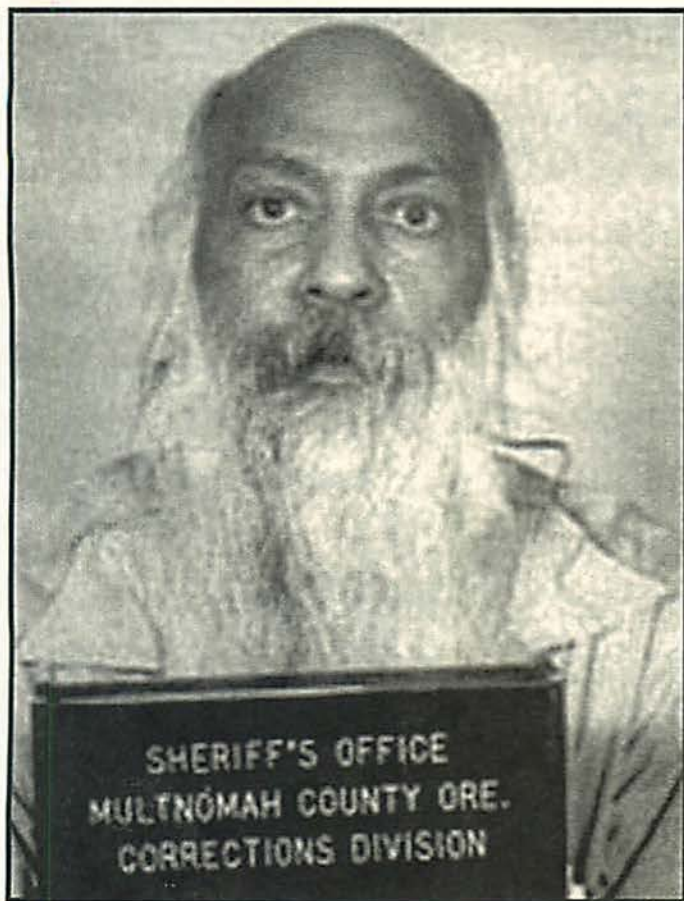


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**THE LIFE &
TEACHINGS
OF
BHAGWAN
SHREE
RAJNEESH III**

Letters to TGI

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"Pseudo-teachings" of the "Incompletely Realized"

Many articles in recent issues have addressed the lives and teachings of pseudo-masters, teachers who reach a high level of self-development and power, yet are not fully realized and often cause harm to their disciples (Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh and Adi Da Samraj come immediately to mind). Henry Korman's insightful critique of the complex film *The Master* fits into this theme. He describes the "pseudo-teachings" of the "incompletely realized" master of the film's title, Lancaster Dodd, modeled on L. Ron Hubbard and his school of Scientology. I appreciated the parallels drawn between Scientology, with which I was unfamiliar, and the work of Lancaster Dodd; they allowed me to put into context the process the main character, Freddy Quell, undergoes.

As the review clearly illustrates, when Quell meets Lancaster Dodd he is a man number 1, an animal man controlled by his instinctive center. Yet the purported master, Dodd, having failed to integrate his "I"s and become an individual I, is still a "cornucopia of 'I's"; despite his high level of self-development, they are often not within his control. Thus, he is ultimately unable to subject Quell to his will as the master and each is at risk of becoming crystallized as a half-man. The review also raises the question, "Who is the real master?" pointing out the many ways that Dodd's wife, Peggy, has greater power than Dodd and actually controls him, both in terms of

his sexuality and the development of his teaching. Peggy is the "woman-man" as master, to Dodd's incompletely processed "man-woman," a challenge to the gender stereotypes to which the characters otherwise conform. This analysis helped to decode and clarify for me much of the symbolism of the film that, at times, left me feeling I was missing more than I was absorbing.

Ann Neubert
New Haven, Connecticut

Teachings of the Animal-Man

The review of *The Master* (my pick for an Oscar) brought many insights and multiple levels of meaning. Lancaster Dodd senses a connection with Quell, saying they were soldiers together a few lifetimes ago (a chief tenet of Scientology). Quell is a reflection of Dodd's animal come to life again.

Dodd wanted Quell close, but from the story line it was not apparent why. Quell, at the end of his rope, jumps on to Dodd's yacht. Dodd hires him but no scene shows their meeting. It is all presumed, that is, fated. The two trade their respective "magics," Quell his homebrew and Dodd his past lives teaching. In time, doubts suppressed, Quell hits the streets evangelizing for the teaching. To test him, Dodd gives him a motorcycle, points a direction, and off Quell roars into the horizon and a new life . . . which turns out to be slumbering in the balcony of a movie theater with no movie playing (great symbolism like this runs throughout the whole film).

Dodd wakes him up with a phone call, telling Quell, "I can cure you. Once and for all." So Quell goes to England but again his animal, like all trapped in self-will, wants no master. Dodd tells him if he sees him again (in the next life) he will be merciless toward him. The next scene shows why. Quell has a young woman he has picked up in a bar riding him cowboy style, big bosomed, open and laughing, while he takes the role of "the Master." If *The Master* gets a sequel, I vote for *Teachings of the Animal-Man*.

Dexter Stone
Los Angeles, California

Adi Da & Osho

I've been loving the journal, especially the short essays by William Patrick Patterson and your very impartial

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Sayings of Substance

Exercise not makes force. When you make the body do what it not wish to do, that makes force. For making it do just one small thing which it hates doing, makes more force than whole day of walking.

You must remember when you feel bad you must not lose yourself with mind. Some days you feel bad, then with swing of pendulum, you feel good. On your worst day, prepare for best day. This is the law. What is important is that you never lose self. Let mind be big sister to take care of little sister who is now in the house. Your nature is little sister.

First do exercise when not in ordinary life; later on you can do anywhere. When man begins to accumulate these emanations, he finds there is a place in him waiting for them, like the place in a motor when power accumulates. When you accumulate emanations, they will crystallize and you will have a force that does not pass from you like water.

You must know a most important thing about man. Man cannot stay long in one subjective state. For subjective state a thousand things depend. You can never know the subjective state of another. It is a typicality of man that no two subjective states can be the same. They are like fingerprints—different in each. No one can explain his subjective state to another. If anyone is angry with you, he does not even know why. You can say, "It is not with me he is angry. It is his state which is angry with me." Never reply with your interior. Never revenge associations have. Do your exercises consciously, mechanically and chemically.

Curiosity is a dirty thing. That is why I am always angry for idiot questions, why philosophizing makes me nervous. In English not exist two words for two kinds of curiosity, as in other languages. Word for other kind of curiosity is needing-to-know. For needing-to-know you must have material. Then you will not receive something empty.

Something wrong with lesbian sex. Sex very important thing is, like light, like air you breathe, food you eat. If you are in five parts, two of your five parts depend from sex. You must more normal live.

—G. I. Gurdjieff

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THE LIFE & TEACHINGS OF BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH Part III



ON JUNE 1, 1981, BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH, ARRIVING AT JFK Airport in New York emerged from the Boeing 747 and, standing at the top of the stairs, declared—"I am the Messiah America has been waiting for."

"Bhagwan had ambition," explains Hugh Milne, aka Shiva—Bhagwan's bodyguard in Poona, in the 2011 documentary titled *Guru*, co-starring Sheela Birnstiel (aka Patel Silverman, aka Ma Anand Sheela). "We felt a messianic zeal that what we have found in our Guru offers an example to the world, that it would be a jewel people could see shining from thousands of miles away." Together, Bhagwan and his disciples were creating His utopia, and as stunned as many had been by the sudden uprooting from Poona, India, sannyasins worldwide relocated and prepared to participate wherever their Guru materialized.

The Castle

Sheela had arranged in 1980 to purchase a three-story, late nineteenth century stone castle in Montclair, New Jersey. Located atop a 120-acre hill-top estate with an unobstructed view of Manhattan, "the castle" was a luxurious intermediate stop where Bhagwan could rest while the search continued for a large permanent site for the commune somewhere in America. Located close to the Chidvilas Rajneesh Meditation Center that Sheela had founded in 1979,

the castle's magnificent interiors had been refurbished in advance to include extensive medical facilities for their ailing Guru. The official story on his tourist visa was that Bhagwan's back condition was now so critical that he was coming to the United States for major surgery.

The skeleton crew of privileged sannyasins who had been brought from India to the castle were immediately put to work on arduous 19-hour-day construction shifts, seven days a week. Deeksha, the wealthy, enterprising founder of the chain of restaurants in Poona (and said to be Mussolini's granddaughter), and second in command to Sheela, set everyone to work destroying the castle's antique charm under orders that it would avoid anyone become too attached to the place. At first everyone was sworn to secrecy about Bhagwan's location. A few days after arriving though, a brand new Rolls-Royce was delivered, and in what seemed a remarkably rapid recovery from his prolapsed disc, Bhagwan quickly maneuvered a New Jersey driver's license and began "driving like a maniac" on roads and highways. Within a week he had collected several terrified passengers, two speeding tickets, and abundant media attention. The secret was out.

There were few "old sannyasins" at the castle, as Sheela had invited only the people she wanted. Most of the

therapists and mediums—all favorites of Bhagwan's in the past—were notably absent. Several new edicts were announced by Sheela: since there were five men to every woman sannyasin at the castle, any unattached female sannyasin would now have to agree to sleep with any man who asked her—this was the new surrender. When herpes erupted in the small community a few weeks later, the share-a-woman program ended. Sannyasins were forbidden to leave the property, nor were they allowed to use the telephone to talk to anyone on the outside. There was no longer time for meditating—work was the new meditation. "What had begun as the dawn of a new age, a glorious spiritual movement," prophesied Milne, "already had the makings of a fascist nightmare."

Sheela Steals the Crown

Married by now to her second American husband, Jayananda, a former New Jersey bank officer named John Joseph Selfer, Sheela was making all the decisions in America. Speaking in 2011 in the documentary *Guru* about her experience, Sheela smiles sweetly and says, "I was only twenty-one when I came to Bhagwan and fell in love. My role was I loved him, and anything more

Above: On July 20, 1985, fearing assassination attempts, Bhagwan gave a press conference at Rajneeshpuram with armed guards provided by his private "Peace Force" police.

didn't matter to me." From her home in Switzerland where she currently operates two nursing homes (filled with devotional pictures of Bhagwan), she recalls, "One evening Bhagwan calls me and declares me his secretary. I looked at him and said 'Bhagwan, I'm not capable of it.' His answer was 'If I say you're my secretary then you have the potential, and you'll do as I tell you to.'"

"Laxmi had already been with Bhagwan about fifteen years," explains Kate Strelley, aka Avibha, Sheela's right-hand assistant in Poona. "Now her systems were set up and highly effective; she had become master. Here was Sheela: young, very beautiful, very clever. She could easily grasp the existing structures, but also represented a whole new realm of ideas and possibilities. I think Bhagwan found Sheela more and more stimulating, as she quite literally opened a whole new world to him. Laxmi would have kept us in India. Sheela was careful to make those Western connections more and more important as time went on." Sheela found the future, and Laxmi didn't.

While in Poona, India, Ma Satya Bharti, the ghost-writer for many of Bhagwan's early books and friend to Sheela, recalled a conversation when Sheela had insisted that Bhagwan would move the ashram to America, declaring that she could convince him. Sheela predicted that just as Bhagwan had used sex to outrage people and press their buttons in India, in America he would use money, the American fixation, stating "He'd spend a fortune on frivolous things, mock the whole consumer trip, conspicuous consumption to the nth degree. More and more; he'd infuriate everyone."

Sheela loved the "game," always playing for all or nothing. Described as ruthless in nearly all reports, when Sheela went for something, she got it. She had a phenomenal memory—remembering everything, as she had taught Avibha, "If you allow your mind to become completely empty, you can just deliver back the message as you heard it." She was masterful at taking on an assumed role, with made up references and a fictitious past—she would *be* that person. Even though she was lacking in her ability to read and write English, when she traveled to the United States to develop major business connections for the ashram, she simply made up things that she had done,

merging reality and illusion into one.

Avibha further revealed, "In 1979 Sheela and Deeksha went to America. En route they stopped off in Switzerland to open bank accounts for Sheela, for Bhagwan, and for Vivek. All along, everybody operated under the idea that Bhagwan wasn't to be involved in anything that went wrong. He was above any of this . . . though, in fact, he was saying 'Yes,' to it all. Whatever happened, they believed, he must always be free to get on with his experiment somewhere else."

A month after Bhagwan's arrival at the castle, Laxmi appeared: rumor had it that she had managed to get out of India disguised as a nun. Laxmi had never been abroad before, and from the first was uneasy in America. She was not yet "surrendered" to her new minor role, and suffered fits of black depression, lamenting to old friends, "Everything's been taken away from Laxmi. This is America! Sheela's beloved country! Laxmi's finished."

Utopian Vision

Mandated by Bhagwan, the new commune had to be perfect, with meadows and forests, rivers and good roads, and warm weather all year long; envisioning 200,000 people living together in "love, lightness and laughter." Six weeks into the castle, Sheela found "The Big Muddy Ranch" was up for sale, a property in Eastern Oregon she and her first husband, Chinmaya, had visited years before. She and Jayananda rushed to meet the real estate agent there. As they drove onto the property, Sheela declared "I'll buy it!" Believing this to be the site that Bhagwan had once prophesized as where Chinmaya would be reincarnated, Sheela called off the search and emphatically described the land as full of trees and blessed with mid-70s temperatures all year round.

It could not have been further from the truth. "It was a desert," admitted Sheela, "No person in right mind would buy it. It

tells you about my state of mind at the time." Rancho Rajneesh, as it was soon to be called, was a 64,229-acre ranch in the high desert region of east-central Oregon: over 100 square miles of barren dry hills with dramatic towering cliffs and canyons, covered with sagebrush and juniper, an old farmhouse and outhouses, rusting farm equipment and collapsing buildings, and potholed dirt roads over eroded, overgrazed cattle land. Sprawling across two counties, Wasco and Jefferson, it was the second largest ranch in Oregon, with a desert climate ranging from blistering hot summer days to freezing cold nights and winters. A video film of the site was shown to Bhagwan and he agreed to the purchase.

With plans to colonize the biggest possible commune for Bhagwan, the ranch was bought in July 1981 for \$5,750,000; however in the negotiations Sheela never checked on its zoning. "Sheela didn't know what zoning was," charged Milne, "The truth is it's zoned for six people." On finding out about the zoning restrictions, Bhagwan hastened the move and construction projects, on the grounds that "Once you have the roots, to throw you out is difficult." The first team of handymen were sent to set up "a small farming co-operative," as



Sheela becomes a power-possessing being addressing reporters . . .

it was represented to Oregon land-use inspectors.

Fundraising calls urgently went out to all sannyasins, instructing people to phone their parents abroad to say they desperately needed money for an operation, and to send in valuables and money to Bhagwan any way they could. Donations were sent in to the nonprofit "charitable organization" Rajneesh Foundation International, while the property was purchased by Rajneesh Investment Corporation, a wholly owned subsidiary run by Bipen Patel, Sheela's brother.

On the ranch, jeep trails were excavated into roads graded and paved with red gravel, and an imposing sign with the new ranch name—Rajneeshpuram—was posted on a hill overlooking the ranch. Fifty-four prefabricated trailers were towed onto the ranch to be installed in hidden valleys and remote areas out of plain view, while a deluxe, triple-wide trailer was set up as Bhagwan's home. Two flags flew, one American and one Rajneesh—two doves on a white background. Although sannyasins around the world longed to be near him, they needed to wait to be called back into the community by Sheela, but she was actively recruiting new sannyasins while excluding many of the old. As usual, no

explanations were offered—although later, Sheela said, "Bhagwan would just make His demands, and I have to see to it how to make the ends. And the instructions of Bhagwan was, 'Only bring in people who are good at work!'" Sheela described which specialists were brought in, "We had architects, we had lawyers; simultaneously, we had a few people who had financial prominence—those people Bhagwan sent a special invitation through me."

Say It's a Religion

Work was their worship—in Rajneeshpuram all sannyasins worked 12 to 18 hours a day, seven days a week. The sannyasins felt themselves to be spiritual pioneers creating a model cooperative society and threw themselves into their assignments. As one disciple put it, "It's our meditation. Bhagwan taught us that work is play." Within this atmosphere of infinite paradox, there was a remarkably high level of good humor and joy among the sannyasins. On August 29, 1981, Bhagwan and Vivek flew into central Oregon on a Lear jet, driving the dusty roads to Ranch Rajneesh in his new Rolls-Royce. While Sheela affirmed to those assembled to greet him that "He likes it!" Bhagwan was heard asking, "And where are the trees?"

In Bombay in 1973, Rajneesh had said, "It is not an economic movement, it is a religious movement. A life lived as an inner celebration." But in time, Bhagwan emphatically stated that his teaching was *not* a religion; instead it was marketed as being a "philosophy," which gave it an intellectual appeal, free of dogma.

In Oregon, Sheela soon discovered that tax laws and immigration laws would be

easier for the commune if they became a "religion." A church has certain protections and so a letter signed by Sheela was sent out to all sannyasins stating that, "We are now no longer called sannyasins, we are now called *Rajneeshes*. You are no longer just with a teacher named Bhagwan; you are in a religion called *Rajneeshism*." Sheela and several other high-ranking sannyasins began functioning as priests, according to Bhagwan's new book: *Rajneeshism: An Introduction to Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh and His Religion*, a 78-page compilation of his teachings that defined "Rajneeshism" as "a religionless religion." Taking statements directly from his role-model G.I. Gurdjieff, Bhagwan wrote: "Man is now living in his most critical moment and it is a crisis of immense dimensions. Either he will die or a New Man will be born."

Many sannyasins were initially dismayed by this decree of religiousness, but the "absolute trust" constantly demanded challenged any doubt or defiance. Most sannyasins arriving at Rajneeshpuram had gone through extensive therapy groups in Poona, where participants were taught lessons in obedience and surrender to Bhagwan's will. Bhagwan directed, "The ego has to drop. The mind has to disappear for God to be. You have to disappear." He encouraged the letting go of one's own responsibility. Dissent was not allowed. "Remember," Sheela warned the Rajneeshes, "there is to be no negativity, no grumbling, no signs of dissatisfaction at all." Inflexible rules continued: sannyasins could not leave the ranch or use the telephone, and all incoming and outgoing mail was screened before delivery. Slogging through the first winter with fierce frosts and snow, temperatures at 7 degrees, and extreme overcrowding, Sheela insisted that complaining be dropped—or all privileges and status would be lost.

Interestingly, sannyasins generally rate high on independence, and are often regarded as having inflated self-centered egos and exaggerated arrogance. The majority had already proved successful in worldly terms and there were a large number of professionals, with about 70 percent having bachelor's degrees and 12 percent with doctorates. An obsessive attention to detail and perfectionism in one's assigned tasks was seen as a sign of surrender and total awareness. Incongruities were accepted,



... and dealing blackjack at the ashram's casino.

with extremes of fixated regimentation and absolute freedom.

Expansion Wars

Rajneeshpuram quickly advanced its boundaries, leasing an additional 18,000 acres and buying many of the properties in the small retirement town of Antelope just 20 miles away, often by intimidating the elderly residents to sell. "Intolerance, fear and jealousy, that was the situation," Sheela said, blaming the neighbors. Publicly, she accused them of persecuting the Rajneeshees and privately called them "rednecks" and "bigots." Rajneeshees' treatment of Antelope's 50 or so citizens created a lot of ill-will. When the town council refused to issue them a permit to build a large printing plant complex, Rajneeshees moved in and elected their own city council. In the ensuing months they maneuvered a takeover of the local public primary school. Every issue they took to court, using teams of experienced Rajneeshee attorneys to argue their case, almost always winning.

As commune membership continued to grow, in late 1981 they initiated proceedings in Wasco County to incorporate the land at Rajneeshpuram into a city. Immediately the 1000 Friends of Oregon, a public watchdog group, challenged the county court's action as violating land-use laws. Sheela made an unsuccessful bribe attempt, and from then on, 1000 Friends and the Rajneeshees battled. There was a "red tide" pouring into the ranch, and most central Oregonians didn't want a city in their backyards, especially one made up

of guru-worshipping, free-love hippie cultists.

But city-sized it was; as Milne calculates, "within a year of coming to Big Muddy Ranch there were 2,500 of us living there. We had multiple strategies to hide how many people were really there, and to get as many people legal as possible. There were large numbers of arranged marriages so that all the European or South American Rajneeshees would marry people with American passports."

Just before the First World Annual Celebration in July 1982, the commune let it be known that Rajneeshees who were American citizens, or who had green cards, could apply to come in advance of the Festival to help work through the celebration. A specified amount was to be paid for the privilege. This was the start of people paying to work at the ashram. Simple A-frame houses were constructed for people to live in, and building projects included a spacious cafeteria and large discotheque, encounter group spaces, greenhouses, an aqueduct system for the drinking and irrigation water supply, and 1,200 acres planted with wheat, barley and vegetables—all fusing organic farming methods, careful environmental planning and modern technology.

The First World Celebration lasted three weeks and was a huge success, with roughly 17,000 Rajneeshees flying in from all over the globe to pay to take the new therapy and meditation courses, meet with old friends, and bask in the glow of Bhagwan's Buddhafield. The heart of the celebration was Rajneesh

Mandir Hall; officially built as the world's largest greenhouse at 2.2 acres (80,000 square feet), it was converted into the gathering place for silent meditations with Bhagwan (who was still maintaining silence). As money rolled in from the celebration, a hotel and restaurant were opened in Portland, Oregon, followed by Zorba the Buddha Rajneesh Disco Nightclub—another financial goldmine once "the red people" arrived en masse in Oregon.

In order to keep Bhagwan from driving his Rolls-Royces off the ranch, construction began on his indoor swimming pool, and a million dollar turbo-prop aircraft was purchased for his amusement. But when Laxmi, who had been told by Bhagwan to enjoy an uninterrupted retirement, needed money for an attorney after her visa extension was denied, she was offered a meager \$500 and an ultimatum from Bhagwan—either marry an American or leave the ranch. Laxmi told Bhagwan that he was a fool to trust Sheela, declined the money and left empty-handed. For the next two years she lived in the United States without proper papers under an assumed name, Ella, moving often. In July 1982, the authorities offered her a green card in exchange for testimony that would prejudice Bhagwan's immigration status, which she refused—going back into hiding.

Bhagwan's application for permanent residency was under scrutiny by the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS), and the Portland bureau was focused on how his tourist visa had stated he needed immediate medical

Continued on page 21



Devotees worshipfully line the road at Rajneeshpuram for a "drive by" glimpse of Rajneesh.



The soul in its nature loves God and longs to be at one with Him in the noble love of a daughter for a noble father; but coming to human birth and lured by the courtships of this sphere, she takes up with another love, a mortal, leaves her father and falls.

But one day coming to hate her shame, she puts away the evil of earth, once more seeks the father, and finds her peace.

Plotinus, *The Enneads*, VI. ix, 9

WHAT LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT PLOTINUS COMES FROM HIS student Porphyry's biographical sketch of his teacher. Because Plotinus was reluctant to speak about his life, the information Porphyry conveyed is necessarily brief. Porphyry also compiled and edited Plotinus' writings into the text he called *The Enneads*, so named because he organized Plotinus' 54 treatises into six sets of nine chapters (*Ennead* means a group or set of 9). This is the sole source we have of Plotinus' teaching and philosophy. Because of his synthesizing of platonic thought, Plotinus has come to be regarded as one of the founders of Neoplatonism.

Plotinus was born in Egypt 204 or 205 A.D. and died near Rome 270 A.D. at age 66 or 67. At 28 his passion for philosophy drew him to the Egyptian city of Alexandria. He attended the lectures of "the most highly reputed professors" but came away saddened and discouraged. Then a friend took him to hear the lectures of Ammonius Saccas and Plotinus is quoted as saying, "This is the man I've been looking for!" While Porphyry tells us that Ammonius had a great influence on Plotinus, virtually nothing is known about Ammonius' teaching since Ammonius refused to write. For 11 years, Plotinus studied under Ammonius and then decided to explore the methods of the Indian sages. As the Roman Emperor Gordian was preparing a campaign against the Persians, Plotinus joined the army to participate in the expedition. The campaign ended abruptly when Gordian was killed in Mesopotamia, and with great difficulty Plotinus managed to arrive safely in Antioch (modern day Turkey). From there he made his way to Rome, where he settled. At the age of 40, he began conveying his personal, original views. He also lectured on his views of Plato's

teaching, while employing Ammonius' method of investigating the problem at hand. Eventually Plotinus began writing, but limited the distribution of his texts.

Porphyry states that Plotinus developed a large following, including among his students influential politicians. Porphyry himself was Plotinus' student for only six years. He writes that Plotinus found him one day secluded in his house, where Porphyry was contemplating suicide. Plotinus told him that this decision sprang "not from reason but from mere melancholy" and told him to leave Rome. Porphyry left for Sicily. Although he never saw Plotinus again, he continued to receive the treatises that Plotinus had written and edited them, compiling *The Enneads*.

Introducing the Three Real Existences or Hypostases

According to Plotinus, the soul and its functions can only be understood in

Above: The "Plotinus Sarcophagus" ca. 270-280 A.D. in the Vatican Museo Gregoriano Profano was carved shortly after the death of Plotinus. He is seated in the center holding a reading from a scroll of The Enneads. At the far left we see a portrait of Socrates, Plato on the right.

the context of the three real existences or hypostases, which underlie all that we experience. Plotinus presents these as a hierarchy:

1. *The One (or the Good, sometimes referred to as God)*: The supreme reality, perfect in all respects, and the source of everything existing

2. *Intellectual-Principle, or Divine Thought*: Includes Being, that which employs Intellect; therefore, it is the source of duality

3. *Soul or the World Soul*: The first and only principle of life and the principle from which our souls are derived. It is the eternal emanation and image of the Intellectual-Principle

Below these three hypostases is the material world, that which is transient and subject to decay and death.

Plotinus states that the three hypostases are in us, in the sense that they are, or may be, present to us, though they do not belong to us. As the eminent French philosopher Pierre Hadot explains: "All these levels of reality [including the material world] become levels of inner life, levels of the self. Here we come upon Plotinus' central intuition: the human self is not irrevocably separated from its eternal model. . . . Our 'self' extends from God to matter, since we are up above at the same time as we are down here on earth."

As Plotinus says:

For the [individual] Soul is many things, is all, is the Above and the Beneath to the totality of life: and each of us is an Intellectual Cosmos, linked to this world by what is lowest in us, but, by what is highest in us, to the Divine Intellect: by all that is Intellectual we are permanently in that higher realm, but at the fringe of the intellectual we are fettered to the lower, it is as if we gave forth from it some emanations towards that lower, or rather some Act, which however, leaves our diviner part not in itself diminished."

The aim of Plotinus' teaching is to foster the growth of the self. "[W]e will not be what we really are, until we become aware of these levels. If we could become conscious of the life of the Spirit, and perceive the pulsations of this eternal life within us, in the same way that we can, by paying close attention, perceive the pulsations of our physical heart, then the life of the Spirit would invade the field of our consciousness.

Then this life would truly become 'ourselves,' and would truly be *our* life."

Plotinus states that to achieve the full experience of the self requires a "conversion of attention."

We must not look, but must, as it were, close our eyes and exchange our faculty of vision for another. We must awaken this faculty which everyone possesses, but few people ever use.

Plotinus was not explicit on "how to" return to the One, and his writings have generated some confusion concerning what little he wrote about method. This aspect of his teachings will be explored separately below.

The One or the Good

Plotinus tells us that "The One is all things and no one of them; the source of all things is not all things; . . . It is precisely because there is nothing within the One that all things are from it; in order that Being may be brought about, the source must be no Being but Being's generator . . . Seeking nothing, possessing nothing, lacking nothing, the One is perfect."

Where is the One located? It is everywhere and it is nowhere. "By its omnipresence: there is nowhere where it is not; it occupies, therefore, all that is, . . . but it is also in no place, . . . while all exists by means of it, all is distinct from it in virtue of its being nowhere." In other words, if it could be found in a particular place, it could not be in all places. It is beyond everyone's grasp and yet it is "gentle and friendly and tender, and we have it present when we but will."

The One contains nothing, is void of all but itself and is, therefore, alone and is sometimes referred to by Plotinus as the "Alone." Since it has no qualities, it precedes Being and can be found in no specific location. How can the One be known? We must come to realize that we have the One within us. Plotinus explains the One is "present to those who can enter into contact with it and only absent to those who cannot."

In his book on Plotinus, *Return to the One*, Brian Hines put it succinctly: "We could say that God's distance from us is zero, and our distance from God is as far as our scattered attention has taken us." While the One makes no demands upon us, we may choose to make demands on ourselves to return to

the One and abide in its world.

What plan or purpose underlies the One's creation of this universe? Plotinus' simple answer is none. The One produces because "that which is eternally perfect is eternally productive." In Plotinus' view creation is "not some sort of reflex action of an insensitive and unthinking principle; nor does it happen by simple necessity or in accordance with any determinate plan or choice between opposite courses of action." Instead, creation "springs from the free spontaneous self-productive activity of a principle that makes freedom and will what they will be" in what is produced. "Being . . . is known from what comes after the One. And the question 'why?' seeks another principle, but there is no principle of the all principle."

Plotinus also explains how the One creates. The One is still; it produces the lower hypostasis without any movement, for if Intelligence were created out of movement, the movement would be second and that which grew out of it, the Intelligence, third. Thus creation stems from stillness without disturbing or diminishing itself, just as "the brilliant light which surrounds and emanates perpetually from the sun does not affect its self-same and unchanging existence." And that which it produces is eternal as well, although inferior to its Source.

The Intellectual-Principle: Divine Thought and Being

"The totality of things must come after the One, because the One itself has no determinate form. It simply is one, while Intelligence is what in the realm of Being constitutes the totality of things." This Universal Intelligence contains all particular intelligences and exists in a state of bliss. "It possesses all things in unchanging identity. It is and always has this character of presentness. It has no future, for it already is all it could ever become. It has no past, for no intelligible entity ever passes away." From its birth it begets the whole world of Being, "all the beauty of ideas, all the intelligible deities. Being full of the things it has begotten, it 'devours' them in the sense that it retains all of them, that it does not allow them to fall into the matter or to fall under the rule of Rhea [the realm of flux]."

"All the things it contains exist in an eternal present because they remain identical with themselves, satisfied, so to say, with their present condition.



The School of Athens, by Raphael, was painted between 1510 and 1511 as a part of his commission to decorate rooms in the Apostolic Palace in the Vatican. Plato and Aristotle are at the center of the composition of the assembled philosophers, many of whom lived centuries before them. Plotinus stands at the right, aloof from the discourse.

Each of them is both Intelligence and Being. Together they form the totality of Intelligence and the totality of Being." And like Oneness, being so great a power, it must beget; it cannot remain sterile.

It has two "movements"—upward, which is Contemplation of the One, and downward, generation toward the lower. It is inferior to the One because it is neither unified nor self-sufficient. For at the level of the Intellect, the contemplating subject and the object of contemplation are distinguishable entities, even though not spatially separated.

Intelligence is the "superior reality from which this world derives." The intelligible world is the source of the virtues. Its beauty is in its ideal, the forms, which manifest in the sense world. All that we admire in the sense world, everything from the regularity of its movements, to the animals and plants, to the visible and invisible divinities it contains, is derived from the Intellectual-Principle.

World Soul & Individual Soul

"The soul is the Word and a phase of the activity of Intelligence just as Intelligence is the word and a phase of activity of the One." Intelligence, out of

its power and perfection, begat the soul because, like the One, "being so great a power, it cannot remain sterile." Thus, Soul is a product or utterance of the Intellect.

While there is essentially one soul, the World Soul, our individual souls are derived from it and are of it. The World Soul animates the celestial world, just as our souls animate our bodies. Our soul is capable of reasoning and of contemplating Divine Thought. It is both a living organism in its own right and the direct animator of the sensible world. One of its functions, as an intermediary between the two, is to administer the sense world in accordance with the patterns or forms of the Intelligible world. The "sphere of the divine things ends with the soul," yet this divinity inhabits the temporal sense-world. Plotinus refers to the individual's soul as amphibious, "alternatively living the life up above and the life here down below."

For those who have never tasted the experience of the divine, the life we live in the body seems normal. But for those who have had a taste of genuine life, Plotinus asks, "Why, then, do we not remain up there?" How does presence become absence? Having even once

tasted this, we are aware of our amphibious nature and may become dissatisfied with the life we are living. As Hadot states: "we are too terrestrial to be able to keep the divine gift, but have now become too divine to forget it."

Plotinus' Experience & Aim

Plotinus is often referred to as a mystic rather than a philosopher because of his experiences transcending the world of the senses. The depth and the enduring nature of his connection to the higher realms of being was something he rarely spoke about. *The Enneads* contains just one description of his experience and also presents the question which is central to his quest:

Many times it has happened: Lifted out of the body into myself; becoming external to all other things and self-centered; beholding a marvelous beauty; then, more than ever, assured of community with the loftiest order; enacting the noblest life, acquiring identity with the divine; stationing myself within It by having attained that activity; poised above whatsoever within the Intellectual is less than the Supreme; yet, there comes the

moment of descent from intellection to reasoning, and after that sojourn in the divine, I ask myself how it happens that I can now be descending, and how did the soul ever enter into my body, the soul which, even within the body, is the high thing it has shown itself to be.

This problem of the soul—its descent into materiality and the possibility of its return to the One—Plotinus explored in depth. In writing about the soul, he begins by acknowledging that not all can be known, but that in the exploration we are obeying God's ordinance by seeking to know ourselves. To Plotinus knowing oneself refers to knowing the highest in oneself, for it is within the context of the highest that all other aspects of the self appear.

It can be inferred from *The Enneads* that, when teaching, Plotinus was speaking from these experiences of Being, but attempting to communicate to the level of his audience. He attempted to prove to those who had no experience of the higher the existence of the real world, and how the sense world depends for its existence upon the realities above it. The temporal aspects of the sense world, the comings and goings of living and dying, he saw as the outcome of cause and effect on the horizontal plane. The very existence of the sense world, however, is due to vertical causation. The physical world has come into existence from higher levels of reality, a "chain of being" and is based on the principles and forms of these higher realities. Accounting for the existence of the things of the universe, living and non-living, requires unity. Oneness or unity of being is implied in the things of the sensible world, everything from a rock to a human being is what it is by virtue of having integrated a variety of discrete factors into a unified whole. Everything, therefore, must derive from the One, which is transcendent and immanent. And it is to the One that we seek to return.

The Soul's Descent & Return

Plotinus asserts that there must be more than Unity or the universe would simply be a shapeless, unbroken whole. None of the real beings of the Intellectual Cosmos would exist if unity remained within itself. Moreover, the plurality of beings of the Intellectual-Principle could not exist without the Soul taking the outward path. The

outgoing process must extend to materiality, not ending with souls: "every Kind must produce its next; it must unfold from some concentrated principle as from a seed, and so advance to its term in the varied forms of sense. The prior in its being will remain unalterably in the native seat, but there is the lower phase, begotten to it by an ineffable faculty of [the prior's] being." This power must continue outward until the "universe stands accomplished to the ultimate possibility." Even in its furthest extension, the potential exists for these lower principles to participate in the Good. Matter is not "out of reach of the principle to whose grace it owes its existence." Thus, the sense world may reproduce the Intellectual and we may become fully realized.

The nature of the All is to make its entire content reproduce. The Intellectual-Principle, as a stepping down of the All, begets the soul, which serves to convey Intellectual-Principle to the material world. In this way what appears to be a paradox is the basis of creation: It is "equally impossible for the created to be without a share in the Supreme, and for the Supreme to descend into the created."

The World Soul is the source of order in the heavens, producing its regular revolutions. It conveys life to the universe and to each individual, while remaining distinct from all objects of the senses. The universe is eternally moved by this intelligent soul, which imparts both happiness and value to the universe. The World Soul gives life without dividing or extending itself. She animates all things, while remaining whole, present to all things in her totality, "resembling the Intelligence, from which she was begotten, in her indivisibility and omnipresence." Thus, although the world presents itself to the senses as diversity and plurality, it is "contained within the bonds of unity" by the source of its existence. Each of us, in order to understand the Divine Intelligence, must rise to the contemplation of the Intelligence. "When the soul contemplates Intelligence, she possesses the objects of her contemplation within herself and as her own, and she is fully active."

The World Soul comes into existence to govern the intellectual powers of the Principle above it, as these manifest in materiality. "The total of things could not have remained stationery in the Intellectual Cosmos, once there was

the possibility of continuous variety, of being inferior but as necessarily existent as their superiors." Thus, the World Soul looks toward its higher and has intellection, but it must do more than this or it would be indistinguishable from the Intellectual-Principle. It must also look towards itself and order, administer, and govern what is lower.

As the rays of the sun throwing their brilliance upon a lowering (dark or threatening) cloud make it gleam all gold, so the [World] soul entering the material expanse of the heavens has given life, has given immortality: what was abject has been lifted up; and the heavenly system, moved now in endless motion by the soul that leads it in wisdom, has become a living and a blessed thing; the soul domiciled within, it takes worth where, before the soul, it was stark body—clay and water—or, rather, the blankness of Matter, the absence of Being, and, as an author says, "the execration of the Gods."

Yet, giving life to the universe, the World Soul is "exposed to nothing contrary to its nature" and therefore "knows neither desire or distress." It governs, speaking metaphorically, with simply "a brief word or command." It does not exercise a will based on calculations, as we do; it administers without labor, passively, and significantly, without contact with the lower.

Individual souls, so long as they remain in the abode of the World Soul, suffer no hurt. In their descent into a body, they may similarly avoid the distress of the material world, so long as the soul maintains its standing in the World Soul. The individual soul's initial placement in a body is not punishment and if it should debase itself by complete immersion in the material, it may learn from that experience:

There is no grievance in its not being, through and through, the highest; it holds mid-rank among the authentic existences, being of divine station but at the lowest extreme of the Intellectual and skirting the sense-known nature; thus, while it communicates to this realm something of its own store, it absorbs in turn whenever—instead of employing in its government only its safeguarded

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Music of the Spheres

Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning....

Amos 5:8

“VERY INTERESTING,” SAID THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER, as he handed back to the young woman her novel, written when she was one half her present years.

“I was very young when I wrote it,” faltered the Young Authoress.

“No, but it’s very interesting,” said the Great Philosopher, his small, gray eyes peering at her through his unrimmed spectacles, “You must write more on the same subjects.”

The gaze of the Young Authoress widened. “You’re the first man who ever said that to me,” she said. “Usually men think I should write on subjects that are more—more solid. ‘A solid reputation’—that’s what they want me to have. A textbook, maybe.”

The Great Philosopher smiled indulgently.

“Nonsense,” he said. “There are only two important things in the world: sex and magic. You know nothing about magic, so you can’t write about it. Leave solidness to others.” He waved it away.

“Really,” said the Young Authoress, from force of habit, for she was still suffering from the effects of her career as a sensational child prodigy, “none of the things that happened to my heroine happened to me.”

“Of course not,” said the Great Philosopher. “You never would have written about them, if they had. But your young lady had curiosity. A most important thing. You must write a book where the girl goes to her father and tells him she has lied about her experiences in school; nothing ever happened to her. Then you must write what she

found out afterward. Your young lady had her experiences in school; nothing ever happened to her. Then you must write what she found out afterward.

Your young lady had curiosity, and you have curiosity. What she found out . . .”

“Do you really think I should write that book?” asked the Young Authoress, still timidly.

“Of course. What else?”

The Great Philosopher turned back to his blackboard with an air of finality, and began drawing a marvelous

World 24 All Planets
World 48 Earth
World 96 Moon]

“Each world,” the Philosopher explained, “has three forces of its own, and three of the preceding world, except the Absolute, where the three forces are one. Our mechanical laws begin in World 6. That is: time, birth, death, accident. But the Absolute reaches only World 3. It does not reach us.”

“Don’t you believe in God, Sir?” asked someone in the class.

The Great Philosopher shrugged. “God is the architect who went on vacation to the Riviera after completing the general cosmic plan. He delegated the rest of the work to his engineers, designers, decorators.”

“You mean the Suns, Moons and Planets?”

“Naturally.”

“But if the forces of the Absolute do not reach us—” there was a desperate look in the eye of the questioner, the universe had col-



The Young Authoress



The Great Philosopher

and apparently incomprehensible diagram, a representation of the universal creation.

The Young Authoress sighed, and sat down with the other members of the class. She took out her notebook and began to copy the diagram before her.

This is what she drew:

[Large circle with three smaller circles inside it. Inside one of the inner circles are five successively smaller circles drawn concentrically. The large outermost circle is labeled World I Absolute. The inner circle with the enclosed circles is labeled, from the outmost to the inner most:

World 3 All Galaxies
World 6 Our Galaxy
World 12 Sun

lapsed beneath him.

“Only energies from the Sun, Moon, and Planets reach us directly,” shouted the Philosopher, impatient at such formatory thinking. “We live in a very bad place of the universe—toward the end of the line, where things are more mechanical; there are more laws. We can draw this diagram another way.”

do World 1 Absolute
si World 3 All Galaxies
la World 6 Milky Way,
Our Galaxy
sol World 12 Sun
fa World 24 Planets
mi World 48 Earth
re World 96 Moon

“You must understand that this is

an octave of radiation of cosmic energies from the Absolute to the Moon. We use a musical notation to establish the progression of radiation, or vibrations. It is said that the musical scale was used as a system of cosmological notation, long before Pythagoras used it for music."

"If the earth is in a bad place in the universe, how can we get off the earth?" asked an ambitious student.

"We can't get off the earth," said the Philosopher. "But we can—in time, and with work, and knowledge—live under less mechanical laws."

"How can we do that, Sir?"

"Ah—that is what we are here to study. In time, we may be able to receive higher influences—impressions from higher worlds."

"From the planets and the moon?" asked the Young Authoress.

"From the planets and the sun," said the Philosopher. "The moon is at the end of the line. The moon isn't born yet."

"Not born yet! Why the moon is supposed to be dead. How do you know it isn't born, Sir?" asked the Frightened Young Man.

"Somebody told me," said the Philosopher.

"How can we receive higher influences—from the planets?" persisted the Young Authoress. "Is this astrology?"

"Astrology, no. Astrology may be accepted only as language for psychological types. This is chemistry, or better—alchemy."

"That means turning base metals into gold, doesn't it?" asked another student.

"Time. It takes time," said the Philosopher. "All this will be repeated. You see, Organic Life is a sensitive film around the Earth."

He drew it. "It fills up the interval or gap between mi and re. Organic life was created to help vibrations or radiations to pass between the Sun, Planets, Earth and Moon. Man is part of organic life.

The expression on the face of the Frightened Young Man clearly indicated that he believed himself to be in a den of heretics.

"You mean man was created only to help some radiations pass between worlds?" he gasped.

"The Great Philosopher shrugged again. "It looks that way."

"But the stars—" said the Young

Authoress, and they were in her eyes.

"You mean we can go to the stars?"

"That's a poetic way of putting it," replied the Great Philosopher.

After the lecture, the Young Authoress walked down the avenue on the sidewalk along the dark park. Overhead, the green leaves of late spring canopied the night sky. The moon was sailing overhead. She looked at it with new wonder. The moon was not a dead world, but waiting to be born! The stars seemed very far away, whirling in their orbits, like the dreams in her own head; dancing a stately saraband, mathematical as Bach, out in the dark reaches of space. Trailing the moon was a giant star, blue in color, and more brilliant than the rest.

"That is Venus," mused the Young Authoress. And immediately she thought of love.

It was spring. She stretched up her arms to the green, leafy trees overhead, and to the night world of the sky; to the unborn moon, and the phosphorescent dust tracks of the stars.

"What am I?" she asked herself; for all students of philosophy ask themselves this question. "I, too, like the other worlds, like the stars, am a musical note. Part of something—organic life—that fills an interval in a great universal symphony. Something musical, something mathematical, something mystical—boiled down to an infinitesimal invisibility. But I'm part of the harmony. I can dance like the stars in their spheres. I can almost reach to the moon. And perhaps, perhaps some night, I shall go to the planets. He didn't say how to go there, but already I begin to see. Already I think I know."

She glanced up overhead at the brilliant Venus. ✍

—Carman Barnes

From the forthcoming book *G. I. Gurdjieff: The Man, The Teaching, His Mission*

Carman Barnes, an author and seeker, met Mr. Ouspensky in 1941 shortly after he arrived and offered him her studio in which to give talks. She became his personal secretary and his close personal friend. She wrote this essay and another, "Miracles Can Happen," as well as, with his permission, dramatizing his novel Strange Life of Ivan Osokin.

Letters

Continued from page 2

stories about Adi Da and Osho, whom I, over the years, have benefited from and been confused by. It was also enjoyable and helpful to read the in-depth book, *Adi Da Samraj—Realized or/and Deluded?* Pondering your narratives allowed me to see that Adi Da and Osho were unknowingly dominated by huge false personalities that dragged them and their followers around, creating much misunderstanding, to say the least. It seems that our unhealed childhood hurts doggedly use our misguided intelligence to hide and deny the conscious naked feeling of those hurts. There is no substitute for sophisticated theory, long practice, and deeply skilled mentoring to break free of this. Adi Da and Osho couldn't offer this, even with their immense spiritual and philosophical gifts, since they never received it themselves. It's both amazing and tragic how abysmally complex we humans are! Looking forward to more great issues.

Richard Grimaldi
Eugene, Oregon

With Faith of Consciousness

In reading "Hurt & Faith" (TGI #59) there was a recognition of events buried from the past that continue to "live" me in the present. The recognition runs deep, and, when embodied, is experienced somatically as a reflex to all perceived and imagined threats. It would be more accurate to say that there is a tension that permeates, an inner contraction, that stands ready to react to any uncertainty. Psychologically, it exists as a willingness to engage in conflict, and even to escalate an existing conflict or materialize a potential one in an unconscious exercise of "protection." The helplessness experienced at violent moments in childhood was so terrifying, that the knee-jerk reaction to fight has been accepted and even championed as more desirable than feeling weak. With the recommended "re-living," past events are seen as though watching from outside, and, as was written, it is seen that no one was really there; the blame unconsciously assigned can be seen and separated from, and the energy that the event held is just energy, not emotion with reaction. It is experienced that the past can be repaired. ✍

Hugo Bach
Sacramento, California

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, PAYSON LOOMIS & GURDJIEFF

PART III

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 Priuré helping Gurdjieff with the English translation of his Meetings with Remarkable Men. The following is taken from Kirstein's autobiography, Mosaic: Memoirs.

I FEEL PARALYZING INADEQUACY TRYING TO WRITE OF MR. GURDJIEFF, AND will limit this to his effect on me, rather than trying to sketch his thought, which is covered by substantial memoirs and biographies. He exerted more influence on my behavior than anyone, including my parents. What they'd endowed me with, I absorbed as inheritance. Due to my father's shyness, I took from him ethical parameters but little about how to manage heavier problems. With Gurdjieff it was different. I met him at a peak of disorientation when many choices appeared open, while none commanded. By his canny proposals I felt

released. Under the influence of a force amounting to a revelation, I surrendered to whatever of his system I could grasp. The shock of his first impact would be tempered by time, but served, never wholly diminished, as a storage battery. Actual physical contact was no more than a brush-past. It was the intense affirmation of his presence which embodied authority far more than any exegesis or printed pages.

As for the legacy of his thought, inscribed or heard, none of his cosmologies or metaphysical hieroglyphs imposed themselves in any depth, due perhaps to impatience, or my immediate satisfaction at Fontainebleau. When I was questioned later concerning his "philosophy" by those ready to judge him a false prophet or charlatan, I offered no rebuttal. The amorphous load of his precepts suited by my temperament. What I snatched from their baffling complexity were a few formulae, which I found saved time, worry, and waste motion. That these, when spelled out, sounded naïve, only proved the poverty of my interpretation, not his residue for my utility.

Gurdjieff never proselytized. Instead, he kept a practiced negative craft of off-putting self-protection. Modestly or arrogantly, he claimed to have "good leather for those who need new shoes." Here was an end to it. Those magnetized suffered the pains of being "sheep to be shorn." Instruction was not reciprocal; as in any service transaction, those who profited, in whatever way, were expected to pay. That this may have been in coin more dear than cash could arouse consternation. There

were "hopeless cases," who counted themselves cheated or betrayed. I never needed therapy, only information, and I felt that he alleviated drastic problems in which sick souls failed to find succor from any other science. For me, he possessed express data, good rules for eliminating friction as one strove for arrival at an ultimate aim. These rules he pinpointed, intensely beamed at one's central personality while at the same time sharing a common or universal reference which made them all the more convincing. His was the combined operation of an X-ray and laser-beam, with the smack of a sledgehammer.

A Teacher of Dancing

With his "good leather," I took him as a miraculous cobbler, but most of all as "a teacher of dancing." The excellent films of a number of his compositions, taken in Paris in the 1980s, might astound those dubious of his choreography. Like Stravinsky with the Mass, he refused Diaghilev's offer to introduce a sampling as seasonal novelties because his ballets were not designed as spectacles in performance. They were intended not for the amusement of an audience, but for the instruction of their performers. Their movements, deceptively simple, derived from remote historical or geographical sources, which, over the ages, had been found suitable for identification with self-control as well as for majestic praise. There were no solo roles; their celebration was choral, impersonal, deliberate. "Beauty" was incidental, although the dances were often beautiful to watch. However, it was not in their limited vocabulary of corporal movement that their motile remnant lay, but rather in their fluent metric, the accentuation of limpid variety, woven on sonorities of richly subtle textures.

I had no trouble formulating "dancing" as praise rather than fun. I credited the entity, which many spelled "God," as order. This was framed with received notions of Good-&-Evil, Right-&-Wrong. Why or how order prevailed over chaos (if indeed it did), or Good was preferable to Evil, why suffering was pandemic, or why so much turned out unpredictably or incalculably, as it so often did, were problems past decipherable causation. Since these problems constantly presented themselves to be managed as unclumsily as possible, it was reckless apathy not to worry for some answer. How I might handle the



Gurdjieff's sacred dances had a great impact on Kirstein, which continued through his life.

intrusion of accident, loss, disappointment, death never stayed in focus for me at that time, since I'd not yet been severely tried or tempted. Nevertheless, the Gurdjieffian metaphysic kept me warm. Each crux lay latent, just below the surface, erupting in wakeful dreams, or stubbornly demanding responses that orthodox religion might otherwise have resolved, had I been so conditioned. Rational curiosity was at once exacerbated and smothered by my promiscuous nervous energy. Mr. Gurdjieff projected an enveloping reciprocity of cause and effect on every shaky level; what he construed was a holistic solution, a geometrically poetic constellation. In this divine, multidimensional pattern, it was conceivable that "God," or a prime principle, required our suffering as its own.

Carrying The Work into Life

My recension of what I'd been free to believe was released from years of blocked questioning. Serious riddles were postponed while I investigated the tools or rules which I'd now been awarded. Gurdjieff's formula—that most men are sleep-walkers, that most lives pass in mute, self-blinded somnambulism, that there is a factor which compels us to be pleased to exist passively without comprehension—seemed relentlessly reasonable. I hardly needed *Alice in Wonderland* to accept an endemic reversal of physical logic. I was too irritated by habitual restraints of which I couldn't be rid—impatient failures of concentration, judgment from preconception, a fog of sexual confusion possibly derived from infantile illness, fevers of physical attraction, loose and useless—not to hope to rouse myself to a more awakened condition.

Mr. Gurdjieff proposed endless, measureless responsibility to an evolving mechanism which, with constant directed effort, might gratefully respond. This was less an ideal aiming at "perfection" than a process of God-assigned potential, without end save in its own action—and this was as much salvation as one could expect. To desire to develop one's potential to a degree relatively rare among one's kind held risks. It removed a difficult ambition to a special, perhaps an elevated, plane, often tainted by superiority or pride. Had one license to aim so high? My father often warned me against becoming "swell-headed" simply from impulses of energetic or nervous curiosity. Strength in formulating

questions was neither a virtue nor achievement. One could accept the onus of difference without a supercilious bias, however. One might forgive oneself for scheming to escape a common failing. Rich, privileged, what passed for "well-educated," I was already fixed in an elite, and had to manage my egotistical preoccupations with as little guilt as possible. I consoled myself that while he whom I now acknowledged as the consummate judge had guessed my root idiocy, he had also granted that a "compassionate idiot" merited attention.

A franchise to pursue life in "liberty" toward "happiness," Mr. Gurdjieff estimated as no "Declaration of Independence," but rather a meaningless seduction. Freedom from unconsidered accretions of habit was the only real liberty; the salvation of consciousness, a continual awareness of the precise quality of shifting situations by the process of self-questioning, was the sole stern pursuit. "Happiness" is no more a steady state than weather. A self is a treacherous structure, never to be defined as a single unity, but braided or diverse strains responding to crises which alter, torment, or strengthen the forged centrality. Effort toward self-remembering is the key to all of Mr. Gurdjieff's proposals. Toward this, his "exercises" provided by mental, moral, or physical means an evolution of the individual's somatic mechanism.

The Householder

Persistence of "normal" or "natural" inertia hinders development. To oppose its weakening dilution, constancy in recognizing and enduring suffering is mandatory, which includes extremities of fatigue, boredom, pain, neurosis, likes and dislikes, "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to." Critical discomfort, as shift, failure, growth, is to be courted rather than evaded, since, ultimately, these all are inevitable and exist to be manipulated with open eyes. The superstition that suffering is "imaginary" (as in Christian Science) is a prototypical modern malady, hardly unique to America. Mr. Gurdjieff's rationally irrational games, a few of which I observed at Le Prieuré involving muscular exhaustion, were psychological sporting events, high-jumps or long distance leaps, endurance tests toward overall reinforcement. But it would be impossible to go through such effort alone. The ordinary citizen or

householder needs the knowing, shared aid of those who've passed further along the path. Saints may triumph in the desert by grace alone, but, with life on an ordinary level, a person like myself was most hopeful on a mutual, collective pilgrimage.

On the morning of my first interview with Gurdjieff, I got to the station just as the train to Paris was slowly drawing away from the platform. I was going to miss my important meeting with Ezra Pound and I dashed after the last carriage, desperate, summoning enough strength to race after it until my lungs were at the breaking point. At the back of the three-car train, a conductor abruptly appeared and saw me. He spat onto the sleeper, contemptuous at my weakness. Imagine the idiot thinking he could catch this train. The malice in his glance defeated me; his look had the concentrated impact of a pistol shot. I stopped dead in my tracks. So did the train. He had signaled the engineer; and by what I deemed a miracle—though I later learned it was common practice on the line between Avon and Paris—I was saved, for a while.

I was by this time sweating heavily, and I could easily smell my own rank scent. What would Pound think of this uncouth sophomore? But I reflected that Pound was a benevolent and a wise man, a friend of Mr. Gurdjieff's; a boy's sweat would hardly put him off. Also, I was not going to be late. I arrived at the Gare de l'Est with twenty minutes to spare. It was Sunday; there were plenty of taxis. I got into the first cab I saw, and sat down. There was a brief, restful silence. Then the silence exploded into a savage anxiety. I had forgotten my little address book. Now I recalled taking it out of my pants pocket when I had emptied it the night before. The damned book had been left on the bed in "The Ritz." I realized time was slipping away again; what sort of an idiot did the *cocher* think he'd hooked? I made a rough guess at the street and number of Pound's apartment and yelled "*Plus vite! Plus vite!*" which did not charm the driver, who reacted by trying to kill us both. Fortunately the greater part of Paris was deserted, and we got to the place I had named in plenty of time. But at the number there stood not an apartment building but a pawnshop, a venue I was sure a poet could never have adorned. I dove again into my memory, groping again for the address. Another stop, in

another arrondissement—miraculously, at the address of another pawnshop—and again we found no sign of Pound. I will not exercise the reader's patience by describing all the twists and turns of this search-and-destroy crusade around Paris; by now the steadily mounting cost of the cab ride was about seven times what I had in my pocket. When I got back, desperate to my hotel there was no one around but a concierge who was not trusted enough to have resort to the *caisse*. Eventually, I was saved, but I never met Pound.

Loomis Steps Up

Imagine the care, the patience, the chagrin expended on my letter of apology. Loomis was consulted and together we composed an extremely touching missive based on Lincoln's famous letter to Mrs. Bixby, who, he had been told, had lost four sons in the Battle of the Wilderness. I worked hard with Loomis on the various drafts of my letter. The first was longer than necessary, but it was written from the heart. The more I wrote, the more feeble my tone sounded. What would a master of prose and verse think of the dreck that I, an idiot who presumed to think of himself as an editor, was sending him?

Finally I turned the whole affair over to Loomis. I was a coward, and secretly hoped that Loomis could phone Pound and explain this young man's retarded behavior; but that was hardly fair, and I knew that I personally had to pay. The whole damn, knotty disaster bothered me as a bright, energetic young adventurer can be bothered by so grotesque, so gigantic, so idiotic a failure.

It was not I who turned out to be a compassionate idiot. It was Loomis; he took pity on me and offered to write the letter, finally hoping to put me out of my agony. It didn't take him very long.

Dear Mr. Pound:

I am very sorry to have missed you last Sunday. I had been to Le Prieuré. Mr. Gurdjieff kept me so long I missed my train. I hope we can meet soon.

Yours Faithfully,

And while I was never to encounter Pound in the flesh, we corresponded weekly for some months, during which the redoubtable Ezra often referred cheerfully and encouragingly to our magazine as "*Bitch & Bugle*" and myself as "Lincoln Cherrystone." The only good

thing about *Bitch & Bugle*, Pound said, was that he, and his gaggle of peculiar lame ducklings—Adrian Stokes, Ralph Cheever Dunning, Louis Zukovsky, and later thin epigones like Charles Olson—all got paid for their efforts. Looking back now, that small spoonful of fiscal civility on our part seems to have had much to do with the eventual demise of the magazine.

I remained gravely impressed by concepts I first heard at Fontainebleau. They have stayed with me as instructive intervals ever since. I've met people more profoundly magnetized, who continued to penetrate far further into Gurdjieff's "Work." There also were those who repudiated it altogether. One man whom I knew well, a world-famous landscape gardener, at his start a devoted disciple, surprised me by asserting that Mr. Gurdjieff was merely one of several similar teachers who may have possessed certain information, but whose fantastically baroque pronouncements, by their very style, diminished their effect. His slippery ingenuities, which were as encompassing as the plainer specifics of Christianity, Judaism, Islam, or Buddhism, related less readily to the digestive curiosity of most mortals. As for myself, his didactic behavior toward attentive followers, his recipes for food and drink, his rigorous physical labor—most of all, his dances—I felt to be more rewarding than canonical orthodoxies, which, for me, lacked an explicit method of behavior except for peremptory commands to be or do "good." I also

encountered those who in fits of provocation or rage violently freed themselves from Gurdjieff's thrall—perhaps with means provided by himself.

Loomis Disappoints

Such was the case of Payson Loomis, my first and closest contact. Finally, after some five years as translator, secretary, and chauffeur, Payson decided he'd had enough. Characteristically, certifying the separation or dismissal, Gurdjieff presented him with a revolver, offering Payson the choice of murdering his master or shooting himself. I've mentioned that Loomis, early on, had been described to me later by Muriel Draper, a student of Gurdjieff's, as "a stoppered vial, containing precious elixir, fermented pomegranate juice or carbonated spring water, but the flow had been arrested, leaving a self-justifying complacency only redeemed by an assertion of his own limitations." His subsequent career was properly ironic; he ended composing sermons for the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale, a popular Protestant preacher from a fashionable Manhattan pulpit. Peale was minister to an archetypical congregation of those Gurdjieff termed somnambulistic idiots. Here indeed was a tale which Beelzebub might have related to a grandson: the lapsed herald of an esoteric magus turned turtle as the hired hack of a vulgar prophet. ✎

—from *Mosaic: Memoirs* by Lincoln Kirstein



Kirstein, at center, arms folded, and George Balanchine to the right, supervise a rehearsal of the New York City Ballet originally founded by them as the American Ballet Company in 1935.

phase—it plunges in an excessive zeal to the very midst of its chosen sphere; then it abandons its status as whole soul with whole soul, though even thus it is always able to recover itself by turning to account the experience of what it has seen and suffered here, learning, so, the greatness of rest in the Supreme, and more clearly discerning the finer things by comparison with what is almost their direct antithesis. Where the faculty is incapable of knowing without contact, the experience of evil brings the dearer perception of Good.

In short, our soul becomes more intelligent and develops a greater willingness to participate in the higher, through its experience with the lower. Indeed, the individual soul could not have gone forth in the absence of a body, “since there is no other place to which its nature would allow it to descend. Since go forth it must, it will generate a place for itself; at once body, also exists.” But the method of its governance differs from that of the World Soul. It requires “direct action, the hand to the task, one might say, in immediate contact” with the sense world. Direct contact with the physical world means the soul absorbs much of the nature of the object.

In *The Animate and the Man* Plotinus inquires into the questions of who we are and what is the soul’s relationship to the body. Although this essay was the second to last of Plotinus’ writings, Porphyry has highlighted its foundational importance by placing it first in *The Enneads*. Plotinus states that just as the World Soul is the organizing principle for the physical universe, our soul is the organizing principle of our body. While retaining its powers (though not necessarily employing them), the soul’s direct contact with the physical body leads to different questions and concerns.

Our soul animates matter with life, producing in matter that which “represents its power.” Our senses take in the impressions of the world by virtue of the body and soul coalescing, but only to a degree. Not all of the soul joins the body. Plotinus refers to the aspects of the soul and body joining together as the Couplement.

The Couplement subsists by virtue

of the soul’s presence. This, however, is not to say that the Soul gives itself as it is in itself to form either the Couplement or the body. No; from the organized body and something else, let us say a light, which the Soul gives forth from itself; it forms a distinct Principle, the Animate; and in this principle are vested Sense-Perception and all the other experiences found to belong to the Animate.

The nature of man as he exists in the body is not that of a unified being. We experience sense perception because we are animated by the soul, but other elements of the soul, which are nobler “make up the many-sided nature of Man.” And yet the soul is itself a unity with a great many powers within her, including reasoning, desiring and apprehending, which “are held together by the one as by a bond.” The soul also has a generative power, the reasoning principle, which is a living reality and is at work in the physical universe.

Importantly, an ensouled being has the capacity to direct conscious attention within itself and without. This use of conscious attention has a life-giving quality. For soulless entities, this capacity is lacking. All existence tends to bring other things to its own likeness (for example, fire warms, water moistens), but Plotinus points out the difference between the ensouled and the soulless.

In soulless entities, the inner act remains dormant, and any efficacy they have is to bring to their own likeness whatever [outside themselves] is amenable. All existence has this tendency to bring other things to likeness; but the Soul has the distinction of possessing at once an action of conscious attention within itself, and an action towards the outer. It has thus the function of giving life to all that does not live by prior right, and the life it gives is commensurate with its own; that is to say, living in reason, it communicates reason to the body—an image of the reason within itself, just as the life given to the body is an image of Real-Being—and it bestows, also, upon that material the appropriate shapes of which it contains the Reason-Forms.

Plotinus declares that these reasoning faculties—discursive-reasoning, sense-knowledge and

intellection—which are engendered in man by the soul’s conveyance of ideal forms define who we are. “From this moment we have peculiarly the We (the authentic Human Principle) loftily presiding over the Animate.” We come into existence as a mean between the higher and the lower and our state of being at any given moment is defined by the faculties we make use of or fail to make use of. The soul that is able to inhabit this world without being of this world brings its force into manifest play. These forces were merely potential in the unembodied and as Plotinus states, “might as well have never been there, if destined never to come into actuality.” Through its existence in the material the Soul comes to know itself fully. Its actions reveal a “power hidden, and we might almost say obliterated or non-existent, unless at some moment it became effective in the world as it is, the richness of the outer (manifestation of the soul’s power) stirs us all to the wonder of the inner whose greatness is displayed in acts so splendid.”

Despite what our logic might dictate, Plotinus rejects any assertion that the individual soul is in any way inferior to the World Soul, stating that the two are of “identical scope” and “intellective in the same degree.” Because soul is not of quantity, it does not have parts. Our notion of parts is based on our experience with material things, with mass. The soul is not of this ilk; it is an Ideal-Form. By way of explanation, Plotinus uses “whiteness” as an example, an ideal that is without magnitude. Any particular portion of milk may approach the ideal of whiteness to varying degrees: “We have the whiteness of a portion, not a portion of whiteness.”

If it has no parts, what happens when the soul leaves the body? Does the fully realized soul lose its identity, reuniting and merging with the World Soul? Plotinus’ answer is no: “May we suppose the Soul to be appropriated on the lower ranges to some individual, but to belong on the higher to that other sphere? At this there would be a Socrates as long as Socrates’ soul remained in the body; but Socrates ceases to exist, precisely on attainment of the highest. Now nothing of Real Being is ever annulled. . . . [T]hus they keep, at once, identification and difference; each soul is permanently a unity (a self) and yet all are, in their total, one being.” Thus, the individual soul that becomes fully realized abides in the One, maintaining

its essential identity while merging with the One.

The souls that have not become fully realized return to another body commensurate with the life they have lived "set in the place here to which their quality entitles them."

Those that have maintained the human level are men once more. Those that have lived wholly to sense become animals—corresponding in species to the particular temper of the life—ferocious animals where the sensuality has been accompanied by a certain measure of spirit, gluttonous and lascivious animals where all has been appetite and satiation of appetite. Those who in their pleasures have not even lived by sensation, but have gone their way in a torpid grossness become mere growing things, for this lethargy is the entire act of the vegetative, and such men have been busy be-treering themselves. Those, we read, that, otherwise untainted, have loved song become vocal animals; kings ruling unreasonably but with no other vice are eagles; futile and flighty visionaries ever soaring skyward, become highflying birds; observance of civic and secular virtue makes man again, or where the merit is less marked, one of the animals of communal tendency, a bee or the like.

This happens without need of some entity directing the soul's placement. "In that archetypal world every form of soul is near to the image (the thing in the world of copy) to which its individual constitution inclines it; there is therefore no need of a sender or leader acting at the right moment to bring it whether into body or into a definitely appropriate body: of its own motion it descends at the precisely true time and enters where it must."

The individual soul that becomes a slave to the body will be diminished in two ways: its intellective capacity will be hindered and it will be filled with desire, pleasure and pain. But this is not

an inevitable result when a soul takes up with a body. Rather, it may remain sovereign over the body, so long as it "remains always intent upon the Supreme."

The descent begins when the soul

possible, they were ignorant that they themselves come from there, just as children torn at birth from their parents and long brought up far away know not who they or their parents are." The process of

purification is necessary for those who, having forgotten their divine nature, are drawn to the pleasures of an independent life:

They misplace their respect, honouring everything more than themselves; all their awe and admiration is for the alien, and, clinging to this, they have broken apart, as far as a soul may, and they make light of what they have deserted; their regard for the mundane and their disregard of themselves bring about their utter ignoring of the divine.

Admiring pursuit of the external is a confession of inferiority; and nothing thus holding itself inferior to things that rise and perish . . . could ever form any notion of either the nature or the power of God.

Plotinus sums up man's dilemma and quest: "When one comes to be someone—that is by the addition of Not-Being [materiality, being born into a body], he is not the All: not until he rids himself of this Not-Being. Thus you increase yourself when you get rid of everything else, and once you have gotten rid of it, the All is present to you." It is in this sense that Plotinus tells us that when the soul is "alone it may receive the Alone."

Method

How do we reclaim that which is within us? Plotinus alludes to method when he writes:

A double discipline must be applied if human beings in this pass are to be reclaimed, and brought back to their origins, lifted once more towards the Supreme and One and First. There is



Philosophers Porphyry and Plotinus Dispute Astrology manuscript, illuminated by the Maître François in the third quarter of the 15th century

forgets its origins. "The beginning of evil for them was audacity and coming to birth and the first otherness and the wishing to belong to themselves. Since they were clearly delighted in their independence and made much use of their self-motion running in opposite direction and making as much distance as

the method, which we amply exhibit elsewhere, [the first discipline] declaring the dishonour of the objects which the Soul holds here in honour; the second teaches or recalls to the Soul its race and worth; this latter leading to the truth, and, clearly brought out is the evidence of the other.

And yet, Stephen MacKenna, translator of *The Enneads*, tells us that the method to which Plotinus refers here was never composed. Perhaps the reference to the method being “amply exhibit[ed] elsewhere” is a reference to an oral tradition, as most ancient esoteric teachings did not commit methods to writing.

Others attribute to Plotinus a “method” involving the use of reason, a purely intellectual training leading to increasing abstraction, that is abstraction from sense objects.

The Role of Virtue

Hadot had a different explanation of Plotinus’ approach: “We must learn to live, after [we have once had the experience of] contemplation, in such a way that we are once again prepared for contemplation. We must concentrate ourselves within, gathering ourselves together to the point that we can always be ready to receive the divine presence, when it manifests itself again. We must detach ourselves from life down here to such an extent that contemplation becomes a continuous state. Nevertheless, we still have to learn how to put up with day-to-day life; better still, we must learn to illuminate it with the clear light that comes from contemplation. For this, in turn, a lot of work is required: interior purification, simplification and unification.”

According to Plotinus, this is the task of virtue which is born from our divine union and transforms our entire being, leading to substantial wisdom. This is what helps enable us to become actual images of God.

When one falls from contemplation, he must reawaken the virtue within him. When he perceives himself as embellished and brought into order by these virtues, he will be made light again, and will proceed, through virtue, to Intellect and wisdom; then, through wisdom, to the One. Such is the life of the gods and of divine and happy men: released from the things

down here, a life which takes no pleasure in earthly things, a solitary flight to the Solitary One.

The role of virtue is to purify the soul so that it can live in the divine continuously. The initial movement toward virtue, when contemplation is absent, is motivated by the divine gift of illumination and the remembrance of the prior experience of unity. Plotinus distinguishes between two degrees of virtue. The first is social or civic virtue, which includes prudence, justice, strength and temperance, as well as other forms of discipline that also serve to moderate the body’s passions and regulate our relations with others. This virtue and its varied manifestations enable the soul to form a composite with the body, a kind of mixture of soul and body. Above the forms of this virtue are the purificatory virtues which enable the soul to separate from the body and turn all its attention to the divine.

Hadot explains that in Plotinus’ view “we do not perceive the life of the Spirit within us” because of our preoccupation with terrestrial and corporeal things. The “true fall of the soul” is our excessive concern for our bodies; we allow ourselves to be absorbed by vain preoccupations and exaggerated worries.” Plotinus suggests a work with attention is needed to return to our higher self:

If there is to be perception of these great faculties within the soul, we must direct the faculty of sensation inwards, and make it concentrate its attention there. It is as if someone were waiting to hear a long-desired voice; he turns away from all other sounds, and awakens his ear to the best of all audible things, lest it should happen by. It is the same for us in this world: we must leave behind all sensible hearing, unless it is unavoidable, and keep the soul’s power of perception pure and ready to hear the voices from on high.

In his biography, Porphyry tells us that Plotinus “never relaxed from his interior attention” and maintained an “unbroken concentration upon his own highest nature.” Porphyry also states that through meditation Plotinus was able to elevate himself. He tells us that Plotinus employed the method Plato taught at the banquet, a reference to Diotima’s

speech in *The Symposium*. Perhaps this reference contributed to the confusion concerning method. Diotima’s speech is not so much a teaching of method as it is a description of one measure of being. Through Aristotle’s recounting of her words, Diotima relates how the pursuit of beauty allows one’s soul to rise. “To use the beauties of the earth as steps along which he mounts upwards for that sake of that other beauty . . . going from fair forms to fair actions, and from fair actions to fair notions, until . . . he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty and at last knows what the essence of beauty is.” In short, these are the steps towards contemplating the beauty of the Intellectual-Principle.

Shortly after Hadot’s death in 2010, Michael Chase, who had translated Hadot’s book *Plotinus or The Simplicity of Vision* from French to English, wrote a tribute to Hadot. In his tribute, Chase stated that Hadot had moved away from Plotinus’ teachings: “On a personal level . . . Hadot gradually became detached from Plotinus’ thought, feeling that Plotinian mysticism was too otherworldly and contemptuous of the body to be adequate for today’s needs. As he tells the story, when he emerged from the month-long seclusion he had imposed upon himself to write *Plotinus or The Simplicity of Vision*, he went to the corner bakery, and ‘seeing the ordinary folks all around me in the bakery, I . . . had the impression of having lived a month in another world, completely foreign to our world, and worse than this—totally unreal and even unlivable.’”

Hadot may well have misunderstood the practices Plotinus taught. For he wrote that Plotinus’ practice of the virtues begins with the purificatory virtues, ignoring the work with the body: “It need scarcely be pointed out that Plotinus goes to this highest level right from the start. From his point of view, the social virtues no longer have a *raison d’être*, since the moral problems they were supposed to solve have been eliminated.” From this misunderstanding, Hadot determines that Plotinus has overlooked the body.

Plotinus, however, recognizes quite clearly that each of the virtues has a different nature and scope, and it is our responsibility to apply the correct practice required in the moment. “The solution is in understanding the virtues and what each has to give: the man will learn to work with this or that as every

several need demands. And as he reaches to loftier principles and other standards these in turn will define his conduct: for example: Restraint in its earlier form will no longer satisfy him; he will work for the final Disengagement: he will live, no longer, the human life of the good man—such as Civic Virtue commends—but leaving this beneath him, will take up instead another life, that of the Gods.” Thus Plotinus recognizes that one may find it necessary to begin with the civic virtues, restraint of the body, on the way to the purificatory virtues, when work with the body is less of a concern. Despite Hadot’s interpretation, which led him to conclude that Plotinus had overlooked the body, it is apparent from Plotinus’ own words that a different state requires different effort, working with a specific form of one virtue or another.

Plotinus also recognized that we cannot return to the One or the Good directly, we can only prepare to be returned. Porphyry tells of an incident that illustrates Plotinus’ view. Amelius, one of Plotinus’ disciples, was extremely pious: “He was a lover of sacrifices; he never missed the new moon ceremonies, and he used to celebrate every festival in the cycle. One day, he wanted to take Plotinus along with him, but Plotinus said to him: ‘It is up to the gods to come to me, not up to me to come to them.’” Porphyry writes that “We could not understand what he meant by such haughty words, and we did not dare to ask him.” Pierre Hadot offers an insightful explanation: “This little group of disciples seems to have been flabbergasted by this contemptuous remark about traditional religious ceremonies. But how can we fail to recognize in it Plotinus’ sense of the divine presence? To find God, it is not necessary to go to temples he is supposed to inhabit. We do not have to budge to attain his presence. Rather, we must ourselves become a living temple, in which the divine presence can manifest itself.”

On his deathbed, Plotinus is reported to have uttered the following last words: “Strive to bring back the god in yourselves to the God in the All.”

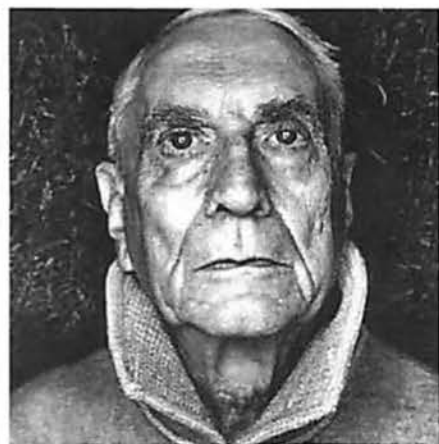
—Ron and Claire Levitan

Notes

1. *Saddened and discouraged*. Stephen MacKenna, trans., *Plotinus: The Enneads* (London: Penguin Books, 1991), *Porphyry: On the*

Life of Plotinus and His Work, civ. References to Plotinus’ writings will follow the standard approach: the first Roman Numeral represents the particular Ennead, the second stands for the Tractate or short essay within the Ennead, and the last Arabic number represents the section within the Tractate.

2. *This is the man*. Pierre Hadot, translated by Michael Chase, *Plotinus or The Simplicity of Vision* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998), 18.
3. *While Porphyry tells*. Hadot, 19. Plotinus vowed not to disclose Ammonius’ doctrines, and he adhered to that vow.
4. *For the [individual] soul*. III. iv, 3. Plotinus taught that some part of each person’s soul continues to abide in the Intellectual-Principle even as the soul inhabits the body. IV. iii, 12.
5. *We must not look*. I. vi, 8. Hadot, 30.
6. *This “omission.”* To help insure that only prepared initiates receive the practices of self-transformation, the methods are conveyed orally, not reduced to writing.
7. *God’s distance from us*. Brian Hines, *Return to the One: Plotinus’ Guide to God-Realization* (Salem, OR: Adrasteia Publishing, 2004), 45.
8. *Being . . . is known*. VI. viii, 11. By contrast, Gurdjieff says that the creator God, living on the Sun Absolute, needed to create the cosmos and its process of reciprocal maintenance in order to defeat time, for the Sun Absolute was diminishing, imperceptibly; nevertheless, eventually it would cease to be.
9. *Many times it has happened*. VII. vi, 1.
10. *Beings of the Intellectual-Principle*. This explanation for the creation of the world is similar to Gurdjieff insofar as it suggests that the physical world is a necessity for the Intellectual and the World Soul; here the Intellectual-Principle is akin to the Creator God of which Gurdjieff writes. Additionally, the emanation of the Good, leading to the chain of being—Intellectual-Principle, World Soul, soul and materiality, is similar to the Ray of Creation Gurdjieff describes.
11. *This power must continue outward*. Plotinus acknowledges that Plato’s presentation of the soul’s descent into the material world is inconsistent. Plato includes “contempt for all that is of the sense,” and depicts the descent as being grounded in guilt. Yet, in contrast, Plato also states that the soul was sent from God so that the universe should be complete, interjecting into materiality beings of the Intellectual and fulfilling its governance of the universe. Plotinus is more in line with the latter approach.
12. *Rays of the sun*. V. i, 2. The author is Homer referring to Hades in the *Illiad*.
13. *There is no grievance*. IV. viii, 7.
14. *The Couplement subsists*. I. i, 7.
15. *In soulless entities*. IV. iii, 10.
16. *Those that have maintained*. III. iv, 2.
17. *A child wrenched*. V. i, 1.
18. *A double discipline*. V. i, 1.
19. *Never composed*, V. i, n. 2.
20. *Simplification and unification*. Hadot, 65.
21. *When one falls*. VI. ix, 11; Hadot, 68.
22. *Exaggerated worries*. Hadot, 31.
23. *Voices from on high*. V. i, 12; Hadot, 31.
24. *To use the beauties*. B. Jowett, trans., *The Works of Plato* (New York: Tudor Publishing, 1950), 342.
25. *On a personal level*. http://harvardpress.typepad.com/hup_publicity/2010/04/pierre-hadot-part-1.html
26. *It need scarcely*. Hadot, 70.
27. *We could not understand*. MacKenna, *Porphyry: On the Life of Plotinus and His Work*, civ. 10, 33.
28. *This little group*. Hadot, 45. By contrast, translator Stephen MacKenna explains Plotinus’ comment this way: “In this famous remark, Plotinus is probably only claiming that the divinities worshipped in religious ceremonies are lower daemons, to whom the philosopher is superior.” MacKenna, cxi, n. 9.



Pierre Hadot

OUSPENSKY ON JUSTICE, WAR & A TASK

March 3, 1939
Colet Gardens, London

OUSPENSKY: WE KNOW PEOPLE ARE MACHINES. HOW CAN MACHINES be just? It is not a quality of machines. If they are responsible, number 5, then you can speak about justice or injustice, but if they just act in a certain way as circumstances and conditions make, how can you?

Question: Did the idea of justice come from higher knowledge or how did man get hold of it?

Ouspensky: It is man's idea. The idea by itself may be quite right, but it does not work. There is nothing you can explain by justice. It is necessary to think how this idea comes. You see you use the word but you do not give account to yourself why you call one thing just and another unjust. One thing is always connected with another, one thing inevitably follows another. All these disturbances that happened in Europe after the war create in one country one situation, in another, another. Why take only one and call it injustice? Very often our idea of injustice is based on a very narrow view. We do not compare and see it is everywhere the same, the natural order of things. We cannot speak about injustice as long as we think of it as an exception. When we think of it as a rule then we think how to escape from it. There can be no justice in our present state, no justice in prison. The only one thing one can think seriously when one realizes one is in prison is how to escape, not sit and cry about injustice in prison. Prison is made for injustice, not for justice.

Q: We have imprisoned ourselves, have we?

Ouspensky: We are born. That is all. All we can think of is how to escape. You already can come from different sides to that and can understand quite simply why you cannot expect justice from machines. They are pushed in a certain way; they roll and when they come to a wall they stop and then begin to roll back.

Q: Then I often think it is unjust that



*Dike (Justice) slaying Adikia (Injustice)
by Wilhelm Heinrich Roscher (Göttingen,
1845-Dresden, 1923)*

certain people have a chance of the ideas of the system and others not.

Ouspensky: We live under the law of accident. We are in a very bad place in the universe.

Q: For instance, I came quite by chance. Other people come because they are seeking for something.

Ouspensky: Very good. You lost nothing there. You forget if something good happens it happens by accident. Most of the time things that happen are bad. So you see this feeling of injustice may be very good by itself but it arises from a very childish view of the world, from the idea that machines can be just.

Q: Is it possible by working on ourselves to help people after their death?

Ouspensky: You must think about yourself. If you start with this idea it will only create confusion. Very simple reasoning will help. In order to help, if it is possible, you must yourself have something first. So possible or impossible you do not know how. If we become conscious perhaps we shall know. Questions of future life and so on are generally shut from our mind and we can expect to know more about them only by changing our mind.

I think this question of injustice is a very good subject for thinking. Because when you begin to think about it and how it is wrong and how you should not feel like that you see all the problems of life. Very much energy people spend on this feeling of injustice. As a result, even if they think really well from that point

of view, they create such an amount of injustice themselves that afterwards it cannot be compared with what went before.

Q: Where does man come from?

Ouspensky: We do not know. You see in this system one of the things we must learn is to learn to say "I do not know" if we do not. In ordinary science or philosophy they try to find explanations and find imaginary ideas, theories and so on.

Q: From ideas you give one does get an idea of plan.

Ouspensky: From that point of view we know we belong to this octave that begins at the Sun; there is an unknown Do, an unknown Si, then on the surface of the earth Organic Life making the three notes La, Sol and Fa. So our origin, according to this, is in the sun, but what Do means and what Si means we do not know and so we must leave it like that. We must study what it is possible to know.

Q: When I think about it and connect it with other people I see it is as you say but when it affects me then I am negative about it and cannot understand it.

Ouspensky: You cannot think seriously the way you do. How did the war begin? 36,000,000 people died. That was unjust? None of them wanted to die probably. So you see what kind of figures we have to deal with if we begin to think about injustice. With the causes the war created, things cannot be different. When certain causes are created by historical processes, then something happens. Of this we take one little bit and say this affects me, it is very unjust. But this word really has no meaning.

You ask about tasks. You can try to trace this very interesting question. Try to go through your life as far as you can remember, no need to go as far as the very beginning when things really happened to the whole family, but from the moment when things began to happen to you separately from your parents or as a result of your own actions, not necessarily intentional actions. It will be interesting to trace when it began and whether you can find in your life examples of real accident when something happened not as a result of your own action and when something happened as a result of your own action. And compare examples. That makes you think on the right lines; it is a kind of mental exercise and the results are interesting apart from this. ✍



Early incarnations of Zorba the Buddha cafes & nightclubs in Antelope, near Rajneeshpuram, and in Portland, Oregon

treatment, but he had not gone to a hospital. His sudden recovery, the INS contended, implied false statements on his application and a preconceived intent to remain in the United States.

Interestingly, after Bhagwan's birth an astrologer predicted he would "die" at seven years old, and thereafter would meet a crisis of "death" every seven years—this including His Enlightenment on March 21, 1953; the acute asthma attack exactly 21 years later on moving to Poona, March 21, 1974; then seven years later on March 23, 1981, going into silence from illness and severe back troubles. It's unlikely the INS would have acknowledged this pattern of spiritual exigency and recovery.

An ongoing circus of 15 lawsuits continued to plague the commune and Oregon; the two primary cases—the INS case against Bhagwan, and the land-use lawsuit—each progressed with increasing conflict and hostility. When the land-use case was filed for breach of separation of church and state, as Rajneeshpuram was actually owned and controlled by the church, a new ruling ordered a stop on any new construction until final settlement of the case. The Rajneesh style of threatening and alienating "If you don't do what we want, we'll sue you," was backfiring, if winning was the only goal. As one Rajneesh explained, "They're all asleep. Whoever comes into contact with us has to wake up a bit. It's like an encounter group. Our focus is really on our own transformation. We're trying to free ourselves up from social patterns and social conditioning." Provocation, making themselves disliked, even detested, would only speed their development.

Sex, Money and Drugs

The European centers had grown and prospered since Bhagwan moved to Oregon, developing many successful business enterprises, including restaurants and a profitable chain of discotheques. While Sheela gave figures ranging between two and three hundred thousand sannyasins worldwide, Milne claims that by 1985 Bhagwan had closer to 20,000 disciples. In England, the largest European commune was formed in Medina, where sannyasins were given suggestions on quick ways to make money, including strip houses and prostitution, where through Ashram programs of "assessment" and "programming" women could feel like a traditional Indian temple prostitute, guilt free. Trained in releasing inhibitions, sannyasins worked in strip clubs and sexual massage parlors in cities throughout the world, and the sex industry flourished wherever Rajneeshes entered the trade. A large number of strippers working from London's SoHo to Hamburg's Reeperbahn to San Francisco's North Beach were sannyasins. The center in Hollywood, California, was popular for the pricey "Hollywood crowd" therapists, and large communes were opened in Australia, Germany, France and Nepal. Humaniversity in Amsterdam abounded with registrations for their "psychotherapeutic supermarket" with radical experimental and controversial social-sexual exercises, pressing participants into working in De Wallen, that city's "red light district," and other sex trade inductions. All the centers donated money directly to Rajneeshpuram.

By 1982, the sexual revolution had turned into a worldwide panic about the HIV/AIDS epidemic, and along

with concerns about other STDs, the commune instituted a system of regulating sexual favors for disease control by requiring stringent testing for all Rajneeshes at the commune medical clinic by Ma Ananda Puja, the Filipina nurse who had unrestricted control over all of the medical facilities in Rajneeshpuram, including the clinic and the pharmacy. Puja was generally disliked and feared by other sannyasins, who referred to her as "Dr. Mengele" (the notorious Nazi concentration camp doctor), and was seen as a loner who socialized only with Sheela. As the AIDS scare heightened, by March of 1984 Bhagwan predicted two-thirds of the world would die from the disease in the next ten years. He then banned kissing; celibacy or monogamy was now strongly encouraged. Gone were the days of partner sharing—now condoms, rubber gloves and antiseptics were available in "sex kits" in all restrooms, and exclusivity became the rule.

Bhagwan gave a unique form of darshan every day at 2 p.m. when he would drive one of his many Rolls-Royces through the commune, while disciples and admirers lined up beside the road singing, dancing and playing musical instruments. Security would announce "Archangel headed your way," as Bhagwan drove a route several miles long during major celebrations—with helicopters or low-flying airplanes showering rose petals onto his car from above. The impact of his gaze could be profound, sending onlookers into incredible states of rapture or empty stillness. Sheela recounts: "One day someone put flowers on Bhagwan's car and Bhagwan said to me, 'You start selling flowers here for my drive by, so it brings an income.' He was an absolute

entrepreneur—he knew capitalism to the end.”

Critics of Bhagwan’s fleet of Rolls-Royces grew as the number of luxury vehicles increased, peaking at 93. “The impression was never that he expected or demanded such things; they were bestowed on him by the sannyasins,” explains Avibha. “I became an intermediary for Sheela in the purchase of a Lear jet, and found out that most of the Rolls Royces at the Ranch were *leased*, so that money could be diverted elsewhere.” While many derided Bhagwan for his collections of expensive cars and gold and diamond watches, saying “He needed adulation,” and “He was identified in his trappings of wealth . . . signs of his loss of identity and spiritual impotence,” others saw that while he was in Oregon he “was working on the collective unconscious, of the collective habits and patterns of our culture,” using grandiose displays as a device for his people to learn about themselves.

There was, however, evidence of Bhagwan’s increasing dependence on nitrous oxide as a consciousness-altering drug. In 1982 Milne took photographs of Bhagwan reclining in his dentist’s chair with tubes of the drug being passed into his nostrils, inducing a euphoric, trance-like state and relieving his asthma during a “dental session.” Several Rajneeshee physicians were involved in ordering nitrous oxide from multiple suppliers, so that Bhagwan’s daily sessions with the drug would be kept a secret.

Corruption Exposed

Sheela had cemented her absolute authority by demoting those Rajneeshees who challenged her rule, and picking a group of women assistants who worshipped her outrageousness in her undisputed role as spokesperson for Rajneeshpuram—by 1983 an official “city.” Its first mayor was installed and city council meetings became huge media events, with Sheela frequently blasting insults and accusations at politicians and neighbors. Inside the commune Sheela began instilling paranoia, emphasizing that people could be hurt in the outside world, and speaking of threats from inside its walls—soon everyone was suspicious, as the phone system was bugged and wire-tapping devices were placed throughout the dining commons. “He was the boss,” said Sheela, “and if this is how he wants it then I have to play his game.”

Rajneeshees were shown media releases of negative input on VCRs around the commune, so they were getting the overwhelming impression that the world did not like them. As Avibha puts it, “It was all being engineered so it would look as though we were being persecuted.”

In June 1983, an Islamist militant ignited a bomb in the Hotel Rajneesh in Portland, setting off a series of security protocols on the ranch for “protection.” Forty-five sannyasins were sent through a training course at the Oregon Police Academy, and Rajneeshpuram now had a police force, called a “Peace Force,” wearing pink uniforms and police revolvers. Another 100 security people were manning checkpoints with police dogs at all ranch entrances. Large quantities of weapons and ammunition were bought for “self-defense”—guards at meditations, talks and drive-bys now held loaded M-14 semiautomatic rifles, CAR assault rifles and Uzi machine guns. Even Sheela turned into a “pistol-packing Mom,” displaying a sidearm for press photographers. Rajneeshees were told that weaponry was needed because of the outside world’s “negativity and hostility.” Oregonians began to refer to the commune as the “red police state.” Through Sheela, Bhagwan said that it was for the good of his disciples—to teach them detachment and the surrender of the ego. But to local residents and government, the arsenal display at the ranch was increasingly ominous.

Any sannyasin who questioned what was going on was warned to “shut up or leave.” Anybody who became ill was diagnosed as “negative.” (Interestingly, Sheela suffered from reoccurring bouts of phlebitis.) When the mayor wrote to Bhagwan that Sheela’s insults were making enemies and hindering the commune’s growth, the Guru’s response was blunt: “You’re a coward.” Word got out that Sheela and Bhagwan had drawn up “Shit Lists” of problem Rajneeshees to be “taken care of” if they ever left, as several Rajneeshees higher up in the hierarchy escaped in the middle of the night to avoid being drugged through “negativity treatments” in Ma Anand Puja’s medical clinic, while lesser disciples left their mala and the premises in disgrace. Letters published in *The Rajneesh Times* declared the outcasts to be “dead” by Bhagwan, and therefore to be ignored. Sheela later atoned, “Regarding letters that declared people to be ‘dead’—it is terrible, I know the pain myself, but it is

the nature of institution.” Split-off sectors of excommunicated sannyasins banded together in cities around the United States and Europe—among the ousted and condemned sannyasins were Shiva, Deeksha and Satya Bharti. After leaving the Ranch, Laxmi traveled around saying that Bhagwan had told her to gather the old Rajneeshees and raise money to start another commune, *sans* Sheela. This made sense to the banished Rajneeshees, who readily donated to Laxmi’s cause. When Bhagwan heard of her antics, Laxmi was summoned back to the ranch. She was disgraced, but all she really wanted was to be near Bhagwan.

Amidst rising concerns over Sheela’s administration, Vivek made her first and only public speech to Rajneeshees—“I want you all to know that I think Sheela’s doing a wonderful job. Bhagwan’s happy with her. If we can’t all work together without conflicts, he said he’ll leave.” Die, she meant, “leave his body,” the ultimate threat to the community.

Weapons Arsenal & the Homeless

Having successfully taken over Antelope, Sheela set her sites on an attempted takeover of the Wasco County government offices by electing a majority of sannyasins in the November 1984 elections. In a bizarre move to increase the numbers of voting Americans in Rajneeshpuram, the newly created Rajneesh Humanity Trust began busing in street people from all over the United States to register as residents, offering food, housing and other guarantees in exchange for their vote in the county elections—an action which was attributed to Bhagwan’s benevolence. Many of the 4,300 homeless “friends” bused onto the ranch in the Share-A-Home program were society’s casualties: petty criminals, alcoholics, drug addicts, psychopaths, and several with AIDS and other diseases, suddenly living inside the crime-free, health-conscious community of Rajneeshees. Fights broke out regularly as the newcomers’ rivalries formed gangs with makeshift weapons. As more busloads arrived, the worst troublemakers were bused off the ranch and left on the streets of Portland and other local Oregon towns. Testimony later revealed that the daily allotment of beer supplied to the Share-A-Home residents was drugged to assure their passivity.

The weapons arsenal and now thousands of homeless precipitated

immense fear and hostility from Oregonians. State and Federal government agencies postulated that a bloodbath was inevitable, sending in spies to assess the situation. On live TV Sheela broadcast, "This county's so fucking bigoted that it deserves to be taken over!"

During the pandemonium, three Wasco County commissioners had visited the ranch. After being offered a glass of water by Puja from the medical clinic, two had become violently ill, one nearly dying from a "highly toxic substance" concentrated in his kidneys. A week later there was a widespread outbreak of salmonella food poisoning in the nearby city, The Dalles, affecting 751 people who had eaten at 10 defiled restaurants. Forty-five of the poison victims became so ill they had to be hospitalized, making the case the first and the largest germ warfare attack in U.S. history. It was later proven that Sheela and Puja's team had contaminated salad bars and coffee creamers with salmonella bacteria as a "test-run" for a much larger poisoning planned for election day—"Let's have some fun," Sheela was quoted as saying during the ruse.

Days later, when Sheela announced that the Rajneeshees were entering two write-in candidates for the commission, the county elections office immediately declared a blanket rejection of all new voter registrations, effectively ending the voter fraud but leaving nearly all of the homeless stranded in Oregon, as Sheela demanded they work the same long

shifts as sannyasins or leave. Later, after less than one month in Rajneeshpuram, she had them carted off to local cities without money or warm clothing. Sheela's defense? "Bhagwan said it was more experiment, to see how strong we are. We only had discussed the beginning, how the end is, you have to live it."

On October 30, 1984, Bhagwan announced that it was time to "speak my own truths"—not Jesus' or Buddha's or other religious masters anymore, and began lecturing to select groups of the "chosen few." Sheela tried to stop Bhagwan from speaking after he said he would destroy Sheela's "concentration camp," but the nightly discourses continued. "He methodically tore apart the history of humanity into pieces," as one disciple describes, "He was particularly severe on Christianity as a religion—shredding it piece by piece." His talks were videotaped for Rajneeshees and soon published by the media—fanning the flames of the already furious fundamentalist Christians in Oregon. For the first time in three and a half years, Bhagwan held press conferences haranguing the "hypocrisy of the great American dream of constitutionally enshrined freedoms of expression, assembly and religion." Press and Rajneeshees gathered in the huge meditation hall with a spectacle of lights blazing, cameras rolling, and Rajneeshees dancing passionately to Bhagwan's commands and his swaying arms in jewel-studded robes.

In lecture one day Bhagwan announced, "There's no point in guarding me from anyone from the outside, because the person who's going to kill me is going to be one of my disciples. And it will be one of my closest disciples," intensifying the paranoia that had been building for months. Sannyasins were told that the CIA and FBI were all in the ranch, and as Sheela later described, "The nature of paranoia is ugly, it's dangerous. This was when I said 'You take one of ours, I take fifteen of yours.'" On the other side, letters to Oregon newspapers circulated "hunting humor" assailing the Rajneeshees, as in one declaring "an open season on the central eastern Rajneesh, known locally as the Red Rats or Red Vermin."

And yet, by late 1984, the city of Rajneeshpuram had 5,000 sannyasins and an inspiring infrastructure including an airport, the third largest transport system of buses in Oregon, a truck farm growing organic vegetables for the whole community, miles of roads, a university complex, medical facility, warehouses, cinema theater, restaurants, shopping mall, dairy farm, stables, an enormous crematorium and a lakeside leisure center complete with casino. There were 200 siltation dams on creeks, over one million new trees, and the impressive 400-foot-long by 80-foot-high earth-filled Gurdjieff Dam, which created the 45 acre Krishnamurti Lake. Altogether it was estimated that \$120 million was poured into Rajneeshpuram during the four years of its existence as a commune.



Federal marshalls return Rajneesh to Oregon after his arrest in North Carolina while fleeing to Bermuda.

Ma Anand Puja (left), personal nurse of Ma Anand Sheela (right), under arrest for state and federal crimes

Federal Invasion

By mid-1985, Rajneeshpuram and the European movement were in disastrous decline. On the ranch, AIDS prevention measures had become excessive, with all Rajneeshes required to carry bottles of alcohol to clean everything they touched—suggesting that the commune had become compulsively obsessed by pollution. Suddenly, on September 16, 1985, Bhagwan announced in a press conference that the “gang of fascists”—Sheela, Puja, and a dozen other commune leaders—had fled to Europe. Accusing Sheela of a laundry list of crimes, Bhagwan deplored, “I was unavailable to the commune, I was silent, I did not want to be interfered.” To demonstrate his innocence, he urged a swift criminal investigation of all the charges. Rajneeshes danced frenetically—the wicked witch was dead!

It soon came out that Bhagwan had replaced all the departing leaders even before they left, installing at the center of power a group of wealthy American sannyasins known as “the Hollywood crowd,” including Bhagwan’s new secretary Ma Prem Hasya, formerly Françoise Ruddy, a Parisian-born Jewish multimillionaire, who together with her second husband had produced *The Godfather*. After taking sannyas in the mid-1970s in Poona, Hasya returned to Hollywood, where she and three wealthy friends put on high-priced sexual encounter group sessions teaching tantra at a mansion. There she met Devaraj, Bhagwan’s personal physician, whom she married, returning with him and her Hollywood friends to live in Rajneeshpuram in 1983. Contributing large sums of money, Rolls-Royces and expensive watches to Bhagwan, the Hollywood crowd lived in privileged luxury, rarely working, and were rewarded with private access to Bhagwan. They were mostly known for keeping to themselves and not mixing with sannyasins, driving their Jaguar off the ranch for meals and shopping, and for being irritating to Sheela.

Hasya, sophisticated, articulate and adept at organizing and managing money, quickly accused Sheela of being disruptive, and reassured commune members that the organization was in good financial shape and Bhagwan’s “experiment” would continue. Two weeks later, Bhagwan declared that the religion Rajneeshism had been entirely Sheela’s invention; he had never claimed

to be a religious leader, and thousands of copies of the *Book of Rajneeshism* were burned in the crematorium along with Sheela’s robes.

Selling press interviews from a resort near the Black Forest in Germany, Sheela blamed Bhagwan for ruining the commune with his extravagances, maligning Bhagwan as thoroughly as he was discrediting her—as the two battled it out through the media. When news leaked to Bhagwan that an indictment was being issued for his arrest on relatively minor charges of immigration fraud, he and six disciples chartered two Lear jets and left the ranch at night, arriving on October 29th in Charlotte, North Carolina, to refuel en route to Bermuda. Federal customs agents met the plane and “without warrants” arrested Bhagwan, while news journalists filmed the guru bound in chains on national television. That same day Sheela and Puja were arrested by West German police and extradited back to the United States.

Over a total of 12 days Bhagwan was held in six jails without bail. Later Bhagwan asserted that while in prison he was poisoned with thallium (a highly toxic substance that is difficult to prove, with very similar symptoms to nitrous oxide poisoning) and put into a cell with a prisoner dying of AIDS. When moved to the Oklahoma prison, Bhagwan was forced to register under a false name, “David Washington,” in order to “prevent his attorneys from knowing his whereabouts” or kill him anonymously, according to Bhagwan’s account. Returned to Portland, he was released on \$500,000 bail to Rajneeshpuram, and charged with 35 violations of immigration law—all analogous to “parking tickets” of federal crimes—including “arranging sham marriages”—the ultimate irony, as Bhagwan had been lecturing for decades that all marriages are a sham. Pleading innocent of all charges, Bhagwan was told by his attorneys of a plea bargain to “accept two nominal charges so they can save the face of America.” He received a 10-year suspended sentence, \$400,000 in fines and prosecution costs, and deportation with a stipulation not to return to America for at least five years. Bhagwan resolved, “This time Jesus has been crucified in America by Christians themselves.”

Not surprisingly, most of Bhagwan’s claims against Sheela were proven true, with many sannyasins negotiating

probation in return for evidence against Sheela and her gang. Officials found Puja’s secret laboratory with live viruses, white mice, and AIDS-contaminated blood—proof of Sheela and Puja’s medical terrorism on fellow sannyasins, and they found the largest illegal wiretapping operation ever uncovered. Testimony of Sheela’s heavy use of Percodan, Valium and Demerol came to light, as well as claims that many in the inner circle were using copious amounts of drugs. In court, Sheela and Puja pled guilty to attempted murder of Bhagwan’s physician, Devaraj, with a syringe injection of adrenaline, wiretapping, causing the salmonella poison outbreak, poisoning of the county commissioners, immigration fraud and arson.

In a plea settlement in federal court, Sheela and Puja were each sentenced to 4 ½-year federal prison terms for the conspiracy to spread salmonella, and probation for the electronic eavesdropping charges. Sheela was also given an additional five-year term for helping arrange more than 400 fraudulent marriages, which was suspended on the condition that she leave the United States after completing her prison term, never to return. In a second court hearing in Portland, a Wasco County judge sentenced Sheela to 20 years in prison, and Puja 15 years, for the attempted murder and assaults on the county officials.

Sheela Serves Only 2 1/2 Years

Sheela and Puja were sent to a federal prison for nonviolent white-collar criminals in Pleasanton, California, where due to a legal practice that equates a 20-year Oregon sentence to a 4 ½-year federal sentence, they were allowed to serve the sentences concurrently within only 4 ½ years. Sheela was fined \$469,000 in fines and restitution for damages, of which only \$200,000 was reportedly ever paid. After serving just 2 ½ years, Sheela was released from prison for good conduct and turned over to the INS, who deported her and put her on a plane for Frankfurt, West Germany—“penniless,” according to Sheela. In another coup for the convict, the State of Oregon had intended to charge Sheela with additional crimes after her federal sentence had been served, but she left for Europe before the United States Department of Justice had given notice to Oregon, moving to Switzerland within two years to avoid further extradition for the unprosecuted crimes.

On leaving America, Bhagwan ordered the remaining Americans to begin dismantling the commune and selling its assets. "The energy was high and we sannyasins, who could and still do celebrate everything, continued to celebrate," says one disciple. "The disco remained open. But as winter set in, FBI agents prowled the sacred land and interrogated the residents. The Ranch's bank accounts were frozen and credit was cut off. *Lawsuits* against the Ranch and its many corporate entities piled up like snowdrifts, as a fleet of huge semi trucks, each laden with eight Rolls-Royces, set out in caravan in the middle of a driving snowstorm, headed for the narrow one-lane road that left the ranch to the world beyond."

According to a San Francisco *Chronicle* article in July 1986, "the former Rajneeshpuram commune is offered for sale for \$28,500,000 cash, a reduction of 35% from the \$44,000,000 that had been asked for the 64,229-acre ranch and its 295 buildings." The Big Muddy Ranch was finally purchased in 1991 for \$3.95 million by Montana multibillionaire Dennis Washington—almost Bhagwan's prison alias—who donated the land in 1998 to Young Life, a nondenominational Christian ministry, that since 1999 has operated a Christian youth camp there named the Washington Family Ranch.

21 World Tour Refusals

Bhagwan then began a two-year whirlwind world tour, traveling with a small faction of caretakers and rich sannyasins including Vivek, Devaraj, Hasya and the Hollywood crowd, searching for a country that would accept both him and his liberal followers. Arriving first in Delhi, India, he was welcomed by a throng of Indian sannyasins who had not seen him for four years. But the government of India made it clear that they would deport Bhagwan's foreign disciples if any attempted to follow him there. "The moment you have a power," Bhagwan said, "although your power is love and peace and silence, the powerful people will start getting disturbed. I don't want to repeat history. Only idiots repeat history." Laxmi was in Delhi with him, but according to rumors, when he sent her to raise the money to pay for his enormous hotel bill, she took what money she had collected and left for parts unknown.

Next Nepal refused to approve visas for Bhagwan's foreign sannyasins, as

sannyasins hurriedly made calls around the world to find him a home. The Island of Crete gave permission to stay for 30 days, and Bhagwan and his disciples proceeded to the home of a Greek producer of X-rated films. After 18 days of disparaging Socrates from his host's living room, police forcibly broke into the home and escorted Bhagwan at gunpoint to the airport—another deportation. Negotiating stops for refueling the plane, sannyasins found he was *persona non grata* in Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, Britain—where he was locked overnight in an airport refugee cell—Ireland, the Caribbean, Fiji, Spain and Canada, until finally, it appeared Uruguay offered Bhagwan permanent residency and welcomed his entourage. For three months he talked twice daily to 20 sannyasins at a beach resort house, but the Uruguayan president, under pressure from the U.S. government that they would revoke all loans, caved and deported Bhagwan in exchange for \$36 million in new loans from the United States. Throughout the whole odyssey, Bhagwan said that this was proof of what was wrong with the world and why a new vision was needed, saying "Renouncing the world has never been my idea; it was always to change it."

In all, 21 countries either deported Bhagwan or denied him entry, forcing Bhagwan to concede a return to India without his worldwide followers. The diaspora of sannyasins, away from their Guru, created a renewal of centers around the world. A substantial number of them headed to Ibiza off the coast of Spain, impacting its "club culture" lifestyle by blending spirituality with the hedonistic practices embraced by Bhagwan, strongly influencing the MDMA drug-induced "ecstasy" rave party culture in major cities globally.

Return to Poona

Bhagwan returned to his original site in Poona, India, in January 1987, sending out messages to send donations and return to live and work once again in the ashram—renamed Rajneesh Dham—and thousands of old sannyasins and new answered the call. In order to limit secretarial powers, Bhagwan made Hasya his "International Secretary," Ma Yoga Neelam his "Indian Secretary" and Ma Anando his "Legal Secretary." He began personally leading the meditations for the first time in 14 years, introducing a "revolutionary"

new meditation technique called The Mystic Rose—in brief, first talk gibberish or catharsis, then deep belly laughing, then crying, and ending with meditation: be silent, watch the mind and the breath, without judgments. From early 1988, Bhagwan's discourses were focused almost exclusively on Zen.

Hasya stayed in India at times, but also traveled extensively to Osho centers around the world, as she was responsible for the international centers and for creating an Osho organization named World Academy of Creative Science, Art and Consciousness "as a defense against those who are preparing to destroy the whole world in nuclear warfare." About nine months before Osho died, he stopped communicating with Hasya and his Indian Secretary, while Anando, his Legal Secretary, took over all business and private meetings with Osho.

In early 1989 he stopped using the name "Bhagwan," exclaiming "Enough is enough! The joke is over," returning to Rajneesh. Soon after, during a wisdom tooth extraction during which he made the "revolutionary discovery" that human history is imprinted in man's dental work so that "his past has been eradicated with the extraction," he decided to drop the name Rajneesh. In an evening discourse he described William James' word "oceanic" which means dissolving into the ocean. "Oceanic describes the experience," he says, "but what about the experiencer? For that we use the word 'Osho.'" His disciples asked to call him Osho, which he accepted, further explaining that "Osho" has been used historically in the Far East, meaning "The Blessed One, on Whom the Sky Shows Flowers."

In failing health and becoming weaker, Osho stopped giving discourses, sitting with his disciples in a meditation of music and silence, sessions Osho called White Robe Brotherhood Meetings. Preparing for his death, Osho selected 21 members as an inner circle to carry on the administration of his work, directing the committee to make all decisions unanimously. After Osho's death, the committee found quick action impossible with unanimity, and a group of six sannyasins formed "The Præsidium," which although decisive, led to power struggles and division within the committee. Nowadays only three people, of non-Indian descent, administrate Osho's legacy, which has led to further disunity between Indian and non-Indian disciples.

Again, shortly before his death, Osho suggested that one or more sannyasin members at the White Robe Brotherhood Meetings were subjecting him to some form of evil magic. A search for the perpetrators was undertaken, but none could be found.

In 1989, Osho saw the film *Meetings with Remarkable Men*, which depicts shortened sections of the Movements from Gurdjieff's teaching. Many aspects of Osho's teaching run parallel to Gurdjieff's, and Osho had appropriated several Gurdjieff exercises as his own. Now saying "We should do them here," he told one of his disciples, Amiyo, to study the last ten minutes of the film. Amiyo, a dancer, examined these partial Movements and began teaching them to other sannyasins, having been turned

to teach to sannyasins. As their study was authorized by Osho, thousands of sannyasins have learned portions of the Movements as interpreted through Osho's teachings. By then Osho was no longer alive, but his initiation of sannyasins into the Movements had more thoroughly appropriated Gurdjieff's teaching into his own.

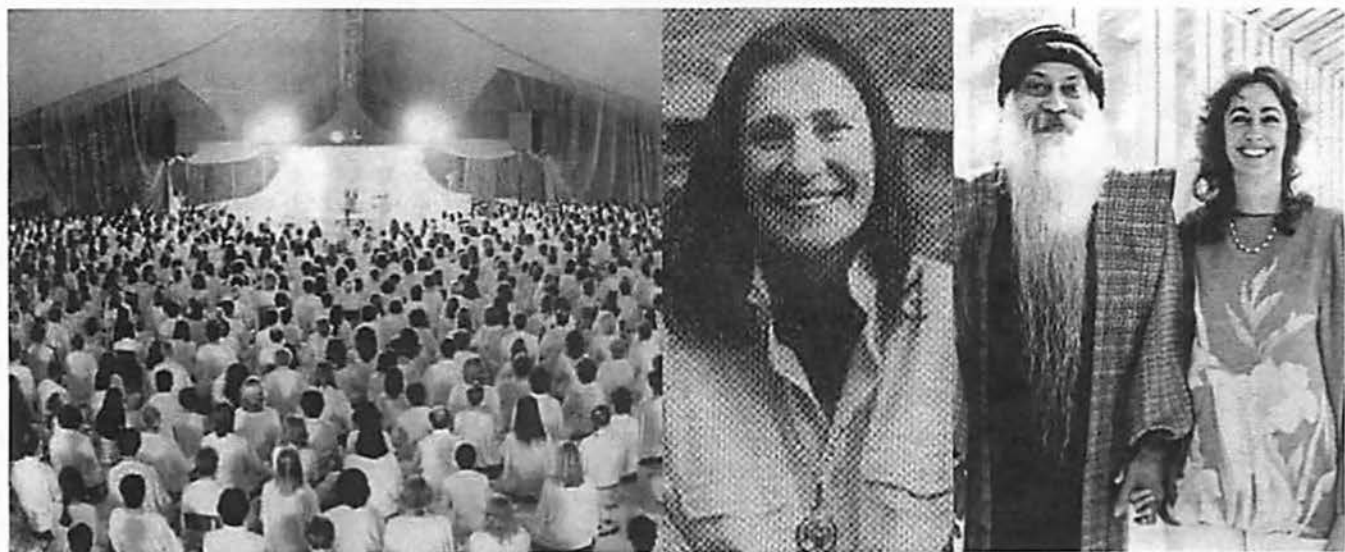
I Leave You My Dream

On December 9, 1989, after 19 years devotion to Osho, his closest disciple, caretaker and lover, Vivek, renamed Nirvano, died, disputably from a heroin drug overdose or a suicide by sleeping pill overdose, her body being found in a Bombay hotel room. The official report claims she had taken a fatal overdose of sleeping pills, however no autopsy was

with heart failure listed as the official cause. He had sensed his heart failing and quietly spoke his final wishes to his caretaker, again charging the American government with poisoning him with thallium.

Osho clearly touched deep into the heart of tens of thousands of people from all around the world. His ashram continues on in Poona, India, and sannyasins gather in cities everywhere to listen to his discourses, meditate and celebrate together. To those who say he failed as a guru, he might smile and say as he had:

The Master really makes trust almost impossible, but when it is impossible and still you trust, then it works; only then does it work. If the Master makes trust very simple and possible,



Disciples gather for a White Robe Brotherhood Meeting (left). Hasya his "International Secretary" (center) was replaced by Rajneesh with Ma Anando, his "Legal Secretary" (right).

down by authentic Gurdjieff groups to learn only the Movements.

In 1991, some ex-Gurdjieffian students came to the ashram with notes, which furthered their knowledge of the dances. Dushka Howarth, Gurdjieff's daughter, had written a comprehensive notebook of all of the Movements and instructions from Gurdjieff's final years when she was a "calf," and had made a copy of the book, which she gave to the New York Gurdjieff Foundation. Dushka vouched that the book she gave to the Foundation was stolen and brought to Osho's ashram. Shortly after receiving the Movements book, Amiyo secretly filmed a demonstration of the dances by the Gurdjieff Foundation at a convention in Japan, adding to the breadth of Movements dances available

conducted. *The Rajneesh Times* and many sannyasins report that she had been a heroin addict before she met Osho at the age of 20, and had returned to the habit after "falling from grace" and being replaced as Osho's caretaker in Crete in 1986.

Dying only two days before Osho's grand birthday celebration was untimely, and sannyasins can only speculate why Osho had not ordered the usual elevated death celebration; instead her body had been taken to the burning ghat to be cremated in the middle of the night. Osho publicly claimed that Nirvano was chronically manic depressive, and that he had tired of her constant mood swings—a diagnosis disputed by some sannyasin accounts.

Only one month later at age 58, on January 19, 1990, at 5 p.m., Osho died,

if he fulfills all your ideas of being a Master, then trust is cheap, very cheap . . . meaningless, too.

Acknowledging that she still adheres to Osho's teachings in her life and work in Switzerland, Sheela swears that he directed every criminal and violent move. This has been corroborated by many leading sannyasins, including one prominent disciple, Ma Ava, who attested to hearing a tape recording of a meeting with Sheela and Osho where he said yes, it was going to be necessary to kill people to stay in Oregon, and that actually killing people was not such a bad thing.

Osho had made a career out of his shocking impertinence, and lectured many times on the martyrdom of Jesus

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KULTUR

How many gun shops in the U.S.? At 58,000 there are more places to buy a gun than there are Starbucks worldwide. . . . **Dumbing Down & Toking.** Expect to lose at least eight I.Q. points if you're toking as a teenager and continue for decades, according to research appearing in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences. "Adolescent-onset cannabis users showed significant I.Q. declines and persistent use was associated with greater declines," says Madeline H. Meir, a postdoc researcher at Duke University. "We know there are developmental changes occurring in the teen years and up through the early 20s, and the brain may be especially vulnerable during this time." The good news—if you began as an adult, no sweat. . . . **Fakes Are Slick.** The Secret Service seized nearly \$81 million in fake money and arrested 2,424 people in 2012. Fake bills are made here by drug dealers who shift to counterfeiting. They also come from other countries, Peru being a particularly big contributor. Counterfeiters usually go for \$20s and \$100s but now have expanded to \$50s. Fake bills often feel slick. Check the Treasury Department's "Know Your Money" for a tutorial on detecting counterfeit currency. . . . **Your Brain & You.** During high levels of stress, the brain does not grow new connections or new cells. Chronic stress even causes areas of the brain to shrink and can cause brain lesions, just as if you have had physical brain damage. Current research shows that the brain is affected largely by our thoughts and emotions, the food we eat, how we exercise and whether we meditate. A Harvard study found meditation can be great medicine for your brain. Brain regions associated with attention, interception and sensory processing were thicker and healthier in meditators than couch potatoes. Regular sitting enables the brain to grow new cells and to make new brain connections. As self-remembering is an up and about form of meditation, results should be even better. . . . **Gaydar!** Meaning the ability to accurately glean another's sexual orientation from mere observation is proved to be real according to social psychologist researchers Joshua A. Tobak and Vivian Zayas in the peer-reviewed *PLoS ONE* journal. Certain areas of the face like the mouth

are telltale. Differences between spatial relationships matter, too. . . . **Yoga—The Untold Story.** According to the *NY Times* analysis of data, men account for 16 percent of people doing yoga, but 71 percent of nerve damage, 30 percent of fractures, 24 percent of dislocations, and 20 percent of strains or sprains. Why? Men are stronger than women, more muscled, less flexible, but more competitive. . . . **420.** That's the code for pot-smoking yoga. Bill 420 is what California lawmakers passed for medical weed. So toking up off premises then do your Downward Dog. "Part of the point of yoga is to relax, and ganja helps a lot," say Mark Haskell Smith, a 20-year yoga practitioner and author of *Heart of Dankness: Underground Botanists, Outlaw Farmers, and the Race for the Cannabis Cup*. . . . **Bet You Don't Know.** (1) What was the top-rated TV program on four of the five Saturday nights it aired in 2012? (2) What did consumers spend more than \$4.5 billion on in merchandise in 2011? (3) What has more than 20 million people earning \$100,000 a year? (1) College football. (2) College sports. (3) College sports. . . . **Nuts to God?** According to a Pew Forum Survey, 30 percent of American adults under 30 have no religious affiliation, compared with only 10 percent over 65. . . . **Colder Feet, Cold Hearts.** Women who have cold feet before marriage have significantly higher divorce rates four years later, while male premarital doubts did not correlate with more divorce—this from the *Journal of Family Psychology*. . . . **Head-On or Glancing Blow?** Some 4.53 billion years ago a Mars-sized impactor slammed into Earth, forming a young, molten moon. New computer simulations argue that the impactor scored a direct hit, smashing into Earth at a steeper angle and with a higher velocity than previously thought. The resulting smashup ejected far more Earth debris into space than other models have indicated, with much hotter temperatures. That means the moon formed from more Earthlike material than previously thought. The origin of the impactor? Still, an open question. *Icarus*, a Solar Systems Studies magazine, says the slow impact velocity of previous models requires it to have originated from an orbit very near Earth, while the new model allows for an origin from more far-flung parts of the solar system. . . . **Drink up Now!** Due to over-exploitation, mankind is depleting underground water reserves faster than they can be replenished, according to scientists from a study in *Nature*. Combining

groundwater usage data from around the globe with computer models of underground water resources, scientists were able to measure water usage relative to supply which gives a groundwater footprint. This shows area above ground that relies on water from underground sources is about 3.5 times bigger than the aquifers themselves. About 1.7 billion people, mostly in Asia, live in areas where underground water reserves and the ecosystems that rely on them are under threat. The good news is that over 99 percent of the world's fresh and unfrozen water sits underground; this huge reservoir could be crucial for the world's growing population, if managed properly. . . . **Statins to the Rescue?** Side effects aside, taking statins to lower your cholesterol, you may also lower your risk of death from cancer, as statins not only limit the growth of cancer cells but also make them more vulnerable to certain therapies says new research published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. "Regular statin use before and after a diagnosis of cancer could theoretically reduce cancer-related mortality," says research leader Sune F. Nielsen, a biochemist at the University of Copenhagen who based his findings on an analysis of more than 5.5 million people in Denmark. ✎

THE Gurdjieff JOURNAL

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The first journal of The Fourth Way, the intention of *The Gurdjieff Journal* (est. 1992) is to observe and report upon the contemporary world "mercilessly without any compromises whatsoever." Through original research, timely and provocative feature articles, essays and reviews, TGJ explores the principles, perspectives and practices of Gurdjieff's teaching and how they can be applied to daily life.

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Assistant Editors Barbara Patterson
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Rajneesh III

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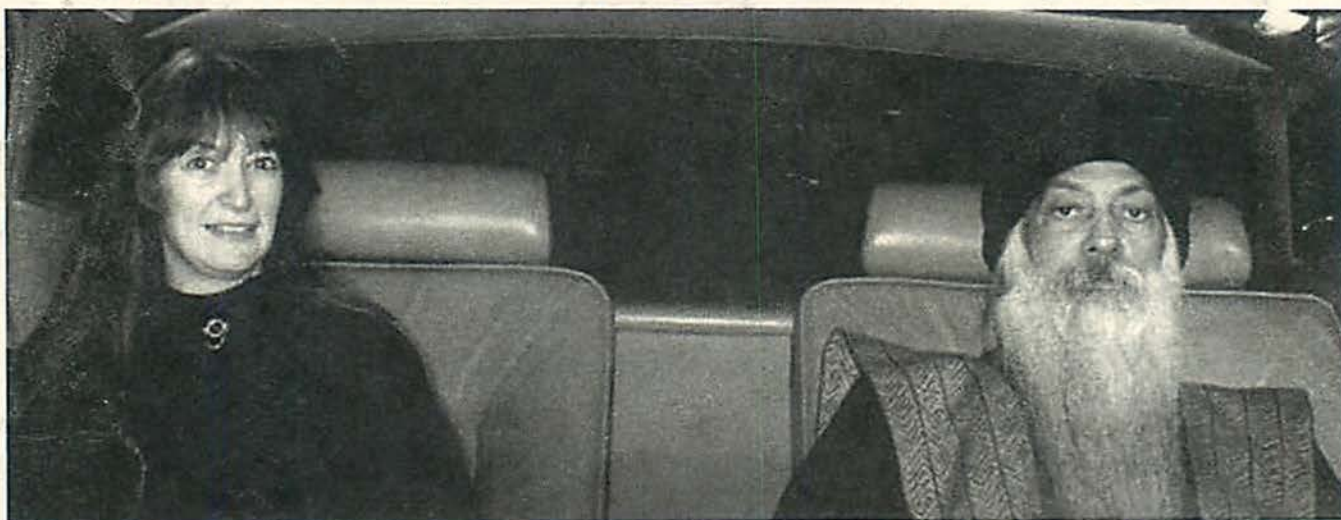
and Socrates—persecution was an abiding theme. Contrary to his protestations that he knew nothing, hearsay of Sheela's "S" files—records of Osho's written directives to her—that many sannyasins saw and claim she took with her, appear to affirm that *he knew absolutely everything.* ✍

—Jean Lauderdale

Notes

1. *I am the Messiah. Guru: Bhagwan, His Secretary & His Bodyguard*, film written & directed by Sabine Gisiger and Beat Häner, produced by Philip Delaquis (Das Kollektiv).
2. *Avoid anyone becoming too.* Kate Strelley, *The Ultimate Game: The*

11. *Everything's been taken away.* Franklin, 171.
12. *It was a desert.* Guru.
13. *A video film of the site.* Joshi Vesant, *Osho: The Luminous Rebel* (New Delhi: Wisdom Talk, 2010), 160.
14. *Sheela didn't know what.* Guru.
15. *Bhagwan would just make his.* Guru.
16. *It's our meditation.* Frances FitzGerald, *Cities on a Hill* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1986), 256.
17. *It is not an economic movement.* Guru.
18. *Emphatically stating that his teaching.* Strelley, 318.
19. *There is to be no negativity,* Milne, 212.
20. *Within a year of coming to.* Guru.
21. *Just before the First World Annual.* Strelley, 338.
22. *Roughly 17,000 sannyasins flying in.* Strelley, 344.
23. *But when Laxmi.* Milne, 237–38.
35. *Forty-five of the victims.* Christopher Calder, Osho. <http://home.att.net/~meditation/>
36. *Bhagwan said it was more experiment.* Guru.
37. *He methodically tore apart.* Joshi, 171.
38. *There's no point in guarding me.* Strelley, 261.
39. *Letters to Oregon newspapers.* Wikipedia, *Rajneeshpuram*.
40. *An infrastructure including.* Joshi, 164.
41. *AIDS prevention measures.* FitzGerald, 356.
42. *I was unavailable.* Guru.
43. *This time Jesus has been.* Osho, *Jesus Crucified, This Time in Ronald Reagan's America* (Cologne, West Germany: Rebel Publishing, 1988), 4.
44. *The energy was high.* Viramo, "The



Ma Prem Nirvano aka Ma Yoga Vivek, closest disciple, caretaker and lover, died on December 9, 1989. Osho aka Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh died on January 19, 1990, only one month later.

- Rise and Fall of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh* (New York: Harper & Row, 1987), 327.
3. *Within a week he had collected.* Hugh Milne, *Bhagwan: The God That Failed* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1996), 196.
4. *What had begun as the dawn.* Milne, 201.
5. *I was only twenty-one.* Guru.
6. *We had a situation where two queens.* Strelley, 240–41.
7. *He'd spend a fortune.* Satya Bharti Franklin, *The Promise of Paradise* (New York: Institute for Publishing Arts, 1992), 105.
8. *If you allow your mind.* Strelley, 192.
9. *In 1979 Sheela and Deeksha.* Strelley, 223–24.
10. *A month after Bhagwan's arrival.* Milne, 193.
24. *Bhagwan's application.* FitzGerald, 304.
25. *If you don't do what we want.* FitzGerald, 259.
26. *Quick ways to make money.* Strelley, 140.
27. *Puja was generally disliked.* Jonathan B. Tucker, *Toxic Terror: Assessing Terrorist Use of Chemical and Biological Weapons* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University, 2000), 121.
28. *Two-thirds of the world would die.* Franklin, 226.
29. *One day someone put flowers.* Guru.
30. *I became an intermediary.* Strelley, 364.
31. *Nitrous oxide as a consciousness.* Milne, 230.
32. *Shown media releases.* Strelley, 358.
33. *Soon more guns were bought.* Strelley, 359.
34. *You're a coward.* Les Zaitz, "25 Years After Rajneeshee Commune Last Days of Rancho Rajneesh," *Yes Osho*, May 1991.
45. *The moment you have a power.* Osho, *Beyond Psychology* (Rajneeshpuram, OR: Rajneesh Foundation International, 1988), 73.
46. *Laxmi was in Delhi.* Strelley, 173.
47. *As a defense against those.* Osho, *Zen: The Solitary Bird Cuckoo of the Forest* (Pune, India: OSHO Media International, 2010), Article 13.
48. *During a wisdom tooth extraction.* "Rajneesh's Name Is Gone with the Tooth," *Chicago Sun-Times*, September 28, 1989.
49. *Book stolen.* Private conversation with William Patrick Patterson.
50. *The Master really makes trust.* Osho, *God's Got a Thing About You* (Rajneeshpuram, OR: Rajneesh Foundation International, 1983), 69.