

SAVING OUR HISTORY

Paid advertisements, even in the Old Gray Lady aren't exactly news, of course. Still, it's good to read them with a skeptical mind and bring attention to lapses in full page ads in the main news section of the Sunday paper. Gary Bennett did this recently.

This deserves sharing because Turkey is promoting itself as representing "In many ways... the history [of] mankind."

Some irony, here: one of the contributions of men who lived in one particular part of what is now Turkey, Greek Ionians mentioned in passing as "Ionians," are forerunners of natural philosophy, inquiry into causes of and structure of the natural world. These men (and only men, as far as we know) attempted to explain the phenomena around them without attributing causes to supernatural beings. This from a secular nation that is tightening social control and punishing dissent. Here is Gary's objection:

E-mail Sent to *The New York Times* (with a copy to the Embassy of Greece) (27 August 2017)

Page 23 of the first section of the August 27th edition of *The New York Times* is a full page ad describing Turkey as "Home of the largest open air museum of the world". In the list of civilizations that have resided in Turkey there is no mention of the Greeks. Having visited Turkey, I can attest to the fact that there are remnants of ancient Greek cities almost everywhere.

The Ionian Greeks who lived in central coastal Anatolia gave us much of what we now call "western civilization". For the Turks to eliminate Greeks from their list of ancient civilizations is telling, particularly when one considers that the Greeks were in what is now Turkey before the Turks were.

Gary L. Bennett

Reply from Embassy of Greece (28 August 2017)

Dear Mr Bennett, Thank you for contacting the Embassy of Greece. As you mention in your letter to the New York Times, the Ionian Greeks lived in the central western coast of Anatolia, which today is part of Turkey. In fact, they gave their name, *Ionia*, to the region. The Ionians settled there around 1000 BC and for the following centuries they had significant impact on the Greek civic development, on Greek maritime, trade and the intellectual life of Greece. We appreciate your concerns regarding this ad and your effort to clarify the historic facts, and we thank you for letting us know. Best regards,

Embassy of Greece Press & Communication Office

President's Message

Humanists of Idaho and Idaho Society of Reason are fully merged now, and calendared on a single Meetup page: <https://www.meetup.com/Humanists-of-Idaho/>

One major change is that we will no longer have a monthly meeting at the Flicks. Instead, we will be having our board meetings at board member homes, every other month, and instead of being open to the public, they will be open to paid members only. The discussions and presentations that used to follow our board meetings, will now be calendared separately, at a different time and date. There should be several events each month, so be sure to check in at the meetup page often. Pat Acks is our new Vice President, replacing Britini Gates, who left in May. There is still one board position open – Charitable Coordinator – so if any members are willing to step up and take on a very part time job, you can contact me directly at CelebrantVan@gmail.com.

As mentioned before, we will not have our booth up at Hyde Park this year. It has been a wonderful event and great outreach effort for us for the last 12 years, but rule changes this year created hurdles we weren't prepared to jump. Our last booth event was at Goddessfest, and the turnout was better than expected. A really fun and positive experience. It appears that may be our last booth outing for 2017. In January, the board will consider fairs and festivals for 2018 outreach. Suggestions are always welcome.

Our next board meeting will be in mid September, and we will be considering end of year charitable projects, a solstice party, and 2018 projects. Questions and suggestions can be sent to any of our board members – contact information located at our website, humanistsofidoaho.org – or through the meetup group email.

We are still uncertain of the status of the Boise State Secular Student Alliance. The school year just started, so hopefully they will be up and running soon. If they schedule any future events, we will be posting specifics on HOI/ISOR's meetup page. More info when it comes available.

D G Van Curen, President, Humanists of Idaho

Sipping at the Wellsprings: Woody seeks out contemporary gurus *from interviews by J Ross*

*Like many of you, my resources on the path to a humanist worldview have been books and conversations with peers sought out or discovered along the way. Woody Weyerman is more of a direct experience guy. Woody was living in Adrian, Oregon, with his wife, Jackie, the **summer of 1979**, working for a farmer, a Mormon like Woody, who was amused by Woody's unusually accepting view of alternative lifestyles and beliefs.*

Woody Weyerman and the Rajneesh

"You ought to go work for those people in orange pajamas," he joked. I first thought of Jim Jones.

I started following the stories of the Rajneesh moving to central Oregon, where they wanted to start a commune. This was grassland, with low productivity, ten acres for a cow. When they made the move, what got my attention was that they were buying the finest John Deere equipment, tractors, accessory equipment, everything first class.

I had never heard of such a thing with a commune and so I suspected that it was an economic commune based on money, certainly not on religion, and that it was something that would surely be to the advantage of farmers, that they could farm this way with the best of everything. The next thing that I learned was that their leader was from India and that all of them wore red clothes. I thought, man, this is cool. The next thing I learned was that the leader had 4 or 5 Rolls Royce's at \$100,000 apiece.

"I thought, man, they have got this economy going really smooth. I thought it was worth checking out. And so I just hopped in my car and drove over there from my home in Adrian to Antelope. This was 1980, spring break. (Woody worked as a school janitor). I went by myself; nobody else was even slightly interested in getting exposed to these people.

"I found some of the Rajneesh followers in Antelope, sitting around meditating. They said the real activity was 16 miles away at the Big Muddy ranch, where John Wayne made a movie. I drove straight over. I saw big construction equipment as I got close— Carryalls, backhoes, D8 and D9 bulldozers, all driven by women. Men on the crews handled shovels. On other crews, men and women were tying rebar, building forms, things that traditionally were men's jobs. Security at that time was being stopped at the gate, asked what you were doing there.

Idaho Society of Reason has now joined with Humanists of Idaho. <http://meetup.com/nontheist/events> They meet 2nd Sunday in Boise, 4th Sundays Nampa at noon. Watch for any changes.

Objectivists meet last Wed 6pm , varying restaurants. Contact is Tim Scharff , scharffdesignworks@icloud.com

They were setting up trailer houses everywhere, they must have had 200 to 300 of them. They had tents on wood platforms built before I got there. Must have been over a thousand people. They had built a house and a swimming pool on the ranch for Rajneesh.

Everybody did seem to be friendly, and they did wear red clothes. And everybody was out of their trailers, moving around.

The children who were there ran around without supervision. (This changed by the next year). They had a nice 4X4 police car, all decked out, manned by women! I thought, damn, this is interesting. All the policemen were women, that really took me by surprise.

The name of their restaurant was Zorba's, in the town of Antelope. The farms out there, there's a house every six or eight miles, maybe. It's a really sparsely populated part of Oregon. I couldn't believe they had such good stuff going. I thought that was a little different but it was okay by me.

They were really gentle in their ways of teaching and appeared to be very humanistic, I was quite impressed with that. I talked to a whole bunch of people. They were interested in the free sex, how they did it and protected themselves. What I found is that they were thrilled about the opportunity to have numerous partners (and only later in building relationships).

The youngest were in their 20's, the oldest I talked to was 70. Midrange was mid 30's. They were primarily people who had been successful in business. Some were there for medical reasons, for the free medical care; it was free whatever you needed. Everyone was checked constantly for venereal disease.

They told me about their ranch, where they had all their equipment, but I didn't have time to go there, so I just got back in the car and drove home.

Woody paid for a subscription to the newspaper and decided to go back when he could (he worked as a schoolbus driver for his school district).

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Humanists of Idaho, a chapter of American Humanist Association & Council for Secular Humanism, is a nonprofit corporation promoting ethical, democratic, and naturalistic Humanism through public awareness, education and community involvement. See Van's President's Statement on page 1 for the new meeting schedule.

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Woody at Ragneeshpurim *from previous page*

The second year I drove over I took my wife Jackie with me. By then they had built a hotel at the Rancho Rajneesh, and they had several stores and had built this building for a greenhouse that they used as a meeting place for their people. At this time the Rajneesh was still observing silence so they used this for meditation in his company.

They had a school that was just filled with kids, and they all looked to be happy. They had a picture of the Bhagwan on the wall. I thought that was a little different but it was okay by me.

They built a huge building to manufacture modular homes— they produced one or two a day. The first year they were primarily in tents; the second year they had taken the tent foundations, made A frames out of them, bought several mobile homes from any place they could buy them brand new, and they started manufacturing their own with all the latest pneumatic equipment to put in the nails, the saw, everything. First rate, everything, and everything was absolutely immaculate. And the supervisor and the boss of every unit was a woman.

My wife thought it was all interesting. When she found out how nice the hotel was she just stayed in there and watched video tapes of Rajneesh while I went around and mingled with them while we were there.

I stayed 2 or 3 days this time. They had crews of people building roads, crews building fences. The big garage for repairing trucks and cars had a white concrete floor and all the repair equipment was up to date. They kept records on everything they did, how and when everything was maintained.

The garage seemed like a temple to me, a sacred realm where every piece of equipment was special. They had big trailer houses with flush unisex toilets— you went in, a lady on duty told you which was available, and she ran in and cleaned it as soon as you left. All of these were plumbed and more plumbing was being prepared by the backhoes and carryalls.

They had a lot of problem with deer coming down and munching on the gardens. (By the 3rd year they had fenced in the fields and also built a hothouse, covering four acres, which was also used by the Bhagwan to

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give his talks. When the Bhagwan came in to speak they rolled linoleum right over the dirt, they had 6,000 people on the linoleum. It was uneven but you could dance on it, sit on it to listen to lectures. It was built as an agriculture building to seriously thumb their noses at the zoning rules.

Another one of the first major projects was a dam to back their stream (a tributary of John Day river ran through Rajneesh) into a lake, to use for their water. They put in an electrical substation big enough to run a city. They put in a sewage system, had a huge compost and used a bucket loader to turn it, they did it by the tons and not the shovelful. Their compost bins were concrete pads.

They were building roads frantically, 26 miles of roads in four years, and planted trees. They'd set up cold frames with plastic sheeting and some tubular support for the sheeting. They already had 60 acres in row crops, using all the appropriate land available. The ranch was 64,000 acres; they put the houses on the land that couldn't be used to grow anything.

By the third year, they were even better organized. And they had some of the best vegetarian restaurants, you'd think you were in the finest café in Europe.

And all the food was free. You could eat yourself to death and love every minute of it. They had cooks from all over the world, exotic recipes, lots of fresh vegetables they raised themselves. .. *Continued on page 4*

Woody: Strengths and Weaknesses of Rajneeshpurim

Continued from page 3

They would go through everything when you came in, your books, suitcase, everything to make sure you didn't have drugs, because it was a drug-free community. Much to the chagrin of the outside, that 'knew' it was a drug infested community! They knew that by intuition. You could not smuggle drugs in there to save your neck, they went through everything.

And they would quarantine you, you had to be there at least 30 days before you could be involved sexually with anybody, and you had to have a clearance from a doctor at the ranch. If you ever left the ranch for a week and came back you had to wait another 30 days to get your VD clearance. Which I thought was humorous, all right with me.

The third year when I went back I was really sick of this tourist thing. I discovered everyone was going over to their own hiring hall at the ranch and signing up for a job. Then they'd get on a bus and go to their job. A doctor, a lawyer, a farmer, they all got the same pay. They got their house, entertainment... I got my meals, my entertainment, I got to be one of them for the day. I got the same thing they got. Only clever me, I didn't give them any money. If I'd given them all I had they would have had another hundred dollars, what the hell.

I got in line and they treated me just like one of them even though I didn't have red clothes on. I had my bib overalls and got a job. They sent me out to the fields to pick tomatoes. They planted 65 acres of row crops, if you can imagine, and used every piece of power equipment available. At this point the ranch had its own hiring process, they were still fighting with the town of Antelope. They were putting up their own houses and they didn't put them up on good agricultural land, they put houses on hillsides and rocky piles. It was really interesting to listen to their dialogue. I would ask, why are you picking tomatoes? And they'd say, I'm doing this so someone else is free to do what they have to do.

You put tomatoes without any cracks in one pan, the ones with cracks in another container. I got in conversations that started, "Why are you out here?" We could eat the ones with cracks, store the others for a while. This one lady couldn't get it right, and I kept watching to see what would happen. Finally a supervisor came along and said to her, 'Honey, how many lifetimes do you want to pick tomatoes before you get it right?' I thought this was the best put down I ever heard in my life.

You never worked more than two hours without a break. In the middle of the morning the Rajneesh would drive down the road and everybody would get out with their rhythm instruments, guitars or whatever they had and would stand single file by the road, clap their hands, shake their instruments, play their guitars, do whatever. He always had his partner Vic, his wife or whatever, with him. The people waiting for him had roses and different things to toss in front of him.

You'd see the Rajneesh coming along about a mile away and as he'd come up the tempo of the music would go up right by the car. I couldn't figure that out and then when the car got down to me I knew why because he was going like this. He would control the tempo, he was beating time on his steering wheel as he passed.

But, behind me was a lady with a machine gun. Somewhat disconcerting for a moment. Maybe four of them with machine guns. Each year the armaments escalated. It was really peaceful there and they didn't want anybody messing with that. If you messed with it, you only did it once. You did this dancing and stuff in the morning, and at noon, and in the afternoon he'd come by again and people would congregate with their friends. It would take an hour, an hour and a half. Each time he came by he looked each person in the eye as he beat rhythms on his steering wheel.

By the fourth year the Rajneesh had 102 Rolls Royce cars. That's kind of an impressive parking lot. He always drove, nobody else drove. His wife, Vic, was always beside him. As far as I knew she didn't have anything to do with the money or anything. It was all run by a woman named Sheela, she was a cousin or something to the Rajneesh. She was paranoid and militant and confrontive. Very different from everyone else.

Noon came and I got another job preparing veggies for lunch. They had the most wonderful vegetarian food. They had seven thousand people having lunch in cafeterias, several of them. They started lunch at 11, went to 3 or 4 o'clock. They must have eaten at a designated time, I didn't figure that out, I just ate with my group. By the afternoon we were washing vegetables in four cement mixers.

We poured all the vegetables in the cement mixers and they started spinning around—that peeled the cleaned the vegetables, all we had to do was shovel them out and send them on down to the next guys. We did several tons of vegetables in a couple of hours.

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Woody bargains with Rajneesh Purim *from p 4*

It was a culture without a hierarchy. You couldn't ever work yourself up or down. It was a level playing field. Everyone got the same pay, room and board, a mighty glorious room and board, I would say. If you broke up with your lover you didn't have to worry about your job going to hell, you just moved over by someone else. And if you changed jobs you got the same pay. Nothing was about pay. It was about whether you wanted to do that job or not do that job.

I don't know if everyone could change jobs, but a whole lot of them did. There was a huge line of them waiting at city hall for a job every day. I don't know if they had a choice; I took the first job they handed me, because I just wanted to be in the flow.

They bought several hundred Chevy pickups here in Boise for their women to drive around in, all their crew leaders. They had this huge garage with all the latest equipment in it, they called it their temple. The floors were painted white, there was not a speck of grease on anything, there were records for every vehicle on the ranch, every service date, when they were to be serviced next. They sold really good when they got through with them.

Everything was taken care of, and they said that women were better with the equipment than men, more sensitive with all heavy equipment. Here comes a woman driving a big carryall, 641 Scrapper with the wheels on the front down the road, here comes a woman in her own grader. I didn't know women could do that kind of work in that time of my life. It was kinda neat to see a doctor picking tomatoes and be as happy about picking tomatoes as he was about doctoring someone. I never met a man who was the head of anything. He might be on a committee. Men were bus drivers and so were women.

The fourth year I'd worked for a farmer for a month; at the end of it he told me he had no money to pay me. He was harvesting these beans, they were a little white bean except they were a pink variety. I got this bright idea, I told him I'd take my pay in beans. He said they're not worth anything, you can't even sell them. I said, how about 20 cents a pound. In my mind I was thinking red beans, pink beans, Rajneesh.

I told my wife I took all these beans in pay, she said nobody's buying beans. I said there's all these people over at Rajneesh, they've got to eat something. I loaded the car with 800 pounds of beans in 50 pound sacks and headed for Rancho Rajneesh. They checked me and I drove in to the guard place, went through the checkpoints. The guards got on the phone and called the kitchen, they said, 'We'll look at them.'

I got to the kitchen, the lady came out and said, 'Yeah, I believe we could use these, how much do you want for them?' I said 40 cents a pound. She said that's pretty close, we're used to 38 cents.' I thought, oh man this is my lucky day. So we unload them and she gives me the good news. They can't pay me but they'll send me a check next week. I thought what the hell. When I finally left the ranch I had no beans and no money. I thought, this is really gonna go over good when I get home. When I got home Jackie said, 'Did you sell the beans?' and I said yeah, they'll send the check to me next week and she said, "Yeah, right." Next week came a check for \$300 some dollars, every bean I sold them. The check cleared.

I went over again that same year on a weekend when they expected me to do some things in the church. I told my buddy to just tell them I couldn't be there. My buddy gets up in the church and explains that Woody has gone over to see the Rajneesh and that's why he isn't at church today. And then he has the heart to tell me this.

The best and the worst of that experience is that they acted like it never happened. I was relieved and highly disappointed. It was an example of how the Mormons had tried to live in Utah and it looked like these guys were gonna make it work in spite of a fight with the county—the Mormons had a fight with the county, they divided the county in half and gave half to the Mormons— and the other people took the other half of the county. The squabbles were exactly like Mormon history, and so I thought, well, maybe they'll endure and eventually come out on top. I was anxious to see them be successful.

If you wanted to go into the city, or just wanted to dress up for something, you could do it. You'd go to the warehouse and they'd deck you out in the finest clothes and jewelry. Some met with President Ronald Reagan. You could have diamonds or rubies or whatever you thought was the finest because you'd contributed, everyone did. They had everything categorized and sized, people there to fit you. They just checked them out for the appropriate length of the time if you had to meet a politician or do business, whatever you needed to look the part they'd fix you up. They did everything first class. *Continued p 6*

BUUF Sages

The Boise Unitarian Universalist Fellowship's "Sages" group has been gathering on second and fourth Thursdays for more than three decades, never the same twice. We consider a range of topics, including politics, religion, travel, philosophy, art and science. Newcomers are always welcome! We share friendly conversation and a no-host breakfast at the Kopper Kitchen (2661 Airport Way), Thursday, September 14 and 28 this month, 9:30 am. Contact Tom von Alten, 208 378-1217, or tva@fortboise.org for more information, to suggest topics or speakers, or to be added to our e-list.

BUUF Humanists next meet for conversation 3rd Sunday, September 16, 11:15:am, in the Boise Unitarian Universalist Fellowship library. Sages meet 9:30am, September 14 and 28 at Kopper Kitchen, near the Boise airport..

The End of Rancho Rajneesh *Woody from p 5*

They did have problems creep in. Since most of these people were Americans and none of them were married to each other, if someone wanted to come from a foreign country they'd just marry them in a marriage of convenience, which ended up being their downfall because the INS was frantic about this. That was one chink in their armor, and another was they wanted to get state aid for their school. Although they had the glamour and appearance of wealth they wanted state aid like other schools. The state of Oregon did not think that was cool at all. All of the children there were in school. They had a really good curriculum, really good education.

The one thing that I would have put in any American school is that every kid from sixth grade on would spend half a day in an apprenticeship, working with an adult in whatever the adult was doing. If you wanted to be in a carpentry shop, or the garden shop, in the kitchen or the entertainment or whatever, you could find a person in that field and spend a half a day with them.

They visited Ronald Reagan about human rights. But they voted as a block, which got them in as much trouble as it did the Mormons and the Cherokee Indians a century earlier. Those things added up to conflict so they brought in street people so they could outvote people of The Dalles.

So the people in The Dalles were registering everyone in the cemeteries, thinking that was as good as street people. It became a big fiasco about outvoting each other. Maybe if they'd had a brother in The Dalles like George Bush had a brother in Florida they might have been able to count the votes appropriately and succeed. Anyway, what they did, bussing in street people, was underhanded and unlike what they were about.

I think if they had stuck with what they were about instead of trying to deal with it in a military way (and to poison people in The Dalles by planting food poisoning in a salad bar) eventually it would have worked out. But when the INS got down on them it was all over, they were vicious. They were going to deport the Bhagwan but he got in his Lear jet and took off. I actually think he didn't sanction the marriages of convenience but he got credited for it.

I picked up copies of his books that they had on sale (for one year I subscribed to the newspaper published at the ranch.) The general public thought they were all there for the experience of free love and drugs. The drugs were not available, the free love was available. But they satiated on it in a year or so and became monogamous on their own, which I thought was rather interesting. After some time they coupled up quite a bit differently, with different partners than when they 'married' the first time.

The second time they valued their partner for reasons, for who or what they were, because their job didn't make them richer or more important. A bus driver, lawyer, doctor was equal to a waiter in the kitchen, you'd pick just for who you liked to be with. Pay was leveling. Marriages didn't happen, they just coupled. They found reasons to like each other besides sex. It gave me a different attitude toward relationships.

The Bhagwan when he would speak to the people would tell them, "Do not worship me." But when we went out in the field they would all bow like Muslims and they would not bow to the east, they would bow to his dwelling place. And I thought, hmm, he just told you not to do that.

The last time I was there he said, "I told you that you could meditate, then you go up on the mountain and you meditate, and you forget that you have work to do. You come down to have dinner and nobody's fixed it. Think about that. That was the only time I ever heard him chew anybody out about anything. The whole point was that your work was your meditation if you did it his way.

Page 7 has Woody's summary of what he gained from the Bhagwan's teachings.

De-mystifying Religion Woody's Take-away

His success? One of the things everyone pretty much went through was de-hypnotherapy. In other words, he undid your brainwashing and encouraged you not to be brain-washed again. And then people would sit there and let themselves be hypnotized again. All religion and all meditation, everything done as a group, becomes hypnotic. It focuses your attention on one thing and you can't seem to get anything else in. He had exercises you went through to undo the hypnotism that had been done to you throughout your life. People would say, outside, that they hypnotize you when you go there.. it's all about mind control. The Rajneesh would say, yeah, it's all about mind control. You control your mind and I'll control my mind. Part of the de-hypnotherapy was to point out things about the Catholic church, about our society that, if you weren't hypnotized would sound sacrilegious.

In a joke he told, Gabriel, executive secretary of Heaven, said, God, you haven't been on a vacation in two thousand years, why not? God said, the last time I went to the planet earth, I met a Jewish girl, she got pregnant, I had to leave... You know the rest of the story.

He'd put it in a new way and a different context. He said, to make religion heard in the US he had to use show business. He'd buy one Rolls, put it in a trust, buy another. The whole thing was show business to attract rich Americans, and he was 100% successful doing this.

The Bhagwan included other religious faiths. One: he knew that Mohammad's story that there are 13 heavens is true, because he looked down on them when he was up in the 15th heaven! He was always doing this with his followers, building up what was best in other traditions at the same time suggesting that they didn't know everything.

All the Bhagwan's teaching put familiar stories in a new light. His books, 150 or 200 of them, were transcribed from his lectures, which were all recorded. He would lecture about Christianity, there were at least four of them; six with Sufi stories, several with Hinduism, Buddhism, many other religions of the world. His teachings were shocking to me, but maybe valid. He set it up for me to be my own guru.

He had a belief that it took a master to understand a master and so he felt free to comment, explain the teachings of any of the masters throughout history. He had actual insights. As a teenager he read every book in the library in one of the cities in India. His grandfather had important people over and he listened and learned.

His grandad put him up to asking irreverent questions that they couldn't answer. He learned the techniques of dealing with people and he learned their religions first hand. His personal religion was a Jain, a form of Hindu. He certainly knew religion from the inside out. He taught at a university in India for ten years. He had talent and he had training. He really didn't say anything about the commune and how it was to be run. He had a cousin, Sheela, in this country and asked her to look around and find a place for an ashram. She was the executive secretary and CEO and all of that. How much he knew her personally, I don't know.

He was certainly a different kind of person. His only thing was people would come and listen to him. He called Rancho Rajneesh a Buddha place where every person became a Buddha. As far as I was concerned he'd already reached the ultimate and if there was some way he could help someone else reach the ultimate he was happy to do it. I don't think he had any personal interest for what he could get out of it. He had a whole different demeanor from a politician or a leader that had an agenda.

He was somewhat disappointed that the people didn't catch on, and I was disappointed too, I thought, this stuff is good, why don't you do it? I was busy doing it, as far as I could tell. If you look like you're rich, look like you're charismatic, look like you've got this novel religion, and all of the sex and utopia, that's attractive in America, where we don't feel as pretty as we talk.

The Bhagwan was ultimately disappointed in America, where he was persecuted for setting up a city in the middle of nowhere, not bothering anybody. He could have used Antelope as a center, but if they had expanded they would have been too successful. They believed in freedom, humanity, that society would seek its own level by its own action rather than by proclamation. That's what we teach in America but that's not actually the way it is. We teach freedom and then we legislate morality. It was an interesting reflection for me, to see America's ideals through someone else's eyes. We have an idea that we know what God wants us to do, we have a divine destiny and nothing should get in the way of that. But my personal experience is that Christianity says thou shalt no other god before me, which makes him the jealous god. As a society we say thou shalt not have any other gang than our gang or one created in our gang's image. What we say and what we do don't carry the same meaning. I saw the Rajneesh as a great mirror to reflect our hypocrisy.

Reminder: HOI no longer has a combined business, social and program meeting at the Flicks in downtown Boise. Socializing with special programs follows the schedule of Idaho Society of Reason. For that calendar see <https://www.meetup.com/Humanists-of-Idaho/>

The editor of this newsletter would like to hear your story. Poetry, fiction, life adventures? Next month will feature an incident from the life of freethinker Jon Norstog. Please contact her at jross@fortboise.org if you have something to contribute.

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Boise, ID 83711-0913

from historian Crane Brinton, in The Shaping of the Modern Mind:

Democracies can be recognized by a language of mutual acceptance and a high value placed on toleration, on tolerance of others from different perspectives. If there are class and income difference, they speak to each other in coded, ritual language, particularly for political speech. If they use the same coded expressions with each other it suggests an increased level of competition, decreasing opportunities, high unease, unpredictability and decline of trust between members of the same class. Feudal Societies are an extreme of this, with great differences based upon income and lifestyle; they tend to develop entirely different values and explanations for their circumstances. As conditions deteriorate, tension increases between leaders, those with access to wealth and power, and the larger populace. Both sides may see the only solution as exterminating the other.

Totalitarian governments demand a single explanation accepted with absolute faith. New or alternative ideas or explanations are dangerous and wrong. Doubters are enemies. Behavior must be coerced. Under these conditions, the desired unanimity is impossible.