

Australian Rhapsody

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Fragments from
The Invisible Actor – BOOK I and BOOK II
(originally written in Dutch)

by
Paripurn

These fragments are about Manjula's and my love-affair with Osho
and about our many long sojourns in Australia.

A few episodes, especially composed for
our Australian friends, are new.

*Many of the original chapters and photographs from both books, I left out –
they dealt with theatre and music, my youth, the Japanese war camps
and some great Dutch novels, just to mention a few subjects.
I apologize in advance for my sometimes clumsy English...*

Pari Alexander Schoorel

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Cover: Manjula

Coverphoto: Pari on Tyagara's beach (March 1992), taken with self-timer.

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You can order a copy from here directly and read more about Pari and his publications (mainly in Dutch).

Or you can order the book from Pari himself: pari.schoorel@hetnet.nl .

Article and book review on De Onzichtbare Acteur by Bhagwati in English:

<http://www.oshonews.com/2014/06/the-invisible-actor-book-ii/>,

Photo-films by Pari and Manjula: just go to Youtube and type

Tapoban 2012

or Australia lovesongswsd

Most photos taken by Paripurn and Manjula, some by friends.

*For the many people in Australia who shared warmth and love with us,
like (in random order):*

*Bela,
Bhakta,
Neeten,
Mangala,
Gyanesh,
Saroja,
Geetasha,
Pramad,
Pramod,
Sarito,
Surabhi,
Avikal,
Krishnaraj,
Jarrah,
Milan,
Savitri,
Paritosho,
Agatta,
Anugraho,
Preyas,
Shahido,
Zahira,
Zahir,
Diti,
Parijat,
Veda,
Wajid,
Kusum (Latifa),
Gyan,
Sukh,
Himalaya,
Masta,
Bharti,
Margot and Ian,
Sara and Ian,
Michelle,
and...*

*No doubt I forgot to mention several friends...
I may have spelled a couple of names wrongly...
From some beautiful people I never came to know their names...*

Especially I dedicate this token of thankfulness to ma

Shahido

who, with never-ending courage and perseverance
and notwithstanding many obstacles on the road,

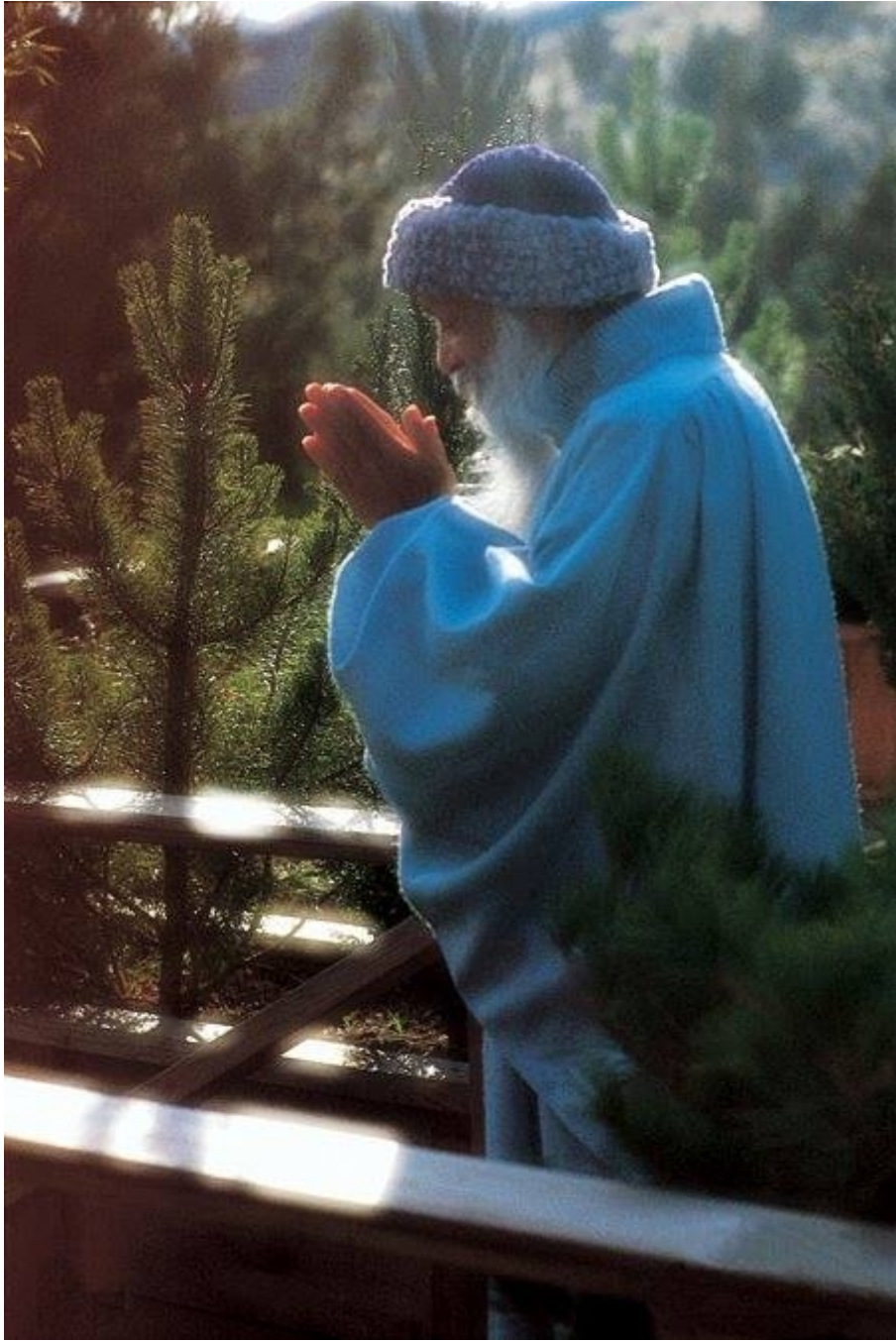
kept sharing her love for our Master Osho

in the Byron area, Australia, and way beyond.



Shahido and Paripurn in Osho Tapoban, Nepal, October 2012.

Photo taken by Diti.



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1 - Three remarkable incidents, connected with Osho

(written down in March 2014)

I was a young boy. Fourteen. My parents' house had a small attic-like room, where my two brothers (much younger than me) and I slept. It was March 1953. At about 10 pm I went to bed. A strange sensation took hold of me. I remember especially the noise in my ears. In my head, rather. And a kind of light. I remember I looked out of the window, to see if something special was the matter, which could have caused these impressions. Nothing outside... This lasted for about one hour.

In 1986 Osho was in Bombay, the final stage of what was to be called his world tour. He gave a long series of lectures, titled: *Beyond Enlightenment*. Many of these lectures I heard and saw him speak, on video, in the formal Rajneesh Mystery School in Amsterdam. One night Osho spoke about what can happen to some people all around the world when a person gets enlightened. People who are somehow connected with that being, by whatever mysterious ways, may feel his enlightenment happening. It was only then that I remembered the incident of my youth, when I was fourteen.

In March 1984, I received sannyas. On the 21st I was in Amitabh, the Rajneesh Center at the Prinsengracht in Amsterdam. I felt extremely light that afternoon. I had the very strong feeling that - yes, now, at this very moment, Osho has a look at my photo (the photo I sent to Oregon with my sannyas application), and he is choosing a name for me. I felt that - yes, this very moment my life takes a definite turn. Some two weeks later I received my sannyas-paper. It showed the date March 24, as being the day I was excepted as a sannyasin. Still, for me, March 21 feels like my real sannyas initiation day...

On January 19 - 1990, Osho left his body. Just two weeks later I participated in what was called a Death Group with Swami Veetman, in the Mystery School, in Amsterdam. That group had already been planned some time earlier. The group lasted four days. In one of the *guided meditations* I felt myself going away from this earth at quite a large speed. Somewhere in the cosmos I came to a standstill. I saw Osho standing next to me. We stood quite close to each other. We both did wear long robes. It felt like a very normal situation. We both

looked down to the earth, which was just a very small and insignificant globe, not bigger than a ping-pong ball. After a few moments I said to Osho: I don't feel any urge to go back there. Osho answered: Still, you have to go back for some time. You shall still have to laugh a lot, you have to laugh with people...

So, apparently, I came back to the earth and continued the group with Veetman...



Manjula and Pari, March 1988, Arnhem, Holland.

2 – 1989/1990

From BOOK I:

(written down in 2000)

Manjula and I lived in Arnhem, Holland, with its hills, parks and woods. A few years earlier we had met in Amsterdam, where we both played in a theatre group, performing for children. We had created our own plays and we had a wonderful and creative time together. Manjula went to Osho's meditations with me and to the Sunday Satsangs and the video discourses in the Mystery School. In January 1987 Manjula received her Sannyas name.

After the tumultuous and unexpected end of the existence of the theatre group, we had escaped from Amsterdam in December 1987. We had lived for five months in a beautiful house near Arnhem, at the edge of a large forest; the house was let out to us by the owner, a sann-
yasin friend who was travelling around the world. We even did run our Rajneesh Meditation Center there, called Champa. Now, one and a half year later, we lived on our fourth address in Arnhem: above a service station, the second floor.

It was 1989. Autumn and Sunday. We made a long walk through two large parks. Despite the painful right side of her body, Manjula was still able to complete that. Walking and talking we decided that it was a good moment to invent a new theatre play. A few hours later the basic plot of the play was there, the main characters included. Three weeks later we had written the first three acts. The fourth and last act had to wait for some time, for Manjula had a brain haemorrhage. Of course – in a weekend.

After four hours the doctor came, in the middle of the night. Manjula was in a coma when she arrived at the hospital. The scan showed a huge tumor. Inoperable, much too deep, said the neurologist on duty. And: she has only three months to live, at the most.

Manjula came back to consciousness (more or less) three days after the brain haemorrhage. Then three weeks passed. A famous surgeon in Nijmegen announced she would operate on Manjula. Manjula decided that yes, she wanted to try and go on living.

The night before the operation the surgeon said: we have to shave your hair. Apparently the doctor felt sorry for that. She also

said: there are risks of course – you can become permanently paralysed, or you can die. I know, Manjula said, you just do your best.

Eight hours, lasted the operation. They did saw a ten centimeters square opening in her skull.

During the operation I did an audition at a theatre group in Arnhem, for some part in some play. An English director, a woman. I played the monologue of the King from our new play: *The King who couldn't die*, from the third act. A very moving monologue, spoken to the old Court Jester. In Dutch, of course. The English lady didn't understand one word of it.

When Manjula awoke from her anaesthesia, at the intensive care, I stood there, at her bed. The surgeon came closer and asked Manjula: could you please lift your right leg? Manjula did that, just two inches. Good, the surgeon said and walked away.

I didn't get that part in the play of that English director.

One year later I wrote the fourth and last act of our play, in the little town where we lived by then. And just a couple of months later, a sannyasin friend made a brilliant translation into English:

The King who couldn't die.

Here is that monologue:

ACT III - SCENE 3

(Saturday afternoon at 3:30 in the castle garden. The setting is a lawn and a white wooden garden-seat close behind the castle. The sun is shining. The Court Jester walks across the grass with his fool's cap on. By himself, he is involved in a game of classical croquet which requires hitting wooden balls with a large wooden hammer through a goal. After a few moments the King comes walking across the lawn. He's wearing his crown and has Adelaide's dairy in his hand. He stops for a moment near the seat and watches the Jester's game. He then puts the book down on the right side of the seat, goes over to the other hammers and balls and joins in the game. No one speaks. After a while the King begins to talk. The arrangement of text in combination with the game is left to the director's discretion.)

King: I'm not sure whether Adelaide's death meant the loss of a great love to me. It was the beginning of an insight, that's for certain. Why I had left Adelaide behind - a woman I had married out of love - and

had begrudged her everything I had been in quest of: adventure, riches, pleasure, sexual relations... I had totally forgotten Adelaide; she was just a name, from another time.

I don't know if I would have conceded her the joy of having a child, a child that by chance wasn't my own. I'm afraid I wouldn't have. I hate to think what I might have done in my rage and jealousy. Her death changed everything. It has been a long and painful lesson and it still doesn't seem to have been sufficiently learned. There is apparently more in it for me, as death takes no notice.

I'm fortunate. I live in a peaceful place. The trees my father planted by the garden house are cheerful and dignified and have grown to prehistoric heights. I have two trustworthy life companions at my side and the young Regent is doing his best - in a clumsy sort of way - to remind us how good we have it.

(The two men are now standing quite close to each other in silence.)

Today I came to know that Adelaide experienced a couple of very happy years while I was gone and busy seeking my fortune. She was deeply in love with you. Her death must have been a great loss to you. Such depth of pain I haven't known. For sixteen years I had the joy of playing with her child and could I enjoy of her cheerfulness. Your child. How heavy the secret must have weighed on you! Thanks to Ada, you are now free of this burden. Your daughter's grandchild forces us to look each other in the eye. And all because she cannot live a lie. All because she cannot accept there being anything wrong with love. Or a child born out of love being something undesirable.

(The Court Jester goes to sit on the left side of the seat. He takes off his fool's cap and sits in silence. The King takes the book and sits down next to him. He opens it and reads an excerpt out loud:)

King: "This is the second Spring since Hubert left. The Magnolias are blooming more richly than ever. I can see the Court Jester from my window, talking lively and joking with the new maid from town. The sun is sparkling on the pond. My child is kicking with longing to enter this world - a world which can be happy and light, so I have learned..."

(The King closes Adelaide's diary and hands it a moment later to the Court Jester. He takes the book. Silence prevails.)

3 - A contribution by Manjula

(written for the on-line Osho News, May 2014)

1986. It was a sunny day. Amsterdam was filled with colourful people. Actors, singers, acrobats. It was the start of the new cultural year and there were many stalls and podia where you could taste some of the coming cultural shows. Among the many stalls there was a charming group of people, running a theatre group for children. I was in the final two months of my actress/teacher studies and I recognized a girl from my school. We chatted and I asked if they needed an actress in the new year. A handsome man, clothed in red (the director of the group as it turned out later) looked at me with sparkling eyes. He had a big necklace around his neck....

This is how Pari and I met. And with him, Osho at last found a way to come into my life for real! I received my sannyas-name in January 1987. After we had played together in two of Pari's plays for children, the theatre group ended after two years. We moved to the country and in December 1988 went to Poona for the first time and were so lucky to experience Osho still in the body. Back in Holland, after nine months of increasing weakness and pain, I was taken to hospital with a brain-infarct and in a coma. Inoperable, they concluded, and just a few more months to live. But they found a surgeon who would take the risk and operate on the tumor in my head. The day of the operation, Pari had an audition for a role in a play. He performed a touching monologue of the play we just had written in the previous months. The title of the play is: *The King who couldn't die*. He didn't get the role, but a few weeks later we moved out of the hospital hand in hand. Then I had to learn to live again, with all the difficulties my traumatized body suffered from. Since then we spent every minute to the fullest. We travelled four times to Australia (several years all together), to live in the sangha there, and to enjoy that wild and beautiful nature. We meditated in New Zealand, did many walks in the forest where we lived and I used the device of healing the body in every way we could. And then, in 2010, we came across swami Arun from Nepal who gave me a deeper taste of Osho. We went to Osho Tapoban in Nepal and the feeling that Osho is very much alive

became deeper and stronger there. Healing and accepting life as it comes, celebrating everyday of it in Osho's light and sharing this with Pari are the great blessings of my life!



1986. Manjula (left) as Princess Dainty in a play for children: Witches' Love.



December 1989. Three years after the photo above, one month after the operation. Manjula re-discovering life.

4 – 1992

Gondwana Sanctuary



Recently written (March 2014):

(It's amazing that I didn't write about my first visit to Australia earlier, not even in my BOOK I...)

In March 1992, I was lucky to spend my first four weeks in Australia. I had read about a certain commune near Byron Bay, called Gondwana, where a number of sannyasins were supposed to live. I felt I had to go there. During my second visit to Poona, India, December 1991, I had met ma Geetsha, who had told me she lived there, at Gondwana. I asked her how it was – living there. Paradise, she said. That was it – just Paradise...

Exactly two years earlier, Manjula and I came to live in a little town in the eastern part of Holland, called Hengelo. Manjula had been recovering from her brain operation, which she had miraculously survived, and without too many aftereffects. Yes, she had to learn walking and writing and riding a bicycle again and our beautiful dog Vivek, a smooth collie, had been encouraging her to take long walks. But now we both felt it was time again, soon, for a new adventure, to meet new people, preferably people who were Osho-lovers, like us. So I decided I would go and have a look, there, at Gondwana, in

Australia, on my own, that first time.

The first big surprise about Australia I remember, was the Transit Center in Brisbane. I had to wait for an hour or longer for a bus that would take me to Byron Bay. Apparently I had an Indian imprint in my mind about what to expect. The shops in the Transit Center were clean and when I ordered a drink and gave some money, I got back the exact exchange money, without any hassle. Only then I realized I had arrived in a Western country. So I could drop my suspicion. Last time in India I had quite a few nasty experiences – my camera had been stolen and several times my trust in humanity had been badly shaken when substantial amounts of money were wheedled from me.

The second surprise were the many wooden houses in Brisbane, which we passed with the bus. And the Australian landscape. Especially the road between Murwillumbah and Ocean Shores, the Tweed Valley Way. Uphill, downhill, between the trees. So beautiful. That was the former two-lane highway; the new flat four-lane stretch of the Pacific Highway between Tweed Heads and Ocean Shores was ready only in 2000, just before the Olympic Games in Sydney.

The third surprise was Byron Bay. Just a village, just a few streets. The colorful façade of the old wooden Cultural Centre. I didn't have time to get to know Byron better, at that moment – I was on my way to Tyagarah. Where was Tyagarah? I made a phone call to Gondwana. A man called Peter answered. Just take a taxi, he said.

Twenty minutes later came the fourth surprise. The taxi arrived at Prestons Lane. No man's land on a hill. Peter and his wife (I forgot her name) were waiting for my arrival, very kind. They showed me the house and I saw the view towards the sea. My god! Many, many times during our long stays at Gondwana, in the years that followed, I took photos of that view. The last time was in January 2012, twenty years after this first visit.

I remember I thought: here is the place where I want to stay forever - I've come home. The big picture of Osho in the main house (it's still there!). Then I met Bhakta. He was eager to show me around Gondwana, uphill (past Moti's and Neeten's caravan – they sat there on their little verandah), the big fig tree, downhill to the natural pool, through the high grass, along a few old campherloral trees, which he loved. The tour lasted an hour, amazing I could even enjoy that, after

the long trip from Holland.

That night Bhakta prepared a meal for me. I didn't have any food with me - of course I didn't know I had to take care of my own food, when staying on Gondwana. I will never forget Bhakta's gesture.

For a couple of days I rented a room in the main house – what a treat. The first morning I asked Bhakta where I could buy some food for myself. Well, in Byron of course. *How to get there?* You can walk over the beach, that will take you some two and a half hours, one way. *I see...* And not long before you reach Byron you will have to wade a creek – sometimes you have to carry your backpack above your head, when the water is high. *I see...* And then you will reach Belongil, there you could cross through the dunes and stop at a small hostel, Belongil Beach Cafe, run by sannyasins, and you could drink something there, at the cafe. *Okay, thank you Bhakta.*

So there I went, into my first Australian adventure. The dust road through the nature reserve (half an hour already), then the beach... my god, that space. Nobody on the beach. A strong wind was blowing and rain was coming closer and closer. I loved that walk. I felt strong and free. I tried to make a photo of myself with the self-timer. The stormy sea and the dark clouds in the background. Later-on the result appeared to be a weird photo, vague, with that ridiculous straw hat on my head, but still – it expresses very strongly how I felt that moment. I reached the creek, which was not very deep, then came Belongil, with the hostel, with the little terrace.

As soon as I sat there, probably with an LSD (of course that was a new word again... dandelion-coffee with soy milk), the rain came splashing fiercely against the transparent plastic screen that had been lowered. I felt good. Simply good.

It must still have been raining when I continued my walk over the beach. Another twenty minutes and there was Byron Bay. I fell in love with Byron Bay, as most people do. Byron was even more simple than it is now, with still many wooden houses and many little restaurants. More hippy-like and with a very friendly atmosphere. The post-office still occupied that large wooden building, where now one of the health food shops is established. I remember I did buy some basic food, like a loaf of bread, but I can't remember how I arrived back at Tyagarah again.