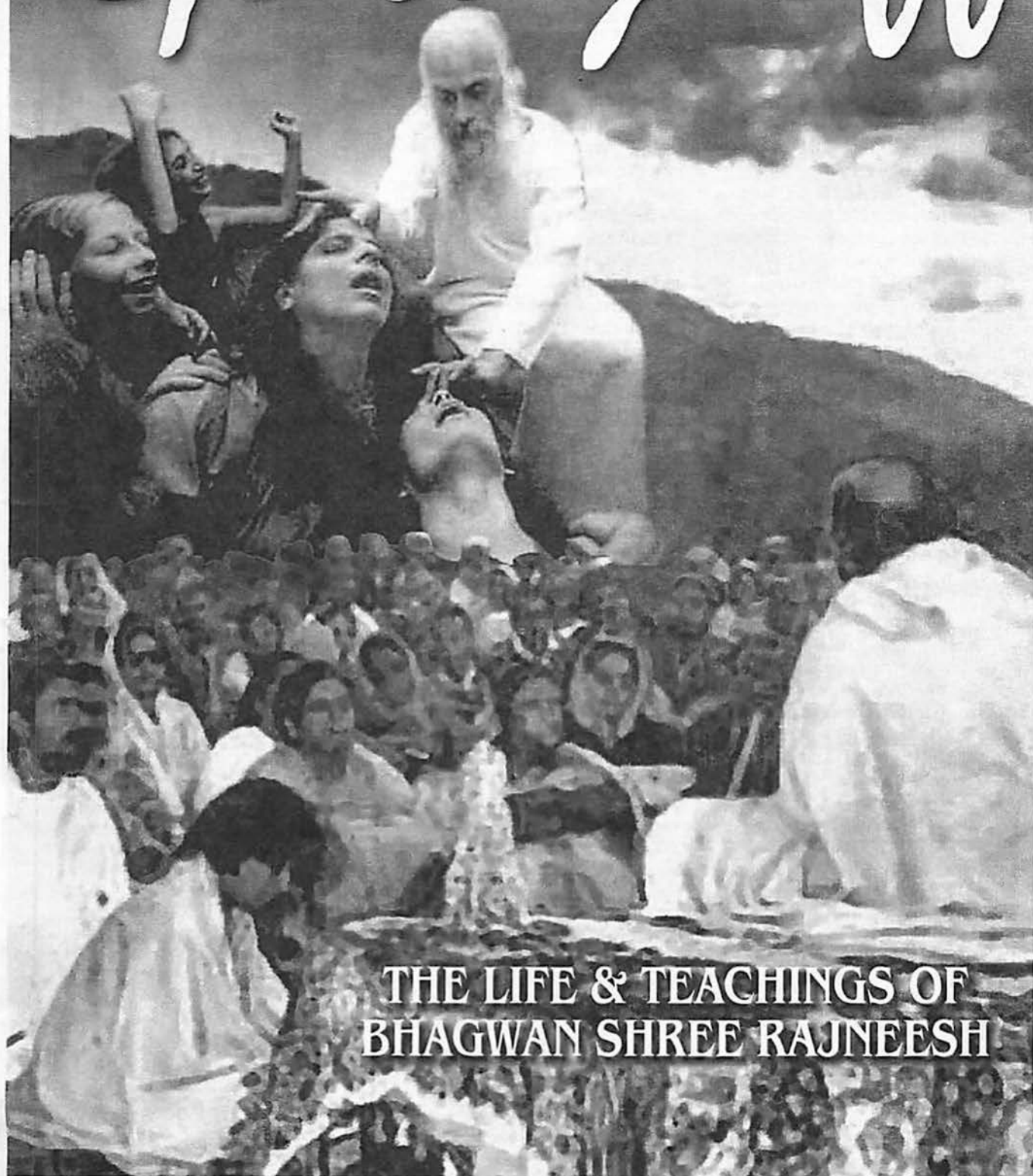


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Gurdjieff



THE LIFE & TEACHINGS OF
BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH

Letters to TGJ

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Journal@Gurdjieff-Legacy.Org

Immortality—What Hubris!

The Probe of the last issue posits that the only real wish is that one that doesn't disappear, the wish for immortality. When first read the reaction was "What hubris! One might as well wish to be God."

Hmm. Now there is a concept, or rather, the concept. What is the aim of the Work except to be worthy to be a developed particle of God? And if the Work, and this aim are accepted, then immortality is not only implied but utterly obvious.

What price am I willing to pay for this? Olgivanna gave up her beloved daughter in her quest for immortality. So far all that has been asked to be given up are the lies of my life. So for now my question is: Is this being done?

A very disturbing issue.

Peter John

San Carlos, California

Reminder & Remembering

Reading "Guidance under Lord Pentland's Direction" was a gift. The writing is clear and concise and the depth of both Don Hoyt's and especially Lord Pentland's words are very powerful. The subjects touched upon—"non-directive skill," "be more aware of the wish to not work—at the same time as you are holding the wish to work," "disenchantment with all that"—to name three, seem so rich as to provide sustenance for the remainder of one's life, granted of course that someone could remember them. And that is what was available for this reader—a reminder and remembering of Work ideas and

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experiences that were at prior moments forgotten—and a corresponding change of state. For that there is a feeling of gratefulness.

Robert Dalwinkle
Portsmouth, Virginia

Electric Sleep

Regarding the most recent articles on Technology . . . A few days ago, I happened into a bookstore. I presented the clerk with an old gift-card that I had; hoping not to remember just how old it actually was. There was a possibility that it still had some value, perhaps just enough to buy the book I was looking for, if not that, then maybe almost enough. The clerk, politely bouncing around the register, checked the card quickly. Convincingly, he said, "You have \$16.27 left on the card, the information is always there no matter how old the card, the computer never forgets." Happy with the response I went to the section to find the book I wanted. Good, located, within the card limits. I returned to the clerk and he registered the book and the receipt was given. Then he said, "You have about two dollars left, you could spend that in our coffee shop to buy a cup of coffee." Happy when leaving, and secure about the future prospects of returning some day I tucked the book under my arm. The title indicated on the cover of the book: *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*

Rick Sapere
Wilksburg, Pennsylvania

"Freddy" Stays in Control

Reading "Disappointed with Life and Yourself?" several times, as there were many aspects worth pondering over and over again, I was especially struck by how we are drawn to the Work initially through some dissatisfaction. This was my experience coming to the Work as well. But as pointed out, I wasn't exactly sure what I was sensing in my dissatisfaction. I spent years trying to know what was wrong and looking for answers from many different sources (mostly through books and a dream analysis group). The "knowing" was very important, but no real understanding was achieved through my reading or casual sampling of various paths. As explained, we are normally so identified with our feelings that we are not really "there" to experience anything (although we appear to be). Only the direct experience of myself from an objective observer's point of view brought

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Sayings of Substance

When you study yourself you have to be able to concentrate your attention upon that part which you wish to observe. At present you cannot concentrate your attention because your emotional center will not be quiet. So your attention is governed by your emotions and not by you. Until you stop being governed by your emotions you cannot be impartial; therefore you cannot understand the meaning of words.

So long as you do not know your machine, even if help is offered, you cannot make use of it. You must begin by understanding the purpose of our functions. Our centers are receivers for different rates of vibration. The centers are not affected equally by all vibrations. Each center is a receiver and transmitting apparatus. Each one takes the vibrations corresponding to its own functions. At present you can only receive automatically without discrimination. You do not know what you are taking in and so you can only transmit mechanically. This gives nothing for yourselves.

The starting point is relaxation. Until you learn how to relax, you cannot save energy. At first to relax needs energy. Now you cannot relax without attention. If you use your attention for some time, you will begin to relax by habit. Then you can use your attention for something new.

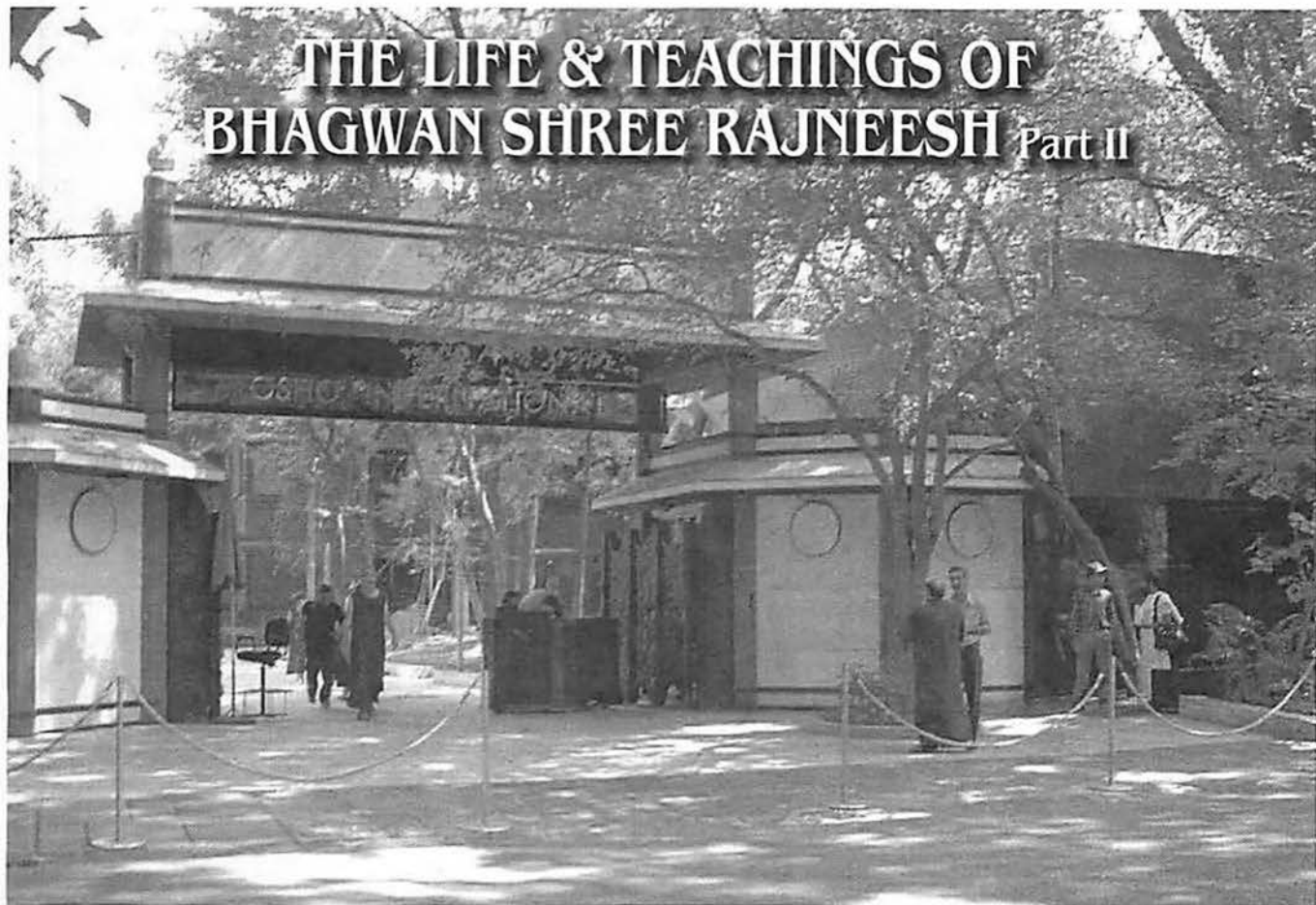
Your thoughts are the slaves of your feelings, but you do not know it. All our moods are the results of our experiences. If we learn to trace in ourselves the original associations from which our different feelings come, then we can create any emotion we wish.

To have your own "I" it is necessary for it to be born. It has been conceived because you have allowed the work to enter in you. It will not grow by itself; it must be fed so that it can accumulate substance and one happy day take form. Then it can develop and be born.

This substance of "I" comes only from intentional suffering. When, for instance, you wish strongly for something and deny yourself, you will suffer inwardly. Then say: "I wish to make this inward force my own force. . . I wish to receive this substance of my intentional suffering for my own 'I'." By this means you can become an Individual and go on the path that leads to the perfected man.

—G. I. Gurdjieff

THE LIFE & TEACHINGS OF BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH Part II



EXACTLY 21 YEARS AFTER HIS ENLIGHTENMENT, ON MARCH 21, 1974, BHAGWAN Shree Rajneesh arrived in Poona (Pune) at 17 Koregaon Park, 130 kilometers southeast of Bombay. It was an auspicious inauguration for Shree Rajneesh Ashram, the heart center of Bhagwan's "boundless Buddhafield" of non-judgmental love emanating from the Master's energy field. "The moment you are no longer attached to the mind, you enter the Buddhafield," said Bhagwan. "You start floating upward, entering into the world of levitation. Mind drags you downward." As his devoted followers spread the eclectic meditations and teachings from local Rajneesh Meditation Centers throughout the West, a flood of seekers and the curious arrived in Poona to be with Bhagwan.

The ashram began with two large adjoining estate houses: one where Bhagwan lived with a few inner circle sannyasins, including Vivek and Laxmi; and another where Laxmi rented out rooms at exorbitant prices to raise money for the rapidly growing commune. To meet the constant financial challenges, Laxmi regularly asked sannyasins to contribute everything they had

when bills came due, while Bhagwan encouraged devotees to bring their wealthy friends and family to be with him, favoring the rich and influential.

Collective Shift

Access to the Guru changed with the move; Bhagwan explained that the phase emphasizing individual relationship had come to an end and a new quality had begun that would lead to his gradual withdrawal from activities. He no longer directed the meditations in person—an empty chair sat on the stage for Dynamic Meditation at six every morning and the Whirling (Sufi) Meditation every evening, and now he met with disciples and visitors only in groups, preparing disciples for his eventual death: "Once you can feel me in my absence you are free of me, and then even if I am not here in this body the contact will not be lost."

Just outside the ashram disciples filled all the hotels and apartments of Poona, with many sannyasins living in tents and makeshift huts in fields and along a nearby river. Proximity to Bhagwan was such a cherished prize that his dominion (through Laxmi) over

who was allowed to live in the ashram, and under which housing conditions, seemed a deliberate spiritual technique to push people's buttons. "It was very hard being with Bhagwan," as one close devotee wrote. "We sannyasins were constantly changing our plans as a result of his contradictory orders, at the same time coping with our individual and irrational love affairs with the man."

There was clearly something special about Bhagwan. He exuded love; his power and charisma was astounding; I still don't know how to account for the stoned, blissed-out feelings he evoked in me and thousands of others. To call it hypnosis is to miss the point. Utterly at peace, more than myself, he seemed to bring me up to his level till I felt as if I were enlightened, too.

Bhagwan called his unorthodox version of sannyas a rebirth: dying to the old and moving into the unknown; a decision to live life to the optimum. It wasn't that one "surrendered" to Bhagwan as a

Above: The "Gateless Gate" entrance to the Shree Rajneesh Ashram in Poona

spiritual Master, but to life itself, living moment to moment, accepting whatever life brought.

The nectar of his love was often juxtaposed by the wrath of his "hits," faulting Westerners for their "negativity" and being stuck in ego—Bhagwan's verbal hits might be motivated by compassion, but they could also hurt. Paradox was plentiful: when Satya Bharti, a devotee from the early Bombay years, awakened a memory, to her horror, that she had been the murderer of Rajneesh in his last incarnation as a holy man seven hundred years earlier, Bhagwan comforted her by reminding, "You're not responsible for something you did twenty years ago, so how you can be responsible for something you did twenty lifetimes ago? A child is not responsible for his actions. Only when you become conscious, aware, are you responsible for your acts." It was all so simple.

Early on Satya Bharti had become friends with a "pretty young Indian woman" with "short-cropped, thick black hair, huge, dark eyes, and a dazzling smile" who was eventually to become pivotal to the whole Rajneesh organization, Sheela Patel Silverman. Sheela's parents had been friends with Rajneesh when she was a child and, sent to America for college, she'd married a wealthy Jewish American named Marc Silverman. When Marc was stricken

with Hodgkin's disease, Sheela flew to India certain that Bhagwan could cure him. Adamantly averse to meditation and religion, Sheela at first refused to take sannyas from Bhagwan, but soon melted, taking the name Ma Anand Sheela. "I told him it was ridiculous for him to give me sannyas," she declared to Satya Bharti, "I don't meditate. 'When the time comes,' he said, 'I'll push you in through the back door.' He's such aascal that one!"

Nicknamed by Bhagwan "the atom bomb," Sheela was welcomed in close to Bhagwan, even though she was often antagonistic toward Vivek and Laxmi. She returned to New Jersey, where Marc took sannyas as Chinmaya, with his Hodgkin's disease soon going into remission—which was accepted as Bhagwan's doing. Sheela and Chinmaya moved to Poona to live near Bhagwan early in 1975, with Sheela first working in the kitchen, but soon making "a quite unprecedented and meteoric rise through the ashram ranks, so that within a year she had founded the ashram bank and become Laxmi's number two assistant." Early on, Sheela earned herself a reputation for being abrasive and bullheaded, keeping scores, and never forgetting slights and insults.

After the morning meditation, sannyasins assembled to listen to Bhagwan's two-hour discourse for the day, alternating from month to month between English and Hindi. Afterwards

they went to work at the jobs assigned by Laxmi—building the ashram, preparing publications of Bhagwan's many books and lectures, cleaning, cooking—for at least six hours a day. From the 11th of each month, a 10-day meditation camp was held, drawing paying visitors from all over the world.

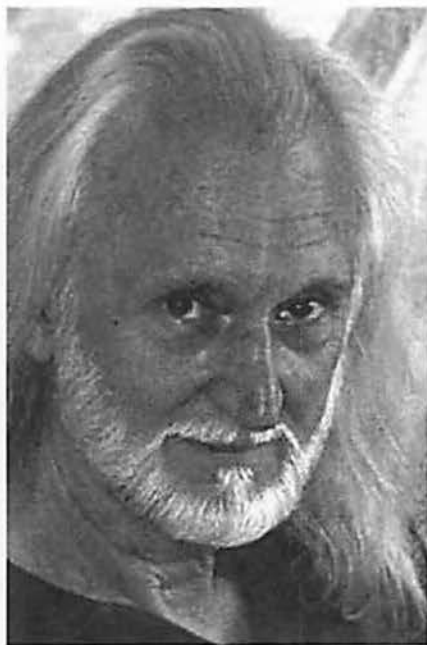
Therapeutic Shock

Early in 1975, the therapy and encounter group programs flourished so that soon there were some 60 different therapies—the whole panoply of the human potential movement and esoteric practice. Therapists from Europe and America converged in Poona to learn from Bhagwan, "the progressive guru," how to be meditative, as he seemed to be the only spiritual master who fully understood the concept of holistic psychology. One paid to participate, as one did to attend the meditations and the morning discourse.

The Encounter and Tantra groups, with Teertha—formerly Paul Lowe, founder of the European growth center Quaesitor—in charge, became famous for their explicit violence and polygamous sexuality, often testing a participant's capacity for detachment by having them sit and watch while their beloved made love with someone else. "Love is possible only if there is no possessiveness," Bhagwan made plain. "You love the person, but you renounce possessiveness. You don't make a slave out



Jill Franklin aka Satya Bharti



Paul Lowe aka Swami Anand Teertha



Sheela Patel Silverman aka Ma Anand Sheela



Main street in the ashram looking toward the "Gateless Gate"



Another street filled with handsome people

of them; your love doesn't become an imprisonment." Therefore, a truly loving partner would remain calm while their partner enjoyed sex with another.

Bhagwan often recommended as many as 25 therapy groups to people before they were deemed "ready" to work at the ashram. If their money ran out sooner, they were ready sooner: their work could be their meditation. New disciples were sent for an "opening up" process to the Tantra and Encounter groups which were enormously popular. It was not uncommon for these sessions to lead to violence, broken bones, and outbursts of wild hysteria. So many bones were broken that the local hospital became suspicious, and stories had to be invented to explain the injuries. Slings and casts became badges of honor with the traumas seen as "good" for releasing deep-seated tensions. Group rooms were located throughout the commune—in huts, on the roofs, and in special underground padded cells—where all the experimental lab-work took place. Nothing was taboo.

As the therapy groups transcended the usual limits set by society and personality, they were demonized both in India and the West as hedonistic, in particular the groups that worked to bring out sexual repressions and to transform sex energy into love, and even higher,

into prayer. Bhagwan pointed out that these experiments have been tried by seekers of Tantra for centuries, saying, "The purpose of the therapy groups is to bring you to the point where you see your unnaturalness." He clarified that the Western therapeutic methods cannot help one to grow spiritually, but they can prepare the ground to be ready to enter into the temple of meditation.

No subject was sacrosanct for Bhagwan's intent provocation. When a pious Catholic mother arrived at the ashram, Bhagwan started calling Jesus "a 4'8" hunchback, probably homosexual, clearly a drunkard." When Jewish parents came, he praised Hitler as a spiritual being: "Mad in a way, yes, but a vehicle for higher forces." Bhagwan delighted in pushing people's buttons, trying to shock everyone into waking up.

Dissolve into the Contrast

Relying piecemeal on the teachings of his role model George Gurdjieff, which Bhagwan learned only through books, Bhagwan taught that human beings are reactive entities who do not know they lead a mechanical existence. "Don't remain stuck where you are; move toward the center. Meditate, and that will bring you home." Calling on his disciples to awaken, Bhagwan changed

the fourth stage of Dynamic Meditation to be a sudden "STOP!" in place, rather than lying down, and added a five-minute stage of dancing and celebration at the end. A Stop Meditation, taken from an exercise applied by Gurdjieff, was given to disciples, so that at odd times during the day they would stop in their tracks and stand completely still for about two minutes.

Bhagwan spent most of his time in the privacy of his own quarters, appearing only in the morning to drive the several hundred yards to his discourse presentation, and in the evening to meet small groups in *darshan*, conferring sannyas initiations, and answering questions on the issues arising in his disciples' personal lives. "Every enlightened person will have a deep silence—almost tangible," Bhagwan declared. "And in that state of utter silence, no-mind, he is capable of answering any question with tremendous profundity. The enlightened man does not answer only your words. He answers *you*." It was Bhagwan's ability to perceive a person so accurately, to see what they really wanted, what they really thought, and to remember details of everything they'd ever told him, that was his single most admired quality.

With a message steeped in love and meditation, Bhagwan preached

non-violence. But not all was love and peace—early on, Laxmi was attacked by an Indian man who had repeatedly been denied Bhagwan's *darshan*. Afterwards, Bhagwan insisted she should have a bodyguard and gave the assignment to Swami Shiva—formerly Hugh Milne, a redheaded Scottish osteopath who had been with Bhagwan since the Bombay years. Laxmi accepted her bodyguard but assigned him to watch over Bhagwan instead. The first makeshift weapon was a small club kept in a potted plant out of Bhagwan's sight—the primitive start of an armed security system.

Never Feel Guilty!

Most all who came to Poona had been attracted at least in part by a guru who advocated complete sexual freedom and experimentation. Encouraging frequent changes of partners among ashram members, Bhagwan said, "The more lovers one has, the richer one's life is. Be true to love, not to a relationship!" Soon Sheela and Shiva were sexually attracted and began a several months affair. Years later Shiva would write, "Bhagwan had informed us in lectures that most Indian women had never had an orgasm, and I was to discover during my affair with Sheela that this was all too true. There seemed to be a kind of deadness to her body, as if she did not really own it or live in it. Bhagwan himself had flawless carriage and posture. Sheela was quite different. She exuded a tomboyish, almost asexual, air, and treated her body with disdain. Instead of sitting crosslegged as most people did at *darshan* or lectures, she would slump over and fall asleep. She remained uninterested in and unmoved by sex; in conventional terms she would have been labeled as frigid." When the affair was ended by Bhagwan, Shiva quickly moved on, while Sheela lingered in her caring for Shiva, which eventually turned into her resentment and opposition toward him.

Bhagwan lectured that all relationships other than the one with him were of secondary importance. If one loved Bhagwan totally, they would not become seriously involved in other affairs. He firmly disapproved of the institution of marriage, telling his disciples that they could not become enlightened until they had learned to become unattached to members of the opposite sex. The only exception to this was the proliferation

of ashram-arranged marriages—shotgun weddings—performed in groups, matching Americans with Indians in order to legitimize the union with the immigration officials in town to extend the Americans' visas. When a married disciple wrote to ask about taking other lovers, the answer was delivered with great intensity: "Bhagwan says never feel guilty about *anything!* Be natural, and follow your feelings."

I teach you not to be responsible to anybody—the father, the mother, the country, the religion, the party line, don't be responsible to anybody. You are not! Just be responsible to yourself. Do whatsoever you feel like doing. If it is wrong, the punishment will immediately follow. If it is right, the reward will follow immediately, instantly; there is no other way. Cause and effect are together, they are not separated by years and lives.

Bhagwan was also adamant on the subject of children, and did not want any couples having children while in the ashram. Women who became pregnant were instructed "to finish with it"—in other words to have an abortion as quickly as possible. He would also tell women devotees "to finish with it absolutely"—to be sterilized at the same time as having the abortion, so there was no more risk of getting pregnant and interrupting "the work." By 1978 there was a boom in female sterilizations, with many of the women and teenage girls being sterilized in an operation that was expensive, irreversible and, in India, dangerous. So the duty was shifted to the men, as Shiva wrote, "Bhagwan's next campaign was to have all the men get vasectomies. After I had the operation I was asked to help promote the campaign in the commune, and in the next two or three months a quarter of the sannyasi men had vasectomies. It was only possible to avoid the operation by being adamant that you weren't going to have it, and such refusal sometimes meant having to leave the ashram workforce."

Although parents were encouraged to leave their children with family members when entering the commune, there were children brought to live at the ashram. Bhagwan declared it a "proven fact" that children are better off being raised in a commune by numerous adults than in a nuclear family by parents, with

the result that the children were often neglected and permitted conspicuous sexual freedoms. Bhagwan's theories on sex education espoused that children should be exposed to sex as early as possible, watching their parents and other adults making love. "In a better world," Bhagwan maintained, "mothers would initiate their sons into sex, fathers their daughters. This happens in certain cultures. These people are more intelligent than you. They don't have modern man's sexual perversions; things are more natural." Practice of this variant attitude was alleged by Tim Guest, a boy brought up in the Buddhafeld [the term for the aggregate of sannyasin centers], who wrote in his memoir, "Some of the girls had their first sexual experiences arranged by some of the adults, to make sure the experience would be a good one," and "Kids lost their virginity, boys and girls, ten years old, eight years old, with adults and other children."

Growth Revolution

By the end of 1975, the number of Westerners coming to meet Bhagwan had exploded. The English and Germans were the initial leaders, then French and Italians started coming in their hundreds. A contingent of Americans from Oscar Ichazo's Arica movement arrived in 1976, and three years later the Japanese started to come in droves. A high proportion of these new devotees were professional people—engineers, doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists, authors, architects, artists and craftspeople. The Western contingent now outnumbered the Indians. "The ashram is crazy, it's chaotic," writes a disciple. "It's the exact kind of ashram Bhagwan should have, and the kind of ashram that no other Master but he could have. It's a fun-house and a madhouse. A bawdyhouse and a temple." There was a general awareness of living in a conscious community, with two or three thousand like-minded people working together to fulfill Bhagwan's dream.

As Bhagwan's infamy spread, many rich and famous arrived to meet with him. The English actor Terence Stamp arrived while researching a film based on Gurdjieff's *Meetings with Remarkable Men*, and wanted to meet Bhagwan. When he attended his first *darshan*, Bhagwan immediately motioned him to come and sit so close he was actually touching him. Such preferential

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LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, PAYSON LOOMIS & GURDJIEFF

PART II

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 Russian and Arabic. 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.

WHEN LOOMIS WOKE ME IT WAS DARK. ON THE WAY TO THE BATH-HOUSE, small lamps glowed, outlining the garden paths. The grounds appeared empty. We entered an amorphous structure, without windows. Inside, it was bright. This was a foyer; the floor, brick; rough wooden benches were ranged around the walls, and heaps of shirts and pants

were folded, stacked neatly on a bench as if each had its accustomed burden. I was not enthusiastic about the notion of a public bath. I undressed, and with a rough but clean towel around me, entered the main steam room gingerly and apprehensively. The space was high, wide, and glaringly lit. Sweating pipes were exposed along the walls; there was rust and the room looked improvised with the same dizzy techniques of "The Study House." Yet much as I felt forewarned, the ambience was not unfriendly. It was reminiscent neither of a gymnasium nor of a hospital. I sat down on a stubby pine bench, and jumped up from its blistering heat. Then I viewed a monstrosity.

Gurdjieff Gets a Massage

On a slate slab was stretched the raw body of an obese, dark-pink male, hairy and with his belly down. On either side of him stood two adult nudes. Between them, they supported a naked boy, maybe nine years old, who was jogged up and down on the lying man's spine. I was suddenly aware of Loomis; for some minutes I'd almost forgotten him. His presence restored some semblance of sanity to the tableau of torture before me. He inquired if I minded the heat. The heat? What in hell was going on here? He had noticed

nothing at all unusual. I was appalled, but silent. Then Loomis suggested that, as long as the heat was supportable, I should go into the attached steam room. Masking shock and horror, although by this time I realized physical suffering was not engaged in the massage, and also to avoid further watching it, I let myself into a small, cloudy closet, where I endured the impact of boiling steam for less than fifteen seconds, and then stormed back out.

On the slate slab, the little boy was dancing a jig on his victim's backbone. There were no groans, no moans. I felt instead that the exercise was highly enjoyable. The grown-ups handling the masseur laughed as they pulled him up and down; the boy was pounding with glee. The gross and passive older body purred like a stroked tiger.

Payson showed me to a shower and handed me soap, though by now I was too confused to bathe myself. He pointed to another slab. I took his hint and lay down. He lathered me with a harsh loofah-sponge, rough enough to scrub skin from bone. I turned over to let him have my back. He tossed a pail of ice water at me, then quit, leaving me to dry off with a yardage of rough gray cotton.

In the meantime, the body which had been pummeled by the child had



The bath-house at the Prieuré was built into the side of a small rise, sunk into the earth.

raised itself and, facing my direction, proved not to be either as old or as fat as I had thought. But the man was no beauty with his Mongol features, moustaches of dank ferocity, bald, though with hairy epaulets and matted paunch. His face bore a startling resemblance to the malevolent mask behind the sign which read *Sonnez Fort*. The face was impassive as he gave some orders in what I took to be Russian to the two men who had acted as aids in his spinal massage.

I found myself seated, with a delicious sense of absolute well-being, on the same pine bench which had scalded me previously. There were now a couple of layers of toweling under me. This change marked a transfer of fear to one of swelling, positive pleasure. On the bench beside me sat the fair-haired youngish man I'd noticed at breakfast, drinking hot tea from a glass enclosed in a silver holder. He pointed at the small boy, tapped his tea glass, and soon I had my own, too sweet in spite of its quarter of a thick lemon. The man's physical bulk was so agreeable, the tea was so refreshing, our smiles were simultaneous; Loomis introduced us. He was Martin Benson, an American, and later I learned, a farmer. Payson withdrew. Benson asked what I did, why I'd come here. I told him I was a sophomore at Harvard and that Loomis had brought me. His response was such that I thought he'd never heard of Harvard. What was I studying? This was hard to answer honestly, after all my recent reactions.

Loomis now summoned me to another introduction. He led me across the room to where the heavyset Mongol, now clad in thick Turkish toweling, was sipping tea from his glass. I was still unclothed and shy. The man looked at me kindly and asked: "You? All right?" I nodded. He muttered something like "Good. Good," and stared me up and down. This was not simply clinical, but it raked me with the heartlessness of an X-ray. But, rather than being further alarmed, I felt a superior sympathy from him. There was no negation in his inspection and I felt no need to cringe. I had endured a good number of physical exams from serious illnesses in early youth, and hated the ceremony of medical inspection. No one before had granted me a visual survey so cool, dispassionate, or sympathetic. This all took half a minute. He said to Loomis: "You, let him dress."

While I was dressing, Loomis vanished. Next to me, Martin Benson was putting on his own clothes. He asked how long I would be at the Prieuré. I didn't know. How long did I want to stay? I didn't know. Had I been asked an hour before, I would have said I'd be going as soon as possible. Now, I didn't know. How long might one stay? "Oh, long as you like." How long did I like? Benson grinned and suggested that if I stayed until tomorrow, I might care to work with him? Yes, very much. I felt solid happiness from his invitation; like a struck match, something flared. A surge of well-being, of which I'd had a faint touch before, rushed up from somewhere to overwhelm me. It was one of the last recurrences of those mystical moments which belong to the instinctive, cloudless miracles of childhood, as when I was first shown what notes printed on a page of music meant. I almost lost breath with a realization that at my eyes and fingertips was the whole process of making music. It was magic, not method, a gift of speech suddenly given, the end result perceived, with (I thought) no need of intervening effort to make it come true.

From Loomis to Benson

This blessing of limitless capacity I felt at Le Prieuré was not entirely identified with Martin Benson, although he magnetized and focused it. It was the summing-up of a whole chain of connected happenings, each charged with an importance which, while I could not fix it, assumed its premonitory meaning. Martin Benson also relieved me from the faintly oppressive shadow of Loomis. For the first time in a long while I felt unlocked from my dependence on him, as if shedding a coat too heavy for the weather. With Loomis, incidents and ideas were layered with an obligatory response: Yes, or No? With Benson, there was no obligation. I was guiltlessly, vividly content, grateful to my cosmos for peril past and futures promised. I felt tears in my eyes, though I was not sure if this was due to my gratitude to Great Nature, or to salt left over from the steam bath.

I watched Benson lean down to lace up his heavy boots. Their soles were scraped clean; near their tops, around the eyelets' metal rings, there were thin cakings of dried, yellowish mud. When fully dressed, Benson stood as a classic prototype of an American farmer, with

the healthy, all-embracing goodness of family feasts on Thanksgiving. And in all Fontainebleau's shocks and surprises, it was Martin Benson for whom I gave most thanks. Out in fresh night air, the steamy dankness of the bath was washed away in summer's purity and swarming, starlit clouds. Loomis appeared again to pilot me to the château, where, in the main-floor salon, guests had gathered for a feast.

So far, I had barely differentiated the inhabitants of Le Prieuré, since I'd been assaulted by so many unfamiliarities. Now in the big, bright salon, there was a considerable adult population. The men and women quietly assembled were in no individual way remarkable, except perhaps in their collective expectation. Loomis made no effort at further introductions. Martin Benson, in a crisp blue work shirt, without a tie, winked reassurance. I was assigned to an Englishman named Metz, who made no particular impression then, but later would. There was Alexander de Salzmänn, painter of the Tiepolesque murals in the corridor to "The Ritz." The two older English ladies and the blonde German girl, whom I'd seen at breakfast but none of whose names I'd caught, stood out in a company of thirty persons. Abruptly entered our host. Heavyset, impassively glowering with tiger-like mustachios crisply curled, Gurdjief was oblivious to those gathered, who now became silent and motionless. Those previously seated stood up. He waved them back down to their seats and greeted a few without individual favor. After a decent interval, Loomis again pushed me over toward him: "Mr. Gurdjief, will you meet my friend . . ." Gurdjief glanced at me, and remarked absently, "Friend. Yes. Very nice." He turned away; shortly after, everyone followed him into the dining room.

A Feast Begins

Mr. Gurdjief sat himself at the middle of one side of his long, broad table covered with heavy white damask and a profusion of china and cutlery, opposite to which Loomis placed me. At first, Gurdjief took little part in the meal, speaking only to Madame de Salzmänn, who was on his right. Conversation was desultory. There was a separate, round table for the dozen children, usually fed by themselves in

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GURDJIEFF & DOROTHY CARUSO

PART III

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 the final part of an excerpt from her book *Dorothy Caruso: A Personal History*.

Gurdjieff

Paris, June 1948. In spite of all I had been told, I had made my own conception of Gurdjieff. He would have the tongue of St. John, the inspiration of St. Paul, the sanctity and remoteness of the Reverend Mother. I would be filled with awe and exaltation, and when I left it would be with a high sense of humility for the privilege of having met him.

It was in this fervent and expectant state that I entered his Paris flat in the rue Colonel Renard on the last day of June.

But when I saw Gurdjieff all my preconceived ideas vanished. For I saw an old man, grey with weariness and illness, yet whose strength of spirit emanated with such force from his weakened body that, save for a sense of fierce protection, I felt no deep emotion at all.

I could not understand his English. His low voice and muffled Asiatic accent



Gurdjieff getting ready to drive his Citroën

formed syllables that had no meaning to me, and at the same time I realized that at this moment ordinary speech was unimportant. It was as if we had already spoken and were continuing to speak, but in a language without sound.

There were twenty pupils lunching with him that first day. Except for an occasional low murmur they sat in silence, watchful, unsmiling. When Gurdjieff spoke they sat up straighter, tensed as if their backbones had suddenly solidified.

He sat relaxed, with one foot folded under him, on a divan opposite us, slowly eating morsels of lamb and hard bits of goat cheese and fresh tarragon leaves with his fingers. His eyebrows rose above his lowered lids when a murmur reached him, but he did not turn his head to look—he seemed to see without looking.

At the end of the meal he began to talk. I scarcely understood a word, but I was galvanized to a zenith of attention: every expression of his face and each small movement of his body I found heartbreaking. I thought, "The kind of force he is using is wearing him out. Why must he go on doing it? Why do they let him? We should go home, we should not ask this tired man for anything."

But as we left he said, "You come tonight for reading at nine o'clock. Then dinner after." I thanked him, told him I thought he was too tired. I might have been speaking with one of my children instead of to a man of eighty-one—a magus, a possessor of super-knowledge.

I sat in a corner of the salon before dinner, listening to a chapter from his manuscript read aloud . . . an expressionless voice going on and on, pupils seated on the floor, motionless and intense.

The next night I listened again, and the night after. Day after day and night after night I listened to that unimpassioned voice and watched those immobile faces—some with open unseeing eyes, some with eyes closed. There was no continuity in the reading—chapters read the week before were repeated the following week, or sometimes a chapter read half through was never resumed. After a while my attention wandered, but that of the pupils on the floor did not. The concentration of those motionless bodies began to irritate me.

What were they concentrating on? Surely not on the manuscript which they must have heard a hundred times. Perhaps they were reflecting on the great ideas of Gurdjieff; but I couldn't detect ideas in the allegory of *Beelzebub's Tales to his Grandson* that was being read aloud.

A month passed. I had learned to understand Gurdjieff's broken English but I had not once heard him present a great idea. I was told that he was no longer teaching through ideas, as he had done at the Prieuré twenty-five years before. But I could in no way relate the man I saw every day to the mystic Gurdjieff I had heard about from Margaret, on a boat,

six years ago. Of course he talked, but chiefly of countries and nationalities, and always in a large derogatory way, as repetitious and boring as the readings. Or else he scolded the pupils who prepared the food. He spoke harshly and, I thought, unjustly; I felt it was humiliating to be reprimanded before everyone. Usually the pupil remained quiet but when, during the tirade, he dared to defend himself, Gurdjieff's voice grew louder, angrier, and his eyes flashed. Then at the peak of rage he suddenly smiled, relaxed and said "Bravo!" and offered the culprit his favorite sweet. Why? What had all this to do with the universe and man and his immortality?

And if those pupils seated on the floor during the interminable readings were not pretending, what then were they thinking, with their lost rapt faces?

I had brought my body into a world of thought. I was an alien in an incomprehensible world. Self-conscious and bewildered, I sat in my corner, listening, trying to understand.

At last a day came when I told Margaret that I had had enough: it was useless for me to go on seeing Gurdjieff.

"I might as well fly back to America. I'm not learning anything. He isn't teaching anything. What is there to learn, just listening to that book, watching the others who never speak to me, whose names I don't even know, and watching Gurdjieff eat or play that little organ? I'm going home."

"You must do as you think best," Margaret said. She neither urged me to stay nor seemed concerned about my going. For five days I stayed away. Then I went back to Gurdjieff.

I went back because he had been so kind to me. He hadn't railed at me, or frightened me. Indeed, at our third meeting he had said—apropos of nothing, it seemed to me—"Inside you are rabbit." I had wondered at the time how he knew. I still wondered.

Another reason for going back was a conventional one: I had dined with him every night for a month; it was boorish to leave without saying goodbye or thanking him. Besides, I had missed him more each day I stayed away. After all, if he wasn't teaching in the way I had expected, perhaps he was teaching in another way.

He did not reproach me for my absence. He simply smiled, and pretended to be surprised to see me. And at the

crowded table he even teased me a little about my size. It was a warm and vibrant welcome, and during lunch I felt a glow as if there had been established between us a new and special bond—a kind of unspoken sympathetic understanding.

After lunch he invited me to have coffee with him in his storeroom. There, in the midst of fruits and sweets and wines, with slender sausages of camel's meat, bunches of scarlet peppers and sprays of rosemary and mint suspended like a canopy above, as I watched him pouring coffee out of the battered old thermos bottle, I suddenly felt as young and trustful as I had felt when Mother Thompson watched over me in the Convent. Years of worldly experience fell away and I was a child again.

Gurdjieff offered me a piece of sugar. "You want to ask me something?" he said. I didn't want to ask him anything—I wanted to tell him something. But I was unprepared for this direct and simple opening. I could not quickly think of any abstract or esoteric question, so instead I blurted out what had troubled me ever since I had been going to his house.

"Everyone here seems to have a soul except me. Haven't I any soul?"

He didn't answer immediately, or look at me. He took a piece of sugar, put it into his mouth and sipped some coffee through it. Then he said, "You know what means consciousness?"

"Yes," I said, "it means to know something."

"No. Not to know something—to know yourself. Your 'I.' You not know your 'I' for one second in your whole life. Now I tell and you try. But very difficult. You try remember say 'I am' once every hour. You not succeed, but no matter—try. You understand?"

At this interview I said none of the things I had planned to say. Instead I told him about my childhood in my father's house, of the goodness of Enrico and my despair when he died, and about my children and how deeply I loved them. And then I said, "I don't know anything about the things all the others know. I don't even know what to ask you. What can I do when I have nothing to start from? What shall I do?"

"You must help your father,"

Gurdjieff said. I thought he had not understood, that I had spoken too quickly; so I told him again that my father was dead.

"I know. You tell already. But because of your father you are here.

Have gratitude for this. You are your father and you owe to him. He is dead. Too late to repair for himself. You must repair for him. Help him."

"But how can I help him when he's dead? Where is he?"

"All around you. You must work on yourself. Remember what I tell you—your 'I.' And what you do for yourself you do also for me."

He said no more but I felt as if he had spoken great things, and not in ordinary words; and when I left it was with something rich and strange and full of meaning.

No matter how late, each night in the salon after dinner Gurdjieff took his little accordion-piano on his knee and, while his left hand worked the bellows, his right hand made music in minor chords and haunting single notes.

But one night in his aromatic storeroom he played for five of us, alone, a different kind of music, although whether the difference lay in its sorrowful harmonies or in the way he played I do not know. I only know that no music had ever been so sad. Before it ended I put my head on the table and wept.

"What has happened to me?" I said. "When I came into this room I was happy. And then that music—and now I am happy again."

"I play objective music to make cry," Gurdjieff said. "There are many kinds such music—some to make laugh, or to love or to hate. This the beginning of music—sacred music, two, three thousand years old. Your church music comes from such but they don't realize. They have forgotten. This is temple music—very ancient."

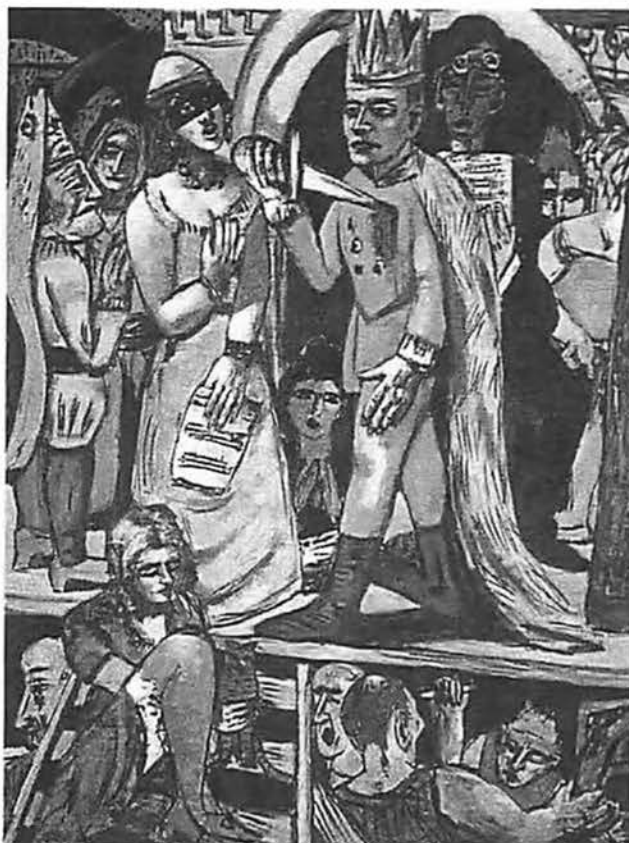
Once when he played I thought the music sounded like a prayer—it seemed to supplicate. And then I thought, "It is only my imagination and my emotion," and I tried not to feel what I was feeling. But when he had finished, instead of smiling and tapping the top of the instrument with his hand, he sat quite still and his eyes stood motionless, as if he were looking at us through his thoughts. Then he said, "It is a prayer," and left us.

Midsummer. Gurdjieff was leaving by car, with some of his pupils, to take the baths at Vichy. I was happy to be free

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The Actors, Max Beckmann, 1941



PROBE

Hurt & Faith

An Extemporaneous Talk at a Day of Self-Exploration

YES, FEELINGS WERE HURT. MINE OR THEIRS OR OURS. MOST HURTS PASS. But some remain. With time, I tell myself, it will let go, dissolve. "Time," we are told, "heals everything." But how much time? It happened in childhood and here it still is. Time hasn't healed it, only suppressed it. I'm still carrying it. But I don't really know that. I think I've gone beyond it. But then it just surfaces for no reason or a reason. It bubbles or spurts up from the subconscious and here I am again. Same place, same time, going over the same gawd damn thing one more time. Time doesn't heal as much as it covers over what happened to the extent I forget about it and then . . . there it is again.

In fact, it's never left. It's always been here, deep down in the subconscious, a hidden, underground stream that reigns supreme, superimposing this past on the present, coloring all my

thoughts-feelings-choices. But I don't know this. It's invisible to me until it appears and I realize, despite all that has happened, all that I have come to do and know, it's still here. It's been here all along. I've gone over it so many times that I think I know it. The event, the actions and non-actions, the words and the silences—whatever, I've been there, done that, it's not new. Yes, I tell myself it happened long ago. It's nothing now. It seems like nothing but there the fact of it is. It's been laying low in the subconscious, biding its time, all this time.

Hurt Crystallized in Habit

I see that I've been living a compensation. Everything is interpreted from its perspective of right-and-wrong, fairness, justice, the need-for-revenge, success, failure, whatever—it's all compensating for this hurt. The hurt may be such that I always stand fixed and ready, on guard. Or I am always late. Everything is under way. No surprises. Or at all costs I must be right. I can't be wrong. I always look to the negative, always deny, never really consider. Or hide, disappear, pretend not to be there. Or always take charge. It's this *always* that I am that I don't see. I can even be told about it and agree but the next time is like the last time. I'm

stuck in a revolving door of reaction and because it has become so me I don't see it, can't be separate from it until maybe afterward, but then it is too late. . . .

I take it for me. Forged in time and acted out it becomes a dominant habit, an attitude, hidden or manifested. What is said and done or not said and not done is controlled by the long ago hurt. But I don't realize this. I may give some lip service to it, if forced, but deep down I don't believe it. I don't want to see that no matter how well I paper things over I live from this hurt, from its compensation. In little things as well as large it molds and shapes our lives. And, above everything, we don't want to feel that hurt again. So our every action is really a reaction, a protection. We look like we are living in the present. But it is really the past living us. *The past-in-the-present.*

Have we come to the place in our lives that we really want to heal ourselves, free ourselves, consciously "repair the past," as Mr. Gurdjieff says? We can talk and talk all we want but what is it but empty talk? Description, not material. An off-loading of the energy? And no matter, as is said, we get it "off our chests" it will return. It drains us and leaves us sucked out, but then there it

is again. But this is an illusion, that it comes and goes. It is always there. Have we seen enough of this pattern to know it's just a mechanical pattern? Are we sincere enough to admit the truth of this? Are we ready to undergo the process of healing ourselves? If so, we must return to the last place we want to go, the place we always avoid—the origin of the hurt.

Moral Suffering— Not Physical, Emotional or Psychological

We cannot return as simply as a thought, a wish. I must first practice being-Partkdolg-duty in neutral moments. I must learn how to correctly self-remember—a remembering you don't get from books or several years in the Work. I must learn how to become embodied, and how to sustain that, and how to self-observe *impartially*. That is, to not work for results, for who, or what "I," what self, is that? Rather I must have come to that in me that wants the truth, no matter the truth.

"The Truth shall set ye free." Yes, but first the Truth kills the lies in you. No lie can stand in the light of the Truth. The lies, evasions, omissions, subterfuges, the blaming and off-loading . . . must be directly faced and felt. The suffering that ensues is not physical or emotional or psychological suffering. It is an acute moral suffering. Working with that, living our suffered truth, having faith of consciousness, there will in time appear an inner separation. It is said that the observer is the observed. And this is true, if one has said "No" to the mechanical-life-of-the-moment and "Yes" to oneself. That is, one has rightly withdrawn their attention from the outer world to the inner. And strived to live that division. The cells and tissues of the body will be fed, impressions rightly processed and in time an inner separation will appear between the observing and what is observed. Then one is and is not what is observed. (Contingent, of course, on not creating an observer.) I will now begin to see how in little and sometimes insignificant ways this hurt makes itself felt and dictates what I do and do not do. If there are five possibilities in a given situation, only two or three will be considered. The others will be instantly denied.

Likes and dislikes are largely self-predicated. I cannot do unless I am. I have no free will unless I am. To be anything less is not to be.

Re-living, not Re-enacting

The hurt dwells down there in my subconscious. Only in a state of self-consciousness does the gradient between the waking state and the subconscious lessen to the point that the two become one. And then the hurt is surfaced and relived. What happened, happened. It can't be changed. It is a physical fact. All the blame, the self-blame, is just a reaction, mechanical, just digestion by the false personality. No one was there really, no one really present. It all just happened like everything happens. I am responsible, and not. Everyone is responsible, and not. It is karma, something outing from the past. It left a mark, an imprint. To consciously re-experience it, breathe a vibration into it, give it freedom to live again, but now not mechanically but within the context of my conscious being, in this way, little by little that "I-of-hurt" is eaten. And all the work on my selves and suffering endured brings me to the realization that I, like everyone else, am perfectly imperfect.

"Thou wilt have no other gods before me." Perhaps in the process of this self-healing there is a dim sense of a something else that has silently appropriated the hurt as its own? Isn't this something else (not the "something else" that Mr. Gurdjieff speaks of), a deep form, perhaps the deepest form, of self-love and vanity? To act contrary to this hurt, to do otherwise, would be directly challenging that which has become the foundation of our self-belief. And that something else is a false something else, not higher but lower, which is the foundation of the egotism which centralizes and separates and makes me unique. "Our suffering is the last thing we will give up," says Gurdjieff. *The last thing?* Why is that?

Because . . . what am I without it? It is me. It is what makes me, me. Unique. My suffering is not your suffering. My suffering is what only I can talk about. Only I can really know. To act contrary to this hurt, to act otherwise, would be to act in the name of what? Forget names. "Faith of Consciousness." That is all that is needed. Will there be suffering in acting against one's idea of and belief in what one takes to be oneself? Yes, of course. By acting so, we compress time. We make the past the present. Intentionally. We go where everyone fears to tread. It is the hero's journey. Not outside, but inside, into the

depths of one's being. One must consciously, without defense, open to the hurt. Yes, it will double in intensity. But in "The Lake of Hell" we stand resolute and eating the *merde* we have raked by conscious labors and intentional suffering. And so there is a self-release from the tyranny of mechanical time and mechanical action. One eats one's karma in the light of one's self-knowledge and being and so new levels of understanding open up and one begins the crystallization of one's real I in the psychic bleeding of the Tyrant I, who has stolen my life and faith, this great self-loving denier with its multitude of little "I"s that hide the grotesqueness of its mask—this Tyrant with the thousand faces. In so making a decision for Faith of Consciousness let us pray thusly, as Mr. Gurdjieff says—

"Let this suffering be my own, for Being." ✠

—William Patrick Patterson



The Garden of Earthly Delights, right panel Hell, Hieronymus Bosch, c. 1500

Disciples & Masters

The Master

Directed by Paul Thomas Anderson

IN HIS FIRST SERIES, GURDJIEFF TEARS THE VEIL FROM A WORLD THAT HAS been and is ruled by “the consequences of the properties of the organ Kundabuffer,” the perception that, based on mechanicality, self-love and vanity, sees the world not as it is but upside down. Gurdjieff’s intent is to break the societal hypnotism so the world is seen right side up. Gurdjieff also warned about pseudo-teachings that appear to do so but only lead to an embalmed-esoteric view of the world that we see here with *The Master*.

Director-writer-producer Paul Thomas Anderson (*There Will Be Blood*, *Magnolia*) clearly has drawn upon Scientology, and its founder L. Ron Hubbard, as the principal source for the character of the Master, Lancaster Dodd, and his movement, the Cause. Scientology had its roots in Hubbard’s *Dianetics: The*

Modern Science of Mental Health published in 1950, the same year as the *First Series*. Similarly, Dodd takes The Cause broadly public via a 1950 convention in Phoenix along with the publication of his book, *The Split Saber*, the name paralleling the book Hubbard had said he was writing about “the cause and cure of nervous tension,” called *The Dark Sword, Excalibur or Science of the Mind*. Anderson has Dodd announcing his book as *Book Two*, slyly invoking and trumping Scientologists’ references to *Dianetics* as *Book One*.

Despite these and other correspondences, the film is not simply “about” Scientology. Rather it’s a deep, disturbing, multi-level study of any teaching that has been incompletely realized by

either master or disciple and so must produce negative results. Anderson’s camera closes in on his actors. If we don’t flinch from them, we may see every nuance of emotion that drives them.

Incarnated by Phillip Seymour Hoffman, Dodd (rhymes with God) is powerful and charismatic—a cornucopia of “I”s by turns smoothly charming, persuasive, commanding, candid, kindly, humorous. All seemingly under control of the Master, who sees himself as a “man,” as having been “unlocked” and so having controlled and harnessed his “animal.” As Dodd says, “Man is not an animal. We are not a part of the animal kingdom . . .” So the master, at a higher level of self-development, will try to teach his disciple who is at a lower level, the context thus framed as one of evolving from being a “silly, silly animal”



Freddie Quell (Joaquin Phoenix) and the sand woman

to a man. However, other “I”s flare up in Dodd as well, sometimes under control, sometimes not—raging, domineering, demanding, obstinate, needy, drained, resentful.

We see his wife, Peggy (beautifully played by Amy Adams with quietly irresistible force), pregnant, but never in bed with him. At a party for his followers, Dodd, seductively singing and dancing for them, Peggy visualizes all the women as nude, the reality being they are objects of his lust. Afterwards, we see her command of his physical sexuality when, as he bends over the sink in the washroom, she coolly masturbates him, telling him, “You can do anything you want. As long as I don’t find out. As long as no one hears about it.”

As a good wife, she supports Dodd’s power, yet she controls and moulds it, as for instance sitting behind him while he writes, confidently dictating to him the content for a book or a talk when he seems stuck. Later, after a setback, it is she who will say, vehemently, “The only way to defend ourselves is to attack,” echoing the position of the Church of Scientology. Who is the true master?

The Disciple

Our first sight of Freddie Quell, played ferociously by Joaquin Phoenix, is of the upper part of his face, framed by the lower rim of a steel combat helmet, peering over the top of a ship’s metal railing. He is staring at us, the eyes bleak, immovable, anguished, resigned, uncomprehending. The wary eyes of an animal. Freddie’s traumatic experi-

ences, compounded or complemented by his moonshine cocktail-fueled frenzies and torpors, have cracked the surface of his view of the world.

We then see the wasted and only half-present Quell, a tightly coiled spring, bottling up tremendous energy, in the South Pacific at the close of the Second World War, as he cavorts on a tropical beach with other sailors in a male-only world, having sex with a surro-

gate female—a large sand sculpture of a woman—and then masturbating into the ocean. To arm himself during demobilization interviews with military officials and a psychiatrist, he makes moonshine with engine fuel taken from a torpedo in a ship’s hold. For Freddie, these officials are Martians who tell him his alcoholism and trauma are a “nervous condition” and that he can start a business or “get a few acres of land and raise some chickens.” Freddie recognizes their automatism and seems to sense his own. Put in a psych hospital, he’s medicated. He finds a job taking pictures in a department store, moving the lights so close to a man he almost burns him. The ordinariness of the people he photographs is beyond him, enrages him. He quits, labors on a

cabbage farm, poisoning an elderly farm worker—"you look like my father"—with his homemade moonshine and is chased by the workers out to punish him.

Walking alongside a San Francisco pier, cold, arms huddled, outcast, Freddie passes a large yacht with a party in progress. Attracted by the convivial atmosphere, people laughing, dancing, he slips aboard unquestioned, wanders through the crowd, passes out in a bunk, the yacht leaving the dock and sailing under the Golden Gate. Later, a girl wakes the disoriented Freddie, telling him, "You're safe," and leading him to a stateroom where Freddie meets Lancaster Dodd. Freddie cannot remember that they have already met and spoken. Taking Quell's measure, Dodd says, "You were acting aggressive because you drank too much alcohol. . . . Why all the stalking and sneaking? You've wandered from the proper path, haven't you?" Dodd wants some of Freddie's moonshine, which apparently he has tasted previously. "I have no idea what's in this remarkable potion," he says. "Secrets," replies Quell.

A Bond Is Forged

Telling him they are both "hopelessly inquisitive" men, Dodd invites Freddie to remain with him and provide him with continual supplies of moonshine, attend his daughter's wedding on board and join him as they sail to New York City. Peggy invites Freddie to eat with the family, confiding, "He's been writing all night. You seem to inspire something in him."

What, one asks, binds the two men? From their first meeting, there is an unconscious, wordless recognition of affiliation. For Dodd, whose teaching centers on childhood trauma and reincarnation, just as Hubbard's does, they have a past lives connection, one he will eventually see as the two being in the Prussian war together. Each discerns in the other the force of a nuclear reactor of inchoate emotions—the animal's power. Dodd's high degree of control of this energy is a mystery for Freddie, it is what he wants for himself, for from that source of boundless energy, Freddie reacts uncontrollably, the animal exploding again and again with brutal physical force or speaking in ways that puzzle or unsettle listeners. He cannot accept it and so cannot control and integrate it. For Dodd, Quell is also "my guinea pig and protégé." Dodd is drawn to raise

Freddie from the animal, but is also attracted to Freddie's raw, animal power.

The film opened with a view from the stern of a ship, of its wake, a visual metaphor for a looking backward that is central to the film. We must look backward to have any understanding of what drives the characters—or ourselves—in the present. "Processing," the principal method of the Cause, mirroring the auditing of Scientology, is on the surface a means for such an investigation. Face to face with the "student" the processor asks a sequence of questions, repeating them again and again until they break through any resistances and cover stories. Many of the questions are versions of the "Oxford Capacity Analysis" test used by Scientology to recruit members. Dodd asks Freddie repeatedly, "Say your name"; "Do your failures betray you?"; "Are you often consumed by envy?"; "Are you unpredictable?"; "Did you kill anyone?"; "Who in the past scares you?" At first Quell responds with resistance, answering flippantly as if a question has no impact. With repetition, his answers change, memory flashbacks shake him—his dead father, his crazy mother, the love of his life whom he abandoned. When Dodd tells him that's enough for now, Freddie wants more and gets Dodd to continue.

As Scientology auditors do, Dodd records the processing to have a record of what's been revealed, which can be used to confront a forgetful student of what he actually said or to wield power over the student. As the film proceeds, we see that another aim of processing is control and power—the processor's and the organization's power over the student by means of what has been extracted. Freddie comes to know about events from his past, knows of feelings he's suppressed, but has this given him any regenerative understanding of them?

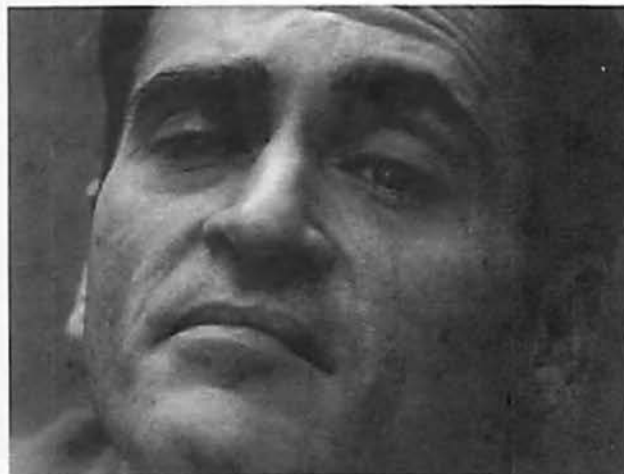
After enduring many types of processing, being tested again and again, becoming a devotee, a defender of Dodd and the Cause, Quell is sent out into the public, passing out flyers, trying to bring others into the teaching. Although he attacks Dodd's son Val for saying, "He's making all this up as he goes

along... you don't see that?," the question cuts into Freddie's faith in Dodd. Still, when defending Dodd from arrest for embezzlement, it takes four policemen to bring Freddie down to earth. Locked up then in a cell adjacent to Dodd, Quell, handcuffed, attacks himself and the cell with such violence that he smashes a toilet to pieces. He turns on Dodd who has tried to calm him, raging that Dodd is a fake, nothing he teaches is true.

Although afterwards they reconcile, Peggy has her doubts. When she had "seen" Dodd singing and dancing before the nude women, she looked at Freddie, and saw him looking at her looking at him—Freddie also knowing of the reality of Dodd's lust. "I wonder how he got here and what he's after. Is it really so easy that he just came across us?" she asks. "He's dangerous and he will be our undoing if we continue to have him here." Dodd counters: "If we are not helping him then it is we who have failed him." Peggy concludes, "Perhaps he is past help or insane."

A Bond Broken?

Dodd moves his teaching to Phoenix, Arizona, where he, armed to the teeth, and Freddie walk into the desert to dig up Dodd's new teaching, long buried in the sand. Symbolically, Dodd has had to dig down deep in himself for it and needs the power of the animal man to get it. Freddie has advanced to the place where Dodd gives him a final test of his allegiance to the Cause. He takes Freddie into the desert again, this time to a salt flats for an "experiment." Mounting a motorcycle, Dodd explains, "You pick a point and go to it." Dodd does not say "and return." He then roars off and returns. Freddie roars off too but, instead



Mind and body not connected as Quell's face and body movements show

of returning, disappears into space, freeing himself from Dodd and the Cause.

The next shot we see is Freddie asleep in the balcony of an empty movie theater, no film playing. An usher wakes him and hands him a phone. It's Dodd calling from England. "I've started a new school. I can cure you. Once and for all," he tells him. Quell goes to meet him. Dodd and his followers—the women now dressed in schoolgirl uniforms, the men in naval ones—live at a large estate in the English countryside. He meets Dodd now not on a yacht but in an immense Victorian room, Dodd sitting behind a great desk, his wife Peggy at his side. "Are you drunk?" asks Peggy. "You look sick, Freddie you don't look

man-woman not completely processed?

Now, in England, with Quell slumped in his chair, it is Peggy who poses the ultimatum, "This is something you do for a billion years, or not at all," then storms away. Dodd is gentler, he wants Freddie back, but Freddie resists. Dodd can't change Quell's perception.

Finally, Dodd warns Freddie, "If we meet again, in the next life, you will be my sworn enemy and I will show you no mercy." Such a meeting would be a life and death struggle—the partially conscious animal man against the higher, supposedly complete man. Dodd could, like Horus defeating Set, become truly one-eyed and have the energy and power of the animal his helper. But Freddie

woman in an English pub and a quick cut to Freddie in bed with her, she atop, riding him, her breasts as ample as the sand woman's. Bantering with one another while having sex, he off-handedly begins asking her the auditing questions Dodd first asked him. She is giving him her love and acceptance as a man, and he is giving her the processing—to the degree he has experienced and understood it.

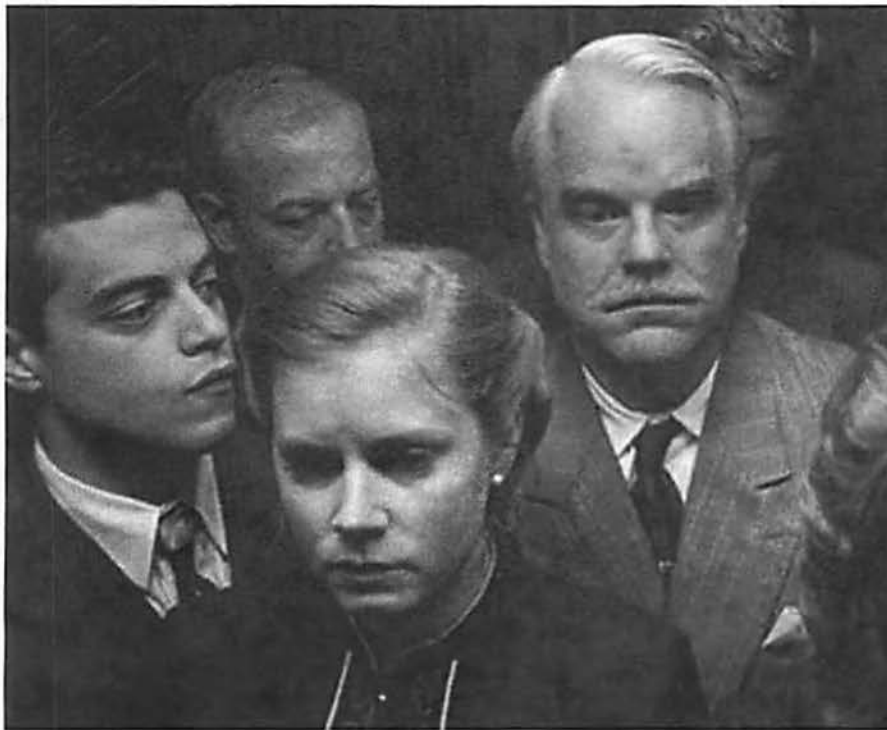
We see that he enjoys his power as an auditor. Paraphrasing what Dodd once told him, he tells her, "You're the bravest girl ever," reining in his mastery of an easily dominated person. And so we wonder, what exactly has he learned?

Anderson's film demands pondering all that he has shown us, the questions raised. Has Quell incorporated Dodd's control, channeling and crystallizing it into the personality of a pseudo 'master' as Dodd has done, a personality which can restrain his irrational outbursts and exercise their power? Is Quell now a 'master' in the making? We are left in uncertainty. In the end, we see him lying on the beach asleep beside the sand woman he violated. A song plays in the background, his state put into words.

We were waltzing together,
To a dreamy melody
When they called out, "change partners"
And you waltzed away from me
Now my arms feel so empty,
As I gaze around the floor
And I'll keep on changing partners
Till I hold you once more
—Henry Korman

Notes

1. *The Dark Sword, Bare-Faced Messiah: The True Story of L. Ron Hubbard* (Middlesex, U. K.: Michael Joseph Ltd., 1987), 144. Also online at <http://www.religio.de/books/bfm/bfmconte.html>.
2. *Book One*. "contains all basic principles on Dianetics in its original form." James R. Lewis, *Scientology* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2009), 417.
3. *Unlocked*. In Scientology terminology the word is "clear" of childhood traumas.
4. *Seductive singing and dancing*. Dodd sings "So, we'll go no more a roving," a poem written by Lord Byron derived from a version of a Scots song known as "The Jolly Beggar." The poem describes the fatigue of age



Leaving the courthouse in an elevator, right to left, Lancaster Dodd (Phillip Seymour Hoffman), Peggy Dodd (Amy Adams) and Clark (Rami Malek), their son-in-law

healthy." Freddie slumps into a chair, unshaven, his face in anguish, not looking at Dodd. He had escaped his master and the Cause, but not completely.

We have no inkling whether Dodd himself has subjected himself to a master. Unless we consider his wife Peggy to be the real master. Peggy is strong enough in herself to accept and work intimately with the animal man. It was she who taught Quell to stare into her eyes and do something—change their color to black. If he can consciously change his perception, he can change his feelings, beliefs, change himself. So is the master *not* the man but the woman-man; Dodd still

cannot be swayed. "I'd like to get you on a slow boat to China," sings Dodd to Freddie as he leaves. Quell won't get on the boat again with Dodd—won't put himself under the will of the master. As long as he refuses, the game will continue and the longer it continues the better the odds that Freddie will not complete the teaching, but crystallize as a half-man. This is dangerous because most men are boys and so to be half-a-man is powerful, but this half is still open to the control of the animal.

At this final meeting, Quell appears to have broken from Dodd. But afterwards we see a casual encounter with a

- conquering the restlessness of youth.
5. *Attack*. One of Hubbard's main beliefs was to attack all those who attacked him. Critical former disciples, the medical profession, FBI and the Internal Revenue Service—all were attacked. The decades-long attack on the IRS—every year thousands of Scientologists claim religious deductions for the money spent taking its courses and file lawsuits when not approved—finally resulted in Scientology gaining religious status as a church.
 6. *Processing*. Initially, when Dianetics, the processing was simply verbal, but then Hubbard added Wheatstone Bridges, lie detectors, he called E-meter.
 7. *Subjected himself to a master*. Hubbard initially worked with Jack Parsons and his teacher, "the Great Beast," Aleister Crowley.
 8. *Billion years*. According to Hubbard, some 70 million years ago the Earth, known as Teegeeack, was one of 6 large planets of the Galactic Confederation. Its peoples operated on a super-human level, but the planets were badly overpopulated with hundreds of billions on each planet. The Confederation's president, Xenu, or Xemu, had excess population sent to Teegeeack where they were put alongside volcanoes and killed with nuclear devices. The victim's spirits, or Thetans, were then "implanted" with religious and technological images for 36 days, and then sent to either Hawaii or Las Palmas to be stuck together in clusters. Human beings, according to Hubbard, are actually a collection of Thetans, a cluster of "Body Thetans." See William Patrick Patterson, *Adi Da Samraj—Realized or/and Deluded* (Fairfax, CA: Arête Communications, 2012), 17.
 9. *Slow boat to China*. "I'd like to get you on a slow boat to China was a well-known phrase among poker players, referring to a person who lost steadily and handsomely. My father turned it into a romantic song, placing the title in the mainstream of catch-phrases in 1947." Susan Loesser, *A Most Remarkable Fella: Frank Loesser and the Guys and Dolls in His Life: A Portrait by His Daughter* (New York: Donald I. Fine Inc., 1993), 62. Such a trip was as long and slow as one could imagine.

OUSPENSKY ON KRISHNAMURTI & KATHERINE MANSFIELD



Left to right: Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard, Jiddu Krishnamurti, Katherine Mansfield

October 2, 1936. 38 Warwick Gardens. Among those attending Ouspensky's lecture are the poet Gerald Heard and his friend, writer Aldous Huxley. Ouspensky is asked about Krishnamurti.

"Krishnamurti is a strange and a tragic figure," says Ouspensky. "He is not an ordinary man. He is the only man I know at present who is different. But he does not know how he became different."

"Such a thing can happen to a person?" asks Gerald Heard.

"It did not *happen* to him, only partly [did it happen]."

"How does it fit," asks Heard, "with what you said that one cannot attain a higher state of consciousness unconsciously?"

"He knows about his state of consciousness. His being is not ordinary, but not his knowledge."

"He is not conscious of the process of change?" says Heard.

"I think of a part, not of all—knowledge is necessary for that. He says a system cannot awake a man. Certainly it cannot. Mathematics cannot build a bridge. But if bridge is built without mathematics, it collapses. If Krishnamurti keeps to this point of view—he will not be alone. Many people believe in spontaneous awakening, just by realization, without system and without following another man."

Someone asks about Katherine Mansfield dying at the Prieuré.

"About Katherine Mansfield what you heard is certainly wrong. Gurdjieff was very good to her. When she came she knew she was dying, and everybody knew it, and he let her die there. So nothing can be said against him in

relation to her. Many things, in general, can be said against him, but not in relation to her."

Clive Entwistle, a young English architect, asks about morality and moral values.

"Right and wrong can be defined only from the point of view of aim," Ouspensky answers. "If the aim is to awake, all that helps to awake is good, all that prevents it is bad. No other definition is possible."

"What are the dangers of worldly success?" Entwistle wants to know.

"By itself," Ouspensky replies, "there should be no danger in it. But there is one inclination in us—we are inclined to be hypnotized by things. Success is one of the most hypnotizing things. So success may increase sleep."

Entwistle wants to know about being permanently happy.

"It is all relative," Ouspensky tells him. "How can one be happy if one is in the power of every accidental emotion and desire?"

Someone asks if sleep changes a person and Ouspensky says he does not think the state of man has changed.

"They say people have an increasing sensitiveness to suffering," says Entwistle.

"How can we tell?" answers Ouspensky. "How can we measure it?"

Later Ouspensky invites Heard and Huxley to Lyne Place. He enjoys meeting them, saying, "For the first time I meet what we in Russia called 'intelligentsia.'" The two writers speak about the coming Dark Age and advise Ouspensky to go to America.

—Excerpt from the forthcoming book *Georgi Gurdjieff: The Man, The Teaching, His Mission*

Continued from page 8

Le Paradou. The grown-ups, of whom I was youngest, did not, as one might have imagined, serve the table. The informal formality by which we progressed was waited on by three or four local French maids attached to the estate. There was nothing ordinary about the food.

The center of the board was covered over with a three-ring-circus parade of cold and hot hors d'oeuvres, like those that would be served in a first-class Franco-Russian restaurant. While I relished their diversity and texture, I was shy of helping myself. Martin Benson, who sat some way from me, filled a plate, got up, placed it before me. As far as I could tell, apart from freshly-cut *crudités*, there were interspersed bits of boiled tarpaulin, wax flowers, clippings of sponge or rubber, and glazed knots of rope, lightly varnished in blood. My alarm amused Metz, who sat beside me. As I picked gingerly at a patch of corrugated patent leather, he explained benevolently: "Jerked bear's meat." Not wishing to play the coward, I attacked the barbaric provender with relish. The *Zakuski* were provocatively delicious. Some hotly spiced, others saline,

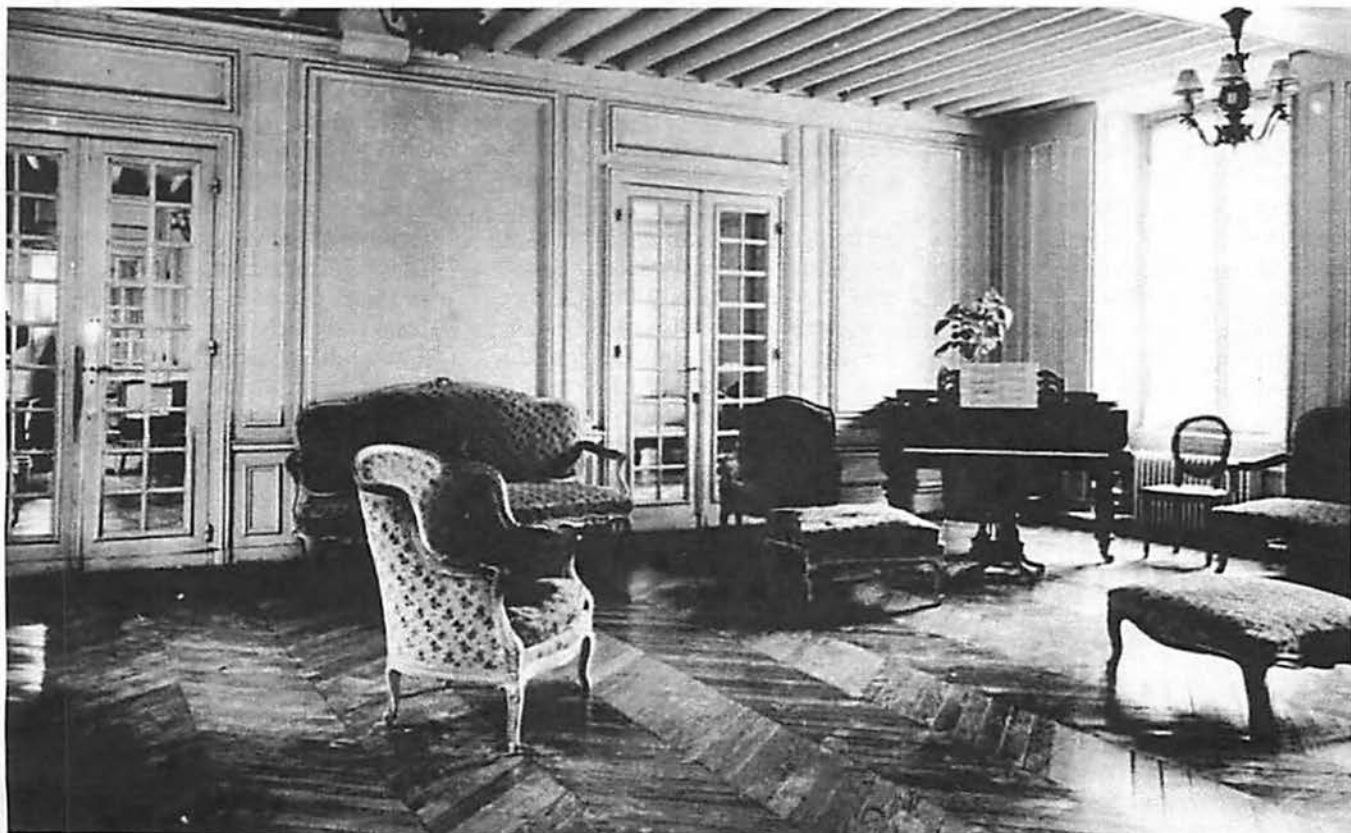
vinegary, or citron—so many, so much, that each could be counted as a meal. There were no tumblers for water, which I wanted. Wine poured, red and white; there were small brandy glasses at every place. Following the hors d'oeuvres, three large platters arrived; then additional, smaller ones. On the first were steamed carcasses, which I guessed must be suckling pigs. But no: they were baby lambs. Mr. Gurdjieff whetted a small sabre and sliced the meat professionally; full plates passed around. There was no mint jelly to go with lamb, as at my mother's. Instead, we were given a soup of thickened fresh mint. I was bothered by the bare sheep's skulls still attached to the rest of the roast. They were split down their centers, with the grey brains glistening, the eyes withered to black raisins. When everyone had been served, but none started to eat, Mr. Gurdjieff surveyed the company, and with a half-mocking benediction of grace, murmured: "Take. Eat."

There were also broad beans, green beans, *mange-touts*, stewed figs, rice, celeriac, braised endive, and yoghurt. Maids filled and refilled the goblets. A squat, brown bottle stood at every other seat. Mr. Gurdjieff was attentive only to Madame de Salzmänn, a handsome

woman of forty or more years, her hair firmly drawn back like a character's in a Chekhov play. Indeed, the whole scene might have been set under the direction of Stanislavsky for his Moscow Art Theater, including the elder English nannies and Martin Benson, his blue work shirt changed into the belted blouse of a *muzhik*. French was spoken, also Russian and some English. Apart from Benson, Loomis, and myself, there were no Americans. Metz spoke with an accent which had in it what I took as a trace of Cockney. I made good headway with the baby lamb, which was garlicky and bloody. Abruptly, I heard Mr. Gurdjieff say: "You, Little Father. Take."

Eating Black "Raisins"

"Little Father"? He actually was addressing me. I was surprised but more astonished, incredulous as to this particular salutation, when I saw a long, two-pronged serving fork threatening me, like twin rapiers, on the points of which were black raisins. I cautiously reached for it, murmuring thanks. My hesitance galvanized a silenced room. Was everyone watching? Yes. My host, looking hard at me, said with a trace of urgency: "Now eat." I swallowed the sheep's eyes, blinked, and survived. Gurdjieff smiled,



The salon of the Prieuré as it appeared in the 1940s

turned to his companion, and forgot me. I looked around hoping for approbation from Loomis, Metz or Benson. The first two were blank; Martin raised a thumb in an encouraging salute. To a degree crushed, but also relieved, I was emboldened by Metz's question: "Nasty?" It wasn't so bad. "Oh, there's lots worse," he said cheerfully. I asked him, daring a bit; "Why did he call me 'Little Father'?"

Metz said: "Ask Loomis; he knows the lingo."

Perhaps, I reasoned, the name referred to the fact that I might have been taken for an amateur seminarian. I was a sedulous ape of Loomis's taste in clothes. My hair was short. I wore a black silk shirt, a black turtle-neck pull-over, and black pants. But "Little Father," which later became Mr. Gurdjieff's greeting to me whenever I was to be teased or acknowledged, was simply a common Russian diminutive, "Little" meant nothing about size; I was a tall boy.

Armagnac & Idiots

The feast concluded with a stupendous dessert, layers of crisp brown pastry saturated in honey and brandy, and sprinkled with nuts and raisins, topped with a whipped cream stiff as a hard sauce, made from *crème fraîche*. Now brandy—Armagnac—began its infiltration. Mr. Gurdjieff, introducing expectant silence, proclaimed in English: "To all ordinary idiots." Everyone obediently raised a glass. Metz drained his; a woman seated nearby did not. Mr. Gurdjieff noticed this; winked at her. She bowed, smiled; took a sip. He winked again. She smiled again, leaving her glass firmly set down, and was not further reproved; this I interpreted as his passive courtesy. Armagnac burned my lips and throat, although its taste was delicious. I filled my mouth and swallowed. There were still dregs left in the bottom of the glass and Metz nudged me. I drained it.

Then a voice, loud but not insistent, announced: "To all zigzag idiots." This was loyally drunk and emptied. I don't remember how many toasts were proposed, how far Gurdjieff pursued his roster that night: round and square idiots were starters. As the toasts followed, glasses were re-filled. Metz saw I emptied my share, as indicated. I sipped with increasing ease. I'd been drunk often enough in college, though never on brandy. In fact, in my first year

at Harvard the boys I liked most were heavy drinkers, and bootleg alcohol had all the thrill and variety of uppers and downers. It was more or less *de rigueur* to prove that one could hold one's liquor with no unseemly show of looseness. One made up tests for oneself; and one of the worst falls I ever had off a horse was when I lost a bet to my roommate as to how much we could swallow and still operate.

But that had been a voluntary experiment; the amount of Armagnac consumed on this night in Fontainebleau was an exercise that had been commanded from the outside. I began to feel cosmic affection. It was either the fifth or sixth toast when Gurdjieff proclaimed: "To all compassionate idiots," and looking straight at me, added, "and, incidentally, Monsieur, to you." I found I had drunk up my last drop and was left nothing with which I might respond. I lifted my glass, an empty gesture, and felt approximately adequate. In fact, I realized I felt absolutely marvelous. Toasts continued. From further acquaintance with this rite, I fancy we, or rather I, got as far as the seventh or eighth, maybe even up to a ninth, to "all blazing idiots." Now drunk, I was ready to be sick. Metz saved the day. He stood me up and suggested bed. I tried to navigate, but couldn't. Mr. Gurdjieff smiled at me kindly: "Sleep well, Little Father." Then Benson took over, guided me upstairs, and in "The Ritz" I fell on the bed. He took off shoes and socks, undid my belt. I was gone.

When I awoke, it was after dawn, yet hardly light. There was a thin blanket over me. I had a ferocious headache, a trying sense of failure and ineptness. Since I had so dim a recollection of the particulars of the night before, this sense of failure soon welled up in guilt at what I might have done or undone. I felt deserted. Benson, Loomis, and Metz must feel well rid of me. A weak impulse was to get myself out of there as soon as I could, but I didn't have enough energy to figure out how. I had left my wristwatch somewhere, but midsummer daylight creeping through the windows might have made it any time between five-thirty and seven. What about breakfast? I'd devoured a mass of food, rich and strange, yet now I was hungry. This focused my energy and, against all odds, I began to feel a swarming euphoria, the only release for which would have been hysterical laughter. It became clear, in

one Jovian lightning burst, that everything was absurd—the preposterousness of this place, my being thrust in it, and the entire unimportance of the circumstances which, from a colossal adventure, had collapsed into meaningless triviality. And yet . . . perhaps . . . there was more.

Loomis opened the door, glanced down at me without a word, passed into the adjoining bathroom. I heard water running. I couldn't decide whether this was remonstrance or pity. "Compassion." These three syllables had stuck. Lying flat, I watched him pick up my shirt, jacket, shoes, which had distributed themselves over the floor. Loomis said I'd best bathe fast because breakfast was ready, and then he went. I shaved, washed in a daze, and wondered if I could find my way to food. My shirt was soiled; in spite of my tepid bath (why hadn't Loomis let it get hot?) I hardly felt spick or span.

Breakfast & Idiots

In the half-filled salon, there was hot coffee, croissants, fresh jellies, and fruit. Metz was seated next to the two English ladies. I sat down by them. It was going to be a lovely day. Metz was amused: "I bet you didn't sleep a wink." He knew I'd been dead in bed. I felt badinage was not suitable for my condition. If there was anything to the idea of logical accident, or significant coincidence, why had I brought myself here? There was, of course, the extreme possibility that the whole adventure was no more than a picturesque fluke. On the other hand, along with this growing revulsion there was a feeling that the shock, my questionings, "STOP!", the steam bath, the toasts, and the systematic assaults on habitual response, might say something. Equating this sensation with the rankling problems it evoked, I felt free to ask Metz about idiots.

He laughed: "Oh, we're all idiots. That's his oldest joke. It takes people down. You're an idiot to get drunk; you're an idiot to be here. You're an idiot to be alive. The whole kit-and-caboodle is idiotic." Was this a cure for my naïveté, or a thrust for not figuring it out for myself? He was refusing to tell me secrets that I wouldn't understand if he did. Loomis appeared. While recently I'd discovered Benson and Metz, it was to Payson I owed a first allegiance, although now I felt he'd rather deserted me—or maybe I'd partially repudiated

him. Metz withdrew. Loomis led me out into the garden. It was Sunday, not a working day. He was cool and distant as usual. Sooner or later I would be going back to Paris with a bundle of unanswered riddles. Now, everything seemed tied in a lurid, if undefined, mystery, which was also perhaps a reply to some unexpressed desire of mine. I knew there must be mysteries and that they were certainly too insistent to be solved by being refused, wished away, or submerged.

With a pause which seemed the appropriate preface to something which could not be coincidence (had he overheard my last question to Metz, I wondered), Loomis remarked: "As for the idiots, there's no problem." Loomis explained that *idiot* derived from the Greek *idios*—a private individual, a common man, a plebeian, a person without information or wisdom, a householder; hence, one not well-informed about great matters, uneducated, underdeveloped, a simple fellow, a clown, and so, by degrees of importance or unimportance, a self; thus, by scales which lexicons have developed, an idiot might also be defined as a sleepwalker, a psychopath, even a blathering *idiot*.

Sunday at the Prieuré

The day after Saturday night's feast was, for the Prieuré, a time for rest and relaxation. Some of the Russians would take an early train to Paris for service at the Russian Orthodox Cathedral in rue Daru. I told Loomis that before leaving, I would very much like to thank my host for letting me come to his house; I'd greatly enjoyed myself. Loomis had made a firm appointment that afternoon for me to meet Ezra Pound, who had just printed a long poem by Payson in a small magazine which soon disappeared after its couple of issues.

I was taken into Mr. Gurdjieff's study. He was seated at a very large desk, which was piled with orderly papers. At the side was a small table with its typewriter—Loomis's place during his secretarial functions and his correction of the dictated manuscript which would, in time, be published as *Meetings with Remarkable Men*. Loomis stood to one side, permitting me to face Mr. Gurdjieff directly. The following account is synthetic, suggesting the tone of conversation rather than aspiring to verbatim accuracy.

Gurdjieff. So, Little Father, you go

Kirstein. Mr. Gurdjieff, I want to thank you so very much for allowing me to come to the Prieuré.

G. Very nice. What you want?

K. I just want to thank you.

G. Mister, I ask you what you want.

K. (*nervously*) I just want . . .

Loomis. (*quietly*) What do you want to do, or be . . .

K. (*confused*) Now I have to get back to Paris . . .

G. Ah—important appointment.

K. Well, yes; it's important to *me*.

G. Important? How?

K. Loomis has arranged for me to meet a very great poet.

G. Oh—poet. Very important.

K. Well, at least, I think he is.

G. What kind poet??

K. Perhaps, actually, for the present our greatest living poet.

G. What language?

K. English, of course . . .

G. English, of course. Not Hungarian?

K. Hungarian? I can't read Hungarian . . .

G. Not read Hungarian. Too bad.

K. I mean to say the greatest living poet in the English language.

G. What kind poem he write?

K. He writes *every* kind.

G. Every kind. He write sex-poems?

K. Sex-poems?

G. No. I mean fuck-poems.

K. No, Mr. Gurdjieff. It is Ezra Pound. He also writes wonderful translations. He has taught me a lot.

G. Ah. Translation. Already good. Maybe great. What language he translated?

K. From the Anglo-Saxon, Chinese. From the Greek. And Egyptian.

G. No Russian?

Loomis. I don't think Mr. Pound speaks Russian.

G. No speak, but read?

L. He must read it in translation . . .

G. But he speak Anglo-Saxon, Chinese, Egyptian. Get him for me. I need good translator. I pay.

K. (*to the rescue*) His are *poetic* translations. He takes original texts and makes them more beautiful . . .

G. Ah—translator also magician. Takes text; make more beautiful . . .

K. Mr. Gurdjieff, it's very hard to explain this in English.

G. But easy in Anglo-Saxon or Egyptian.

K. (*Realizes G. is unfair, but holds his tongue.*)

L. Mr. Gurdjieff, he is talking about Ezra Pound's talent.

G. Yes, I know Ezra Pound very well—for long time. He likes my soup.

K. (*incredulous*) He likes your soup?

G. Very much he like my soup.

K. What sort of soup?

G. When you grow up I give recipe. Then you make soup.

K. (*deeply hurt*) Mr. Gurdjieff, I am sorry if I have offended you. I just wanted to thank you. I don't want to waste your time.

G. Little Father not offend. Not waste my time. You waste your time.

L. Mr. Gurdjieff has known Ezra Pound for many years.

K. (*amazed, to Loomis*) You mean, he really *does*?

G. Really does. You know what Ezra Pound call my soup?

K. Not really . . .

G. You know painting?

K. (*modestly*) A little bit.

G. You know Rembrandt?

K. Of course.

G. Of course. You know Piero della Francesca?

K. (*back on his heels*) Yes, certainly . . .

G. Ezra Pound say my Persian-melon soup, compared to borscht, has tone of Piero della Francesca. You know borscht?

K. (*firmly*) I like borscht.

G. You like borscht. Pound say my melon soup is clean like Piero della Francesca, compare to shit-color Rembrandt. Now, what you want?

K. (*silenced*)

G. Mister. I tell you what you want. You want pay me.

K. Pay—you—for what?

G. Three things. One thing: Turkish bath. Two thing: Martin Benson. Three thing: eyes-of-sheep.

K. Pay? How much do you charge?

G. I not charge. Pay what you think worth.

K. I don't happen to have much money with me . . . I've got to get back to Paris, and it's Sunday and the banks are . . .

G. No need banks. Give me anything in your pocket. Loomis lend your ticket.

K. I've less than a hundred francs.

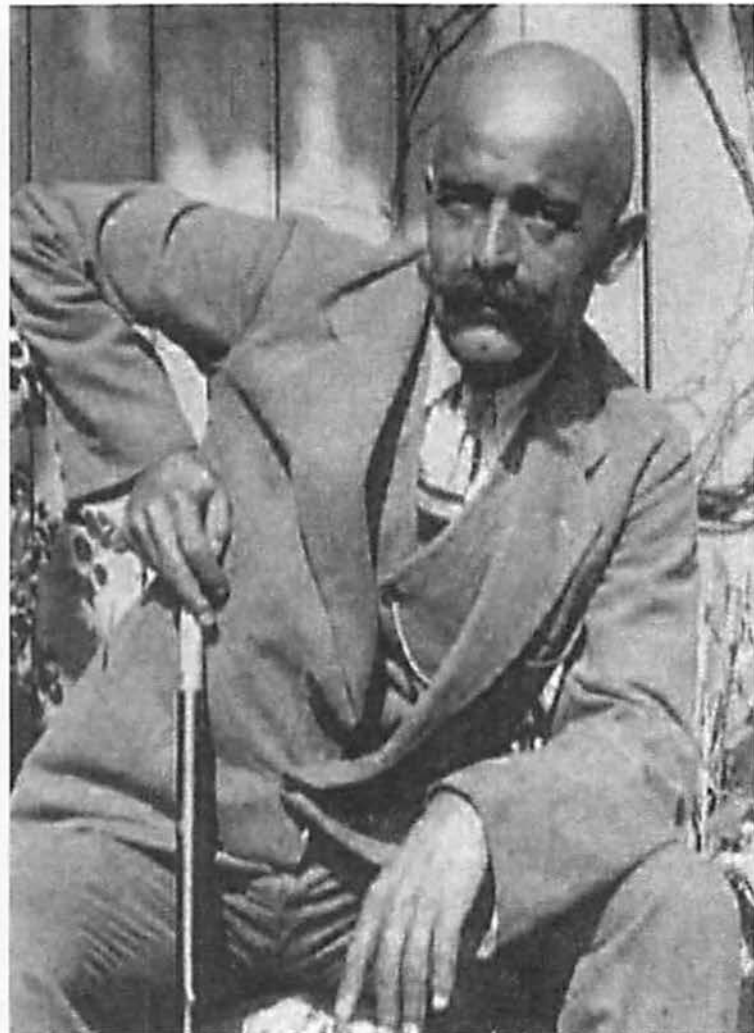
G. Oh. Less than hundred. Too bad. Better than nothing.

L. I have plenty of money.

G. Loomis, lucky; he have money. Loomis wash hand with ticket. Now,



Lincoln Kirstein



G. I. Gurdjieff

dear Little Father. You go.

K. (*Dazed, hands over francs. Turns to go.*)

G. Wait.

K. (*Looks pleadingly at Loomis.*)

G. Mister. You wait. You come here. You curious. Very interesting. You have bath. You shock. You meet Benson. Nice man. Benson. Honest workman. You get good food. Very shock: food. Even you see, maybe: dance. STOP! All this—worth something?

K. I gave you all I have.

G. Not yet.

K. I will send you the rest, just tell me how much.

G. You pay *now*. If you stay here—you don't need pay.

K. But Mr. Gurdjieff, I've got to . . .

L. I'll phone Pound; you've missed the train.

K. But Loomis made my appointment *weeks* ago. I need to, I must see Mr. Pound . . .

G. You need many thing, Mister.

You go now, you never come back here, and Loomis, you too; Loomis never speak to you again.

K. (*to Loomis in utter confusion, Loomis turns traitor by his silence.*) I don't understand. You don't understand. I must see Mr. Pound . . .

G. I understand very well. Now: you go.

K. (*Helpless, wordless, turns to go, reaches door.*)

G. Wait, Little Father; come here.

K. (*idiotically*) But I don't know . . .

G. That's right. You don't know.

Here: your ticket to Paris. Five hundred francs. I keep one hundred. Save rest for ticket back to Prieuré. You like that?

K. Yes, Mr. Gurdjieff. Thank you very much.

G. Not thank me. Thank Loomis.

K. (*recovering*) I thank Loomis for many things.

G. I also thank Loomis; maybe not many things.

K. (*firmly*) I thank Loomis for many

things.

G. Very polite. Many thanks. Now you go. On train you think many things. You think bath. You think Benson. You think sheep-eye. Maybe you think ballet. What?

K. I'll try to.

G. Already good. You try. You know who you are?

K. You said I was a compassionate idiot.

G. Already good: also square idiot, round idiot, zigzag idiot. You, something else.

K. (*taking the game as a joke*) also sheep to be shorn.

L. Come along now, or you'll miss your train.

G. Goodbye Little Father: *Do svi-dan iya. Au revoir. Arrivederci. Hasta la vista. Auf Wiedersehen.* Maybe you learn Hungarian.

Part III will appear in the next issue
—Lincoln Kirstein, *Mosaic: Memoirs*

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for a while, away from the heat of his flat and the smell of heavy soup cooking. I longed to breathe fresh air again, to see fields and animals instead of people. I was tired of people and their inner lives, and I was most tired of thinking about my own. I would go to Normandy with Margaret, to a small hotel in the village of Giverny. There we would walk along country roads in sunshine, look through a gate into Claude Monet's garden—scarlet poppies, marigolds, delphiniums, daisies, under arches of bright roses. We would sit beside his pool, where pale and pointed water lilies lay and long willow branches touched the water. We would work again on our books—we hadn't thought of books since we left Sudbury.

In my room at the Hotel Baudy my worktable faced a window. I saw peasants mowing hay on a quiet hillside. The smell of new-mown hay and the chirp of sun-drenched birds came in at the open window.

I began at once to write . . .

. . . Three days passed and a message came from Paris late at night. Gurdjieff had been injured in a motor accident. His condition was critical; he was lying unconscious in a hospital.

When we arrived in Paris he was already at home. He had fractured ribs, lacerations on his face and hands, and many bruises. There was a danger of internal injuries.

"Is he conscious now?"

"Oh yes," they said, "and he wants the readings and meals to continue as usual. He came in for a little while after lunch. He'll be at dinner—thirty are coming."

But the next day he was worse and the doctors held out slight hope that he would live.

We stayed that night in a small hotel near his flat, waiting for the telephone to ring. It never rang. On the third day he was seated again at his dinner table. His head was still a shining dome, smooth and high, but his face was a dark shadow. There were purple bruises on his lips and he wore a piece of gauze around his throat to hide a wound.

"I cannot eat," he said, "my mouth all cut inside." Painfully, with his lacerated fingers, he divided a trout, handed me a piece across the table.

"You like?" he said. "Then take."

For the rest of the meal he sat in

silence. In his eyes was the same blind look he had when he played the prayer music. As we rose to leave he got up too. He lifted his hands against his ribs. "It hurts," he said, "great suffering I have." I could only stand there looking at him. Before I could wish him well, he said, "I thank you. I wish for you all that you wish for me."

He cured himself, no one knew how. He had refused X-rays and the medicines prescribed by doctors; yet his recovery was so complete that he looked younger after the accident than before, as if the shock had strengthened his whole organism instead of weakening it.

In the late afternoon he sat, immaculately dressed, outside a café near his flat, with a panama hat shading his eyes and his cane lying across the table in front of him, talking with pupils, drinking coffee, watching people pass. At other times he sat alone, speaking with no one, noticing no one until at last he rose and, in the long dusk, through quiet shuttered streets, walked slowly home.

There, after resting for a while, he changed into a loose grey cashmere suit, open white shirt and soft kid slippers, gave instructions in the kitchen, then came to sit with us and listen to the reading of his book, looking from one face to another, recognizing yet withholding recognition. At dinner he welcomed us as he had always done, talked of the same subjects in the same words; and, as usual, halfway through the meal, placed on his head his tasseled magenta fez. It was good to know that he was recovering, and it was good to see and hear intimate small ceremonies repeated—the ritual of the toasts, the offering of bread, or fish, across the table in his hand. And as I sat observing, absorbing, rejoicing, I grew aware of a swelling sense of harmony that related everything within the room to everything else—gestures, faces, voices, food, my thoughts vibrated in unison like a chord in music. I began to understand something that I longed to go on understanding. I wanted to achieve the "I" he had told me about.

Long before his accident Gurdjieff had said, "I cannot develop you; I can create the conditions in which you can develop yourself." For weeks I had fought against the conditions he created—I had been angry, impatient, judicial. But I had concealed these emotions; raging inside, I had appeared outwardly calm . . . the habit of a lifetime—good manners, instead of an

effort to act honestly. It would have been better to burst forth in defense of what I thought unjust, to ask him pointblank why I should sit through endless meals, eating food I neither liked nor wanted. That I had felt compassion or anxiety or even deep affection for him was beside the point. It was good to be concerned about him; it would have been better to have been concerned about myself: to have begun to change, to develop myself. Once he had spoken to me about my great aim. "I haven't any aim," I said, "what should my aim be?" He said, "Do you want to perish like a dog?" I answered, "Of course not." He didn't explain, he simply repeated what he had said before: "Remember your 'I'."

Christmas, 1948. Back in America, I told my children all that had happened to me in Paris. Gloria listened, holding her new son, Colin, in her arms. Before his birth Gurdjieff had said, "Good that mother should worry for her child—he will be strong." And Jackie listened, with three-year-old Dolly sitting beside her. I had asked Gurdjieff Jackie's question: "How shall I introduce God to my baby?" His answer was, "All babies near God. Later, bring to me and I will tell."

Gurdjieff had arrived in New York in time for Christmas. Instead of fifty pupils, as in Paris, he now sometimes had a hundred in his hotel apartment—often as many as eighty for dinner. He worked with them constantly, never resting, never sparing himself. At the same time he was arranging for the publication of his book, *All and Everything*. Each night it was read aloud; each night until two in the morning he played his music for us. After we left he slept for three hours, then rose and drove down to the big bright markets at the end of the city, to choose fresh food for the feasts of the coming day. He stayed in New York for two months, and when he went back to France we followed him.

It was May in Paris, but for us there was no spring. There was no time to notice horse-chestnut trees blossoming in the Bois, or illuminated fountains sparkling in the Place de la Concorde in the soft sweet night. There was only time to drive as fast as possible by the shortest route to Gurdjieff's flat in the rue Colonel Renard—a street with as little French distinction as a page in a dictionary; a flat without sunlight or a single flower, where the motionless air reeked

of Asiatic cooking and the heat was almost unbearable.

The contrast between Gurdjieff's strong decisive bearing and the deep hollows in his face alarmed me. "I am very tired." He said, "I work too hard." "You should take a vacation," I said. "I have no time—many people come from England to see me in these days. There is still much to do." Later he said, "I would like to go to Chamonix—to hear water running; there I could sleep."

Another month of pupils, meals and heat. Then one night he said, "We go to Chamonix tomorrow." He asked us to go along.

Four motorcars were crowded with pupils, with boxes of Russian croquettes, bags of croissants, melons, apricots, chocolate bonbons and big thermos bottles of black coffee. Gurdjieff drove his car all the way, leading the caravan. He used no maps, gave no directions; he simply said, "Follow me," and started off, stopping only to nap for a half hour by the side of the road when he could go no farther.

In Chamonix he wakened in the mornings refreshed by the splashing icy

stream beneath his window. But his days were as active as in Paris—devoted to his work, his business affairs and the responsibility of new young pupils. At the week's end, in spite of the cold, thin air, the healing pines and fresh snow winds from the mountains, he was still tired.

I sat beside him on a bench outside the hotel the day we left Chamonix, watching the porters arrange luggage in the cars. At last I said, "May I tell you something, Mr. Gurdjieff? I wish I had met you twenty years ago. Today it's too late. I realize now that I am nothing, and it's the loneliest feeling in the world."

He turned and looked at me. "Ah," he said, "you are no longer blind. Your eyes now open—you begin to see."

He took some bonbons from his pocket, handed them to a porter passing by. I had often seen him do this, and always wondered why. "Why do you offer candy to people?" I asked, "and why does everyone look pleased—policemen, waiters, strangers, and that young mother last night sitting in the salon with her baby—why?"

"I do not know if I will ever see

again that mother, but if I do she will not forget me—she will remember the surprise of bonbons for her baby. Perhaps she will need help and I not be a stranger. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand about the mother, but the policeman . . .?"

"The policeman stopped me. I did not wish to wait—I gave bonbons and he was very surprised. So he let me go. That is being clever man."

He was also an ill man—coughing, in pain. Yet back in Paris at his table he still had room for all who came—pupils from England, Scotland, Switzerland, Austria, as well as America.

To spare him we went less, but he noticed our absence and bade us come as usual. He had grown thinner and the grey pallor had returned. One day at lunch he said, "I have worked hard. My book will soon be published for everyone to read. After I will go away, far, where I can rest." "But you will come back?" someone asked. He did not answer. Another said, "We will follow you wherever you go—will you go to California?" It was the kind of question Gurdjieff



J. G. Bennett sits across from Gurdjieff. Beside him sit Lord Pentland, Mme de Salzmann, Lady Pentland and at the head of the table Mary Sinclair.

never answered, but this time he looked at the speaker and smiled. "Perhaps California, perhaps farther," he said.

It was the middle of October—a gold crimson country day when chipmunks rush to gather nuts, and horses, free in pale gold fields, race each other and the wind. I left Giverny to see Gurdjieff in his café in Paris—to say farewell until we should meet on the boat that was to take us all to America on the twentieth.

He was sitting alone. "You take coffee?" he said. For a moment I didn't speak, then when the coffee came I said, "You are not coming on the boat with us after all." "No. Coming later."

We sat in silence. Finally I said, "Mr. Gurdjieff . . . the 'I' which I am trying to develop—is this the soul that survives after death?"

He waited so long that I wondered whether he had heard me. Then he said, "How long you have been with me?"

"Almost two years," I said.

"Too short the time. You not able yet to understand. Use the present to repair the past and prepare the future. Go on well; remember all I say."

I did not press him—he looked so ill. "You should take better care of yourself," I said; "what are you doing for your cough? Does something hurt you?" He moved slightly in his chair and for the first time I heard from him a sound like a groan. "I must take habit of pain," he said. Then he held out his hand and I said goodbye, and left him sitting there, alone, in the shrill sunlight.

Sea-Change

I never saw Gurdjieff again. He died in Paris, two days after we landed in New York. And so, scarcely before it had begun, a great experience ended.

Whatever I may have learned about his work, during the two years I knew him, might, as time passed, grow hazy in my mind; but what I felt when I was in his presence, whether he spoke or sat in silence, I would remember clearly always. Those feelings live forever that are born in the soul's heart.

Gurdjieff was gentle with my soul. It was a soul that had not grown up, as I grew up. It had been timid, but trusting. Often it had been betrayed, but it had not been murdered. Nanna had found it first, and she too had been gentle with it. Enrico had loved, moulded,

sustained and protected it. Brother had fought for it.

Gurdjieff gave it courage. From his mysterious and conscious world he guided it with the kind of understanding he called "objective love"—the "love of everything that breathes"; and "it" responded with unlimited trust—the highest type of love there is, I think, in this immediate and unconscious world.

Nothing is so great or so true as the trusting love of a child. It doesn't matter whether he has understood your words or not—it is the way they are spoken that matters. And the way they are spoken creates in the child the love and trust he returns to you. This is the emotion that Gurdjieff, and the "conditions he created," created in me.

I can repeat our conversations, interpret his silences, describe his appearance, define his doctrine, yet I can only give the slightest indication of the change that took place in me after knowing him.

I was aware, before he died, of this process of active and increasing change. His death, instead of ending the process, accelerated it. And then, one day, I understood what had been happening. I had transformed something in myself: the change was Me.

A mystery is something that cannot be expressed, something beyond human comprehension.

Man is a mystery.

The cosmos is a mystery.

Man in relation to the cosmos is a mystery.

Everything is a mystery, and everything is a paradox. To understand this takes more than human comprehension, and more than human comprehension means: to know.

Gurdjieff knew.

He knew from his "being," as he called it. And he knew all the time.

I know only for an instant at a time. That instant is a spark of understanding—it belongs to the person of my essence. During those instants I am aware of a division of identity—a separation between my essence-person and what I have always called "myself."

When those moments are past they do not become simply memories like other memories. Something else raises and widens and deepens the perceptions.

The substance of that "something"

I do not know—all I know is that it is a substance; it is not merely an idea.

Thus far have I gone. What is to come next is, for the present, another mystery.

All my time is not spent in pondering these things, nor are my thoughts always on eternity or death. But I am actively aware of everything today, instead of passively aware as in the past. I can see each feather on a bird that flies by—it doesn't just fly by.

I have been told that I am simply using my five senses. I am, as always; but the knowledge that I am doing it belongs to that second self. Therefore I can live in splendor in a little house beside a walnut tree in Maryland where everything I touch, or hear, or see, has its reverberations in that world where no one lives except those who have also been as fortunate as I.

Early this morning I went out into the flowering woods behind our house, to think out an ending for this book. I was alone . . . no one passed. The fragrance of uncurling violets, the nursery pink-and-white of dogwood blossoms, my rustling footsteps in the leaves . . . all this young spring I felt, and more than fifty other springs besides, with gratitude to everyone I have known, and an aspiration to love everything that breathes. ✎

Riderwood, Maryland
April, 1951



Dorothy Caruso in New York, 1951

Continued from page 6

treatment continued and within a short time he was invited to live in Bhagwan's own house.

By 1976, the money-making at the ashram increased in earnest. Admission charges were collected for all activities at the ashram, and Laxmi was now selling rooms at the ashram for US \$10,000 and higher. It wasn't long before she was "selling rooms" in neighboring houses that the ashram only rented but didn't own. "Buying a room" made one an instant ashramite; it bought their belonging. Longtime workers who couldn't afford ashram housing were told to "point the finger" at themselves; were they unsundered, holding back, untrusting? Every part of the ashram was a therapy group; they had something to learn through this, and money meant surrender.

Sheela had a gift for business and money schemes, and soon she helped Laxmi set up saving facilities at the ashram, convincing people that their money would be safer there than at any bank in India. Between "bank" deposits, donations, lecture tickets, group fees and book sales, she soon opened the first of many Swiss bank accounts, allegedly worth several million dollars. Sheela's brother, Bipen—who "reeked of fast money and sleazy deals"—came to India to meet with her and Bhagwan, and

soon Sheela handed hundreds of thousands of the ashram's dollars over to Bipen to invest. He became rich, turning the ashram money into a fortune.

Bhagwan's enthusiasm for collecting was now in full sway—he would ask wealthy sannyasins to bring him Rolexes, Omegas, Piagets, the latest and the best, often only to give them away as soon as he got them, invariably to someone the giver of the watch didn't like. Wearing a \$100,000 diamond encrusted watch, Bhagwan luxuriated in challenging people with his ostentatious display of wealth. "I am a materialist-spiritualist," said Bhagwan. "That is their trouble. They cannot even conceive of it. They have always thought that materialism is something diametrically against, opposite, to spiritualism. And I am trying to bring them closer. In fact, that is how it is."

Shocking for long-time devotees, in 1977 Vivek, who had been Bhagwan's lover and constant companion for seven years, took a new lover. She still had her privileged position, but Bhagwan's attitude to her altered. For many years Vivek had remained aloof, unapproachable, and doing only Bhagwan's bidding. She continued to devotionally take care of Bhagwan as before, supervising the preparation of his meals and daily needs, but now she began to appear at the all-night parties, something she had never done before.

The ashram was expanding so fast

that overcrowding became a serious problem; Bhagwan's morning discourse was often attended by three thousand people, and in 1978 Laxmi reluctantly allowed 25 part-time guards trained in martial arts, called "angels," to handle lecture security, carrying out anyone who had a "catharsis"—flailing about or shrieking for more than 20 seconds.

There were always guards stationed at the front entrance, and everyone entering the ashram was sniffed to ensure that shampoos and cosmetics were not detectable. If they were, the offending individual would be turned away. Bhagwan was becoming more frail, and the list of substances he was allergic to was growing. He could no longer abide socks, pillow stuffing or woolen clothing, so no matter how cold or hard the floor might be, devotees would sit in the morning discourses without socks or padding to keep warm. The guards would also stand at the entrance to the evening *darshans* and sniff behind the ears and under the armpits of every entrant, however famous or renowned they might be.

Many world leaders in the human growth potential movement became interested in Bhagwan. Richard Price, co-founder of Esalen Institute in California, had taken sannyas through the mail after reading some of Bhagwan's books, and in 1977 he came to visit. During his encounter group session, Price and Teertha had a bitter



Clothing optional on a walk with Ma Anand Sheela



Group Dynamic Meditation directed by Paul Lowe, "Teertha"



The "Krishna Guards" were given maroon judo robes and practiced Karate.



Laxmi

argument, with one source claiming that participants in the session were armed with wooden weapons and that Price emerged with a broken arm. Price was so outraged by the sex and violence in the group that he dropped sannyas and wrote Bhagwan that he practiced "dangerous, irresponsible therapy." When *Time* magazine later dubbed Poona "The Esalen of the East," Price published an article disclaiming similarities with Esalen, emphasizing the mistaken incitement by Bhagwan's "humanistic" therapists to *be violent* rather than to *play at being violent*. Bhagwan's derisive response: "The expert always misses."

The "Gateless Gate" at the ashram entrance was completed in 1979, welcoming and mirroring the ever-increasing progress of construction at the densely packed commune. New departments were created, including a bookshop and a thriving public relations department, and workshops for carpentry, printing, weaving, clothing manufacture—orange robes were made on a commercial scale, and a soap and shampoo factory was set up to manufacture scentless soap. Dormitories were built as Laxmi bought up land around the ashram to expand the lodging for sannyasins and guests, and for the new "Buddha Hall," an enormous auditorium with a seating capacity of 6,000. By 1979, some 30,000 people were coming each year to see and hear Bhagwan.

Alienating Cultures

There were numerous rules, including a ban on smoking and drugs,

although they were widely indulged in outside the gates and freely available in Poona. It was difficult to earn money in India to stay in the ashram, and with few legal ways in which a Westerner could earn money, many sannyasins turned to drug runs and many of the women turned to prostitution. Discreetly sanctioned, whenever a disciple was about to make a drug run, they would ask Bhagwan whether it was a good time to go to Thailand. "Wednesday would be good," he would say, or "Don't go until Friday," knowing exactly what they meant. Sannyasin women would take the train to Bombay and make good money as prostitutes working the lobbies of the most expensive hotels. Bhagwan certainly enjoyed the proceeds; by 1980 he had two Rolls Royces in Poona, an unheard-of luxury in this land of poverty.

In 1979, Laxmi allowed a West German crew to film the encounter groups, and when the raw footage appeared in Wolfgang Dobrowolny's movie *Ashram*, the blatant violence and nudity were at first thought by ashramites as having "recruitment value." However, the film came out while the public was still reeling from the mass suicide at Jonestown, and the publicized activities at Shree Rajneesh Ashram caused intense negative reactions in India. Bhagwan quickly and officially ended the controversial therapies, but the leading political party in India, which Bhagwan often harshly condemned, enforced new crippling restrictions in a campaign against Bhagwan

and the ashram.

Bhagwan's views on religion continued to infuriate Indian fundamentalists, and one morning in May 1980, five Hindu conservatives planned an attack during the daily talk—one stood up about 60 feet from the stage, shouted in Hindi, "You are insulting our religions," then walked toward Bhagwan while throwing a knife. The attacker was grabbed by one of the "angel" guards, and although the crowd was in an uproar, Bhagwan was unharmed, calming the audience with "Shanti, shanti,"—peace, peace. Immediately afterward, there began martial arts training for an army of guards, and within a week a team of sannyasins was at the entrance to Buddha Hall to frisk every lecture-goer, and door-sized metal detectors were ordered from the States.

After the attack the sniffing probes before *darshan* sessions became ever more complex and discriminatory, and few people were granted a reserved place at the private evening sessions. With 6,000 sannyasins in Poona—and 150 places—admission was highly prized. One night in *darshan*, Bhagwan announced that he was going to experiment with a new kind of "energy *darshan*," beginning a new phase of work. Ten or twelve chosen women would come to *darshan* every night—they would be known as "mediums," and would be able to transfer his energy to the whole commune and eventually to the world outside. Bhagwan no longer spoke with disciples, instead he would transmit energy to them by pressing on

their "third eye" in the middle of the forehead, while everyone ecstatically danced to music amid flashing lights. Bhagwan affirmed, "As far as I know, dancing and laughter are the best, most natural, easily approachable doors" to no-mind. "If you really dance, thinking stops." The atmosphere was infused with sexual energy, with Bhagwan intimately touching the mediums, sending everyone into entranced regions of pure bliss.

When Werner Erhard, founder of est, came to India in 1980 on a world tour with singer Diana Ross, they attended Bhagwan's *darshan* one evening. Sitting barefoot on the cold floor, "Erhart was very much the American businessman, prosperous, tanned, robust and forthright. He looked like an ex-marine, tough and healthy." Erhart seemed disinterested, unimpressed with the *darshan*. After a short exchange Bhagwan said that he could ask anything he wanted. Erhart simply said, "No, I don't have any questions." Why had Erhart not wanted to discuss anything? Bhagwan postulated: "Some great fear must have arisen in him. I would have destroyed his whole 'est' first. Werner Erhart is a businessman—he tries to be respectable, and I have been trying my whole life to be notorious. Unless you understand me, you will not be able to see why I unnecessarily create hostility in people."

Bhagwan did not divide publicity into "good" and "bad," for him it was all good, the more intense the better. "I do not care whether people see me as Buddha or as Rasputin. One thing I am certainly interested in is that

everybody should think *something* about me." Hundreds of carefully posed portraits were taken of Bhagwan by hand-selected photographers, all emphasizing Bhagwan's enormous, hypnotic eyes, while omitting shots of his body and minimizing his bald spot. When a few shots were taken with a hat, Bhagwan ordered several hats be brought to the next session, and from then on he was always photographed wearing a hat. Thousands of pictures covered every ashram wall, keeping his face visible to every disciple.

Escaping Poona

With escalating anti-Bhagwan sentiments and the congestion of sanniyasins in Poona, a new site was needed for the ashram, and Laxmi was sent to locate a property in India where the ashram could expand indefinitely, while Sheela made several trips to America to look for suitable sites. The Indian government was obstructing any possibility for a move within the country, and brought a case against the charitable status of the ashram in the courts—ending in a final ruling revoking the tax-exempt status of the Rajneesh Foundation and charging the ashram over \$4 million in back taxes. Through an informer, Sheela found out that Bhagwan would soon be put under house arrest for "inciting religious unrest," as he had been publicly criticizing Hinduism, a serious crime in India. The atmosphere had become too antagonistic, and a move was imperative. With Laxmi rarely in Poona anymore—constantly involved in fighting the ashram's legal battles in Delhi

and traveling on search trips—it was announced that she would no longer be Bhagwan's personal secretary and would be replaced by Sheela.

In February 1981, Bhagwan badly hurt his back, and the discourses and *darshan* were cancelled. From childhood he had frequently suffered ill health, and from his early thirties he became increasingly debilitated by multiple symptoms, including fatigue, strange allergies, recurrent fevers, insomnia, and extreme sensitivity to smells and chemicals, a condition doctors now refer to as "multiple chemical sensitivity." Bhagwan also had Type II diabetes, asthma, and severe back pain. When he returned to the sessions, a message went out that Bhagwan would remain in silence in the morning discourse and that his followers could "sit silently with the Master."

Soon after, about 40 select sanniyasins were called to a secret meeting where Sheela announced to everyone's astonishment that they were going to America with Bhagwan. Sheela told them that anybody who was not ready and willing to work 24 hours a day from then on should leave the meeting immediately, as they would be of no use in America, and told them to cut their hair and beards and to get travel visas in order. She told the large population of sanniyasins that the ashram was moving "up north," assuring people that nobody would be left behind. Soon rumors and speculation were spreading throughout the ashram, with a frenzy of people selling off their goods and pulling their money from banks—preparing for an unknown move that was soon discovered to be an abandonment. A secret departure date was set for the elite 40, and Sheela obtained a temporary visitor's visa for Bhagwan to the U.S. Early one morning, after his final appearance at the silent meditation, Bhagwan was driven to the Bombay airport, where a large advance payment had been made to allow his Rolls to draw right up to the 747, effectively avoiding immigration and police officials. Sheela had reserved the entire 40-seat first class section of the plane just for herself, Bhagwan and Vivek, smuggling the beloved Master from India to America in grand style. ✍

—Jean Lauderdale

Part III will appear in the next issue.



Terence Stamp was one of the well-known actors taking sanniyas from Bhagwan.

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KULTUR

Gurdjieff & Mars. The Case Builds. New findings published in the journal *Geophysical Research Letters* provide evidence that early Mars was saturated with water, and that its atmosphere was at least 20 times thicker than it is now. Early Mars had a climate similar to the Earth's climate now. Mars' atmosphere is currently less than 1 percent the density of Earth's atmosphere, a main reason why the Earth's climate is wet and Mars' is very dry. . . . *Gore Come Back, Not Al.* "Today's public figures," sayeth the Vidal, "can no longer write their own speeches or books, and there is some evidence that they can't read them either." On Reagan: "He is not clear about the difference between Medici and Gucci. He knows Nancy wears one of them." On Kennedy: "He was one of the most charming men I've ever known. He was also one of the very worst presidents." On America: "It is rotting away at a funereal pace. We'll have a military dictatorship pretty soon, on the basis that nobody else can hold everything together." . . . *Teen Moms, Cheating Spouses & Sex Addicts.* Don't fret. Daytime syndicated shows with Jerry Springer, Steve Wilkos and Maury Povich got extensions. . . . *What You Watch Is Who You Are.* The new science thing, Interpersonal Neurobiology, says the brain is constantly rewiring itself. What we give attention to defines us. . . . *Hiding the Handgun.* For the fashion-aware gun owner, Woolrich, a 182-year-old clothing company, offers new chino pants, \$65, a second pocket behind the traditional front pocket to pack the heat. Or, if you're a holster guy, tuck the Beretta inside the stretchable waistband (keep it locked). . . . *Twins Galore!* More twins in the U.S. than ever before. Between 1980 and 2009, according to the National Center for Health Stats, the rate of twin births rose 76 percent; one in 30 babies born is a twin. . . . *Write It, Don't Talk It.* With psychopharmacology pushing psychotherapy into yesterday's dustbins, MFA writing programs once few, now number nearly 200 along with more than 600 undergraduate and graduate degrees in creative writing. . . . *Shrink Less.* If psychotherapy works, it needs to work fast. A study in the *Journal of Counseling Psychology* found that patients improved most dramatically

between the seventh and tenth sessions. The *Journal of Consulting and Clinical Psychology* studied 2,000 shrink-led people who ponied up for 1 to 12 sessions, found 88 percent improved after one session, but the rate fell to 62 percent after 12. Yet the average number of sessions is 22, the study finding many therapists persist in leading patients on open-ended, potentially endless sessions (remember that, Woody). . . . *Where Ya Comin' From, Bro?* Zen meister John Cage in his "Lecture on Nothing" said, "We really do need a structure, so we can see we are nowhere." . . . *What's Good for the Goose.* Couples who cohabit before marriage are less likely to stay married, but chances improve if they're already engaged says a study from the National Survey of Family Growth. "Figures suggest," says Prof. Pamela J. Smock of the University of Michigan, "that cohabitation is a pathway for college graduates but an end in itself for less educated." . . . *Stay-at-Home Dads.* The number of men in the last decade leaving the work force to raise children has more than doubled to 176,000, according to recent U.S. census data. If expanded to those who maintain freelance or part-time jobs but serve as primary dad-moms for children under 15, the number is 626,000. . . . *Futurized Question.* Ridley Scott, whose 1979 *Alien*, the most ingenious fright show of its era, shoots further into the ozone with *Prometheus* putting the question: Is a Christian believer justified in aborting or taking life after delivery of a predatory spawn of an alien race with which the woman was unwittingly impregnated? . . . *Deaf, Dumb & Blind.* Despite more than 50 environmental groups from around the world signing an open letter calling for a moratorium on the release and commercial use of synthetic organisms until the risks are understood and regulations developed, the Presidential Commission on Bioethical Issues has given a green light to synthetic biology, which involves creating novel organisms through the synthesis and manipulation of DNA. The idea? Engineers to design biological machines as they might design a bridge or computer chip. Just what we need! What were those jobless stats? . . . *Burgers With McLife.* McDonald's diners will soon find it easier to not taste what they're eating as the fast food giant adds TV to its menu. Screens playing McDonald's own customized McLife content along with local news, and sports. ✕

Letters

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forth any real clues about the source of my dissatisfaction. Through self-remembering and self-observation I can see the illusory nature of ordinary life. The trick, however, is to develop the will to keep coming back.

Freddy Armstrong
Denver, Colorado

Is there an observer? Sounds like "Freddy" is still hanging on? Read the Third Series.

Open to Grace

The words built to at the end of "Probe: A Normal Being," pierced through the feeling of inadequacy riding along with the wish being awakened, fed, strengthened—to be "a help for God." The necessity to work not just for myself but for all humanity in this dangerous world-time. In the days afterward, help was granted me to experience a lower desire for forgetfulness, to let it all go, not work, and then a releasing into the work of the moment and into the grace of gratitude.

Carol Cole
Plainview, New York

THE Gurdjieff JOURNAL

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Bhagwan's first Rolls Royce arrives in Poona.

Notes

1. *Exactly 21 years after his enlightenment.* Vasant Joshi, *Osho: The Luminous Rebel* (New Delhi: Wisdom Tree, 2010), 123.
2. *The moment you are no longer attached.* Osho, *Autobiography of a Spiritually Incorrect Mystic* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2000), 3.
3. *There was clearly something special.* Satya Bharti Franklin, *The Promise of Paradise* (New York: Institute for Publishing Arts, 1992), 29.
4. *Bhagwan called his unorthodox version.* Franklin, 15.
5. *I told him it was ridiculous for him.* Franklin, 47.
6. *A quite unprecedented and meteoric rise.* Hugh Milne, *Bhagwan: The God that Failed* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986), 130.
7. *Some 60 different therapies.* Christopher Calder. <http://home.att.net/~meditation/>
8. *One paid to participate.* Harry Aveling, *The Laughing Swamis* (New Delhi: Motilal Banarsidass Publishers, 1996), 193.
9. *Watch while their beloved made love.* Milne, 140.
10. *Bhagwan often recommended as many.* Franklin, 108.
11. *These are not new experiments.* Joshi, 130.
12. *I have included the Western therapeutic methods.* Osho, 205–06.
13. *Human beings are reactive entities.* Judith M. Fox, *Osho Rajneesh: Studies in Contemporary Religion* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2000), 3.
14. *Bhagwan spent most of his time.* Aveling, 75–76.
15. *It was Bhagwan's ability to perceive.* Milne, 112.
16. *The primitive start of a security system.* Milne, 115.
17. *Bhagwan had informed us.* Milne, 133.
18. *Bhagwan says never feel guilty.* Milne, 153.
19. *I teach you not to be responsible.* Osho, 164.
20. *Bhagwan's next campaign.* Milne, 160.
21. *Bhagwan's theories on sex education.* Franklin, 107.
22. *Some of the girls had their first.* Tim Guest, *My Life in Orange* (Orlando, FL: Harcourt Books, 2004), 133, 198.
23. *The ashram is crazy, it's chaotic.* Ma Satya Bharti, *Death Comes Dancing* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1981), 72.
24. *It was during 1976 that the famous English actor.* Milne, 138.
25. *Emerged from the session with a broken arm.* Lewis F. Carter, *Charisma and Control in Rajneeshpuram* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1990), 62.
26. *Whenever a disciple was about to make.* Milne, 155.
27. *Admission was highly prized.* James S. Gordon, *The Golden Guru: The Strange Journey of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh* (New York: Stephen Greene Press, 1987), 54.
28. *When you really laugh, suddenly mind.* Osho, 153.
29. *Erhart was very much the American businessman.* Milne, 167.
30. *That anybody who was not ready.* Milne, 185.