

July/August 2010
VOLUME XXIII FOUR

VIHA

THE WORLD OF OSHO

CONNECTION

**“When I Am Gone...”
Sannyas 20 Years Later**

PAGE 16

For the Seriously Injured:

— “Accident Lawyer Offers You a Free Test Drive” —

Hi, I'm Ed Smith and I represent people with serious injuries throughout Northern California. In a moment, I'll tell you about my test-drive program, but, first I want to tell you a bit about who I am and why I may be the attorney who should handle your case.

WHO I AM

I've been a trial lawyer since 1982. I don't handle wills, trusts or divorces. I don't handle small whiplash cases although I'd be happy to refer you to attorneys that do. I don't handle anything at all, except serious personal injury cases.

I envision a world where lawyers are valued as helpers, healers, counselors, problem solvers & peacemakers. Conflicts are seen as opportunities for growth. I don't pretend to be a saint, nor do I live a monastic life. Some insurance attorneys have called my firm “The Nicest Tough Firm Around.”

I'VE BEEN THERE

I'm originally from Hell's Kitchen in NYC, and I've had my own fair share of serious injuries and brushes with death. I think it's important to understand the pain and disruption that serious injuries can cause. If an attorney hasn't been there, that attorney is at a disadvantage in explaining the consequences of a serious injury to a jury.

I'm a member of the Million Dollar Forum, an organization of lawyers who've been successful in obtaining multiple verdicts, arbitration awards, or settlements of over one million dollars. Obviously, not every case is worth a million dollars, but its important to know that you have an attorney in your corner who can handle that kind of a case. I've also lectured to other plaintiffs' lawyers and have written articles on personal injury law. For many years, I have appeared on the award-winning TV program “Ask a Lawyer.”

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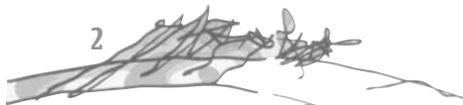
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MIND KNOWS NOTHING OF UNITY

Beloved Osho,

Is it possible that the no-mind evolves quite naturally out of the mind without struggle and anguish, without exploding, hammering, cutting, and such wild acts? Is the very idea of no-mind, which seems to be in the mind and yet transcending the mind, a seed-like form of the no-mind? Is it helpful to meditate along these lines of mind-transcending concepts like eternity, nirvana, death? My mind seems to explode when I do. It feels like I am pushing over my limit, and I get afraid of becoming schizophrenic.

The no-mind cannot arise out of the mind. It is not a growth of the mind. It is not in continuity with the mind; it is discontinuous. It is as discontinuous as disease is with health. The health does not arise out of the disease; it arises out of the removal of the disease. Disease was encroaching the space and was not allowing the health to bloom. The disease has to be removed. It is like a rock blocking the path of a small spring. You remove the rock, and the spring starts flowing. It does not arise out of the rock. The rock was blocking it; the rock was a block. So is the mind. Mind is the block for the no-mind.

No-mind simply means that which is not mind at all. How can it arise out of the mind? If it arises out of the mind, it may be super-mind, but it can't be no-mind. That's where I differ from Shree Aurobindo. He talks about the super-mind. A super-mind is the same mind more decorated, more cultivated, more cultured, more sophisticated, more strong, more integrated – but all the time the same old mind.

Buddha says not super-mind but no-mind; not super-soul but no soul; not super-individuality, super-self, but no-self, *anatta*. That is where Buddha is unique and his understanding the deepest. A super-mind is a growth; a no-mind is a leap, a jump. The no-mind has nothing to do with the mind at all. They never meet even; they never encounter each other. When the mind is there, the no-mind is not there. When the no-mind is there, the mind is not there. They don't even say hello to each other – they can't. The presence of the one is necessarily the absence of the other. So remember it. [...]

No-mind means discontinuity with all that you are. *You* have to die for no-mind to be.

So the first thing: You ask, "Is it possible that the no-mind evolves quite naturally out of the mind?" No. It is not an evolution; it is a revolution. The mind is dropped, and suddenly you find the no-mind is there, has always been there. The mind was clouding, making you confused, was not allowing

you to see that which is. So it is not an evolution.

And you ask, "Is it possible without struggle and anguish?" It has nothing to do with struggle and anguish. No-mind has nothing to do with struggle and anguish. It does not come out of struggle and anguish. Anything that comes out of struggle and anguish will carry the wounds. Even if those wounds are healed, the scars will be carried. It will be again a continuity.

The struggle and anguish is not for the no-mind; the struggle and anguish arises because the mind struggles to keep itself in power. The fight is given by the mind. The mind does not want to go, the mind wants to stay. The mind has become so powerful; it possesses you. It says, "No, I am not going to get out. I am going to stay here." The whole struggle and anguish is because of the mind. The no-mind has nothing to do with it. And you will have to go through this anguish and struggle. If you don't go through the anguish and the struggle, the mind is not going to leave you.

And again let me repeat, the no-mind is not born out of your struggle; out of your struggle only comes the mind. The no-mind comes without any struggle. The rock gives you the struggle. It does not want to move. It has remained in that spot for centuries, for millennia – who are you to remove it? "And about what spring are you talking? There is none. I have been here for centuries and I know – there is none. Forget all about it!" But you want to remove the rock. The rock is heavy, the rock is rooted in the earth. It has remained there for so long. It has attachments; it does not want to go. And it knows nothing of the spring. But you will have to remove this rock. Unless this rock is removed, the spring will not flow.

You ask: "...without exploding, hammering, cutting and such wild acts?" The no-mind has nothing to do with your acts. But the mind will not go. You will have to hammer and cut, and you will have to do a thousand and one things.

"Is the very idea of no-mind, which seems to be in the mind and yet transcending the mind, a seed-like form of the no-mind?"

No – there is no seed in the mind of the no-mind. The mind cannot contain even the seed of no-mind. The mind has no space to contain it. No-mind is vast, like the sky. How can it be contained in a tiny thing, the mind? And the mind is already



too full – full of thoughts, desires, fantasies, imaginations, memories. There is no space.

In the first place it is very tiny – it cannot contain the no-mind. In the second place it is so full, overcrowded, so noisy. The no-mind is silent; the mind is noisy. The mind cannot contain it; the mind has to cease. In that cessation is the beginning of a new life, a new being, a new world.

“Is it helpful,” you ask, “to meditate along these lines of mind-transcending concepts like eternity, nirvana, death?”

Those so-called mind-transcending concepts are still concepts and are of the mind. When you are thinking of eternity, what will you do? You will think. When you are thinking of nirvana, what is going to happen? Your mind will spin and weave, and your mind will give you beautiful ideas about nirvana – but that will be all mind work. What can you think about death? What will you think if you think about death? You don't know. How can you think anything about that which you don't know?

Mind is perfectly capable in repeating the known; with the unknown it is impotent. You don't know eternity; all that you know is time. Even when you think of eternity it is nothing but lengthened time, stretched time – but it is time. What do you know about nirvana? – all that you have heard about it, read about it. That is not nirvana. The word “nirvana” is not nirvana, and the concept of nirvana is not nirvana. The word “God” is not God, and all the pictures and all the statues that have been made of God have nothing to do with him – because he has no name and no form.

And what are you going to think about death? How can you think about death? You have heard a few things, you have seen a few people dying, but you have never seen death. When you see a man dying what do you see? He breathes no more; that's all that you see. His body has become cold; that's all that you see. What more? Is this death – the body becoming cold, breathing stopping? Is this all? What has happened to the innermost core of the person? You cannot know without dying. You cannot know without experiencing. The only way to know the unknown is to experience it.

So these concepts won't help. They may rather, on the contrary, strengthen the mind, because the mind will say, “Look, I can even supply you mind-transcending concepts. See what I am doing for you. Keep me with you always. I will help you to become enlightened. Without me you will be nowhere. Without me how will you think about death and nirvana and eternity? I am absolutely essential. Without me you will not be anything at all.”

No, these meditations won't help. You have to see it – that the mind is not going to help at all. When you see the point that the mind is not going to help at all, in that very helplessness, in that very state, there is silence; all stops. If the mind cannot do anything, then nothing is left to do. Suddenly all thinking is paralyzed; it is pointless. In that paralysis you will have the first glimpse of no-mind...just a small window will open. In that stopping of the mind you will have a taste of no-mind. And then things will start moving. Then it will be easier for you to get lost into the boundaryless-ness.

You cannot meditate; you have to go into it. Meditating upon it is a pseudo-activity; it is a kind of avoiding, escaping. You are afraid of death, you think about death. You are afraid of nirvana, you think about nirvana. Thinking gives you the feeling that you are capable even of thinking about death and nirvana.

“My mind seems to explode when I do.”

Mind is very cunning. It must be deceiving you – because mind cannot explode while you are thinking. About what you are thinking does not matter; while you are thinking, mind cannot explode. Mind will be enjoying it, and in that very enjoyment you are thinking you are exploding.

“It feels like I am pushing over my limit, and I get afraid of becoming schizophrenic.”

You need not be afraid of ever becoming schizophrenic, because you already are – everybody is. Mind is schizophrenic, because mind knows nothing of unity. Mind is always split. Mind always has alternatives: to be or not to be, to do this or to do that. Mind is always indecisive. Even if you choose something, it is only a part of the mind that chooses it, the other part remains against it.

The mind is never total, so mind is schizophrenic. You need not be afraid of that. To be in the mind is to be schizophrenic. Only Buddhas are beyond it. The whole humanity is schizophrenic, more or less. When you go beyond a point then you have to seek and search for the psychiatrist, but the difference is only of degrees; the difference is only of quantity not quality. Even between you and your psychoanalyst there is only a difference of degrees.

Remember, mind will not help. Mind cannot help, mind can only hinder. Seeing this, no-mind arrives. It is not that you bring it; it arrives on its own accord.

The Diamond Sutra, Chapter 2

The Diamond Sutra has just been reprinted and is available from Viha for \$19.95.



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Suvarna is on a leave of absence.



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Caption your photos, and indicate if you want them or other materials returned. Write your name and phone number on the back of each picture (on some tape so there is no bleed-through).

Send high-resolution JPG or TIF image files to Poona at support@mac-tech.org.

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Swami Bodhi Ray

November 15, 1944 – June 1, 2010



Bodhi Ray died in a car accident on his way from Istanbul to Ankara. He had just arrived in Turkey from Odessa where he had led a Mystic Rose Meditation Group. His girlfriend, Harika, was with him in the car and was recovering in a hospital at the time of writing.

Bodhi Ray was born in Michigan and served in the US Marines from 1963 to 1966, during the Vietnam War. He graduated from Michigan State University with degrees in psychology and philosophy in 1974. He spent 20 years as Vice President of Operations for two companies in San Diego, California.

He took sannyas in 1989 and went to Pune every year for two or three months, participating in all trainings offered in the Center for Transformation. By early 1994 he had arranged his life so that he could be in Pune full time, bought a room in the Commune, and began to lead groups and offer sessions.

Bodhi Ray was a certified Osho therapist in Breath

work, Counseling, Family Constellation, Primal and Childhood De-conditioning. He was part of the Osho Diamond Breath team and one of Osho's traveling therapists, offering all kinds of groups in many countries around the world, as well as at the Osho Multiversity in Pune.

His close friends Devapath and Shanti wrote that at Osho Miasto in Italy a beautiful White Robe Meditation was dedicated to him. ♡

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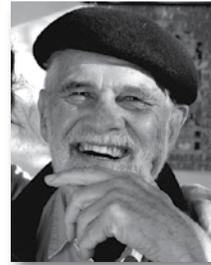
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Swami Bodhi Anam (Hart Sprager)

September 20, 1934 – May 30, 2010



Anam died in a private homecare facility near Portland, Oregon, with his beloved Anandi at his side. Four years ago, while living in India, he was diagnosed with a form of dementia.

Anam and Anandi had been living in the foothills of the

Himalayas for 12 years and then moved to South Goa, but it soon became clear that they needed to return to the US so that Anam could receive the necessary medical care and also be close to his children and granddaughter.

Anam and Anandi met at the San Francisco Zen Hospice in the early 90s, and their hearts connected. Anam was on a Buddhist path; he had been to India twice and had done a year of silent retreat there. Slowly but surely he became intrigued with Osho, and in 1995 he said to Anandi, "I won't ask you to marry me, but will you come to India with me?" So they traveled to India together and visited the Osho Resort where Anam took sannyas. When they arrived there, *The Diamond Sutra* series was being played in Buddha Hall, and Anam said that it was the clearest commentary on the sutra he had ever heard in his many years as a Buddhist.

Throughout his life Anam had many professions: He was in the diplomatic service, made TV commercials, was a published writer (*The Sound of the Earth*) and an actor, his favorite role being Zorba the Greek. Coming to Osho enabled him to bring together meditation and celebration in the most beautiful way.

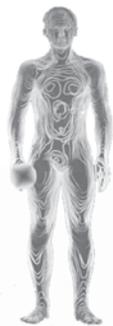
During the last year of his life, his only spoken word was "Yes."

A memorial service was held in Oregon, and in the Bay Area, where Anandi lives now, sannyasin friends celebrated Anam's life on June 6 with a special satsang. ♡

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Swami Prem Rajesh

July 12, 1949 – May 14, 2010



Rajesh died in the evening of May 14 in a hospice in Richmond, Virginia, surrounded by family and friends. He had been in poor health for many years and had come close to dying a few years ago. A few months before his death he was in a coma for three weeks after a violent asthma

attack. His friend Michael (Sharno) wrote: "To be truthful, we all thought he was overdue. There was no reason for it to continue. And no one, particularly he, wanted it to continue. I was with him during his last major attack. It was enough. I'm glad for him that he moved on."

Rajesh took sannyas in Pune One and was later a resident at the Ranch, working in Edison, the electronic department. He was affectionately called White Boy because of his light-blond hair and in reference to the song "Play that Funky Music, White Boy" by Wild Cherry.

Even through his illness Rajesh stayed in close contact with many sannyasin friends, among them Satya Priya. Here are some excerpts from his emails to her:

beloved priya

ah, my dearest,
 the breath is more scarce,
 the moment more precious,
 the beauty drowns me.
 the mind tries to fight to explain,
 but i am free so freed up.
 no rent no movie no tv show.
 the world is leaving me.
 who knows how long
 the drama will draw out.

Sasha Georgeson
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osho is outside of time
 just space just space.
 how silly we'll always be.

i love you so much
 beloved priya

the fear. the fear.
 i've been dancing
 on the edge of fear
 all day today.
 the shortness of breath...
 when it stays and stays...
 and even the drugs
 don't resolve it...

oh it truly is only
 about being present.

in the presence, i am free.

slowly. slowly.
 slowly must i tread.

i feel you, beloved one,
 in the aether
 where we are the silence.

Love and His Blessings,

rajesh 🌸

Priya: oshopriya@earthlink.net

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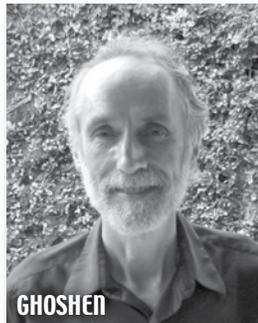
From My Window: Gossips from Bali and Beyond by Ma Anand Bhagawati



Myth gives meaning. Myth is nothing but a beautiful gossip, but it helps you to live. Unless you become so capable of living without any gossiping, it helps you to travel, to journey in the world. It gives a human atmosphere around you; otherwise the world is very stony.

Yoga: The Alpha and the Omega, Vol. 6, Chapter 4

Swami Prem Ghoshen wrote from San Jose, California that he was coming to check out Bali as a possible place to live. His main requirement was a decent Internet connection, since he is a computer software specialist and needs to stay in contact with his clients.



Born in England, Ghoshen grew up partly in Nigeria, Africa, so he's no stranger to the tropics and a kind of "colonial" living. After he had roamed the island he said that he likes Bali, but he still feels a pull to Synchronicity, a community in Virginia set up by meditation master Charles Cannon from the Muktananda lineage. So, the jury is still out on where he will live.

Ghoshen became a sannyasin 1977 in New York and went to Pune. He also journeyed throughout India, but when I asked him if he had been in Rajneeshpuram, he laughed. "I procrastinated about going there until it was too late." Meditation is an important part of his life, and I could feel that. When we spoke, I kept having this irresistible urge to shut up and just sit in silence with him. pete@maclean.com

Swami Prem Deepak was born in Algeria (at that time part of France), but has morphed into a meditating globe-trotter. After Osho told him in 1980 to "finish everything in Paris," he found himself with no home and decided



to drop the idea of having one and spend the rest of his life traveling. He discovered the ideal travel concept – around-the-world tickets. He's hopped from India to Europe and South America, to Australia, to South Korea and Japan, Canada, Cambodia, Vietnam, Laos, Indonesia, to the USA. I strongly suspect he would sign up for a trip to the moon if anybody were living up there.

He arrived in Pune One as an Esalen-trained Encounter and Gestalt therapist and became involved with the group department. He gave Feldenkrais classes, led breath therapy groups, and discovered he had a good voice for hypnosis. He lay low during Rajneeshpuram and worked at the farm and in the green houses. In Pune Two he worked as a therapist with **Swami Prem Wadud** and **Ma Prem Waduda** in the Mystery School. He kept on until 1996, when he felt therapy in the usual group session format was finished for him.

Over a delightful lunch in Ubud, Bali's most charming town, we had such a lively and animated conversation that I could hardly believe it when he told me he's 77 years old. Talk about meditation keeping us folks young! He even overcame cancer eight years ago and is fit as a fiddle. Next leg on the journey of his life will be a tour of Western Europe – from the Baltic States to Austria. I hope to see him again on one of his next travel loops through Asia. deepsprem78@yahoo.com

Also in Ubud, which is turning into a lofty Bali-Hindu-New Age-Yoga-Deeksha-Spiritual Retreat-Therapy metropolis, I met up with **Ma Prem Jwala**, whose home base for about 20 years was Marin County, California. She took sannyas in 1977, and three weeks after that she was called into the office in Krishna House and told that Osho asked her to teach Tantra Yoga. She said, "My immediate response was NO! I am falling apart here, I can't teach!" The answer was, "When a Master asks you to do something, you say yes," and with that she was handed a bunch of keys to the group rooms. She





became a constant visitor to Pune and Rajneeshpuram, staying as long as she could every time. She also taught Tantra Yoga in many locations and wrote a book about her teachings, *Sacred Sex: Ecstatic Techniques for Empowering Relationships*.

The last three years she was in Marin, she worked at Shibui Gardens, a spa in San Anselmo owned by **Rajni, Suresha**, and the late **Nandano**, when out of the blue (isn't it always?) a couple of occurrences turned her life upside down. Her beloved partner died, and three weeks later she fell, severely injuring herself. Looking back, she said that though she made little money and it was hard to make ends meet during that time, she gained compassion for the poor and realized how lucky she has been in her life.

Jwala now calls Bali home, and her health is much improved. She is offering sessions in Rebirthing and Matrix Energetics in addition to her Tantra Yoga workshops. She plans to meet up with well-loved belly dancer **Ma Prabhu Erasmia** soon in Pune, and from there travel to Osho Nisarga in Dharamsala before returning to Bali. Anybody traveling here, she'd love you to visit! jwalaji@hotmail.com; www.jwalaji.com



Swami Anadideva managed to visit me on his way to the airport after a week's snorkeling on Bali's East Coast, at Amed, his favorite hangout spot on the island. He lives with his

beloved, **Ma Deva Prem**, near Montreal, Canada, and is involved with Luminotherapy. In Pune Two he and **Ma Premo** introduced their innovative light work to Osho, who encouraged them and said that sound and light will be the therapy of the future. Hence the Astrolarium was created at the Ashram in 1987. (They worked in concert with astrologer **Swami Prem Kabir**.)

Anadideva's work resulted in some of the most advanced technology in the field. He said in the beginning he felt very much alone with his ideas

and inventions, but feels that around 2004 a collective shift happened and people are now much more interested in energy work and color. A physicist by training, he builds large "Sensors" setups that fill an entire room dedicated to light and sound sessions. Although those setups are expensive, because each feature is hand-made at this stage, four of them have been installed already – in South Africa, Holland, Australia, and Canada. His new portable device, however, is affordable, and he sees a huge future for both it and the larger machines. I lucked out, and Anadideva gave me a short session with his portable device. Pure colors were projected onto a screen in a darkened room, and I just sat there with eyes open and let the colors in. The different hues were overwhelmingly beautiful, and I felt as if my brain and body were soaking them up. After Anadideva left, all hell broke loose in our house – we had a general blackout, a gas hose was leaking – but I felt exceptionally calm and untouched by all the stress, which I attribute to the session. anadi@sensora.com; www.sensora.com

Sent from my BlackBerry while seated on a swaying camel's back in the Rajasthani desert.

Namasté! 🌸

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The Friend: Finding Compassion with Yourself
by Nishant Matthews; O-Books, 2010

Reviewed by Pavitra Wolf

If you like stories, chances are you will find Nishant's book, *The Friend*, a great read. The book is full of them: Osho stories, Zen stories, Christian stories, Sufi stories, and many others from modern meetings in therapy and meditation. Most of these stories come with a little twist, a sense of freshly cleaned windows into the world that stories come from. For people who have some experience with meditation and therapy, there is plenty here to spark the poetics of the inner world.

The journey this book takes us on is about reconciliation and reunion. Drawing on his three decades of working as a therapist, Nishant argues that there seems to be some kind of inbuilt tension between the "I" that we think we are and the "me" that we feel we are. Our spiritual self and our personal self step on each other's toes when it's time to dance; our personality and our inner being live like strangers in the same house. We push on our selves to be who we think we should be, and we push against the self that we already are.

Enter the Friend. Warm eyes and heart skills open the way of reconciliation. Our inner self responds to our friendship in the same way that other friends would: It opens to us and begins communicating. For many people, that means our lives begin to work better: We find more satisfaction with less effort. Further, in the reunion of "I" and "me," the "I" is invited by the self into an unfolding landscape of lessons, love, and truth.

In *The Friend* Nishant leads the reader on a journey into the self that follows a path adopted from centuries of Tibetan meditation. He offers the chance to walk through the inner architecture of the psyche and find doors that willingly open when we have the keys in our hands.

The Friend's way of grace comes through the skills of the heart. Nishant offers many practical ways of working with daily experiences so that our day-to-day life doesn't separate us from our self, but brings us closer to our true nature.

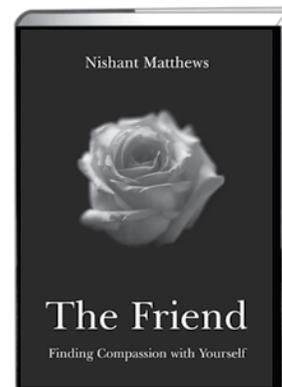
The last section of the book is an illustrated guide to how the ego is formed as a protection system: simple, clear, even a little brutal. The main point Nishant is making here is not that the ego is such a bad thing,

but that while it works great for protecting a kid through the early years, it is a very poor expression of the capacities of adult consciousness. Nishant explains that when we refer back to our ego as the guide for living our lives, we miss out on the potentials of love, freedom, and spontaneous intelligence that await us as adults. When we can see our situation so clearly, it is easy to make the more fulfilling choices. ♡

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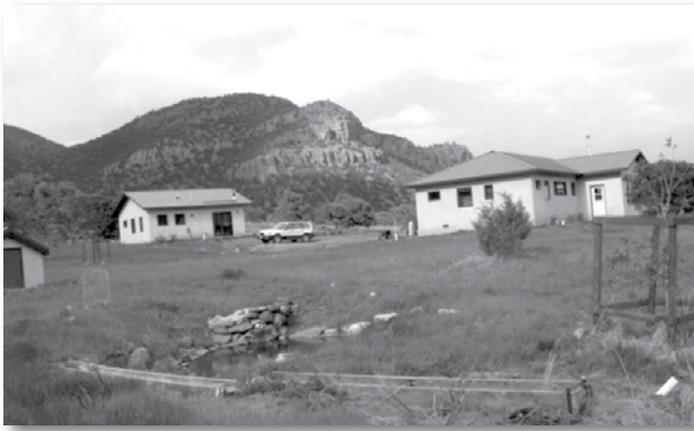


Creativity out of Silence

by Swami Atmo Shahid

I have heard Osho say that creativity arises from silence. With that in mind, I purchased 160 acres of Colorado mountain land in 1999. Since that time I have built a house and guesthouse, and I enjoy the benefits of living in wild nature.

After doing the Path of Love for the second time, I realized that it is time to share this beautiful place with other like-minded (or -hearted) people. My vision of the intentional community possible here includes sustainable housing, open wildlife corridors, a space for all sorts of creativity arising from meditation, and inspiration from the art of nature around us.



My personal creative energies move into writing, painting, building, landscaping, gardening, playing music, and dancing. Of course, in Osho's vision, everything can be an opportunity to be creative.

Before Osho left His body, He gave me the use of the name Magga Baba for my retreat, named after the old enlightened man whom He loved (see *Glimpses of a Golden Childhood*). Eventually, there will be four pri-

vate residences, to be nestled into gorgeous vistas as agreed with all other owners. The rest of the land will remain communal, with a possible meditation retreat hall for daily meditations and groups.



Osho Magga Baba Creativity Retreat is located in southern Colorado, 30 miles from the New Age town of Crestone, where numerous sannyasins own property, and halfway between Boulder and Santa Fe, where the city action is.

The land itself resembles parts of Rajneeshpuram or Sedona, with towering red cliffs on the north and the majestic, white-capped Sangre de Cristo range to the east. Signs of ancient Indians can be found almost anywhere. Deer, elk, bobcats, cougars, bears, and coyotes frequent the area, but seldom come close to the house.

This is rugged land, and at certain times of the year a 4-WD vehicle is essential. I already have a tractor for road maintenance and, eventually, a communal garden. An old camping trailer can be rented by those building their dream homes. This is a high mountain desert, but I have water rights for growing crops from a natural spring.

If you want to get in on the ground floor of creating an intentional community, or simply come by and visit, call me at (719) 480-9764. Photos of Magga Baba retreat can be seen on my Facebook page (Daniel Johnson).☺

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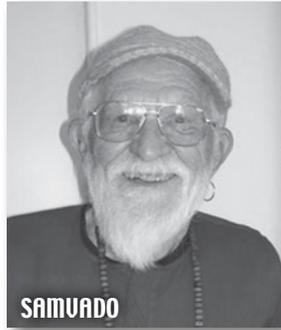
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From the Desk of Dhanyam



Congratulations to my buddy **Samvado**, who was named Golfer of the Year in Pune and also won the Senior Citizen Championship.

Sam seems to be getting better year after year. By the way, he and I intend to live to 140.



und-altbayern-aktuell/bhagwan-rosenmueller-roemhild-ID1272897758663.xml. (You need a good working knowledge of Bavarian to enjoy the clips!)

In Portland, Oregon, a man calling himself **Rasneesh Isaac Bagwansian** and “Favorite Son of my father” (I wonder who that might be) announced in a short-lived listing on Craigslist that he had purchased a 64-acre ranch in Lyle, Washington, had named it The Peace Love Ranch, and he wanted folks to join

the “family reunion if you are ready for your spiritual revival.” He also said that he was a “verile (*sic*) man with a message for the ladies.” No word yet whether the reunion has happened and what his message to the ladies is, but I suspect it was just a hoax anyway.

Congrats also to poetess **Prartho** on a full-tuition scholarship and teaching fellowship in the MFA program (master of fine arts in poetry) at Syracuse University. Syracuse is among the top 12 schools in the US in creative writing. The MFA degree is considered a “terminal degree,” which means it prepares one for university teaching, but Prartho is mostly thrilled by the three years she will have to devote to writing.

In late April a Swiss movie about Osho premiered in Basel: *Guru – Bhagwan, His Secretary and His Bodyguard*.



I have not seen it yet, but from the trailers on YouTube it’s a documentary about Pune One (lots of shots of nude group participants) and the Ranch, with extensive interviews of **Sheela** and **Shiva (Hugh Milne)**. Both were present at the premiere, and sanniyasins who were there report that the two still “play the blame [Osho] game.”

Pathik in Munich sent more movie news: Well-known German director **Marcus Rosenmüller** is making a movie about Osho sanniyasins in the ‘80s. On a rainy Sunday in early May about 300 people showed up for a casting call, among them many sanniyasins. Interestingly enough, the title



of the movie is almost identical to that of Tim Guest’s book: *Orange: My Life in Orange*. Interviews with some of the folks at the casting can be seen at www.br-online.de/bayerisches-fernsehen/schwaben-

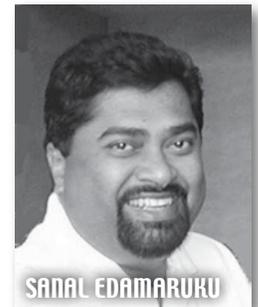
A German beer company has won the right to call its new brew Fucking Hell – Fucking being a town in Austria, and “Hell” being a (German) term for light ale. The mayor of Fucking is upset because the new beer is likely to attract visitors and therefore vandalism. “Twelve or 13 town signs have already been stolen. We’ve taken to fixing them with concrete, welding, and rivets,” he said, tragically.



The Trade Marks and Designs Registration Office of the European Union is taking this all very literally. Said a statement: “The word combination claimed contains no semantic indication that could refer to a certain person or group of persons. Nor does it incite a particular act. It cannot even be understood as an instruction that the reader should go to hell.” A toast to Fucking Hell!

When a famous Indian tantric guru boasted on television that he could kill another man using only his mystical powers, most viewers either gasped in awe or merely nodded unquestioningly.

Sanal Edamaruku’s response was different. “Go on then, kill me,” he said. Mr. Edamaruku had been invited to the talk show as head of the Indian Rationalists’ Association – the country’s self-appointed skeptic-in-chief. The holy man, **Pandit Surender Sharma**, eventually agreed to perform a series of rituals designed to kill



Mr. Edamaruku live on television. Millions tuned in as the channel cancelled scheduled programming to continue broadcasting the showdown, which can still be viewed on YouTube.

First, Sharma chanted mantras, then he sprinkled water on his intended victim. He brandished a knife, ruffled the skeptic's hair, and pressed his temples. But after several hours of similar antics, Mr. Edamaruku was still very much alive, smiling for the cameras and taunting the furious holy man.

Mr. Edamaruku, a part-time journalist and publisher from the southern state of Kerala, has dedicated his life to exposing charlatans – from levitating village fakirs to televangelist yoga masters – who he says are obstructing an Indian Enlightenment. The Indian Rationalist Association was founded in Madras in 1949 with the encouragement of the British philosopher **Bertrand Russell**. Since Mr. Edamaruku took over in 1985, it has grown into a grass-roots organization of more than 100,000 members – mainly young professionals, teachers, and students – covering most of India. Members now spend much of their time investigating and reverse-engineering “miracles” performed by self-styled holy men who often claim millions of followers and amass huge wealth from donations. I wonder if the association has investigated **Prahlad Jani**, an 82-year-old Indian, who recently made the news when he claimed to have eaten not a single grain of rice or consumed a drop of water since the early years of World War II.

Did you realize that laughter is a highly complex process? Joyous or mirthful laughter is considered a positive stress (eustress) that involves complicated brain activities leading to a positive effect on health. In the 1970s **Norman Cousins** was diagnosed with an autoimmune disease. Under medical approval and oversight he used laughter to put his condition into remission, and published his personal research results in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. He is considered one of the original architects of mind-body medicine.

Dr. Lee S. Berk, a preventive care specialist and psychoneuroimmunology researcher at Loma Linda University's Schools of Allied Health (SAHP) and Medicine, and director of the molecular research lab at SAHP, and **Dr. Stanley Tan** have picked up where Cousins left off. Since the 1980s, they have been studying the human body's response to mirthful laughter and have found that laughter helps optimize

many of the functions of various body systems. Berk and his colleagues were the first to establish that laughter helps optimize the hormones in the endocrine system, including decreasing the levels of cortisol and epinephrine, which lead to stress reduction. They have also shown that laughter has a positive effect on modulating components of the immune system, including increased production of antibodies and activation of the body's protective cells, including T-cells and especially Natural Killer cells' effectiveness at killing tumor cells.

Their studies have shown that repetitious “mirthful laughter,” which they call Laughercise, causes the body to respond in a way similar to moderate physical exercise. Laughercise enhances your mood, decreases stress hormones, enhances immune activity, lowers bad cholesterol and systolic blood pressure, and raises good cholesterol (HDL).

So keep laughing, everyone, and if you need help, you can always get the Osho Joke Book. Just send me an email, or go to our website, OshoHereAndNow.com. 🌻

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Live Your Confusion

Osho Meditation

[A sannyasin who is leaving for the West says:] *When feelings and emotions come up out of me they don't seem like just one thing; it is a confusion inside. I don't know which emotion it is: It's half of one thing and half of another. I don't know if it's something to be concerned about.*

No, no need to be concerned...no need to be concerned. Simply go on living. Live your confusion; don't try to get out of it. If you try to get out of it, you create more confusion. A confused mind cannot get out of confusion. If the mind tries to get out of confusion, it will be like pulling yourself up by your shoelaces. It will create more confusion.

The only way is to accept it. Everybody is confused; otherwise all would have been Buddhas! The whole world is confused. Confusion is intrinsic to the human mind. The confusion has a very fundamental reason; there is an ontology to confusion. Man comes from the animals, and man has to become God, that is the confusion. Half belongs to the world of the animals, the unconscious part, and the other half is trying to become conscious, absolutely conscious, hence the tension. Both go on trying to manipulate you, and you are never sure who you are – whether to go this way or to go that way. In being pulled between these two the confusion arises.

Don't try to escape from it; live it. This is life; love it! Get deeper into it, and by getting deeper into it you will be surprised: Your eyes are becoming more and more clear. As you look deeper into your confusion, it starts sorting itself out.

If one goes deeply into any problem, one arrives at its solution. The solution is hidden in the problem; it is never outside. The problem is simply an indication that the solution is within you and you are not looking for it. So go into your confusion; allow it; watch it; see it. And don't be in a hurry to get out of it, because whenever one

is in a hurry to get out, one stops understanding. What is the point of understanding something that you want to drop? And you cannot drop it unless you have understood it; that's the dichotomy. Try to understand it; in that very understanding, confusion disappears.

Clarity comes out of understanding your confusions, and answers come by going deeper into your problems. Certainly one day it happens: All confusion is gone, all problems disappear, and you are left alone. The beauty of that aloneness is nirvana, is enlightenment. All remains as it is; only now between you and reality there are no more any clouds. Everything is the same – you are the same, the world is the same – it is just the something between the two, the confusion, that cloud, is no more there.

Look deep into your confusion. Don't be worried about it; don't be concerned about it, because concern means that you are getting ready to escape from it. Hence people create devices; they repress it, they avoid it, they don't look at it, or they start distracting their mind through some other channels. But all these things are not going to help; they will make you more and more confused. If you want to avoid one confusion, you will create another; to avoid that you will create another. Don't avoid the first one: Go into it, watch it, let it be your meditation. If it is there, there must be some significance, because nothing exists without any significance.

By and by you will feel thankful for it, because looking into it you will become clear, more meditative, more alert, more aware. Then finally you will thank your confusion, that it helped you, that it was an opportunity to grow into awareness. It was just an opportunity knocking on your door to help you to grow into awareness.

Don't Bite My Finger, Look Where I'm Pointing,
Chapter 6



“When I am Gone...”: Sannyas 20 Years Later

We have published many articles about taking sannyas while Osho was still physically present, and Bhagawati has a wonderful new book filled with those stories. In this issue we asked people who have come to Osho during the past 20 years to share their experiences of coming to the Master after He had left the body. Was that a different experience? From their responses, it appears that the experience of coming to Osho is still as magical and as varied as it ever was. People from around the world and from all walks of life keep coming and meeting the Master...and now they share their experiences with us.

Ma Deva Rubai



If you come to me and ask, “What is truth?” I can say something – within minutes the work is done. I have told you, you have known, and it is finished. I have neither told you nor have you understood anything, but the idea has arisen in you that now you know. And

now you will carry this idea. If you are really interested, I will have to give you a device, not a doctrine; I will have to give you a meditation, not a principle; I will have to initiate you into your inner lab; I will have to take you slowly, slowly into the deeper waters of your being. By and by you will start feeling, seeing – you will become more sensitive, more alert, more aware, and things will start penetrating your thick layer of unconsciousness. A few rays will start entering into your “dark night of the soul.” And then you will know. (Sufis: The People of the Path, Vol. 1, Chapter 2)

Writing about my experiences with my Beloved Master Osho is an endearing yet challenging undertaking. How can I express in words what is indescribable? The communion of the heart that I feel with Osho is beyond words, intangible.

In coming to Osho I have come home. For me He is a bridge to the whole, to wholeness. My being is nourished in this understanding. I feel a delicate flowering of the inner space taking place as I move deeper into the living current that I sense through Osho.

Coming to Osho after He left the body, I find that the energy of Osho is available and present for me when I seek. Of course, I would have loved to be in His physical presence, and I love connecting with those who have been. It seems as if a subtle bridge connects us. My experience is that the energy of Osho is a living current.

I first began connecting with Osho through His meditations, which are offered at Just Dance here in Vancouver (Canada), and through a long-time sannyasin, Ma Mada Dalian.

I bought a tape from Mada with both the Dynamic and Kundalini Meditations on it. At the time I wasn't aware how much impact these meditations would have in my life. Over the years I have found them to be effective techniques for clearing stuck energy and leaving space for what is. Osho's meditations have helped me immensely in the transformative process.

I also feel the presence of Osho in His pictures. When I first became aware of this, almost 10 years ago, I felt it was as if He wanted to speak to me. I received a copy of *The Orange Book* and began playing with more of the juicy techniques that I encountered within. I came to understand how simple meditation is, that it is really just a knack. I now have the tools to clear blockages so that my energy flows easily. When I come to awareness of the breath, I feel the connection in my center.

Through Just Dance I met my beloved companion, Sumiran, in 2002, and we received sannyas in a ceremony together at Synchronicity Center, in Mexico in 2004, which was run by Ma Prem Nilaya. Nilaya has since been freed of the body. I still cry when I remember that on the day she died I “saw” her standing behind me with Osho. He encouraged her to talk to me, and she put her arms around me and gave me a big sannyasin hug. I had no idea then that she had left the body. Osho is a living current, a bridge to the “other shore.”

Music is a natural way for me to connect with the Divine. Over the past few years I have written down the songs that have come through and added simple guitar chords. Now I sing them with friends and record them so that they may be shared with



more people. Perhaps, if the tuning is just right, something of the living current may be passed on through the music.

We would love visiting with you when you are in Vancouver. Please come and see us at Just Dance. ♡

devarubai@yahoo.ca; www.justdance.ca

Anthony “Prem” Carlisi



I found out about Osho back in 1978 when I first got into Ashtanga Yoga. I was put off from Him by many of the yogis in the USA at that time. They told me that He was a charlatan and to stay away from anything regarding Him. I was too unaware and naive to know for myself what was true and what

was projection from the Yoga world that I now find puritanical (no different from the Christian, Muslim, Buddhist...).

So I missed my opportunity to meet Him personally back in the days when He was alive, which I regret. Many years later I came across His books at a dear friend's house in India. I was finally in a more receptive and open space and able to receive Him. After reading the first book I couldn't get enough of Him! I wanted to read everything I could get my hands on, and I did. This was back in 2001, what I call my courtship phase. I was madly in love with Osho and was hanging on every word He uttered, in the transcription of His talks, as if He were speaking to me directly.

I finally ended up going to Pune on a pilgrimage to experience where He had walked and shared His wisdom. I knew that if I felt this wonderful about Him I must find my “tribe” of others who felt the same. I went there in 2004 and immediately upon arriving took sannyas. I met many of the old-timers (Krishna Prem, Sam, Vibhavan, Mamaji, etc.). They all confirmed that it was not necessary for me to have met Him in the flesh, that His love energy had touched me through His books, and it was for me to receive Him in this way.

One of my favorite expressions around Osho, which is written upon the site of His ashes in Pune, is: “Never Born, Never Died.” I am forever grateful for the many blessings the Being of Osho has bestowed upon me through the magic of His words. I feel His presence in my everyday life and have written a book on yoga from my 30 years experience, *The Only Way Out Is In*, and have dedicated it to my beloved Osho. ♡

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Ma Hamsa Angela Vivek



My family and friends thought I was crazy to think about going to India, but it seemed normal to me after reading more than 30 of His books. I wanted to look for what was real, even if He was gone... If it had been real at any moment, I would be able to find His perfume, His essence – one way or another!

I got some unexpected money, so checked the Osho.com website, booked myself into the Guesthouse, and was on my way! I was looking for something beyond my own boundaries, something of His presence. And I found it, almost immediately!

I met His people, His sannyasins, His disciples... and heard gossip and stories about His death and final moments: different perspectives, different approaches, mind/heart-challenging stories... It was very confusing at the beginning, and then everything began to change. I began to feel completely in place, completely surrounded by *my people!*

It was the feeling of the swan from the *Ugly Duckling* tale of Hans Christian Andersen, but instead of being the ugly duckling, this time I was looking at myself as the beautiful swan in the lake. I was looking at *my people*, brothers and sisters, swans flying all around.

I had finally come to the place where I belong. For the first time in my life I was not awkward but fitting perfectly.

There was no need for false words, no waste of time or energy: Everything was about being fully true with myself and others. This was a wonderful feeling that I had never before experienced anywhere in the world. There was no place or need to hide anything, or for lying about anything.

Taking sannyas sounded a bit unreal to me, but not to the sannyasins around, so I decided to do it on my next trip to Pune, if I ever decided to make another one. It just took me two months to get back. (More “crazy woman” stuff from friends and family!) But then taking sannyas was not possible due to the intensive Gurdjieff workshop I was taking. Still, back at home, I did it by email, even if it seemed kind of silly or absurd in the beginning. It felt necessary to do, even if that was beyond understanding.

And the quote for my sannyas was: *A sannyasin is one who has accepted his aloneness. It's fundamental, it cannot*

CONTINUES

be drowned...the man exists in aloneness..." (The Divine Melody, Chapter 10) And there was the swan on the letter too!

The name changing was irrelevant to me. I received suggestions from two old sannyasins and, not being able to choose one, decided on Hamsa Angela Vivek. The legal name was in the middle, the swan was at beginning, and the lightning at the end.

Interacting with people who meet Osho in person has been simply wonderful, watching their inner joy for every part of life, the easy laughing, the adventurous living – simply beautiful!

So then back at home, I became again a stranger in a strange land, where almost no one knows about Osho, about sannyas or meditation. Yet, recently I opened a place for Osho meditations in Honduras. There are no regular participants so far, but I have full confidence in life and in the old Italian story: First you put in the railroad tracks, even if there is no train, and by doing so, the train will eventually come too!

I missed the personal meeting with Him by just 15 years, almost nothing, but got His perfume, the color of His essence by just looking for Him, in unexpected ways, lands, and times. It came through His books first, and then by meeting unexpected travel companions later, soul companions, in the non-distance of the heart.

I have begun a wonderful adventure into myself, a truly nonstop adventure.

Thank you, Life, one more time! Thank you, Osho, for knocking on my door. 🍷

astassano@techosverdes.net

Ma Bodhi Naveena



My love affair with Osho started when I was in my mid-twenties and traveling for the first time around India. During this time I began to meet Osho's sannyasins, and they always struck a chord: the way they talked, held themselves in the crowd, played their music – it all attracted me. It was a quality

that resonated into a deep longing to be part of their caravan. So after a few more hard hits and kicks from Existence, I decided to follow the fragrance of those encounters and go to Pune.

I can clearly remember entering the main gate, reaching the Plaza, finding a seat at the Multiversity area, and bursting into tears – a flood so refreshing.

My English was very poor then, so I had to rely on my instincts to find my way around. I was like a child again, with very little knowledge of the world, and without any defenses. Yet in those first few days I found myself drifting safely among loving strangers, being held by anonymous guiding hands, and being treated with more affection than I had ever felt before. This gave me confidence that I was in the right place and the trust to move deeper.

I booked my first group, Mystic Rose, knowing nothing about it, except that I had heard it was amazing and I wanted to experience something amazing too. I had the first taste of emptying myself, of heaven and hell. In the gaps sometimes there was silence, and it felt good.

Over the next half year in Pune I started to listen and hear Osho's words, and stopped wanting to ignore that "old man with the beard." A delicious one-on-one connection was growing in my heart as I explored the wonderful playground He had created. I started looking through the doors to the huge sky that had opened for me. My mind was still protesting, and I busied myself thinking of how to explain Him to my Israeli friends and family. But He became more and more important as He helped me laugh and cry and dance and experience breakthroughs that were beyond my power to resist. I was hooked! He wasn't "that Indian guru" any longer, but a man of extreme beauty who over the years helped me rise up to my being.

In the first years I sometimes felt sorry that I missed meeting Osho in His body. I thought it would have been so "cool" to be able to say that I had sat at His feet and received darshan energy from Him, or if I could only have been a sannyas child... I thought that having Osho answer my personal question must be sensational and significant, and I kept dreaming about scenarios where I was with Him. Now I feel that Osho spoke enough and transmitted enough, and it is in my own hands to live intelligently. So there are no more regrets and feelings of loss. All is in a perfect mess!

Not having met Osho in His body, I was fortunate to meet Chinmaya in the early weeks of my stay in Pune. To me he is a real Osho lover, the "fool" type who celebrates his way through life, always true to himself and beautifully in tune with Existence. He is still the best window through which I can always look and see Osho's gifts. Now as a mother I feel the flavor of Osho as I support Koyal (my baby) to be herself, making silence available for her so she can always reach to her core, and helping her awareness



grow so she can not only *be* her Buddha-nature but can *live* like a real Buddha.

As time passes my love and gratitude to Osho grows and settles. There is nothing extraordinary about this; He just lives with us, the phantom of the opera. 🌸

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Swami Veetkamlesh



In 1982, at age 30, I was attending a sales meeting in Pune for four days. My cousin, Prem Asang (then Rudresh Bharti – Osho changed his sannyas name twice), invited me for Dynamic and morning discourse. The only impressions from that visit

that I remember are someone with white skin lifting Osho's chair and a sunrise during Dynamic. The whole experience conflicted with my background. My grandfather was a well-known saint, who had advised me that techniques like energy, Tantra, and meditation were not for us. Our only path was the path of Bhakti. Because of this I was prejudiced against all the gurus of India and could not draw distinctions.

I heard about Osho's death one morning when I was visiting an oil well that was in flames.

In 1995 I visited Pune again on company business, and Prem Asang insisted that I visit the ashram and meditate. This time I had a tremendous experience while I was meditating; I left Pune early and went to bring my wife back with me the next day. She is an Osho lover who regularly listens to Hindi and English discourses.

I continued to do Osho's meditations, and then one evening at satsang I felt my grandfather, who had also died, telling me to take sannyas. My grandfather said to me that all Masters have different peaks, so going on to another Master is progress. At the same moment in the satsang Osho was talking about sannyas. In that moment I died, with only "Yes!" on my lips.

What a journey, then...only meditation.

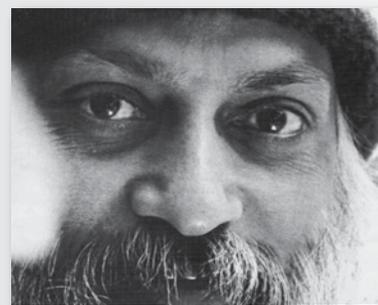
Why am I so late? How much I missed! How lucky all of you who were to be chosen by the Master! The buddhfield was created by the Master, and all sannyasins are ever vibrant. Osho's ongoing work is such a continuation of an experiment, such an experience of a collective rising sun, that only meditation can capture it.

I have never felt that the Master has gone. I have always felt Him present in every moment. I still day-dream of being at Mount Abu, doing Dynamic. I also have a strong desire to do all the meditations in the Pune ashram every year for the rest of my life. On the last day of each stay in Pune there are always gifts from the Master.

It seems to me that some sannyasins misunderstand the Master's words and the tradition of the mala and wearing orange. In spite of these disagreements, I hope that all of us – new or old sannyasins – can unite and create many buddhfields with the same pulse! 🌸

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DON'T BE WORRIED ABOUT WHEN I AM GONE



The question is not of the Master's life and death; the question basically is of your response.

So don't be worried about when I am gone. Those who are missing me now will be missing me then too – no loss. Those who are living my message now, they will go on living it. And if they go on living it, they cannot help but spread it. I am not depending on books – all the religions have depended on books – I am depending on you!

George Gurdjieff used to say – very sadly, of course – that if even two hundred people are enlightened, they can make the whole world full of light, full of life. Just two hundred people can transform the whole character of humanity. He could not manage it, but what he said is true.

I am going to manage it! I will not leave you unless I have made enough people enlightened so that they can make the whole world afire, alive. I am depending on you, not on any books. Those books may be helpful in some way to bring people to you, but my words will be throbbing in your heart; only then can you help anybody who comes to you.

And it is so simple. I have more than half a million sannyasins in the world, and more than one million people who are just on the borderline – a little push and they will be sannyasins. One million more who are lovers but cannot drop their camelhood...

From the False to the Truth, Chapter 16

Ma Deva Meghana



I met Isha, an Osho sannyasin from Taiwan, in 2000, when I didn't know who Osho was. Isha and I were in graduate school together at the University of Georgia in Athens, Georgia.

I was going through challenges: being a single woman, coming to terms with my bicultural Palestinian-American heritage, and wrestling with a patriarchy of which I wanted no part. Voices in my head disturbed my waking and sleeping hours. *You need to get married. You are Palestinian, not American. You should stay connected to your roots, your family. Having children is your destiny. You can't go against the family. After graduate school, we will match you up with a good Ramallah boy. You must become a doctor. You can't travel without a chaperone. Desires and emotions must be controlled. Be a good girl, a good role model.* My heart ached; I suffered much abuse; I fought a lot with my family. I cried endlessly.

And there was Isha, who had something about her, a strength and resiliency, a fearlessness. She was thousands of miles away from home, independent and strong in a new country. She had a subtle fire that I could detect, and I wanted to know more. She mentioned her trips to Pune. She said her family had raised her to be emotionless and expressionless, to hold in pain, then she had tried Mystic Rose in India and had cried and laughed for days.

We maintained our friendship all semester. That summer I was going to Ramallah, Palestine, and Isha was headed to Pune. We connected again when we returned. I was filled with more culture and family than ever before, and Isha came back just for me. She gave me some gifts: clothes, jewelry, a special rose oil from the "commune," and four books by Osho. Then she dropped out of school and headed to Pune permanently. I was mesmerized.

For the next eight years, I held onto those books, seeking Osho's advice on a number of issues. "Reading" Osho brought me to some awareness, but it was never really enough to transform my life and uplift me from my own self-created oppressions. The meeting with Isha was lost somewhat in my everyday existence in America. I struggled to make it on my own and to carve out a freedom for myself. For the most part, I was living a harmonious life. I was successful. I had my own home. I was making my own money. I had a boyfriend. I traveled and exercised and wrote and took vacations.

The illusions of happiness and contentment burst into chaos the moment I came back from my first cruise. There was something about floating with the winds and waters in the middle of the Caribbean ocean that ruptured my hypnotic cocoon. Suddenly, all that I was went up in flames. This is the "illusions of contentment" that Osho talks about. *Only in Buddhahood is there contentment; all other forms of contentment are just consolations, just comforts at the most, illusions created by the mind.* (**Believing the Impossible Before Breakfast**, Chapter 8)

Something in me awoke. I did not have the words to describe the urgency that arose in the deepest recesses of my being. I woke up with a start every night in the middle of the night, not knowing or understanding the reasons for the flood of tears. On the surface, I knew I had to make changes, so I did. I was searching for something, but I didn't know what.

Then it happened. Less than a mile from my home an Osho sannyasin, Deva Yasha, was offering Osho meditations weekly to the community. It must have been something in the cosmos that magnetically attracted me to the Decatur Healing Arts center. My first meditation was Kundalini, and something inside me clicked and said "Yes!" for the first time. There was bliss in Yasha's eyes, a beckoning. It was a sudden contact with the infinite ocean that I was seeking. And this time I was mesmerized from within. *By becoming a sannyasin one starts searching for bliss inside. You forget all other ambitions that lead you into the outside world because bliss is something inner, absolutely individual, personal; you can find it within yourself – nobody else is needed for it.* (**The Golden Wind**, Chapter 25)

I am forever thankful for my two most intimate contacts with Osho. 🌹

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Swami Dhyan Moulik



I knew something of Osho while He was still in the body, but I did not take sannyas until after He had left. Actually, Osho came to me, or at least He came to my home state of Oregon. During the time of the Ranch from 1981 to 1985, I lived in

Redmond, about two hours away. Although I was young, I remember well the depictions of the Ranch on television, and in spite of the mixed reviews of Rajneeshpuram in the press, I was tremendously fascinated and attracted. For example, when I heard about the annual World Celebrations, I remember



thinking how cool it was to celebrate *everything*, not just Jesus or America. I saw sannyasins shopping at the local Safeway grocery store and remember being drawn to the red clothes and mala. (I'll never forget a drop-dead-gorgeous Ma in the spice aisle!) And although at the time I did not understand the words, the rising and falling intonations of the *gachchhamis* resonated very deeply within me.

Fast forward a few years later. Osho left His body the day after my 18th birthday. That autumn, I began studies at the University of Oregon in Eugene. As part of its collection of history related to state history, the library there maintains a large "Rajneesh" collection, and I read these books voraciously. This was in 1990–1991. I wondered, "Was it still possible to take sannyas?" I got my answer soon enough.

One rainy afternoon, I was discussing my interest in Osho with a friend in a coffee shop in Eugene. His girlfriend, beside him, was thumbing through the latest publication for Breitenbush Hot Springs. Right then, I looked down at the page she had opened to, and there was Osho's picture! Of course I interpreted this as a sign, and I registered for the three-day meditation camp held in April 1991. It was there I met my first sannyasins, lost my voice doing Dynamic for the first time, and came away with the address of the Osho Ansu Meditation Center in Lake Oswego, near Portland, where I began visiting with some frequency.

Sometimes, hanging out with longtime sannyasins, I felt as if I had arrived just as a great party was finishing up, like I had arrived late. I decided to take sannyas anyway, promising myself that as long as I was growing, I would stay with this path. Today is a new day, and why not let the party continue?

I received my sannyas name from Pune by mail in 1992. Since then, I have lived in a few Osho communes, and visited centers and done groups and meditations around the world. My latest realization about sannyas is that, for me, it's not about wearing a certain color or living communally, although I do enjoy those. It's about being as present as possible to whatever is happening each moment in my life. My meditation practice helps me in both being rooted and expanding.

I feel that whether or not I met Osho in the body is not as important as the sincerity of my own approach toward meditation. Of course, I would have loved to touch Osho's feet in gratitude while He was in the body. But in a way I touch His invisible feet every morning after my prayers and meditation. Is it still possible to be a sannyasin? From the depths of my heart and being a joyful recognition of "Yes!" Thank you, Osho! In love and gratitude... 🌸

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Swami Anand Pathen



How did I come to find Osho? I can only reply by asking, "Who found whom?" I had been meditating on my own for a couple of years with intriguing results, yet I felt I needed some understanding and guidance.

One day, while browsing through the titles of books on the shelf of the Eastern Philosophy section in a bookstore, I found myself holding *Joy: The Happiness that Comes from Within*, based on talks given by a person named Osho. (Perhaps it was the title that I gravitated to, because what I had been experiencing was not coming from outside.) I read the back cover and was compelled to read further. I must have sat on that bookstore floor for a couple of hours. These were the questions I had! These were the answers I was looking for! I was captured, and so my relationship with Osho began.

Things I had experienced were substantiated through Osho discourses. Perhaps I was on the right path after all. I felt a little validation, and that was the impetus I needed to continue. More books – I didn't just read them, I *did* them. There were periods when I would step away from the books so I wouldn't become dependent or attached, and then venture back to Osho's words again.

One day I was in one of Osho's books, and I came across the phrase, "Only witnessing belongs to you." Hmm. I sat with it for some time...and it hit the center! It was literally mind-blowing to realize the truth in that statement. That was the first, most real, profound adjustment that I received through Osho – one that cannot be undone.

I have been caring for my terminal father for the past couple of years (a true blessing). In an odd way I can't help feeling that Existence is supporting my earnestness by giving me, among other things, the gift of immobility. No chance of pursuing petty whims and desires. I have to drop things, let go, and surrender to what is. Therefore, my meditation practice has developed and increased dramatically. I have often had, and continue to have, gratitude for what I surmise is being able to find the bliss of aloneness – not lonely but alone. Quiet simplicity.

I was astonished to read in just the last issue of the *Viha Connection*, on page 23, a quote from chapter 9 of Osho's *The Revolution*. "Go be with your dying father and experience death..." Such is the timely fashion in which Osho/Existence continues to work with

CONTINUES

me. There's an odd sense of some sort of open communication. Whatever it is I simply remain receptive to the clues and go with it.

So again, I must ask, "Who found whom?"

Things have come to me through Osho and sannyasins that have led me to take sannyas recently, a notion of mine that was bolstered by the appearances in my daily life of the words "courage" and "drop everything and live within." Prior reflection gave me the reason for taking sannyas: for balance. Not to assume another identity of "I am this" or "I am that," but rather to put out and share with Existence and those of like mind the resolution I have made within myself to live a life committed to meditation and celebration.

After receiving my new name I went into repose with it. I soon found myself in a space somewhere between my birth name and my new name. A soothing calm relaxation came over me. This "space" was solidifying the knowledge that I am not a name or a personality...which I believe is Osho's point.

"Bliss"ings... 🌸

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Ma Prem Abhika



During an intense search for enlightenment for a couple of years – my new target beyond societal demands – I had a glimpse of the Divine that left me with a burning desire to return to it. Not knowing how it all works, I enlisted the aid of a good mix of

scholars and priests from varying sects and received some tidbits of insight, along with glimpses of mind-bending magic, telepathy, and fear-mongering, which lacked that special spark of love.

One afternoon while a group of us was listening intently to a yoga swami talk about unconsciousness, a woman leaned forward and asked earnestly, "What about Osho?" I was astonished and wondered about what she had said. Who was this person Osho, and why would she mention Him in front of the swami we were all there to see? There did not seem to be a connection. She mentioned Osho again later, and it eventually became apparent to me that she had inadvertently planted a seed.

Many months passed before I made audio/visual contact with Osho via YouTube when I saw a prompt following a Papaji video. Feeling a bit hesitant to watch a new and unknown teacher, I did not jump to the occasion. Instead, I carefully considered what I knew about Him, recalling the woman who had mentioned Him at Swami's – then I clicked on the prompt.

Initially, Osho's slow style of speaking and interjection of silence in between sentences caused my heart to resist Him. I wanted to stop listening to Him but reconsidered and thought it best to listen for one minute. That minute grew into hours, as I became enchanted, amused, and irresistibly drawn to Him to such extent that hearing Him, seeing Him, reading His books, and downloading His music soon became my life's passion.

The electronic connection led me to other people associated with Osho too. Checking out YouTube on my Blackberry phone browser for more Osho videos, I came across Swami Arun, then Osho Meditation Retreat in Dallas. Earlier I had found Osho.com, and this led me to Osho Kaifi Meditation Center in Austin, Texas, and from there to Osho Viha.

I had the opportunity to become an Osho sannyasin, and I wondered what it might feel like to be an initiate. I meditated on the idea and became aware of an old self that felt dark and grey, like a shattered mass of debris separated from warmth and love. This was in stark contrast to being an initiate, which caused my heart to surge and swell in ecstasy – as though expectant of a lover who was very near. It caused my head to radiate in brilliant light and my body to feel merged in warmth and glowing wholeness.

Now I seem to always run across His timeless teachings at just the right moment to fulfill my daily need to destroy myself – all that is wrong, all that is false – and at the same flip, to rekindle my self-esteem, nurture my heart, and restore my natural way of being. These teachings help me become relaxed, silent, and surrendered, which cultivates my subtle blossoming into love, laughter, and freedom. It seems as though my whole life has been one with Osho. As He magically opens the door to my innermost being, bringing me centered to the here and now of no-mind, He slowly returns me to my Eternal Lover. 🌸

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Swami Prem Jayesh



In 2004, after participating in several personal growth workshops in Northern California, I boarded a plane to the Osho International Meditation Resort in Pune, India, in search of deeper experiences.

I had heard a few stories about life at Osho's Ranch in Oregon from one of my therapists, and

I had read Osho's book of jokes, which had made me laugh out loud a few years before. Those were my only experiences of Osho leading up to my trip to India.



I put my belongings in storage and my life on hold to go to Pune, because I was in search of a more substantial change in my life than I could manage with the help of workshops and therapists in California. I wanted to immerse myself in a powerful experience in a community of other seekers. I knew I had the potential to be a very beautiful human being, but so far I had found myself mostly successful at isolating myself from others.

The day I arrived in Pune I jumped into the Mystic Rose course. I stayed for four months, repeating the Mystic Rose three more times and also doing several other workshops.

Pune was incredible for me. I thrived and opened up in the soft energy of Lao Tzu, where we did our meditations; danced in the parties in the Plaza; and relaxed in the peaceful atmosphere of the Resort. I can say now that this experience was possible thanks to the energy and love of Osho. It was His vision that created and shaped both the people and the place. But at the time, while I could enjoy the atmosphere of the Resort, I was not able to connect with Osho as a person from the video screen in White Robe.

Several months later I came to the Osho Humaniversity, looking for more structure and support in my personal growth. I arrived expecting to stay two or three years, long enough to change my life forever, and ended up making this dynamic community my home.

It was Veeresh, the founder of the Osho Humaniversity, who really turned me on to Osho in a personal way. It was finally in Veeresh's programs at the Humaniversity that I was able to turn my life around and experience what it means to be a loving, giving, and beautiful human being.

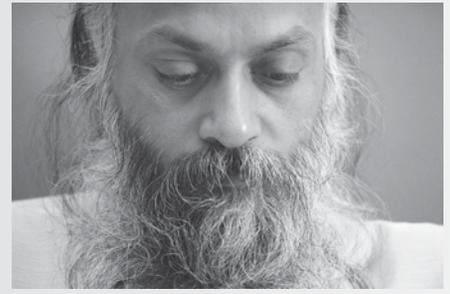
Along the way, I learned about Veeresh's deep love of Osho. I watched many people around me taking sannyas and changing their names. At one point, a year into my program, I hit a difficult spot and decided that since I was going to live at the Humaniversity for the rest of my life, I might as well take sannyas too. Maybe it would give me a little boost to help me in my process.

The reason why I had postponed taking sannyas for so long was because I didn't feel a personal connection with Osho. Veeresh finally gave me that. Since I loved Veeresh, and Veeresh loved Osho so deeply, I realized that I also love Osho.

My name, Swami Prem Jayesh ("Victorious Love"), has been an inspiration for me, and sealed my connection with Osho forever. 🌸

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ENLIGHTENED MASTERS REMAIN IN THE WORLD



Many Masters go on continuously visiting you in their spirits. Buddha still knocks at your door, but in the spirit. And if you cannot see a person who has come in the flesh, how can you recognize Buddha?

In this century, when H. P. Blavatsky discovered – or rediscovered – the existence of Masters who go on working and helping people who are on the path, in spirit, nobody believed her. They thought she had gone crazy, and people would say, "Give us proof – where are those Masters?" One of the greatest things that Theosophy achieved was the rediscovery of Masters, because anyone who has become enlightened remains in the world, for there is nowhere else to go. This is the only Existence there is. So he remains, but without the body, and his being goes on functioning, helping, because that is his nature – it is not something he has to do.

It is just like a light: A light is there, and it goes on and on lighting everything that is around it. Even if the path is lonely and nobody passes, the light still goes on burning because that is its nature. If somebody comes to the path, then the light is there and the light guides him; not that it is something to be done on his part – it is just his nature. Whenever a being becomes enlightened he remains a guide. But you cannot recognize a guide in the spirit if you cannot recognize a guide in the body.

Jesus says: I appeared in the flesh to them – I was in the body, they could see me, they could hear me, they could feel me, but still they missed. They missed because...*I found them all drunk.* They were not there really, no consciousness at all. I knocked at their doors, but they were not at home.

If Jesus comes to your home and knocks, will you be there to receive him? You will be somewhere else; you are never at home. You go on wandering all over the world, except to your home. Where is your home? Inside you, where the center of consciousness is, is your home. You are never there, because only in deep meditation are you there. And when you are deep in meditation you can recognize Jesus immediately – whether he comes in the body or bodiless makes no difference. If you are at home, you will recognize the knock. But if you are not at home, what can be done? Jesus will knock, and you will not be there. That is the meaning of the word drunk: not at home.

The Mustard Seed, Chapter 3

Swami Antar Rakesh



I lived and studied in Pune from 1989 to 1994. I heard about Osho as Rajneesh and His place as the Rajneesh Ashram. I didn't know anything else about Osho, not even His popularity as a sex guru. For some reason I was so involved in my little messy world that I never knew much

about the world around. I grew up in a small town in the state of Punjab, and coming to Pune for college was already quite an adventure for me.

I went to the Osho Commune as a visitor and took a one-hour tour in 1989 when Osho was still in His body. They showed an Osho video in the beginning, and I felt someone very close talking to me. Then I took the tour, came out, and got absorbed in the outside world. A few times I drove by the Commune. Something always attracted me there, but I didn't know what and I was scared to know more about it. I left Pune in 1994 without knowing about Osho at all.

After my studies, I started working. Before I realized it, success, ego, desires, sexuality, sensitivity hovered around, and got absorbed into my being. A year later, I had an accident and suffered some injuries, including a broken leg. Having to stay in bed, miserable and afraid of never being able to walk straight, was very painful, although I was perfectly fine after four months of treatment. During that time someone encouraged me to read about meditation. I started reading and began a pseudo practice of meditation. My motive was to heal myself, attain spiritual powers for success in life, and find a perfect wife or girlfriend. My so-called spiritual journey was surrounded by all kinds of repressed feelings.

Ego plays its role in many ways; we keep on acquiring degrees, certificates, salutations to brag about. My pseudo journey brought me no peace, but more ego. Little pleasures and setbacks kept coming. My sensitivity was on the rise, and the little setbacks made me very disappointed.

At work, a colleague of mine gave me a few Osho books, which I didn't care too much about. The books were sitting on the shelf for months before I picked one up, *Shiv Sutra*. The moment I started reading I was completely mesmerized. I don't know what happened; it took me to extreme happiness for the next three days. I was abundantly joyful and relieved. I became more interested in Osho and started practicing Dynamic Meditation every day. I would feel like flying in the air for the rest of the day.

Later, in 1996, I became a sannyasin and stayed in the Osho Commune in Pune for six months. My life and total being have been transformed since then. My heart dances, bliss pours down – *Ah this!*

I just want to convey one message to the friends who have recently joined Osho or are joining Him, to never feel that Osho is not there. I have always felt Him as if He were part of my being. A little trust and remembering Him opens the door. 🌹

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Ma Prem Geet



One summer I was going through menopausal rage, betrayals, and problems of every sort, so I fired God. I needed practical help. Within days I heard that Osho's long-time associate Swami Anand Arun was coming to Atlanta for an Osho meditation camp. I had never been to an Osho

camp, and I was hoping to sneak in and sit in the back row without any direct contact with human beings. I wanted healing badly.

On the first day of camp, I searched for the address, while making every excuse not to go. When I finally found the venue, I was shocked that it was someone's beautiful home and not a center. This felt too scary, so I sat outside in the blistering sun, staring at the stranger's house. I could not make myself go up to the door. The negative thoughts in my head won, and I drove away to console myself with french fries.

At home, I was startled to see a huge Luna moth on my screen door. For some reason a hush fell over me, and I welcomed what I felt was a messenger from a dimension of potent silence. We were communing. It seemed to me that she had come from the deepest inside belly of Nature, full of secrets – but why? I opened my screen door many times over the next three days, but she would not leave. Her silence grew louder against the cicadas' summer chant. I studied her intricate design. I turned the word "luna" over and over in my mind. On the second day of her visit, in one breath, in one gasp it came to me. I felt this moth was somehow... emphatically, Osho... Chandra, Moon, Rajneesh, Luna... The associations all leapt. I felt I had not missed camp at all.

My heart opened with love. This beautiful moth would not abandon me. Her pure moon-like presence was saying, "I am *with* you. You are not alone. Let's share our wonder." Somehow Osho's energy permeated my emotional body, reaching my highest heart. I could almost hear violins.



The day after camp, I received a mysterious “wrong number” phone call from a woman asking me if I was the swimming instructor. I said, “You must be the Osho camp lady? I am sorry I didn’t go.” She told me to hurry to her house so that I could meet Swami Arun. I raced to my car, thirsting for Osho.

To my amazement, within 30 minutes I had the honor of sitting with Swami Anand Arun. He blessed me with the most delightful energy I have ever known. In my

thoughts I could hear Osho saying, “Renounce renunciation.” I was cleaning up a past life. In blissful consciousness for days after, I dreamed of traveling to the fragrance dimension, and spending sacred time with Osho Himself. We stood in waterfalls of pure, cool coconut milk. I could feel His immense love. We looked at Nature together. His message was to become more like an animal: naked, wild, alive. Thank you, Existence! 🌱

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THE FLOWERS OF SANNYAS WILL KEEP BLOSSOMING

The sannyas movement is not mine. It is not yours. It was here when I was not here. It will be here when I will not be here. Sannyas movement simply means the movement of the seekers of truth. They have always been here. [...]

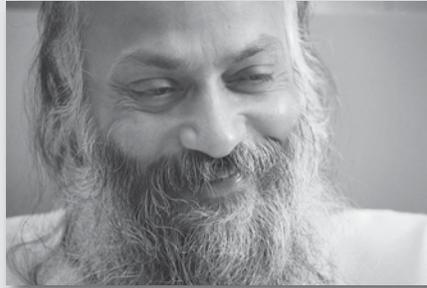
There has always been a line of seekers of truth... I call it sannyas. It is eternal. It is *sanatan*. It has nothing to do with me.

Millions of people have contributed to it. I have also contributed my own share. It will go on becoming more and more richer. When I am gone there will be more and more people coming and making it richer. [...]

The old sannyas was somehow life-negative. I have made it life-affirmative. But it is the same sannyas. It is the same search. I have made it more rich. I have made it more grounded in the world because my whole teaching is “be in the world, but don’t be of the world.”

There is no need to renounce the world. Only cowards renounce it. Live in the world, experience it. It is a school. You cannot grow in the Himalayas. You can only grow in the world. Each step is an examination. Each step you are passing through a test. Life is an opportunity.

I will be gone. That does not mean that the sannyas movement will be gone. It does not belong to anybody. Just as science does not belong to Albert Einstein. Why should the search for truth belong to somebody? To Gautam Buddha? To J. Krishnamurti? Or to me? Or to you? [...]



The sannyas movement is not an organization; that is why I call it “movement.” It is individual. People join. I had started alone, and then people started coming and joining me, and slowly, slowly the caravan became bigger and bigger. But it is not an organization. I am nobody’s leader. Nobody has to follow me. I am grateful that

you have allowed me to share my bliss, my love, my ecstasy. I am grateful to you. Nobody is my follower; nobody is lower. There is no hierarchy. It is not a religion. It is pure religiousness – the very essence. Not a flower, but only a fragrance. You cannot catch hold of it. You can have the experience of it, you can be surrounded by the perfume, but you cannot catch hold of it. [...]

Truth, the living truth, has to be discovered by each individual by himself. Nobody can give it to you. Yes, somebody who has achieved it can transpire a thirst in you, a tremendous desire for it. I cannot give you the truth, but I can give you the desire for it.

I cannot give you the truth, but I can show you the moon... Please don’t get attached to my finger that is indicating the moon. This finger will disappear. The moon will remain, and the search will continue.

As long as there is a single human being on the Earth the flowers of sannyas will go on blossoming.

The Last Testament, Vol. 6, Chapter 14



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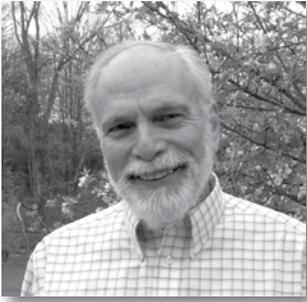
INVESTORS WANTED

NIRVANA ROAD, a Feature Film based on a disciple’s journey into the inner circle of the Oregon commune (1981–1985) is now in development and seeking investors.

- Original story and script by Michael Hilow (aka Deva Michael, creator of the 1993 documentary film *Rajneeshpuram*)
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hilowstunts@cablespeed.com

Swami Shunyam Arupam



It took me three show-downs with Osho before I finally let Him in. I came from a traditional Jewish heritage. Life was simple. You go to school, get married, work hard, be active in the community, raise good children, save your

money, retire, and then die. As I moved through this path I found myself always planning that next step, stuck in the future. It was never good now because there was no now. So, was this my “bucket list”... a carrot at the end of a stick? I was lost. At that point of frustration I did what most levelheaded, confused empty-nesters do. I got divorced and moved in with someone new. After all, it must have been my ex-wife who was blocking my bliss and causing my confusion. What did I gain? In my first marriage I couldn't do anything wrong, and now I couldn't do anything right.

Then came my first showdown with Osho. In the mid-90s, while walking around a temple town in South India, I came across a bookseller who had Osho's books on kundalini displayed. I had heard about Osho and was intrigued with kundalini so I bought the books. Wow! He knew stuff! I asked the swami who was guiding the temple tour about Osho. He warned me to stay away from this dangerous guy. My wife was angry with me for veering away from the clean-cut world of traditional Vedanta and exposing myself to satanic yoga. When we passed through Pune I wanted to stay at Osho's ashram. She wouldn't stand for that. I finally got her to go on the little ashram tour. I bought a few more of Osho's books at the bookstore. When I came home my wife wouldn't let me keep Osho's books in the bookcase next to the sofa where she sat. She didn't want Osho's energy to contaminate her. Eventually Osho temporarily faded off into the background.

Approximately six years later we moved close to the Vedantic ashram where we had both become dedicated students. Osho again emerged into my life, this time “accidentally” through an Internet search. His magnetism drew me in. I started to read more of Osho's books. I found a meditation center in NYC and attended a few of the active meditations. I wanted more. My wife was still looking at me as though I was making a bargain with the devil. I went to several weekend retreats. Whether it was my wife's influence or just being scared to fully open the door to the unknown, the mysterious and the profound, I felt brain-fried and ran.

Another couple of years went by. I was at a retreat in a Taoist hermitage in North Carolina. While killing time in their library, among the highly revered spiritual and religious books was a small section on Osho. I immediately knew that was no coincidence. It was another invitation. After all, Osho is a persistent guy. Why fight it? I accepted and surrendered to Osho and became a sannyasin. The magical experiences began.🌹

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Marcel Armstrong



I have always been a seeker at heart. As a child I was fascinated with everything; I wanted to know everything. My questions were as boundless as my curiosity and imagination. I excelled in school, earning scholarships to the Middlesex

School and Harvard University. In my early twenties my interest began to take a new direction; I became interested in reality itself. I began questioning the nature and significance of life. Was there something deeper? Was there an absolute reality to which we had to attain? Little did I know that my search for the meaning of it all would land me on the path of meditation and to a spiritual outlaw named Osho.

I was first introduced to Osho by my father that fateful night of December 22, 2001. My father took me into his room and began to speak to me about life, death, and a whole panoply of mystical and spiritual matters. After the talk, he introduced me to an Osho meditation that involved gazing and opening the third eye. We meditated with the same intensity that my father always did. All I can say is that I was never the same again after that initiation. It is hard to explain exactly what happened during that time, but an awakening took place. I had my first experiences of timelessness, of inner bliss, and of an inexplicable experience of what some refer to as being. It seemed to me this was as deep into the miraculous as I would ever go in this lifetime. My father, a mystic in his own right, experienced a profound inner awakening when he was 16 and has been talking and teaching about spirituality ever since.

Perhaps it was too much to experience all at once, but I became sick afterward and it took me many years to fully recover. It wasn't until my recovery that I officially met Osho. I looked to His books and lectures as a means to somehow discover what had happened to me during that initiation and to advance my understanding of spiritual matters.



Despite all the years of turmoil and tribulation, my deep urge to know that which cannot be known still remained. I officially took sannyas in March of 2009, when I received my mala from Dhanyam, although I still consider my true sannyas to be that initiation week, back in the winter of 2001.

Ever since I picked up my first Osho book, *The Book of Understanding*, I have fallen in love with the man – although I do not consider Him a man; it would be more appropriate to call Him an energy and awareness, a field of love. Reading His words transports me to that timeless, placeless place of the here-now. To me it is intuitively clear that meditation and the journey toward and of enlightenment is the very reason we are all here.

For more about me please visit my website at www.theperennialquestions.com. My father's work can be found at www.theperennialquestions.com/deepermeditation.

Thank you and Namasté. ♡

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Swami Amrit Gagan



Perhaps it was just a coincidence that back in 1990 (several months after Osho left his body in January 1990) a distant family friend loaned me a set of 20 Osho audiotapes where Osho spoke on the

Sikh scripture *Japji* from Guru Granth Sahib. This series is titled *Ek Omkar Satnam*. Listening to these tapes changed my life forever, but it took several years of passionate listening to Osho over several hundred audio cassettes before I could put the inner changes into words of silence, satori, and samadhi.

In the *Last Testament* Osho describes the experience of enlightenment as an experience of silence and that His thoughts were far away, as if on the moon. He also said that from the outside no one can know what is happening on the inside of the experiencer. Listening to this created a rush of energy from my naval center to my crown center. It was an Aha! experience.

I would call this whole process a rebirth. In the presence of this deep silence the whole gestalt changes, and everything appears as divine. The more I listened to these cassettes, the deeper was my silence. I considered Osho a Nanak for the Sikhs, a Jesus for the Christians, a Buddha for Buddhists, and more. A deep synchronicity happened between me and Osho, or I had already become His sannyasin from the inside.

I bought more than 700 audiotapes that included talks on Kabir and Mahavir, as well as the series *Es Dhammo*, *Yoga: The Alpha & the Omega*, *The Rajneesh Bible*, etc. This deep silence was a magnetic force, and after four or so years I went to Pune to take sannyas and receive a new name and mala.

My understanding is that this experience of silence is the reason why I and many other people are attracted to Osho, whether He is in the body or not. Since Osho was not in the body when I arrived, I started looking to His old sannyasins to share Osho experiences. Since then I have met several enlightened Osho disciples, among them Swami Yog Chinmaya of Bageshwar, Swami Anand Arun of Nepal, and Swami Anand Vijay of Jabalpur, who have been spreading Osho love and wisdom. There is also the Pune International Resort, and modern-day technology that is keeping Osho's words alive. One word about Zorba the Buddha in the Resort: I have been visiting the Resort for more than 15 years, and it seems to me that Zorba is getting fatter and fatter, at the expense of Buddha, who is getting skinnier and skinnier.

I would like to end this brief experience with an Osho quote. *If a disciple is ready, even a dead Master can be alive. If the disciple is not ready, then even a living Master cannot do anything. It all depends on the disciple.* (From the **False to the Truth**, Chapter 1) ♡

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MStrinado



In spite of being an ordained Roman Catholic priest for 22 years, my own spirituality has always been an eclectic one. I have experienced the spiritual realm as one not confined to any exclusive formalization or

set-in-stone parameters. There is nothing to prohibit the many and diverse ways in which it is constantly revealing itself.

In 1997 I took a leave of absence from the active ministry – a time of soul-searching during a mid-life crisis – and encountered Osho for the first time. I was working in a New Age bookstore, and one of the people associated with that enterprise presented me with the Osho Zen Tarot Deck. I had been familiar with the Tarot for some time, so it was quite enlightening to experience the unique flavor of this deck. The deck actually encapsulates the teachings of Osho

CONTINUES



in vibrant fashion and ignited my thirst to learn more about Osho and His teachings. The same person who acquainted me with this deck gave me a CD – Osho’s Dynamic Meditation. Little did I realize at the time that this particular meditation was the most potent technique created by Osho; engaging in this exercise early in the morning before heading out the door to work presented a most exhilarating experience.

I returned to the active ministry in 1999 after this two-year hiatus in my spiritual path, well endowed with countless Osho books and videos. About that time I was introduced to an interesting Zen Buddhist group whose foundation is based on the Lankavatara Sutra, a most revered text in the annals of Zen Buddhism. I became an adept within this group, receiving a dharma-name from my teacher in early 2001. My interest in Buddhism led to the Eastern-healing modalities and to Reiki. I have been a Reiki Master since 2003, and my foundation is based on the original teachings and techniques of Miako Usui who is Reiki’s founder. Apparently, Osho Himself was familiar with Reiki and there are people today who practice a form known as Osho Neo Reiki.

The introduction of Osho into my life in 1997 allowed a breakthrough of insight that has empowered me over the years to rise above the petty notions that we are somehow separate from the Whole of Existence. No one spiritual path alone has the answer, as Existence itself is the answer. Becoming a solitary sannyasin has empowered me to drink freely from this great Oshonic realization. In October 2009 I purchased Osho’s mala from Osho Viha and have been corresponding with Dhanyam since that time; my association with him has enhanced my appreciation of Osho from someone who had met Him in person. I have taken sannyas under the name of MStrinado – a name that was somehow mystically (perhaps through Osho?) revealed to me back in 1981 during my sojourn years in South Florida. Osho spoke of “nado” being what the Zen people call the “soundless sound of one hand clapping.” 🌸

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Dominique Condello



I was in Pune 15 years ago when I was 21, only for a week or so, but it was like all the answers I had asked my whole life were answered...all those things about the world that I felt were just back to front and that left people around me

shrugging their shoulders at my inquiries. Everyone thought I was a bit odd, too deep and inconvenient, and I thought I was all alone and didn’t fit anywhere. So arriving in Pune was like the sun coming out at last, like finding purpose and sense in everything, and above all, a confirmation that I wasn’t crazy after all.

I fell deeply in love with Osho, with His eyes, His humor, His consciousness, His hands and their dance, His presence, and His silence. Something vibrated in the depths of my soul, beckoned me to finally come home and be there in the divine beauty and silence within myself.

At the time I felt I could stay only a short while because of ties I felt were pulling me away. I had not yet discovered the courage inside myself to stand up for myself and my heart’s path. So I left without taking sannyas, but with about 50 books that I literally consumed over the next few years. I read and meditated on them on a daily basis, integrating every word, every spacing between the words, and hearing Osho’s divine voice narrate them to me all the time. I never even contemplated touching any other books for those first few years. I integrated His teachings into my life, living my heart’s dreams and growing in my truth and courage as I learned to connect with that divine consciousness within me. I would often hear His guidance during the day, remembering the things He said.

I was pining for Pune a lot though, to sit in His energy there and see Him on that big screen giving discourses. For some reason my dearest dream was one I just couldn’t even contemplate fulfilling, and years went by without me ever returning. I have moved to Australia (I am Dutch) and have a young family and a husband who is very frightened of the whole consciousness thing. That doesn’t stop me from living a deeply fulfilling spiritual life, though. My husband and children are in fact my greatest teachers at the moment, giving me ample opportunity to truly integrate and practice my acquired (remembered) knowing in “real” life. But it does mean I can hardly leave my tots for a while to go off to India. I am planning to in a few years, though!

By the way, my name means “from God,” so even though I never officially took sannyas and got a sannyas name, I have always felt my name was relevant to my spiritual path and that made me feel happy. 🌸

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Ma Deva Joie Yasha



I first met with Osho through the Osho Zen Tarot cards in 1998. Every day for three years I pulled one card as a meditation for the day, mainly to help me through the stress of being at university. It worked profoundly. My life

took a gradual, dynamic turn over those three years. One day I finally realized that Osho was a person, not just a style of tarot cards. I decided to order a book, *From Sex to Superconsciousness*. I read it in one sitting. Feeling nourished in a new way, I sat for ten minutes just holding the book, embracing it. Eventually I thought, "I wish there were a community of people somewhere in the world who felt the same way and that I could go visit." And at that moment I noticed the back of the book, which said, "Come to Pune!" It was magic.

While in Pune two years later, my roommate talked about something called sannyas every day. She told me that as a Muslim from Turkey she had problems "taking it." There were supposedly some concerns from the Resort.

"What is sannyas?" I asked her.

"It's when you have fallen in love with Osho," she said with great passion.

"Oh," I thought, "then I am already a sannyasin."

When I had gone through difficult times in my life and often thought of suicide, the cards and His words were the only things that helped me remember. It was more than love. So I took sannyas the same day as she.

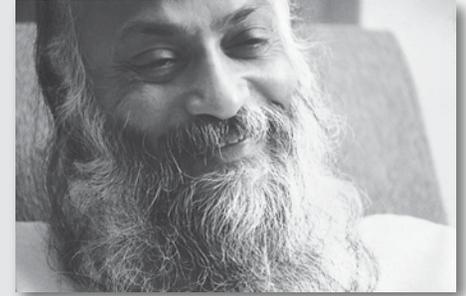
I have met so many wonderful sannyasins since then. I was deeply touched by Shunyo, who was often my partner during our hypnotherapy course. At that time I did not know her history with Osho. I simply knew I felt a profound stillness and deep love. Amrito and Anando were also a part of that course. They impressed me in different ways. I felt very close to them and yet did not know their affiliation with Osho. I never thought to ask. The entire time in Pune I never thought to ask questions. I still did not know Osho's history or about His presence in the US. I found out when I returned four months later and read Shunyo's book *My Diamond Days with Osho*.

I could go on and on about the things that have happened since being back in the US – the miracles, offering meditations, introducing others to Osho, meeting Milarepa, Ma Jyoti, Swami Anand Arun, and other sannyasins in Atlanta, Dallas, Chicago, New York, South Carolina, and particularly those grounded here

in my present home of Maui. The mystery of our meetings is so obvious because Osho is not in the body, and the magic, the uncanny familiarity is so profound. For me there is no doubt about a presence that is beyond and here now. 🌸

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THE MASTER IS ALWAYS THERE



Raman Maharshi was dying, and a disciple started crying.

Raman opened his eyes and said, "What is the matter? Why are you crying?" And the disciple said, "Bhagwan, you are leaving us. It is unbearable." And although in great pain – because he was suffering from throat cancer it was very difficult even to speak – Raman laughed. And he said, "But where can I go? I will be as much here as I am right now. Where can I go? You tell me. There is nowhere to go. There is *nowhere* to go."

The same I say to you, Adi. How can I die? The one who could die has already gone, and the one who cannot die is here confronting you. [...]

And I don't care a bit what you will be doing when I am gone. If you cannot do anything while I am here, what can be hoped about you? If you go on missing me while I am alive, naturally you will go on missing me when I am dead. It will not make much difference to you.

And it will not make much difference to others who are not missing me right now. They will never miss me. Even when I am gone I will be there in their heart, as alive as ever. Once you are really in contact with a living Master, that living Master becomes your living Master forever. Then there is no need.

But if you are not in contact, naturally you will have to find somebody else. [...] But for those who loved the Master, the Master is always there. For the people who loved Raman Maharshi the Master is there. They still have the same feeling when they go to Arunachal, his place, his mountain, and when they sit near his Samadhi, it still has the same fragrance, the same freshness, the same presence, the same radiance. And Raman still answers, and Raman still instructs, and Raman still comes into their dreams, into their visions. For them there is no need to go anywhere; they have found their Master.

Sufis: The People of the Path, Vol. 1, Chapter 16

Swami Dev Asheesh



I was 33 year old, losing my hair, and taking three types of anti-depressants. My reaction to expectations at work, my relationship with my wife (at the time), and the social spiderweb around me felt like they were poisoning me, simply driving me to suicide. Really, suicide was the only logical

conclusion in my head – I was a living train wreck. Now, as I look back, I cannot agree more with the statement that “Existence decides its own timing.”

There was a specific event back in the winter of 2007 that triggered the metamorphosis. I broke out of a 10-year relationship. I broke out of the stigma of social typecasts; I broke out from being a commodity and out of all patterns that I was used to. As I look back, I don't know how in the world I ever developed the backbone to do this. I moved to a different city, tried to make sense of life; the isolation helped. And in nine months, I relocated again, this time to Atlanta, Georgia. I see some significance in the nine-month period.

Ayn Rand, George Bernard Shaw, Sigmund Freud, Martin Buber, Alan Watts, Sri Sri Ravi Shankar – I'd tried them all. Then a random Internet search led me to download a discourse from Osho's *Wisdom of the Sands*. I did some digging around and came in contact with a small community based in Atlanta that drew me nearer to Osho. I started doing Dynamic, listening to Osho speak on Buddha, George Gurdjieff, Bernard Shaw, Alan Watts, and all and everything. Dynamic did the trick! I was a different person after three months. I remember the days when I used to laugh, cry, and yell at the top of my voice during the sessions – thank God the walls were soundproof. Layers upon layers of psychological venom purged out; the anti-depressants dropped away. I started to look different, more calm and relaxed. My attitude toward life, work, relationships – everything changed.

I put so much more passion into life, dropped all worry. I did stuff that I never dreamed I could do, and I did it better than I could have dreamed! Then Ma Dharm Jyoti came to Atlanta. Looking into her eyes was enough of a message for me to take sannyas. It was a warmth that I felt that day that has not left me since – I'm a different being. It took me three years and three meditation camps to be

born again, and it happened in a split second. Now, in Seattle, I frequent a small sannyasin community, where most of the people have been with Osho for more than 35 years.

No matter where I meet Osho's sannyasins, I think I get the same feeling from any and all: Something of the Divine has entered into them, something so special yet so simple, something that's just blessed...🙏

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Zeeshan



After four years of an intensely tormenting and shattering search for the Real, I found myself in a pitch-dark pit, utterly empty-handed and devoid of all sense of meaning and direction. The light of faith and the firmness of ground were swallowed up by a

thousand nights of darkness. All along these times I lived in a state of frozen indifference to whatever happened, like Albert Camus' outsider, with maddening fits of excruciating pain in between.

The months dragged on, until, one day crossing the historical storytellers' bazaar of Qissakhani in Peshawar, I saw a book entitled *Zindagi aik Nagma aik Raqs (Life: A Song, a Dance)*. I was attracted to it as if by a magnet. Back home, reading Osho's words for the very first time, I felt as if gravitation had lost its grip on me. Something was pulling me upward. The world with all its miseries suddenly disappeared. I didn't understand many of the words Osho was using, but something of far more significance was happening inside me. I felt like a man who sits near a waterfall and relaxes, and in a few moments musical Nature engulfs the whole of the man, starting him on a flight of peaceful silence.

In the labyrinth of my miseries appeared a Golden Gate, and I knew beyond all doubt that I'd found what I was looking for. Trust disclosed its meaning for the first time to me. I knew what I had to do now: be at the feet of the Master. So I started searching for the blessed space where Osho was living at the time.

Then an unbelievable shock: Osho had already left the body! I could not believe it for many, many days. It was just like when my father passed away and I could not believe it for a long time. I immersed myself more and more in Osho's words, drinking from His silence. Soon the time came when I could no longer read or listen to anyone but Osho.



One bright night I had a dream; a dream that was (and still is) more real than my whole life and identity: I am standing in a broad street, and Osho with many sannyasins is coming toward me. As the heavenly caravan approaches, I hear a voice saying to me, "Get married like Babaji."

I didn't know anything about Osho's marriage, so the next morning I began looking for the marriage details and kept searching for many days. To whom was Osho married? There was no woman to be found, and no goddess either. It was after coming across Osho's account of His Enlightenment and a Buddhist parable that I understood the meaning of His marriage: Osho is married to Shunya, to Nothing. There's pure Himalayan silence. The sannyasin is to get married to Nothing, in the fragrant soil under the Master's feet. 🌸

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Swami Prem Sumiran



The presence of the guru may be pivotal for many... His absence can be transformative for some. By the time I met Osho His energy had become universal, available to all, everywhere. The challenge was formi-

dable. The spiritual focus required was of the purest form.

The early morning air was crisp. I was in Lima, Peru, and the year was 1990. I had waited until the rainy months of August and September were over before arriving in Lima to begin the preparation of my trek along the precipitous Inca Trail and ascend to the lost city of the Incas: Machu Picchu.

I knew...I felt...that this spiritual trek along the Andes Mountains was going to be long in distance and uplifting in its reward.

The morning in question I found myself entering a very inviting esoteric bookstore near Barranco, the bohemian residential suburb of Lima, which borders on the Pacific Ocean. Upon entering the bookstore and exploring its magical contents, I came upon the biggest selection of paperback books by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh and Osho I had ever seen, all translated into Spanish and neatly tucked away in a corner of the bookstore.

As I started flipping through the pages of these books I was immediately enamored by the words – spoken by Osho. I ended up purchasing a score of books that

were to accompany me on my long and uplifting ascent to Machu Picchu.

I recall though, that in those first few moments, as I was flipping methodically through the pages of these books, there began to arise within me a sudden connection with Osho: a heart-to-heart communion that, unsurprisingly, has continued to grow to this very day.

It was a sudden love affair, so sudden and of such a quality of love that by the time I was walking out of the bookstore with my score of "love" books of Osho, I was beginning to ponder the idea of taking sannyas with this guru who had already left His body.

In the days that followed, as I reached Machu Picchu, the summit of my spiritual trek along the Andes Mountains, I felt that my heart had turned toward Osho forevermore. 🌸

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LOVE DESTROYS DISTANCE

Buddha and Mahavira were both very alert in choos-

ing people to make small groups of five; each was perfect in at least one sense. The five together were perfect in all five senses. Buddha promised his disciples, "Whenever five of you are together in deep silence and meditation, the sixth also will be present – I am the sixth."

So if you are sensitive – and meditation makes you more and more sensitive – then even when I am gone and it's only my physical body that is no longer here, your sensitivity will not let my consciousness go away so easily. I will remain amongst you for a little while.

There are many of you who don't want to go away from Chuang Tzu immediately, because it is an experience in itself – in my absence you are still feeling my presence. So people linger on a little, laughing, dancing, or sometimes singing, or sometimes just sitting surrounded by an unknown energy, an unnamed energy...but yet somehow familiar.

It all depends on your love, on how much you love. Love destroys distance, and if love is total, it destroys distance totally. Then even when you are alone – no need for five persons – you will feel me with you.

The Rebellious Spirit, Chapter 27



Ma Atmo Lahar



February 2010 marks my fifth sannyas birthday, and my beloved Marpa's 32nd.

I was a serious Buddhist practitioner, studying with the Karma Kagyu people after Chogram Trungpa died. I loved the prostrations, chanting, singing songs to Guru Rinpoche. But even though I sat many retreats, I

always felt disconnected from the other meditators. I was sad because I felt in my bones that my guru was no longer in his body and I would never get to meet him. I went to Dharmasala to see the Karmapa when he escaped from Tibet in 2000, and when I returned to Seattle, I moved into an Osho center that was near the end of its life. I continued to do Buddhist practices, but the other residents (there were 15 of us on an 80-acre parcel) invited me to do Kundalini, Dynamic, and my favorite, Chakra Breathing. I began to feel strongly that my guru was not in his body but was somehow becoming more connected to me.

Several years passed, and I continued doing Osho meditations, even went to Pune, but still identified with Tibetan Buddhism. A friend asked, "You have been hanging out with us so long, don't you want to take sannyas?" I said, "Not yet," and left for a Tonglen retreat in the woods. The 6 am meditation went badly; I felt such disgust for the behavior I observed, which seemed to be competitiveness: Who is the super-meditator, who falls asleep, who moves their legs too much, who cries – all of it repression, seriousness. I stayed in my room the rest of the retreat and told the lama (with whom I'd studied for seven years) that I was done with Buddhism.

The following week I wrote to Pune and got my new name. That was in 2005. I've celebrated ever since! Our Seattle sannyas scene is very active. Every Tuesday we have a video discourse and a party afterward at German Marpa's house. At Shanti and Subhan's we have three meditations a week, plus a live music satsang once a month. I always felt like I was playing a role with Tibetan Buddhism, being something I was not. As a lover of Osho, I feel full, joyous; even when I am sad it is rich and real. I listen to Osho discourses in my car, and I wear a mala (although I got "busted" for doing so in Pune three years ago). My friends are so beautiful, and I love them all so much. I am grateful for Osho giving me the freedom to explore all traditions, physical freedom, expression, and the encouragement to participate in the marketplace. (I teach nursing at a community college and am a graduate student at University of Washington.) My connection with Osho grows stronger the longer I am with other sannyasins. 🌸

pmellish@u.washington.edu

MY CONSCIOUSNESS IS UNIVERSAL

My approach to your growth is basically to make you independent of me. Any kind of dependence is a slavery, and the spiritual dependence is the worst slavery of all.

I have been making every effort to make you aware of your individuality, your freedom, your absolute capacity to grow without any help from anybody. Your growth is something intrinsic to your being. It does not come from outside; it is not an imposition; it is an unfolding.

All the meditation techniques that I have given to you are not dependent on me – my presence or absence will not make any difference – they are dependent on you. It is not my presence, but your presence that is needed for them to work.

It is not my being here but your being here, your being in the present, your being alert and aware that is going to help. [...]

The whole past of man is, in different ways, a history of exploitation. And even the so-called spiritual people could not resist the temptation to exploit. Out of a hundred Masters, ninety-nine were trying to impose the idea that, "Without me you cannot grow, no progress is possible. Give me your whole responsibility."

But the moment you give your whole responsibility to somebody, unknowingly you are also giving your whole freedom. [...]

As far as I am concerned, I am simply making every effort to make you free from everybody – including me – and to just be alone on the path of searching.

This Existence respects a person who dares to be alone in the seeking of truth. Slaves are not respected by Existence at all. They do not deserve any respect; they don't respect themselves, how can they expect Existence to be respectful towards them?

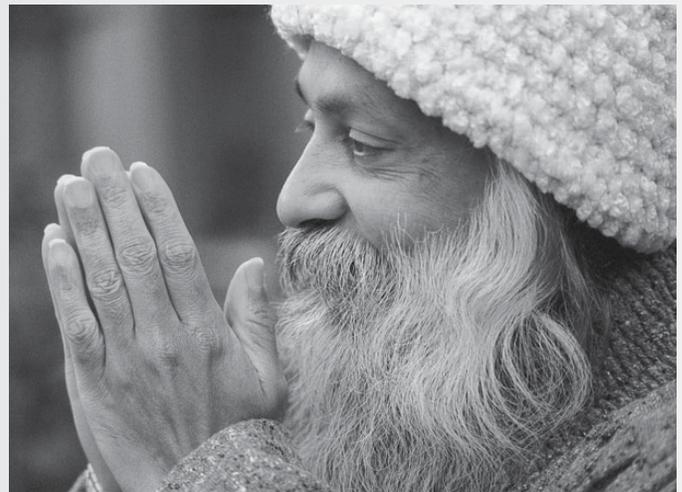
So remember, when I am gone, you are not going to lose anything. Perhaps you may gain something of which you are absolutely unaware.



Right now I am available to you only embodied, imprisoned in a certain shape and form. When I am gone, where can I go? I will be here in the winds, in the ocean; and if you have loved me, if you have trusted me, you will feel me in a thousand and one ways. In your silent moments you will suddenly feel my presence.

Once I am unembodied, my consciousness is universal. Right now you have to come to me. Then, you will not need to seek and search for me. Wherever you are...your thirst, your love...and you will find me in your very heart, in your very heartbeat.

Beyond Enlightenment, Chapter 11




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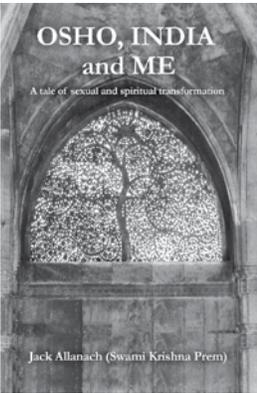
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YOUR HOROSCOPE

for July/August by Deepak (Bali)

Mood of the Moment: I have never seen planets in this configuration before. Seven out of 10 "planets" are involved. The forces that make things happen are in a tug-of-war with each other during this time. Push and pull between Jump and Hold On with a grinding power to Break and Give Birth. Out with the Old and in with the New. It is a kind of Birth happening. Something big and extreme is happening. The world may feel it as an economic collapse or string of natural disasters. It is significant. Something new is coming, and the meaning of it will be understood only after it is here.

Aries: Uranus and Jupiter both moving into Aries now. Uranus is an 84-year cycle, and it will be in Aries for the next seven years. Expect the unexpected. There is an incredible urge for freedom and individuality. The old and routine bore you now. Jobs and relationships seem like a burden. You have this electric, restless feeling that you have to break out of the rut and do something new. Nothing has to be wrong with the old. You just need something new. If you do not break out, you will feel depressed. If you do, then others who need you will feel depressed. What to do...?

Taurus: There is more to heaven and Earth than meets the eye. This is not a time to be so grounded in the material world. Physicists can only find 4 percent of physical matter; 96 percent is unseen and unfound. This is a time for you to go for the 96 percent where reality is. Channels are opening up inside you now for other forms of consciousness and psychic abilities. Clairvoyance and seeing the human aura are possible abilities for you now. Not your normal way of same, same in the world, but these are not normal times.

Gemini: You have had a tendency to make friends with everybody, but now is a time to pick and choose. Look for the people and groups that are into consciousness-raising. Look for the people who are strange, unusual, extraordinary in some way. They stand out in a crowd and somehow seem like they don't fit. Make friends with these people, but don't expect the normal emotional bonding from them that you would with others. They come and go. In this you will find the expanding awareness that you have been looking for.

Cancer: Happy Birthday, Beloved. Nothing stable outside you now. Everything in an uproar: change, change, change. Forget about security for a while as an individual. Band together. Be with family, tribe, or commune. Meet the people in your neighborhood. Form a cooperative with common interests and common goals. Share your resources. All for one, and one for all. The energies may not affect you personally, but the people around you will. One thing about you that never changes is that you feel what others feel, and what happens to them, happens to you also.

Leo: Happy Birthday, Beloved. What happens now gives you a new view on things, a new meaning to life, a new consciousness to be aware in a new way. It is a time of awakening. Absolutely positive for you to take a long travel to a new and exotic land. Absolutely positive for you to take a new look at that book you purchased, but you never fully read. Good to take some steps of cleansing the body to clear the mind. Good to join a consciousness group or find an unusual teacher who can open your third eye.

Virgo: Good to pay attention to the material world and to get your resources organized and in order. Next year you will begin to not care about all of that, and good now to do what you can do so that you have something to rely upon and not have to think about it anymore. Take inventory and make a plan. Keep your investments conservative, low-risk, and long term. There comes a time when the mind lets go of its grip and you can just melt into contentment. It is not peace that you want or even bliss. Contentment is the highest state of being there can be.

Libra: Saturn in Libra until 2012 right now being challenged by Uranus (change, freedom) and Pluto (crisis, transformation). The energy now is about putting your feet so firmly on the ground that no wind can knock you down. It is about being like a tree with roots so deep, deep, deep that you can withstand any storm. Saturn is the Aloneness of being with the presence of yourself. Saturn is the foundation and the rock upon which to stand. It is a practical, earthy, organizing time to make yourself self-sufficient and strong.





♍ Scorpio: Ordinary day-to-day conversation is boring to you now. People are just too superficial in what they say, and their words carry no depth. It is the real meaning underneath the words that you want to know. You either question deeper, deeper until they get uncomfortable, or you know better than to say anything at all. You are searching for authenticity and depth now, and nothing else will do. You have to know the secret. You have to know what is hidden. You have to know the cause and the original source.

♐ Sagittarius: The grass may be greener on the other side of the fence, but it is the grass beneath your feet that is important to you now. It is a good time to think small, to see the trees, and forget the forest. It is a good time to think near and close. Sometimes you have your eyes so far over the horizon that you trip over the crack in the sidewalk in front of you. Take pleasure in the little, little things in life that you can see, touch, feel, and smell. Come back to your basic six senses and enjoy the routine parts of your life.

♑ Capricorn: Pluto in Capricorn until 2024. During this time, there will be a process of death and rebirth, of crisis and consciousness, and trauma and empowerment. It starts off with a bang right now with a Uranus (change, explosive) and Saturn (fixed stability) T-Square. All kinds of challenges going on. It is a process of purification and cleansing the superficial until you get to the root and the core. This is where you find the Truth of that which is eternal and never dies. This is where you find your power and transform.

♒ Aquarius: Revelation and revolution in your mind. This is one of the most creative times of your life. New ideas, new thoughts, and new ways of communicating happen for you now. The third eye opens up, and "Eureka!" You suddenly see. Good to study how the unconscious mind works now with processes like NLP or the 112 meditations of Shiva. Good to search for anomalies and other unusual oddities that do not fit accepted "fact." Good to think outside the box and to trust in sudden leaps in intuition. Good to know what you do not know.

♓ Pisces: Soft, kind, and caring precious one, don't be a thief. Because you are such a good listener, people tell you their problems and suffering. You try to help. Sometimes you try to help by feeling their pain with them. It doesn't work. Now two people are suffering. Don't try to steal people's suffering. It belongs to them. They earned it, and they need it to help them grow. Just listen and *be there* for them and receive, but don't hold onto it, and don't try to take it away from them. What is theirs is theirs, and what is yours is yours, and there is a difference between the two. 🙌

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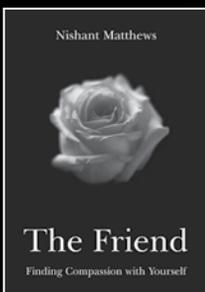
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because they could eat there in peace and quiet and the restaurant had a beautiful view of the ocean.

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Ten years later, at 80 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they had never been there before.



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 July 11 Satsang at Harideva and Niseema's (415) 577-8888
 July 25 Master's Day (see below) (415) 472-5381
 August 8 Satsang at Kendra and Suheiwa's (415) 747-8749
 August 29 Satsang at Viha (415) 472-5381

◆ Master's Day Celebration

July 25, China Camp State Park, Weber Point
11 am: waterside Vipassana
12:15 pm: potluck picnic

Additional events to be announced by email
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◆ Kundalini Meditation: Mondays, 5:30 pm (sharp). \$5; Book Beat in Fairfax. Contact Ramakumar (415) 456-6893.

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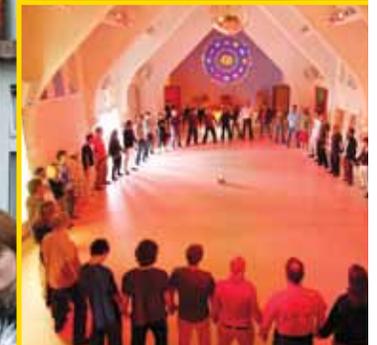
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