

Exploring Gurdjieff's Teaching of The Fourth Way—The Way of Transformation in Ordinary Life \$7.50

Gurdjieff

THE CHALLENGES OF
OUR TECHNOLOGICAL
WORLD-TIME Part II



Matthew Patterson

Letters to TGJ

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Shadows of Hubris

"J. G. Bennett & the Inner Barrier" (TGJ #57) mentions the young Paul Beekman Taylor giving Gurdjieff "a look," and Gurdjieff later telling him, "You will tell stories about me." Taylor certainly did. Book after book, touting assorted scandals, long laundry lists of names and irrelevant facts, as if to prove Taylor knows something. I remembered buying his first book, *Shadows of Heaven*, many years ago and never finishing it, but couldn't remember why. I took another look at *Shadows* and found a real shadow on page seven, where he admits:

My own point of view is slanted. . . . I had little conscious use for them almost 50 years ago, and Gurdjieff remains a mystery to me. I suppose then that he had little use for me. If he befriended me out of deference to his connections with my mother and sister, he had little if any obvious reason to tolerate me, though he was known to encourage children's potential. He accused me more than once of being an unhealthy element among his pupils, not so much because I appeared to him, perhaps, as a skeptic who rarely accorded him the respect he must have thought his due, but because I distracted other young people from the 'work.' Nonetheless, he was extraordinarily patient and generous with me. Enough said. Poor fellow, can't

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stop writing about Gurdjieff, can't stop justifying. I wonder if he knows about "The Lake of Hell" Gurdjieff speaks of?

John Hartshorne
Chicago, Illinois

Mechano-coinciding-Mdnel-In

The recent review of Mitzi DeWhitt's trilogy was a welcome reminder. As a student of Mr. Gurdjieff's teaching, DeWhitt's books resonate with genuine depth. While what she presents is so far beyond my grasp, nevertheless one can sense the thread of reason, authenticity and joy in her presentation. I had the sense that Vitvitskaia's reference in the *Second Series* to *The World of Vibration*, the book she found in the Prince's library after having exhausted her study of the theory of music, was a fact not only connected but of great significance. And DeWhitt's books appear to shine a light on these facts.

There was a sense of incompleteness when reading "As Gurdjieff said, the altered Stopinders take us out of our 'subjective actions.'" While the page reference is given, this is not what Gurdjieff stated directly. There is quite a bit in each idea—of *stopinder* (and their alterations) and "subjective actions." Don't we see aborted octaves in our lives constantly despite the lengthened Mechano-coinciding-Mdnel-In?

John Harvey
Shadyside, Pennsylvania

Cookies with Too Little Sugar

Reading "Disappointed with Life & Yourself?" was a lot to take in. Thinking about how this disappointment has played out in my own life, it was seen how drama, enthusiasms and even anger have been used to "spice up" life. But the common thread of all this is in fact disappointment. Like cookies with too little sugar, life did not satisfy.

Between the initial paragraphs that describe how the Work "tapped us on the shoulder" to the essay's end, this was the most straightforward and complete description of our situation and what to do about it that I have read in a long time. The article offers so much—not the least is the explicit plea at the end—"to remember ourselves, to step out of the hypnosis. . . . *To Be what is.*" This touched something very deep. Invoked a strong sense of presence and spoke vividly to my aim and wish to Be.

Sarah Johns
Los Angeles, California

Sayings of Substance

Pig-raising and weed-pulling have a tendency to teach people with their heads in the air that their feet must be still on the ground.

A conscious man refuses war. Mutual destruction is a manifestation of men who are asleep.

In the common presences of almost half of all the three-brained beings I met there [America], the proceeding functioning of the transformation of the first being-food is disharmonized . . . their digestive organs are spoiled; and almost a quarter of them have or are candidates for that form of disease specific to beings there, which they call 'impotence.'

The process of the destruction of the large community 'monarchic Russia' proceeded in consequence of the abnormalities of, so to say, the Reason of the power-possessing beings there, whereas the process of the destruction of this community America will proceed in consequence of organic abnormalities. In other words, the 'death' of the first community came from, as they say, the 'mind' whereas the death of the second community will come from the 'stomach and sex' of its beings.

It would be a blessing for all: to God, to the deceased and to you and me, and even to the whole of humanity, if there proceeded in you because of someone's death the process of realization about your own forthcoming death instead of the manifesting of meaningless words.

Only a full realization by man of the inevitability of his own death can destroy in him those factors for the manifestation of the different aspects of egotisms which is the root of all evil in our reciprocal existence.

Only such a realization can again regenerate in people the data formerly already in them for the divine impulses of faith, love and hope.

In my opinion there remains among them [Americans] the largest percentage of beings to whose presences the said possibility for the acquisition of Being is not entirely lost.

—G. I. Gurdjieff

THE CHALLENGES OF OUR TECHNOLOGICAL WORLD-TIME

Part II



Matthew Patterson

IT ISN'T THE END OF THE WORLD BUT IT IS THE END OF A WORLD-TIME.

EVERYTHING IS FLUSHING TO THE SURFACE, ALL THAT HAS BEEN HELD DOWN, DISREGARDED, REJECTED, DESPISED. IN A WORD, "THE ANIMAL" IS ON OUR DOORSTEP AND IN THE BOARDROOMS AND HALLS OF CONGRESS. . . . YET WE LIVE AT A TIME OF PHENOMENAL SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCES WHICH ARE LINKING UP THE WHOLE WORLD, SHORTENING DISTANCES, PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL, BRINGING NEW MEDICAL DISCOVERIES.

HOWEVER WE DESCRIBE THIS NEW WORLD-TIME, WHO WOULD DISAGREE THAT THE WORLD WE NOW ENTER IS RADICALLY DIFFERENT FROM ALL THAT PRECEDED IT?

THE OLDER WAYS OF SEEING

AND DOING THINGS, OF THINKING AND FEELING AND VALUING, ARE ALL BEING REDEFINED, REFORMULATED AND READJUSTED TO FIT WITHIN THE MATRIX OF THIS NEW TECHNOLOGICAL WORLD-TIME. IT'S NOT OVER THE HORIZON BUT RIGHT THERE ON THE VERY BLACKBERRY, IPAD AND IPHONE WE HOLD IN OUR HANDS.

The new dream of this Technological World-Time is still to fully emerge. But the dream of owning your own home, being fully and well employed, marrying and having kids and sending them to college, and retiring with pension and savings and Social Security adequate to let you enjoy the golden years is all a dream of the past.

World-times of the past—the Hunter-Gatherer, Agricultural, Industrial, Post-Industrial—all

demanded of humankind to change or be marginalized. The Technological World-Time is no different. Jobs, relationships, marriage, children, spirituality, religion—it is all changing, and radically so. And we are as well. The younger change with zeal, the older often grudgingly, but all unknowingly as to its real meaning. Looking back, we can see its oncoming signaled with electrification, auto and plane travel, cybernetics, information theory, computers, mass media, hallucinogenic drugs, the pill, micro-processors, artificial intelligence, laptops, the Internet.

Many welcome Technology's powers and marvels. Others are

Above: Salvation Mountain, made from adobe, straw, tires and thousands of gallons of paint, is situated in the Southern California desert several miles from the Salton Sea.

deeply dismayed. Martin Heidegger, considered by many the greatest philosopher of the last century, long warned about Technology and in his last years declared—“Only a God can save us now.” What he saw was that mankind was in “the transition to a technized animal, which begins to replace the instincts, which have already grown weaker and less refined by the gigantism of technicity.”

Technology Challenges Human Identity

What does it mean to be a human being? What is the sense and significance of human life on Earth, if any? Is there a God? Do we have a soul or do we have to develop a soul? Our new technologized World-Time challenges us with these questions. How we answer will determine our future and that of our children. What can stand against Technology?

Viewed from a religious frame of reference the Ten Commandments still apply, but are they strong enough to withstand the pervasiveness and demand of a technological mind-set? And how much longer will contemporary Christianity, in the form of Catholic, Protestant or the Evangelical, be a strong and influential force? Catholicism, long hobbled by its views on homosexuality, childbearing and a male priesthood, is suffering continuing sex scandals and a lack of priests to perform watered down rites; Protestant versions are bifurcated by views on homosexuality;

the Evangelical mega churches are routinely felled by Jim Bakker-Tammy Faye-Jimmy Swaggart-like sexual hypocrisy, and those with prosperity pitches often succumb to prosperity itself. Paul and Janice Crouch, whose Trinity Broadcasting Network is the world's largest Christian television network, drape themselves in a soft biblical prosperity syrup all the while urging viewers to give generously so as to reap the Lord's bounty in return. In 2010 the Crouchs collected donations pegged at \$93 million. How the monies are spent the Crouch's guard with a relentless secrecy while living a life of regal splendor verging on that of the 1% and .01%.

Fed up with it all one could, like Leonard Knight, withdraw to the desert like the Fathers of old. Knight spent almost three decades mixing earth, water and straw to cover the 150-foot-wide face of a three-story hill lying between the Salton Sea and the squatter community of gravel and weeds known as Slab City in California's Imperial Valley. Knight then painted his adobe-clad monument with candy-colored pastoral scenes and large biblical citations and admonitions—“Jesus



Paul and Janice Crouch on the Trinity Broadcasting Network

Is The Way,” “God Never Fails,” and “God Forgives Sinners.” Knight, a New Englander who spent most of his life doing odd jobs in the Midwest for years, lived in a nearby broken-down truck braving the desert's blistering heat and fierce windstorms. Greeting a growing stream of the curious and strumming his guitar, Knight preached universal goodwill while joyfully leading tours of what he called “Salvation Mountain.” Knight, 80 years old, hearing and eyesight failing and sketchy memory, is in a rest home now and, despite the best efforts of an ad hoc group of Knight's friends and supporters, his dearly beloved mountain's days look to be numbered, its paint fading, cracking and peeling in the high desert sun.

The “New Age” Withers

If the traditional or idiosyncratic forms of spirituality cannot stand against being encapsulated by Technology, then what about the New Age teachings? They lost their cutting edge back in 1985 with both Bubba Free John aka Adi Da Samraj and Bhagwan Rajneesh aka Osho being outed by disciples in the same year, one in April, the other in September. Several years ago the New Age's only magazine, Andrew Cohen's *What Is Enlightenment?*, went belly up, the question no longer being of interest. Buddhist magazines continue, but beyond their peace and love message, the sunyata teaching, though Americanized, for most remains a foreign installation. The ecumenical *Parabola*, the best and oldest of its kind, has fallen to asking for donations to survive. Yoga magazines flourish but mostly with pages of food and beauty tips and trips sprinkled with downward

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The crucifixion for tourists at the Crouch's theme park, The Holy Land Experience

THE LIFE & TEACHINGS OF BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH Part I

ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL—AND UNCONVENTIONAL—INDIAN spiritual teachers in modern times, integral to the movement toward a blending of Eastern and Western spirituality, was Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, later known as Osho. Teaching along the fringes of the ancient Indian tradition of world-renunciation, *sannyasa*, he poetically merged it with parallels of Western psychological and philosophical thought to form a radical doctrine with an abundant and exuberant international following. Simultaneous to nurturing states of bliss, freedom and selfless devotion to the guru within his communes, he provoked extensive controversy, outrage and opposition both in India and abroad for his perceived anarchistic conduct. In a time of religious revival throughout the West, Rajneesh provided an eclectic mix of sacred irreverence, attracting passionate zealots of “orange people” throughout the world.

Eloquent in speech, Rajneesh’s syncretic talks drew upon the sage parables of Gautama Buddha, Bodhidharma (the “Everest of

Buddhas”), Chuang Tzu, Mulla Nasruddin, Pythagoras, Rumi, Krishna, Meera, Lao Tzu (Rajneesh’s “own reflected self”) and other teachers of “religiousness,” bringing “directness and a wry, dispassionate clarity to the subjects he touched on: politics, religion, birth and death, madness and meditation. He had a knack for making previously impenetrable religious texts accessible, for demystifying esoteric techniques. In his hands, Buddha and Jesus and Krishna and Shiva were thoroughly modern spiritual psychologists, reminding us of what we already knew but had somehow forgotten.” Key Western inspirations included Nietzsche, Krishnamurti and Freud. Deep within the wellspring of influence on Rajneesh’s bodhi-teachings was George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff—“one of the most significant masters of this age.” Likening Gurdjieff to “Bodhidharma—very rare, very unique, exotic,” one can hear reflections of Gurdjieff’s teachings throughout Rajneesh’s expressions and indications toward the liberation of human consciousness.

“All religions,” said Rajneesh, “although separate, are one.” The differences among them were basically accidents of time and place and culture. In talks that were impartially sanctioning and disparaging toward them all, Rajneesh cited all religions as having the same basic message: Go inside; the kingdom of heaven is within; celebrate the divinity of your own ordinary lives; “return to your source, come back to your original being.” The way to discover this original being was through self-knowledge. “You have to peel your being the way one peels an onion. . . . Finally when all the layers are discarded or eliminated you will find in your hands pure nothingness . . . emptiness . . . *Shunyata* is your essential core.” Meditation, Rajneesh insisted, lay at the very core of his message, not as a practice but as a state of awareness that could be realized in every moment.

“Spirituality,” according to Rajneesh, “needs an honest individuality. It does not allow any kind of dependence. The truth has been found only in people’s aloneness.



Rajneesh, far right, the only man not in Western dress, as a professor at Jabalpur University, collects a trophy after winning one of many public debates. As he said of himself, “I loved only one game, to argue—to argue about everything.”

Spiritual, to me, simply means finding oneself." An unusual upbringing nourished this self-contented and self-sufficient view. Born Chandra Mohan Jain on December 11, 1931, in the village of Kuchwara in Madhya Pradesh, the "Heart of India," he was nicknamed "Raja," meaning "king" at birth, which later formalized as Rajneesh. The firstborn son of adolescent parents, at three he was sent to live with his wealthy maternal grandparents, whom he cherished, in a small, primitive village that was "a world unto itself." His grandmother wished him to be "uninfluenced by us," and so for seven years he remained uneducated, predominately alone, and absolutely wild. He was a very bright

sharply challenged the beliefs of his grandfather's guru, and a seed was planted to fight "the idiot wherever he is, whoever he is." Of this quality he would later say, "Unless one is rebellious, one is not religious. Rebellion is the very foundation of religion." An astrologer had predicted that Rajneesh would die at seven, but at that age he watched his beloved grandfather die "slowly and painfully" of a stroke. The experience gave him an enduring feeling of aloneness and freedom so that "his death became for me the death of all attachments." Rajneesh was then sent back to live with his parents and 10 siblings in Gadarwada.

A "born troublemaker," early on he gained a reputation as an

consequence I was not going to be deviated from myself. Right or wrong I am going to remain myself." His inner search intensifying, he said, "My whole interest lay, from the very beginning, in learning how to transcend mind."

Death Beckoning

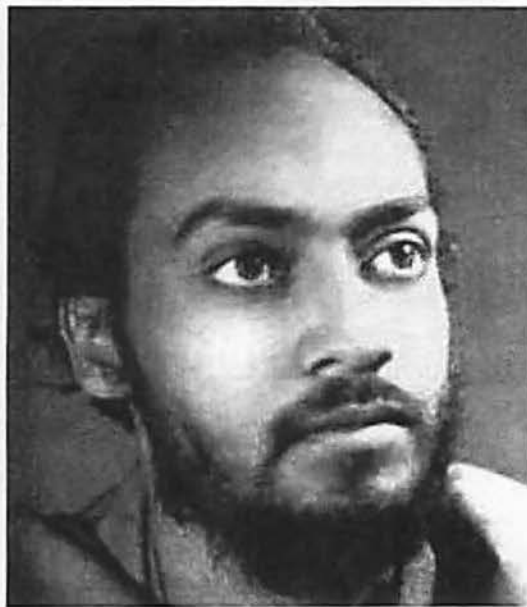
As a youngster Rajneesh was already fascinated by the occult, breath control, magic and hypnosis. He often unnerved his friends, as if conducting a laboratory experiment, to see what happened when people were in life-threatening situations. Courage, he preached, was the very greatest human quality there was. Displaying an unusual preoccupation with death, he witnessed funerals and processions of the dead whenever possible. "I would go with every dying person, and I would sit and watch. And I was surprised again and again: that the last idea when a man dies is sexual." At 14 he went into retreat for seven days in order to meet death consciously, discovering that "If you accept death, a distance is created. Life moves far away with all its worries, irritations, everything," and "If you accept death, there is no fear. If you cling to life, then every fear is there." But then at 16, his childhood girlfriend, Shashi, died of typhoid, causing him to become even more detached and

aloof from others. On her deathbed she promised to come back to him, as he promised that he would call her, bring her back.

Upon passing his matriculation exams, to the distress of his family, he announced his intention to study philosophy at Jabalpur University. Not understanding why he would waste his time in such an unprofitable field of study, he explained to them, "The reason is that my whole life I am going to fight against philosophers. I have to know everything about them." After two years of relentless arguing with his professors he was expelled and then moved to another college where he was asked to never attend classes, only the examinations, as he would not conform to the censures of the professors.



Rajneesh in boyhood



Rajneesh as a young man

but often sickly child—several times almost dying, of smallpox and asthma. Although born into a faction of the Digambara sect of Jainism, he was not taken to the temple or indoctrinated into the religion, other than through the reading of Jain books, which preached worship of the formless. His grandmother gave him a Jain mantra, her only religious gift. Impressions of this mantra resonated deep within Rajneesh—a prayer to the *arihanta* . . . "one who has killed the enemy"—and the enemy is the ego," imparting a nonsectarian message, "I touch the feet of all those who have known."

Forming the Egoless Ego

A mischievous and precocious child, at four or five years old Rajneesh

egotistical, immodest, discourteous, and argumentative young man, character traits he would never outgrow. "As far back as I can remember," Rajneesh affirmed, "I loved only one game, to argue—to argue about *everything*. So very few grown-up people could even *stand* me—*understanding* was out of the question." Experimenting with liberal politics, he took every opportunity to sharpen his individuality and contrary independence. He had lived like a wild animal, and under protest went to school where he continued to assert his own authority, directing his irreverent sense of humor and roguery toward his teachers, with protests and pranks aimed against rules and hypocrisy. "I made it a point that whatsoever the

The One Enlightened Master

Throughout the following year, Rajneesh's life became full of doubts and dark feelings of madness and insecurity. Plagued with severe headaches, he deepened the intensity of his meditations. Six times while in a profound samadhi his spiritual body separated from the physical body. On March 21, 1953, at age 21, he had an extraordinary experience "where all my questions disappeared" and he felt "as if I was going mad with blissfulness." After months of lassitude fighting to maintain his sanity, he suddenly felt filled with an explosion of new energy: "I have known many other deaths, but they were nothing compared to it. They were partial deaths. . . . That night the death was total. It was a date with God and death simultaneously." Summoned by a force to enter a garden and sit underneath a maulshree tree, "The whole universe became a benediction. There was no passage of time; it was the virgin reality—uncorrupted, untouchable, unmeasurable. And since that night I have never been in the body. I am hovering around it." Outwardly he seemed much the same, but now he did things with a new ease, no longer attached to the outcome of his actions. He told no one of his

enlightenment until 20 years later, keeping it a secret until he had safely stopped travelling about the country.

After completing his B.A. in Philosophy, Rajneesh continued with postgraduate studies at Saugar University, enjoying a period experimenting with inactivity and the state of no-mind, of being pure consciousness, succeeding "to be aware and alert even in sleep." Graduating in 1957, he got a teaching position at a local Sanskrit college. Soon after, he moved back to Jabalpur University as a professor of philosophy. His classes became debating clubs—everyone was animated to doubt, to argue. Here he openly encouraged the students to enjoy sexual contact with one another, advocating no repression and complete freedom for his students, infuriating other professors by his flaunting of social taboos. Welcoming anyone to attend his "juicy" lectures, his classes became overcrowded, while the other professors' complaints accelerated.

His great love of reading books, writing and storytelling kept him busy throughout his university years. He spent many hours each week collecting books at the Thieves' Market in

Jabalpur. There he found Gurdjieff's *All and Everything* and Ouspensky's *In Search of the Miraculous*, the first of many books of Gurdjieff's teachings that he studied. Pursuing studies of the great masterpieces, philosophers, and many esoteric methods of healing, he also honed his skills as a hypnotist and counselor. Along with demonstrating an exceptional memory and a "golden tongue," he was also alleged to have a habit of lying and using trance to manipulate people—further developing the more objectionable sides of his identity. While at Jabalpur, he began lecturing publicly on various religious and political topics, and then in 1964 Rajneesh held his first meditation camp, teaching a variety of meditation techniques, which in this early period included a sitting meditation in the morning concentrating on the navel, and in the evening a prone relaxation meditation. His camps continued on to weave traditional techniques together with those borrowed generously from the human potential movement, including bioenergetic exercises from the work of Wilhelm Reich, Fritz Perls' Gestalt therapy, and Arthur Janov's primal therapy.



Ma Yoga Laxmi leads a procession of disciples in the countryside.

Entering the Limelight

In 1966, at the university's request, he resigned. He then travelled for several years throughout India keeping to a hectic speaking schedule, willfully creating controversies with his intense criticisms of Gandhi, socialism, and institutionalized religion. These attacks, the adult version of the child Raja's uncompromising insistence on speaking his "truth to power," were the beginning of a strategy for attracting as much attention as possible. In the Indian press, his guileless discourses on sexuality earned him the appellation "sex guru," a title that remained throughout his life. Rajneesh's 1968 lecture series *From Sex to Superconsciousness* held that sex is divine and called for a freer acceptance of sex. He said, "Sexual orgasm gives you the first glimpse of meditation—because the mind stops, time stops." He spoke of the spiritual value of sex in deconstructing sexual conditioning through the control of the witnessing self—transcending or purifying the sex energy. He aroused heated debate through assertions such as "Existence has no morality as such—it is amoral. For existence there is nothing wrong and nothing right. Only one thing is right—your being alert and conscious. Then you are blissful." He strongly rejected celibacy as unnatural and also all forms of sexual suppression. He maintained asceticism was only a disguised form of masochism. Self-exploration, silence, and meditation were important to Rajneesh, but so too was celebration. The world, he said, was to be embraced—"It is not the world one must renounce, but ignorance." Publication of these talks became something of a cult classic and generated great notoriety for Rajneesh. Everywhere he drew large crowds, sometimes up to fifty thousand people, all eager to hear him speak, or, conversely, determined to banish him from their towns with heckling, rock throwing, and even death threats.

He was a genuinely gifted speaker, with a spellbinding, seductive speaking voice. His long, trailing-off sibilances and his habit of extending the last syllable of every sentence were intentionally hypnotic. "Many people become enlightened, but not all of them become masters—for the simple reason that they are not articulate, they cannot convey what they feel, they

cannot communicate what they have experienced." Rajneesh said that he had no guru and often claimed that he was the sole origin of his teachings, not admitting even obvious sources such as Gurdjieff and Ouspensky.

He read widely and voraciously, claiming to have read more than 80,000 books in his lifetime. He was such a fast reader that he could sometimes get through 15 books in a day. Speaking on a vast number of subjects, always with meditation at the core, he used the words of religion—playing the game of being religious—in order to find people who were authentic seekers. Supported by a group of Indian businessmen, mainly Jains, he used the title *Acharya* (Teacher), an accepted term used in Indian academic disciplines and by religious teachers.

I speak nothing prepared. My purpose is so unique—I am using words just to create silent gaps. The words are not important so I can say anything contradictory, anything absurd, anything unrelated, because my purpose is just to create gaps. The words are secondary; the silences between those words are primary.

And it was a surprise to me that as you become silent, as you become conscious, more alert, your actions start changing—but not vice versa. You can change your actions, but that will not make you more conscious. So I have changed it completely. Religions were insisting on action; my insistence is on consciousness, and consciousness can grow only in silence.

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Rajneesh leading group Dynamic Meditation

GURDJIEFF & DOROTHY CARUSO

PART II

BY DOROTHY CARUSO

DOROTHY PARK BENJAMIN, BORN IN 1893, WAS A SHY, AWKWARD GIRL educated at a convent school. She was never comfortable in the social milieu of her father, a wealthy New York lawyer who was cold and demanding. She felt the rejection of her father and her peers; her closest confidant was her brother, her mother too ill to nurture her.

At the age of 25 she met and married the famous tenor Enrico Caruso (1873–1921) against her father's wishes. Their life together was idyllic but short-lived; he died only three years after their marriage. As Caruso's widow she had wealth and connections, but she felt empty with his loss. There would be two unsuccessful marriages afterward. She spent the war years in Vichy, France, reduced to planting potatoes with the peasant women to provide for her two daughters. Later, crossing the ocean for New York, she met Margaret Anderson who, in telling her about Gurdjieff, spoke "words that lighted the universe." The following is our second excerpt from her book *Dorothy Caruso: A Personal History*.

Experiment in New England

The rose-stone house had been sold. The children had gone.

For two years I had lived in New York without living in New York—I might have been buried in the French provinces, so great had become the distance between me and the city I once loved. I had loved it when it was a town instead of a machine; when hand organs played under my windows and vendors strolled the pleasant streets in spring, singing of cherries and fresh strawberries. It was inconceivable to live in a machine after our fruitful life of happy isolation in the rose-stone house.

My forefathers came from New England. Years ago at a time when newspapers were scarce and books luxuries, my grandfather, Park

Benjamin, traveled from town to town in New England, lecturing on current events and literature and reciting his poems and the poetry of his friends. The same kind of people who had made his audiences must live there still—fundamental, productive people, unloquacious yet articulate; descendants of the early settlers, proud of their ancestry, who passionately loved their land, and who were named the greatest patriots in all America.

I decided to look for a place in New England—a white farmhouse with a red barn, or a saltbox on a village green—and live among people of this kind while waiting to return to France, to see Gurdjieff.

I found it in Sudbury, Massachusetts, eight miles from Concord. And I felt I had never known what spring could be until I saw white lilacs in full bloom beside our door. We were welcomed by a May morning—the air alive with trembling young sounds, an ancient apple orchard on a slope of lawn, and drifts of tulips and violets and

daffodils as careless as wildflowers. This land was ours down to the center of the earth, and a universe arose upon an acre.

There were no restaurants in Sudbury, no motion pictures, no country clubs; no entertainment was provided because no entertainment was needed. But there was a little red post office . . . two hundred feet of excitement at noon—the hour when the world outside came to the village. It was like Christmas every morning when the postmistress said, "I have a package of books for you and the New York papers." Letters came from all over the world—hundreds of people asking, "What had become of Gloria and you?" Sometimes we saved them to read in the garden after dinner. As night came down the white peonies grew large and luminous and lost. Then from our upstairs terrace we listened to the woodwind whistle of the midnight train and watched a blond skunk move across a patch of moonlight. On August nights northern lights made the world stand still while the heavens swirled.



Dorothy and Enrico Caruso

But the light of our personal universe grew dimmer day by day.

I had gone to Sudbury not as toward a dream but with a conviction. I was certain that in a community of thoughtful, natural, understanding people I could express my own reality, and that among realistic New Englanders I would be allowed to be my authentic self.

In New York I had often listened to Gurdjieff pupils talking about their "inner life." I was unconscious of an inner life. "Either I have none," I thought, "or else it is buried too deep in me to be felt" . . . buried under reflections of everyone I had ever known, a thousand reflections superimposed upon my own reflection. It was as if I wore ten hats at once. What would I look like, I wondered, without any hat at all?

And so from the beginning I was natural in Sudbury. I answered the usual questions about Enrico and told all my stories; but I also talked from myself, from my own ideas, not only in relation to him and the children; I talked as a separate entity.

But soon I discovered my way of being natural was not the Sudbury way, and that my kind of conversation belonged to a different category from Sudbury conversation. On the day I heard a woman say, "We don't care about all those ideas and things—tell some more stories about your life with Caruso," I realized how much the Gurdjieff teaching had sharpened my appetite for real communication—talk that led toward something—and how dissatisfied I felt telling stories or listening to dry-leaf rustlings of flat events.

Unexpectedly I had come upon my inner life.

The people of Sudbury made no demands on me; they weren't inquisitive, they weren't obsequious; they had an inborn unaffected courtesy. And they left me free—I could watch them while they talked. They were like illustrations in a book.

On all subjects their point of view was wholesome, hearty, direct. They either liked what they read or didn't like it, liked music or didn't like it. They weren't interested in books in the way we were. Our approach to books was from a direction that started at



Solita Solano

the center of ourselves; their approach allowed discussion and stopped conversation. Their minds were fresh and firm—bins full of fine red winter apples. But to sustain an inner life another kind of food is necessary—imagination, ideas, interchange of thought. To Sudbury these elements were not only redundant; they were unrecognized.

And so, though it was pleasant to be treated neither as outsiders nor as intimates, neither as celebrities nor as interlopers, it was disconcerting not to be treated as people at all. We were treated rather as migrating thistledown. What really happened was that people came toward us and we listened, without being asked to enter into the situation, as we would listen to short stories. When the story ended, the storytellers went home. They didn't regard us in one way or the other. There was no substance, no stimulation, in any of it. Therefore I slowly starved. And I couldn't understand, since these people were so lively and humorous and agreeable, why I always felt that each time I saw them would be the last time; as if each time they came they had come to say goodbye.

It was a wild hard winter even for New England. Icicles four feet long hung from the eaves and starving blue jays and sparrows found sanctuary on our porch. I could imagine how

Saint Francis felt among his birds. Surrounded by light and stillness, there are moments when a handful of seeds becomes a sacrament.

Uninterrupted, undisturbed, my thoughts moved quietly over material for a new book. Birds and books were my companions that winter. Rimbaud wrote his poems at my desk—they were not what I had been told: to me they were delicate soft creations, like pastel-tinted powder puffs. James Joyce read me his *Portrait of the Artist* and I wept for him. But the thorn-pain in his poem, *Ecce Puer*, entered my spirit and remained there.

And then one day there came to my study a man of such overpowering proportions that the town and all its people became flat and unsubstantial, like a cardboard village filled with paper dolls. This giant with his heavy shining heart arrived in our house on Christmas day in a volume of letters—letters to his mother. His name was Thomas Wolfe. He was a mountain of a man; he was like the Alps in spring—words as touching and graceful as Alpine flowers sprang up in his prose, turning it to evocation. He had been very poor, and ill, and needed warm clothes; his mother had sent him three neckties and two pairs of socks. "Thank you for these fine presents," he wrote, and you knew he meant *fine*—because

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LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, PAYSON LOOMIS & GURDJIEFF

On July 13, 1927, Lincoln Kirstein, 20 years old and a Harvard sophomore, met his friend Payson Loomis in Paris. Loomis, 22 years old, had graduated from Yale with honors in French and Russian. Several years afterward he had been hired as an amanuensis for the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia who was writing her memoirs. He was now living at the Prieuré helping Gurdjieff with the English translation of his *Meetings with Remarkable Men*. The following is taken from Kirstein's memoir, *Mosaic*.

LOOMIS GUIDED ME TO A SMALL HOTEL ON THE PLACE DE L'ODÉON and took me for a walk in the Luxembourg Gardens and after a chat demanded: "Why are you here?" Loomis' tone was not hostile; his brevity, disarming. I knew it was not enough to counter with "Because you asked me." My arrival, put upon a date he'd set, called for a modicum of self-explanation. I could use neither my visiting Pound in Paris nor Eliot in London, twin monumental pretexts, as vindication. An inexplicable element, undefined, as yet indefinable, was in play. So I was able to answer with a personal question, fending off his, in a style which I defensively stole from

his own mystery. I was after *his* secret: "What in the world are *you* finding to do here?"

Stumbling into The Work

He answered as if he was relieved, and had been waiting for a chance to respond to my question. What was he doing here? He was studying. Ah, of course: languages, since he already had French, Russian, with some Arabic. No, not languages. Then, of what was he a student? Dancing. Dancing? Born with an enormous predilection for "The Dance," I had had an unappeased curiosity since early childhood for "The Ballet." I was surprised that Loomis, whom I'd not suspected had any interest in theater, was thus occupying himself. Wasn't he much too old to become a dancer? He had no wish to become a professional. He stated he was involved in dancing rather than "The Dance." Subjects that moved him were to be read *without* quotation marks. "The Essence?" Yes: an essence.

A rush of consciousness led me to breach my customary formal hindrance. I asked, straight out, who was teaching him "dancing."

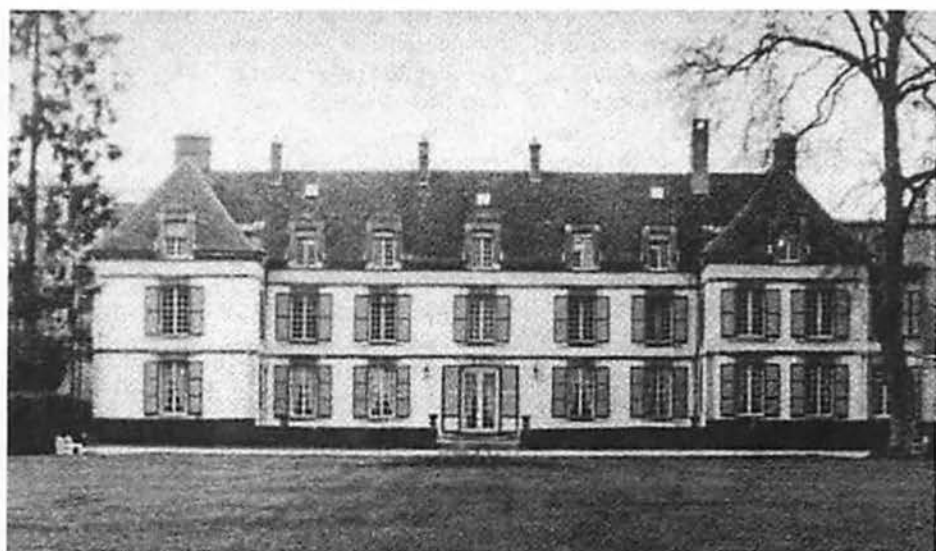
There was no answer; maybe he'd not heard my question. I felt rashness reproved. With him, there were limits not to be passed, yet these applied to my attitude toward him, more than to an antagonism he's taken. Now he asked if I had money enough for the next week. Money was no problem. I couldn't buy any pictures I might fancy, but survival was not in question. Then what *were* my summer plans? I hoped to reach

Eliot in London by September. I'd like to wander through Spain. I'd just bought Willumsen's big two-column monograph on El Greco.

"Sounds exciting!" Loomis mocked. "However, I think first you better come to Fontainebleau." Fontainebleau? "Yes, it's not far." Fontainebleau—"You mean the palace?" He said firmly: "Not the palace. The Prieuré." Such was my introduction to a grand country mansion once known as Le Prieuré des Basses Loges. The château of Le Prieuré had endured many transformations from its once-princely condition, but still held its modest air of stateliness in faded grandeur. Three storeys were built long, broad, and low. Two large chimneys with a cluster of multiple flues symmetrically enclosed slate roofs like solid bookends. A ground floor contained a large drawing room, which, when last decorated, under the First Empire, had acquired the stoic smartness of Percier and Fontaine. Attached was a cozy salon and library. On the second floor, Mr. Gurdjieff and his consort, or perhaps wife, Madame Ostrovsky, a noble Russian lady, had apartments. The corridor walls were adorned with lightly brushed murals by Alexander de Salzmann in the manner of the elder Tiepolo. Here also was a spacious guest bedroom known as "The Ritz." The attic floor harbored a range of bedrooms; in these old servants' quarters slept the younger male students. On my first night as Gurdjieff's guest, I was installed in "The Ritz." (This respectful treatment merely



Lincoln Kirstein



The Prieuré des Basses Loges from the garden

struck me as odd at the time, though afterward I sometimes suspected there had been a political, pecuniary motive behind it.)

I'd been invited to arrive on a Thursday, after supper, Loomis had taken me to dine at an inn on the outskirts of Avon, the neighboring village. He roughly indicated a weekend's schedule at the Institute, adding a summary sketch of its director, with something of the kind of work there undertaken. Loomis was intimately familiar with the local scene; it became clear he held a secretarial post, occupied with staff administration and translation. Free of any formal timetable, he could pass back and forth to Paris as he pleased.

Life at the Prieuré

In "The Ritz" I slept well. Payson woke me, waited while I shaved, led me down to a breakfast of classic coffee and croissant, with fresh butter and clover honey, milk from a cow and water from a spring. Other guests included a couple of prim, gray-haired, gray-clad English ladies, past middle age; a fair-haired German girl, matronly and formidable; and a blond American, solid as a draft horse and in his mid-thirties, whom I was drawn to immediately.

There were a number of other faces and bodies; these made no great impression. Loomis's introductions were formal; there was no curiosity as to my presence. After breakfast he showed me around the gardens. Paths adjoining the château were punctuated by generously heaped big rocks, some of which had holes three or four feet deep beside them. Evidently, a renovation, or redevelopment of landscaping was in train. Near the main house were settlements of smaller buildings, in the same style but built later. In a course addition to the mansion there were kitchens, servants' quarters, a large *orangerie* glazed with big panes of glass, and a garden-gazebo, or pavilion, known as Le Paradou, which seemed smaller than its actual size. This housed a big band of children, supervised by a guardian or house-mother—a different one from week to week. Loomis explained that *paradou* was an old French military term for a fortification which stops projectiles. His explanation hinted at much more, but by now I pretended to be as stolid as he in facing mystery, so held my peace.

On this initial tour, Payson

guided me to a big building he named "The Study House." Its vertebral skeleton came from a surplus World War I airplane hangar, obtained for its haulage from the French army. Although it covered a considerable tract, it had an unsettling flimsiness, as if it was made of cardboard that might collapse in a strong wind. Roof beams were supported by a double wall of rough lath stuffed with dry, dead forest leafage. Laths were plastered with chopped hay. A ceiling was laminated by tarred felt, in parts thick like fur. A glazed clerestory used the glass from old cucumber frames. Beneath ran a calligraphic cursive frieze, which might have been Arabic, but which resembled the "false" Kufic script of Renaissance pictures, which literally means nothing, but insinuates important secrets.

Loomis took pride in demonstrating each item of construction which had been begged, borrowed, or stolen from materials once in a former use. "The Study House" was a monument of economy. Its floor was trodden earth, stamped hard and dry, proofed against dust with thick layers of oriental rugs which also draped the windows and walls. In the middle of one side was Mr. Gurdjieff's "Kosshah."

or pavilion of honor, a big tent-like enclosure, heavily hung with striped Central-Asian textiles. A balcony hung above; the area was enclosed by a thin picket fence of white lath. Here the Director might survey whatever transpired in center-space. This hall was impressive; it appeared like an oriental circus tent rather than as dancehall or ballroom. Some elements in it were hideous. Ugly industrial lamps with glaring, porcelain reflectors hung at crazy angles from high joists. One felt an uncomfortable insecurity, as if on the verge of collapse. It was all flagrantly impermanent, yet the scale was palatial, with fragments of atavistic architectural details. Carpentry and metalwork were rough, but there remained the

fact of its stubborn completion. Every inch of wall was crammed with paint or decoration, a harsh patchwork, which irritated me in its lack of firm stoutness or tidiness. It strained toward theater, toward a preposterous impression, far more than toward any pretense at the quasi-religious. It was more exotic than in any way "authentic." But the most undeniable residue was its existential immediacy; the damn thing had somehow got itself built, from spare parts and hare-brained engineering. For whatever use it was intended, bad weather could be kept out; I viewed it empty, enigmatic, as if it mocked all ordinary objections.

Loomis took me past the garden area. At first, I judged the work at hand as the labor of civilians on vacation, pattering to avoid boredom. Parterres were being edged in brick, small bushes were being transplanted, but further observation revealed that the "students," whoever they were, seemed to be playing callisthenic games. Paths abruptly turning to nowhere were redirected to further dead-ends. The piles of sizable rocks or damp earth, with big holes beside them, seemed to be waiting to be filled. We were off on

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Children playing at the Prieuré

GUIDANCE UNDER LORD PENTLAND'S DIRECTION

WITHIN THE VARIOUS GURDJIEFF FOUNDATIONS here in America a number of us who worked directly under the guidance of Lord Pentland can recall vividly how the power of his unique insights into the teaching of Gurdjieff acted as a catalyst that opened up new avenues of questioning for us, of penetrating beneath and beyond the level of associative expectations, in a way that kindled—and sometimes ignited—a deepening awareness of our essence. This was brought home for me not only in the context of group exchanges with him, but also in what can only be described as “teaching moments,” in which, while in his presence, a word from him, an unexpected reminder, would produce in us a shock, shaking us out of the dream state in which we had become entrapped.

Lord Pentland was a true teacher in every sense of the word. There was an unmistakable impression of inner authority that emanated from his presence which spoke of a lifetime of payment, and which accounts in large part for the atmosphere that was generated in our meetings with him, an atmosphere charged with electricity. I've often pondered what it was that produced this effect, and I've come to realize that it may have been his complete indifference to any concern about what impression he might be making, or in expounding some idea for our edification. Yet another factor was at work. *He was working*—working with total attentiveness and presence that enabled his attention to be freely and wholly available, unencumbered by any inventory of “prior knowings.” One felt he was *listening* from a respectfulness for our work that had an action on us, of a demand, a demand to share in that quality of attentiveness with him, to the



Don Hoyt

extent we were able.

A question arises from this—a question implicit within the state of our listening. Why was it that our attention repeatedly fell short of the potency, the inner force, required to maintain the sustained level of attentiveness to which he was calling us? In a message from him that was read aloud at the beginning of a Sunday of work, he addressed this very question. He began

by drawing our attention to an unexpected factor in our general makeup, namely, that:

A part of my energy is detached from my present state. Whether I am trying to be quiet, or struggling with some unpleasant emotion, this part of my presence is unconcerned, detached from it all. I am oblivious of the fact that this free energy is part of me. I am only partly present. But when, through the work of a sustained attentive *inner listening*, I become aware of this detached energy, accepting the fact that I cannot even be sure I know to whom this unattached energy belongs or what it means—that this “unknowing” elicits a state of presence accompanied by a relaxation of the body, particularly in the neck and shoulders, and a sense of warmth in the solar plexus region.

All the restlessness disappears as the free energy finds a place in the body where it can naturally relate to other inner energies.

Moving Beyond Conceptual Assumptions

This perspective was further brought home for us during one of Lord Pentland's last formal exchanges, this one with the Cave Junction, Oregon, group in August of 1983, six months before his death. He had been invited by George Cornelius, who had asked Lord Pentland if he would speak about what needs to be understood if we are to undergo the real work that Gurdjieff has opened up for us. It was an occasion in which Lord Pentland began to articulate with extraordinary precision what can guide our work when we are prepared to move beyond the level of conceptual assumptions about what we regard as inner work. He began by

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introducing an altogether unfamiliar dimension of meaning to the word *responsibility*, a dimension that could be a guiding imperative to a real work. His words still vibrate with the same potency for me now as they did then.

I begin to understand what would be meant, if I were able to be present to it, by the idea of two levels of attention: one that reacts to what is going on mechanically and another attention that is in touch with the presence of myself in the moment. Real responsibility begins when I am present to both these levels *at the same time*—when I have an attention which is able to hear the call at the same time as it feels the movement of the unconscious parts of myself.

Now of course I'm speaking about something you're all familiar with. It's the question of real will. And I hope I can say that we're all together in front of that question, yourself, and myself, and all of us. It's a question we all share together. Nobody's giving the answers. And that's what a real human question is like.

The first step in responsibility, then, is separation—separation of the energies from the forms they take, separation of essence from personality. And for this process to go on calls for a certain quality of attention which I call *non-directive skill*. It's only by developing this quality of attentive engagement that I begin to move towards real individuality.

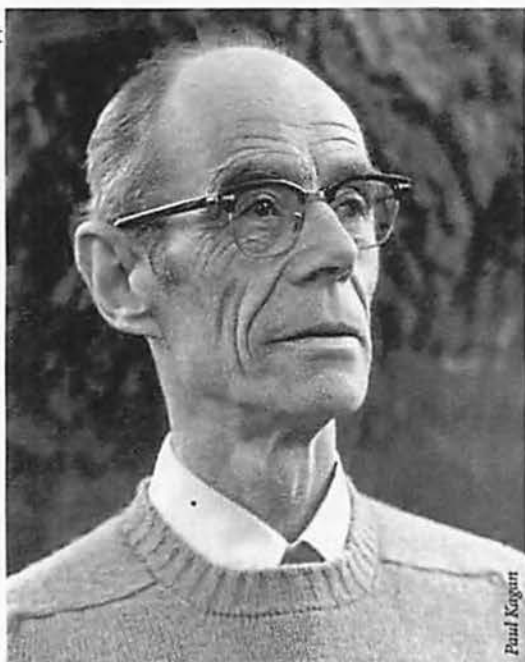
On first hearing this idea of *non-directive skill*, it did not fully register. Time would be needed for it to gestate, to "cook" in us, to where it would become a living imperative for our work. In recognition of this, Lord Pentland made no further attempt to explain or define what was meant by

this idea of non-directive engagement of the attention, as though trusting that this idea, like a seed, would germinate in us to eventually bear fruit within the context of our work, and instead, shifted the ground of our exchange to encompass another scale altogether, to that of the idea of octaves with their intervals.

You are all familiar with the idea, Gurdjieff's idea, of the octave, as it develops sequentially in time. It's very good to experience the law of octaves as a law not only behind the big crises, but behind every little detail of our lives, observing the energies that arise that go out from me and return. But we also need to begin to try to understand the law of octaves

Lord Pentland's mode of exchange opened us to a far wider horizon, in which the level of our work could be viewed in juxtaposition with the awesome scale of cosmological movement, the movement of the great Ray of Creation, which, as he pointed out, obeys the same laws as those that apply to the scale of our inner work.

We don't understand the importance of our attitude. My attitude at any point is like the sunken part of the iceberg. I start out from the conscious affirmative part which is like the tip. I'm quite surprised—and unprepared—to meet resistance from this unconscious part. Yet my attitude is largely governed by this resistance. You have to *see the resistance*. You



Lord Pentland in 1972

vertically, in which all the notes are there, all the levels are all there at the same moment within me, and what we wish for is to experience these levels and to observe the separation of their different energies—distinguishable one from the other—each of which has its own characteristic rate of vibration.

Yet even here, the sweep and resiliency of



The New York Gurdjieff Foundation today

have to be more aware of the wish to *not work*—at the same time as you are holding the wish to *work*.

What was implicit for me in these words was the *simultaneous awareness of both these forces*—the force of affirmation and the force of denial. It is the simultaneous holding within our awareness of *both these two forces* which draws us into the presence of the third force—the all-embracing force of reconciliation.

This lawful factor within the context of our work was further illuminated at an impromptu informal gathering arranged with little forewarning by Lord Pentland during an intensive work period in 1983, four months before he died. He chose to dispense with any note taking or recording of the meeting, yet his words still resonate strongly in my recollection. He began speaking almost immediately.

The association of wishing to be silent is seen when I close the eyes, that all too easily this becomes an automatic reflex that I do out of fear of the outside world. It is this fear that creates the aggression which creates the inner noise. But what we wish for is a listening that will be for the whole of the inner and outer life, all together—and somewhere between certain limits there will be a particular point where the whole of life is available, and at that point there will be a silence, and it will appear as part of a lawful process in which there is no violence, because I'm simply coming to a more and more sensitive state of attentive listening.

So here again we were brought in touch with a work that *includes both sides at once*.

Why Work with Sensation?

A remarkable quality of Lord Pentland's way of responding to a question or observation that he clearly could see was the fruit of a genuine inner place of work, is that he invariably honored the occasion by illuminating for that individual a level of meaning that opened them to a whole new scale of understanding—of

the very question or observation they had brought. I vividly recall an instance of this which took place in the context of a group meeting where this occurred. This was the observation put to Lord Pentland.

A week ago during the reading of *Beelzebub* there was a part about all-embracingness. It touched me and I wanted to understand why. I tried to keep the question open during the day. Also it has been with me for a week, because I tried to understand why I felt this was missing in my work and why I didn't feel it.

Lord Pentland's response:

All-embracingness—it's for that that the work to come to the work of sensation is given. We have to see first of all in moments and then for longer, that through the work to be aware of the sensation of the whole of my body, there can be moments when all the experiences are contained in myself—they don't go outside myself.

I need to come back to the work of sensation because the container is coated in me through the transformation of my energies. And this transformation cannot take place at the level of my functioning—the forms that this energy takes. As long as I'm taken by that level, there can be no transformation. So I begin to discover through the work of sensation that I can be aware of energy and vibration before they have taken form. And this is the first step towards that transformation by which a container could exist for my inner life, which would give me the opportunity to study the

appearance of the forces that act through these energies.

I've often reflected on what was Lord Pentland's fundamental aim as a teacher—what was he after? One response to this is that his abiding intent, almost passion, was to arouse in us an awareness of the buffers—the built in forms of resistance—that distance us from the possibility of "hearing," of being receptive to new impressions. Keenly aware of the dream state in which we live our lives, he knew all too well that any reference to "sleep" would elicit little more than a yawn, that it has become a cliché term at best. Yet at unexpected moments, he could touch our conscience by reminding us that *what we are in fact asleep to is the reality of our being*, asleep to levels of this being that are free of, and inaccessible to, the machinations of the personal self with its dreams of self-enhancement and self-ascendance.

Yet there are those who have come to realize that the price of coming to a real work is *disenchantment with all of that*, and it is these whom Lord Pentland endeavored to reach. ✍

—Don Hoyt

Reprinted from *Gurdjieff International Review*

In 1955, Don Hoyt became a member of the Gurdjieff Foundation of California under the guidance of Lord Pentland. After Lord Pentland's death in 1984 he served as its president until 1988.



The gravestone of Estelle and Don Hoyt reads: *You must know and remember what has been given to you.*



Lord Pentland's gravestone reads: *Commit thy work to God.*

Photos by William Patrick Patterson



Giuseppe Fuda, the goatherd, turns to the concern of his dog.

Film Review

Le Quattro Volte (The Four Times)

Directed by Michelangelo Frammartino

THIS BEAUTIFUL, CONTEMPLATIVE FILM, SET IN SOUTHERN ITALY IN THE AREA OF THE CALABRIAN HILLS, TAKES ITS TITLE, *Le Quattro Volte*, FROM PYTHAGORAS, WHO LIVED IN CALABRIA IN THE 6TH CENTURY BCE. HE SPOKE OF EACH PERSON HAVING FOUR LIVES—THE HUMAN, THE ANIMAL, THE VEGETABLE, AND THE MINERAL—“THUS WE MUST KNOW OURSELVES FOUR TIMES.”

With no dialogue, the slow action of the rural village unfolds and we enter the rhythm and sweep of life itself. The only sounds are those of a dog barking, insects buzzing, bells ringing. We are invited to leave our usual world and be present to what appears.

Through languid scenes of nature and a village seemingly of another time we are introduced to an elderly goatherd and his routine of taking the goats to pasture, aided by his dog. He brings milk to the local church and exchanges it for “holy dust” swept up by the charwoman that he takes back to his bare room to mix with water and drink. Is it a medicinal, a folk remedy? We observe but are not led to conclusions.

Throughout the film there is the connection of the humans to one

another, dependent on each other for food, fuel, spirituality, community. In turn, the humans are dependent on the animal world. The Work idea of the reciprocal maintenance of everything existing seems to be suggested.

Impermanence, devoid of sentimentality, is a constant theme. The goatherd dies surrounded by his animal charges, his only witnesses; the townsfolk see him to his crypt without emotion. The perspective and tone throughout the film is objective; we are not asked to identify with the goatherd in a personal way. We do not know his background, only that he makes his rounds as he always has and fulfills his role within the community. When he dies a much younger, more vital man takes his place, with the implication that he, too, will live out his life in the same way. And the goatherd's death is followed by the birth of a baby goat—seemingly the human form devolving to the animal. The kid in turn will be separated from the herd and die under a majestic tree, devolving to the vegetable, and the tree, after being felled to serve the community's revels, will become charcoal, or mineral, that will heat the villagers' homes and cook their food—and so the four times. The pattern plays out over and over mechanically. Eternal recurrence.

The opening scene of the film is mysterious; we don't know what a large black mound is, what the men surrounding it are doing. It looks like

a pyre or a pagan altar. It's only at the end that we return to the mound and are shown the process of firing the charcoal. So the beginning and end are one and the same—the eternal mystery. *Le Quattro Volte* ends with the smoke from the charcoal wafting into the ether, mixing with the elements.

Gurdjieff tells us a man “should constantly sense and be cognizant of the inevitability of his own death as well as the death of everyone upon whom his eyes or attention rests.” Without this recognition and the presence it requires we are all subject to the mechanical forces of the universe. And yes, “we must know ourselves.”

—Barbara Allen Patterson



A goat gazes at the goatherd who has just died.

PROBE

A Normal Being Wishes

An Extemporaneous Talk at
a Day of Self-Exploration

WHEN OLGIVANNA HINZENBURG MEETS MR. GURDJIEFF, HE ASKS her what she wants. "Immortality," she tells him. He asks if she is willing to give up everything. "Yes," she says. That was in Tiflis, 1919. The next year he leaves for Constantinople and she follows. The year after he leaves for Europe and she follows. He establishes the Institute at the Prieuré in 1922. She becomes a principal dancer. The next year Gurdjieff tells her to send her beloved daughter to America with the ex-husband. She is stunned, caught between a 'no' and a 'yes.' He reminds her of Tiflis, what she agreed to. Though the demand is heart rending, she does as he directs.

What would be your answer to Gurdjieff? What do you want? If you don't say "Immortality," what is it? Whatever it is, it won't last. So no matter how personally or socially good it may be, what real intrinsic value does it have? It's a question of perspective. Personal or objective. How we die, when we die, who can say? But die we will. No one denies that. Yes, we agree intellectually. But emotionally? Instinctively?

As Gurdjieff says near the end of *All and Everything*, look around, recognize that everyone and everything you see will die. Why does he say this? Because this gives an objective perspective, an objective context. Otherwise, to each functional unobserved moment of reaction we give ourselves to completely, be it pleasure, anger, envy, jealousy, fear, longing. We give ourselves wholly. But not really giving, for there is no giver. The truth is we are *taken* . . . and taken over and over again.

"What do you want?" Gurdjieff asks. Would we say I want to be completely identified with my anger, my enchantments, my thoughts, my feelings, my instincts? Is that what you want? Of course not. But isn't that what happens?

So when we really reflect on Olgivanna's answer, what other answer is there? No matter why we think we are attracted to this Work, what reasons we might give, the reason-of-reasons is and can only be immortality. As Gurdjieff says:

A normal being wishes to live forever. A normal man is one who not only has actualized his inherited potentialities, but has freed himself from his subjectivity.

We are made in the image of God, and God's attribute is immortality. . . . Conscious labor consists of having an objective in life, a Life aim, an Aim which can be pursued the whole of your life. It does not depend on the vicissitudes of life. It is the aim for which you took the trouble to be born. You are an immortal being if you keep this aim.

If you keep this aim through this life you will have an aim strong enough to persist after this life, an aim big enough to persist through an immortal existence.

Those in the Work have been given the practices that will lead to self-knowledge and being and through them to the understanding, really an innerstanding, necessary to refine ourselves to the degree where, with sincerity and perseverance, we can ultimately become as Mr. Gurdjieff did—become immortal within the solar system. Have we valued that?

Or have we put it all in our hip pocket, our purse, to pull out when necessary, but tend to forget about it in the hubbub of ordinary life. The weekly meeting, the Day of Self-Exploration, the seminars give us a spur to remember to work so that I can speak from "material" and not description. Otherwise, I'm cheating myself out of . . . immortality.

If a Kesdjan body has not formed by the time I take my last breath, then I'm what? Just a scattershot of thoughts and feelings. Nothing substantial enough to survive the

three-dimensional ejection.

In *Eating The "I"* I speak about being at my father's bedside when he is nearing death. His eyes were closed and his body and face immobile. The nurse whispered to me, "The last thing to go is the hearing." I stood there transfixed. What to say? What would matter? I just stood in that opening to the openness. And then it came to me. He needed to know how to leave the body. I told him. Decades later, in hearing about the Middle Eastern practice of beheading people I understood what they thought they were really condemning people to.

Striving to Be

We behead ourselves with the near constant inner talking and imaginative worlds we self-create. To have a real head on our shoulders we must commit to do as Gurdjieff says: To remember ourselves, always and everywhere. Wouldn't that be an interesting vow to take every morning? I will live my life today, always and everywhere, striving to be in the Immediate. I will strive to remember myself and impartially observe. I will strive to be embodied, absorb impressions, no matter the personal shocks. I will strive to genuinely live my life. I'm not having it lived by the habitual Program. Why couldn't we commit to that? What is the resistance? Because I'm in love with the Program in some strange way. I want it to be better, of course. But I don't really want to give up the Program completely



Olgivanna Hinzenberg after arriving in America

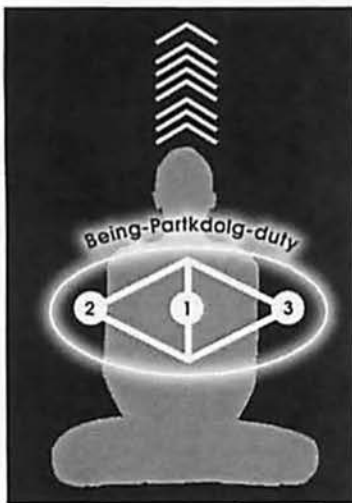
do I? I don't want to give up everything, as Gurdjieff asks.

Understand, you get to keep the perspective you argue for. Nobody can wake you up. And you'll get the life, and yes, the death, that this denial deserves. Another wailing and gnashing of teeth. But you couldn't believe you would die really, you couldn't conceive of that, such was the self-love and vanity, the towering inner self-importance, either positive or negative. So another meal for the hippo of Egyptian mythology.

Understanding an objective perspective of life is in itself a saving grace and never more so than now when we are entering a radically new world-time, fraught with powers and dangers as well as technological marvels. If we were close to nuclear war in 1962, we are no further away now with the organic hatreds of Israel and Iran and North Korea. What would it take to have a nuclear war, willed or by accident? Not much. And it's not one of those things that happens over there and doesn't affect us. In 49 days scientists say the whole earth would be covered with a nuclear cloud blocking the sunlight.

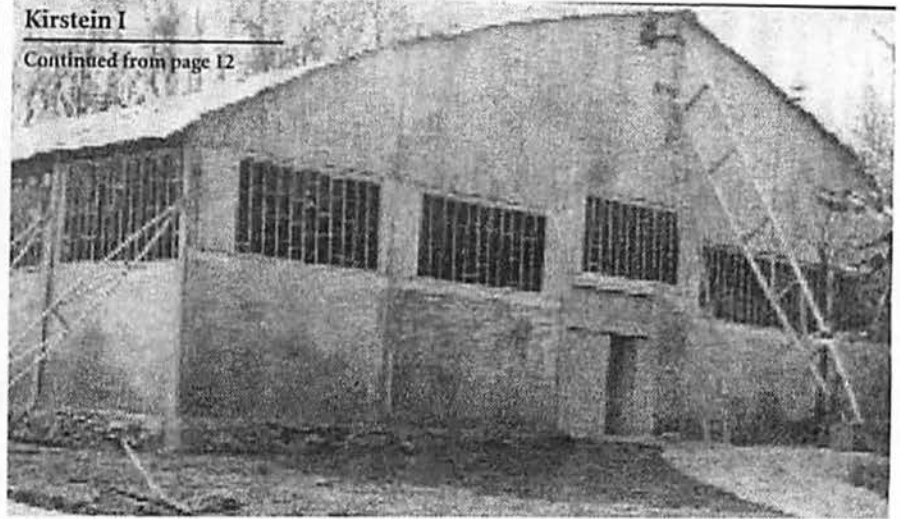
We can add our voices to those who are speaking out for a consensual sanity in dealing and living with these ongoing dramas. Remembering yourself always and everywhere and in all circumstances might come to take on new meaning. If we can work now to stand in whatever may come, however it comes, and say—"Yes, I am self-remembering, self-observing, I am perceiving what is, as it is, impartially. I am a help for God, an honoring of life"—then all fears are overcome. ✍

—William Patrick Patterson



Kirstein I

Continued from page 12



The Study House under construction, braced by struts anchored to the ground

a short walk, past increasingly untidy acreage, toward the ancient forest visible beyond a high, unbreakable brick wall topped with broken bottles. I asked if he did not have pressing labor of his own, in which case I would amuse myself. His work today, he said, was to show me around; it would be inconvenient, even unwise, for me to venture alone. This was no answer, and I was left stewing with questions. His withholding or secrecy maddened me, and began to feel contempt for the discipline involved in the equivocal logic of his mystery-making.

Abruptly, Loomis turned and started back to Le Prieuré, almost as if he were leaving me behind. As we passed small gangs of student-gardeners, I had an impression that, while a few were digging up small stones, more were just throwing heaps of rocks into holes neatly and deeply dug at their sides. Half-a-dozen men, of whom one was too old for his task, transferred heaps of used brick, which appeared to be rationed, each to a person, from the edge of one path across to another. We walked briskly. The day was bright, but there was an unreal air, as if all this activity was scheduled in reverse, illustrating my recent adventures, an Alice after she'd penetrated her looking glass. Here was the mirror-opposite of the muscular labor, its aim the negation of construction. This inversion seemed so strong that I dared to rupture my impatient silence. What in the world, really, are all these people doing? "In this world," Payson answered, "all these people are working—on themselves."

It was now a few minutes before

noon. My wristwatch read 11:12. We had arrived in front of the big house. Loomis said evenly: "Your taxi will be here presently." My taxi? Was I being sent back to Paris, my overnight bag still up in "The Ritz," all unshriven because of my bottomless stupidity? Not at all, Loomis replied. He had now to take dictation for three hours and during that time I would be driven into Fontainebleau, where I could inspect the park and palace. The taxi would return me to the Institute before dark. Then, "The Dancing." Dancing? So I was bundled out of the grounds before murmuring protest or dismay, and, sure enough, a taxi was waiting. On the short drive, I had a chance to test my undergraduate French. . . . The driver made it easy; he asked me how I liked *le patron*. "*Le patron?*"

"*Monsieur le patron; le chef, comment dire? Le Boss. . .*"

I could only answer: "*Je ne sais pas du tout. . .*" which was the whole truth. I didn't know what he was talking about. He repeated, as if to himself: "*Le contremaitre; oui. Lui. Un très grand monsieur.*"

"*Contremaitre?*" The word stuck until, later, I found a proper dictionary: *Contremaitre, n. m. (fem: Contremaitresse):* Overseer, foreman, forewoman. (Naut.) First-mate, boatswain's mate.

He dropped me at a café. I was about to pay and over-tip him, since he'd been so *amical*, but Loomis had already arranged everything. Enjoying a delicious lunch at a nice table with a view of the palace pond and its ducks, I couldn't eat more than half of what was set before me. I was aroused by

the unexplained, the unexpected; I felt poised on a brink of grand adventure and recalled Chief Hamilton, his "exercise," and the key word: "work."

Unprepared, Inexperienced, Scared

So now ten years later, in Fontainebleau, I renewed the urge attendant on another marvelous beginning and steeled myself against the disappointment which must, with the law of averages, inevitably come. I began to endure what psychiatry might term as an initial seizure of manic-depressive psychosis. From the recollections of Chief Hamilton, his unblemished splendor and my bright dewdrop glory of infantile innocence, I was suddenly plunged into an excess of depression and began to have negative memories of Chief's sardonic, skeptical teasing. My being here, with or without Loomis, suddenly seemed preposterous. How ever might I be equal to the riddles of an Institute for the "Harmonious Development of Man"? What to do? Something near fright overtook me, and in my awed confusion I wondered for a moment whether Loomis was really a guide, an inquisitor, or a fraud. I was unprepared, inexperienced, and scared, as if facing a prison sentence for a crime which indeed I might have committed, but of a nature which I did not know. I thought of leaving and returning to Paris at once, where I could find friends, also on vacation. However, I'd left my small overnight bag at the château. In it was a new toothbrush, a new, expensive shaving brush and a book of poems with its dedication from Ezra Pound. I debated whether or not to accept their loss; Payson could send them on. I was not to be let off so easily.

When I arrived back at the Prieuré, I found its façade even more forbidding than I'd feared. There was a protective wall, extending in both directions out past the borders of the entrance. At this portal, which was apparently a back door, hung a bell with a sign reading *Sonnez Fort*. I banged the bell. At a small window appeared a head. It was a man's face, of the most piercing, hideous malevolence, personifying a scowl, savage and hostile. That did it. Thanking God for this sign, I turned to take the cab to the station, and back to Paris. But the car had gone. The door opened; Loomis was there. "You are just in time," he said, sounding like the eulogy of an accident.

He steered me to "The Study

House," indicating a spot where I might set myself. This was on a pair of tufted saddlebags for horse or camel. I occasionally fancied myself an equestrian, as I have said, and I had done undergraduate research in horse furniture. I had toured the armories of Madrid and Vienna, and recognized my present enthrone as Central Asian—Bukhara or Kāshān. Confirming this attribution was music which began to sound: its pervasive sonority was "oriental." So, I assumed, must be the performance that was about to take place.

Outer Movement, Inner Work

Two dozen people, an equal corps of men and women clad in vaguely "oriental" pajamas, belted around their middles, were following patterns of movement with mortal seriousness. As for their audience, this consisted of Loomis and myself, with a few restless young children who in no way disturbed the proceedings. I was by now accustomed to theatricals. Yet what I beheld here had nothing in common with any movement I might have expected. Its general visual atmosphere was not precisely "oriental"; there was nothing pantomimic, exotic, or sensual. I began to realize it was governed by counts, that, instead of moving freely, the men and women were mutely counting. As soon as a first strangeness wore off, it also seemed unduly monotonous. Yet details of the intricate interplay made me begin to understand that the exercise was not for an audience, but for the performers themselves, who were obeying an ordering. This comprehended, after about ten minutes, the performance became far less tiresome. Puzzling it was, and curiously interesting to observe. I obviously had no choice but to sit on the saddlebags and try to understand, or at least endure it. At the end of half an hour I began to want to urinate, so, for the rest of the time I was seated, my focus was partly occupied by that simple, if growing, need. But I could hold my water, and interest in the dancers and their movements took over; I began to be almost glad I had gotten myself into this predicament. Now, in spite of myself, I began to see that the "dancing" exercises or patterns were becoming far more complex, and that, although still rather static, the sequence of hand signs and shifting steps was accentuated by a steady

rhythm. Abruptly, penetrating music from a small hand-held harmonium accelerated. In one thunderous surge, the entire body of men and women went berserk, and racing, with a startling jump as from a catapult, the whole mass of bodies came hurtling straight at me. I was spared immediate annihilation only when a voice from the central pavilion yelled "Stop!" The amalgam of bodies froze.

It was no orderly arrest; the command "Stop!" had not been rehearsed. Some dancers stumbled and fell over; others were locked in accidental positions—asymmetrical, uncomfortable, awkward, ugly. After a few moments everyone resumed the ordinary habit of their motion. Straightening their pajama tops, they quietly sauntered out of the hall. I felt shaken by a demonstration which, however impersonal, was boastfully outrageous. What on earth was going on here? This was no very skilled performance to whose explanatory preparation I'd been treated in advance. However, the violent collective rush toward me, and the sourceless, shouted "Stop!" gave me a theatrical shudder to which no dance or drama that I had seen could compare. It seemed less of a game than a—what? An event? An inexplicable rite? A spectacle?

After the hall was cleared, Loomis led me around, pointing to the earth floor covered, he said, with sixty-seven carpets of various sizes. Banks of seats were tossed with, he explained, sixty-seven cushions, rugs, saddlebags. There were inscriptions in "oriental" script above the clerestory; much of its glass was streaked over with transparent colors. It was a big room—how large I had not realized until it was voided of human movement and lacked the pervasive squeakiness of the invisible hand-held harmonium. Now I felt no need to urinate.

Loomis led me back to the Prieuré; once inside, he nonetheless indicated a lavatory. The relief I experienced was almost sexual delight. Loomis said I was, perhaps, tired and could rest a bit before "The Bath." The bath? In any case, he saw me back to "The Ritz." I found the pretty room; my small night bag was on a dresser. I shed my clothes, lay down on the bed and fell into a dreamless sleep. ✎

Part II will appear in the next issue

Many Indians were fascinated by his rhetorical intelligence and critical insights into real problems in Indian religious, political and cultural traditions. Even if what Rajneesh was saying wasn't altogether accurate, his assertions often filled with distortions and exaggerations, his listeners could recognize the germ of truth in words and—as he often said—the taste of authenticity. He was presaging the possibility of an Indian revolution: a total change in consciousness, a new religionless religion.

Meditation Contradiction

In the spring of 1970, at a meditation camp, Rajneesh introduced what was to become the major meditation practice of his movement—the Chaotic, later called Dynamic, Meditation. "I was working for 10 years . . . teaching direct relaxation. People would appear to understand the meaning of the word but they could not relax. I had to devise new methods for meditation which first created tension . . . such tension that you would go mad. And then I would say 'relax.'" The Indian press expressed its shock at watching the participants scream, shout and take off their clothes. The whole scene appeared incomprehensible. All the meditations were led personally by Rajneesh, shouting from a specially constructed platform—"Be total. Put your whole energy into it. Hold nothing back!" He explained the meaning of Dynamic Meditation as follows:

Dynamic Meditation is a contradiction. Dynamic means effort, much effort, absolute effort. And meditation means silence, no effort, no activity. You can call it a dialectical meditation. Be so active that the whole energy becomes a movement; no energy is left static in you . . . Become dynamic. . . . You are more like energy. . . . Put total energy to work.

When everything is moving and you have become a cyclone, then become alert. Remember, be mindful and in this cyclone suddenly you will find a center which is absolutely silent. This is the center of the cyclone. This is you—you in your divinity, you as a god.

Dynamic Meditation has four stages, each lasting 10 minutes. One starts by standing with the eyes closed, breathing deep and fast through the nose for 10 minutes. Allow the body to move freely; jump, sway back and forth, or use any physical motion that helps pump more oxygen into the lungs. The second stage is one of catharsis—let go totally and be spontaneous—dance or roll on the ground, and screaming is allowed and encouraged. All the suppressed emotions from the subconscious mind are to be released. In the third stage, jump up and down yelling Hoo!, Hoo!, Hoo! continuously for 10 minutes. The loud vibration of the voice travels down to centers of stored energy and pushes that energy upward. The fourth stage is complete relaxation and quiet. Lay down on the back, get comfortable, and just let go. Be as a dead man, totally surrendered to the cosmos. Enjoy the tremendous unleashed energy and become a silent witness to the ocean as it flows into the drop. Become the ocean.

Not all of Rajneesh's meditation techniques are as animated, although many are. In his Kundalini Meditation, for instance, participants were urged to shake for the first 15 minutes until they "became" the shaking. Through such methods, he hoped to create "a new man" who combined the spirituality of Gautama Buddha with the zest for life embodied by Zorba the Greek (from Nikos Kazantzakis' novel). Rajneesh titled himself Zorba the Buddha—capable both of enjoying the earthy pleasures of a Zorba the Greek and the silent serenity of a Gautama Buddha—"Man is body and soul together. Both have to be satisfied."

Initiating Disciples

In July 1970 he moved to an apartment in Mumbai (Bombay) and began conducting regular evening discourses—very intense, lively, powerful dialogues with about 50 Indian followers—beginning his volumes of commentaries on the world's sacred scriptures. In keeping with his own teaching, Rajneesh initially resisted the idea of setting up a formal organization. Reveling in paradox he declared, "I cannot create a religion. . . . I am consistently inconsistent." But those close to him emphasized that his radiant emanation and force of attraction were staggering to all who came near. During

his meditation camp in September 1970, Rajneesh initiated six people into *sannyas*, giving them new names and formally beginning the *Neo-Sannyas International Movement*. (Interestingly, this was also the same month and year when another sex guru, Franklin Jones aka Bubba Free John aka Adi Da Samraj, said he came to complete enlightenment.) His first initiated disciple was Ma Yoga Laxmi, a Jain who had immediately recognized Rajneesh as her spiritual teacher. She soon became devoted to serving him as secretary and was fundamental in establishing the movement. Rajneesh once said, "Always remember that Laxmi never does anything on her own. She is a perfect vehicle, that is why she is chosen for this work. . . . Whatever is said, she does."

The concept of *neo-sannyas* is a radical deviation from traditional Indian *sannyas*. Rajneesh described it as:

My *sannyas* is life-affirmative. Nothing like this has ever flowered on the earth. It is a totally new phenomenon. All the old ideas of *sannyas* were based on escapism, on renunciation. My *sannyas* has nothing to do with escape. It is against escape, because to me God and life are synonymous. God has always been put against life: you had to drop life to attain God. And I say to you, you have to live as totally as possible, as intensely as possible, as passionately as possible if you want to know God at all.

Rajneesh saw this as a totally new form of *sannyas*, "or totally an ancient one which has been forgotten completely." His primary disciples of *neo-sannyas* were to withdraw from all responsibilities for their families or old lives, to live in meditation, change their name to the one given by Rajneesh—prefaced by either *Swami* (Master) or *Ma* (Mother)—wear a mala (a necklace of 108 beads) with a locket with Rajneesh's picture framed within, and wear only orange robes or clothing—"the color of the sun rising . . . something alive and vibrating. You must be in a dancing mood 24 hours. Orange is a dancing color." It was important to wear the mala and locket, he explained, as these were the vehicles by which contact was maintained. He proclaimed that *neo-sannyas* is deliberately intended to

destroy all identifications “to bring a quality of awareness, to introduce God to your ordinary life.” His sannyasins were to be “joyous creatures, rebels and dancers moving to their own music.” He would be the catalytic agent that would peel the ego away, revealing the layers of poses, beliefs, attachments, fears; stripping away all the psychological defenses and habitual patterns of behavior. This state of total dissolution, of surrender, would seem like death itself but was, Rajneesh said, the womb from which one’s reborn soul could emerge. A large banner hanging behind Rajneesh when he spoke in Bombay proclaimed: “Surrender to me, and I will transform you. That is my promise—Rajneesh.”

As many from his initial circle of followers rejected Rajneesh as a guru and began to part ways, he began to attract more devoted seekers eager to sit in his luminosity. Rajneesh clearly possessed the power of direct energy transmission, which is known in India as “shaktipat.” He also claimed to have the “third eye” paranormal powers of telepathy, psychic perception, clairvoyance and remote viewing, potencies that clearly stunned his frequent visitors. More than one person had the experience of starting to tell Rajneesh about a traumatic event, only to have him relate the end of it, complete in every detail. As expressed by one devotee, “suddenly I knew that we were on the same psychic and intuitive wavelength, in direct contact. We were reading each other loud and clear. As soon as I acknowledged what Bhagwan was telepathically communicating with me and got the real message, my tears ceased.”

Europeans began coming for *samyas*, and the few talks that were given in English each week, and some English translations of his talks, were published as booklets. These early Western *sannyasins* spread the word about Rajneesh throughout the West, returning to their home countries to form communal centers where they shared the meditations, audio tapes and transcriptions of talks. Soon his fame spread and the stream of Westerners visiting

Rajneesh—including politicians, actors, millionaires, poets and authors—rapidly increased. A beautiful 22-year-old Englishwoman named Christine Wolff arrived and, although at first horrified by her encounter with Rajneesh and his meditation camps, soon experienced past-life memories and realized that she had been Shashi, his childhood sweetheart, returning to him as promised. Taking the name Ma Yoga Vivek—meaning awareness—she became his lover, caretaker and constant companion. Later Rajneesh was to claim that Vivek was Mary Magdalene in another past life.

Rajneesh Takes a New Name

By May 1971, Rajneesh had entirely stopped traveling and giving outside public speeches, and then suddenly he changed his name to Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. The enlightened sage Ramana Maharshi was called Bhagwan by his disciples as a spontaneous term of endearment, whereas Rajneesh simply declared that everyone should start calling him Bhagwan, a complex title that can mean “the blessed one” but in India is used to describe an incarnation of God. He chose the name to symbolize heart-centered work, the state of *bhagwatta*—of godliness, and “I mean to provoke you, to challenge you. I am simply calling myself God so that you can also gather courage to recognize it in yourself.”

I am just . . . an ordinary human being . . . just like you. You are still asleep—but that is not much of a difference. One day I was also asleep; one day you will be able to awaken. You can wake up this moment, nobody is preventing it. So the difference is just meaningless.

Bhagwan relished the controversy of his new name: “The crowds disappeared. The word ‘Bhagwan’ functioned like an atomic explosion. Only those who are ready to dissolve with me remain.” Bhagwan’s message was ultimately a positive one. He taught that we are all Buddhas and that all have the capacity for enlightenment. “Enlightenment is a natural state. It is not some supra-conscious state, supra-mental. Avoid Sri Aurobindo and his terminology; that is all mind games. Enlightenment is not something very special; it is very ordinary. It is so ordinary that there is nothing to brag about in it.” Perhaps taking note of the meteoric rise of the young American guru Bubba Free John aka Adi Da Samraj who was attracting many of the New Age seekers that might have come to him, Rajneesh questioned his genuineness:

He was a disciple of Muktananda—then his kundalini rose. Muktananda gave a written certificate—a certificate that you have become a *Siddha*, enlightened! . . . Now the



Acharya Rajneesh in discourse during the late 1960s

trouble came, because he had become more enlightened than Muktananda ever expected and he had become a guru in his own right. Then he wanted another certificate saying he was a *Maha Siddha*. Muktananda refused and he said, "Of course, Muktananda helped me a little on my way, but he is not an enlightened man. I dissolve all my links with him."

Bringing Tantra to the West

In Bombay Bhagwan's attention on Tantric teachings precipitated much gossip among the Indians and excitement for the Westerners. Bhagwan would instruct beautiful women to strip off their clothes in front of him so that he could activate their chakras, and he had sannyasi couples make love in front of him to give advice on how to do it properly. Many of the female contingent fervently hoped that they would be chosen for a "special darshan"—that is, for the purpose of making love with the guru himself, a highly desired and familiar experience in those years. These darshans were known as "energy sharing"—Bhagwan would have one woman with him until midnight, then have four hours' sleep, after which another woman would come to him. He became an arch advocate of the female orgasm, talking at great length about the clitoris, its function, and how it should be stimulated. Free sex and sharing partners were very much integral to Bhagwan's methods, and Bhagwan regularly created arranged affairs between disciples. Meditations and the encounter groups were often held in the nude. The morning Dynamic Meditation, held on a nearby public beach, was seen as "a bunch of Westerners insulting Indian tradition by being so scantily dressed that the shapes of our bodies were all too clearly visible, wearing the holy saffron of the renunciate to take part in orgies."

The basic idea of tantra, as taught by Bhagwan, is that our dynamic energies can be awakened. The belief is that all energy is fundamentally sexual, and finds its origin at the base of the spine. When properly freed, it will travel up the spine to the brain, where it unites with the mind and the spiritual heart in an embrace of love and consciousness. Tantra was the apotheosis of free indulgence, and goes a long way to explain why

Bhagwan's teachings fell on such fruitful soil among young Westerners in the seventies. On the mystical value of orgasm, he said, "What I have been teaching is the sacredness of sex. Nowhere else in the world has any effort been made to transform sexual energy into spiritual energy—and that's what I was doing." The difference between valley orgasms and peak orgasms was particularly important, the former being infinitely more satisfying both physically and spiritually. For men, the art was to delay, or preferably avoid, ejaculation, but to stay very close to it, thus maintaining and extending the sexual experience. The whole point was to stay in that special zone just below the peak, so that both partners could attain a very deep sense of stillness and inner calm without hurry, worry or stress. Once this state was attained, Bhagwan said that it should be possible to make love for hours, and be in a state of profound meditation all the time. Bhagwan's lectures went on about this so much that he earned himself the sobriquet "The Guru of the Vagina."

At times in the evening talks Bhagwan would speak on more esoteric matters, including the story of his last birth seven hundred years before, when he had a mystic school in the mountains. Just before his death at 106 years old, he entered a 21-day fast in order to attain his "final enlightenment." During this fast he was given the option of taking just one more birth, and decided to take advantage of the offer. He foresaw that there was a possibility of uniting East and West, and bringing about a synthesis between materialism and spirituality. According to this story, he was killed by a Judas-like follower three days before his life should have ended. Now he would reassemble those who had been with him—now also reborn—to help him heal an endangered planet and complete the task of his earlier incarnation.

In the atmosphere of open sharing and gossip in Bombay, many of the women Bhagwan slept with revealed that far from practicing what he preached of making sex last for an hour or more, it was often all over in a couple of minutes. He would, many said, get on top of women in the traditional missionary position, enter, then come to orgasm almost immediately. Most of his sexual pleasure seemed to lie in

foreplay and voyeurism rather than in active performance. Some wondered if this tendency toward premature ejaculation was a contradiction to his own teachings, or was it the result of the premature loss of life in his earlier incarnation, or conceivably the aftereffect of the emotional scar left at seven years of age from his grandfather's death?

Disciples who were sent back to their home countries to operate one of the distant Rajneesh centers often felt they had been given a death sentence to work far from the blissed-out euphoria they felt in Bhagwan's presence. He seemed to know precisely what was important in each of their lives, offering wise counsel and practices individual to each disciple's needs. As one disciple described it, "He was so sensible about marriage, and children, sex, love, the whole human condition." Bhagwan told many women to leave their young children in the West with husbands or grandparents—the children were obstacles to their spiritual growth. Often the women agonized over the choice, but in the end they did not want to leave this man they loved and lose their chance for enlightenment. Bhagwan assured them that he would, by esoteric means, care for their children's spiritual wellbeing. Disciples would claim to hear Rajneesh's voice inside their head, commanding them to follow his prescribed directives.

"Tantra" Takes Its Toll

Portraying a sense of unworldliness, Bhagwan seemed completely unattached to material possessions and personal relationships, already complete and content. But a physical vanity was evident when it came to his appearance and self-promotion. During the years in Bombay, Bhagwan had jet-black hair, and there was a rumor that his hair and beard were dyed in secret sessions at his flat. He had an enormous number of studio photographs taken of himself—dramatically staged to emphasize his large, expressive eyes to appear "cast in a dim religious light." Quite suddenly, in 1974, Bhagwan stopped dyeing his hair, and silver streaks started to appear almost overnight.

Bhagwan's health began to decline—his asthma was exacerbated by the Bombay air and his diabetes began to worsen alarmingly—and

so Laxmi was sent to find a suitable place for Bhagwan to recover, one that would accommodate the increasing numbers of people who wanted to visit. Large amounts of money from wealthy Western sannyasins became available, and with it Laxmi bought a six-acre estate in a prestigious district of Poona (Pune), and in March 1974 Bhagwan moved into his plush new mansion within the Shree Rajneesh Ashram. A new experiment, on a larger scale, was about to begin. ✎

—Jean Lauderdale

Part II will appear in the next issue.

Notes

1. *Directness and a wry*. James S. Gordon, *The Golden Guru: The Strange Journey of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh* (New York: Stephen Greene Press, 1987), 8.
2. *One of the most significant masters*. Osho, *Meetings with Remarkable People* (London: Watkins Publishing, 2008), 71.
3. *Return to your source*. Gordon, 8.
4. *Spirituality to Rajneesh*. Osho, *Autobiography of a Spiritually Incorrect Mystic* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2000), 3.
5. *He watched his beloved grandfather die*. Gordon, 22.
6. *His death became for me*. Vasant Joshi, *Osho: The Luminous Rebel* (New Delhi: Wisdom Tree, 2010), 37.
7. *As a youngster Rajneesh was already*

fascinated. Hugh Milne, *Bhagwan: The God That Failed* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986), 97.

8. *If you accept death, a distance is created*. Joshi, 45.
9. *If you accept death, there is no fear*. Osho, *Autobiography*, 57.
10. *On her deathbed she promised*. Joshi, 56.
11. *As if I was going mad with blissfulness*. Judith M. Fox, *Osho Rajneesh: Studies in Contemporary Religion* (Signature Books, 2000), 10.
12. *These attacks, the adult version of the child*. Gordon, 27.
13. *Rajneesh's 1968 lecture series*. Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, *From Sex to Superconsciousness* (Poona: Rajneesh Foundation, 1979).
14. *Self-exploration, silence, and meditation*. Gordon, 13.
15. *Many people become enlightened*. Osho, *Autobiography*, 83.
16. *Claiming to have read more than 80,000 books*. Joshi, 80.
17. *He was such a fast reader*. Milne, 119.
18. *I speak nothing prepared*. Osho, *Autobiography*, 120.
19. *Dynamic Meditation is a contradiction*. Joshi, 103.
20. *Not all of Rajneesh's meditation techniques*. Fox, 5-6.
21. *Dynamic Meditation has four stages*. Christopher Calder, Osho. <http://home.att.net/~meditation/>
22. *Always remember that Laxmi*. Joshi, 111.
23. *My sannyas is life-affirmative*. Joshi, 106.
24. *Or totally an ancient one*. Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, *I Am the Gate* (Poona: Rajneesh Foundation, 1975), 44.
25. *More than one person had the experience*. Milne, 72.
26. *Suddenly I knew that we were on the same psychic*. Milne, 88.
27. *Enlightenment is a natural state*. Joshi, 79.
28. *I am just . . . an ordinary human being*. Osho, *Autobiography*, 1.
29. *Bubba Free John*. William Patrick Patterson, *Adi Da Samraj—Realized or/and Deluded* (Fairfax, CA: Arete Communications, 2012), 50-51.
30. *The crowds disappeared*. Fox, 13.
31. *Darshans were known as "energy sharing"*. Milne, 84.
32. *What I have been teaching is the sacredness of sex*. Osho, *Autobiography*, 132.
33. *Bhagwan told many women to leave their young children*. Gordon, 41.
34. *Disciples would claim to hear Rajneesh's voice*. Satya Bharti Franklin, *The Promise of Paradise* (Barrytown, NY: Institute for Publishing Arts, 1992), p. 19.
35. *Bhagwan had jet-black hair*. Milne, 63.
36. *His asthma was exacerbated by the Bombay air*. Fox, 14.



Rajneesh with disciples in Bombay



Christine Wolff aka Ma Yoga Vivek



Sudbury, Massachusetts, founded in 1639, as it appeared in 1885. The road at the upper left runs about eight miles north to Concord. Shortly before Dorothy left for France, townspeople and the Knights of Columbus protested Sudbury's consideration as part of the site for the headquarters of the United Nations. A different location was chosen.

it was Christmas and his mother whom he loved had thought of him.

Outside the world turned to amethyst ice, but inside the hours passed warm and real as those hours when Enrico and I sat at a long table, working at our stamps and coins. The idea for my second book was taking form. As I planned it, I began to look back at my life again. I began at the beginning of my insignificance and traced the emotions of my life up to the present moment—relived my time, my personal history, minute by minute beneath the years. Slowly, carefully, as if unrolling a Chinese scroll, I followed myself in pictures along a road . . . I saw the road as a book. But “events” would not be the subject of the book; they would be merely the photographs in the travel-folder. The real subject would be not what I had seen, not what I had learned, not even what I had felt in all those places, but what I had become from seeing, learning and feeling . . . a mysterious journey. I saw a stagecoach drawn by four black horses . . .

In Boston there is a publisher of books who asked me to lunch. He had been impressed by my book about Caruso and wanted to talk about it. He expressed surprise that I had been able to put into writing my “capacity for feeling.” His

enthusiasm so carried me along that I confided to him, as if he were an old friend I could trust, my plan to write another book—to tell what had happened to me after Enrico’s death. His face closed. His expression changed from warm appreciation to the sheathed look of a locked portfolio—secret documents that must be suppressed. He skimmed off his words . . . “You are like all amateur authors whose first book has been a success—they always want to write another. People were interested in what you had to tell about your husband; no one is interested in what you may write about yourself. The few pages at the end of the Caruso book told the reader all he needed to know about your life. I hate to discourage you, but I know that no publisher would take a new book—I wouldn’t. One success doesn’t make you into a writer, and your life as an individual, without a famous name, is, honestly, not important enough to publish.”

I wasn’t discouraged. I was humiliated. I had felt the same way years ago when people had denied me my identity, preferring to remember me as a tragic monument.

A week later two friends came up from New York. We walked in silence and spring rain up the hill toward our house.

“The rain leaves no traces on our clothes,” Lynn said.

“Only a slight perfume,” said Solita.

“Like Paris, when it’s raining in the Bois,” Margaret said.

At the last turn we stopped to rest on a low stone wall.

“If I could write another book,” I asked Solita, “would you like to read it?”

“Yes.”

“What would you like it to be about?”

“You. The past twenty-five years since Caruso died.”

“How shall I begin?”

“Your conception must be the opposite of your book about Caruso. There you focused on him and not on yourself—the reader knew you from what you did *not* say about yourself. Now you must talk about yourself and talk of others only in relation to you. This will be hard at first because you’ll be afraid to be thought self-centered and egotistical.”

“Why don’t you begin by stretching your emotions?” Margaret said. “You hide everything you feel behind good manners. Let go—so that you can move from one state to another.”

“That’s clear in a wide abstract way. What I want to know is exactly how I should begin?”

“First,” Solita said, “try to find out the qualities you have which make you different from other people. Those qualities will be your limits and you must write within them.”

"I don't know my qualities," I said.
"No one can name her own qualities."
"Oh yes, she can," Margaret said.
"My love for my children?"
"Lots of people love their children,"
Solita said. "I mean special qualities.
I think your outstanding qualities are
judgment, justice and observation.
These might be the limits to impose
upon your writing."

"But how will you begin?" said
Lynn. "I don't see how you know how to
begin."

I looked from one face to another:
my three friends. Margaret's eyes, full
of strength and confidence in me. How
often during five years had I rested on
that look. And Solita's eyes, coming to
life in the life of a book. And Lynn's—
eager, encouraging, helpless . . .

During the next two months I
listened to talk about Gurdjieff that
brought him nearer and made his
meaning clearer. I began to feel that I
had already met him and that, from
some uncovered part of me, I could
speak of myself with right of growth—
as if the seeds planted had taken root
and pushed up through the earth.

Summer passed and I struggled
on, trying to make a book without
a clear conception of that invisible
evolution which was to be its subject.
But as winter came again to Sudbury
I had an experience that transformed
my nebulous ideas into a picture and a
pattern.

It was an experience of anger,
and it still stands out against the hazy
silence of trees, the rush of small soft
animals, and the dazzling dignity of
pheasants treading on crusted snow. It
was a fortunate experience: not only
because it made my book possible but
because it forced me, perhaps for the
first time in my life, to evaluate myself.

For years I had accepted without
complaint the world's swift judgments
and run-of-the-mill perceptions. I had
conciliated and appeased and bowed
my head because I had learned, too
young, to turn the other cheek. The act
which began as a defense continued as
a habit. But there is no virtue in always
turning the other cheek; and there is
no virtue in seeing only the good in
everyone and ignoring the evil. There
are times when the acknowledgement
of evil has more virtue in it than the
search for good.

This is one of those times . . . I
stand beside myself: I see a child
trembling before the unconscious
cruelty of children; I see her
trembling before the inflexibility
of gentle nuns; I see her trembling
before the unleashed fury of a father.
She had built a wall around herself;
but the mortar that cemented the
stones was a corrosive and dangerous
substance. It was fear.

Some people are born with claws
instead of hands, and some with
poison fangs instead of tongues. This
sickens me, but I don't speak out
against them. They smile and tear deep
wounds . . . deep runs the poison in my
blood . . . I turn the other cheek. I don't
protest; I don't denounce them; I simply
wish that they were different and hope
that if I smile and agree they won't strike
at me again. And in my relief, if they
don't strike, I give them again all my
confidence, flood them with friendship,
pour gifts on them, and gratitude, tell
them what I think and feel . . . believing
that they believe me. They are part of
the public before whom I must always
play a role; but they are also behind the
scenes with me in my private and inner
being . . . They may have believed me or
not—even today I don't know. What I do
know is that in the end they have always
betrayed me.

Yet in the past I never revolted—
not outwardly; I even felt I had no
right to revolt. The other cheek—that
rigid religious law . . . it had cut a deep
groove. Forty years have passed . . . and
suddenly I have finished forever with
turning the other cheek: because I, who
am never angry, am standing beside
myself in anger.

I am the protector of my inner life. I
have at last discovered that life and I will
no longer allow it to be violated—either
by claws or fangs or smiles. I will never
placate again. I am as I say I am. My own
truth matters to myself, more than my
fear, and I will impose my truth.

Neither their pointed politeness
nor rolls of rich round laughter can
win me back, because through their
blandishments I can now see the worms
eating out their hearts . . . fat worms
of envy, jealousy, hypocrisy, greed; and
those on whom the worms feed talk of
human charity and loving kindness.
I have finished with fear—I have
experienced consuming anger. I shall
never again keep silent, or turn away my
head. I shall speak out and call the liar



Margaret Anderson

liar and the fraud fraud.

The incident that starts world wars
is in itself insignificant. Somewhere in
the forest lies a charred match . . .

Once again I have found the way
through thundering trees to that sunlit
place where for three years I walked
in courage and companionship with
a man of good will. Enrico's sweep
of spirit . . . But he didn't forgive and
forget. "I forgive and remember," he
said, and then went back to his singing.

So I shall forgive and remember,
and go back to my book, and write
the statement of myself—as I wrote
Enrico's after he was gone.

The snow melted from the hills,
and life stood green and strong, and
the days grew sweet with sun and
approaching summer. I realized that
what was happening in the world
outside had also happened within
myself. This was my subject matter. I
began the first chapter of my new book.

Autumn passed with golden paper
leaves on trees. Wild geese heralded
the winter on pounding wings, and I
wrote on. Then blizzards tore across
New England and flattened soundless
landscapes into hissing plains.

And at the end of March we drove
away between iridescent walls of snow,
back to springtime in Paris, and to my
first meeting with Gurdjieff. ✍

Part III will appear in the next issue.



Martin Heidegger in the 1920s when he wrote *Being and Time*



Heidegger in 1950 when he resumed teaching at Freiburg University

dogs, cat-cows, pigeons, and cobras. The Wayne Dwyers-Deepak Chopras hang on through expensive weekend seminars and a constant outpouring of books and tapes, skimming the tops of various teachings and adding a psychological or quasi-scientific coloring. But weekend seminars and captivating words only lead the naïve to think they are engaged in real transformation. The rash of contemporary self-convinced nondualists, long on Advaita talk, all presumably believing they speak from the pointless point of view, consider all duality delusion so, really, why the concern, dude?

The View from Philosophy

Viewed from a secular perspective, psychology has little to add except pharmacology and social readjustments. Philosophy has become scientized to the extent it sees human life as having no meaning beyond itself. The existentialism of Jean-Paul Sartre is among the definite and unwavering formulations of this viewpoint of no God, no soul, no Truth—*Nothingness in Being*. But what is this but a sophisticated, philosophical thought form? Who but a few could live this without succumbing to becoming a human machine, just a technicized algorithm?

Martin Heidegger remains for many the most relevant philosopher for our time. His 1927 magnum opus *Being and Time* concerned itself with examining the inauthentic being-in-the-world of *Das Man* (the mechanical man) contrasted to authentic being

which brings the moment of vision—“That *Present* which is held in authentic temporality [time] and which thus is *authentic* itself.”

Where *Being and Time* focused on the question of being and Being, it wasn't until 1936 with his *Contributions to Philosophy* that Heidegger spoke about *Das Man* losing his being to Technology. An easier entry into this perspective is his 1953 essay “The Question Concerning Technology.” Technology is not neutral, he warns. Its essence lies in the enframing of all life (picture the frame of a painting). Technology's destining [destiny] (see Notes on his use of language) is one that would reduce man to a “standing reserve” [mankind as a human resource, like silver and copper] to accommodate it in its need to ever expedite. “Expediting is always directed from the beginning toward furthering something else, i.e. toward driving on to the maximum yield at the minimum expense.” Thus, enframing gives a knowing, defining and valuing—all within Technology's image and matrix—which “threatens man with the possibility that it could be denied to him to enter into a more original revealing and hence to experience the call of a more primal truth.”

The human ground upon which Technology acts is our abandonment of being. “Forgottenness of being is not aware of itself; it presumes to be at home with ‘beings’ and with what is ‘actual,’ ‘true to life,’ and certain of ‘lived-experience.’ For it only knows

beings. But in this way of the presencing of beings, beings are abandoned by being. Abandonment of being is the ground of the forgottenness of being.”

The materialistic reign of inauthentic being ever growing, Technology entrances us with calculation as validation, accompanied by an unprecedented acceleration and the claim of massiveness, which, as Heidegger says, “dissembles and disguises the inner disintegration by divesting, publicizing, and vulgarizing of all attunement [of being]. The desolation that is herewith created corresponds to the growing artificiality of every attitude and together with that the disempowering of the word.” (As he has said elsewhere, “Language is the house of Being. In its home man dwells.”)

What is necessary, if we are not to become bar codes and worker ants enframed in a soulless technology, is a “*great turning around* in which beings are not grounded in terms of human being, but rather human being is grounded in terms of be-ing.”

He speaks of:

One who does not remain a spectator but who is *himself the Moment*, performing actions directed toward the future and at the same time accepting and affirming the past, by no means letting it drop. Whoever stands in the Moment is turned in two ways: for him past and future *run up against one another*. Whoever stands in

Continued on page 28

KULTUR

Migrants On the Move! The U.S. is the top destination for Christian and Buddhist immigrants, according to the Pew Research Center, hosting some 32 million Christian and 1.7 million Buddhist immigrants as of 2010. Jews have migrated most. Although making up a fraction of a percent of the world's population, 25 percent of all Jews today live in a country other than their birthplace. Muslims are the second largest group of migrants, making up 60 million, or 27 percent, of the world's immigrants. . . . **What's Good for the Gander.** Of women graduating from college before 1900, more than three-quarters remained single. The reason, explained a physician of the time: educated women developed a "self-assertive, independent character that made it impossible to love, honor and obey." As late as 1950, one-third of white female college graduates ages 55 to 59 had never married, compared with only 7 percent of those without degrees. With today's women earning almost 60 percent of all bachelor's degrees and more than half of masters and Ph.D. degrees, the result is "marrying down." Almost 30 percent of today's wives have more education than their husbands, while fewer than 20 percent of husbands have more education than their wives, almost the exact reversal of the percentage in 1970. . . . **Secrets on Parade.** Petitioners of old for Masonic membership once found themselves with a hood over their heads, a rope around their necks, and were swearing never to reveal the secret handshake. Given the Web, films and books—*Freemasons for Dummies* of 2005, is replacing the order's main manual *Duncan's Ritual*, 1866—except for the handshake, it's all revealed. Like Scientology, with its membership diminishing, Grand Lodges put up billboards, ran TV commercials and staged mass rituals, initiating hundreds of men at a time. Their website says "Contact us," and those who do pay \$450 for ceremonial degrees (tux required) and dues of \$300 per year, plus extra for paintball fights, Scotch tastings and cigar-rolling shows. Down from four million members in 1959 to today's 1.3 million, the warrior

monks of the Knights Templar of old are standing tall. . . . **Sex Week.** With Harvard leading the pack, many Ivy League schools and others hold an annual sex week to talk things over and show the latest instrumentation, like the new rage—female condoms, invented 30 years ago by a Danish doctor. Another sign of women taking things into their own hands. . . . **Get Happy with Pink-Slime-Free Big Mac.** McDonald's says that last year it ditched "select lean beef trimmings"—its previously preferred term for scrap meat soaked in ammonium hydroxide then ground into a pink meat-like paste. The chemical is widely used by the U.S. food industry as an antimicrobial agent in meats and as a leavener in bread and cake products. But the USDA considers it safe and not an ingredient but a component in a production procedure, so consumers can't know what products it is used in. You can find ammonium hydroxide household cleaners and fertilizers, and, with the addition of certain acids, it can be turned into ammonium nitrate, a common component in homemade bombs. . . . **Older Brains.** Says *Neurology* magazine, higher blood levels of omega-3 fatty acids, and vitamins B, C and D and E are associated with better mental functioning, and those with higher blood levels of trans fats were associated with impaired mental ability. . . . **Religion, So Yesterday?** At a recent American Physicists Society meeting, a research team took census data stretching back as far as a century from countries in which the census queried religious affiliation. Nine countries—Australia, Austria, Canada, Czech Republic, Finland, Ireland, Netherlands, New Zealand and Switzerland—show religion in these nations is set for extinction. . . . **Web Junkies' Faulty Wiring.** MRI brain scans of young males and females, ages 14–21, showed changes in the white matter of the brain—the part that contains nerve fibers—reports a research team at the Chinese Academy of Sciences in Wuhan. Those classed with Internet Addiction Disorder (IAD) on the basis of questions such as, "Have you repeatedly made unsuccessful efforts to control, cut back or stop Internet use?" showed evidence of disruption to connections in nerve fibers linking brain areas involved in emotions, decision making, and self-control. Says Prof. Gunter Schumann, chair in biological

psychiatry at the Institute of Psychiatry at King's College, London, "For the first time two studies show changes in the neuronal connections between brain areas as well as changes in brain function in people who are frequently using the Internet or video games." Says Dr. Henrietta Bowden-Jones, consultant psychiatrist and honorary senior lecturer at Imperial College London, "Clinicians have suspected for some time that white matter abnormalities in the orbito-frontal cortex and other truly significant brain areas are present not only in addictions where substances are involved but also in behavioral ones such as Internet addiction." . . . **Prescription Addiction.** More than 7 million Americans use prescription drugs such as oxycodone for nonmedical reasons. This dwarfs the 1.5 million addicted to cocaine, according to the Drug Enforcement Administration. . . . **Cutting the Knot.** While divorce rates have stabilized nationally, over 50 percent of baby boomers have divorced. In 1970 13 percent of adults ages 46 through 64 were divorced, separated or had never married. Today, it's up to a third or so, according to demographers at Bowling Green State University, Ohio. ✍

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The truck where Leonard Knight (inset) lived. It has no running water or electricity and is painted in the same style as his monumental work, *Salvation Mountain*.

the Moment lets what runs counter to itself come to collision, though not to a standstill, by cultivating sustaining their strife between what is assigned him as a task and what has been given him in his endowment. To see the Moment means to stand in it.

The question is: how to do this? Is there something we have forgotten that precedes the abandonment of being? *JK*

—The Editor

Part III will appear in the next issue.

Notes

1. *Only a God can save us now*. "Interview with Martin Heidegger." *Der Spiegel*, 1966.
2. *The greatest philosopher*. Heidegger's only rival is Ludwig Wittgenstein, who focused on language, and is most commonly famous for his first book, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, which ends with: "All the rest is silence." Heidegger explored the silence.
3. *How much longer*. Judaism is not mentioned as its numbers are insignificant, though interestingly in terms of political and social influence it is quite the opposite.
4. *Transition to a technicized animal*. Martin Heidegger, *Contributions to Philosophy* (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1999), 68.
5. *Paul and Janice Crouch*. Erik Eckholm, "Family Battle Offers Glimpse Inside a Lavish TV Ministry," *New York Times*, 5 May 2012.
6. *Salvation Mountain*. For those interested in helping to preserve it, Dan Westfall has created an email address, salvationmountaininc@gmail.com A nonprofit board is being established.
7. *Bubba Free John*. William Patrick Patterson, *Adi Da Samraj—Realized or/and Deluded* (Fairfax, CA: Arete Communications, 2012).
8. *Sartre*. Jean-Paul Sartre was a pupil of Heidegger's. Sartre's *Being and Nothingness* divests human life of any higher importance. "Existence precedes essence." No human nature belies man's existence. How one acts determines one's identity. One lives within society's rules and laws or not. Very akin to Aleister Crowley's dictum: "Do what you wilt."
9. *That Present*. Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time*. Translation by John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson (New York: Harper & Row, 1962), 387.
10. *The Question Concerning Technology*. Martin Heidegger, *Basic Writings* (New York: Harper & Row, 1977), 287–317.
11. *Destining*. Here the word 'destiny' is used not as a noun, something fixed, but a verb, an energy. To speak as directly as possible to his experiencing and to shock mechanical reading and listening, Heidegger uses words in new ways.
12. *Forgottenness of being*. Heidegger, *Contributions*, 80. From *Basic Writings*, "Letter on Humanism," "Man is the shepherd of Being." 210.
13. *Dissembles and disguises the inner disintegration*. Heidegger, *Contributions*, 85–86.
14. *Language is the house of Being*. Heidegger, *Basic Writings*, "Letter on Humanism," 193. Consider Technology's effect on language, the texting, etc.
15. *Great turning around*. Heidegger, *Contributions*, 129.
16. *One who does not remain a spectator*. Martin Heidegger, *Nietzsche*, Vol. 1 (New York: Harper & Row, 1979), 56–57.