of light appeared in my heart. From an indescribably small seed, this light inside me grew to the power of a shining sun. This light streamed through my entire body and held me in a warm and affirming buoyancy. Full of gratitude, I accepted this gift. In this moment I also knew with absolute certainty that I was saved. I sensed the truth of Mario's full presence. His words had come true.

I had waited my entire life for this wonderful radiance in my heart to appear. Now it has actually happened, and since that moment this flame has not receded. I have only one burning desire: the wish to give myself up completely to this redeeming light. From the time of its appearance everything in my life has gradually found its natural order. It has brought fully restored health to my inner being as well as to my physical body.

At that time I could only guess at who and what Mario Mantese really is, and although I now have known him for many years, he remains incomprehensible to me. His love and kindness reflect something that is not of this world.

Step by Step into the Light

Years later, when Mario founded the “Inner Circle,” my work with him again deepened, revealing to me a completely new dimension. Initially I felt elevated and well cared for. But then he exposed through his field of light an even more powerful I-shattering light-force of energy. I must say, the intensity took us all by surprise. I noted the freedom that arose, to leave my known way of living, to overstep my usual modes of behavior. But with this new freedom also came dark shadows from the depths of my being, surfacing frequently in the routines of my daily life, and often with great ferocity. To go through with this process took all the courage and trust I could generate, for it was exactly these dark places that I had sidestepped and avoided so often in my life. In this dramatic and difficult period I was able to remain aware of the source of light in me and of the necessity of this process of elimination. I also knew that the liberating light-force that came from Mario was with me each moment, and that with immeasurable love it would lead me out of my inner darkness into the eternal light.

In this powerfully illuminated field of energy that was the new work, I felt all borders and burdens falling away. My body transformed gradually, with each cell continually passing through the high vibration of this light-field, until one day it was clear to me that I had been absolved completely from my illness and could never fall ill in that way again. This new light was to become the cornerstone of my existence. On this calm, clear foundation a refined intuitive perception, a pure sensitivity, was born.

At times, my awareness sheds all self-consciousness and this gentle light seems to set aside the physical body and the world of appearances. Events proceed as they should on the surface of the world. The clouds go by. But the things of this transient world become of only secondary importance, losing their grip and pull. This divine power softly soaks into the body, filling it with vitality and well-being. The individual personality gives way to this grace and recognizes its common source with all other things, dissolving particularities. There is nothing more to achieve. The end of effort and striving has come.

The Other Face of the Cosmic Master

Some years later we met again in Switzerland. I stood with others in front of the train station, in the town where Mario had lived years before. I was looking for him across the street, observing the forms of people on the sidewalk, trying to spot him. It then occurred to me that I was unable to form an image of his face. How could that happen? When he later arrived, I was happy. He appeared the same as usual.

It was a warm summer day, and we decided to take a walk along the shore of the lake, outside the city. This was a good opportunity to ask a few questions, but none arose in my mind. When we are in his presence, the brain comes to a

halt, the constant flow of thoughts calming immediately. So the five of us simply walked alongside him, enjoying the silence. During the walk I sensed something special, something uplifting, penetrating, and immensely powerful in his energetic expression. We continued along the edge of the lake for quite a while, and then he suddenly stopped. We looked over the water to the nearby mountains and saw heavy dark rainclouds coming our way from the west. Strong winds blew across the country landscape, forebodings of a coming storm. I figured we should head back to the village as quickly as possible, before it began to pour. If we didn't make a turn right away, there was no chance to avoid getting wet. Mario Mantese, however, didn't seem impressed by the threatening skies, which had become almost black. The wind had become stronger, kicking up fallen leaves on the path, and the branches of the trees creaked and groaned as they swayed under the force of the gusts. Then the first raindrops began to fall, big, heavy ones. No other person was to be seen for miles around. We were the only ones still out in this dreadful weather. We started back, our feet speeding up the pace as if they knew themselves how bad the weather was. But the village was far ahead in the distance, beyond our sight.

Then the floodgates opened, and it began to rain very hard. Mario remained composed as he gazed toward the sky and raised his right arm. With his hand he made circular motions in the air. This gesture set a tremendous energy free. Instantly the storm front was halted. Stunned, we continued on, and not a drop of water wet our path! A dry and calm channel had formed, visible from the ground up through the clouds. Through it you could even see a little sunlight. Still, all around us it continued to rain in buckets, the heavy clouds unloading all of their mass with rage.

After twenty minutes we arrived at the village, completely dry. We were awestruck! How was that possible? He raised his hand in the air, and the powers of nature obeyed him.

Something was transformed very deep inside all of us there. An inner border had been wiped away. I remember now the words he offered us to explain that occurrence. “The awakened being is empty, and yet billions upon billions of creations are vibrating inside him. Yet beings and creations exist only as reflections in our consciousness. There is no form that exists.”

Free from the Fetters of the World

Mario Mantese is the master I had always expected to find. Some of the renowned teachers from India are the only masters that seem similar. For me, he stands in line with Ramana Maharshi, Babaji, Yogananda, and perhaps other masters as described by Baird Spalding in his books. With his uncompromising, ego-shattering methods, he reminds me of H. W. L. Poonja of Lucknow.

The world of psychotherapy is quite familiar to me. In this work usually one is capable only of changing perspectives and approaching certain problems from a new context that allows for understanding. In being with Mario every aspect of life is permeated by a powerful universal force, whereby all old obstacles and hindrances are released and dissolved. This allows an unimaginable and unexplainable awakening in love and kindness.

When Two Suns Meet

Chi-san - Daichi Storandt - USA

Our Zen master, Shodo Harada Roshi, stands with both feet firmly on the ground. Exemplifying the strict Zen way of life, he is a wood-chopping, watercarrying monk-teacher who follows the tradition of his Buddhist lineage. He usually sleeps three or four hours at night and manages a tight and busy workload, fulfilling his responsibilities, looking after his many students, and taking care of the local Japanese community.

Some years ago Carla Brunetto visited us at Sogen-ji, Harada Roshi's monastery in Japan, and told us about Mario Mantese. She insisted that we try to meet him when we traveled to Switzerland, and she was so convincing that we finally agreed. Shodo Harada Roshi is not interested in social excursions, so his consent was unusual. Still, he had no idea who this man was, and his decision seemed merely a friendly gesture in response to our guest's urgings.

But two years later, upon a visit to Switzerland, Harada Roshi sat in amazement as the room began to brighten and overflow with an enormous light. This was his first meeting with Mario. From the very first moment both masters were glowing as bright as two suns. In Zen there is a saying that describes this meeting perfectly: "When two empty mirrors reflect each other, there is nothing between them." It was exactly like this.

I have known Harada Roshi for more than twentyfive years, and this was the first time I had seen him discover a true friend. Although their meeting was serious and essential, the two continually joked and laughed until tears

were in everyone's eyes. The conversation flew back and forth, far and wide, in unimaginable depths and directions. The hearty laughter and ease of the moment melted into all of us.

But these words do not express the encounter completely. Great silence and intense energy radiated from these two men. It was a surprise for me to witness the similarity of their inner essence and outer expression, despite the radical differences in their personal backgrounds and physical appearances.

For me, someone who had done Zen training for more than thirty years, this meeting with Mario was a revelation. I was deeply moved by Mario's special way of being, and was deeply grateful.

He is always unique, never held to one spot, but still always the same. He is imperturbable yet always flowing, with an eye that sees all, ever wakeful. He is a light that does not go out. Because it is impossible to describe him completely, I will relate some of my personal experiences with him.

The Entire Universe Takes a Seat

At that first meeting, the Roshi invited Mario to visit our monastery in Japan. When he was finally a guest with us years later, it took some days before I could clearly sense his limitless inner dimension. Finally a moment came, an instant when I could see what he truly is.

At the time of that first visit Mario still had difficulty moving his body (this has changed over recent years, and his physical condition is much improved). At 8:15 each evening, after the Roshi had finished his interviews with his students, he would come up the steep hill to the temple guesthouse to do his chi gong practice with his guest. Because the Roshi spoke no English and Mario spoke no Japanese, I was called on to translate. One very special night I found myself going up to the guesthouse fifteen minutes earlier than usual. That evening was dark, pitchblack outside. I quietly entered the unlit hallway of the long, narrow building and found no one stirring inside. Yet somehow, on this night, everything in the house seemed completely different. All the lights were out. How could it be, then, that there at the end of the hallway such an indescribably bright light was shining? Not only was there this glowing, love-filled radiance, but there were no more walls in the house! I found myself enveloped in a deep silence, where no sound had entered for thousands of years. All objects of the senses disappeared in this limitless space. And there in front of me, sitting peacefully on a chair, was Mario. The space in which he was sitting appeared unbelievably vast, inexpressibly silent and clear. I was overwhelmed. I recognized that this room of no boundaries was Mario himself! Quietly and serenely, Mario greeted me. It seemed as if he was sitting in the infinite space of the

entire universe, and I had walked into this space. It is impossible to describe what I sensed and what effect this had on me. In this instant I was unable to think. But when I recall the experience I rediscover the treasure, a moment filled with immeasurable delight!

Mario and Buddhism

When we met one day in the pottery studio of the monastery, I finally had a chance to ask him a few questions:

Q.: What does Buddhism mean to you?

M.M.: I know very little about it. But I have traveled to a lot of countries around the world, visited monasteries, and met many monks and people doing Buddhist practice. Every time, I have encountered a common spiritual striving that is very sincere. Folks have explained to me various spiritual practices, rituals, and meditation techniques. I ask them what they hope to achieve with their efforts, and they respond similarly. They seek the liberation of all beings, the manifestation of nirvana. One first achieves the level of bodhisattva, and then at some point after many incarnations one is a fully awakened Buddha. One man said to me that one should be very pleased to be born in this incarnation as a human being. As I already said, I know very little about all this!

Nevertheless I have asked myself how this / can eventually be rewarded with Buddhahood through this endless striving and practice, when the practitioner itself is an illusion.