

Heading: A visitation of the Guru

"Slowly, slowly, haltingly, 'Osho' Rajneesh walked out into the bright lights. His hands were upraised in the traditional 'namaskar', his mouth trembled slightly behind the grizzled beard, his feet placed themselves resolutely, deliberately, one before the other. Into the clapping, laughing, weeping mass of white-robed meditators stepped a frail figure, a quiet, weary-seeming shadow. Swathed in a slim-fitting, angle-length, black-as-black gown, stepped the 'godless godman', the 'wordy man-of-no-words', the world-famous 'controversial Indian mystic', Rajneesh.

And the array of expression on the faces that greeted him were canvas worthy of any painter. The nuance of emotion that unfolded before him were symphony worthy of any composer. Some smiled as if their life's goal had been achieved. Others stopped, but to stare in amazement. Many were the eyes glistening with unshed tears. And before long some had bright crystal streams coursing unashamed down their cheeks.

Seeing their 'guru', their 'lover', their 'friend' for the first time in four months, the Rajneeshites let their emotions run free.

The man, himself, was visibly moved. Ma Prem Hasya, Rajneesh's International Secretary, had said in her introduction, "He hears our 'Yaa'Hoo' each evening with joy. He wants to see us celebrating and dancing. We do not need to see him; he needs to see us." His eyes, seemingly exhausted with the effort, swung across the crowd of sannyasins, stopping now and again at a particular well-loved face, and then the tired man was - for a moment - glad. Waving the seated listeners to more joyful clapping, Rajneesh made a brief tour of the podium, and settled into his chair.

Silent at the centre of the emotional upsurge, the black-clad man sat in utter silence. His hands folded in front of him, totally relaxed, entirely moveless he remained, as the gathered sannyasins sat taut and upright, waiting for the moment when he would hold up his hand for silence.

That moment never 'happened'.

Five minutes after having sat down, 'Osho' Rajneesh slowly opened his eyes, carefully stood up, and, hands raised in salutation, began to bid his people goodbye. With feet moving haltingly, almost painfully, he turned to face every side of the bursting hall. The musicians led the crowd in an exuberant expression of their devotion to this man, as he shuffled his way along the periphery of the podium. Leaving behind an image of a willing spirit in a weak body, 'Osho' Rajneesh took the quickest, surest steps of this appearance only two meters from the exit doorway. Quickly he returned to his Rolls, and was whisked away...

Before Rajneesh made his entrance, his two secretaries had announced that in spite of 'stupid journalists' pronouncing that 'Osho' was dying, Rajneesh was, in fact, alive, and - though not well - certainly not dying. The journalists, they said, would be better advised to write about the illegal poisoning of their 'lover' at the hands of the fascist Reagan administration'. "It is not Osho who is dying," they said, "It is the American idea of democracy, freedom of speech, and respect for the individual which is dying." This did evoke a murmur of agreement from the crowd, but Rajneesh's appearance caused a gasp of dismay." (Milind Kolhatkar. Indian Express, Poona. 16.07.1989)

Heading: A darshan under a full moon

"As the full moon scudded across a dappled sky, some 12,000 devotees, lovers, friends, journalists and a fair spattering of gawkers gathered today beneath the Buddha Hall canopy at Rajneeshdham for the second of two rare 'darshans' of 'Osho' Rajneesh in the last week.

The white robes created their spectacle and sat down to wait. The Ashram band rang their rhapsody, scaling higher and higher peaks of enthusiasm each time. Expectation sat craning its sinewy neck on every shoulder. Doubt, longing, hope, fear glistened in every eye. The clapping roared. The Rolls-Royce purred. And into the new-named 'White Robe Brotherhood' stepped Rajneesh.

Tonight, his night-black robe was studded with a million stars. And tonight that face, beloved of so many, for half of the world's symbol of ambivalent emotion, shone lustrous behind the salt-and-pepper beard.

With the twinklingst eyes you might ever have seen, this man 'turned' the audience 'on' like nobody else could have done. With folded hands urging his 'friends' on, he caressed each corner of the full-and-brimming-over hall with his eyes. And his faithful sannyasins reciprocated unstintingly. Their clapping and cheering resounded about the auditorium and their 'Yaa-Hoos' shuddered the genteel atmosphere of Koregaon Park.

As he had done on July 14, Rajneesh merely sat silent in his chair, eyes lightly closed, hands beating time in their delicate lotus-position. For a few supercharged moments he sat there still in the centre of the raging emotional storm. And then he stood up and began to make his way out again.

This brief halt in public seemed to have fatigued the aging 'guru'. His steps as he walked away from his people seemed just that little bit more weary than when he arrived. Yet, his encouraging glance was nothing lacking, and his 'namaskar' keeping rhythm seemed to say "Whether I am on my way in or out, whether I am with you or not, celebrate." (Milind Kolhatkar. Indian Express. Poona. 19.07.1989)