

I think such a system would be when people or voters in a country are really willing to accept the faults in the leaders that they themselves have. If we are not willing to accept the multiplicity of the self in a politician, then we have to take the responsibility of getting the men who only show one side of their face. You do not have much opportunity to have a government which is responsive to various aspects of people.

Do you have any message you could give to our readers and people involved in the growth movement in England?

Western man has a history and even a pride in segmenting his different aspects and perfecting them individually. We take a great pride, e.g. in our mental achievements. We take pride in our physical achievements. We have the Olympics to prove our strength and our prowess. We have the gross national product to prove our success financially. We have split off ourselves and attempt to achieve a sense of balance and harmony through competition, through putting ourselves against each other. I think our past history together shows how unsuccessful we have been. My own feelings about the future, ourselves as people, in the world of all nations, is that we should be willing to open up the parts of ourselves which want to be here, to do the best we can do, to give the most that we can give. To contribute what we have to contribute. I think that even though we may know intellectually that to be best at everything does not give one happiness, that somewhere we still act on this basic misconception of life. And that to the degree that we think that we are going to get the respect and the fellowships and the regard of the other persons by being better than them, we continue to be separate people fighting to get from each other what we can only give ourselves. To my way of thinking, to really have our own self-respect, our own self-esteem, our own self-acceptance will be the way we can change all life and help it to grow.

The Sannyasin trip

Divya Velie

Going to India, now, in the Growth Movement has almost begun to mean going to Bhagwan. Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh is the exponent of Dynamic Meditation methods, only one of which is the chaotic breathing-freaking-hooing working out of tensions and repressions through what feels like the redistribution and transmutation of emotional and/or to physical Energy. It is a sound, effective method of emotional discharge and increased physical/psychical awareness. Bhagwan is a beautiful Being and everything that God should have been, but if He (God) ever is or was is not my concern here. I only want to share with you a few of my experiences and insights on the whole sannyasin trip, in the hope that some of my old/new/future orange-friends will Come Back into the world and work with us again: We Need You!

My trip to India. As in all trips, you get the good, the bad and the ugly. You also get the illusory. People-places-experiences. You soon find out that what comes of it is up to you. *You* make it. (Ain't that always the case?) Before I left London I had made up my mind that Bhagwan was going to be my mirror. He would hold me up to myself. To SEE. I was tired. Tired of all my shit and rituals and responsibilities and all that. I couldn't change it. I needed the distance. I needed a rest. Most of all I needed Time. Space. I just knew I needed something and that something wasn't here. Reading, hearing, feeling Bhagwan was right for me. Bhagwan was brilliant; what he said made sense. No religious bullshit. The body and feelings are beautiful: they too are an expression of 'the Divine'! I went off in search of that mirror. I went off in search of an oasis, a home. I seemed to fuck up whatever I did. I would 'Surrender'. Oh, the relief of being told what to do! I'd tried it once, not really trusting all the way (I didn't know *how* with Janov (my first Guru) but lost faith . . . Maybe now . . . Teach me, show me, tell me what I must do and what I am! I am too tired to look or see or think! What you say I already believe. I could have said it myself. Oh *how* did you already know what was in my heart? I'm coming!

It was in that frame of mind that I left for Bombay. What strikes out to me now is how very very seductive the sannyasin scene is/was for me in that state. (And that's all right too! If you are aware of what you are doing.) Just imagine! You can 'almost' do as you please. You can live on very little money there . . . and you can feel safe and secure in the company of loving, non-demanding people. Time is not a factor to worry about. Halleluia! There is always lots of it. The heat penetrates deep into you and with its melting power you seem to dissolve in a Sea of Feel. You need not think. As a matter of fact, thinking becomes very difficult! You can't remember the causes. And you can't see the effects. There is only Now, the Body, Heat, Smells, the awareness of bodily moisture . . . as perspiration, dew, and for me there were . . . the trees! Really far-out trees. And the peculiar pungent colouring, dusty greens, deep primordial reds, aged blues and cloudless skies of light effervescent blue. Lots of teeth. And feet. And enormous abysmal Eyes tainted with Wisdom or Bestial Stupor (you never knew . . .)

Noises are very much a reality. Cars, horns, voices. Especially in the city, you can go mad with the honking and tooting or you can turn it into Lesson One on Acceptance. Indians love to talk. The more the louder the faster the better. And the more doing the talking the better still! Nobody really listens. And nobody says 'no' either. The Indians have this peculiar habit of responding to everything the same way. They smile and move their heads from side to side (as if balancing a beach-ball on the crown), and say 'AH-cha' - which can mean anything from yes, no, maybe, to I-can't understand-a-word! So you never know. But most important is that IT DOESN'T MATTER! And neither does the poverty. It might sound callous to say this in the West, but when you are there you become part of it all and extremes, polarities, are part of the All . . . and deep deep inside me I didn't feel any better off than the beggar. And deep inside me too, I would have rather been a beggar than have to go back to the old habits of surviving in the West!

What were once our priorities in the Old World become Trivia in this even Older Misty World. The Mysteries of the East! The East creates its illusions. There are no mysteries in the East and yet when you are there you feel as though there were, there might

be . . . you *want* them to be. You swim in this atmosphere, which seems rarefied, and you do not question very much. Enjoyment and the awareness of it, or 'You' becomes the top priority. Sensual awareness for a sannyasin is heightened by the habit of wearing long loose robes which allow the energy to flow freely through the body, especially free of underwear!

And with Bhagwan and his methods you become more and more aware of Energy. And then the world becomes an infinite variety of vibrations and you seem to weave amidst them like a thread in the tapestry of movement, of the Motion which is Life. And you go in *so* deep within (or without, it doesn't matter for what was foreground becomes background and foreground again, . . .) that you 'almost' seem to touch the Source of You (or is it 'YOU?'), a rich abundant self-perpetuation pool of ever-developing Creative Energy! Your Center becomes a feeling-reality once you press through the barriers of fear and fatigue and the obstacles of muscular pains which melt and dissipate if you press on . . .

Even the body becomes illusory at times. And yet it is very much 'There'. It is the vessel, like the thin skin of an inflated ballon, it hums between the outer-inner Void of Endless Possibility! And words are *so* inadequate. And the West seems so far far away on a distant planet, and the memory of it (ay, even the thought), an annoying intrusion! Oh the Feel, the Feel, the Feel . . . to blend with the All, painlessly, effortlessly! Relationships are no problem, and people . . . there *are* no problems because al this isn't Real anyway! It is Maya. And if your new name is anything like mine (Divine Love) . . . Wow!

And seeing the illusions creates its own Illusion. And so the Search could turn into a Sublime Struggle towards an Unknown which is unknowable, a Now of the Beyond, etherial, ephemeral, going, gone. The Seeker, who is usually an unhappy, unfulfilled and tireless perfectionist finds his ideal in the Search for and the Hope of dissolution.

- . . . losing the Ego
- . . . surrendering the Will
- . . . becoming Desireless
- . . . detaching himself from all Passions
- . . . never saying No
- . . . losing, losing, losing himself in the meaning

behind the meaning of the words he is using, believing in, still caught in his mind! And he thinks (therefore you are) he has lost his past, that there are no responsibilities, no choices (not if you have 'surrendered'). You must work on your Self, on losing it. You can't help anyone as long as you have a self, a defineable individuality - it stands in the way! Don't take drugs, you don't need to. You are already stoned, spaced-out (faster and faster through dynamic methods). And the more spaced-out you are the 'higher' you go! Purify your vibrations: raise them and yourself and leave the physical plane! . . . And here is where it all seemed so wrong to me!

What seemed so wrong to me wasn't Bhagwan, and it wasn't anything he said. I began to discover that he is what we see in him, what we make of him. The meaning of his words transcends them and our interpretations are OURS, and reveal our confusion, our desires, our fears. Embarking on the path seriously, by taking such a big step as

going to India, takes discernment. We must be able to and willing to SEE ourselves. In the process, somewhere I was catching glimpses of myself, my sannyasin friends, India and the Indians, the content, the form, and the formless. Somewhere, under all the Eastern cultural accoutrements sits a very beautiful Body. The Body is called Bhagwan and he is a vehicle for Love, Wisdom and Power in its highest possible manifestation. How can one limit the abstract, the formless, without reducing it to its qualifiers?

Bhagwan uses words because *we* need them to transcend them. He says this, he says that and we pick and shape those sounds as we wish. Bhagwan says 'Surrender and I will transform you.' The deepest implications of surrender point to formlessness, the loss of everything. And isn't that everything the patterns and thought processes which control us? Stop thinking and identifying and labelling. Stop! Anything and everything can and may be used - it doesn't matter where you begin: anything goes and everything goes. And yet so many sannyasins think that surrender means asking Bhagwan to make the decisions of you (petty, little, pathetic) life for you, doing as he says! And Bhagwan in his benevolent wisdom and patience and love turns around and asks you what *you* want to do!

In going to India, in going to any master, guru, teacher, we hope (secretly or not-so-secretly) to abdicate our free-will, our responsibility. Bhagwan's device is 'Surrender'. It is a trick. You surrender to yourself in him, beyond the veil of limitations, beyond words, acts, intellect. If Bhagwan actually does give an order, he is only voicing our desires, he is only making explicit the implicit in order to move within, or beyond it. Sometimes Bhagwan sends for you. But there is never any implication of punishment from him should you not come. Bhagwan is the very antithesis of 'shoulds'; Bhagwan is a freedom, which in its purest form we wouldn't have the slightest idea what to do with! Your life is up to you. So many sannyasins spend their time here in the West saving money to 'go back' to India. In going East the Western sannyasin seems to switch cultural habits only. Instead of a drop-out 'hippie' he becomes a sannyasin, a seeker 'without attachments'. Inwardly he continues to hide from choices and from the freedom which comes from him and his free-will. And, this too can be the Path, if it is done with awareness. How much is awareness or laziness or inertia is up to the individual to discover.

Detachment is not not-caring, not-choosing; detachment is intense loving concern for individuals and respecting the distance which will allow another to be and grow at his own pace, his own rate, through the exercise of his own (overt or covert) free-will. So Bhagwan lends himself to yet another one of our games. Through him we can catch a glimpse of that Freedom, of ourselves, sooner or later. Through loving and serving him (or the something or someone we surrender to) we can discover Love and Service, and we can begin to see the value in the act and not its object. But this all takes time and presupposes readiness, a readiness which comes no sooner than it comes, . . .

And . . . if you are, like me, an American, and have to leave India for visa-problems, or if some 'unfinished business' brings you back, or if your teacher sends you back here . . . you are in for a shock. The shock. The shock of another dimension which at first seems more constricting, grosser, *heavier*. You don't like it. You want to go back 'Home'. Back up the mountain. Too many problems, distractions. Unreal - you think.

Peripheral acting and reacting which don't seem to really concern you. If anyone matters to you, you want to send them to India. *You* can't do anything *for* anyone. You must work on your self first. Bhagwan if forever working through you. You begin to think that anything achieved is Bhagwan's (out *there*) doing. Anything failed is a situation created by Bhagwan and through which you learn, grow, experience. Cope (I used to say). Cope as best you can with these meat-eating-vegetarians who are, pitifully, caught in the dark webs of their own desires, who cannot see beyond their 'problems', beyond 'ownership' and possessions. Those who still Want. You, you only want to go Home.

The hypnosis can last anywhere from a second to an eternity. It seemed to last almost four months with me. The West just didn't seem Real anymore. Not after having entered that other dimension of Feeling Awareness. (It's so good you want to hang on to it, to stay there!) And even if you do come back, as with any deep-stirring trip, nothing is ever the same.

India is an experience. India with Sannyas and Bhagwan is a Deathbirth in a reality which emerges as Infinite and Forever. It must be the Reality which all Gurus and Masters and Transcendental Religions and Ways of life talk about. (And, they say, there are forever gradations of it! Samadhi this and that!) Now nothing is only one thing. There are many in the One and One in the many. You do become more accepting, less-demanding, less-exacting, more willing to MOVE (grow, live, expand). You can't help it. You've experienced something you cannot deny.

I saw a girl like me the other way. She had been in India for over a year. And she wasn't all-here! She was up in the mountain. It was like staring at myself. Myself of a few months ago. I am only now beginning to lose the constant intense High, tuning in again to the Earth frequency, landing safely, into the arms of a Human Love, a painfully blissful relationship on different levels, enriched ever more so by the Here and Now, into the insecurities and uncertainties which surround and shade and form my personality. I know that I am not only my personality. Still a part of me (or I prefer to call it a 'kind' of me) looks, watches, sees, how my fears and worries are so silly, unfounded, not-Real! And still I fall back into patterns, into the Dance of the Living. And Desire is the door to Experience. And isn't Experience the instrument to Growth?

What is Real? If it isn't the Sky, it is my love's Eyes . . . I can see the one in the other! Raise your vibrations, yes. But keep your feet on the Earth of which you are a part. Bring the top of the mountain down *here*. Go to India. Experience the bliss of Bhagwan. Or bring your Guru here. Or *make* him. Find him. Search within and beyond. Become the balloon. The hunger is there. More and more are looking to fill it in 'therapy'. There is a hole (whole) which is yearning to be filled. Hunger is, maybe, the West's best indication of Reality right now. Do not dismiss it or yourself.

I'd like to suggest that you find your Self and 'almost' lose it. Play with it. Let go of the balloon string every little now and then. But before you lose it all COME BACK! Come back here and be in your body, in your FEELINGS (use them; they are the means through which you experience.

The whole is incomplete without you, without the function of your own unique personality. Anything you work on or reach for or reflect in any way, you do through your eyes - your very own windows to the Soul. Use your strengths, weaknesses, desires, impulses (you've *got* them) and allow a bit of that light you've absorbed at the top of the mountain to trickle out through your every day, mundane little acts. Use your education, background, experiences, the things *you've* learned in your own life. Your personal history is your very own page in that Greater Book, and the lines written on it are written with the help of your own hand, the words come through your head, and the feelings, and the love . . . from you own throbbing little, physical heart.

The Greater Soul, the Love which unities us and of which we become increasingly aware through manifestations such as Bhagwan in India . . . needs us to express itself. It needs our personality to work through. It is our source, our food but we are its instruments, and in that way we are responsible for ourselves and our actions and the effects of anything we affect. Self-awareness is becoming that mirror for another. Self-awareness is lending a hand to another you. The 'doing' comes from 'being', from having accepted YOU: higher, lower, tangible or intangible, spiritual and material. Make your eyes the Sky coated with your *own* individual, unique personality.

Sometime the baby must be born. Come and explore the living and yourself. Come West. The baby's kicking already. Wake up. Look. Think! Never be afraid to use your mind, to question. But Feel! Don't stay glued to just one-thing. Be aware of every second of every day of every cell of every one of every living-moving thing of every . . . oh! It is SO MUCH. It is You! Bhagwan is only You - Inside.