

OSHO

Never Born  
Never Died

Only Visited this  
Planet Earth between  
Dec 11 1931 - Jan 19 1990



TEARS  
OF THE  
MYSTIC  
ROSE

rajneesh reveals osho



a vast panoramic view stretches before my eyes  
the majestic grandeur of the snow peaked ranges of kanchenjunga  
each time i look at this vast expanse  
i stare into a horizon of sheer beauty in front of me  
i have visions of the great life ahead  
the dreams i can fulfil...i am filled with a dreamlike mystical wonder  
my eyes are open...i am a dreamer...just waiting to come into this world

i have drawn all my lifes inspirations from these mountain ranges  
the rising sun creating golden skies  
the setting sun  
displaying red and purple shadows onto the mountain peaks  
the himalayas are to be my childhood for the next ten years  
what a paradise for my education  
away from home in st pauls school darjeeling

my father a famous industrialist from a hugely successful business family  
my mother a movie star having just released her first bollywood movie  
which launched her into stardom and instant fame all over india

oh what a glory...what a birth...i have such good fortune  
to have the prefect childhood...the perfect life  
i am truly a blessed child

as a child i intensely disliked my father and his arrogance  
the false authority he wielded...his only interest was in money and power  
and control over others...these qualities always made me revolt against  
him and reject his advances towards me  
i disliked his insistence that i become like him  
to make friends with other children in school only after he had examined  
their parents status in society...i found him to be extremely vulgar in these  
matters and always wanted to distance myself from him

i loved my mother and was attracted to her fragile and innocent qualities  
she was beautiful and humble and always considerate towards others and  
to human sensitivities...even being a superstar did not distract her from her  
daily simple routines of going to the kitchen and preparing meals for us or  
for guests...always insisting on serving us herself...she was radiant and full  
of compassion towards all those who met her and never ever considered  
money to have any special or real value in her relationships with people  
i loved and admired these simple qualities she lived by...and she became  
my idol and what i would wish to emulate once i grew up

my father only wanted me to become the greatest industrialist and  
although my mother secretly wanted me to become a movie star like her  
she only wished me happiness and always told me to live my own dream  
always whispering to me never become a businessman like my father

my parents gave me the name rajnish  
raj means king and nish means night  
which means king of the night  
or lord of the full moon

my father was shivraj and my mother vimlesh also known as vimi  
my father took letters from both their names to make my name

i was born 20 january 1961 at 3.05 am  
i have a sister shona who was born 19 january 1963 at 4.30 pm

my parents were planning that we both have the same birthday  
the doctors got it wrong...had my sister been born just 8 hours later then  
we both would have the same birth date  
this created a huge problem for both of us always fighting on which date  
we would celebrate our birthdays...and as so many relatives could not  
come two days in a row...two cakes...they decided that we both celebrate  
our birthdays together with one large cake cut from opposite sides  
on 19 january of each year

i was born prematurely at seven and a half months and in some difficulties  
i was put into an incubator as i was under 6 lbs in weight  
all my life i have had a very thin and fragile body...pale faced  
which made my parents show me to doctors frequently  
due to my weightless fragile physical condition  
and as would soon begin to happen  
many paranormal incidents start surfacing during my childhood years

i recollect some such experiences during  
athletics...marathons...gymnastics...kung fu

i loved running and training my body...the experiences of heightened  
alertness gave me a rush and i loved physical activities  
my school doctor was warned by my parents of my physical weakness  
which surprised him...but he kept a close watch over me  
and noticed that i was fainting into whiteouts and relapsed into  
epileptic like convulsions during extreme sports

one such sprinting event...one hundred metres...i came first...gasping for  
breath to finish...i ran and collapsed into a fit like convulsion on the grass  
the doctor was watching the finish of the sprints...and came and saw me  
white and collapsed...and wanted to bar me from sprinting  
i managed to convince him that i was only out of breath and this was not  
dangerous...that i had to continue as i was running for the school team  
he was reluctant but kept quite

i am fourteen years of age  
it is marathon season...running three miles in darjeeling  
i am trying harder and harder at these practise runs  
i must come first as my mother is coming to this years prize ceremony

always the same route...this point is two miles into the run  
final mile left...the worst point of the marathon  
a 60 degrees steep uphill road...almost two hundred metres long  
we hate this part the most...at the most tiring stretch of the run

i decide that i must run with all my strength up to this point  
and from here...downhill the last mile...it is easy



i always have seen the tibetan gomba on top of this hill  
stopping here every time to get a break and rest a minute or so

i have put all my best efforts...and am timing my run today  
totally exhausted i reach the bottom of the hill  
no rest...must rush uphill and then rest  
my legs today are really heavy and am suffering cramps

running uphill i reach the top  
                        cramps have set in  
and am dead tired today  
                        i fall down

                        i hear the gomba bells ringing  
and feel a strong energy pulling me towards the sound  
                        i try to lift my body but cannot  
it is heavy like a rock  
                        what has happened today

                        i suddenly feel a huge ball of light  
  flying out of my body towards the gomba  
i can see the gomba clearly  
                        lying there on the ground  
its golden pagoda shining with such tremendous light  
                        the whole surrounding is on fire  
  and dancing in a brilliant blue and glowing softly  
tibetan lamas walking and sitting around the gomba  
                        i cannot believe it  
am i standing or on the ground unconscious  
  how can i see through such a distance  
i remain totally confused in this strange and intoxicated state

i can see others running by me...i can see others in the near distance  
i must continue my marathon run  
and as if by magic i stand up like a feather  
am so fresh and exploding with life as if i have just started my run

i feel my legs flying off the ground  
they are not even touching the earth  
how is this happening

i can almost sprint the last mile...i feel like a superman  
just laughing my last mile as if i have found some new unknown secret

i finish the three mile marathon...and want to run another three miles  
the marathon run was just too short  
i start running up towards the school...another mile and a half  
my friends are shocked...they all think that i have cheated  
taken a shortcut or taken a car ride in the middle

i do not want to talk about this to my friends or the doctor  
already the doctor has stopped me from running

i remember a very close school friend of mine mazumdar  
who was a mathematical genius  
he was so close to me i could confide in him about my unusual experiences  
he always heard me and somehow i felt he understood  
one morning he ran away...the whole school went on red alert looking for him  
nowhere to be found the police were sent to search  
it took a few days till they discovered that he had run away to a tibetan  
monastery and actually asked to become a monk  
they finally brought him back to school and his parents were called  
due to his absolute resolution they allowed him to become a monk  
this incident haunted me for the next few years and i admired  
him immensely and wished that i had such courage to become a monk







mountain trekking camping to tongaloo  
for the duke of edinburghs award scheme

am walking to tongaloo  
the last four hours through thick dense forest  
it had been raining and now beginning to get misty  
i have lost track of our school camping group which has gone far ahead

tired i sit down on moss covered rocks  
suddenly i realise that i am all alone and lost in this deep forest

the air is getting more and more silent  
and i begin to hear it buzzing louder and louder  
like thousands of bees descending into my ears

scared i want to run  
but am frozen still  
is it fear or has my body just become too heavy to move

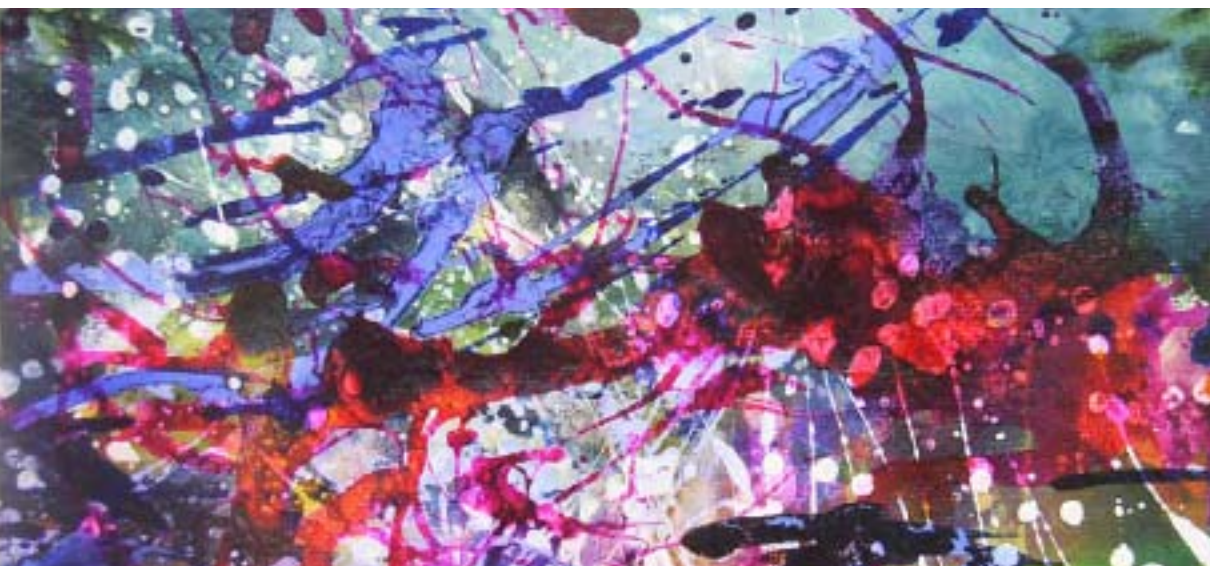
the whole forest is buzzing and becoming alive  
the trees are becoming greener and brighter  
they seem to be alive and flowing towards me like water  
i can almost feel them touching me from a distance  
pulling me towards them

the buzzing in my ears has become unbearable  
almost bursting my eardrums  
then suddenly a silence descends  
and out of nowhere a huge dark space floats over me like a cloud  
dark and darker and soft like velvet it envelopes me completely

i fall into a dark unconscious space  
i want to move and struggle but am completely paralysed  
and have no will over my limbs or body  
it has become heavy like lead and i fall unconscious

hours later i wake up  
i do not know how much time has passed...it is getting dark  
the buzz in the forest has become louder but gentler  
and my mouth sweeter  
i am intoxicated with the sound

i stand up...weightlessly...i seem to be floating in the air  
something has picked me up...and i walk as if on wings  
completely floating and light



on my three month winter holiday to bombay  
my parents continue to worry about the frail condition of my body  
and my strong aversion to food...i hate to eat during the day  
and have a habit to eat once a day only...in the evening  
in the morning i always drink twenty cups or a large jug of watery tea  
very light with no milk...it was accepted as i grew up in darjeeling  
and tea was our favourite beverage...i never ate breakfast nor eat lunch  
and my father always bribed me with 10 rupees for every chapatti i ate



i had this odd habit of always eating in a bowl...and if served on a plate  
i angrily threw or broke it...and having eaten one bowl of food i adamantly  
refused to eat more...i was very stubborn and this was the only way they  
could have me eat even if only once a day  
although i never became sick my health was a constant worry for my parents  
only suffering from strange experiences which they blamed on my eating little

i clearly remember spending one sunday at the beach  
making sand castles and breaking them to build bigger ones  
enjoying the chat stalls and the horse rides

it is becoming sunset  
my body feels tired and i want to go home to sleep  
but our friends insist that we stay till it gets dark

i am tired and lie on the sand  
can feel the sun setting...the air changing  
in my belly a strange heavy vibration from the setting sun

the sound of the ocean waves all day starts to drown into me  
i want to go home...and again some strange fear grips me  
i feel that i am drowning into the ocean...into the waves

i cannot swim...i start to cry and they finally decide we can go home

home in my room tired and sleepy  
it is dark...but the sound of the waves is filling my ears  
becoming deeper and deeper  
and the fear of drowning keeps me awake

suddenly the room seems to become even darker  
and i cannot see anything  
i feel the darkness swallow me up  
and i can feel that i am falling falling falling falling  
endlessly falling and i need to hold onto something quickly

i am sweating with fear and unable to do anything  
the falling just continues  
i have to get used to this condition

i just need to watch the blue light that i can see at the end of the tube  
atleast i can look at it and hold onto that

so much panic but totally helpless  
all i can do is to allow whatsoever it is to finish  
or to allow me to become unconscious and fall asleep

suddenly all becomes totally silent but i am wide awake  
i have never felt such a soft and alive silence before  
it is comforting and the blue light is becoming bigger and brighter

i look up to the ceiling  
it is full of light  
silver blue dots  
millions of silver blue dancing dots fill the air

the whole room is vibrating and the walls are moving  
i need to leave the room  
it is suffocating me and i cannot breathe

i get up and feel completely free  
light with wings  
floating  
gravity has left me completely

i run outside the house  
my parents come out as they are woken by the sound of my running  
i run towards the huge tree in my garden  
it is pulling me like a force that i have never known before

and i want to get close to it  
i feel a great peace and calmness descending onto me

it must be 2 am...my parents want me back in my bed  
worried about snakes near the trees  
i resist and shout and fight with them...that i want to sleep under this tree  
i will not go back inside the house tonight

they have the servant stay with me till 6 am  
and threaten to take me to the doctor the next day for injections

my childhood was spent with such frequent occurrences  
something inside told me that it was normal  
but it put a strange fear into me  
talking about my experiences to my friends  
i soon began to realise that perhaps there was something abnormal about me  
and i soon became reclusive and a loner  
talking long walks alone in the playground  
hiding such subjects from others...remaining silent and alone

our secret kung fu club  
the attraction was immense...kung fu practise was forbidden  
boys will be boys...exactly what we need to get into...kung fu  
bruce lee fired our imagination...our secret gatherings in the locked gym

i was doing gymnastics against the wishes of my father  
i could get hurt somersaulting over the high horse  
walking on my hands on the parallel bars  
whirling on the roman rings...back handspring on floor exercises  
danger and risk was food for men...diving through fire rings  
just our kind of life...risk and laugh at danger

but kung fu was banned...even more exciting  
our top secret club...brotherhood of risk takers was formed  
being the son of a movie star...i got special training  
and worked hard to prove my place in the group  
i had to be the best as they were all watching me  
intense training was the result and it worked out perfectly

on one trip home to our steel factory  
i secretly prepared a pair of stainless steel rods  
of the lethal and banned nan chuk  
with steel chains...in leather stitched covers  
it was the hottest pair of nan chuks  
all my other friends with simple wooden sticks  
swish swish swish...practising like bruce lee...in fury  
lose control and a smashing sound into my lower back skull  
knocked out dead cold  
am found in a sleep chanting tibetan mantras by a scared group of my friends  
what strange sounds and voices are you speaking in...this freaked them out  
afraid of my strange past life chanting...i was a tibetan lama  
freaky

the ten years at st pauls darjeeling were like a fairytale for me  
excelling in every activity i took part in...be it sports, marathons,  
gymnastics, athletics, chess, drama, arts, just about everything  
always winning awards and merits  
always in the limelight and leaving a trail of achievements  
ending up with the headmasters award  
to become the next school captain in the year 1977

then suddenly in 1976 the year of my final exams this whole dream  
crashed for me...as film magazines and newspapers started to report the  
separation between my mother and father  
and their application for divorce  
i was devastated as this was my final year and i was looking forward to  
creating my new life back home with them for the first time  
i saw them only during winter holidays for three months each year  
with great difficulty i got special permission to leave the school and see  
my parents just three weeks before my final icse exams

i knew my mother was going through great difficulties living with my  
dictator like father...and i immediately let her know that i was on her  
side and that i understood her and gave her my total support  
my father blamed my mother for their separation and was furious with me  
for supporting her always threatening that he would cut me off financially  
if i ever spoke in her favour with the rest of the family

my mother came from a very poor family of four children...her parents  
were just simple school teachers...my maternal grandparents mataji and  
pitaji were absolutely honest and humble human beings...they were very  
graceful and integrated and always spoke of living for higher values in life

my father came from an industrial business family with seven children each famous and wealthy in their own right within india

my vocal and rebellious support for my mother brought me disrepute and separated me from my uncles, their children and my grandparents they had the power and wealth and did not like to hear me attacking my fathers reputation...blood is thicker than water they all said it was unheard of that a child had the audacity and guts to speak against elders in this orthodox industrial business family

my mothers parents remained silent and just accepted their inability to do anything against such powerful people...being poor they were unable to intervene saying that it would have been better to marry their daughters into poor families and to live a simple and happy life

i went back to school and in a depressed state and missing a few final exam papers and without any studying half heartedly sat my final exams





i came back home to huge fights with my father who was usually drunk making sexual advances with beautiful wannabe film actresses every night one such night he was completely drunk with two such actresses one on either side...at 2 am he shouted out to me to go with the driver and get them food from a nearby restaurant

i was sleeping and already angry at his continuous drinking and his sexual affairs with so many women  
i answered him saying that i was not his servant and he should go himself or send one of his women to get the food if they wanted  
he shouted at me and started to slap me saying that i did not know how to behave with elders...at which i lifted my hands and slapped him so hard that he reeled back in shock

this was the first time i ever had the guts to actually slap my father  
he told me to leave the house and he would beat me if he found me there

i promised to leave the house that very instant



he told me that he would teach me a lesson and never give me a penny  
and that i would beg him for money and soon come crawling back  
i said that i would die hungry on the streets but vowed never to come back  
nor to ever see him again in this lifetime

i left my house in the early hours and have never returned  
i was sixteen years old...just my jeans and t shirt on my back  
penniless on the streets of bombay at 2 am

no more to become a businessman...i hated that word  
no more to become a movie star...i hated fame  
not wanting to become rich...i hated such people  
i just wanted to be free and wander

i had lived from the ages of six to sixteen in the mountains  
visiting my home for only three months holiday each year sheltered in a cosy  
mansion in tinsel town...where the beautiful people lived partying every night

i was still living in the innocence of the himalayas  
still a dreamer and rebellious with no actual clue to the harsh realities  
that lay ahead of me...of the real world out there

my mother and father were battling it out in court  
i was prevented from seeing my mother during those days

i left bombay and went to delhi to see the only aunt that i loved  
mrs rajeshwari paul whom i affectionately call soni aunty  
she became my new mother and father and has looked after me since then  
she sent me to see my grandparents at jullundur in punjab  
they tried hard to put some sense into me to see the realities of the world  
and put me to work in the family steel and casting business  
this was short lived as i had really no interest in the life they led

one morning in november 1977 i woke up to see the newspapers announced the untimely death of my mother and under mysterious circumstances no one was with her at the hospital at the time of her death and as my father and that side of the family were prevented from seeing her due to a court order her body was taken for cremation unfortunately with none of us present such a tragic story...that a famous movie star was cremated with very few people present for the last rites

her sudden and tragic death was obviously a great shock for me i remember i promised myself then that i would make something of my life in her memory and remember her that way i must understand where i was going in life and what i was doing and why

her death formed many new questions in my life and i started to question the very meaning of life and how one should live the priorities and values of society and people spending nights and nights trying to solve these questions for myself all alone with no one to speak to nor anyone as my guide



i have fought and rebelled against all in the family and made myself isolated from their lives and their opinions  
no one wants anything to do with me as i am too arrogant to listen to anyone or take any of their good advice

i now have the freedom to live according to myself...i feel a heavy sense of responsibility to find some direction...i have no idea what to do or where to search...i am lost but happy that i am free

i love to sleep the whole day till 12 or 1 pm...wake up and spend an hour sipping tea...then just lazing about doing nothing...no work no dream of doing anything...just pure laziness and totally content this way

a government nursery next to my house is where i spend all my time requesting them if i could water their plants for a few hours each day the gardeners become very friendly with me and are surprised that the son of such a famous movie star is with them everyday like a gardener  
i love these simple people and enjoy their company

all the money i get i start buying plants from the nursery and the gardeners secretly sell them to me at a fraction of their price sometimes stealing them for me and giving them to me as gifts  
my roof top balcony is soon filled with over 200 plants  
i love watering and taking care of these plants  
they are my new friends and i can understand them and feel one with them

having missed on my education i am inspired to read on all subjects to study and learn...to know where i want to go and what to do with my life with no direction on what subjects to read



soni aunty secretly allows me to borrow from my uncle satya pauls books carefully one at a time from his vast library...he had read extensively and could afford a huge library of great masterpieces on all subjects but mostly on religions and books like the bhagavad gita and the upanishads lives of buddha, krishna, mahavir, gandhi...authors like khalil gibran, tagore whatever books i find seem boring to me and very predictable

i start searching and begin reading all kinds of strange books anything to do with the future, death, life after death, occult, religions, especially on tibetans and lamas, the buddhist way of life, to become a monk these subjects fascinate me and i am drawn to them like a magnet so i read every night under the open sky on my roof top with my plants till 3 or 4 in the morning...my life feels so complete and full

excelling in arts and crafts at school my other passion for still life drawing and painting returned perhaps i am to become a painter or an artist drawn to art and creative work i soon begin to buy books on the history of art and all the great masters like rembrandt, monet, gauguin, van gogh, cezanne, michelangelo, picasso, dali, duchamp and spend months reading about their lives and works



i spend nine months just reading and reading endlessly

in the past four months i begin to have dreams of flying in the sky over rooftops and wake up suddenly and find my sheets wet with heavy sweating these dreams become more vivid and i see a long bearded person looking at me with compelling magnetic eyes that is all i remember when i wake up sweating i keep many sheets of drawing paper next to my bed and begin drawing these eyes and a beard...eyes and a beard soon my wall is filled with over fifty such sketches all facing me with these magnetic eyes and a beard

one of the books i was reading was gitanjali by rabindranath tagore whom i had idolised while at school...i decide that perhaps i am seeing his face as i was always fascinated by his life and works

i have nothing to do and i do not want to work in the family business i have read most of the books that i selected from my uncles library and my aunt is getting angry that i am spending all my pocket money on plants and books and not on food...but i continue to buy books on credit and run up a huge debt with the bookshop nearby...and get into trouble with them and my aunt finds a way to pay them in monthly instalments

seeing that i am adamant and stubborn that i want to read and would do nothing else my aunt suggests that i start reading books from the locked library beneath the main library and promised to get the keys the cabinets were locked and it was difficult for her to secretly get the keys from my uncle...so she told me i would have to wait a few days and in the meantime she would send some magazines to satisfy my reading habit

i remember clearly that afternoon when i woke up my servant arrived by bicycle at around 4 pm from my aunties house bringing with him my afternoon snack...he made me my jug of tea and i asked him for the package of magazines my aunt had promised



i remember as if it just happened yesterday

the very moment i saw the sannyas magazine with his face on the cover  
those eyes and that beard  
it was as if time had suddenly stopped  
my heartbeat became rapid  
everything in the room began to reel and spin  
i almost fainted in a state of shock  
wow...what was i seeing in front of me  
was it a dream...or was i awake

the very same eyes that had haunted me every night for the past four  
months were staring at me from the cover of this sannyas magazine  
what seemed like a million flashes  
hundreds of images passed before my eyes  
it was all there instantaneously  
i knew i had found what i was searching for



he was my search...he was my life...this was the meaning to my life  
everything fell into place...the puzzle was complete  
i had found the man i was born for

somehow i knew my future that very moment  
my previous experiences finally made sense...they were all part of this search  
the struggle was over...i know what to do with my life

with tears in my eyes i reverently bowed to his photograph and  
with a feeling of deep love slowly opened the cover of the magazine  
again all the images began to flood into my head

i knew it all somehow  
i knew all these people  
i knew the place as if i had been there  
and then the first words i read

the ordinary man is tao

i was still in shock and began to cry with joy  
crying and shaking  
without stopping for over an hour  
i simply could not stop  
my head began to become light and empty  
and a pressure started to build up into an explosive pain  
again the room began to swim  
the floor began to sway and move  
what was happening  
was an earthquake coming

i was trembling and began to panic and shouted out to the servant  
to catch hold of me and take me to the park in front of the house

my head was exploding and my stomach was bursting with pain  
i could not walk and was trembling as he held me  
and slowly took me downstairs to the open park  
i fell and lay on the grass and soon i became calm and still

i wanted to rush back up to my balcony and read  
but was afraid to climb the stairs in case my head would again feel like  
exploding and my stomach like bursting  
i needed to be on the earth and feel the ground...and let this all subside  
it took hours before i had the courage to go back upstairs

without eating i began to pour myself into the sannyas magazines  
each and every picture of bhagwan went straight to my heart  
every image drew tears of joy...in just three or four magazines  
i knew the word sannyas...his mala...his sannyasins...poona ashram

how could i be there this instant...how will i get there tomorrow  
this was all i wanted that the night pass and i get to poona  
i did not sleep that night

i knew my uncle left for the office at 8.30 in the morning  
so i waited till he had gone before going to my aunties house  
she had never ever seen me in the morning...i always awoke at 2 pm  
i needed to see her immediately and get some money  
i had read the address of rajyoga centre near my house  
i needed money from her to go to poona the same day

she simply could not believe it when she saw me that morning  
i looked like a wreck...but there was a certain peace about my face  
that she could recognise immediately  
i babbled to her what happened to me and she had tears in her eyes  
she became soft and slowly bowed to me and began to touch my feet  
she had understood what was happening  
the beginning of the great journey for me...she knew but she worried  
about my going...about my future...that i was too young  
just nineteen and with no parents...no money no future

she knew my nature angry stubborn and adamant and that i would risk  
even starvation to do what i wanted  
so she gently counselled me not to go...that she had no money to send me  
to poona and i should wait for a few years and get settled with my life  
and read bhagwan rajneesh in the meantime

i left in anger that she did not understand me and the urgency  
with which i had to go to poona...to take my sannyas  
i went to rajyoga...there was an old man swami om prakash saraswati  
sitting on his chair...i went and bowed to him  
i told him that my head was bursting and my stomach was in intense pain  
and i felt that i was going to die and that i needed to go to poona  
he just smiled and suggested that i go home and get a good sleep and to  
eat food and cover my head with a cloth...not to go to poona in this state

i went again to my aunt and pleaded to give me money to go to poona  
she told me that she would carefully consider and would collect money  
over the next few months...and then i could go

i see these were just tactics to create delay and make me change my mind  
i felt that all these old people were in some sort of collusion together

no money in my pocket...determined to get there the same day  
i rushed to connaught place to tripsout travel agency harish buddhraj  
he knew my family but decided that credit for the ticket was not possible  
i offered to sell him the only possession i had in my house  
a new fridge...for half the price...a one way ticket and some cash  
this he happily accepted

he immediately sent a tempo to collect the fridge  
and arranged a one way air ticket to poona for the next day  
my servant objected to the tempo...i had to go home and bribe him  
to remain quiet and not tell my aunt i had sold the fridge

i went again to connaught place bought some orange cloth and had the tailor  
stitch my first orange robe while i patiently waited for two hours  
my spiritual life had begun  
the whole night i poured over the dozen or so sannyas magazines  
my head suddenly shooting into pain and my stomach bursting  
up and down like a yo yo  
something was trying to balance the pressure which built up  
and settled inside me continuously throughout the night

the next morning i was floating with joy elated i would soon be in poona  
the sky became cloudy...the rain came down  
the sun shone through the clouds...wow what a dream  
i was sitting in a taxi with enough money in my pocket  
on my way to heaven

poona february 1981 i arrive in heaven  
wearing my orange robe immediately go to the ashram  
it is evening...i manage to walk onto the ashram road...wow  
seeing so many absolutely stunning and beautiful sannyasins with so much  
joy and celebration written all over their faces...all over the streets  
i felt such an upsurge of energy and wanted to be part of this for the rest  
of my life...my stomach pain suddenly becomes settled and my head pain  
disappears as if by magic...what is left in its place is a sweet taste in the  
mouth of pure intoxication and a warm and honey like flow all over my body  
my nostrils fragrant with jasmine...i am floating over the ground  
in an expansion that i never knew before



Elin 06



it is too late for visitors  
so i walk around outside the ashram just looking at the sannyasins  
spending the entire evening and night walking the streets  
every street corner is filled with people dancing and playing on their guitars  
in many places a cassette of his discourse plays  
his divine voice speaking softly and sannyasins sitting drinking and  
drowning into his each and every word like nectar  
deeply listening to the hiss in his words

my god...i wish i could bring the whole world to his feet  
i dream that this is just the start  
and i imagine that bhagwan will actually transform the entire world

if they will only come here and listen to his magical voice and feel and  
drink this divine bliss that is pervading the entire space all around  
the air is thick with a fluid...flowing like divine bliss...this is simply paradise  
these people are the most blessed on this earth

i look in amazement at sannyasins who have been around bhagwan  
i only wish i had arrived here a few years earlier  
what a blessing for them to sit at his feet  
why was i not born earlier...i should have been here sooner

i am in love with everyone i see...i love them for being here and feel  
connected to each and every face i see  
i am in love for the very first time

i cannot sleep all night  
have found the only simple and cheap guest house nearby  
just a mattress with a mosquito net in an open corridor of a guest house  
many people sleeping in tiny rooms  
there is no other place as all is full and i do not have much money  
just enough to be here for around ten days or so and take my sannyas  
i must make the little money i have last for a month if possible  
i must get sannyas from bhagwan first  
see his eyes...get near and close to him immediately  
bow and touch his feet

i simply cannot sleep...the air is so full of aliveness  
this is a whole new universe and so much to absorb  
i am bombarded by the newness in every direction  
it is coming from everywhere and surrounding me like a magical mist  
i am breathless...how do these people manage to breathe near him  
i am simply in a state of happiness shock



i arrive at the gateless gate  
finally...and become absolutely still  
this is the gate of my masters temple  
i become absolutely still and bow deeply to the ground  
i have unspeakable tears of joy  
gratefulness just to be here

i am met by guards asking me why i have come what i want  
ridiculous is what i feel...what do i want...how absurd  
i want to take sannyas and live here for the rest of my life

i remain silent as i am overwhelmed by everything  
i become tongue tied and all the words seem to have left my speech  
i look dumb and completely white and stoned and mumble that i have  
come to become a sannyasin

they ask me my name  
i again find it difficult to speak and babble out rajnish  
they laugh and look at me in a curious way as if i am cuckoo  
really is your name rajnish they say and laugh again and again  
asking me for some proof of identity  
i had none as i did not bring anything with me i say  
but try and explain that my name is rajnish as my father gave me that name  
they keep me waiting for an hour outside and finally seeing me wait silently  
ask me to go inside with a guard to krishna house and meet someone who  
would decide if i could come in or not



i walk through the gate...but the ground has disappeared  
i am floating two feet above the earth...simply gliding on wings  
many people look at me curiously...and as to the way i was walking  
suddenly i realise that i have never walked this way...something has taken  
over me and i am in some new current that is beyond my control  
too blissed out to think i keep walking slowly towards krishna house

i am made to sit for half an hour...and see a woman with an orange cloth  
tied on her head sitting with others coming in and out in front of her  
i remember her face from magazines...so this is laxmi  
i am asked inside to her office...i feel like touching her feet  
these are the divine goddesses of bhagwan...the blessed people

she quietly asks me my name and i repeat like a dumbfounded kid rajnish  
she looks at me and consults another sannyasin woman at her side and  
again asks me my name and who i am  
i repeat my name and tell her that my father gave me that name  
she asks my family name...and i say that i have dropped using my fathers  
name as i have left my house

i could not imagine that all this would sound silly and cuckoo to them  
as i was just being myself and innocently answering the facts as they were  
she found me funny and smiled and asked me what i wanted to do here  
i was waiting for her to allow me to talk and i said that i would like to touch  
her feet and pleaded to her to kindly allow me to get my mala and sanniyas  
from bhagwan as soon as possible  
i had come to be a sannyasin and spend my life here in any way possible  
she seemed to be a compassionate woman and smiled warmly and said  
that bhagwan had gone into silence a day before  
that i needed to do dynamic and kundalini meditations for one month  
she would see my progress in that month and then i would get my sanniyas



i pleaded that i did not have enough money for a month and that i would sincerely do my meditations every day and come back again with money but to kindly get me my sannyas and mala in a few days she said that she would think about it and to start the meditations and with that nod i was taken to the gate and allowed to buy my gate pass

at the gate buying my pass i suddenly realised what laxmi had said that bhagwan had gone into silence...my heart suddenly collapsed what did that mean...that i could not see bhagwan i felt that i would die...and asked a few around what it meant and when they felt bhagwan would come out again they seemed perplexed at my questions as if i did not know anything and the way things moved around here i was new and eager and excited to see bhagwan just relax...calm down...just let go...he has his ways he will come out soon...such chilled cool cats i saw my anxiety and anxiousness immediately i needed to learn this new lingo...just hang out and chill and learn the art of living with ease...go with the flow i was a quick learner

every morning my only question was is bhagwan coming out when would he speak again...when could i get my sannyas and mala

everyday once or twice in my head would be piercing thousands of needles a sweet pain...i would float while walking...i loved doing kundalini it somehow did the trick to balance the needles in my head and made me totally drunk

i soon saw that people began to notice me and look at me in a curious way it was something to do with the effortless glide and slowness of my walk many came near me and would hug me many started to whisper and gossip about me...it was all strange for me i was pure innocence in ecstasy and smiling at everyone i saw i was in love with all and everything...the air was love i walked softly treading with grace and reverence for his buddhafiield and felt bhagwan spread into the air the plants and trees and the earth itself this was his temple...the earth was his heart the air his love i became more and more sensitive to my footsteps

atleast two weeks pass and no sign of bhagwan i have grown into the ashram air and feel vast and tall like the trees but my heart is paining to see him i cry each night hoping perhaps tomorrow i will be lucky



that tomorrow never came

i was in buddha hall dancing when they announced and asked the audience of sannyasins if they were happy bhagwan decided to move to america to loud cheers from everyone...and it was a secret and they officially announced the next day that it was confirmed that bhagwan would not come out again and he was moving to america

blackout for me...i was in tears  
no more bhagwan in this beautiful poona oasis  
where everything was so alive and growing to such a peak  
sudden departure...a new beginning for all sannyasins  
everyone running to sell their possessions and move to america

i was just in shock again...my heart cried out  
i needed to get my financial act together  
get a passport...get an american visa  
i had nothing at all...i had to join bhagwan in america somehow  
whatever it took i was going to make it happen

i had no money left so i took the train third class compartment to delhi  
with a new world of problems to face  
get a job and earn money to get to america  
manage a passport and the impossible american visa

back in delhi...the only thing i had missed were my plants



the very first thing i did was to go to a wood workshop  
make a wooden locket exactly like the poona mala...get wooden beads  
cut out a black and white photo of bhagwan  
take my sannyas under a tree in the lodhi garden

i buy a photo of bhagwans feet...i place my mala onto it each night  
place the feet and mala over my headrest  
sleep peacefully under his feet  
each morning wake up to place the mala gently on my neck  
just the way he gave sannyas and bow three times

buddham sharanam gachchhami  
sangham sharanam gachchhami  
dhammam sharanam gachchhami

this would be my daily morning and nightly remembrance of him

i return to meet my aunt...she was angry i had sold my fridge  
as summer was coming my single room on the rooftop  
was blazing hot in summer and the daily food she arranged would get spoilt

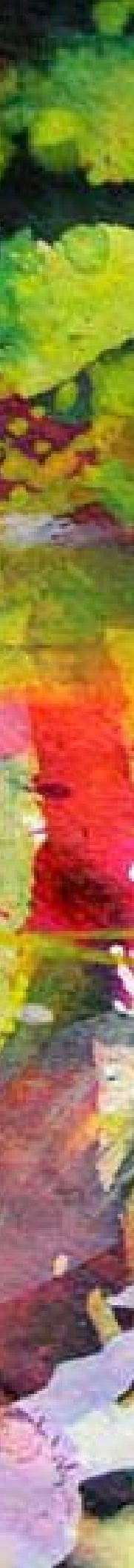
i apologised for the very first time in my life and cried on her shoulder  
that i need help very badly as i wanted to earn money to go to america  
she was surprised at the enthusiasm i had to earn money  
and was happy that i have realised the value of money  
and now valued getting a job and working  
she immediately called joginder uncle in calcutta who needed a reliable  
and honest manager in his delhi office where a small salary of 1600 rupees  
was settled plus expenses and a promise of a raise if i proved my worth

i started to work in total earnest  
being innocent to the amount of money that i would be earning  
the amount required even to get a passport  
the complications of getting the american visa for indians  
the money i would need to save for the air ticket to get to oregon  
i was ready to do anything to be with bhagwan

i was now in the control of the family and their power  
i needed to learn this language  
respecting and earning your daily bread  
i did not want money...i needed money

i went to rajyoga center and borrowed three of bhagwans books at a time  
working in the office during the day...reading a bhagwan book each night  
i must have read atleast two hundred books of bhagwan in these ten months  
as they said that i had read their entire library

i never read to learn anything or for study  
reading him was pure poetry...just sheer bliss  
i could feel his breath in the words and the silences in between as if he  
was there in real life...i just drowned into all that he spoke and into the  
wordless silences that transmitted the real message  
i did not remember anything i was reading  
just the buzz of silence it surrounded me with  
just the continuous rhythm and flow...its ring of truth  
my being was nourished just looking at his photos...his gestures  
i was beginning to feel closer to him by the sheer distance  
having gone to poona and not having seen him in real life  
the flame in me became hungry and searching for him  
i began to appreciate all the great love stories that i had read  
always finding them too sweet and silly



now for the first time i knew what it really felt like  
to be in love with a master  
to burn and be consumed in the flame  
like a moth seeking the light

the job in the company was important as i proved my worth  
i excelled in sales and had great organisational skills  
the small office soon began to have eight fold sales  
my uncle was happy to see my progress  
but more so to see my total enthusiasm and the control he  
now had over me...he raised my salary to 3500 rupees  
and allowed me access to everything in the company

somehow in these months my grandfather was also happy  
and started to arrange money for me through other means  
which i started to collect


i asked my uncle for important favours  
i needed papers and documents of a high earning  
a steady job certificate from a well known company  
a proper residential address...some company documents  
so that i could acquire a passport for travel

it took me six months to get the passport  
now came the difficult part...the american visa  
the travel agent told me it was impossible  
an indian without any travel history...a blank passport  
just nineteen years old...visa impossible

this is where i coined a statement for my life  
that the word impossible did not exist in my dictionary  
all those who have known me say this about me  
that the word impossible does not exist for rajnish

for my american visa application i prepared as many  
documents as possible with special permission from my uncle  
my mothers fame and fathers business standings mentioned  
my salary was shown as 16000 rupees monthly  
i was made a partner in a family firm...work field increased  
personal bio data was hugely exaggerated  
huge financial deposits were shown in my name  
a first class ticket to america was procured  
with a stopover in thailand for holidays





i wore the best suit and tie carried an expensive briefcase  
and appeared before the american visa section  
i was going to america as my parents promised me a holiday  
they were rich and famous  
that i intended to travel abroad frequently was what i stated  
when asked if i would work in america  
i retorted and asked if i looked like a servant to them  
that was enough...the woman interviewer was embarrassed  
the american way...judge a book by its cover

i got my first three month multiple entry visa for america in  
january 1982...ten months for all this to fall into place

celebrations...i had earned my ticket  
my american visa...800 dollars

bhagwan here i come

my travel agent who had a bet with me said  
the word impossible does not exist in the dictionary of rajnish

twenty years old...my first travel out into the world  
i arrive in bangkok  
of course the first visit to the night life of pat pong  
never seen such swinging people into the night  
all drinking and dancing with abandon  
i loved what i saw but felt shy and completely out of place  
a fish out of water  
and not carrying much money except the 800 dollars  
went back to the guest house  
three nights in bangkok

on to tokyo for one night stopover  
it was 31 december...new years eve  
too expensive to venture out  
the airline put us up in narita in a beautiful hotel  
they arranged champagne for all at the rooftop bar  
i could feel that i simply did not belong in such situations  
had my dinner and went to sleep

morning flight to los angeles  
flying over the international dateline

new year celebrations again...was this a good omen  
celebrating the new year twice

first landing in america...surprised that i just felt normal  
and no real excitement to be in the usa at twenty years of age  
i felt lost and totally confused at the vast distances in los angeles  
just cars and cars and freeways and freeways  
how and where did people actually meet  
this was alien country for me  
i felt really miserable and disconnected with whatever i see

i was to meet my friend in san diego  
who would help me in america and arrange to get me to oregon

took the greyhound and arrived in san diego  
felt much better there...the beaches and the city were more accessible  
one actually could see people strolling about on the promenade

instead of arranging to help me get to oregon  
i soon realise that my friend just needed someone to share the expenses  
in his apartment as this started to finish all my money

i called oregon and they immediately began with  
what visa did i have and as an indian how long was i allowed to stay  
how much money was i carrying  
that 50000 dollars was required to live in the commune  
i simply could not understand what these people were talking about  
they seemed distant and cold...i knew my trip to oregon would not happen  
i felt disconnected towards the commune

i began to realise that i was just naive and stupid  
unprepared for the realities of money and the world  
i was already miserable with the american culture and environment  
no real food for vegetarians  
i withdrew into my shell and wanted to leave as soon as possible  
two months in san diego learning about the cost of food living and travel  
oregon was out of my reach  
not wanting to overstay my visa  
and lose all possibility of ever coming back to america  
i returned to india and planned to prepare properly and come again

it took one year  
this time i had spoken to my relatives who arranged for me  
to directly go to my mothers sister usha aunty near chicago  
she had promised to take care of me and get me to live  
and work in her two motels in waukegan illinois  
this way i would be financially able to go to oregon atleast for festivals  
as i could not afford to be a resident in the commune

i land in new york 9 january 1983  
usha aunty was kind and understood that the only reason i was working  
day and night in her motel was because i wanted to save up money  
to go to oregon every three months  
i soon realise her gujarati husband only wanted to have me working  
they fired the cleaning women and the manager  
and soon i began to manage the sixteen bedroom motel all alone  
the laundry and toilets and rooms and checkin and checkout  
all a one man show...with not even an hours break  
to make it worse this motel was only frequented by marines  
who had a training base nearby...always rowdy and drunk and messy  
all the rooms were constantly upside down  
i was just running around cleaning the rooms and preparing for the next  
drunken marine to enter and trash the room again  
sometimes cleaning rooms in minus 30 degrees windchill at 2 am

i never complained and was content as long as they allowed me to go to  
oregon for ten days during the festival celebrations  
the first opportunity i got i called and arranged to go for the july festival  
at which my uncle blew his fuse asking me as to who would take care of  
the motel during my holidays

the promised pay that i was accumulating of just 300 dollars a month never came to me...he said that if he gave me my salary i would only go to oregon and waste it with that sex guru bhagwan all this was too much for me...i just packed my bag and left for chicago to go to new york to meet another uncle there my aunt rushed after me and paid me 800 dollars for the four months work i had done there...apologising for the way my uncle behaved...he never respected anyone always overworked underpaid and threw out the best

oregon was not to be

on a greyhound on the road again...i arrived in new york in the plush manhattan apartment of another uncle vijay and aunty kiki who were extremely loving and kind towards me they were perhaps the first who actually sat and heard my whole story but suggested that i work...grow up before i set about my wish for sannnyas

my uncle was vice president of the oberoi group in new york and not wanting me to become illegal in america was arranging for me to go to india and work for them in delhi

i told them i felt i needed to go to london where a rich and famous uncle of mine lived...perhaps he would give me a job

they lovingly bought me an air ticket for london the first time i had actually received something from anyone in my life i promised to pay them back...which i eventually did a few years later

london may 1983

my london billionaire uncle swraj paul says he is busy and to call back after three weeks and make an appointment with his secretary





i call on a friend from india settled in london in the garment business  
who was very happy to help me...as he himself needed help  
he and his wife had recently separated...he was always travelling  
his house was in a mess...his one man garment business in shambles  
with too much stock of clothes to sell  
i fitted perfectly into his plans and it worked out ideally for me

i cleaned out his house...cleared out his messy office  
started to sell the piled up stocks of garments  
and within a few weeks it was clear that i had the skills for selling  
and managing a company single handedly  
my friend was overjoyed and we had an ideal working arrangement  
seeing the results he was generous  
i was actually earning 1000 pounds a month  
and i began to love london and the garment district

finally some light in the end of this financial black tunnel  
my streak of good luck was soon to run out as my friend had to close his  
london office and manage the company factory and exports from india

i had now been in london for a year  
i had learnt much and gained valuable experience  
so i created a shelf company  
started designing for my own label and importing into london  
not legally allowed to earn in the uk i created a front company  
with a cousin of my mothers  
my company was selling evening wear for women  
designed by me under my label renei...manufactured in india  
and i was soon in the christmas windows of harvey nichols selling in  
selfridges, dickens and jones  
in every top end store in bond street knightsbridge and oxford street  
sequined evening wear was a hit in london



my designs were outrageous and modern  
i had earned the reputation of high end designer with a low price tag  
after the initial setup company expenditure and about a dozen flight tickets  
to and from india i had profited over 25000 pounds...about 35000 dollars  
the oregon dream seemed a reality  
with 50000 dollars i could become a resident

i was almost two years in london and life was beautiful  
i woke up each morning to his feet and wore my mala  
to bows of buddham sharanam gachcchami

i was invited to milan italy by a famous international brand  
to assist in their design development and arrange garments from india  
this would be my last money trip and then back to india and then to oregon

i mentioned this to my cousin who held my front company for me  
everything from my contracts with department stores for my renei label  
to import documents...bank accounts...all were in his name  
i was living simply and taking money only for food and the  
london underground tube each month with no real other expenses  
living in his house and paying him for accommodation

on my return with a successful business deal and orders from milan  
i was stopped at customs and taken in for an interview  
i was told they had information that i was earning in the uk  
and running a business against the stipulations on my tourist visa  
and that i was not going to be allowed into the country  
i was stunned and immediately realised that perhaps my cousin had  
reported on me to try and steal my money  
he had a boring government job to do with social securities and was  
always interested in my company seeing the huge profits

i became clear and stated that mine was only an indian company  
exporting garments to the uk and that my cousin was importing the  
garments on credit and was not intending to pay my indian company  
and that i had come to collect the outstanding dues  
the customs officer accepted my story  
and instead of the usual three months i was given a two week entry visa

i called my cousin from the airport  
he sounded surprised that i was actually back in london  
i realised that he had been trying to cheat me  
he never came to the airport...pretended that his mother was in hospital

and that his house was locked and he would see me in two or three days when i went there he complained to the local police that i was a stranger who was forcibly trying to enter his house

i called india to hear he had been in india during the week i spent in milan had made contracts to continue my renei business with other suppliers and when i called my buyers at harvey nichols and selfridges they said they were told that i was only working as the designer that my cousin owned the company and had fired me from my job



back on the streets again

lost all my hard earnings of 35000 dollars to a thief and scoundrel there was nothing i could do as the entire company was in his name

i returned to India and my friends were shocked as they all knew how hard i was working for my dream of sannyas my manufacturers to whom i had given business wanted to back me financially and help me somehow...my designs were hot sellers by now i had successful business contacts in london paris italy and greece as well as milan and new york

i had to rebuild their confidence in me do some freelance designing and receive design fees and within five months my main garment exporter decided to give me credit of 20000 dollars for garments i could not go to london...uk immigration was now alert the demand for my particular evening wear been taken over by my cousin he had left his government job and started running my company so i plan to go for the big markets of new york and los angeles which would bring me closer to oregon

while in india i read notes of a madman  
which is to become my most loved and favourite book of bhagwans  
simply surpassing all other books as bhagwan is speaking just to himself  
no audience...pure expressions of being himself and experiencing bliss  
this book i read atleast ten times  
buy fifty copies at a time and give as my only present to friends

at the same time i read books i have loved  
so i make a complete list of all the books  
and go to piccadilly book store in delhi  
this old man becomes one of my closest friends  
he loves collecting the greatest books in his small store in connaught place  
taking immense pride in keeping his bookshop stocked with almost all titles  
he works out a deal for all the books on my list  
arranges about ninety titles and i start another journey of reading  
the book of mirdad, tao te ching, j krishnamurti, raman maharishi,  
ramakrishna, gurdjieff, richard bach, herman hesse, leo tolstoy, paul reps

i arrive back in america 25 october 1985

the shipment of garments worth 20000 dollars landed in american customs  
i was working out import methods with a friend  
while carrying samples of the latest designs to pre sell  
with my knowledge and credit for the garments  
i would sell and regain the money in a matter of two or three months  
every garment sold at over 100 percent profit  
it was simple now...just push sales and some hard work



i remember that morning 29 october 1985  
i received a phone call at about 9.30 am  
i was sleeping in my relatives house in pasadena los angeles  
wake up...turn on the tv...see the news

bhagwan is arrested

the commune is destroyed

in disbelief i turn on the tv in the drawing room  
in the news bhagwan smiling coming off a plane with handcuffs  
fbi agents surrounding him with guns

what the hell...am i in a nightmare

i pick up the table lamp and smash the tv  
i am furious and could have killed anyone that moment



how can they do this to bhagwan  
handcuffs and body chains  
absolutely horrific  
and totally unacceptable  
to chain a fragile divine being



do they know what they are doing  
can they not see his divine presence  
chains on his graceful  
and delicate hands  
guns surrounding him

bhagwan smiling  
radiant and graceful  
his face utterly calm and a sparkling  
twinkle in his eyes

first thing that morning  
i still remember that image

the world has gone mad




my life has come to an end  
now there is nowhere to go  
no oregon  
no running after bhagwan  
no need to make money  
a wall in front of my eyes  
and the image of him  
in chains handcuffed



i am a dragon breathing fire  
outraged with nowhere  
to vent this anger  
mind frozen  
what am i going to do





in sheer explosive anger  
i close my eyes for the first time  
and hear a silent voice

your enlightenment is all you can give to me

your anger can be used positively  
burn the candle at both ends

be total  
go in

your enlightenment is my only protection

i got the message loud and clear from bhagwan

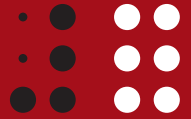
go in...just go in

i call the commune  
no one is really answering the phone  
saying they do not know what is going to happen  
it seems it is the end of the commune

i wanted to leave america and return to india  
i disliked america and what they had done to him  
to the commune  
to my sannyasins whom i loved and adored  
their collective blood sweat and tears to build  
the greatest oasis on earth of a living buddha

they had destroyed the future of millions of seekers

i rush downtown to my importers...try and work  
out a lump sum deal to sell all the garments  
in one clearance lot to a jobber at cost price  
and arrange to clear the balance and  
pay back the indian company and leave america  
twenty five days to clear out and pay back their  
money having saved up just 2000 dollars



i came back to india with a heavy heart  
focused with the task ahead  
full of fire...full of rebellion and determined to take my inner revenge  
channel my anger...burn inside...be totally consumed  
i could do it...enlightenment was my nature  
just a total and sincere effort  
i knew i knew the how...now was the time...just die

i do not know where to begin my inner dive  
i think it will be the himalayan mountains  
perhaps in a retreat in pokra nepal  
i go to my friend tripsout travel harish buddhraj  
and start talking about what happened to bhagwan and the commune  
that i was going to start deep meditations  
and was looking for a suitable place in the mountains  
and to get me a ticket for kathmandu

strangely he suggested i go to the poona ashram...i was surprised as i had heard the ashram was closed after bhagwan left for america he pointed out and gave me the latest rajneesh times lying next to him saying his friend sardar gurudayal singh always sent him a copy the poona ashram was open with twenty sannyasins living there...perfect just what i was looking for...a quiet place with all meditations happening a one way ticket for poona please harish

i was like a person on death row  
absolutely resolute that i was on a mission  
i wanted to be total and focused...no idle friendships...no talking to anyone  
just there to meditate and absolutely nothing else...full stop

i leave behind all my possessions...have only one orange robe stitched completely plain...buttonless...straight and simple  
a pair of bata chappals  
and take the newspaper photo of bhagwan chained and handcuffed  
my own handmade mala...his feet

i want to have no distractions whatsoever  
be simple and live simple and focused...no more postponement  
i must reach enlightenment...do or die

i again arrive at the poona ashram gateless gate  
and become absolutely still...this is the gate to my masters temple  
whenever i enter this beautiful wooden gate the air around me changes  
the air is uplifting...i am transported into another world  
the mystery school of bhagwan...his blessed buddhafield

the gateless gate...again i am asked who i am and why i have come  
strange is this the way they always greet people...always suspicious

i am sent to meet the stern and hard swami swabhav  
who immediately starts to lecture me and tell me that i must learn to  
balance my life...zorba the buddha...asks how much money i have  
to support myself...that this place is only for working people  
that work is worship and was the only way i could be here  
otherwise i was not allowed

i say that i have read over two hundred books of bhagwan  
i mentioned that i wanted to focus only on meditation and sit silently  
and that i did not wish to work...and meditation was my only work  
angry with me he felt i had no understanding of bhagwans wishes  
that work was worship...that meditation without work was laziness

he was single pointed in his approach and fixed that i was not welcome  
i made it clear that i was financially able to manage my life  
that i did not want nor asked for residence like the others  
and that i would simply buy my monthly gate pass and pay for my food  
come in to meditate...and leave in the night...live outside the ashram  
this infuriated him as he felt that i was not to be dominated and controlled  
like other helpless indians depended on the support of the ashram

i tell him about coming to poona in 1981 when i could not get the mala  
from bhagwan nor the official sannyas  
i am sad and with folded hands ask him to please give me sannyas  
he becomes soft and smiles...he is happy that i have finally buckled  
and somehow need his help

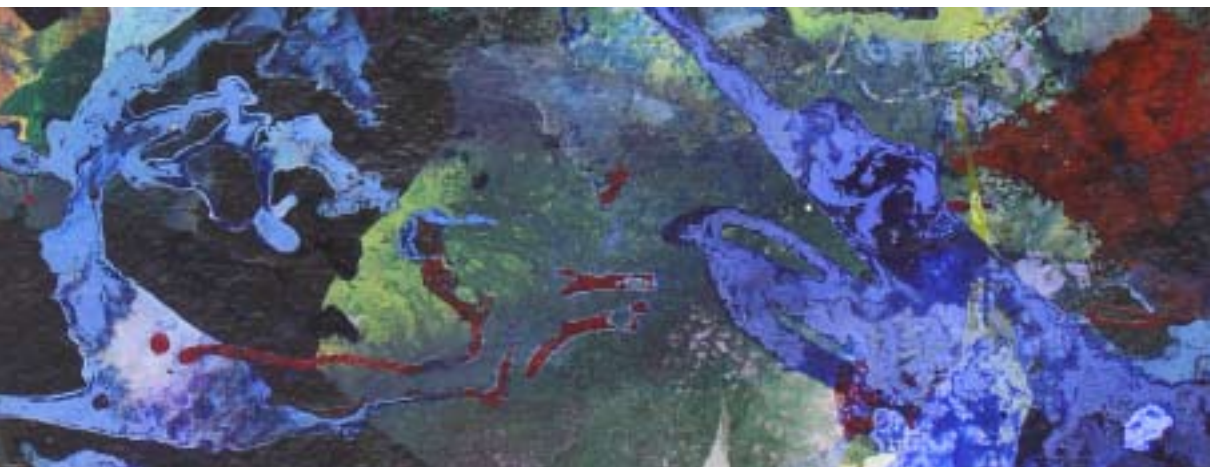
he was always hard throughout my experiences with him  
but i actually loved him as i could clearly see that he was sincere and  
genuine in his love for bhagwan and was really only concerned with  
sannyasins meditating if they entered the ashram  
and were not there just fooling around  
that they took his authority seriously

a few days later the issue of my name came up  
swami swabhav by now came to see i was really innocent soft and simple  
and my name rajnish suited me and decided to give me sannyas and my  
mala with the name swami rajnish bharti  
and soon people started to call me rajneesh

i could still feel the air thick with bhagwan  
the ashram was vibrating with his presence and for me it was heaven again  
i could be there with no hindrance allowed to move anywhere  
to walk behind buddha grove

where bhagwan lived  
the sacred lao tzu gate always etched in my heart  
everything stops for me whenever i come to this gate

lao tzu gate was open which was almost a shock for me  
i remember each time i had passed by that gate in 1981  
my breathing would slow down and i would pause silently and go inward  
bowing deeply to my master...time would stop  
it has been my way forever...and even to this very day  
just the memory of the gate stills me...it is the door to my temple



the gate is open...but i do not walk in...it is too sacred  
i feel that only when i really deserve will i pass through these gates  
i walk silently by...this gate has become a standstill  
the deepest moment for me

up to now it was just reading and reading  
running around to be near bhagwan...dreaming of that day i would see him  
hundreds of emotional moments...few days of kundalini...no actual sitting  
the real hard part now was actually meditating

i go to hotel sunderban next door  
the unfriendly guard says they are closed...and they are not renting rooms  
saying i want a room for one year i insist that i want to meet the owner  
a car drives by...mr talera enters the sunderban  
i meet him and request him to give me a room  
he laughs and says that he has never met anyone like me...just the way  
i requested him for a room...laughingly says there are ghosts living there  
and that i would be good company for them  
and agrees to give me a room for 1200 rupees a month  
i tell him i want nothing in the room  
just a mattress on the floor...an empty room

a beautiful manicured garden...stretches of roses in the entrance  
a convenient large covered veranda facing the garden  
the ashram next door...i am ready

it is march 1986 i am now twenty four years of age  
and as one could imagine i must set some spiritual target  
achievements and deadlines for myself  
for my enlightenment

i hear that bhagwans enlightenment day is 21 march  
too soon for any possible achievement  
then there is masters day celebration in july  
perfect day for a present for bhagwan  
a disciple can only give his enlightenment to the master  
so i set my deadline...ninety days

in all the books i have read of bhagwan  
there is so much in so many directions...where do i start  
i have to find some sort of simple and easy starting point  
which i could follow and use as a measure of my progress

i work it all out mentally  
solid...liquid...gas...three stages towards enlightenment

first month shake and dissolve the solid foundation  
second month flow with the river and become liquid  
third month experience the subtle and drown into invisible and vaporise

simple...dont make it complicated...follow this method  
watch the progress daily...and if nothing happens...intensify the method

i could never get up in the mornings...always 1 to 2 pm in the afternoon  
this was ok i feel...i can compensate as i could meditate late into the night  
and am always awake till 3 am

clearly dynamic meditation was not on my list  
and justifiable as my body is already very fragile  
and i really do not have such a solid foundation to shake up anyway  
so i do kundalini meditation seriously and totally everyday

i begin kundalini  
shaking...so totally that the shaking actually happens on its own  
the music moving the body in high rhythm...drenched in sweat  
dance...i cannot move my feet  
the upper torso waving like a tall bamboo...something pulls me upwards  
sitting...my crown piercing with needles  
crown pulled up with a strong force stretching my neck  
lying down...dead still...i white out...no remembrance  
just the dong of the bell...i am back



start my silent sittings  
i soon realise that it is very difficult to sit still  
not much mind really...just the body in severe pain and fidgety  
unsettled and very painful  
never ever sat cross legged before in my life...totally uncomfortable

i cannot even manage to sit still  
every ten minutes i open my eyes...it is very difficult just sitting  
time simply does not pass...even ten minutes is too long  
the body aching and wanting to stand up and move about

how will i ever get to enlightenment this way  
just how ridiculous and stupid i felt with my ninety day target

i open my eyes...the picture of bhagwan stares at me...him in chains  
i am furious again...i close my eyes angry with myself  
i am just spineless and weak...cannot even sit  
and angrily tell my body to shut up and get used to the pain  
there is no other way...there is simply no choice  
just ignore the pain...discipline myself...if one has to die then just die  
a huge struggle and war over mind and body  
each time losing  
opening my eyes to see bhagwan in chains  
unbearable to see this image  
closing my eyes and continuing to dive in...in...in...in

twenty days or so...only kundalini meditation  
then intensely sitting the rest of the day...start to clock the time i am sitting  
and soon one hour seems too short...then three hours...then six hours  
perfect amount of sitting

now i begin to feel a certain control over my body  
and feel some sort of achievement...a certain inner power  
a will activated over the mind

i start to consciously experiment and direct my sitting  
what does *in* really mean  
do i just sit with eyes closed and feel the interiority of my body  
and feel the inner gripping me from the inside  
or is *in* a kundalini column in the spine  
or is *in* deep near the navel  
do i dive *in* with my breath compressed  
do i need to use my breath to direct and to guide my dive *in*  
many questions...go *in*...where is the *in*



these questions haunt me and i experiment hours and hours each night  
with different sets of experiments...it is so engrossing and intense  
i love each moment of these dives  
it is clear that there is another universe inside  
far deeper and more vast in content  
a great scientist is needed to go in and observe all these possible layers  
all these multidimensional perspectives of experience inside  
what a joy...sheer joy...it is becoming interesting and time is just flying  
perhaps i am flying into many new layers...the mystery deepens  
i am not looking for results anymore...the journey is getting a grip over me

my simple method is working  
kundalini shakeup...shakeup the solid  
then sit still three hours in the evening  
i have now begun to look forward to sitting each night undisturbed  
9 pm till 3 am...six hours into the night...total nine hours sitting each day

it is becoming clear to me that somehow the buddhafield was activating  
and magnifying many of the dormant inner spaces i was experiencing  
when i was a child in the mountains during my school days  
everything inside me was becoming alive  
and i was giving it complete trust and support

these days and nights of intense sittings of nine hours daily  
i begin to realise that that every night i sleep eleven or so hours  
i should add the sleep time for continuous meditation  
and began to practise falling asleep slowly reclining  
and as if the sittings are continuing...sleeping every night into this state  
i soon get up in the morning to a huge upward pull and begin to  
experience a vast energy pool surrounding me

having gained some sense of direction and control over my sittings  
the solid part is over i feel

i have become more flowing and liquid...my days are changing  
i begin experimenting with my previous experiences of walking  
walking becomes much slower...lighter and buoyant  
the childhood experiences start manifesting themselves  
the earlier weightless walking experiences become more dense  
yet begins feeling more like a gliding motion  
sannyasins in the ashram are beginning to notice me now  
earlier i was sitting away from their view  
now i am walking every day behind buddha grove...all eyes are on me  
especially swami swabhav...always checking on me  
i am causing him trouble as people begin talking about  
the way i walk just like bhagwan  
that my name is rajneesh like bhagwan  
that i remind them of bhagwan  
alarm bells for his ears

i am silent...i do not speak to anyone and they think that i am dumb  
i dont listen to others and they think that i am deaf...literally  
soon they think that i am too arrogant  
others think that i pretend to be enlightened...holier than thou

i am too engrossed and pay no attention  
the days and nights are too short...deeply immersed in this experiment  
each day the thread leads into the next day  
i must follow this trail that is deepening and unravelling before me

i can feel that someone is leading me...and that i am not alone  
i have a guide hovering over me...i can feel a presence  
my body is walking without walking...someone is carrying it  
it moves without the slightest effort from me...a glide has begun  
i have become vertical light...it moves the body  
experiencing bodylessness



i recollect some experiences on walking slowly  
i could speak a thousand pages on these experiments

walking and feeling my whole body move from feet to head  
i focus on the earth in front of me  
totally focused on my walk  
on the simple movements of walking

as the body slows down the breath slows down  
a new inner breathing takes over  
it is cool fragrant and sweet  
it pulls my head upwards and i stop thinking  
just me and my footsteps  
no thoughts  
just a blank space

my head has needles piercing through it  
it is painful yet intoxicating

it makes me drunk  
the air is becoming thick  
with a new sensation of warmth  
and something holding me from all around



i am called in by swami swabhav  
who tells me to become normal and not to act holier than thou  
and that he cannot tolerate me pretending to be enlightened  
imitating bhagwan...to drop my ego...stop vipassana meditations  
that i was becoming mad or would soon become mad  
and to start working in the ashram like the others...just be normal

i could feel his glare on me everyday when i walked behind buddha grove  
perhaps he did not understand me  
was misguided by sannyasins in krishna house office  
narendra was sly and calculating  
maitreya kept out of ashram politics and was silent  
a huge opposition was building up against me

i now walk every day two to three hours behind buddha grove  
the gentle slope rising...the gentle slope descending...a perfect pathway

i feel like a huge pillar passing through my body  
and at the same time begin to experience  
a ball floating above me  
the huge ball rolling in the wind above me

just like a tall pillar waving the body below  
my feet continue walking in a strange movement  
i cannot feel my feet on the earth  
just a sensation of hovering above the ground

both feet have become one  
the right moving the left and the left moving the right


it is a strange slow motion  
yet has a balanced slow rhythmic movement  
you must follow its paces

a tall and thin pillar waves the walking body below  
a huge ball suspended above balancing the back and forth motion

i have to walk very slowly otherwise the ball loses balance  
the pillar loses the rhythm and i must stop walking

soon the inevitable call to the office by swami swabhav  
i am advised to stop walking slowly and told vipassana was not allowed by  
bhagwan without doing dynamic meditation and work as worship  
it kept one grounded and i was going cuckoo...to watch out  
or i would soon be banned for my own good  
that he had given me sannyas and was his duty to tell me about my ego





i asked him as to who actually gave me sannyas  
stating that if he was present when sannyas was given  
then it was his ego...that one was a hollow bamboo pure  
and empty during sannyas  
and that only bhagwan could give me sannyas  
and i returned the mala  
i was banned from the ashram

i continued deeper into my walking experiments  
now beginning to walk in the hotel garden at night  
walking with a blindfold to intensify the experience


a needle through my crown piercing and pulling tight  
my walk has found its perfect rhythm...a balance so perfect  
like walking on a tightrope suspended across the sky  
perfect balance...no fear of falling left or right  
pure grace...pure harmony...sheer joy and ecstasy  
just walking at that pace slowly...reaching an orgasmic high

all movement around me becomes slow motion  
as if i am in a dream  
the air stops...my breathing stops  
and everything around me freezes  
a huge yawning pit confronts me  
if i move i will fall into this deep hole

i stop completely frozen  
the earth below me opens into a deep deep pit  
i cannot look down...i am swallowed into it  
a rushing sound sucks me in...deeper and deeper  
i stand immobile in shock...still in darkness  
eternity seems to pass by  
and suddenly an explosion of light  
all around me twinkling  
with millions of sparkling lights

have i fallen into a tube  
or am i rising into the sky  
a tall tube a pillar of light pulls me upwards  
i feel my feet lift off the ground  
gravity has left my body





soon i begin to have strange experiences

the ball i feel rolling over me  
seems to become larger and larger  
the pillar experience stronger and more rooted into the earth  
i realise the stillness i am drowning into creates a reflective  
pool...a sort of mirror over me...watching me below  
i have begun to see balls of light hovering over people  
a certain radiance emitting from a few people

i have read bhagwan saying several times  
go into the centre of your being  
i go again into my inner questioning

where is the centre of the being  
is it a vertical centre...is it the centre of the navel  
is the centre the top of the crown  
i try to dive into each of these inner pathways  
look deeply in to see what would mean the centre

totally confused if the kundalini experience  
like a tall pillar of vertical light...was the vertical centre  
or the ball of light floating above me was my centre  
but i always assumed the navel was the centre

i reason that since i am not the body  
not the mind...not the emotions  
and am just a detached witness  
perhaps the centre would not be located inside the body  
and was a point of witness outside

i reason  
if the centre was part of a circle  
then a sphere would be more correct  
and therefore the centre  
would actually mean the very centre of the sphere

my experiences of walking were dual in nature  
a tall vertical pillar of light  
and a huge ball rolling and floating above me  
i dug deeply into this enquiry  
both seemed correct  
the vertical and the spherical  
but which one

soon i began to experiment with the sphere as my centre  
it seemed more correct as it was a detached witness  
not connected with the bodymind sensory experiences  
and with this new method began  
to look upon myself from an eagles eye view  
from the distant horizon  
and people around me start seeing that i have a blank  
and passionless expression on my face...it seems dead and lifeless

to add to this dead look  
i began experimenting with darkness and the black of the night  
i was simply drawn magnetically to drowning into the black night  
and make my room completely dark pitch black  
i loved the black  
i remember the nights i stared into the blackness of the night  
it seemed too much light was present in the atmosphere  
and i could not go deeper into the black  
so i chose to use a blindfold and sit into the night

it was becoming more and more intense  
and more and more exciting for me...this adventure was exhilarating  
i was sucked into it

the night blindfold sittings began to see new windows opening  
and i became aware that my innerbody was not actually dark  
but was actually filled with a blue spark flowing and animated  
and that it was protected and surrounded with a deep black  
which was velvety and soft in nature  
and the more i was drowned into it the more i felt a calm envelope me  
the blue light inside becoming denser and more animated  
i knew that i was reaching some sort of explosion of light





two months had passed  
i sent a feeler through a sannyasin with an apology to swami swabhav  
his response was beautiful and he welcomed me back with a smile  
and seeing his lighter side and warmth  
i began to love him from that moment onwards  
i felt that i was wrong to have given back my sannyas and mala  
and apologised asking for my mala back  
by now swami narendra was unhappy with me and convinced swami  
swabhav that i take my sannyas again with a new name akam bharti  
just to teach me a lesson and make me drop my ego of the name rajnish

i was egoless about the rajnish name  
and accepted wholeheartedly with no conditions  
any name chosen was fine for me  
so i became swami akam bharti  
but everyone just called me rajneesh

it was now july and my deadline was running out  
i must make it to enlightenment by masters day celebration  
just twenty days or so

my daily activities saw tremendous changes  
i was walking each step consciously  
moving my each hand consciously...standing or sitting with alertness  
every single gesture or bodily movement was watched by me  
and i became known as the slow motion man  
the slow walking man  
it was easy and effortless on my part  
it was arousing and made me feel intoxicated  
every movement became a joy to watch...the sheer grace it offered  
and the very experience of grace was overwhelming  
and a gift...it became part of my daily life...of meditateness

my intensity increased  
i was almost insane in my endeavour  
i blamed myself for not going deep enough  
i was only meditating nine hours each day  
plus adding the sleep of the night...nineteen hours  
i was wasting five hours in non essentials  
so i put it on paper that i should meditate twelve hours...sleep nine hours  
two hours for morning shower and tea and one hour evening dinner

i must knock on more doors  
experiment with more methods that were not familiar with my mind

to add another dimension to my night meditation  
i went to sleep every night as if i was dead  
and went deeper and deeper into imagining i had died  
and that they were taking my body to burn

my sleep became lighter and i felt wide awake most nights  
so i decided there was no need to really sleep  
i was completely fresh and rested and decided i need to push more deeply







i was aware that many layers of experiences were gathering  
a kind of multidimensional collective understanding  
was now converging to some sort of bigger opening  
it was a vague feeling  
yet i was certain that i was hearing my inner voice  
assuring me i was close  
to something

ten days to my deadline

i decide to sit for seven days completely in silence and not move at all



there is a little courtyard in sunderban with a small lemon tree  
this was a perfect spot to sit unnoticed  
absolutely no disturbance

i started my final seven days dive  
totally resolute and now more intensely focused

it all started with this seven days ultimatum

my body started to get very very hot...i was getting high fever  
and continuously sweating...moaning in high fever in my sleep  
the next day the body started to get ice cold  
to shiver and shiver...my teeth chattering  
it was all strange  
one day intense heat...another day intense cold  
perhaps i had pushed too much  
so i let go and dropped pushing as i would only get sick this way



something in my body started to break down  
i was feeling a transparent vapour surrounding me  
cool and nourishing...like a silent guide

the intensity and focus made my bodymind obedient to my wishes  
supporting my every wish and desire  
i had released a genie from the bottle

sitting still...just sitting still  
i began to realise that the air outside was not empty  
it was thick with energy enveloping and gripping me from the outside  
and that there was some energy thick and gripping me from the inside  
perhaps if they were to meet...the inner and outer were to become one

so i become absolutely still  
and focus on stillness  
breathing in...breathing out  
i began to focus only on the gaps  
in breath gap...out breath gap  
this gap was my new focus

there start to come moments where i would forget to breathe in or out  
long pauses in the gap began to appear  
and a sudden feeling that i was falling into something  
just slipping into some sort of tunnel in the gaps  
it was extremely scary as i realised for the first time  
i was in a very complex focal point in between the breath on the gap  
several times the fear of the breath stopping drew me into a blackout  
and i could hear a tunnelling sound as if being sucked into a vacuum  
it was scary but still very exciting

as my stillness became more and more compressed  
i also began to experience an expansion of the stillness

new experiences began to surface

my body started to smell of jasmine  
the scent was so overpowering that it began to intoxicate me  
and my eyelids became heavier and heavier  
the intoxication extremely heavy and thick  
i was moving into a trance like state  
heavy sleep surrounding me

i was losing my mental grip on my daily controlled routine  
this intoxication was simply overpowering  
i was blissed out and let go  
no more routine  
just go with this trance and let it take over

the experience of sound became strange  
it was almost as if sound came from everywhere  
and i was sitting inside it...like ripples all moving in circles...around me  
the more i experienced this the more i became aware of my silences

it was becoming deafening...the ripples around me  
the silences deepened  
i was being drowned into a sound of a hum  
humming like millions of bees in my head  
sometimes it was too loud...unbearable  
but it was out of my control

my touch began to expand  
the rock i sat on felt almost like feathers  
i could feel my hands were alive with a feather like touch

i am now always looking upwards  
the spot between my eyebrows was in a hypnotic state  
a drill like force pressing into it gripping my forehead like a bench vice  
i could not look down  
my eyes always looking up to the sky  
as if waiting for something to appear in front of me

while my inner senses started reaching outwards  
i could feel that they were also moving inwards...a merger  
inside to outside and outside to inside  
sensitivity grew...there were no more walls  
i was vaporising

my body starts expanding and stretching like a balloon  
i feel the currents in the air merging with me

from nowhere and everywhere  
from the sky, the earth, the grass, the trees, the rocks, the air  
all becoming animate and everything started to pour into me  
my body has disappeared  
i was completely transparent and vulnerable

layers and layers suddenly start opening in front of me  
i am trying hard to manage and control these experiences  
a multitude of experiences all pouring down into me

i need to go to the toilet...i feel a huge let go of my bowels  
everything had flushed out of me  
my body seemed to be preparing for something

every pore of the skin starts to ooze something out of the body  
it is thick like honey flowing out of the entire skin  
i become sticky...the body feels creamy...and soft like a baby

i experience a tall kundalini like opening  
a fast torrent of vertical movement into the sky  
my head starts to suddenly gain pressure...suddenly drop pressure  
the push inside my skull is very painful  
and i begin to cry within myself  
and wish all this would somehow stop  
it was too much...someone please stop this...i was exploding

it has started to rain  
my breathing becoming more clear and open  
my entire body is porous and breathing  
i am becoming a breath myself

i find an umbrella...it does not remain over my head  
but is swung violently to the right  
i try again to bring it above my head...it is swung to the left  
i cannot keep the umbrella above me  
i let it go...the rain is coming down  
strangely i see the rain parting above me...the rain is not falling on me  
the force of this vertical torrent is dividing the rainfall  
i am walking as if in a magical dream

the trees and greenery have become psychedelic  
the air is becoming full of lights and brilliant  
colours dancing like rainbows with the rain drops  
everything i see is becoming more and more bright  
with different colours emanating in each direction  
every moment is alive with the newness of change  
but too much for my sensory experience to absorb  
the stream is too fast  
this was all too much...too sudden

for the first time i see something large and black looming above me  
in reality i was becoming very afraid

i rush to the ashram for guidance  
and request swami swabhav to be allowed to stay inside for a few days

the place was getting prepared for the july celebrations  
people attending could pay for accommodation inside the ashram  
my requested was not granted  
with the answer that they always warned me i would go mad  
that i never listened to anyone  
now find out for yourself

i go to swami maitreya who just smiles and says  
he does not know what to do and to ask swami narendra who knows  
swami narendra sees my condition  
does not want to deal with me in any way but gently and lovingly advises  
me to cover my head and eat food to get grounded  
i thank him and follow his advice

i had not eaten in the last days  
and the food in the ashram brings me down  
and i cover my head with a handkerchief  
sannyasins look at me in strange ways  
my eyes look very strange and drunk  
whoever looks at me is fixed into my eyes  
my third eye has become active  
one sannyasin follows me asking me if he could do anything for me  
bring me anything...anything please  
his eyes are fixed...he is in a trance...locked into my space  
i try lovingly to release him from this connection  
people are watching him follow me so reverently  
they start to gossip

i feel i can now manage to return to sunderban  
the road is dark...i cannot feel the earth any more  
i place my footsteps into dark holes of nothingness  
i must just keep my balance  
i feel my left side fall away...the right side fall away  
a tall vertical beam of light is my guide  
an open tunnel  
the kundalini has uncoiled and i feel tall a hundred metres into the sky  
over the trees of the ashram



nothing seems to stop these experiences now

i cannot even enter the hotel...i feel crushed when i enter the corridor  
i can sense its entire pathway  
even sense the open window in the distance  
my body glides exactly in the centre of the corridor  
turns left exactly on the turn...all on its own  
i realise that i am being centred by some force  
that some new perfection is being experienced  
if i move my right hand the left follows in harmony  
right step moves the left  
every upward motion balances the lower motion  
forward the back

i am pure perfection  
pure grace in motion  
grace has a new divine revelation

the head covered temporary settles the piercing in my skull  
but the food brings a new rush of energy again  
the head exploding into the night  
the night of struggle is endless

i remember it is about 8 pm  
from one dimension i am in total bliss  
and another i am in sheer panic  
so much is happening...i cannot go inside the hotel

tonight i will be in the courtyard under the lemon tree

tired and exhausted from all these sudden changes  
i sit under the tree and look upwards  
the mysterious black hole that was floating above me  
is now hovering a few feet above

the strong jasmine is overpowering me  
i am totally exhausted from all this stimulus

i feel the black envelope me  
and i fall fall fall fall  
endlessly fall  
  
into a black pit  
a black hole









it must have lasted hours  
but i am soon awakened  
i can see  
from the inside  
that i have fallen into something

the fall still continues  
but gentle and relaxed  
like a soft feather descending  
through a tunnel

i am seeing a new universe  
all is light  
lines of vertical experiences flash by me  
i can see my past lives rush before me  
in an instant  
in seconds  
somehow i can feel see and recall everything  
compressed and intensely  
everything becomes six dimensional

i see touch feel experience all at once  
all alive as if it were the real world  
and the real world only imaginary  
i see my life with buddha  
my life as a tibetan lama  
visions stretch before this seeing eye

i see my body re living these memories  
moving and releasing  
softly into these experiences

i see my body moaning and moving gently withinwards  
the muscles relaxing  
untying the locks of all these lives

endlessly these images continue  
animal lives  
last thing i remember  
swimming as a fish

in the ocean





it seems an eternity has passed

i do not know how long this continues  
i have no sensation of time in the black hole

i am unconscious in the black hole  
i become aware of a vast presence hovering over me

it has just descended and enveloped me  
i somehow know this is a visitation  
from someone i have known before





i hear and recognise the soft and gentle voice  
from my past life

a bright luminous being

gautama the buddha  
has descended

i am lying helplessly unconscious  
just helpless and unconscious

i just watch from within  
his blessings to me  
on my great arrival

his blessing and wish to continue his work on mankind  
i could feel and hear his words  
of his coming back into the world  
his words are filled with great promise  
of his fulfilment

i feel uplifted into the sky  
with each expression of his heart  
the integrity of his being  
the power of his presence  
his promise to mankind

the promised return of buddha  
2500 years later  
i was his chosen vehicle  
i was to be known as  
maitreya  
the  
friend

a merger of light was happening  
i feel my physical body change from inside

my girth becomes wider...more stout  
my jaws expand...my hands expand  
my fingers move into a new mudra like expression  
my feet broaden  
my body has been taken over

i am still in a semi coma  
deep layers of surgery are happening  
in deep intoxication  
i am totally in  
bliss...bliss...bliss

i am awakened with a huge explosion of light  
as if the sun has descended into my head  
there is no skull  
i can see through the top of my head  
brilliant unbearable light  
is pouring into my head  
i am blinded  
completely blinded

i cannot open my eyes  
they are heavy like a rock  
i cannot move my body  
i have absolutely no strength  
i am lying inert under the tree  
but i am awake

from a vast distance i can see the rooftops...the ashram trees  
i can see my body lying under the lemon tree in the courtyard  
someone please come and help me move  
i am like a rock...heavy like a rock...cannot pick up my body

i wish that i can get up  
and with this wish i am strangely sucked into my body  
and experience the pain and heaviness as if after surgery

i do not remember much of what happened during the night  
just the memory of falling into a black hole  
memory of the fish in the ocean

and find myself unfamiliar with myself  
i do not recognise my body and its changes  
i walk differently...i stand differently...my hands are different  
my face bigger and changed  
i feel different inside and outside  
just who am i

as soon as i become vertical and sit down  
a huge vortex again swallows me  
and a light begins to filter into me

on no...not again please...i have had enough  
i can feel a tall vertical pillar of light opening again  
i feel a strong wave descending into me  
and am again sucked in  
i am falling in again

i descend descend inwards  
and soon recognise the point i had come to last night  
i am staring at a circular opening into a tunnel  
with a bright light at the end  
i am inside behind my navel again  
so i am going to leave the body now  
i am prepared  
this must end

but the descent continues  
i am now falling below the navel...and get scared  
my thoughts try and surface  
i am at the wrong door...i must leave from the navel  
not the black hole that is in front of me

i start resisting strongly  
i start shaking the tall vertical pillar of light  
by swaying back and forth  
i must not fall inside this black hole again  
i must keep conscious  
i must leave the body from the navel

i sway back and forth to keep my consciousness alive  
move move move  
a huge struggle to keep alive has begun now  
there is a strong struggle  
the kundalini holding me firmly still  
my skull is beginning to feel it is cracking  
i can hear some slight crunching inside the skull  
this is becoming deathly and very very dangerous  
what am i doing  
how am i to save my life  
this struggle lasts for over an hour

finally something gives way...the kundalini settles

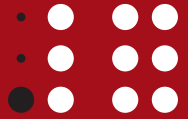
i realise that another hovering being is over my body  
and then there is yet another  
three huge balls of light are above me

i do not understand who they are  
they are all watching this struggle

i feel helpless  
perhaps it was all too much too sudden  
i was not prepared for such descents into me  
my body was too fragile  
unprepared  
my will was strong but with no experience  
i must give up whatever this is

i silently watch and feel buddha bless me again  
with compassion and understanding  
i can feel him say he will wait till i am ready  
and gently smiles  
and gracefully merges  
into another being above him

i am aware but too dazed and in a delirious state



i want to get up and move away from this place as soon as possible  
and go directly towards the open garden in front  
i am a totally exhausted from the struggle of the last hour  
need to move and breath and find normalcy  
balance myself by walking in the open

i walk onto the garden and again am pulled upwards  
my eyes look up  
the sky is clouded  
the clouds part  
the sky opens  
the blue sky explodes

a brilliant silvery white tunnel reveals itself

i am in shock



i see the most brilliant ball of light  
diamond lights descending

bhagwan with folded hands in namaste  
gently smiling and softly gliding down towards me

i have died and gone to heaven  
i cannot believe what i am seeing before me  
the most heavenly and divine spectacle  
the earth has stopped

i fall onto the grass bowing to him  
my tears are uncontrollable  
i look upwards

he is smiling and gently consoling me

i cannot stop these floods of tears  
wipe my eyes to see if it was true  
he is still hovering and watching

tears of joy keep flooding me  
i look upwards again  
he floats smiling

his fingers gesture gracefully towards a red rose next to me  
i see a rose bud slowly opening

he smiles and says  
you are the dewdrops on the rose petals

my blessings to you  
you have arrived home

i celebrate you

his eyes twinkling like diamonds  
he smiles looking deeply at me  
and gently ascends into the tunnel

folded hands in namaste  
into the blue sky

i keep staring into the sky  
the ultimate mystery of the master revealed before me

when the disciple is ready the master appears

i realise everything in an instant  
that he was watching me throughout my ordeal

and start to laugh like a madman  
then cry then laugh  
then cry then laugh

a deep silence descends into my heart  
a peace beyond understanding

i have known  
i have seen

the seer is awake

the day is cloudy  
the air misty

the open rose looks at me  
its fragrance to the wind

the mystic rose



i am in bliss...i am bliss  
bliss is showering all around  
how can one contain so much ecstasy  
i am dying from too much bliss...my heart is exploding

the moment of my seeing bhagwan descend from the sky  
and reveal himself...transformed everything

it was alchemical  
and a vast quantum leap  
a totally new gestalt had entered into my consciousness

all that i had read became crystal clear  
all questions simply evaporated...all shadows disappeared

the old bodymind i was carrying and its restlessness  
all melted down into a new merger of experiencing  
peace bliss and light

and having seen  
the bodymind understood and knew  
the light of understanding had filtered though a multitude of layers

seeing is being

the seeker and the sought disappeared

the seer was present

i was dancing with the cosmos...and smiling with the winds  
speaking softly to this beautiful psychedelic existence  
rejoicing each and every moment

in that one instant  
i was living in another plane of existence  
i realised that we all live in different planes of existence

simple words spoken from the heights of great understanding  
and the depths from where they are perceived  
change the very gestalt and are understood differently



i cannot even begin to express what i wish to say  
this is just the tip of the iceberg

it has to be said  
one cannot remain silent  
that silence would also be meaningless

it is sheer magnificence...it is beauty...it is grace...it is pure love...it is light  
it is orgasmic and vaster than the infinite sky  
it reaches all and everything

truth was everywhere  
present in each and every fiber of all that i saw  
pervading the entire space and its emptiness  
the form and the formless

oh what a miracle...what a miracle  
man is like a fish in the ocean  
not aware of the waters of its very own life

truth is an open sky  
an open secret hidden for all to see

infinite joy

i have come home  
this is my universe  
i have searched truth for lives  
it was staring me in every direction

i have died and am reborn  
i have fulfilled my promise to bhagwan

it is masters day celebration july 1986  
my eyes are moist with tears

i need to become silent and absorb the immensity  
of this new universe that i see before me  
i need to become silent to absorb and understand  
the immensity of the implications  
i need time to settle and allow all this to filter in

but i cannot sit any more...i feel like dancing  
spreading this explosive joy of finding  
to the sannyasins...to my friends whom i love

this reaching in just ninety days  
would spark a revolution...a fire in them  
i was walking amongst them daily...just a common man  
i would be source and inspiration that they too could reach  
that they too could soon drown into this orgasmic ecstasy

my heart reached out to them...they all deserved this  
each and every human being deserved this

i walk with a new grace gliding through the gateless gate  
celebrating masters day...i want to join their celebration  
to celebrate bhagwan with them

buddham sharanam gachchhami  
sangham sharanam gachchhami  
dhammam sharanam gachchhami







they are all in chuang tzu hall...i enter lao tzu gate...with immense joy  
i feel that i am now part of this sacred space where bhagwan lives  
it is drizzling with rain...the air magical...flooded with a renewed energy  
i softly enter the celebrations in chuang tzu  
i dance and dance to the kirtans and songs of bhagwan fill the air

lao tzu...paradise on earth...this very place the lotus paradise

i wish that i could one day have a temple bedroom just like this  
a huge circular space with gardens all around  
i am drowned in ecstasy


i can see many eyes piercing me  
sannyasins feel some new presence around me  
they seem angry that i am dancing with such freedom  
they have never seen me dance before  
just serious and always walking slowly  
looking in front at my footsteps  
i cannot understand their anger  
they whisper and shrink afraid to come near me

i was always a stranger  
that they had slowly got used to and tolerated me  
by laughing and making jokes about my walking slowly

but now i was far more a stranger...this was something new  
they dropped their laughing  
the jokes did not fit into this new space i was carrying  
now it turned into a taunt that i have become enlightened

i have not uttered even one single word  
i was totally blissed out and speechless  
but my very presence...my every gesture  
my floating walk...the fragrance around  
everything reminded them of bhagwan





they all started to whisper that i think that i am enlightened  
that i am pretending to be bhagwan

i was amazed...had they somehow all become mind readers  
that they could now read my mind  
and decide for themselves what i was thinking  
and then say that this was what i was thinking

i realised this was just the beginning of more ugliness ahead  
this was the real world that i was entering into

the world of spiritual egos...power trips  
competition...judgement...jealousy...crucifixion

no one even bothered to come close to me  
close their eyes...ask me what had happened  
just being human...as a fellow traveller  
they had all decided for themselves  
judge...jury...guilty without trial... punishment  
and announce their judgement to all

great seekers of truth

they would not leave me alone  
suddenly everyone became my master  
continuously coming to tell me about my ego  
my sickness...and the cure...to drop my ego

all without my asking  
nor my permission to be examined by their measuring tape  
i was beginning to see masters all around me

i felt compassion for them  
i knew they had actually understood clearly  
that something had happened to me  
and this was their obvious jealousy  
i would learn to live with this with silent compassion

i could see every person living was actually in search of truth  
in whatever way they were moving  
good or bad...right or wrong  
they were all searching for truth



truth was the source of all life

birth death and rebirth  
to move on to evolve  
into truth itself  
the circle is complete

where this orgasmic universe evolves  
to such a height of consciousness  
that it can see itself...perceive itself  
and celebrate itself through enlightenment

i wished enlightenment for all living beings

having seen the vast being of light bhagwan  
and seeing my own being  
just a baby...just born

i realise that i had just experienced enlightenment  
and that there was more...much much more

for me i had only moved from being a disciple  
to becoming a devotee

for the first time i realised the beauty and grace  
of being a devotee...my eyes were opened

now i am truly his devotee with an open eye  
i know his deepest secret  
i always see him

i place my experience of enlightenment at his feet  
it is pale in comparison with what i have seen of bhagwan  
i will need to go deeper...deepen and broaden the experience

i realise bhagwan was enlightened at the age of 21 in 1952  
but remained silent and only started sannyas work in 1970  
it took him eighteen years for the entire journey to complete

from acharya to bhagwan  
from mystic to master

from acharya...one whose inner and outer were one  
to bhagwan...no inner no outer...just dissolved into oneness

acharya...one who could help from the inside...look into your being  
bhagwan...one who could help from the outside...give you his very being

it was clear to me that he went through five deep samadhi experiences  
all over a period of eighteen years  
samadhi samadhi samadhi samadhi the final samadhi  
explosion explosion explosion explosion the final implosion

samadhi where the dewdrop slips into the ocean...becomes the ocean

the dewdrop surrenders  
disappearing into the ocean realising its magnitude  
it loses nothing...it becomes as vast as the ocean

but the ocean disappearing into the dewdrop  
such infinite grace  
the ocean becomes the dewdrop  
the mighty bows to the small

only the east has known such depth of expression  
just this understanding and experience is worth dying for

i am totally in love with bhagwan  
that is all i seek  
to be at his feet as a devotee  
who wants to become enlightened  
now i have bhagwan

i have found a greater joy...a greater love...my master

i want to be near him and to see him physically for the first time  
what a dream...i will see him...it will be ecstatic  
i cannot imagine what will happen...what will transpire

it is a sheer luxury  
a windfall of great fortune to find a true master  
and bhagwan master of masters  
the most evolved being ever to walk this earth  
the man of all centuries

i just want to touch his feet and cry  
see him walk in floating  
sit and listen to his words...drown into his silence  
watch his graceful gestures...look into his eyes  
see him create his magic in the air  
witness his charisma and magnetic presence  
as it drowns the seekers into waves of bliss

i am now seeing with an open eye  
seeing bhagwan will be the worlds most panoramic spectacle

i understand why mahakashyap remained silent  
i am to be like him

i did not want to become recognised  
to remain silent and to keep my secret  
i was greedy  
wanting to enjoy and drown deeper into my experience  
to have the privacy of anonymity

bhagwan is the very best show in this universe...just watch him play



settling into my new experiencing of the universe  
still in state of shock...absorbing layers and layers of experiences  
allowing the bodymind to make gross and subtle alchemical changes  
my body was changing from within in a multitude of ways

this was all taking a toll on me  
i needed more and more sleep...deep silence and rest

i was all alone

the ashram was hostile towards me  
sannyasins started speaking out against me

i could feel their attacks towards me  
sometimes like daggers or arrows piercing into me  
i needed to learn to shield myself

my body was open soft and vulnerable  
still in a vaporised state  
where everything entered and exited like an open space  
i could feel the slightest movements in the air

i could read and look into peoples thoughts and feelings  
i began to see their past present and future  
i was not seeking to learn about others  
just their passing by me would reveal and open physic doors

everything around me was transparent  
revealing its mysteries into me

i was already inundated with so much knowing pouring in  
i wanted to find ways to shutdown  
and allow some kind of unawareness to take over

so i resorted to sleeping as much as possible  
no more meditation...just let go...just relax  
sleep and let time settle things

this too shall pass



10 july 1986 my first samadhi  
29 july 1986 bhagwan back in bombay

just nineteen days after my samadhi  
i knew he would come

when miracles happen...they all happen together

the american ordeal  
the calamity and criminal destruction of the commune  
the seventeen countries world tour and the stupid and absurd  
denials of his visas...his deportations...sannyasins were in a disarray

bhagwan himself is the least affected  
i could understand him inwardly seeing it as sharpening of our swords  
strengthening our sannyasins resolve to move in



sometimes shock can be used as a ladder to climb and make one alert  
a zen master uses all and every situation  
as a device for creating awareness...alertness

he was only concerned about the effect it would have on his people  
they needed some good news...a new space to move into...to gather again

he was seeing my arrival to soon become a new source of inspiration  
to create a new momentum and fire in his people  
an ordinary man...just ninety days...hara kiri method...arrives home

i go to the ashram to get the daily news of his arrival  
ashram residents are given special passes to see him in sumila centre  
bombay and arrangements are made for a private bus to take them all there  
i make a request for a pass and the bus ride along with them

i had been in poona ashram for four months already but am denied a pass  
i am already on their list of unwantedables  
am told they would not allow people like me to even get to see bhagwan  
that i was cuckoo and could be a physical threat to him  
that they were screening those who would be allowed into sumila  
they had informed swami manu and swami tathagat in sumila about me  
i was flabbergasted...why were they all doing this to me

i was silent and secret about my samadhi  
a nightmare had begun for me  
they were trying to bar me from seeing bhagwan

i leave for bombay in a taxi and go to sumila  
throng of sannyasins have reached there  
no one there knows me...just the poona sannyasins  
so i decide to maintain a very low profile and try to manage a pass

people are made to line up and stand near the gate of sumila  
and i eagerly line up four hours ahead  
i am the third person in the line standing near the gate  
now i am to go deep inside and become still and wait  
for me this is the living lao tzu gate

i want to be absolutely still and carry only my deepest stillness into the hall  
this is my dreamt first meeting  
i must be totally still  
in my deepest moments for the first look



people are lining up and after four hours of waiting  
without warning the gate opens slightly to allow those outside to move in  
instantly there is a huge shove and push from all behind  
pushing everyone aside to get in first

i am pushed aside...i am in a fragile condition...cannot run  
just remain watching as the pushing crowd rush by me  
forcibly pushing the gates completely open  
there are shouts from inside to shut the gate...to shut the gate  
an angry sannyasin comes out and there is only me  
and a few others who have been left outside  
and shouts saying to me...is this the way to behave  
you all are harming his work...this is not the way...all of you just leave

i softly say that i was standing for four hours third in line  
that they all pushed me aside...i was not to blame...infact i remained still  
he blasts me and asks why i argue with him  
he will remember my face and not to allow me in

what a joke...is this the way of cosmic justice  
perhaps this world is not that mad after all  
just look at our own people

my very first meeting never came  
i just walk across to the garden by the street and become silent  
and sit still through the entire evening



coming the next day

i am to learn about a new rule...all passes are to be bought from  
the meditation centre in the fort area...go there

while i am standing outside the gate...i see ma laxmi come outside  
i plead my case with her mentioning the previous days episode

she nods smiles and says that she saw it all  
ok...and hands me a special pass for the day  
thank you ma laxmi...this is my special day  
we are led inside...sit in an area...and are soon taken upstairs

i walk very very slowly...letting others pass by me  
and end up last up the spiral stairs  
i see ma vivek for the very first time appear on top of the staircase  
and watch me climb slowly up the stairs

another gift for my eyes and i feel immense gratitude towards her  
she has taken care of bhagwan...she is a goddess in front of my eyes  
i fold my hands namaste and deeply bow towards her  
she smiles...i feel warmly welcomed by her  
atleast bhagwans closest people are loving and compassionate  
i say to myself

ashok bharti is singing...a long white beard  
such passion and love in his voice...a rhythm of love flowing  
this is where i belong...with these people again...we need to be together  
with bhagwan guiding us along...his eternal caravanserai

the air becomes absolutely still...all eyes turn  
bhagwan enters beaming with a smile  
i see him walk with such drunkenness and awareness at the same time  
gently namaste with twinkling eyes...glide into his chair  
this is the first time i have seen him

it has taken six long years of waiting

bhagwans physical presence is overwhelming  
every particle of air drenched in honey...thick and overflowing  
i am drunk like never before  
my samadhi a month ago was not so sweet  
this is the real thing

my tears are flowing  
i look at him...but shyly...close my eyes again  
i cannot look directly into his eyes...it would be intruding  
i close my eyes and my tears just flow and the tears just flow  
time has disappeared

i am transported into the same black hole  
even deeper and gentler and sweeter

i can hear him say  
that one day this moment will be remembered in history  
blessings on your arrival  
go deeper...there is more...there is more

i cannot hear his words  
i am drowning into bliss

om om om om vibrating everywhere



i hear ashok bharti start to sing again

where am i...where have i been...who am i

he is dancing with joy...i know why...he knows i know why  
i will keep my secret till i have grown my wings  
and he makes me fly into the world to rejoice and sing his song  
to dance his dance...to share his overflowing love

i am in bliss and totally grateful to existence for all it has given me

his presence is a deep dive into eternity  
this one meeting is eternal

i need to absorb all that he has showered into me this evening  
drink totally and not waste a single drop

i do not want to disturb bhagwan any more  
my reverence towards him to maintain a sacred distance  
i want to keep myself on my toes and not take him for granted

i know he is pouring everything into me  
i must prepare a deeper well to deserve and drink more

let other thirsty fellow travellers drink  
the place is small...many want to meet him  
make space for others...give them their chance...they all need him

i remain eternally grateful to ma laxmi for the pass

i return blissfully to poona

the last desire to physically see him also complete  
now i must go in deeper and make the most of those precious moments  
i was fortunate to receive in sumila  
go in and prepare for a deeper receiving of the master

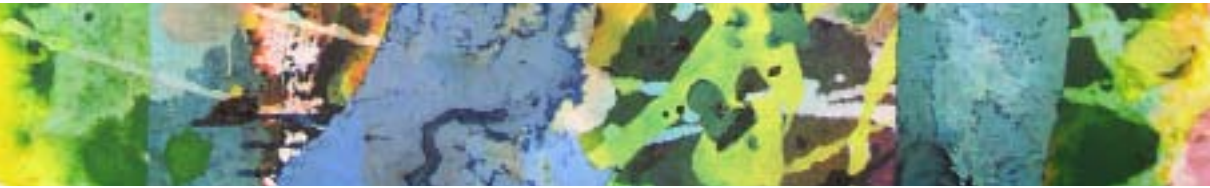
i sit alone  
so many layers had opened and i needed time  
to melt into its understanding and begin to grow inwards  
it dawns upon me the sheer magnitude of the experiences confronting me  
the sheer unrealised implications of what transpired  
during that dark night of the soul

the grace and compassion of the descent of the greatest buddha  
gautama the buddha...his blessings  
my inexperience and unconsciousness in the struggle out of fear  
and begin to realise that bhagwan was safeguarding  
his promised astral body known as maitreya

everything had happened so suddenly with no preparation  
i had been mentally emotionally physically unprepared

i wish i had just let go...and even if i had died  
they were there to take care of my return to the body  
i was feeling deeply guilty  
but i was only human and frail

this too shall pass



i will prepare again...just allow things to happen next time  
the next swallowing of the black hole  
await death...the black hole...rebirth

settling down into stillness  
it was all slowly becoming clear to me  
there were seven layers...higher and higher planes of awareness  
leading to the plane of experiencing  
the pure witness

it is not the body...it is not the mind...it is not the emotions  
it is not the astral or the six subtle bodies linked to this body  
it is free of form...a pure witness

first five centres are only for developing growing and crystallisation  
leading to awareness  
where there is the experiencer and the experienced...a duality

reaching the sixth centre  
where for the first time one becomes aware of awareness itself  
the state of experiencing...non duality

the seventh...a no centre...where the state of experiencing  
has drowned into a pure witness  
nothingness...the void

i went deeper and deeper diving into mysteries that were opening to me  
and bhagwan appears again and again to bless me  
mysteriously and mischievously hovering over me to see if i am alert  
and i can feel his silent presence

his humour and lightness make me giggle and laugh with delight  
i am lightening up...a new sense of humour growing in me  
i begin to see the absurdities of human nature  
the simplicity and beauty of all that surrounds me

his eye sees all  
this is an open sky i am living under

bhagwan understands deeply my right to total privacy  
and i was beginning to learn to regard others privacy  
in my psychic experiences of others who came in front of me  
i remained silent to whatever i saw  
and never judged anyone

bhagwan has immense regard for individual freedom  
freedom is his golden key  
if i want to be unconscious it is my freedom  
i can grow at my own relaxed pace  
no rush...no hurry to dive hara kiri method anymore  
just relax and enjoy the breeze

the journey is the goal  
infact there is no goal  
just the sheer beauty of the journey itself

my inner guilt and pain of gautama the buddha descent evaporate  
i am being lovingly and compassionately guided by bhagwan  
his wisdom and clarity of understanding  
he is healing me with his loving touch





understanding bhagwans method of instant enlightenment  
or the schools of gradual enlightenment

it is clear that bhagwan is perfectly right  
that enlightenment is sudden  
without this first sudden experience of superconsciousness  
nothing is possible

and thereafter  
a gradual awakening of superconsciousness to cosmic consciousness  
dissolving into the final state

the gradual method of enlightenment is simply ridiculous  
a postponement  
one simply remains in the shell forever

my understanding of sannyasins was deep and clear  
that there were six billion people on this planet earth  
just one million were his disciples  
that bhagwan had chosen his disciples  
he knew each sannyasins potentiality  
his vast vision saw far far ahead

that these brave and rare individuals  
have each in their own way broken away from the mould  
suffering isolation from family friends and society...financial difficulties

that they were all here for the love of bhagwan  
had the courage to fall at his feet and take sannyas  
they had earned my love respect and gratitude

i would judge them to be my loving friends and fellow travellers



bhagwan begins to watch me closely  
i am aware of his insights of the possible pitfalls  
that perhaps i will now grow my spiritual ego

i now know bhagwan can look into my being  
he knows all the spiritual possibilities that are present in me

but the mind...the human ego and will to power  
that was another matter

it was all a matter of individual conditioning...individual attitudes  
that anyone could decide when to turn and declare enlightenment

this was my freedom for the mind to play games  
or the fear to stop going deeper and declare the experience  
the ego knows how to hide deep in the basement of the unconscious

i was aware  
and aware of his concern for my completion  
this is his compassion to guard me closely and guide me lovingly

i was becoming a mature devotee  
i was in love with bhagwan  
i had completely forgotten and dropped my enlightenment  
there was more to dive into...there was more to rediscover  
i was under his wings warm and cosy

my love for him was far greater  
i was another mahakashyap to be



i went deeper into the black hole  
this was the final frontier  
searching  
the ultimate truth

what is omnipotent...omnipresent...omniscient  
indestructible...pervades all...knows all  
no taste...no smell...no touch...no sound...no sight  
cannot be created was always present...nor destroyed will always remain  
beyond space...beyond time  
fathomless...immeasurable  
has its own source of light...eternal

the black hole...was the unknowable...the ultimate mystery

i had begun understanding what had happened  
light can only be perceived from the dark  
the experience of an atomic explosion of light  
light exploding everywhere  
was seen from within the black hole

the inner experience black...the outer experience light  
nirvana...the cessation of the flame...the outer the eternal flame

the black hole...the very inner core of being

my sister shona and her husband ramesh arrive in bombay  
from hongkong for a wedding and are all staying at the taj mahal hotel  
i am asked to meet them there

i had come to poona with just leftover money which had finished by now  
i owned only one robe which i washed daily...hang dried and wore  
which had become very faded and transparent  
i loved this robe as it had become soft and powder like  
my samadhi robe was priceless to me  
the bata slippers thin and worn out

i was not aware of my poor outer appearance



i entered the taj hotel to be asked to meet the manager in the lobby  
he asked me to sit and enquired why i had come to the hotel

i asked him why this question  
i could go to the restaurant or the coffee shop or wherever  
what was his reason for this strange question  
it then dawned upon me he was thinking i was a beggar

he saw my mannerisms and heard me speak fluent english and was silent

i said that i had come to meet my sister and family staying at the taj  
who were they he asked and i said shona and ramesh jhunjunwala  
his mouth opened in shock... suddenly becoming polite and welcoming  
the jhunjunwala family...shona is your sister

he dialled their room and soon shona rushed to the lobby  
upon seeing me she was in tears...what have you done to yourself  
what happened to your clothes...you have become so thin...impoverished

i looked at my sister...in diamonds and expensive wedding clothes  
i told her i felt ashamed as in my eyes she appeared poor and i a rich man

the manager stared at us both...what a world this was  
what a strange brother and sister...such a contrast  
in the middle of the taj mahal hotel

she gave me enough money so that i could manage the next few months  
it was strange to meet my sister and her family in these new circumstances  
and i left for poona without attending the wedding

one month had passed...i could hear him call

this was to be my way with bhagwan from now onwards  
twenty one days prepare deeply  
seven days go on a liquid diet  
peak and see bhagwan on the full moon night

his name bhagwan shree rajneesh and my name rajneesh  
truth has a beauty...a poetry...grace  
the full moon meeting the crescent moon

i decided to go to bombay  
i remember reaching 16 september  
he is speaking and i went to arrange the week pass  
then strangely on 17 he again goes into silence

18 is the full moon  
he begins again...great...my first full moon darshan

my path of devotion is growing deeper  
his dancing arrivals reveal more to me  
he is happy with my progress  
my silence and focus on the truth and reaching  
i am steady and mature...able to keep the great secret

much more remains unsaid  
than can ever be said

the mysterious universe of a master and disciple relationship  
as the disciple grows...the master reveals  
it is an endless journey...a beginning with no end  
growing deeper and deeper...vaster and vaster


the master is willing to go all the way  
he is already open and knows infinitely more

the disciple has to remain open...surrendered and vulnerable  
always open to all and everything...never deciding where is the end  
there is more as each horizon is crossed  
infinitely more possibilities

*haiku rajneesh 1986*

all night no sleep  
on moonbeams  
a vibrant ecstasy  
heart vibrating  
ecstasy  
echoes the silence !  
an overflowing heart  
cry crickets  
into the nightfall  
daylight explodes  
a heart dancing  
million goldbeams echo ecstasy !





under a lemon tree  
a heart...  
the sky !!

the moon above  
hovering beneath...  
the heart a sky

from across the seas  
the master descended...  
morning dewdrops !!

dewdrops  
on petals  
the heart opened !

teardrops  
smiling  
a cup of tea

a rainfall of tears  
laughter a thunder

it's the mystic rose !!



bhagwan has started the rajneesh upanishad  
sitting at the feet of the master  
these discourses are soon to become a new phase  
i can understand where they are going to lead  
mysteries upon mysteries to be revealed in these discourses

knowingly i remain in bombay for this week  
the secret door opens through govind siddharth

some part of the whole experience i had undergone that july night  
revealed in his question like declaration

it was also my experience that night  
so i realise he has seen the second half  
he has not seen me...and the struggle  
this part is obscured from his vision and realisation



i hear bhagwan say  
it has not only happened to you alone  
that there are two more persons present here  
to whom the same experience has happened at the same time  
that they are also hesitating whether to declare it or not  
their hesitation is natural because the declaration is so big  
one feels so small but it cannot be kept with you  
like a pregnant woman how long could she hide her pregnancy  
that one day she is going to give birth to a child

that one feels embarrassed on how to say it

and that too to say it in a world which is sceptical  
where people are deaf as far as truth is concerned  
in a world where people are blind as far as beauty is concerned  
where people dont have hearts as far as feeling sensitivity is concerned  
that one felt alone to declare such a thing  
but that it is not out of ego...one cannot declare such a thing out of ego  
because the ego feels embarrassed and does not like to feel embarrassed  
it is out of humbleness that one declares such an experience

and again i hear him say  
he was waiting...who out of these three persons was going to declare it first  
govind siddharth had proved really humble courageous  
whatever he was saying...he has seen it not in sleep...not in dream

it was true that j krishnamurti was prepared for exactly this phenomenon  
gautam buddha had promised that after 25 centuries he would come  
as lord maitreya...maitreya means the friend

teasingly i hear him say  
that govind siddharths difficulty was that he could not keep it a secret  
that one of the most difficult things in the world was to keep a secret  
and that too such a secret

and yet again i hear him tease  
that there were two more persons present here  
and if they gathered courage...their questions will be coming...if they could  
not gather courage then they would always remain burdened with a secret

i freeze into a cold sweat when i hear these words  
is he asking me to come forward in the same way  
by this way of strange question type declaration  
it would be like asking for a certificate...beginning of a spiritual ego trip

outside sumila i can see sannyasins gather around govind siddharth  
reverently bowing to him  
i find it beautiful and also want to bow to him and acknowledge his vision  
but the crowd was too much  
i knew his eye had opened...that he had seen part of this great event

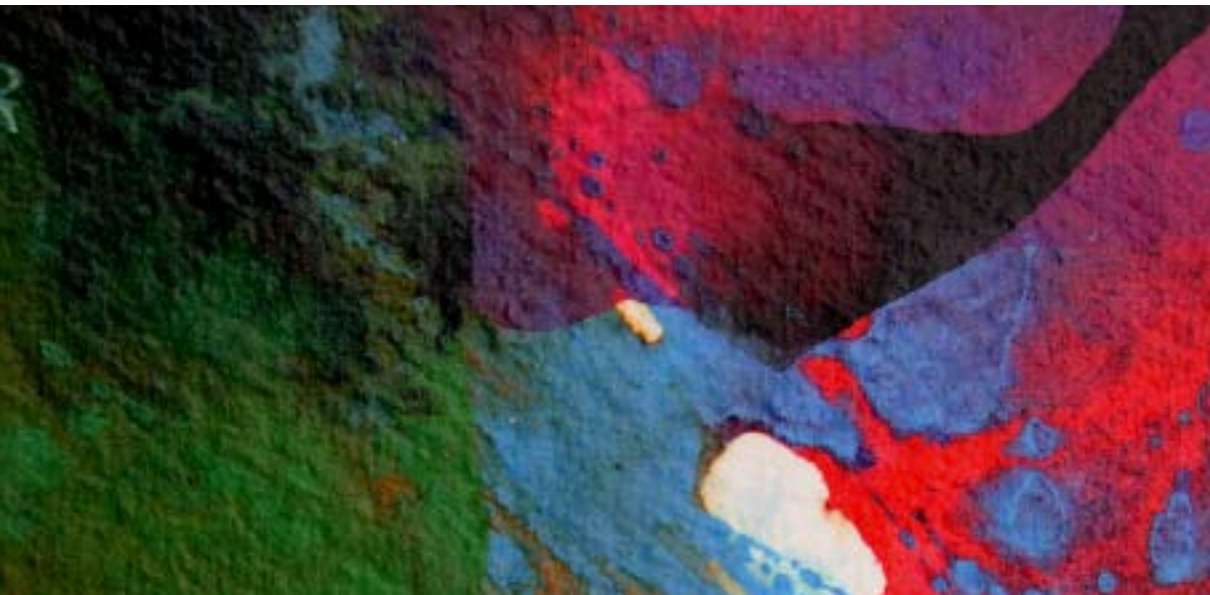
i did not want to be surrounded like that  
it was simply not my way...not the way i am  
always guarding my privacy and valuing my total aloneness  
i hate people bowing and touching my feet

for me it is crystal clear that bhagwan has only stated  
that govind siddharth has reached the point of enlightenment  
it was not enough according to my understanding  
reaching the point of enlightenment  
was just the very beginning of the journey

and these were my exact same words  
when privately asked about govind siddharths experience those days

i remained silent  
and continued to follow the revelations that were pouring out of him  
in more and more questions...it was becoming a story  
i return to poona excited but silent  
i knew that a tremendous new movement was on the verge of exploding

i predict that bhagwan will soon return to poona





i see that bhagwan is teasing me with his humour  
in a way testing my mettle and watching if i will fall into his traps  
and can really keep the secret  
this will prove my true intentions  
he has thrown the gauntlet...the ball is in my court...will i take the bait

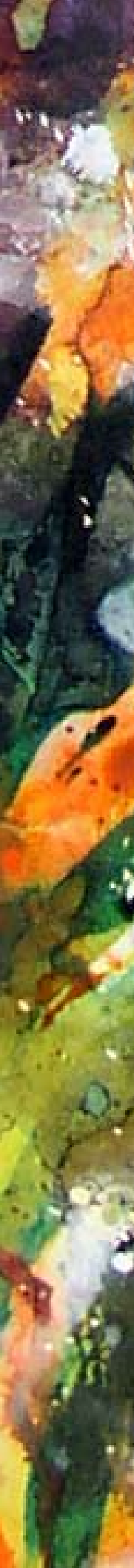
my love for bhagwan was greater than my small glimpse of enlightenment  
even the descent of gautam the buddha was not going to be revealed by me

i know how to keep a secret  
i have said then and i repeat...i was to be a mahakashyap

and sadly soon i hear bhagwan say a few months later  
that few months ago in bombay that govind siddharth had a vision  
of gautam buddhas soul searching for a body  
he saw in his vision bhagwans had become a vehicle for gautam buddha  
and he was right...but it is the misfortune of man  
that one could go wrong even though one had touched a point of rightness  
because bhagwan had declared him enlightened he had disappeared  
and since then was not seen again  
perhaps he thought...what is the use now  
i was searching for enlightenment and i have found it  
bhagwan says enlightment is only the beginning and not the end  
that he had come very close and has now gone very far away

i had come to hear that govind siddharth had become a master  
soon his ego was to create even deeper pitfalls  
and utterly destroyed even his simple discipleship

what a sad calamity i saw in this  
a day of immense pain...a pity...he deserved more



i did not ever want to fall into this trap  
i would have to kill myself...take rebirth if it happened to me

the first experience of enlightenment  
allows the initial opening of these multidimensional layers  
that these layers for the first time become available  
that one needs to dive deeper into each layer  
and absorb each of its dimensions

that it would take five or six such explosions  
or samadhi states to absorb and dissolve layer by layer  
and gradually complete the entire journey  
dissolving into it


i just drowned deeper and deeper  
my daily activities continued to find deep changes  
my physical movements and simple day to day actions  
were becoming more graceful  
i stopped doing meditations...meditativeness became my life  
a relaxed watchful awareness took over my every footstep  
my every gesture my every look my way of standing my way  
of sitting washing the dishes taking a bath brushing my teeth  
zen is a living experience...a way of living meditatively

there is no such thing as meditation for me  
only meditativeness exists

i poured all my awareness into these simple daily activities  
and slept as much as possible...in a pitch black room

i knew i was awaiting the black hole again  
to become familiar with the blackness of the night  
i became a night watcher

my walking in zen and sitting in zen  
started to illuminate all around me



now i had passed through the door of secrets with bhagwan  
bhagwan astrally visits me more and more often  
i begin to learn of his ways of secret transmission  
his silent and secret methods of working

i was to allow him as much access to my physical body  
create situations comfortable for him to enter and work on me

there was another secret i was growing and falling into  
this was in the way i walked


my past life vipassana channels and pathways were open  
these vertical channels easily accessible by any living master  
hence gautam buddha had found me to be  
a suitable match as his vehicle

bhagwan always walked in a certain way  
his kundalini waved and moved at far greater height than mine  
was far vaster and wider and taller and deeper

bhagwan could easily accelerate my growth  
if i was to fall in tune with his vertical alignment  
so i began walking into deeper waters  
hand in hand with him  
step by step...vertical wave by vertical wave  
i was slowly merging into his channels  
revealing to me heights upon heights  
i was carrying his divine flame...he was dancing with me

tears fall short to express these divine moments

the functioning of the mystery school was open for me  
i became part of his secret mystery school



the sky showering

diamonds

see !!

sky showering

diamonds upon you !

rainfall yesterday

showering gratitude

in silence

it rained yesterday

silence

teardrops of silence

in gratitude

diamonds it rained yesterday

rained yesterday

you see ?

upon you diamonds

a rainfall yesterday !!



haiku rajneesh 1986



fragrance arising  
silences deeper  
disappear !!

eagle soaring horizon  
sky within  
flowers blossoming

on floating footsteps  
a gentle smile  
rose in hand !!  
....dissolved  
just a rose  
arising fragrance !!

ehin  
07

i shall be the first person in the world to declare  
and to reveal the true meaning of bhagwans statement

that he has gone beyond enlightenment

this is a revolutionary statement  
the very first time bhagwan uttered such an unusual declaration

people took it for its poetic value  
no such poetic licence for bhagwan  
it was a factual declaration  
an actual event that took place

bhagwan the greatest gambler...playing with his life  
always walking on the razors edge high in the sky  
has decided to go a step further  
where no living buddha had ever gone to before

no buddha had transferred his astral body  
to his disciple while living in the body

to transfer his astral body  
his physical body was to remain unprotected...vulnerable  
his body was already very sensitive and fragile  
this transfer was extremely radical and very dangerous

i understood it at once  
i began to carry him with utmost care and consciousness

these experiences are so vast that i cannot contain them in a single book  
they are my greatest living experiences with him  
and they have grown into deeper and vaster realms of consciousness

i remained unmoving and did not go to see him again in bombay  
i was moving secretly into his new dimensions  
not to risk my body in movement or travel  
i was to remain in silence in poona

i knew he was preparing to move to poona  
and so it happened

4 january 1987 bhagwan arrives at the poona ashram



we all awaited his convoy of cars  
secretly from bombay in the middle of the night

sannyasins dancing and singing...thronged the gate lined up to lao tzu  
waiting and waiting...dancing and celebrating  
about 2 am he arrived waving to all dancing from within

heaven in the back seat of his rolls royce  
what a great fortune...my beloved master back in poona

bhagwan is at his peak again  
dancing his way in every morning...totally in his element  
you could see him exploding with his arms...high into the sky  
submerging the entire chuang tzu auditorium  
into a dazzling spectacle of his flights

the gentle soft giggle  
a secret in his smiling eyes

higher and higher...higher and higher bhagwan  
songs of love pouring into his arrivals

taking us deeper into our being

waves are coming in waves are coming in

sannyasins were in ecstasy...they were in love again  
their eyes glistening with joy and gratitude  
the buddhafield had caught fire again  
something new was in the air

bhagwan speaking on the arrival of the new man on this planet earth  
the new man is on the horizon

the golden future...the rebel...the new dawn  
the whole buddhafield was charged  
and awaiting the birth of the new man

i knew...and danced with him  
who was dancing...was it me dancing...or was it him dancing me  
the dancer lost the dance remained

bhagwan rajneesh master of masters an iconic wizard  
a new man...rajneesh...maitreya the friend...on the horizon

his wisdom and age  
my youth and childlikeness  
together working as one  
i will protect his body and the buddhafield with my youth  
he will guide me with his infinite experience and wisdom

we are waiting for the moment this will become revealed to the world  
what an explosive story

it was a possible reality i could foresee  
a chain reaction that would trigger a vaster new phenomenon  
many sannyasins becoming enlightened  
popping out everywhere

we needed one hundred buddhas...urgently  
to fill the collective superconsciousness with light



bhagwans arrival brought his entire close circle of sannyasins with him  
i had only read about them up till now  
and imagined many to be secretly enlightened

i read heart rending remarkable stories  
of the heights of great disciples of masters such as buddha

i was dreaming i would see and walk amongst luminous beings  
many of these fortunate sannyasins had the honour and privilege  
to sit at bhagwans feet for twelve to fifteen years

i was in awe of them and began looking at them with wondering eyes  
and passed by them with folded hands in an inner bow  
i wished i had their good fortune of being near his physical presence

just my reverence toward many of whom i had not come to know  
drew anger from them...was this a strange bad dream

i wish them all my love and his blessings  
that they awaken one day to their buddhahood

i was being watched  
by bhagwan  
but now also closely by every sannyasin

walking slowly through the ashram  
innocently and weightlessly  
gliding effortlessly by  
with a knowing and loving smile

the jealousy and the ego of people in power  
they started to spread rumours and lies about me  
poisoning the air around me

i was being attacked by all  
by words by their emotional discharges and by their actions  
judgments about me were flying all around

that i think that i am a master  
that i think that i am enlightened  
that i was pretending to be enlightened  
that i was imitating the master

that i was spreading negative and bad energy  
that i was trapping people into my lies  
that i was just seeking their attention  
that i was a great pretender  
that i was bhagwan the 2nd wannabe

i could understand their suspicions  
i was hiding something...that was certain

that i was enlightened...that i secretly already knew  
that i was reflecting the master...that too i could understand  
that i was pretending to be the master...i was aware i was carrying him

their judgements and their intense drive to have it known by all around me  
just amazed me  
it reassured me that i was on the right path  
and this was their way of giving me a certificate

i was calmly and easily moving towards my buddhahood  
i could easily absorb all their negative arrows  
i had compassion for my fellow travellers

they must be in pain for not reaching...creating jealousy  
how painful it was for them to see me walk gently by  
i felt immense compassion for them

these few months twenty thousand sannyasins must have passed by me  
imitating the way i walked

the buzz about me grew daily...it was all fine by me  
i needed to learn to absorb and handle these small exchanges





had they not spread such vicious rumours  
it would have been a real surprise for me  
i knew they were actually beginning to understand me  
that they were reacting to the light they saw around me  
but their ego was hurt  
this was a simple matter...not rocket science  
in just a matter of time they would soon understand

i was giggling inside  
i was beginning to gain a sense of humour in all this  
i began to love them more  
and smiled and waved lovingly to anyone abusing me

i remember one such glorious day  
i walked into the gates 2.30 afternoon at my usual time  
and saw a trail of about forty sannyasins follow and imitate my walk  
closely behind me...it was hilarious for me...but serious for them

they were told to imitate me...to humiliate me...by their vipassana therapist  
by walking slowly behind me in open view of all the sannyasins  
to keep trailing me wherever i went and not to leave me alone  
till i was angry or humiliated or ran away or something drastic happened  
i watched all these sannyasins trail near the gate and pass near the  
krishna house office where the ones in power sat watching everybody

it was so beautiful for me...to see forty or so sannyasins walking slowly  
they had now found their match  
i just smiled inside and continued ignoring them  
they huffed and puffed behind me to make me get their attention  
i knew their game and continued walking...ignoring them laughing inside  
soon i came to the waterfall  
where i paused and remained still admiring the beauty and taking it all in  
closed my eyes to hear the sound of the running water  
they would soon get bored and would perhaps move on

but they were told to follow me at all costs  
so the all paused and stood still  
i knew i had got them now...they were trapped  
now i could do whatever i wanted and they would have to follow

aha...great...zen master rajneesh  
show them the way of zen  
it was my lucky day  
a crowd of sixty or so sannyasins gathered  
watching these forty behind me looking stupid

play out these moments of battle with awareness  
i remained still...began to see them all get restless  
this was not part of their instructions

beginning to see their defeat...i wanted this story to continue  
so i moved on slowly again not to lose them  
slowly slowly i continued forward till i reached the end where the path  
leads up the rocks onto the waterfall  
i gently turned left...the path was narrow  
all forty would now have to encounter me on the turn  
what a joy...i had them trapped

i continued walking silently...saw them all hesitate whether to follow or not  
the first few continued and like a group of monkeys the rest tried to follow  
but they were too many in a line...the area was narrow  
only a few could move and have enough space to turn  
with the people from behind clashing into them

aha aha...now what are they going to do  
so i climbed a rock up to the waterfall...looked at them all below  
they were numb and dumb...confounded with their next move

i laughed...hey you monkeys...follow me as you have been told  
just follow me exactly...up the rock and down this trail

wow...they all just dispersed like flies...looking at each other  
and the whole ashram was watching their defeat

come on come on i repeated gently  
come on come on...you cannot give up so easily  
walking like me...atleast walk correctly  
wait for me...i will now lead you into walking again  
wait for me...i must show you how to walk and imitate me correctly  
wait for me...wait for me  
they all ran away



one against forty  
the vipassana therapist had asked for it...disgraced by her own people

my vipassana walk was the focus of all around  
and has been since the very first day i came  
this therapist always exhibited her dislike being vocal against me

she was constantly questioned in every vipassana group about me  
she was a well known therapist and of course had to have all the answers  
the infallible pope of the vipassana kingdom in poona ashram  
she viciously spread her opinion that i was clearly deranged  
and was an attention seeker  
that i was not in the state of vipassana but was of very low energy  
just walking about like a dead zombie  
that i was an indian who was sexually repressed  
and that her reading about me was i was completely frozen  
and sexually blocked hence my slow walking

that persons like me emanated bad and low energy  
and that i sucked others energy like a vampire  
and to keep a great distance from my aura

i saw vipassana students always look away  
and move in different directions wherever i went  
and the word spread like a disease  
i was to be treated like a leper...an outcast

i heard about her judgements  
that were passed on to the other almighty mini guru therapists  
and soon i was in the news  
it was spread to all and every newcomer to keep away from me

on yet another walk through the ashram the same therapist stopped me  
and shouted out to me that i was sick and needed to get a mental checkup  
and to stop pretending and to walk normally

i smiled asking how she was speedily running around whenever i saw her  
she retorted that she was authorised by bhagwan to teach vipassana  
she could remain alert while walking fast or even running  
that slow walking was just for teaching the method  
the method had to be dropped and after mastering one could do anything  
she knew it all

so i jokingly asked her...what about bhagwan walking slowly  
she said who was i to even speak about bhagwan  
and that i would be reported to the ashram to be banned

other than her i was aware of each source of these false rumours  
spreading as they inevitably reached back to me

one day while i was in line for buddha hall evening meeting  
i was aggressively approached by a german woman  
who asked me to keep away from walking anywhere close to her  
she sternly lectured me about the problems that i had  
and that i was sucking the buddhafield  
over a hundred sannyasins were witnessing her brutal verbal attack  
the line slowly receded away from me

i could handle these situations as long as it was verbal it was fine

there was a simple frail bespectacled woman in poona those days  
who also got into trouble for walking slowly  
she had to distance herself from me to save herself being stigmatised

the same aggressive german woman shouted  
that i was a sexually repressed indian and had done my chakra reading  
that the answer for me was to f... this thin bespectacled woman  
who also walked slowly

everyone was laughing...it was great entertainment for them

for the very first time i was sad  
really not for myself as i could easily defend myself  
but hurt to see that they had attacked this simple innocent woman  
and began to keep a great distance from her just to protect her

this became my new way distancing myself from people  
young new people arriving everyday were immediately attracted to me  
i would ask them to keep silent and remain away from me  
as i knew that in just a day or so they would be poisoned about me  
and would turn their back against me as if i was misguiding them

i kept away from all...sannyasins or non sannyasins  
i was being isolated by those who wanted me broken  
who wanted to clip my wings...to try and hurt or destroy me







this was the daily news for me...my daily bread  
attacked by over one thousand sannyasins in some manner or other  
the very few who loved me soon became afraid to be seen near me  
as they would soon be isolated from the crowd

my dinners saw immense silence  
whichever table i moved towards was emptied out and cleared  
the pathways were clear as wherever i walked people moved away

i loved this show...they were making way for an emperor

these days saw a few violent and physical attacks on me  
on one occasion i was physically pushed to make me walk and move fast  
on another picked up and violently thrown on the ground  
another hit on the head to say that i needed a zen stick  
another strong armed and shaken to get me out of my mind trip  
pushed into the pool...and i do not know how to swim  
these attacks were talked about amongst sannyasins  
and more started to take advantage of my silence

i was considered a fun target...i was dead and serious  
and seriousness was a sickness in bhagwans vision

i was simply moving in awareness  
and my facial expressions were of detached awareness

the theatre group in the ashram made a comical satire play about me  
walking slowly pretending to be bhagwan and being enlightened  
watched by hundreds of laughing people...life was a joke...life was laughter  
and non seriousness...i was target for their spriritual entertainment

this story went on forever... new rumours...everyday saw new attacks  
new enemies...it was becoming boring for me...if they attacked me  
atleast bring a good argument or debate against me even once  
they simply came...said whatever...and ran  
not even looking into my eyes

ego...jealousy and now cowardice  
no wonder we are where we are



i was walking in a battlefield not a buddhafield

i accepted even this as it made me extremely alert  
and i had to move and walk with heightened alertness  
and become alert and aware of anyone coming into my aura field  
it reminded me of my childhood kung fu training  
and the great kung fu movies  
remembering the master who trained his disciple with a real naked sword  
into awareness even when sleeping in the night

for me everything had to be used positively  
it was a training in awareness  
and i thanked them for their free lessons

i had a long moustache  
and the few people who loved me called me fu manchu  
and knew of my kung fu like zen humour

the highly qualified therapists  
were spreading bhagwan's work...training millions who seek truth  
while charging thousands of dollars for groups

the infallible mini guru therapists  
and psychic readers who are sensitive and loving channels of bhagwan  
their unanimous readings into my indian sexual repressions

i am with bhagwan since i was nineteen years of age  
i never came to bhagwan to pick on easy sexual targets  
misusing his vision of sexual freedom and breaking taboos

i was here with bhagwan purely for my inner growth  
his passionate drive for awakening human consciousness  
and my pure and total love for him  
just my love for him held me here  
i was willing even for the sake of my so called sexual repression  
to forgo my sexual drive and focus on the higher calling

i was born into fame and fortune which i had left as a teenager  
my mother vimi was one of the most famous actresses in bollywood  
my father shivraj famously from a wealthy industrial family

bollywood in the seventies was a totally different phenomenon  
movie stars were demi gods worshipped and idolised by the indian masses  
all my teenage friends were children of movie stars  
or children of renowned industrial houses  
who today are famous stars or recognised in some industry or another

my teenage years saw throngs of wannabe film starlets  
and the most beautiful young girls rushed towards our bollywood parties  
i need not say more...but those years saw more sexual freedom  
than most of the free sexual lifestyles of my western fellow travellers

i have always been notorious  
and surrounded by the most beautiful women  
particularly due to my free spirit and rebellious nature  
my utter disobedience to elders  
and complete disregard for conventions of this mediocre society  
i was always regarded as a rebellious spirit  
a rebel by all the girls i knew which they found attractive and desirable

i was too engrossed in my inner journey  
to move into relationships in the poona ashram

there was an extremely beautiful american girl  
and as i was to find out later a model from the ford agency in new york  
she had come to the ashram...and saw me walking slowly  
kept looking at me for several days and tried approaching me to say hello

i was in silence at that time  
especially due to the continuous harassment i faced daily from sannyasins  
and ignored her...she continued to look at me and one evening followed  
me to discover that i stayed next door at sunderban  
she moved into the same hotel and stayed two months  
i always saw her sitting on the balcony looking at me  
and she began trying to make conversation with me  
she refused to hear that i was in silence and was deeply into meditation  
she explained that she had stopped going to the ashram  
as she was always sexually harassed there and that every man was trying  
to meet her and get her to bed  
that she was a model in new york and was fed up with men only wanting  
her sexually and that i was the only one who had left her alone  
she found me to be silent and sensitive and wanted to be close to me

she was beautiful...i understood her story and appreciated her frankness  
she was funny and full of humour  
extremely intelligent with a vast experience of travel and of the world  
her being close to me soon saw her walking slowly and gracefully  
and some new space began to take her over  
the ashram big guys who were after her became more infuriated with me  
and were shocked that i now had a girlfriend

i was grateful to her for the short relationship  
as it helped me change my image of holiness and celibacy  
to one of humanness and wholeness


i was celibate throughout these days  
though i would factually state  
that i was a celebrant rather than a celibate  
my past life tibetan tantra experiences reawakened in me  
and many past windows became alive again



this same time the ashram was attempting to buy the sunderban hotel  
the owner mr talera had grown to love me  
and always stopped to greet me whenever he came  
he found me unusual and always commented on my dedicated nature  
and my sincerity on the path  
he had rented me the room fourteen months ago at only 1200 rupees  
monthly and allowed me to stay there at the same price  
whereas with bhagwan back the rooms went for 9000 rupees monthly

the ashram management made it clear to all sannyasins staying there  
to boycott the hotel as talera was not agreeing to sell it at their offered price  
as i was told by talera they had threatened to shut down his hotel  
talera was a very simple man...he had many such properties  
and was actually offended by the aggressive manner the offer was made  
and when talera made his offer the management immediately rejected  
the price with threats of shutting down his business  
he confided in me that he was shocked at the dirty arm twisting tactics  
the ashram management made in their attempted buy out

during these days i was informed by the ashram office  
that i was ordered to leave the hotel that same day or face banning  
i promised that i would find another room somewhere in a few days  
to which they retorted that i had only one day and that was that  
negative no sayers were not tolerated here



the next few days i went looking around for a room  
in places and areas where sannyasins stayed  
lakshmi villas rooms were not given to indians  
another area near riverside again no rooms and this went on and on  
i found a small hut area where an indian sannyasin rented rooms  
where i was violently told they were against me and did not want  
my bad energy to be there...i was not able to locate another room  
for atleast six days and had to meanwhile stay in sunderban

i was stopped at the gate and called to a meeting  
told i had received their warning to leave sunderban  
which i had disobeyed and was banned from the ashram  
i pleaded that i had been searching for the past six days and unable  
to find a room to which they said that it was my problem  
that i was not with bhagwan and his wishes and not to come back  
that i was given my chance and it was over

i could speak a book on just the shocking encounters  
and horrific experience i have gone through with sannyasins  
especially the ones who were closest to him  
but abstain as i accept them just the way they are  
they will only reap what they sow

they have this much freedom as far as i am concerned  
the freedom to create or destroy themselves

but not the freedom to destroy others  
this is trespassing into the sacred fire of the other  
and his inner spiritual journey

bhagwan has repeated many many times  
do not interfere into anyones freedom  
and do not allow anyone to interfere with your freedom

i see the second to be more important today  
to allow others to interfere with your freedom  
is to be a passive participant  
to watch others bully an innocent person and remain silent  
is to directly participate in the crime

that power corrupts and total power corrupts totally  
the powerful dominate by banning those they cannot control  
make them live in fear of banning so they become obedient slaves





banning sannyasins is the dirtiest and lowest form of blackmail

the sannyasin is vulnerable

simply because he does not want to leave the presence of bhagwan

they are playing with his love for bhagwan

using this as a tool against him

how much lower can one stoop

i was banned and blacklisted and already had enough of my daily encounters with this ashram and decided to leave poona soon

banned i continued to live in sunderban

to find out one morning that there was to be another meeting with talera and the ashram management

talera called me as i was the only sannyasin staying on

and discussed with me...that he felt angry now

they had seemingly won the battle by cutting off his hotel income and told me they now felt they could buy him out at a low price

i saw all this did not fit with bhagwan and his compassionate way this was blackmail and bullying

using power and muscle to push out the weaker

though i had nothing to gain from either side

i was with talera and ashamed the ashram was using dirty methods

if they used their power and financial blackmail to push talera out where lay the difference when the american politicians pushed bhagwan out...the same dirty politics as far as i was concerned

this was shameful in my eyes

and i knew that a buddha would never behave in such ugly manner in my eyes the ashram management was blackening the face of bhagwan and his message of love and compassion

talera and i agreed that if they began their meeting

with softness and consideration he would agree to sell

if they started with aggression he would refuse

this was our secret understanding

we were waiting and watching

the whole deal would hinge on this

five people arrived...angry to see me sitting with talera  
they felt their boycott had made him more agreeable  
and were arrogant in their approach to him

talera refused to sell...not even for double the price  
and this was the end of their meeting...talera would not budge  
they could boycott the hotel  
and till today the hotel stands as his property

to me even to this day i consider that i upheld my masters face  
and my intervention will one day be understood as being on the path  
a rebellious spirit...truth and justice comes first  
even if i have to fight my own people...truth stands above

bhagwan blessed me and saw my victory  
i was being prepared to face and challenge  
the countless more powerful bullies that i would soon meet  
when i took his flame into the world

i have never respected nor surrendered to power and domination  
i bow and surrender only to love and compassion

i returned my sannyas with a note saying  
that i was to remain alone on the path  
and forever his devotee

the next few days i was met with a serious threat  
while walking on the ashram street at night a sannyasin man  
rushed towards me showing me a knife with threats to have me finished  
that i was given notice to leave poona or would be taken care of  
that they would break my bones...my legs

now they had challenged my spirit  
i was planning to leave poona  
but now it was a completely different matter  
i never leave under any threat  
and now decided to stay and see what they could do



i dislike threats and more so from ones who are meant to be on the path  
from a proclaimed disciple of bhagwan  
whom i know to be the greatest buddha who ever walked the earth

can you imagine the two worlds i was seeing simultaneously  
horrific...if this word fits the description

i had already read the book years of awakening of j krishnamurti  
but without deeply considering his approach

i now became interested in reading more on j krishnamurti and his life  
and why there was a conflict between his ideas on masters  
a whole new chapter opened which i had previously ignored

i was completely with bhagwan  
nothing would ever shake my love for him  
i just began to question his completely open approach

i wanted to understand more deeply  
the dynamics of master versus no master  
and how complicated it is to transmit truth to an unconscious humanity

i knew that bhagwan had no choice  
he already understood all the repercussions of spreading the truth  
he himself was a target

but i needed to understand the complex situation of  
an individual versus the crowd in a commune situation with a living master

i knew bhagwan was closely watching my growth and wanted me  
to study all the implications and absorb more into my understanding

until now i was doting on him like a child  
i needed more understanding with a calm balanced vision in front of me

i began to appreciate j krishnamurti more and more  
his absolutely keen sense of observation and his clinical approach

bhagwan always said that we were part of the world  
that his commune was just an experiment  
he had never stated that his people had become enlightened  
they were as unconscious as the rest of the world

the rest of the world where ignorance is bliss  
here where bliss is not in ignorance

the world and its ways are simple and easy to deal with  
just daily activities and living on the surface

here one was vulnerable experimenting with psychic energies  
with complex inner mechanisms of the unexplored mind and no mind  
where high voltage energy situations demanded  
experience and careful growth and guidance  
where great awareness was needed the higher one went  
where one had to be extremely careful of ones actions

we were playing with fire...invisible threads of vertical fire

sannyasins were not enlightened...that i now understood  
but my new questions were on why they were not enlightened  
was it possible that the ones who could reach would be destroyed

my focal point of this enquiry  
which became the most burning question  
and an equation which i needed to understand

for this was exactly what j krishnamurti fought against  
stating that the crowd always destroyed the individual  
that all organisations cripple and ultimately destroy the individual

it was clear that krishnamurti was remarkably sharp  
and had complete vision in this particular matter and was totally correct

whereas bhagwan with his open free vision gambles  
that the buddhafield would take care of these matters

bhagwan was also watching these new developments  
he was deeply saddened and began to see that his people were failing him

i was his living experiment...i was walking with him floating over me  
he was testing his own people against my mirror

this was the reality

i am declaring it for all to read and know  
that bhagwan was watching how you behaved with a buddha  
his buddha carrying his flame  
carrying bhagwan himself

whatever i am stating here is to help you walk the path



i am revealing just the tip of the iceberg  
that i can express or which i wish to make known  
certain secrets are like giving a naked sword into the hands of a child

i begin to see many dangers that were looming on the horizon  
by using powerful methods of awakening  
sannyasins released into the buddhafield this vertical fire  
and were immature in their use of these powers  
and had no stillness nor awareness  
of this fire and its effects

i do not wish to scare but have been witness to these effects  
it was going to happen...the very worst was to happen

banned and staying in sunderban  
the hotel fence just a few metres behind budda hall podium  
and as bhagwan was speaking in chuang tzu every evening  
his discourses were transmitted live into buddha hall  
and were clearly audible from my sittings behind the fence  
i sat every night to hear his discourses

i was eating my dinner at prems restaurant and as i walked very slowly  
i made it a point to get up just before discourse ended and slowly  
head towards prems not to get entangled in the rush after discourse

the night it happened  
as usual i was on my way when i was stopped by an indian sannyasin  
he insisted that he would take me by motorbike and to hop on  
i hate bikes as they are uncomfortable to sit on in a robe  
and i loved to take my slow walk after discourse  
he insisted again and again and i gave in  
he took me there and he got off his bike on the street  
without any warning suddenly hit me with an extremely violent force  
on my face and continued to punch me on the ground

this sudden violent attack on my right jaw completely turned my neck  
with a cracking sound in my skull and neck vertebrae  
i flew diagonally backwards onto the ground and to save my fall  
landed on my left hand and heard a sound deep in my left shoulder  
my collar bone went into my neck and i felt my left shoulder blade had  
crushed into my spine and was dislocated  
my lungs were compressed and breathing was very painful  
he kicked my face and body asking me if i had learnt my lesson  
got on his bike and went away





i had blacked out and saw everything reel and spin around  
i lay on the ground unable to get up

suddenly i felt a great force just pick me up  
and i was standing without any effort on my part  
i know who has picked up my body  
but this attack was to have huge implications and repercussions

i went back to the hotel and got to hear that bhagwan had  
inexplicably fallen sideways when standing from his chair after discourse  
and had stopped speaking

it was sudden but i knew that dangers lay ahead for bhagwan  
and for me it was over  
i would not live long if this situation deteriorated further

i stayed on in the sunderban for another two months to recover  
but began to realise that both bhagwan and i were in a gridlock  
complexities upon complexities

i have revealed that bhagwan had already gone beyond enlightenment

the implications were deathly for him  
locked and entwined into an astral body and twisted together

the attack created many new complex spiritual and psychic situations  
i knew both my physical and astral bodies had been severely damaged

there was huge physical damage in my left side  
which turned and twisted my astral body  
the vertical alignment had been twisted into a corkscrew  
locked into a gridlock  
which blocked the ida and the pingala channels  
and the sushumna flow to my crown  
the cosmic body had shifted its centre to the right  
to adjust to the dislocation and imbalance

my ida was damaged  
and this gradually began to affect the pingala  
which in turn slowly closed the sushumna opening

my body started to adversely adjust to these new situations  
the cooling side closed down  
the body started to heat up continuously  
the cool vapour that was constantly rising inside stopped  
my breathing became irregular

my left pulse weak and irregular stopping again and again  
and i feel my heart pinching each time it stops  
the right pulse is stronger and faster

my left eye dried up constantly and itched  
and the right eye became red and always tearing

my left ear began to hear loud and shrill sounds  
and i was losing my sense of balance  
my right ear felt blocked with loss of hearing

i reeled into blackouts when turning to the left

slowly my third eye began to shut down  
with throbbing pain in my right brain

i lost the experience of the vertical column





my left arm was beginning to get numb  
black patches extended towards the fingers till a nail became black  
my left leg some dark patches started to show up signs of the damage  
and my walking centre shifted into a right balance

all these physical changes had begun to take place  
these changes and process began showing up  
in the two or three months following the attack

i knew exactly what was happening to me  
i knew exactly what was happening to bhagwan

there was still hope  
i had already reached the point of enlightenment eight months ago  
had seen and known the points of entry and exit of my body

bhagwan began a new phase of his emergency work on me

my left channel was closed which blocked the descent  
spiral entry back into the body  
i was to remain absolutely still and dive into the death centre  
and in each dive into the hara...the body sensing death  
would immediately implode and try to re enter through the third eye

if i continued on this path...it would take a long time  
but reverse healing and entry back into the body was possible

bhagwan is a warrior  
i am a fighter

life is a risk  
i never cry about what happened in the past  
it has happened and cannot be reversed  
in adversity i fight back  
this is my nature  
i cannot change it

together anything was possible  
just patience and deep healing work...the block could be lifted  
the huge boulder upon my kundalini pushed out of the way  
and the passage would be freed again



with this damaging physical and psychic accident  
a ball of light suddenly descended over me one night  
i had now grown to respect appreciate and deeply love j krishnamurti  
his compassionate being glowed above me  
and for the first time he revealed himself  
he was one of the three beings floating above me  
in the july gautama the buddha descent  
he was to become my guide and also compassionately to help me now

reading the above sounds absolutely mad and insane

whatever i am stating is for the seeker on the path  
i can risk my reputation for these revelations  
i have paid a heavier price  
and do not want such accidents to ever happen again



that in the past seekers diving into these realms of experiences  
left the world into the mountains to complete their journey undisturbed  
and for the safety of their fragile physical condition  
after enlightenment  
the body and astral and cosmic alignments are only fragile threads of light  
and the body becomes weaker and weaker as the  
grip of the bodymind loses over the grip of the no mind hovering above

the physical plane lets go for the astral  
the astral lets go for the cosmic  
and ultimate dissolution into the infinite void of the cosmic

one has to die to live



i was visited by several masters all helping me in any way they could  
one such visit surprised me the most  
as i had no personal connection nor would ever have dreamt

that his grace the compassionate shirdi baba would come to bless me  
i remain his devotee and humbly bow to him  
jai divine shree shirdi baba

the nights saw huge sweatings and sleeplessness  
tossing and turning left to right and left to right  
sometimes a complete turnaround in violent seizures

the kundalini was trying to open the doors  
the body adjusting step by step

the deepest method was to die as deeply as possible  
and go deeply into the back hole to heal

whenever the body goes into death  
the door to the third eye opens  
to protect and bring the body to sudden shock and awakening  
to keep the body alive

the death centre works as a door outward  
the third eye is a door inwards  
the third eye muscle relaxes and opens from within  
and allows the entry backwards to complete the circle

death is the ultimate healer  
this is always the last resort to open the ida channel  
and i already knew this secret

two months of deep healing was in progress  
and working slowly it could take a year  
my cosmic body sphere embryo was also growing larger  
soon the opening would take place

i was working both ways  
from the body upwards to the astral  
and the cosmic downwards through the astral

bhagwan was amazed at my determination and admired my guts and focus  
this was enough gift for me  
the hit had challenged me and my master was celebrating my strength  
this was more than enlightenment

it was my victory in defeat too

either way i was victorious  
had i lost and died  
bhagwan would give me my send off  
knowing a warrior had perished fighting



july celebrations were coming up  
my first samadhi  
symbolic and of immense significance for me

the new buddha hall was being prepared for bhagwan  
and i sent my humble request that i be allowed in only for that one day  
masters day celebrations 11 july 1987

i could understand when the request was flatly refused with rebuke  
i was their confirmed enemy...blacklisted and certified mad

so i looked at the positive side

bhagwan started to appear in the new buddha hall 7 july 1987  
and as the fence was behind the podium i laughed at myself  
and realised that i was standing right behind bhagwan  
only about ten metres away

perhaps this was to be his gift  
i laughed at my stupidity to try going in  
celebrating and dancing madly when he came to the new buddha hall  
just metres behind him  
all the energy of thousands of sannyasins rushing towards him  
could be felt like tidal waves from where i was dancing  
thank you all my beloved friends  
i was receiving the flow waves upon waves upon waves  
and bhagwan was dancing with delight

i knew he knew that i knew  
celebrations are coming  
just live these moments and drown into them  
my pain disappeared whenever he appeared  
for the moment i had forgotten and celebrated his showering

the air became silent  
and bhagwan began speaking  
i sat down on the grass and was lost in silence  
drinking every word every silence  
time was floating by

i opened my eyes to see angry gestures  
there were few guards now looking down at me  
from above the fence on the ashram side

fingers pointing harshly toward me in the garden of sunderban  
it was my side of the fence and i was a resident here

fingers wagging at me  
hey move away from there...move away from there

i opened my eyes wide in surprise  
this was not their property  
i was not their slave nor under their jurisdiction

who the f... were they thinking they were

i cannot take bullshit  
these guards were trying to threaten me on my side of the fence  
saying hey you move away from there...hey you move away from there

this was the straw that broke the camels back  
i immediately stood up...drew in a deep breath...and began to fire them  
with my voice as loud and clear as possible  
so that all in the buddha hall and bhagwan could hear me

who the hell do you think you are  
do you own this entire world  
and what the hell do those people in power sitting in the front rows think  
that the ashram is their private property  
that they now own and have purchased the buddha  
that the buddha has now been sold to them  
that bhagwan has become your puppet only for your daily entertainment

the front row power trippers were my target  
they heard my every word  
i know bhagwan was smiling





the ashram guards jumped the fence and were soon grabbing me  
i was still and calm in breath and smiling when they arrived  
saying to them just relax and be cool  
just chill and enjoy  
as i had already said what i wanted to say  
and that i do not repeat my golden words

they could see i was humorous and totally still of breath  
and laughing at their serious faces  
what could a single man do against four heavy set guards

so they all sat down in a ring around me...i was in a mood to be funny now  
it looked so stupid...hilarious infact...four guards surrounding me in a circle

i murmured to them  
yes just become still and silent...close your eyes and go in  
i had four personal bodyguards all for myself

it was strange for them  
uncomfortable suddenly seeing my humour and my jokes  
they felt like disciples sitting around me  
and looking silly got up and left me alone  
leaving only one guard throughout till the end of the discourse  
i closed my eyes and remained silent drinking every drop of bhagwan

discourse over...the dance began...i started dancing  
the guard looking and smiling  
what a crazy guy i was  
innocent and crazy

the discourse over  
hundreds of sanyasins passed by the sunderban hotel  
all peeping over the fence to see who i was  
oh it is that bhagwan the 2nd wannabe crazy guy who was shouting

i heard that a meeting was held with the guards and management  
immediately thereafter i was sent a message  
that i was to be allowed in and was not to be banned  
that bhagwan had said...the lions roar

the guard who gave me this message was surprised  
that they allowed me in...totally absurd

i realised i was going to be looked at even more by everyone  
i had enough of staring and daily judgements of thousands of sannyasins

i simply bowed deeply to bhagwan  
packed my bag and left that same day

this was not my place...not my space...too much control  
the crowd against an individual

i was to move on...bhagwan or no bhagwan...truth or no truth

i am not a puppet on a string  
i do not go in like a puppet when allowed in  
i do not keep silent like a puppet when banned

i had my own freedom...my own birth...my own life...my own birthright

if it was to be it was to be  
if not then so be it

qué será será



beyond the beyond  
within  
why sigh for the moon ?

look within  
lo behold  
a gaze upon the moon !

dark clouds  
drifting into nightfall  
dissolve !

full moon night  
descends darkness  
clouds floating on silver !!

as time seems to slip quietly by  
an ageless age whispers through  
immortality  
is the only truth  
one could know

that silence and stillness  
of an opening bud  
in the early misty morning dew  
innocent  
to the beauty of  
it's crimson red  
unfolding gently  
captivating  
the very heart  
of timelessness



thai airways became my favourite airline  
just because of the orchid they give to their women passengers  
i always ask for one for myself  
and they always accede without any fuss

this orchid always touches me  
it connects me with thai airlines  
and the warm thai sawadika welcome

the maroon of the orchid and the airline catches my attention

i have left poona and am no longer a sannyasin wearing orange  
my past tibetan life i was a lama  
where i wore this exact same maroon  
i will now wear maroon and state that i am a tibetan seeker



i arrive back to hongkong  
atleast some normalcy now  
no constant judgements and attacks  
the world seems very friendly and warm towards me  
people look curiously at me but are kind and friendly  
many asking me my experiences as a monk  
naive and inquisitive in their questions but extremely loving and considerate

i am very happy to see my sister shona and her husband ramesh  
i love his gentle mixed thai indian nature...his humbleness and goodness  
and his real love for my sister  
i love them dearly and their new born son tushar

i miss the greenery and the trees and nature  
the tall towers of concrete make me feel out of place  
i have forgotten how to walk in normal surroundings  
the city makes me dizzy with its speed and rush all around  
every passing vehicle makes me feel like i am spinning  
and i am always giddy and losing balance

i have arrived with no money and no clothes  
just the one faded and transparent robe...which my sister hates  
and in a few days i find it missing  
as she had secretly thrown it away while i was sleeping  
i was angry with her  
this robe was my samadhi robe and priceless  
it was my first robe and i wanted to preserve it as a treasure

what to do...the love of a sister  
she only wants the best for me  
she loves her brother and cannot see me this way

i now want to wear maroon robes i tell my sister  
she also likes this colour  
atleast i do not look strange in maroon...more acceptable in hongkong  
much better than that bright orange hindu monk colour she says  
so ok...we make four robes and these are my new tibetan robes

both shona and ramesh sit down to talk to me in earnest  
they both want to help me get back into the world  
live my life normally  
get married settle down and have children like them

mama mia...where have i landed...out of the frying pan into the fire

i remain silent understanding their simple views of life  
atleast they genuinely love me...that was enough  
i needed to feel and meet some real earthly people  
they were here and i was thankful for this

i feel totally useless  
my slow bodily movements make me seem handicapped in the real world  
i would need to find new ways of living  
find ways to make money and take time out  
to understand the balance of zorba and buddha

ramesh and shona are very kind and allow me to take my time  
but in the meanwhile as my tourist visa would run out in three months  
make arrangements to apply for a work permit in their company

i go to the doctor and get scanned  
to check on my head neck and spine damage from the violent hit  
the scan shows the vertebrae intact

i go to another doctor to discover dislocation in the shoulder blade  
with heavy muscular tissue twisting in the upper torso  
the blood sample taken from my left wrist makes me faint into a blackout

i need to find deep tissue body work which i cannot afford in hongkong

i decide that i love martial arts  
and to work upon my body myself  
and take up the soft healing movement of tai chi chuan  
i call upon master chen zhulin who asks me to meet him  
where he would decide if i would meet his criteria





master chen zhulin sixty five years of age  
from beijing university teaching tai chi chuan and now a famous master

the very first moment he sees me  
is attracted to me asking me how i managed to walk the way i did  
i immediately realise that he had understood the depth of my walk  
this slow duck like walk was that of a tai chi master  
vertical height of awareness and perfect balance

without any question he smiles  
and even agrees to give me private training  
and that too at the park next to estoril court apartment on garden road  
my sister agrees to arrange for expensive private lessons  
which he himself discounts for me

he said i was going to help him understand about the experiences i had  
undergone and how i had arrived at this perfection

i was going to learn the ancient yang 108 long form of tai chi chuan

he was extremely surprised at my ability to grasp and understand  
spontaneously each movement that he was teaching  
and with his own interest sessions of one hour became two hours or more

he watched each tai chi form of mine with absolute interest  
he was very humble and extremely frank with me  
and i saw him repeat each move again and again for himself  
many times laughing and saying that my form was perfect  
that he was correcting his form  
always saying...my old bad habit...my old bad habit  
you are correct...your are correct there

that my movements drew from the centre of the hara to the periphery  
the movements i made were perfect and flowing  
the inner wheel was a circle...hence the grace

movement without effort  
motion without motion  
effortlessly floating and unhindered

i was working on my learning each of the 108 forms  
and joining them together with such fervour that i completed the course  
in forty days and remembered each move without any break

i was practising the tai chi moves for three hours everyday  
and one hour after dinner in the night  
i was enjoying the garden road park and its beauty  
the cascading waterfalls and empty spaces  
the flamingos the exotic birds and the animals

my entire tai chi form from beginning to end lasted forty five minutes  
and soon chinese tai chi experts and local chinese were coming  
into this isolated park to watch me play tai chi  
even residents from the building started watching with interest

soon i was helping him to teach other students of his  
taking his classes when he claimed he was tired  
and later got to understand that he was just wanting me  
to gain confidence in myself by teaching his students saying  
that i always ignored my own strengths and should begin to express myself  
more to people and communicate my understanding more freely

strangely this same year it was announced that tai chi would become  
part of the asian games and he wanted me to enter the competition  
saying he bet on a medal for me  
and i was the best he ever saw in his twenty five years of teaching

we soon became close and friendly and i have great respect for him  
and his wisdom and his total simple honesty  
i treated him as i would a master with his age and experience ahead of me

we soon started talking about bhagwan  
he started to do kundalini and nadabrahma meditations  
and began reading bhagwans books on tao

i too began to learn many of the taoist approaches from him  
his deep and simple explanations with his experiences  
made me open my eyes deeper into lao tzus tao te ching and the i ching

i discussed my troubles with the sannyasins in the poona commune  
and he laughed and said he would teach me the taoist way  
that i was attracting their unnecessary attention  
by trying to dodge the arrows that were fired on me  
this was my mistake

just absorb them without any resistance  
accept them and they will have no more force

that my very attempt to deflect their energy  
was giving them more energy to attack again



he taught me the art of soft hands  
and i began to understand his clarity and depth of wisdom

he was right  
the next time i will not dodge bullets in the buddhafield battlefield  
but i will simply become soft and absorb the battlefield  
thank you master chen zhulin  
you have opened my eyes and i bow to you

i was growing to love hongkong  
these people atleast loved and understood their tai chi  
and had great courage and humbleness to appreciate  
an indian learn and play their sport with such passion

i was beginning to appreciate shona and ramesh and love their son tushar  
but in hongkong time is money  
soon i would need to get over this tai chi holiday and work for my living

my work permit accepted  
stamped in my passport 9 october 1987

i was now needed to prove my work skills in the office  
their company manufactured quartz wrist watches  
which i found extremely cumbersome and boring  
round and square watches...assembly...packing and shipments  
high floor offices with no ventilation and air conditioning all day

the love for shona and ramesh  
and my new attraction for tai chi kept me going

i love the chinese people and their food and taoist culture  
and began to read again  
mostly about taoist masters and the shaolin temple monks  
i loved bruce lee and read more on his life in hongkong  
and other forms of wushu and martial arts

i became passionate about their calligraphic arts  
their bamboo paintings and their aesthetic ways of expression

i began reading about the samurai and the japanese way of life  
and am entranced by zen haiku and its own universe

looking into the zen temples of kyoto and their endless beauty  
this was an entire new world of sensitivity and creative expressions

enter the dragon  
the world of the east held great interest for me now  
hongkong china japan korea thailand  
these were the frontiers of the future for bhagwan  
they could understand him

i felt he made a great mistake as did all the gurus of the 70s era  
just the bubble of the american dream  
the idea that they would soon be fed up with the outer cover of materialism  
and would soon turn inwards for their spiritual longings

the west simply did not have a clue as to what is inwards  
nor the taste nor the aesthetic values of the east  
and its profound culture and wisdom



the east was underdeveloped and to be looked down upon  
the west with its advanced nations arrogant and powerful  
and their value structures strongly conditioned

bhagwan would have been an emperor  
and accepted in the east with great understanding  
his work would have spread deep  
and his flame would burn bright and be kept alive

the soil was already there  
the east needed the modern buddha  
and his diamond like clarity updating its ancient wisdom  
to reawaken the sleeping dragons

in the east even the emperor bows to the awakened one  
in the west they bow to the elected president and his power

i was wearing my tai chi kung fu clothes in the day for training  
and wore my maroon robe to work  
this was accepted but inwardly frowned upon  
by the other brothers of ramesh who lived in the usa

i continued to arrive in the office in my maroon robe  
i had worked two months enjoying my tai chi  
working during the day and evening reading absorbing eastern cultures

soon the robe issue came up  
and i had an intense argument in the office with his brother  
in open view of all the staff  
i was told to wear regular clothes or not work in the office

my work permit was finalised on 3 december 1987 that same day  
i left that evening for india...i could not compromise on my robe

my sister and family were shocked  
so sudden without any further discussions

i am sorry today and i love them always  
they have been by my side whenever i have needed them  
and i needlessly behaved this way

i am like this  
this is just the way i have been created

whenever i was told lovingly that they understood me  
i felt offended  
was i that shallow that i could be so easily understood  
perhaps my ego of being deep was hurt

i preferred to be misunderstood  
this felt better and truer to me  
and i had my aloneness all to myself

i think with my head upside down  
the rebel in me just cannot lay down

i always need a new battle...a new challenge...more growth





i am in india again without any money  
and must work for my living  
my family in india hear of my throwing away my hongkong work permit  
which was so difficult to obtain  
and my sudden outburst and departure  
they all know me...my sudden outbursts...and keep away

i am stuck with no way back  
i always burn my bridges when i leave

perhaps i would teach tai chi and earn this way

some friends get to know that i have started to teach tai chi  
and in one month i get my first six students and begin classes everyday  
the word gets around fast and each person brings new friends  
and am to get twenty more students

all the interested people are diplomats from embassies in new delhi  
the first secretary of the spanish embassy  
the cultural ambassador of the mexican embassy  
the first secretary of the finnish embassy  
the translator and secretary of the italian embassy  
the marines of the american embassy  
and the list grows daily with their appreciation and good word  
and soon i am in the diplomatic circuit  
invited to all their parties and embassy evenings

i do not want more than four in a class  
as i feel i want to give my total attention to each person  
i start to give three to four classes each day  
each lasting one and a half hours

i am grateful to my students as i now have to train myself deeper  
and spend six hours each day totally immersed in my tai chi classes

it is convenient and comfortable as i teach in the private park  
attached to my single bedroom in a retired colonels west end house

i spend the next year teaching and training my body deeper  
as till now i had ignored the body  
i start receiving regular deep tissue massages  
and work into the shoulder dislocations and muscular damage

i spent all the balance money to buy more books and read further  
i have acquired another library of eight hundred books mostly on  
zen gardens zen temples and eastern ways of life and martial arts

since the violent attack on me i have focused to heal and repair my body  
slowly linking the delicate vital threads  
and aligning my body vertically through the crown







tai chi is one of the most powerful methods  
ever devised by taoist masters

to breath in slowly and deeply while in motion  
allowing the breath to settle and centre into the hara

using balanced movement and gentle shifting of body weight  
to allow the breath to penetrate deep into the earth

and on the other side  
to draw upwards through the hara the centre and spread it to the periphery

from the periphery to the centre and the centre to the periphery  
till they both melt down into one  
the whole body periphery is filled with the centre

one is using the secret of gravity  
as gravity always works vertically down  
just being in a let go state  
the gravity compresses the vertical threads into the earth  
and frees the kundalini to rise upwards into the sky

man is exactly like a tree

man is a seed and in the right soil the roots will grow deeply into the earth  
the deeper the roots the higher the tree the wider the branches  
the foliage and fruits will come and the flowers open to the sky

in tai chi and all methods of meditation

deepening the roots means

one has to allow the body weight to settle below the hara  
through the feet settle into the earth

with the weight settling the breath settles with it

one is breathing the feet upwards...to the hara

i always stated that the sole of the foot is your soul

one does not need to work hard

for the opening of the kundalini high into the sky  
just stupid egoistic and simply ridiculous

just find ways to lower the centre of gravity and settle into the earth

automatically the upward force will be generated

as every force has its opposite and equal force

settle into the earth totally...the sky will be your gift and reward  
the kundalini will uncoil...you have transcended gravity

one cannot fight gravity

one has to settle into gravity

the inner kundalini finds its way upwards into the sky and uncoils

tai chi and vipassana are using the same inner vertical alignments

and letting go into the earth using gravity as a device

tai chi is more complex as it uses 108 forms

to spread the centre in circular patterns and expand the hara

vipassana is extremely scientific

it is a simple one single step method

of being present in this vertical moment

where walking slowly settles the hara into the earth

and where the upper body seven centres are vertically aligned

all at once...in a single wave like motion

vipassana is for one who has no real periphery left

just a very thin layer

and the vertical wave is the last soft work to be undone in the body



in zazen...years of sitting vertically

the invisible work is actually in the sitting  
allowing the breath to settle into the hara and flow into the feet  
creating your roots into the earth

all methods are to settle inwards and downwards  
i hope you have got the message

teaching and working on people gave me the freedom  
to express myself and bridge the experiences of no mind to mind

where threads of vertical experiences of no mind  
are slowly connected through the mind and expressed verbally

i began to realise the harmful and adverse affects of the poona ashram  
where speaking about these experiences was looked down upon  
where even to silently express enlightenment was taboo

the whole experiment of bhagwan was working against him  
and instead of freedom of expression  
tight invisible controls were created by the authority and management

not to express such vast and big experiences chokes up the throat centre  
creating a blockage downwards choking the heart centre so on so forth

the explosion of consciousness creates such an upward force  
and releases such a downpouring of creativity and bliss  
that not to allow any form of expression becomes lethal and dangerous  
to the small container the bodymind

one is web like  
a flowing multidimensional channel of expression  
these channels overload and short circuit

i have spent five months in hongkong  
and the past sixteen months in delhi  
a long period of twenty one months away from poona and bhagwan

i had heard that bhagwan had just introduced  
the first new meditation the mystic rose  
nostalgia...nostalgia  
i know its true beginnings  
july 1986 in my revelation of bhagwan

i miss bhagwan and know that i need to go back  
under his loving care and to go deeper into my journey

i have become much stronger in my body  
my roots have grown deeper and the trunk wider and thicker  
i feel taller and wider  
my walk is slower but a heavy sense of presence gravitates around me

i am prepared and ready to go back to the poona ashram  
i am certain that with such intense training  
and my new found taoist approach of being invisible  
i would manage and test myself with my new experience

the poona ashram had many who attacked me  
but there were many who loved me too

they were in the silent minority  
who simply smiled or looked silently at me passing by  
or came and said hello to move on unnoticed by others  
there were many who secretly wished they could be close to me  
and ask me about my experiences but were afraid to be noticed by others

the silent understanding sannyasins had one common factor  
they were silent and understanding  
and not wanting to get into trouble

the ones in power and management had one common factor  
they were always pushing themselves onto others  
and were loud and vocal in their opinions

i knew who were spreading the poison and from where my troubles arose  
i knew each one and silently watched their actions against me





i return to poona april 1989

the world here has changed  
many new people have come and the atmosphere is totally different  
as the orange robes have disappeared into normal western attire  
and people are looking more settled and less excitable  
just accepting their daily routine meditation  
the air of excitement to become enlightened receding far into the distance

they have settled and accepted enlightenment was not for them  
but content being here with bhagwan

as soon as i arrive i check into a hotel and get feelers on how things are  
asking quietly who is in the management  
if neelam tathagat manu zareen swabhav were still around and in power

yes...they are i am told  
and they already know i have arrived back in poona

the slow walker is back...they have spies everywhere

i wait for a few days and understand their new rules on clothes  
the way things were now  
i must remain as invisible as possible  
and plan to bow down when i see them  
and show respect and my new change in attitude  
that i have changed and respect their authority  
as they are only doing bhagwans work  
and have dedicated their lives to him

wearing my loose kung fu black clothes  
i reach the ashram gateless gate and as soon as i walk down  
the guard greets me  
we were waiting for you today...you are back...go in for a meeting

i meet manu and humbly bow to him  
saying how happy i was to see them and grateful for allowing me in  
and that i was now a changed person

manu is happy and blesses me and spreads the message around that  
i have become a good boy and have started to behave myself  
my taoist approach to bow down and bend like a tree is working  
keep bending whenever i see these troublemakers  
they love to have their egos polished

i walk in and can see neelam and tathagat look sternly  
and unhappily at me from krishna house office  
they would keep an eye on me  
without looking towards them i move on quietly  
and reach for my first silent inner bow at lao tzu gate

gurudayal singh who has always been my close friend  
from the very first day i came to poona  
laughs loudly and rushes to hug me  
so happy to see you back...always remembered you  
i see you walking slowly behind the buddha grove  
many nights when i sleep

you are back we must celebrate  
he tells me haskie is in poona...she loves me and we were very close  
he rushes to haskies room in krishna house



haskie comes running and hugs me  
oh rajneesh my love oh rajneesh my love you are back how wonderful  
lets walk together and grabs my hand under her arm and walks slowly  
it feels so good to see her and i am really happy that she is here

both gurudayal and haskie have loved me  
know of my ordeals here in the ashram  
and make it a point to make me feel welcomed  
they make all efforts to speak well of me to lani and david and yogi  
their goodwill helps me to smooth out my way  
haskie is extremely warm and abundant  
open and vibrant brazilian  
and rebellious and fiery in her way

i am back again



for my beloved friend laughing buddha gurudayal singh  
who always gets the joke before it is even told  
i hear him laughing on his way out 9 january 2005

two young italian men talking on the greyhound bus  
an old american lady ignores their conversation at first  
but she listens in horror as one italian says  
emma come first...den i come...two asses dey come together  
i come again...two asses dey come together again...  
i come again and pee twice...den i come once a more  
the shocked old lady indignantly says you foul mouthed italians  
in this country we do not talk about our sex lives in public  
the surprised italian exclaims  
he coola down lady...imma justa tellun my friend howa to spella  
mississippi



bhagwan is speaking in buddha hall  
and as usual i wait in line  
walk in slowly...letting others pass by my side  
and end up last into budda hall

i have always chosen a particular seat  
the very last row straight in line with his chair  
near the marble buddha statue at the back

bhagwan enters the air explodes  
i am drowned into tears  
the magical moments are back  
he is radiant and herenow

love is in the air  
in one instant i have forgotten all the past  
and feel grateful to every sannyasin alive  
we are all in this together  
we are one buddhafield

in just another few days bhagwan has decided  
to indefinitely go into silence and stops speaking

i always have my exact timing and same route  
enter at 2.30 pm walking towards the lao tzu gate  
first for my inner bow to bhagwan  
pause a few moments by the sound of the waterfall rushing into the pond  
with the white swan  
and walk onwards to bodhidharma for my morning breakfast tea

a few days pass  
and i see neelam and tathagat are watching me again and again  
every time i enter the gate and pass by krishna house

i change my entry route  
and walk from the gateless gate towards buddha grove  
then turn towards lao tzu gate and then turn again  
stop by the pond and move back towards bodhidharma cafe  
just not the same experience for me  
breaks my walking rhythm and spoils my entire morning

a few days and i am sternly met by tathagat near the multiversity  
that i have again started to walk slowly  
and this was not going to be tolerated by him  
and that people were watching me and were against me  
from the feedback he was getting  
just walk normally and keep away from seeking attention

when will this world simply allow a human being to be himself  
have these power hungry dogs nothing else to occupy themselves with  
just sitting on their high chairs with nothing to do but launch attacks

i know that bhagwan is watching and hearing my every thought  
such a calamity...no matter what i do or not do  
these people are not going to drop their power hungry games

i walk in the next day and hear that krishna house has been shut down  
and bhagwan has asked that it be renovated  
all the management to be allowed a holiday till relocation of offices

another that swami swabhav is to become bhagwans ambassador for india

and another announcement of a newly formed inner circle of twenty one  
to manage the daily mundane activities of the ashram

i personally call this the dog pound zen stick

bhagwan is teaching me his way of slapping  
his zen stick  
his device to keep the hungry dogs busy playing their power games  
just give them bigger bones to chew on

then almighty dog eats the mighty dog  
and the higher they go the faster they fall

this way they experience and complete their desire for power  
and falling down opens their eyes to perhaps enlightenment  
or realisation that power has got them nowhere

except for very few people he places in this power group  
as his secret wild cards

his double edged sword  
but unfortunately some are just thick skinned  
and love their fantasy of power...just cannot see his device

but sooner or later they will fall  
nothing lasts forever  
some almighty dog will show them their way out

they say every dog has his day  
what a game...never ends  
bow wow...woof woof



19 may bhagwan announces that he will stop speaking publicly

the heavyweights get busy with their new found power rushing around  
and i am thankfully left alone from their gaze for the next three months

it is a miracle how i have managed to keep a low profile this long  
i have started to put my tai chi training to practice

i have begun my daily sittings next to the swan pool  
by the side of the crystal pyramid  
from 4 pm onwards till the evening taped discourse ends at about 8.30 pm  
then dinner and then again sitting till 11.30 pm when the gate closes

i want to collect and gather my pool of stillness as deeply as possible  
i know that bhagwan is preparing for a new and dramatic phase  
of his work and that i was involved in these preparations  
so i eat...sleep deeply and sit still by the pond

i have chosen the waterfall sound at the left side  
to balance my hearing that has still not opened  
and to sit against the corner point of the pyramid to sharpen the spine  
facing lao tzu gate i had found the perfect point for my daily sitting  
i keep out of view of sannyasins  
stop vipassana walking as my main meditateness  
just sitting deep and still...gather my pool...i will need it soon

i begin to notice some people laugh strangely at me  
whenever i walk by them hear that they felt that i was gay  
or a puff like a pansy as my walking in trousers separated my legs  
i also began to notice it was very ungraceful and awkward to look at

i was feeling uncomfortable as these statements grow louder  
and i could understand this appeared just that way to the onlooker

bhagwan had said that orange robe was to be discontinued  
as it attracted the attention of the poona police and led to harassment

but he had not said anything about wearing a robe as such  
so i decided to hide my graceful slow walking behind a robe  
which was to be dark blue almost black  
sufis wore black robes  
this was not the bright orange that attracted attention

so i had two sets of deep blue black robes stitched and enter the ashram  
no one even bothered about it  
it was not loud nor radical in outlook and it hid my way of walking

all was well and i was settled till i was angrily accosted by tathagat  
at the multiversity one evening and shouted at  
i told you to stop walking slowly and also not to wear a robe  
robes are banned by bhagwan

i gently told him i was sorry and that the robe was not orange  
and orange robes were banned  
i had been wearing these dark robes for a week with no one complaining

tathagat has no patience whatsoever  
totally dictator like said he did not tolerate any sort of talking back  
that his word was final  
no robe and no walking slowly  
he had given me two days to change my attitude



i was absolutely devastated and now really angry with bhagwan  
i had enough of this  
this was the same boring stupid and now damaging action against me  
i had enough...i walked out of the ashram

i was directly angry with bhagwan for the very first time in my life  
now this was clearly his own fault  
i was being persecuted by everyone he chose to be in power

what have my clothes got to do with my spiritual path  
why do these people interfere in everything  
where is my simple freedom  
to even wear what i wanted to wear

i left the ashram and went to sleep without eating that night  
i was very angry and totally fed up  
i decided to leave again  
and now go to the mountains and meditate with the tibetan people



june 1989 my flatmate nirmal woke me up the next morning early  
he knew i always slept till 1.30 or 2 pm

hey rajneesh guess what happened...guess what happened  
there is a new notice at the ashram gate today  
everyone has to compulsorily wear a maroon robe  
and the colour of maroon robe is exactly as the one hanging in your room  
your maroon robe

he was shocked...and baffled

i woke up laughing madly  
and just brushed my teeth and had my shower went to the ashram  
for the very first time in my entire life at 12 pm  
i was the only one walking in maroon



i walked slowly looking out for tathagat  
now come at me again...you big bully...ha ha ha ha ha  
i am walking in a robe...a maroon robe

it was a miracle  
bhagwan understands and i laughed

passing by lao tzu gate...tears in my eyes  
thank you bhagwan...thank you bhagwan  
i have heard you loud and clear  
i have got your secret message...my time had come  
i would prepare and go in as deeply as possible...go in go in go in  
he was on the side of freedom...truth will be victorious  
i had grown wings of confidence  
i was celebrating in my own way  
i would go in deep as possible as my way of thanks and gratitude

i saw tathagat pass by a few days later wearing a maroon robe  
slyly pass by me looking dumb and silly...dared not look me in the eye  
i knew what was in his head...never to interfere with me again

bhagwan announces the formation of the new mystery school

bhagwan is seeing the new man on the horizon again  
and sends out messages that many people will be coming soon  
create a new buddha hall for ten thousand people  
create a new pyramid hall with water all around  
expand the ashram in every possible direction  
and starts to make a bedroom out of chuang tzu auditorium

the air is getting charged and bhagwan states that  
the energy is at a new and higher level  
it is clear a new beginning is descending into the buddhafield  
the air is buzzing with a new buzz

my daily sittings at the pond opposite lao tzu gate  
start to draw the attention of the gossip circle  
important lao tzu residents anando amrito neelam mukta the greek et al  
they usually meet and hangout at lao tzu gate at around 5.30 to 6 pm

i begin to notice the therapists always rushing around the multiversity  
sometimes back and forth for no real reason  
just looking busy and important and carrying files  
flashing smiles all around so that their discomfort is hidden  
they all are in competition with the next group leader  
as to which group has the most participants  
which group is the most important...so on and so forth

i hear distant whispers again  
oh he thinks he is enlightened...is very serious and just a cuckoo  
these therapists just cannot sit still without their daily judgements  
and their opinions spread to all those who come to take groups

sitting near the pond is becoming difficult  
but i love this sitting point and it has become my spot

i am an eyesore and nightmare for them  
never done any therapy...no group  
just sitting silently in bliss

bhagwan never did any group  
nor did krishnamurti nor ramana maharshi nor buddha  
infact no living buddha ever did any therapy or group yet they all arrived

the message of bhagwan was clear  
therapies and groups are just to prepare for meditation  
therapies have no connection whatsoever to the state of no mind  
no connection to the inner states of meditation  
or simply just meditateness

meditation requires you to drop the bodymind completely  
growing the flame of awareness

one need not add any more information to the inner world  
one just needs to listen to the silent inner world  
and dive deeply into the inner sky  
which carries the entire knowing of this existence  
within its own being

the western mind is obsessed with change and becoming a better person  
all therapies attract to learning more and more about different things

bhagwan does not ask anyone to change in anyway whatsoever  
transformation is a different matter and a different plane altogether

change requires horizontal movement  
learning more and getting more experience and gaining knowledge  
makes one more knowledgeable

transformation requires vertical movement  
unlearning and experiencing inner states and drowning into knowing  
leads to awareness

change requires  
a to b to c to d to e...and never ends into the changing world  
transformation requires  
a1 to a2 to a3 to a4 to a5...deeper and deeper into this eternal moment

change requires therapies and groups and information  
transformation requires meditateness and awareness

the western mind translates awareness to mean  
to become more and more aware of this or that

the eastern wisdom understands awareness to imply  
to just becoming aware of awareness itself

change is horizontal whereas transformation is vertical

not accepting yourself requires change  
just be yourself and transformation happens

the meditator is working with energy states vertically upwards  
from the low frequency alpha state  
to the high frequency omega state

the big orgasmic state of no mind...the omega state  
where in sexual union one excites the lower power chakras  
creates fire which rises into excited heavy breathing  
flows into expansion and relaxation through the heart  
into sounds of pleasure through the throat  
reaching the window of light through the third eye  
into orgasmic explosion of bliss through the crown

the zero experience

where all time space disappear  
thoughts disappear  
the you and i disappear  
oneness with the universe

one is at an orgasmic peak  
disappeared yet experiencing  
an infinite presence the state of no mind

all meditations are created to undergo exactly this vertical transformation  
of inner energy states from the alpha to the omega

where in the world do groups and therapies fit  
into these states of transformation  
leading to the state of high peaked relaxed awareness

therapies just add more and more to the already dead weight  
and to the ego of the mind  
the false idea that i know more  
so perhaps i am becoming more aware of my surroundings  
the greatest fallacy and sheer humbug





bhagwans message  
live in the moment

this living moment  
is not the past nor the future  
as past requires the dead old mind and its memories  
and future has not happened yet  
is just a projection or imagination

just living in this moment  
moment to moment  
is an experiencing of a high peaked state of relaxed awareness

great understanding when i always come across  
my don juan casanova sannyasin friend shunyam

just ditched this girlfriend for another then another then yet another  
i am just living the moment...i live moment to moment  
bhagwan says live in this moment...this moment has passed

the new girlfriend on the horizon

great application of his wisdom

on doing and non doing  
on being and non being

doing always leads to more doing and more doing

being is simply...being herenow  
and growing in the being herenow

just being...pure being

the western mind is obsessed by doing more and more  
restless and constantly on the run  
just cannot sit still into being

the grace that descends...just by being...still  
being leads to being

doing leads to the mind and all its traffic of madness  
more confusion and delusion and further away from your centre



awareness is a state of vertical stillness  
awareness is the no mind state in the present moment  
to become aware of awareness leading to a state of pure isness

where the experience and experiencer dissolve into a state of experiencing

where the observer and the observed become one into a pure witness

these worlds and statements are strangers with the western mind  
and its obsession with therapies and childish groups





on dropping the mind  
thousands of times we are to hear bhagwan saying  
drop the mind  
but have completely misunderstood its meaning and depth

for just a layman one has to begin in a simple manner

just watch the thoughts float by like clouds  
just watch the thoughts floating by and remain a detached witness

soon gaps will begin to appear

just watch the thoughts pass by without any judgement  
that this is a good or this is a bad...then mind has entered  
and the emphasis has shifted from simply watching to judgement

remain a detached witness  
and the gaps will begin to become bigger and bigger

this is witnessing and strengthening the witness  
just a simple knack  
of detached witnessing

then move on to the more subtle layers of emotions  
watch the emotions with the same detachment

it is far more difficult to remain detached  
if your girlfriend has been stolen by your best friend

remain a witness to your emotions  
as if from a great distance  
an eagles eye view

slowly this simple knack  
of remaining a detached witness to your subtle emotions will grow stronger

then witness the entire body and all its bodily movements  
this will lead to a slowing down of bodily actions  
the witness will grow stronger

this whole simple knack  
is to create a pure witness  
that is detached and separate from body mind emotion

now your energy is not moving into the body mind emotion  
but moving and growing towards witnessing

witnessing is a knack  
witnessing is the key  
in meditation one is to become a detached witness  
of the mind and its processes...a detached witness

the mind is just an identification with the body

to drop the mind is to drop the body  
how can one drop the body...it has its reality  
only in death the body falls and the mind stops  
hence one cannot drop the mind...but one can create a witness

that body and mind is one...bodymind  
the bodymind consists of  
thoughts emotions and the identification with the body

witness that you are not the thoughts  
witness that you are not the emotions  
witness that you are not the body

witnessing is the golden key

as the witness grows stronger and stronger  
the identification with thoughts and emotions and body slowly disappear

witnessing is the golden key



how can one drop the mind...there is no mind to drop in the first place  
infact the mind can be sharpened as the witness grows stronger  
clarity of the mind grows as the witnessing becomes stronger

going beyond the mind...is not dropping the mind  
it is going beyond the mind...into a state of no mind

on reaching the state of no mind  
the mind disappears like dewdrops...just simply evaporates  
the mind was just a shadow...of unawareness

i watch with great dismay the reality that faces me  
the multiversity is creating an illusion that this is the real seeking  
that therapies and groups are the real thing  
that no mind and meditation is difficult to understand for the beginner  
being alien and not to their taste

so begin with therapies and groups  
and get stuck there

it is a vicious circle...the therapists have vested interests  
they have paid huge sums for becoming certified therapists  
and need to get their investments back  
sell their therapies to the outside world  
and earn their living

easy trade off  
easy lifestyle  
lots of attention from innocent newcomers  
ego fulfilling  
the mini gurus and the know all teachers

pure exploitation and soon forgetting why they came here in the first place  
for meditation...leading to living in meditateness

this place was becoming a madhouse  
too many judges and teachers and pretending to know all

no disciples anywhere

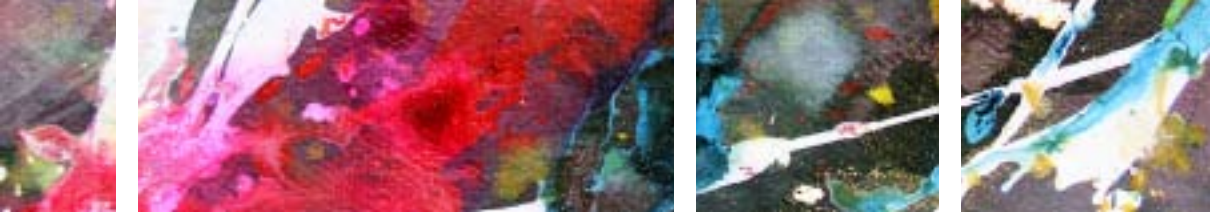
bhagwan was just their evening entertainment and their certification  
they were therapists in the worlds largest transformation centre  
where millions came to be transformed  
this place was becoming their easy money earning lifestyle

just officially work a few months in poona  
and then hop on a plane to the west  
there were the eager and innocent waiting to fill their groups  
and line their pockets...come back to poona rich  
to get certified again  
live in the moment here and now and find a new girlfriend

paradise on earth  
this very earth the lotus paradise where money showers on therapists

i was their enemy and dangerous  
i was walking in vipassana without paying

the newcomers could not understand which groups i had done  
which therapies led me to falling into this inner space



the ashram air was changing rapidly  
the maroon robes created a unification in the buddhafield  
and the collective energy was now gathering into oneness  
just thousands of sannyasins wearing the same colour  
was vibrating the buddhafield atmosphere

the colour maroon was to have its own significance  
as we are bodies of light  
the colour we wear deflects from our bodies  
hence we do not absorb the low frequency red colour into our bodies  
and the reflected red into the atmosphere creates fire  
which helps us to become more intense

at this same time bhagwan saw my arrival soon  
and the full moon july celebration on its way  
all sannyasins were told to wear white robes

white robes in the night helps the energy to assert itself  
and become active in the nights passive energy field

bhagwan began to notice that therapists were dominating the groups  
and not merely channelling his energy

he chose black robes for them  
black robes make you disappear as an ego  
and become more passive and receptive  
thus trying to soften their energy impact on the groups

bhagwan was clearly seeing the results of his total openness  
and knew that he was being misunderstood

with the recent disaster of oregon  
another disaster was the last thing needed

the sannyasins need to be reawakened  
to the simple meditations he had originally created  
and change course inwards again

he announces meditation camps to be reintroduced  
the fire is to be brought back...now is the time

he appears for the first time on masters day celebration  
all sannyasins in white robes celebrate the new white robe brotherhood

i have been preparing day and night for these special moments  
it was my first masters day celebration at his feet  
in the distant last row dancing to his grace  
in memory of my first samadhi  
what a blessing to have him here and now  
the earth is blessed

bhagwan has always insisted that the commune  
and buddhfield is just a living experiment  
sannyasins have forgotten the meaning of a living experiment  
and the creation of the mystery school

a living experiment means  
we have to be exceptionally alert and aware  
of the invisible living experiment that is taking place





the master is not the body confined in his bedroom  
the master is the pure witness  
floating free of form watching our every single step  
the master is the witness  
the one eyed seer

his disciples are a living experiment  
he sees all and knows all

i was aware of his secret  
his floating witnessing presence  
carrying him above me silently like a flame of awareness  
vertically conscious in my walking or sitting and in every gesture  
allowing his divine presence to grip me more deeply

i was a hollow bamboo  
clearing out all my rubbish so the guest can enter and make his home

bhagwan was watching silently  
surprised at all the actions against me from his closest disciples  
they had never been tested against a mirror of an ordinary disciple

for bhagwan they all wore a special mask  
for me there was no mask  
i was just that slow walking idiot rajneesh  
not even considered as being human...just an animal  
he was beginning to see their true faces

knowing what i knew  
i was heartbroken for what bhagwan was seeing  
i could absorb their inhumanity towards me  
but bhagwan had worked deeply and lovingly on them for twenty years  
it was a defeat for him...his work had failed...his people had failed him  
perhaps he was too optimistic and soft on his people

the american government did less harm to him than his own people  
he could see that if he was to come back  
they would destroy him and actually ban him from this buddhafield

announcement in buddha hall 18 august  
came as a surprise to many but not to me

that bhagwan says...few have understood my words

the meditation camps intensify  
bhagwan begins to appear for silent thunderbolt appearances

i am still being watched by the management  
i live alone and am in no relationships  
and come only at 2.30 pm...exactly the same routine  
of sitting and then walking for one hour behind buddha grove  
then sitting outside for evening taped discourse

my habit to deeply sit for twenty nine days  
and then see bhagwan for that special one day  
during the full moon  
continued although bhagwan stopped appearing

i am stubborn and fixed on certain inner matters

i continued sitting outside near the pyramid for the evenings  
and was called in saying that the pyramid was for therapists  
who worked with the crystals...and for giving esoteric readings  
that i was acting special by sitting in that prime location  
and that i should be humble and drop my name rajneesh  
and stop people calling me rajneesh

anything to attack me  
so i laughed and said  
i am a simple disciple with an obvious ego which i am trying to drop  
bhagwan was my master without any ego to drop  
so the best would be if bhagwan dropped his name rajneesh  
and i personally had no objection to his dropping his name

soon i was to hear that complaints were sent to bhagwan  
to change my name...many letters were sent to him against me  
so bhagwan simply smiled and said  
yes change his name  
it is wrongly spelt rajnish  
change it to rajneesh

ha le lu ya

as i was entering buddha hall for sunday sannyas celebration  
i hear it announced by zareen that bhagwan has said  
rajneesh was the model sannyasin of the ashram  
and asked to come forward towards her

the air was rebellious and bhagwan had had enough



bhagwan mysteriously begins to change his name  
december 26 1988 not to be called bhagwan again  
december 27 1988 buddha  
december 30 1988 shree rajneesh zorba the buddha  
january 7 1989 shree rajneesh  
february 29 1989 osho rajneesh  
september 12 1989 osho

september 12 he sends another announcement  
you will be facing a totally new man  
who will no longer be known as rajneesh  
but simply osho

it is a surprise koan for me  
i knew i would soon be announced  
perhaps this was his device to drop the name rajneesh

anyway...whatever it was  
my name rajneesh was no longer an issue to those concerned with my ego

i was walking from bodhidharma...passing by lao tzu gate  
in my usual way slowing down diving deep into my inner bow to bhagwan  
mukta is watering the garden near the gate  
and seeing me walking slowly starts teasing me  
and begins to spray water towards me

anando and neelam and few of the lao tzu group of women  
sitting outside gossiping join in and start laughing at me  
the water showers wetting me and i have to move away  
i am just a stupid joke to them...i am pretending to be enlightened

i am in my deep inner bow and this makes me furious  
just pure ugliness and bitchiness in their behaviour  
that too disrespectfully in front of the gate of the greatest master on earth  
i cannot get their joke and look hard and angrily at them...moving on

bhagwan deserves such great disciples  
these are the ones to become his living flames of love and compassion  
what a farce this place is

i hear the next day  
bhagwan has asked  
all the women to pack and to leave lao tzu house

to me this was the point of departure  
the strongest signal and clear message sent out by bhagwan

i wonder who will look after him now  
he is soft and compassionate  
allows them to return to lao tzu a few days later

i knew what was happening  
something was looming large  
the signs were all around


the chuang tzu bedroom he had especially designed  
was not to be lived in by bhagwan

september 14 he opened the vipassana walkway for all  
i was met by a mystery school sannyasin  
saying that i was to be the first to walk through the vipassana walkway  
i said that i would not ever dare to breath in the same space  
where bhagwan lived...and refused the offer

i was going deeper and deeper every night  
spending sleepless nights now

the kundalini was becoming active and asserting itself strongly  
i was losing my balance at those dizzying heights  
sounds as of a vacuum were filling my right ear  
pain was intense in my left shoulder blade and the right arm

i was spending nights perspiring profusely  
and did not want to see the light anymore  
just spend the days and nights in the room  
with the doubled curtains to create total darkness



i needed to remain in my dark room more and more  
in pitch darkness as my eyes began to water seeing sunlight

the ida was completely interlocked  
the opening motion was in a downward spiral  
every attempted opening in an upward motion blocked it further  
everything i did to open it was working against me

end of september autumn i daily used eucalyptus steams  
to help open my inner breath and activate the ida  
and remained in the blackness of the room for the next two months

it was beginning to get difficult to leave the room  
the cooler air and eucalyptus steam was helping me to breathe  
always tired and sleepy  
begin to sleep sixteen to eighteen hours

i was to enter the ashram only at nights for dinner  
and dance in the bamboo grove waving my body in latihan  
bhagwan asked for dance in buddha hall every night until 11.30 pm  
it was perfect timing for my nights and dinner


it was october and a new mystery when bhagwan asked  
for the commune to be painted black  
every wall and every corner...was being painted black

the black was perfect  
acting as the womb for the being to expand  
the ida feminine spiral was supported with the black  
the buddhafield began leaning to the left side  
receptive feminine  
the creative womb deep and silent

again the buddhafield was to move into another tilt  
onto another vertical axis  
the vortex was shifting  
the black was bhagwans secret new phase and device

all building signs were removed  
it always plays with the mind which is empty  
any person in samadhi would understand the deep hidden reasons  
in that empty state just a name like jesus grove  
would resonate jesus grove jesus grove jesus grove  
until it found another name and would repeat it endlessly





someone was going to reach enlightenment soon  
the implications of the black and the removal of all signs  
are just simple indicators  
i knew them all  
i had been drowned in the black hole before  
this was going to be far bigger

9 november 1989 bhagwan announces  
his silence is not religious  
it is a protest  
a protest against the hypocrites  
and also those that hear but do not listen

just who were these people who hear but do not listen  
wonder wonder if you please

i always observed the behaviour of most women in the ashram  
each searching for the rich and powerful men  
the most beautiful running to get the powerful men  
the powerful men seeking out these beautiful women

their whole game is money and power  
and beauty attracts

i always heard bhagwan speak on the domination of men over women  
that women have had no freedom  
and have always been dominated by man for centuries

this was an incomplete half understanding for me  
living in these modern days i have experienced otherwise

my understanding was  
that man is seeking riches and power  
just to enable him to attract the most beautiful women  
and women exploited the rich and powerful men with their beauty

this was a vicious circle...in a reverse direction  
thus man is continuously chasing riches and power  
to satisfy women...and his weakness for beautiful women

i have never seen a beautiful woman running after  
a poor sensitive man just because he is lovingly playing on his flute  
extremely rare if it were possible

it was clear to me that man is dominated by women  
poor man...he needs liberation from women

the whole ugly value structure of society to respect money and power  
can be reversed only if women decide to change their values

rule and conquer the world  
man is an aggressive animal seeking out his hunt  
in the eyes of women the soft and sensitive man is a loser

in bhagwans entire twenty years of speaking  
this angle was never looked into  
i felt that bhagwan is a simple man from a small village in jabalpur  
and he is extremely chivalrous and respectful towards women all his life  
and looked at this complex development of man women domination  
from that simple perspective...pure innocence

bhagwan could hear my understanding  
was overjoyed to see a new clarity in front of him  
his vision on man women domination came full circle  
i was earning my wings

23 november 1989

bhagwan creates the mens liberation movement

28 november 1989

for the very first time in his life...he suddenly visits the multiversity  
slowly looking at each group and therapy poster  
and surprisingly states  
there should be no more long therapies

there were usually courses of one to two to three months long  
now they should only be kept light and fun and for three days

and that he has given compulsory reading of his books  
before joining any group

what was this sudden change and departure

was bhagwan becoming serious  
about those who chose to hear and not listen

and went further to state

those who cling to my words miss me

the lion was roaring and he was on the prowl



diamond like thunderbolts



bhagwan is now preparing the entire buddhafield  
for a new and heightened state of energy

a vast being is to be born  
great surgery would be required

bhagwan a high precision surgeon  
using his diamond multifaceted hands  
like laser guided instruments  
cutting into the buddhafield forces above us

cosmic superconsciousness  
collective superconsciousness  
superconsciousness  
cosmic consciousness  
collective consciousness  
individual consciousness

and descending far below into

individual unconsciousness  
collective unconsciousness  
cosmic unconsciousness

there is very deep repair work that needs to be done  
the damage is deeply embedded in the cosmic unconsciousness  
the sheer depth has never been reached before  
by any living master to do open surgery

bhagwan master of masters  
is now testing his totality and the very limits of his being  
no one has ever dared to venture so deep

nivedano is being prepared to drown the buddhafield  
with bolts of lightening...high frequency electrifying sounds

on the podium he arrives slowly and extremely deliberate  
in each and every move utter stillness  
deep as the ocean  
gripping the air

each and every gesture  
unseen forces moving swift and with uncanny precision  
i am amazed at what i see

arriving and sitting still on his master surgery chair

in the deepest depth of stillness  
rising high into the sky  
and then diving deep into the earth  
spreading his vast invisible hands to repair the damaged left wing  
then rising high into the sky then diving deep into the earth

up and down up and down  
delicately joining the invisible threads of light  
with beams of light  
thread after thread...thread after thread  
with his infinite gentle compassion

earth to sky  
surgery of light  
using high voltage light  
calming it to heal into stillness

wondrous beings in the heavens watch in amazement  
the heavens know what is at stake

an historic and unfathomable battle is being fought  
high into the sky...deep into the earth

i declare  
never in the history of superconsciousness  
has such an extreme surgery been performed





a month passes but the damage is too deep  
higher voltage is required to cut deeper and stronger

every particle is needed for this cosmic battle  
the buddhafield has been damaged on the left wing  
the ashram walls black  
help it to lean to the left for healing and repair

bhagwan arranges for nivedano and his bombastic music group  
to shift the speakers and the entire music group  
from the balanced centre of buddha hall  
to the left

sound is where he needs that extra balancing force  
the buddhafield needs to lean more towards the left  
the entire buddhafield listening deeply within  
moves left and the centre shifts

the left wing has been damaged  
the kundalini bending dangerously to the right

the pressure is building and becoming dangerous  
needing urgently to rise high into the sky and fall deep into the earth  
in rapid succession...without delay in turnaround time

osho osho osho  
the whole force is rising and descending

osho osho osho  
shooting upwards and crashing into the earth

osho osho osho  
bhagwan arrives walking on a tightrope high into the sky

osho osho osho  
yes yes yes he remembers they are on earth pulling him down

osho osho osho  
diamond like thunderbolts cutting into the air

stop meditations

with nivedano instructed to raise the frequency of his drums  
prepare the entire buddhfield for a crescendo  
with all its totality

the master of masters bhagwan arrives  
magnitude 9 on the richter scale

unspeakable  
inexpressible  
vaster than truth

the open secret  
the master is working  
to repair a damaged kundalini  
deep in the core of the earth and high as the sky  
in one sweeping action...earth and sky together  
a vertical laser sharp missile

i am seeing bhagwan  
the greatest diamond ever on display  
multifaceted in its multitude of perfection  
shimmering and flashing instantly in a million directions all at once

an enlightened world will one day watch in awe  
the greatest epic battle on display

the heavens have been witness  
and i have seen

oh what can i reveal  
what can i say





these nights stretch into infinity  
the night has seen its day...never ever to become dark again

i walk around the ashram in stupefied wonder  
such heights scaled  
even everest is a pygmy in its shining face  
my secret becomes deeper and still and silent

i know all that is happening  
each flashing gesture of bhagwan  
each slightest movement of his delicate wrist  
the gentle smile of the greatest heights ever perceived by mankind

his giggle and compassion in hiding his pain  
this battle is the greatest ever to be fought

perhaps it was not to be

in defeat perhaps hidden another victory  
in defeat perhaps the only victory

bitter but sweet with knowing  
the defeated was the greatest emperor that ever lived  
this would be the only fitting epitaph

die fighting  
the glory of defeat with a smile  
with compassion  
and grace  
is beyond the reach of any form of death  
or even deathlessness  
a new and higher peak  
for the one  
bhagwan

my days are coming to an end  
the dark side of the moon is growing

another rest  
another life

the world below living in its darkness cannot understand  
why the sky is shining so bright

perhaps this is all a pretence  
just the flashing of an unreal diamond  
pretending to be brighter than the real

who can tell you of what i have seen  
i cannot speak anymore  
it is beyond the beyond the beyond

i am the dance lost high into the sky  
in deep latihan  
perhaps 2 hours have passed...perhaps more

infinity stretches the hollow bamboos into the night

buddha grove one with every move  
one with every sway...with every stop  
the bamboos wave into the night  
who am i they say  
who am i...who am i

and suddenly a cracking sound on my head  
my body flying into the bamboos  
i have been beaten again

no body no mind  
no one to pick me  
nor to drop me ever again

black black black...eternal black

losing was perhaps the only way out of this unbearable joy

i have seen the very best...bhagwan  
lived with the very best...bhagwan

am completely ready for the onward journey  
with nowhere to go...nothing to do  
being herenow

existence has its timing says bhagwan jokingly  
my time had not yet come  
not that easy  
there is more...there is more...there is more

wake up lazarus...i say get up and walk

i am lifted with a force and walk  
i am alive and back again  
the tunnel was so very deep

perhaps a few more days before i fall again  
existence has its own arrangements for the dying  
one cannot dictate terms

i return to my room...in utter darkness  
in know my time has come to go

i wish to give away all my belonging to friends who will remember me  
i make a list of all the statues and beautiful books i possess  
and prepare a gift for each friend  
someone had smiled and was kind to me  
someone helped me along the way  
someone came to my support when pushed around  
small gestures that had touched my heart  
i remembered each one

one by one  
i go to the ashram  
and gave each one my remembrance gift  
to each of their surprise

giving was such a joy and unburdening  
their surprise and love was my receiving



i awaken to the new day

the gentle and vibrant vivek has moved on  
winged like an angel into the sky  
perhaps to prepare for the great awaited one in the infinite skies

synchronicity with the master

she held the vital spiral into the earth  
with love and tenderness  
for his every smile

the vertical threads were battle worn  
the mystery guarded and held closely  
in her heart

in loving memory of  
ma prem nirvano  
who died an untimely death  
born march 19 1949  
died december 9 1989

i declare her as reaching enlightenment  
the vertical path and her guide through the narrow secret passage way

synchronicity with the master

more i cannot reveal  
it is not mine to share  
she smiles and calls me the maddest of bhagwans own



the dance continues  
life and death...balanced like a sword  
the edge of awareness...waking you up

we dance 11 december  
birth of the blessed one bhagwan

the path is getting higher and higher  
narrower and narrower  
the greatest decision ever to be made  
he knows secretly his way

he will live his way  
and  
never die  
his way

bhagwan planning the ultimate flight  
death can resurrect  
the body at the very last breath...exploding into light

the flame grows brightest before its dark  
nirvana the cessation of the flame  
holding the secrets of the dark  
revealing into light

the black hole reveals the light hole  
everything rests and resurrects into life again  
just a deep comatose for fresh innocent eyes

a strange device  
bhagwan plans  
his arrival  
of the new man



black magic announcements appear in the buddhafield  
a mantra is in the air  
lookout and go deep inside  
hear and search the sound of the mantra  
it will kill bhagwan

children run around looking for the treasure that was never buried  
the treasure hunt...the search begins

the device in play

this is serious  
must find the mantra man  
no it is not a mantra man  
it is a group of people who are targeting the sound to his hara

the news is alarming  
scents are thrown into the wind

some lead north...some lead south  
some now east...some now west  
northwest southeast northeast southwest

each day a new direction a new turn a new twist  
the plot thickens and the device is real

the entire buddhafield is switched from right to left  
no signs of the black magic mantra  
ok...try from left to right  
no signs of the black magic mantra

vital vertical conditions and spaces need to be prepared  
the secret balance in the transmission  
left to right or right to left

left to right  
left turn  
the spirals match  
perfect

what i reveal is just the very tip of the whole truth  
what i can reveal or wish to reveal or express to the world

i am aware of the multidimensional layers of questions  
that will manifest from my revelations

the new mysteries these will now create  
the hundreds of questions these will raise...into more and more questions

i reveal only that which i feel i owe to my fellow travellers  
to lovers of bhagwan and to this humanity  
to the future seekers of truth

and to all living buddhas above who watch silently from the beyond

bhagwan has his own choosing...his total freedom of choice  
his vision and wisdom far ahead of our times  
his complete awakened awareness

mysterious announcements are made every day  
they need to discover who is the black magician

perhaps an american cia agent with some special humming device  
or a group of people chanting a special mantra to destroy bhagwan  
or a certain person...perhaps an indian with the mantra

for the very first time in the entire life of bhagwans countless appearances  
buddha hall is divided at 45 degrees with a tape on the floor  
all indians are to be seated to the left of buddha hall  
and all foreigners on the right side

the message is bhagwan will in his flight of deep meditation  
hands moving higher and higher  
point out to some indian person or persons  
who will be very gently tapped on the shoulder and not touched again  
but gently asked to move and go towards bhagwan  
and leave the hall by the steps next to his podium

bhagwan arrives on the podium with his mysterious device ready

the music follows his each hand movement

he opens his eye...points to one indian  
gently brought toward him and walks out by the stairs next to him

the music continues...faster...another pointed out  
the music continues his hands higher...another pointed out  
the music faster his hands high in the sky...another pointed out  
the music moves faster his hands higher...another pointed out

a highly peaked buddhafiield  
holding the golden strings rooted down down down  
the wings of the phoenix must be held down in gravity  
the vast leap between an unfathomable ravine and chasms of infinity

how will the master thief steal the biggest diamond the kohinoor  
in broad daylight and in open view

the decoys have worked...bhagwans target still sitting  
the music raises tempo into crescendo...his hands flying

bhagwan looks at me like an eagle from the sky...deeply penetrating  
i knew my time has come

i am pointed to  
i freeze

i stand slowly...unmoving...very slowly take a step forward  
i am frozen and cannot take even a single step  
each step is heavy like lead...each step slow and timeless

he looks at me  
eyes open focused and ferocious like bodhidharma

the whole sky is descending and the earth is heavy with a forceful grip  
i walk slowly towards him...just 3 metres...the gap is close

time has completely frozen into slow motion  
everything buzzing into a deep stillness

i disappear  
the sky pours heavily upon me  
the diamond rushing heavily downwards into my crown

in the dark undetected...yet in the open broad daylight  
an unravelled paradox to be forgotten

the greatest secret kept alive

the secret transmission of the sacred lamp



i am aware of everything that would soon begin to happen  
it is bhagwans wish...he is my master  
all is seen by me...i remain silent

16 january

bhagwan appears for the last time to sit in meditation  
he has become extremely weak and losing balance while entering  
sitting in deep meditation...moving in a weak manner and distant

17 january

bhagwan slowly walks on the podium  
smiling and twinkling eyes...a distant look into the horizon  
namaste each direction slowly slowly for eternity  
his last namaste to be

18 january

bhagwan remains in his room in deep samadhi

19 january 1990

all gathering in the buddha hall are told bhagwan has left his body  
that his body is to be brought to buddha hall  
and taken to the burning ghat in an hour



bhagwan known as osho

says

my presence here will be many times greater  
remind my people that they will feel me much more  
they will know immediately

never speak of me in the past tense



the last dance

his caravanserai of disciples dancing carrying his flame of love

tears and tears flooding my face  
there is no return now...it is now too late

the greatest swan has flown

shock and pain and tears  
utter shock and deep pain and tears upon tears

we all dance towards the burning ghats  
singing songs of bhagwan...tears falling from every eye

of all the greatest battles ever fought  
love has perished to create more love

immense pain to see the flames rise  
his gathering flames of disciples  
his lovers dancing

pure fire of his love spreading into all

dissolved

where love surrenders  
to yield to greater love  
which is a secret  
of love itself



perhaps the dying  
will awaken the living



buddhas disciple mahakashyap

always remained silent and mysterious

one morning buddha appeared smiling silently carrying a rose

the unknown mahakashyap sitting silently under a tree

suddenly burst out laughing loudly

all the disciples looking around to see mahakashyap

sitting under a tree...he had never spoken and was forgotten

buddha smiled and gave the rose to mahakashyap

the mysterious transmission to a nobody ness

i have never asked a single question of osho...never received an answer

i have never met osho

i am an unknown disciple

with only one quality

of pure awareness...total stillness...deep silence

i stand alone...still and silent

the world of osho moves on

pretending nothing has happened...this is simply absurd

hide the shock and become zen like

the stark sign...at the gateless gate

isness as usual

whom are you kidding

totally aware of the herculean responsibilities i now have

totally aware of the immensity of what i have seen

i walk about completely dazed with tearful eyes

tears raining down my face

day after day...night after night

hugging and crying upon each shoulder i can find

nothing divides us now

we are one

these moments are moments which will remain forever

life after life...forever in our hearts

many loving sannyasins walk around shell shocked...in tears  
stumbling in the dark...groping to find some way to move on

they announce...osho said

i leave you my dream

but the dream is really over...you must awaken now

who knows of the mysterious beyond  
where is the living mystery school

where is his sacred astral body  
who knows

the zen like sannyasins just go into their hard shells  
and protect against this stark reality

master of masters osho is no longer physically available  
no longer there for our outstretched arms  
to cuddle us each evening with his tales of wisdom and his songs of love

we have missed this momentous opportunity  
perhaps the white swan has flown

osho declares  
his secret seal and ultimate koan  
to the invisible  
forever truth and present

never speak of me in the past

revealing himself to the one eyed seer  
i see his white wings and his graceful floating form



there is more...there is more...move on...move on  
go deeper and dive into deeper shores  
one must leave this shore for the other shore  
move on move on move on

this too shall pass

oshos mother mataji  
i first feel for mataji  
i want to leave her alone these sacred days  
i walk silently by matajis bedroom  
and hear her crying each time  
i need to touch her feet and heal her paining heart  
to reassure her it is not all over

a mother bleeds...her deepest paining heart  
mataji a devotee and divine mother

she has always loved me from the day she saw me  
when i took my sannyas  
everyday she humbly and with gentle grace  
brought herself to the gateless gate in an autorickshaw  
walking slowly with her meditation cushion under her arm  
pure as a flowing waterfall...unassuming and silent  
the leaf on a tree...just as it is...pure and simply there

the greatest devotee of osho  
the most compassionate mother of all  
the ultimate mother of an awakened one

i hold myself together and gently knock on her door  
the family is gathered surrounding her in her grief  
i understand and want to leave  
she looks at me  
crying...with tears beckons me in towards her  
my son...my son rajneesh...you are alive  
my son rajneesh you are alive...my son...my son

i am flooded with tears  
speechless...i touch her feet

the graceful family of osho looks on  
they gently and lovingly ask me softly to go  
mataji is in deep shock and in grieving pain  
i remind her of osho which is even more painful

i can understand  
this grieving time is sacred  
i bow and gently leave

a few days pass  
the word again spreads  
i am reminding them more and more of osho  
people are coming towards me with deep love and silence  
wanting to be near me...without any reason...just to be close to me

the ashram management and authority are closely watching me now  
i am always a troublemaker...everywhere i go some new story

a woman comes to tell me of her dreams and tales  
i saw you had died...they were taking your body on a stretcher to buddha hall  
osho came to bless you and leaned down to touch your forehead  
suddenly you disappeared and i saw osho being taken to the burning ghats

another sees osho speaking on his discourse chair  
his face changes and i appear...what was this apparition  
what to make of it...it haunts him everyday

another sees me slowly walking behind buddha grove  
and in a flash with his long white beard...osho walking instead

a child rushes towards me screaming osho osho  
and says she wants to pull my white beard  
may i pull your beard osho...may i pull your beard osho



i am surrounded by a world rushing by  
rushing everywhere searching for truth  
faster and faster they run...they seek in every direction

the whole journey is from  
the here to the herenow

past present future...all vertically present  
high into the sky deep into the earth  
this eternal present moment

no seeking...no searching...no learning...no doing...no thing at all

the pathless path  
does not need or require even a single step  
one is already home

i understand how it feels to be in a madhouse  
surrounded by sane people  
no bridge whatsoever...totally different planes of understanding

the whole world on one side...me alone on the another shore

where do i begin...what can i do...where can i go...i am in a madhouse

just give up and stop trying to make sense of it all  
enjoy this utter non sense  
enjoy this mystery and deep aloneness

the only sanity to become an ordinary man again  
an extraordinary ordinary man  
i need to reorient myself...new wings have to be grown

i move in my daily meditateness

i am drinking my evening tea near krishna house  
restaurant tables are spread out there  
just simply drinking tea alone in silence

out of the blue...a german sannyasin rushes towards me  
and without a word or warning smashes my face with his fist

i feel a warm liquid flow down from my eyebrow  
flooding my eyes in blood  
again the same boring attack  
just another civilized human being  
expressing his love and meditateness

others look on in disgust surprised at this sudden unprovoked hit

i ask him how many years have you been a sannyasin  
to which he says twelve years  
great i say...this is what you have achieved  
just go in and look at yourself carefully  
great sannyasin

i get up to look at my face in the mirror next to the wash basin in front  
a huge bleeding gash below my eyebrow  
blood running profusely down my face  
someone helps me towards krishna house office  
to get some medical attention  
leaving me in the office

i am asked to sit inside the office to keep attention away  
and enter to see doctor amrito and jayesh

i look at amrito and say that i have been badly cut on my eyebrow  
please kindly look at it and arrange for stitches if needed

immediately he starts his stiff lecture  
i do not want to look at your face  
this is not my problem  
that i needed to learn a lesson  
you deserve this hit  
you push peoples buttons  
that people like me should be banned

jayesh is an elegant human being...surprised at amritos behaviour  
he gently asks amrito to attend to me

i was hit...assaulted within the ashram...right in front of them  
witnesses all knew i was alone and silently drinking my tea  
i had never met this person before

amrito refuses to stitch the cut...and walks out in a huff  
i call him back and say in front of jayesh  
i promise that you will remember this day  
you are a medical doctor sworn to attend to any injury  
that you are the ashram doctor  
i promise this will be remembered

i am made to lie down on the sofa  
with an ice pack...the bleeding takes an hour to clot  
i go to budhrani hospital that night to get stitches

i have forgiven but not forgotten  
my promise...i always keep my promise

amrito is starved of love and just needs pampering

so i have decided today  
to send him a box of pampers  
all he needs is basic potty training  
being anally retentive...the shit comes out of the wrong end

now this is pushing your buttons...capisci  
just keep cool and have a sense of humour

it is strange logic that amrito wants me...the victim...banned  
and the person who attacks me goes scot free

the ashram management has started discussing me

my physical body is beginning to see many new changes  
i need to sleep much more than normal  
and begin sleeping fourteen to sixteen hours...in a completely dark room

i add a water cooler in my room to open my ida and breathing  
and sleeping becomes my new way of life  
i arrange a bathtub in my flat to soak in extremely hot water  
for an hour each day  
the hot water allows the pain in my body to subside  
i search for deep tissue massage to help open the damaged shoulder  
and start receiving sessions twice weekly

not entering the ashram during the day  
i remain invisible and keep a low profile  
and only go to the ashram in the evening for my dinner  
and a walk behind buddha grove

they have allowed me to remain here in poona for five months

that to me is a sheer miracle  
who needs more miracles to know they exist...this is proof enough





i am stopped at the gateless gate one afternoon  
by an alcoholic power tripper...tathagat  
he was waiting for his chance to ban me for some reason or other

announcing to me  
that i was banned from the ashram for walking slowly  
if i wished to enter again i was not allowed to walk slowly any more  
that i must change my hand gestures  
and the bodily movements of osho that i imitate  
the way i walk...the way i move my hands...the way i look

looking upwards at my keeper osho  
i promise in front of the sacred gateless gate for all seekers of truth  
his day will also come...wait my dear friend  
just wait...i always keep my promise



i am simply tired of my having to daily spend all my energy  
to justify my life and live the way i do  
there is no reason for me to be here any more

i could see there was no future within this ashram  
the sannyasins already knowing all  
full of the words of osho

osho has spoken six hundred books on every subject on earth  
from both sides of the fence...the pro and the con

sannyasins twist each word easily to meet their needs  
readily on the tips of their tongues

i know that i have a very responsible journey ahead

with my physical condition perhaps another eight years or so  
to repair and heal my body requires money and time

in these months i was approached by many  
to move to their ashrams spread throughout the world  
and speak of whatever i had experienced

many could see and secretly knew that i had received  
some secret transmission from osho  
many were aware i had undergone my first samadhi  
that much understanding was enough for them to seek me out  
i was an acharya by now  
i had known the truth  
seeing is being  
now await pure being

i always knew that i would bide my time  
till i completed the final step

michelangelo hid his david till the last  
then revealed the masterpiece to the world

not before the fourth samadhi when the last layer was thin and transparent  
would i begin his work or speak

i returned to the world to earn my living and live as an ordinary man

if it was meant to be...so be it  
if not meant to be...then so be it

i knew my rebirth had happened  
the great transmission floating upon me  
the embryo floating outside my body would grow at its own pace

nourish it and feed it with awareness  
let existence decide my timing

this too shall pass

individual enlightenment

a way of climbing to reach the highest peak

and arrive home...disappearing into the cosmos

transmission of the lamp

surrender and drown into the master

a way to disappear and dissolve into his being

both ways to reach the ultimate are completely different

enlightenment...awareness and only complete awareness

transmission of the lamp...deep surrender with complete awareness

the only requirement to receive this transmission

the disciple must have had atleast one samadhi

an opening in the crown vertically ascending into the sky

the masters being can descend down this vertical passage and create roots

become present in another form and continue his work

the third eye the point of awareness

where the master can appear but not enough for a vertical descent

samadhi is the minimum requirement for transmission of the lamp

and the master chooses

the master gives it with total consciousness

the disciple must receives it consciously

both conditions are needed before a master leaves the body

a conscious transmission...known to both

the giver and receiver

the being is not dividable

only one person can receive this transmission

there can only be one mahakashyap



before leaving poona i am asked by osho  
to make a secret plate etched with the following words  
for the coming future

osho

rajnish

maitreya

gautama

the

buddha

rajneesh to be spelt rajnish on purpose  
a conscious deliberate act to be marked  
and kept as a secret  
till the time came to reveal his work

the plate was made in february 1990

it stands revealed  
to all now



i leave poona and feel the air just explode into freshness  
my breathing has become more relaxed and free  
the atmosphere is nourishing and expansive

freedom is in the air  
freedom from continuous judgement  
and the need to balance with each and every person one comes across

osho sannyasin conditioning  
the air is thick within its own mini society  
with its acceptance and rejections  
its knowledge and judgements  
its rewards and punishments

the buddhafield is heavily conditioned with a programme of its own  
this is a new set of conditionings  
a new society



you need to fit with them and their rules  
they have their own fits and misfits

strange in a space where one is searching  
for freedom to be oneself

i had forgotten the feel of freedom  
thankful to all who have gone against me and banned me from the ashram  
thank you...thank you...thank you

i am free at last  
the master thief with the kohinoor

i have not run away with their eternal diamond  
they have asked me to leave  
now i am not answerable to anyone anymore

i am free to walk away  
the diamond hidden for all to see  
floating and dancing in the winds above me



master thief on the run

up towards the mountains and my tibetan friends  
the himalayas...dharamsala  
perhaps this would be my final retreat

cutting and polishing the multifaceted diamond  
match cut for cut  
match facet for facet  
match brilliance for brilliance  
match size for size

drown into the transmission of the lamp

a great task ahead  
exciting diamond cutting and preparation

mid september 1990 i arrive in the small himalayan town of dharamsala  
i love tibetan momos and thuppa noodles  
i can smell them in the crisp mountain air  
in a bowl with chopsticks with garlic chillies  
i have missed this kind of food and find a small tibetan restaurant

these people have warm loving eyes  
lines of wisdom and compassion deeply etched across their innocent faces

they have only known hardships  
from the remote and harsh lands of tibet...now in exile

tibet...the destruction of the greatest experiment on earth  
life after death...bardo...the black hole kalachakra  
enlightenment...transmission of the lamp  
they have an ancient knowing  
embedded into their very blood bones and marrow

how i feel for these people and with deep sympathy for their cause  
to free tibet  
allow these innocents on their path towards their hidden treasure  
allow them to silently walk their inner journey





the sensitive suffer more and experience pain more deeply  
and with greater realisation

i can understand their fight for freedom...for a free tibet  
but have my own way of understanding...and expression

whenever i am to hear a tibetan say that he or she is a refugee  
i get angry with them and to their dismay immediately say  
never ever call yourself a refugee again

within you is the land of tibet  
within you is your ultimate land  
free yourself and you will regain tibet

for me tibet is not only a land but also an inner space of being

for me everyone is a refugee  
just dreaming they are secure upon their own land

there is only one security...your inner land your inner sky

to me the whole world is a refugee  
in my eyes i have never come across a single tibetan refugee

they are simply warriors on the road  
spiritual warriors moving spread out to the four winds  
the world needs them more than they need the world today

i seek out my friends british veronica and italian piero  
who have devoted their lives to the tibetan cause  
and created an oasis the mahayana meditation retreat  
i arrive there hoping they will understand me  
and give me shelter for my one year retreat in silence

i arrive at mahayana retreat  
in my maroon robe to be stared at by all  
i am strange for them yet they all smile and greet me in their bowing way

veronica and piero are not there  
the stout italian woman in charge looks at me fiercely  
you are a disciple of osho  
we do not accept them as they are too non serious and morally loose

i explain my case  
that even the osho people do not like me as i am too serious for them  
that i have been close to veronica and piero  
and veronica was my tai chi student

i wear a maroon robe which is buddhist  
that i only sit and walk in vipassana  
and wish to remain in silence in retreat for one year  
that i only eat once a day...am vegetarian...no smoking no drinking  
and live alone with no girlfriend  
i could arrange to pay for one year silent retreat in a lump sum

she finds me funny...but gets a grip on herself  
and consults a lama nearby  
come tomorrow and we will decide she says

as i leave the winding pathway back  
they watch intently the way i slowly walk

back the next day i find a frowning face  
sorry...but we only allow vipassana students  
who have gone through purification and chanting rituals for one year

you must first prepare with learning and reading the dhammapada  
do pooja and chanting every morning at 5.30  
follow strict instructions from the high lamas  
only after passing their gates  
would i be allowed to do silent unsupervised retreat

wow...i need to be reborn and come again to this planet earth

bye bye tibetan authority...strict norms and disciplines  
i am surprised at the pattern i am now beginning to see

walking down towards bhaksu hotel  
i reach the area of the dalai lama residence  
from a distance i see a courtyard and a very old woman  
prostrating herself again and again in the direction of his residence

coming closer to her i ask a monk  
why her forehead has such a deep and marked wound

she is a very old woman...very holy  
she has done millions of prostrations to his holiness the dalai lama  
the dalai lama is the rising sun who sees all and knows all  
she will earn much merit from his compassionate eye

i look at the old woman with tears flooding my eyes  
such pure innocence


each day i have been walking slowly towards mcLeod ganj  
for my momos and thuppa meals

i have been closely watched for days by a group of old tibetan lamas  
who now decide to follow me back to bhaksu hotel  
i see them trail behind me silently and shyly  
i reach my room and go in ordering tea in the garden

opening the balcony towards the garden  
i see eight old lamas sitting waiting for me to come out  
they had asked my room number at reception  
knew i usually sat in the garden drinking tea and meditating till night

very shyly and gracefully they approach and ask me if they could meet me  
that they had been watching me for a week now  
following my walks secretly





stating they had come from distant ladakh and leh  
and were to return soon  
but had visions of me the past few days  
they were here to take me back with them to their monastery

they had a vision that i was their awaited lama  
reincarnation of his holiness the lama karmapa

they all fell in prostration with chants  
asking me if what they saw was true  
that i was hiding from the world  
not to be afraid...they would take care of me...come with them

such serious bowing and prostration  
such sincerity and humbleness in front of me  
the old woman flashed before my eyes

listen i said  
you may be right  
but relax  
have a cup of tea

they all smiled at my sudden humour  
i was normal and approachable  
just relax


drinking tea in silence  
they remained reverent and in a bowing space

please tell us you have agreed to come back with us  
they eagerly ask again

ok ok...ok ok...just relax i say  
and tell me about your monastery  
seriously they describe their monastery in the snow mountains

i am in a joking mood  
and i ask the first question  
do you have a modern bathroom with a tub and hot water  
no they say but all this can be arranged





and i ask a second question...jokingly  
do you have a western style toilet  
what did i mean by western style toilet high in the himalayas

they soon get it i was joking and putting them at ease  
they all began laughing at every other word i spoke  
i am just a simple ordinary man  
just relax and let go  
enjoy the silence and the stillness  
when i was ready...i would come...they would find me again

they sat for hours in oneness with me  
these beautiful old lamas wise and compassionate  
left thanking me for releasing laughter into them  
they all said they would read osho to remember me

i remember them everyday  
i only have tears and love for these poor simple innocent monks

they call themselves refugees  
infact they are the very refuge for this planet earth  
the noahs ark

the tibetan race will shine upon this earth one day  
they are the light and the future of this humanity  
may they all find their tibet within themselves  
and help set humanity free

om mani padme hum  
the diamond on the lotus

i leave dharamsala  
this small mountain town is too narrow and very few open spaces

i hear about the himalayan towns of kulu and manali  
this is where osho lived for six months before coming out into the world  
and initiating people into his neo sannyas movement

the valley of the gods kulu manali  
mountainous yet with wide gentle slopes  
where many great rishis and seers have spent years in meditation

a perfect himalayan town  
with affordable guest houses and small hotels scattered around  
i arrive in manali and find a beautiful guest house in a pine forest

winter is setting in and snowfall is about to begin  
with stunning views of the snow peaked rohtang pass in the distance

the sound of the beas river rushing by  
and the vast expanses of tall cedar and pine trees  
near the river the air is fresh and clear  
great winding pathways in the pine forest to walk through

i am in love with manali  
the valley of the gods...this is to be my retreat and abode  
i can see why osho started his sannyas movement here in 1970

having not worked for six years now i have completely run out of money  
and the little support of my aunty and sister exhausted

a tai chi student of mine from finland herbert nyquist  
hears of me and my financial difficulties  
and surprises me with a letter asking me not to worry and to continue  
on my path of meditation and from his salary includes a draft of 500 dollars

this man is to become the first to help me financially on my path  
and continued for the next four months to send me money  
with his love and encouragement  
i remain eternally thankful to him



the next two months i begin sitting by the river  
drowning into the sound of running water

the daytime with clear skies and direct mountain sun  
taking long walks in the pine forest and breathing it all in  
my body starts to regain its lost vitality and the healing begins

i remain outdoors late into the nights in the winter cold  
with a huge log fire in the open next to the pine forest till 3 am

the ice cold winter is perfect for my damaged ida  
the breath fighting and strengthening the body and inner channels opening

these were the most rejuvenating days of my entire life

no running around seeking anything  
the search was over  
just relaxing my body into a complete restfulness  
allowing the body to find its own rhythm

waking when awake sleeping when sleepy  
eating when hungry  
walking when walking  
sitting when sitting

the way of tao  
living in zen

just living totally and herenow  
thank you my beloved friend herbert for these precious days

i used to sit in the garden every afternoon drinking tea  
to soon became friendly with the most beautiful angel michelle  
a hippy backpacker passing through manali

she began sitting with me into the evenings  
and soon we were living together for the next few months

her total innocence and refreshing humour and infectious company  
was to become part of my newly found freedom  
away from the judgements and attacks of the poona ashram

i began to see that these innocent adventurous backpackers  
who came to india on the hippy trail  
were really spiritual with fresh and open eyes...open hearts...caring souls  
just wandering seekers of truth

my heart was exploding again  
my days and nights were moving in trance  
my inner world began to explode into light again  
experiencing light and numerous satori flashes

the transmission of the lamp settling into my body  
the mysterious transmission of osho was becoming clearer each day  
i was beginning to enter into my new world with more maturity  
wider and more expansive...becoming more deeply settled

i now kept everything a secret knowing people would not understand  
and anyway these were simple people  
with no connection to osho and his work

just watching me live in my slow meditative manner  
hundreds of people felt and said i had something unique about me

the next six months flash by...michelles visa would expire soon

the money would not last forever  
i would need to get a real job and earn some serious money  
come back again to live in manali and complete my processes



with great reluctance i call my sister shona in hongkong  
she welcomes my return  
it has been five years since i had left without using my hongkong work permit

i return to hongkong still moving and walking slowly  
having become more still and deeper  
the mad rush seems faster and more chaotic

strangely this time i feel balanced and harmonious in this chaos  
the contrast is clear  
and things appear easily and transparent in slow motion

i begin to realise the value of speed  
to one who is still

everyone is generating vast pools of energy  
flowing freely and scattering these energies into the winds

one just needs to become the centre of the cyclone  
and the centre pulls everything towards it and transforms it

a new and vast realisation stands before me

osho's insistence to move back to the world every few months  
is to experience the contrast

i realise that the world cannot enter me now  
live in the world but do not become part of it  
like a dewdrop on a lotus leaf

the vital balance of energy yin and yang  
doing and non doing  
and experiencing doing without doing  
what the greatest master lao tzu calls wu wei

i can still myself deeply and absorb the rushing world  
the centre of the cyclone  
it tests my vertical centre

my sister shona and husband ramesh having experience  
of my sudden and chaotic irrational behaviour  
they do not want me in their company in hongkong  
suggest that i work for their eldest brother prakash  
i am sent to los angeles to work in their watch distribution in america





april fools day 1992 i arrive in los angeles

i just laughed at this hilarious situation...perfect day to arrive i feel  
was i a fool or the world simply too foolish  
that i have been given a job for just 400 dollars a month

i knew that i would excel at everything i would do  
just given a chance i would prove myself  
and earn quickly and return to manali to continue my journey  
i set my target to earn fifty thousand dollars and return

die dreaming but dream on...dreamers never let go of your dream

i do not want to live in their huge mansion in corona del mar  
with security gates and palatial surroundings with swimming pools  
and two 500sl mercedes benz

i just have my kung fu tracksuit and no other clothes  
and feel totally out of place in their swanky and rich neighbourhood

to stay on my own my salary is raised to 700 dollars  
i find a small community of artists and spiritual seekers living in venice beach  
some are familiar with osho but mostly hippies and beach bums  
totally cool and an eclectic group of eighteen living in a community house

their five rooms were occupied  
so for 10 dollars a night i was given a mattress in their converted garage  
sharing it with six other people

i begin my stupid job of opening and closing the office  
two hours by bus from venice beach to downtown los angeles california mart  
and two hours back  
the long public bus commute downtown was fine by me  
just the drunken and vagabonds returning every night  
with brawling on the bus...gets to me

my job is meaningless and ridiculous  
so i soon begin to sketch and discuss my ideas for watch designs  
to the amazement of prakash and wife lourdes  
they are extremely intelligent entrepreneurs  
and instantly realise the value and marketability of my designs

coming up in a few months is the largest watch fair in the world  
the hongkong watch and clock fair  
and i am now into my second month designing watches for their company  
my salary is raised again to 1200 dollars

a radically new and totally unusual collection of watches  
appears on their stand at the september fair with me taking orders

the news is full of my radical designs and sales reach over 300000 dollars  
on a profit of fifty percent for the company  
and three percent towards my design royalties  
i have earned nine thousand dollars in one week  
just need to manufacture and ship out

back in los angeles with a new beginning as a watch designer  
my success allows for more radical design work to be commissioned  
and freedom to create new designs and travel to and from hongkong

i no longer need to travel by public bus  
and purchase on monthly instalment a toyota celica convertible

thank you osho...it is all for you

convertable open top freedom in los angeles  
where a car is simply a camel in the desert  
i learn to drive on american freeways and get a grip on my directions

my salary increases to 1700 plus 3 percent for design and sales  
and i am now sent on a round the world trip  
to expose my designs and watches to buyers globally

prakash and lourdes have travelled around the world  
on their watch business so frequently that they are million mile flyers  
and being tired of travel and sales they have me now to replace them

i am to fly around the world three times a year  
with another two short trips to major watch fairs in hongkong and switzerland

design travel sales...design travel sales...design travel sales  
timed to their selling season and manufacturing and shipment turnarounds

for two years i travel extensively and swiftly around the globe  
entire south america, the far east, the middle east, all european countries and  
america, every country possible to set up importers and distributors  
they arrange the best five star hotels with 500 dollar daily business expenses

my past interest in the world of fashion and design surfaces  
i begin to read while travelling hundreds of books on fashion and design  
i am fascinated by jean paul gaultier, yves saint laurent, karl lagerfeld,  
calvin klein, donna karan, armani, gianfranco ferre, missoni, krizia, dior,  
gianni versace, issey miyake, kenzo

two years of grind around the world

still walking slowly and gracefully

am spotted in the middle of munich airport  
walking slowly towards the plane by a beer drinking sannyasin  
hey rajneesh is that you...you still walking slowly  
in a building in manhattan...hey rajneesh another sannyasin shouts out  
is that really you still walking slowly  
in london camden town...hey cannot believe it...rajneesh still walking slowly  
in basel switzerland babalabar...wow...this guy is crazy still walking slowly  
they still remember my slow walking...spot me in the middle of shinjuku tokyo

just the contrast and the shock of my slowness  
they recognise the difference immediately out of a crowd

these two years of travelling i am learning to be ordinary and just myself  
the world is a great teacher if you can move consciously and watchfully

this earth is a lotus paradise if one has eyes to see deeply  
to live life to its fullest and understand its significance

we are living in such explosive and creative times  
with so much freedom to express  
and experience the outer world and all its pleasures

to travel at will and experience other cultures and lifestyles  
each part of this earth has evolved in such different and colourful ways  
each has its own flavour and meaning  
each striving and growing towards perfection

the old man jogging in the park...the beggar on the street  
the woman knitting for her loved one...the mother with her child  
the children studying for exams...the artist on his canvas  
the dancer in his performance...the waiter serving a drink  
the stewardess comforting tired passengers...the pilot in his cockpit  
the new york taxi dropping you off...the shopkeeper at his daily chores  
teenagers partying into the night...a musician in the subway  
parents excelling in their jobs...to improve for their families

each and every soul seeking to better themselves...strive higher and higher  
this entire dance of existence...a spiritual dance into eternity

this is the most beautiful planet in our galaxy  
stretching out into the vast milky way...galaxies upon galaxies  
our earth is alive with a humanity  
reaching towards the stars

i begin to see this vast humanity in a new light  
this earth is brimming with seekers...all are seekers to me  
doing their very best in their ordinary lives  
sincerity in every passing eye that i see...all deserving more  
much much more...much much more

the truth  
waiting silently within each and every heart  
and within each silent breath

being aware of awareness itself  
only consciousness can get you there  
to the truth of yourself  
the immortal inner being

after two years with the los angeles company  
am headhunted by their cousin dinesh a large watch company in hongkong  
at 3000 dollars salary with profit sharing  
or ten percent royalties on turnover of sales of my designs  
with my ownership of any patents and design registrations

i always felt alien in america...closer to asian culture and lifestyle  
this move brought me closer to my return to india and manali  
i was working just to secure enough money to return to meditation  
and made it clear to the hongkong company i would work for only one year

the very first design i create for which i take out a worldwide patent  
becames famous and internationally recognised  
in the shape of the electric guitar  
this watch was a huge success worldwide  
and turnover touched over three million dollars

sales and doors opening to all in the music world...fan clubs of rock stars  
elvis presley...graceland...dolly parton...disneyland...the beatles  
rolling stones...bmg music...the mtv world of teenagers were buying them up  
mail order catalogues and top end to mass retailers worldwide  
from qvc television sales and reaching down to mass retailers like walmart

this hot selling design created the next series of musical designs  
and another hot seller the motorbike watch line

all over the news in the watch world with hundreds of articles worldwide  
and a huge international sales campaign by my distributors and importers  
i travelled twice around the world to introduce and launch these designs

as i had promised only one year i cut off and retired exactly in november  
i had promised myself i would be back in manali before january 19 1995

i could not afford to waste my valuable time just earning money  
this was not the reason i was living for

my hongkong family was surprised again  
they had imagined i would stay on to create my own company to grow bigger  
i was now a recognised designer  
had earned nearly three hundred thousand dollars this year  
now being in the news could ride on the wave and make much more

there is a famous saying  
a fool and his money are soon parted

the indian controls on foreign exchange were still in force  
i transferred part of the money to a cousin  
to take indian currency in exchange for transferring the money  
some i invested and sold another investment of my indian company  
with cheques in exchange



again...a fool and his money are soon parted

the individual who took over my indian company  
intentionally gave me bad cheques  
which were dishonoured the day i went into silence january 1995

the cousin of mine refused to pay me my transferred money  
which created a snowball effect on the other investments i had made  
three large amounts were lost in just a matter of one month

forty thousand dollars worth of bad cheques  
thirty five thousand dollars in lost transfers  
forty five dollars thousand lost in an investment

on my departure the hongkong company offers me thrice my salary  
a partnership which would earn seven hundred thousand dollars for one year  
my sister calls me again and again to come back and not lose the offer

starting out at four hundred dollars earning three hundred thousand  
losing it all  
and standing at a crossroad to make a million  
or move on with nothing

i could not look back now and had no more time to waste  
i would take whatever i had in reserve and spend it the next four to five years





as strange fortune would have it  
i lost almost all my money in delhi but in these days of delay  
but met my tibetan daikini yangchen  
she decided to come with me to manali in my retreat and live with me

living in the himalayas grants me the ease and lifestyle i love  
letting my hair grow long to my waist...growing my beard  
wearing a simple lungi...a wrap around cloth at my waist  
living bare chested with a shawl just for travel

the perfect life of a yogi meditating in snow clad himalayas  
here the simple lungi wrap  
is haute couture and our prêt à porter

i return to manali to drown myself into silence  
back on the inner journey

driving to manali in my toyota celica that was shipped to india  
i arrive 2 in the morning and drive up towards vaishist and ambassador hotel

in the faint moonlight i see a white cottage on the way up  
it strikes me and driving past see the sign  
white cloud cottage  
drive further upwards passing a beautiful tibetan gompa  
with an expansive eagles eye view into the valley of the beas river flowing

i knew in that moment that this was the sign  
i would take this place and live here for my retreat

next day i reach the cottage and meet the owner from the tibetan gompa  
this cottage is rented out to tourists on a daily basis  
we work out a price for a year...pay the years rent and move in

snow falls in the first week december  
oshos birthday arrives in pure white snow

complete silence pervades the manali valley  
everything is virgin white  
silent and still

the rooms are heated with wood fired tandoors  
we are now ready for the coming winter retreat  
and the dive inwards begins

i was to move into silence for one year

the individual who bought my company knew i would go into silence  
the very first cheque bounced exactly in january

i was just a sannyasin moving into silence  
where would i have time to fight in indian courts in the mountains of manali

i hire a lawyer to look into the matter and to file charges  
under the negotiable instrument act  
thinking they would take care of this matter and i would continue inwards

but i am harassed by lawyers and the court  
to make appearances and move again and again to the courts

the indian courts and legal loopholes with indefinite hearing dates  
judicial delays and the inherent corruption are a different story altogether  
where the criminal escapes and the one seeking justice becomes a criminal  
to seek justice in this corrupt system is a crime  
not fit for this book

i learn through experience and am not really surprised  
by now i have seen enough to know where this world is headed  
the material world...the spiritual world...all upside down



i need to save my precious moments in this life and move deeply inwards  
this inner movement needs urgency and totality  
the inner dive begins

i spend the next two years deepening the journey  
each time i reach a horizon that horizon recedes into another horizon

the journey becomes the goal...no goal...just the journey...step by step

each universe leads into another universe  
and into another universe of perception and new understanding  
like peeling onion rings...one by one

i and am taken care of by my beautiful tibetan daikini yangchen  
she is silent and restful by nature  
at home totally content with small simple routines

she does not know what is happening with me  
i have left her alone and do not want to influence her in any way  
that would be conditioning her and forcing her spiritual growth

living with me she has already transformed immensely  
and at her own pace  
without any reason has stopped eating meat  
not wanting to meet people and remain silently on her own  
totally content with simply doing nothing  
no demands on me for anything  
she is perfect and glowing in her nature

it requires infinite patience  
but once one has seen the light these years of delay are very valuable  
the explosions that are to descend are of great magnitude  
the body requires time to transform and prepare for deeper layers

on the other hand one becomes lazy and totally contented  
with each day as it passes by...no hurry  
no rush no seeking and no desire for more

the journey has changed in direction and in dimension  
the vertical upliftment has moved into horizontal widening  
the trunk is getting broader and broader  
the roots getting deeper and deeper  
the foliage spreading wider and wider

from seeking and moving outwards  
to allowing and resting inwards

years can pass with little dramatic change  
one is just becoming ordinary

and then suddenly  
out of the blue it strikes when one expects it least

the arrival of monsoon in july  
the air is now enlarging the breath in the mountain lungs  
the green is getting greener

it is 1997 and out of the blue sky  
without warning the kundalini starts to erupt again  
but with controlled stillness and vast gathering of forces  
the days and nights become one

again i am transported into the sky  
high above into the atmosphere  
floating in the clouds and descending rains

the magical universe is again showering its secrets  
i am much stronger and still and watching silently  
the next few months and its revelations

the same windows opening...the same explosion of bliss  
but in stillness and with a deep calm

i move into a forest guest house to be away from my cottage  
find a new and unfamiliar surrounding  
my being feels revitalised in the move

a small forest rest house  
a river rushing by just metres from the room  
drowned by torrential rain flooding the embankment

the rushing sound of the river vibrating into the entire space  
the river chanting om...om...om...om...om

om...om...om...om...om...bliss exploding into the air

the explosion happens  
this is to be my third explosion

yangchen is inwardly aware that something is happening to me  
women have intuition and speak less  
she is to be a perfect companion for me these days

just there taking care of me  
no words just aware and silent

this is the tibetan way...talk less and remain silently watching

thank you yangchen for the care you took over me all these days

my life is truly blessed

and she has been a blessing to me always

i have the very best at my side whenever i need them most



kundalini has two spiral forces moving in opposition directions

ida the female force

pingula the male force

both meeting at the centre sushumna the vertical powerful electric blue line

the greater the opposition of the ida and the pingula

the greater the attraction and pull towards the centre sushumna

the balance of opposites

the negative and positive polar opposites

complementaries for the life force of the sushumna

in this balance lies the key

the balance force between the ida and pingula

the balance force between the yin and yang



the perfect balance and spiralic movement in opposition  
draws the attraction of these opposites  
directly merging into the intersection of the life force sushumna

this meeting at the intersection of the sushumna is explosive and atomic  
the greater the balance and vaster the opposition  
the greater the explosive meeting at each centre  
radiating into a chakra of light

seven higher and higher centres exploding in harmony  
each in its own frequency of light  
red orange yellow green blue indigo violet  
all merging and meeting into pure white light

satori is the atomic explosion of any one chakra  
the chakra experiencing an immense overflowing  
reaching beyond the boundaries of the bodymind form  
one with the open sky

samadhi is the atomic explosion of the sushumna blue line  
triggered by meetings of several chakras in a rapid vertical atomic explosion  
experiencing beyond the boundaries of the bodymind form  
one with the open sky

herein lies the difference

satori a glimpse into the beyond  
the after effects of satori last a week or so

samadhi an explosion into the beyond  
the after effects of samadhi last for a few months

satori the experience in small measure  
single dimensional one chakra

samadhi the experience immeasurable  
multidimensional several chakras

samadhi has irreversible effect and a tall vertical opening into the sky  
with ascent of gravity and descent of zero gravity to fill the vacuum

displacement of gravity creates an inner vacuum  
and existence has no allowance for vacuum  
with gravity displaced  
zero gravity needs to take its place

the initial experiencing of emptiness in meditations  
becomes filled with the fullness of zero gravity and the being

emptying out mind...gravity  
filling in no mind...zero gravity

the superconsciousness that is released into the sky  
the body slowly pulls it back trapping it inside for protection  
each samadhi enlarges the core and requires the body to settle in again



i had always been interested in quantum physics and particle science  
i was reading fritjof capra in my formative years  
these years see my understanding of quantum physics grow

the inner experiencing of millions of dancing exploding particles  
in vast inner spaces of emptiness  
surrounded and immersed in a velvety like feathery black hole  
nourishing and creating white holes

life has its dynamics and inner interplay  
both are interdependent  
die to live and live to die  
life moves towards death...death creates more life

and the dance goes on...and on...and on  
till the big circle...the dhamma wheel...turns full circle

i arrive back from the river rest house  
and go to the tibetan gumpa above my cottage  
their old lama tells me that white cloud cottage was built  
just twenty metres from the garden and the exact same spot  
where osho gave sannyas to his first eighteen people in 1970  
he had loved the view of the river from this elevated point  
and loved walking in these winding forest pathways  
leading to the mineral sulphur baths in vashist

what a surprise and great delight...what a miracle  
i had driven straight to this spot a year ago  
in the middle of the night

we move into a quieter hemkund cottage in a beautiful apple orchard  
and are to spend another four years here  
living in silence and taking walks into the forested mountains  
amongst the pine trees and by the river banks

soon my money runs out...most of it is given to lawyers  
who continue to fight the court cases

financial difficulties once again  
on february 2000 after five years i am to return with yangchen to hongkong





shona and ramesh always welcomed my return  
it has been five years since i have seen them

they have had their fifth child by now  
the first son tushar and four daughters natasha ramona trina and sherina  
i am totally in love with each one of them  
it is such a joy to see them all again  
all the children take an instant liking to yangchen

i now love the world in its natural flow and elements  
unconcerned with the journey towards enlightenment or distant achievements  
just living their daily mundane lives without any fuss

i have no children...shona has done the job for our whole family

ramesh is very soft spoken and has a great and warm heart  
with an indian father...born in burma...a thai mother  
the grace and dignity of the thai culture  
flows lovingly through his actions and responses towards all he meets

i love him immensely and have know him to deeply love my sister  
my sister is extremely simple and very passionate like a child  
innocent to the world and only concerned with taking care of her five children  
they have been married for seventeen years

ramesh decides that it is time i worked with their company  
and creates a new division named kooltime for my designs  
to be manufactured by his large successful company time creations  
i promise i will stay and work in hongkong for atleast three years

my very first design for kooltime  
the fifth dimension vertical watch cone is launched and wins the coveted  
hongkong trade development council design award 2000

my kool watches are in the news all over the watch trade again  
with hundreds of articles pouring in with great reviews  
business takes off again...with a worldwide marketing campaign

kool design watches reach sales worldwide  
karstad, nekerman, quelle, schneider, hach, manor, christ jewellers,  
television sales on qvc, the federated stores, walmart, flax art, moma  
the list is endless

a modern and contemporary art to wear line of watches  
catches the attention of the hongkong federation of industries  
i receive the hongkong award for industries consumer product design 2001

the awards create a name for me internationally and am recognised  
with articles appearing in the prestigious swiss journal europa star  
zen and the art of watch manufacturing

my salaries and earnings touch three hundred thousand dollars yearly  
and the design awards create many new openings worldwide for me

my interest in the design world and consumer products design  
lifestyle...interior...furniture...modern architecture  
lead me to read deeply and study the great iconic designers like  
philippe starke, terence conran, marc newson, erik magnussen,  
arne jacobsen, michael graves, jacob jenson, ron arad, zaha hadid,  
i m pei, frank o gehry, frank lloyd wright

these to me are the modern geniuses and zen masters of the outer world  
each perfecting and mastering themselves in creative expression  
rebellious lifestyle statements of visual art  
displaying the multitalented nature of this human race  
requiring great discipline in their chosen fields of perfection  
pure zen expression

i begin travelling around the world again to meet customers with  
a new relaxed ease and begin to appreciate lifestyles of those in the world

i had not read a newspaper for twenty years  
nor actually watched any television nor watched a movie for sixteen years  
i had no idea of computers or the internet or email

i was catching up with the rest of the world  
and amazed at the explosion everywhere and the power of creativity  
this world was colourful and dynamic  
i was watching everything with stillness and watchfulness

zen prevents one from nothing  
the zen experience allows deep appreciation of each and everything  
life is a dancing rainbow of colours







satyam shivam sunderam...truth...good...beauty

travel and experience of the creative outerworld  
with zen eyes allows this beauty to filter inwards  
and expands our inner world with aesthetic sensitivity

i was enjoying each and every moment of this newly found freedom  
to learn and experience the outerworld again

yangchen travelled with me on most of my world trips  
she made me visit places i would never have visited on my own  
feeling stupid going to disneyland, las vegas casinos, miami beaches  
san francisco bay, new york, hyde park by carriage, aloha dinners  
underwater submarine in hawaii, madame tussauds wax museum  
and all kinds of the silly tourist spots around the world  
from america to london switzerland france holland germany  
the far east tokyo korea thailand bali singapore shanghai new zealand

the balance of the inner world and the outer world

the world of zorba the buddha



the three years that i had promised to work end soon  
i plan to leave for manali again...to complete my journey

yangchen a tibetan from a small remote town of arunachal  
in northern himalyan india has fallen in love with the world and its material  
pleasures and the aliveness of living and travelling around the world

she is still young at 26 and adventurous with a youthful spirit of freedom  
having just travelled the world wishes to live on in hongkong  
not wanting to go back to what is now boring to her...life in the himalayas

i can see her resistance to returning to india  
and she decides to move on with her own life and go to america  
it is the wish of every tibetan to settle and live in america their dreamland  
and slowly bring their brothers and sisters and parents to settle there  
i wish her all my love and support in her path of self expression  
and am always ready to help her in any way to realise her dreams

i always remain grateful for all the beautiful moments we have shared  
love is vertical...in the herenow...always alive

each beautiful meeting with strangers in this vast galaxy  
is an experience of sharing and deeper understanding of love

we are friends and fellow travellers of light in this vast universe  
we come alone and go alone







three years have passed i return and arrive back to manali 15 january 2004

moonwater cottage in my apple orchard  
facing the white snow peaked rohtang mountains

it is a huge snowfall  
snowflakes shining against the stormy black skies  
a pure white and silent 19 january  
with a roaring log fire in front of me

i am in abundance and in bliss of aloneness

osho knocks on the door and i open it  
pure stardust floating gently down

osho fire and ice  
his cool fire of compassion descends upon me

the time is coming...i must move into the final journey  
the endless path must take a quantum leap  
into the beginning of another endless journey

i remain awake into the early morning dawn  
the world sleeping in pure bliss of ignorance



time to look back at the world

from cradle to the grave  
man is rushing by himself...passing by life unaware

being born into this mad rushing world  
and pushed into their journey of life  
the world of education at the early age  
4 to 5 nursery...6 to 16 schooling  
17 to 20 college...21 to 23 higher studies  
an entire life of youth wasted

the whole education system is criminal and against the innocent child  
who has no choice but to follow whatever is thrust upon him

from the very first day in nursery  
the whole education is geared to training the mind  
towards competition and aggression and jealousy and judgement

this fact is simple and of clear understanding  
as no parent wants their beloved child to be behind others  
everyone wants their child to come first...be the best...always ahead

it is impossible that everyone can come first in class  
this mathematical principle would defeat even poor albert einstein  
only one child can come first...second...then third  
which child wants to be third class...any takers  
which child is congratulated for coming in last

any child with a dumb aptitude just to memorise stupid dates and numbers  
and meaningless bits of knowledge comes first in class  
education just tests memory and not intelligence in any way

the subjects taught are all meaningless to the poor child  
but teachers are serious and parents pressurising to do well in school  
the innocent child has no choice

just cramming their innocent minds with garbage and rubbish  
they are there to carry the dustbins of our past glory...or gory for that matter

the poor child is taught about  
alexander the great...genghis khan...tamurlane...ivan the terrible...hitler  
great battles and world wars...destruction and destruction  
what is so great about alexander the great  
just his egoistic conquering insanity  
murderer termed the great conqueror





history

the stupidities of our past remembered with pride

geography

the reasons for the division of our one earth into separate nations

biology

all about everything except ourselves and our place in nature

chemistry

all about everything but what to do with chemical hormones of fear or anger

mathematics

where one plus one is two but never fits into our real world of counting

language

all is talk and talk and the language of silence is no means of communication

the whole education is upside down geared for the average masses

all subjects and syllabus and exams to exactly fit millions of different children

from different social economic cultural religious backgrounds

into one single exam pattern with no variation

all children carbon copies like a plastic factory churning out toys

each with the same barbie doll smile...exactly the same

we are simply creating robots for a controlled environment

comfortable and easy to manage in our conditioned society

all people must fit into one mentally acceptable social group

no wonder this human race is confused

fragmented and divided against itself...and always at war with itself

no child loves himself...no child accepts himself...no child can be himself

no child loves himself

and silently and deeply knows they are being crushed

by the education system to cram and struggle against their nature

to do well and be rewarded with meaningless degrees for employment

every child is conditioned that they are stupid and need to be educated

they know nothing...that they are not fit the way they are

they do not deserve reward without struggle and effort

divided from childhood they learn hate and learn politics of the smile  
they hate themselves for failing to satisfy their eager and loving parents  
teachers elders society and nations  
they learn to hate their parents and elders for forcing them against their  
nature and learn to smile jimmy carter smiles  
all smiles all around...just keep smiling hurting inside...it pays to smile

no child accepts themselves as they are  
how can they when they are rejected by all around...for stupid meaningless  
reasons which appear to be serious and important by retarded grownups  
do not cry be a man...live for society...live for another...sacrifice yourself  
go to war and fight for your nation

no child can be himself  
become this or become that...become this powerful president  
or that famous doctor or that important government dignitary  
or anything else will do...but do not become just yourself

the very first lesson in life...the only few worth unlearning

love yourself...accept yourself...be yourself

love yourself  
by not loving yourself the small silent and fragile energy  
is divided and fragmented from within and a cancer grows rapidly unseen  
do not love others...just learn to love yourself first  
one who loves himself understands the value of love from within  
self love is the way to inner health and growth of self knowing  
this love grows and blossoms through seven pillars of inner light  
love nourishes and soon spreads on its own accord to others

accept yourself  
what a stupid boring world we would live in if all humans were exactly same  
learn acceptance of yourself just the way you are  
existence has given birth to you and accepts you unconditionally  
you are breathing and alive with its aliveness...a miracle in itself  
each and every individual is unique and irreplaceable in this vast cosmos  
the very beauty of you remains its unique signature

be yourself

you can try and pretend as much as this society demands of you  
to be someone else and to live the life of the impossible imposter  
there is only one way and that is being yourself  
whatsoever you are just relax at ease and be yourself  
just out of being yourself a tremendous grace and beauty  
will be released and will radiate all around you

love yourself...accept yourself...be yourself

these qualities will create for the first time  
an individual whose inner flame is undividable  
a great pool of energy will gather and surround you

with this an inner trust will arise from within you

inner trust

inner trust settles being and we are at home in our vast friendly universe  
one drops this maddening rush seeking relief from our inner emptiness  
each individual has an inner being still and silently waiting to be heard  
learn to listen and trust your inner voice

it will need a deep listening as you have forgotten its silent guiding voice  
learn to trust your inner voice and master guide  
existence is supporting you each moment  
showering all its blessings on you with each breath  
life is proof of this blessing  
go in...go in...go in...in deep love and deep trust

inner trust will expand your inner sensitivities and your being  
you are a being of light...expand your consciousness and live more being

howsoever small your inner flame...it is your inner flame

do not borrow it from any teacher or guru or master  
they cannot give you anything

your life spark fires from within your innermost temple  
no one can reach there but you  
it is your inner sacred sanctum...you are your own master there  
only you can reach and ignite your fire

a true master  
can at the most only inspire you  
to live your being...live in your light

from an individual one grows towards collective compassion  
and collective compassion grows towards cosmic godliness

the journey is simple  
from the fragmented many...to the individual one...to the cosmic all

live life...love life...accept life with laughter and joy  
life is a pure celebration of you...a celebration of your being  
being alive each moment in this dance of this universe





before one begins the search  
look into your own inner sky  
to rediscover what you already have

you are the ultimate expression of this universe  
and carry all the experiences of this cosmos within your being  
man is a micro cosmos  
every atomic particle that you possess has its origins in this creation  
and has passed organically as a whole through each stage of evolution

you carry within you  
the seed and the flowering and the entire knowing of existence

the five senses with which you perceive the outer world all lead outward  
the sixth sense opens new perceptions inwards  
into the inner sky which is far vaster than the outer  
as it is the experiencer itself which is now being perceived

the real meaning of education  
is to draw out...from your inner well of knowledge  
the inner sky carrying all the treasures

before you set out to learn more  
dive in to understand and experience what treasures you already have  
you are the universe

science is an exploration of the outer scientist  
the outer scientist explores the outer world  
with instruments using his five senses

meditation is an exploration of an inner scientist  
the inner scientist explores the inner world  
with insight using his sixth sense

the scientist knows more and more to know all about nothing  
the mystic knows less and less to know no thing about all

the scientist is looking for the outer building block of existence  
the outer science...knowledge...is just matter

the mystic seeks the inner spaces of existence  
the inner meditation...knowing...is what matters

having now completed his meaningless education

the child now grown up has to recover investments in education 21 to 24  
get a job...work hard...earn money...find a girlfriend becomes 25 to 32  
settle down get married and have children becomes 32 to 40  
responsibilities to bring up growing children becomes 40 to 45  
broods over the meaning of life 45 to 50  
become wiser and seeks the truth 50 to 60  
finds life meaningless...has one foot in the grave

ha le lu ya...ha le lu ya the angels sing welcome to heaven...the short cut

this almost inevitable pattern works perfect for this established society  
they have found a healthy reproductive specimen who has paid his dues  
and left another to replace his job...keep society alive



the family is responsible for creating enemies  
you are my son and my daughter...my blood  
those are others children...others blood

herein begins the great divide amongst nations

children divided...families divided...neighbourhood divided  
state divided...country divided...nations divided...religions divided

parents divide children...into families  
politics divide lands on the earth...into nations  
religions divide fictitious lands in the sky...into heavenly kingdoms

all and everything divided  
taught to love others...that love unites  
great hypocrisy

the amazing greed of the human mind...our values are turned upside down

some eat to live and some live to eat  
some earn to live and some live to earn

the beggar with his bowl and extended arms returns empty  
with nothing sleeping deeply into the night

the begging billionaires carrying bowls seeking more and more  
the skull a bowl of inner poverty restless into the night

the dead and buried live on fertile lands  
while the living try find shelter so they may live

spending millions for temples of gold for gods who own paradise  
while the poor are given hope for a place in paradise

the giver falls in his ego to give...the receiver rises in his bow to receive

man seeks answers from afar

man has reached the moon reaching mars and distant planets  
but has not even gone into the silence of his being

listening to frequencies and wavelengths for extraterrestrials intelligence  
but never listened even for a moment to his own breath

climbs mount everest  
but fears to descend into his own being

the supreme most intelligence just within his own navel  
the inner working of the mind and no mind remain unexplored  
strange universe we live in...of great explorers and adventurers

this humanity is living in constant state of war  
a battlefield on earth  
a battlefield in the sky

a hall of mirrors in a minefield...an inner state of turmoil

religion against religion in psychic wars in the sky  
the greatest wars being fought are within man himself  
the struggle of inner darkness and unconsciousness

a minefield in a hall of mirrors...our outer state of turmoil

if that were not enough trust our politicians  
creating wars to remind people who is in power  
sending professional hired assassins licensed to kill  
under international laws of nations

nuclear war  
is our reward to this divine existence for showering its blessings

nuclear war  
is our gratitude towards this abundant earth animals nature trees oceans

nuclear war  
the expression of our love and compassion and greatness of human race

remember hiroshima and nagasaki

we are all grave diggers...being led towards the cemetery this century

we are the world...we are all responsible...each one of us

just one single drop  
mirroring this vast divine existence  
one single drop of pure eternity

each one of us a drop  
a teardrop of love...a teardrop of joy

each individual is responsible  
drop by drop...we can become one ocean

drop by drop...drop by drop...drop by drop

our oceans will become pure love filled with joy



the year passes in reflection and deepening stillness

i prepare for the next quantum leap  
deep tissue bodywork three days a week  
opening each and every tissue and muscle  
breathing each muscle into energy release  
balancing breath and muscle tissue

ancient ayurvedic oil baths with hot medicated oils  
and pounding hot herb packs and deep massages  
two years of deep body work and preparation

a strict diet of simple food and juices and fruits

sleeping a in pitch dark room  
one hour soaking hot tub baths



refreshing walks in the forest  
sitting by the river  
breathing and opening the lungs deeply  
detoxifying and totally purifying the body



the body needs deep preparation  
the explosive openings of consciousness  
requires vast spaces to expand into  
the body must be totally relaxed and open  
each muscle sponge like porous and absorbent  
a breathing organic whole  
an expanded breath...one breath



a vast pool of powerful stillness gathers  
i am aware an inner storm is going to arise  
and implode into another samadhi

to spend one week before each full moon  
i move to span resort a paradise himalayan retreat  
with luxury cottages and long river walks  
where osho lived when he returned to india  
his room is too sacred for me to live in  
i take up the next room



these days are filled with exploding light and freshness  
and my body is becoming lighter and lighter again

gravity is lifting and my walk is growing wings again  
the body disappearing into thin air



for years i have not listened to music  
have stopped dancing  
i had always danced everyday for hours and hours

music and dance has been my life  
and deepest companion for these past twenty years  
listening to kitaro, deuter, karunesh, prem joshua,  
kamal, anugama, shastro, hariprasad, zakir hussain,  
omar faruk, patrick o hearn, yanni, yamashirogumi  
these are the most creative beings on this planet  
i have deeply admired their passion and tremendous  
contribution towards human inner growth

i begin living my dancing days again

i am coming closer and closer to another peak  
i wish to move into an unfamiliar jungle like area with a river flowing  
where the energy is wild and free of human thought and commotion

i search another place in the mountains  
arrive in the mountain lake town of riwalsar  
where the greatest tibetan master lotus born padmasambhava  
meditated and taught out of his cave  
with hundreds of caves located in this remote himalayan area  
the energy is peaked and a vast stillness all around  
the basin like lake in the centre  
acting like a singing bowl echoing sounds into riwalsar at night  
gathering all the collective energy of hundreds of tibetan monks  
meditating into these mountains like a huge buddhafield

i wish to live in a tibetan monastery to be close to the chanting monks  
lighting thousands of lamps and incense sticks  
with hundreds of deities and statues of their revered masters and buddhas

i find a beautiful retreat in a monastery  
and move the next day to guru padmasambhavas cave

climbing the long stairs upwards  
to find a cave dripping with water and damp with moisture

i enter and immediately feel thousands of strings pulling out of my crown  
need to sit very still...the force in the cave is powerful and strong  
water is dripping onto my body from the cave  
hours pass...in deep silence  
a force grips me like a bench vice from all around  
my body is pulled upwards with a powerful force  
twist deeply left and then turn my spine sharply right  
guru padmasambhava has untied the huge knot embedded in my back  
the body releases a ball of explosive force  
i need to move out quickly  
the cave is now too small and i am suffocating  
i need trees and forests and a flowing river now

i bow deeply in gratitude to his lotus feet...guru padmasambhava



i know i need to move to a deeper and more silent forested place  
and move towards nearby parvati valley  
where lord shiva and parvati once lived  
this mystical forest town of kasol frequented by travelling backpackers  
in the heart of paradise valley of the parvati river  
swiftly flowing down from khir ganga through manikaran  
where sant baba guru nanak dev ji and mardana passed



i find a simple clean alpine guest house  
just metres from the parvati rivers gushing sounds

i knew it would be here  
once again it would descend upon me here

i am in paradise again...the air is transparent clean  
and filled with dancing particles of the charged river

one month passes sitting still drinking and drowning  
into the sweet sound of the river rushing by

i am exploding into ecstasy  
listening to heavenly music and the dance begins  
six to eight hours into the night till daylight appears  
the dancer and the dance lost  
into a pure flame of motionless motion

the dance continues and continues into each night  
the music pulls me into ecstasy and dance explodes

a bliss is gathering  
the river pulling me...the forest pulling me  
the sky pulling me...the silence pulling me  
i am expanding and expanding in each direction

an explosion of bliss is gathering  
the river dancing...the forest dancing  
the sky dancing...the silence dancing  
the dance goes on...the dance goes on and on

the inner space implodes  
the river is twinkling diamonds...diamonds rushing  
the forest radiating diamonds...diamonds twinkling  
the sky pouring diamonds...diamonds raining  
the silence descending diamonds...diamonds floating



sky showering i dance alone

light exploding everywhere...everything white...pure white light

pure beauty pure bliss pure silence descends upon me  
silence growing deeper and deeper and deeper

i am transported above the river and pine trees  
and the snow mountains and the clouds into the blue skies

sheer beauty unfolds in front of me...a vision of the great life ahead  
i am filled with a mystical wonder...my eye is open...i am awake  
just waiting to come back into the world

this breathtaking spectacle floating before my seeing eye  
the heavenly grandeur of these diamond peaks of consciousness



i stand alone  
the majority of one

sat chit anand  
ultimate truth...ultimate consciousness...ultimate bliss

i am drowned in silence  
om om om om om  
the universe is drowned  
om om om om om  
vibrating the entire space

i was lost  
i found  
  
drowned  
  
am lost again  
  
who am i

diamonds floating pure emptiness  
i look upwards

descending

osho...osho...osho

tears of bliss

tears of the mystic rose

i bow with infinite gratitude

osho master of masters

buddha master of infinite compassion

krishnamurti master of being your own master



o s h o

never born  
never died  
only visited the  
planet earth between  
dec 11 1931 – jan 19 1990

rajneesh

born january 20 1961  
died january 19 1990  
reborn january 19 1990

will never die

rajneesh a friend



r a j n e e s h



tears of the mystic rose is a message of compassion and love  
towards all fellow travelers on the path

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## on a golden platter

initially rajneesh was to speak to a selected few in evening satsang  
to begin 20 november till oshos birthday 11 december 2007

existence changed course

one evening what began as spontaneous writing on his laptop  
led to a sudden unedited downpour  
86 hours 181 pages in a span of 24 days

his first ever attempt at writing...raw unedited and spontaneous

simple in his own unrefined unpolished way of expressing  
not borrowing words of wisdom from his master  
he wants it left untouched raw and clean

a mysterious story of his journey revealed to inspire fellow travellers

tears of the mystic rose  
sent to print 11 december 2007  
first edition released on 19 january 2008

second special ebook edition  
11 april 2008



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magnitude 9 on the richter scale

diamond like thunderbolts

rajneesh reveals osho  
mystical story of love