

Awakened One



A new character has appeared in German Bakery. In this café, enclosed from the roadway by a low, rough and shabby wall, on top of which flowerpots are placed, almost all regulars know each other. Mostly Europeans, who came to the ashram and Indian sannyasins, gather here...In those days ordinary local people were too shy to come here. It was a sort of "occupied" foreign territory. This new comer was immediately noticed. He had a beautiful chocolate-coloured skin, smart, very shiny eyes like ripe cherries.

This is where the usual description of him ends. With only these characteristics, he wouldn't be able to draw the public's attention.

But to all that what was mentioned, he had also a threaded white bone, the size of a fountain pen through the partition between the nostrils, and in his lower lip he had a huge opening in which a resemblance of a bottle cork was pushed into, only twice as large in radius. From this decoration, his lower lip was very much hanging, and the lower row of teeth was visible. The first thing that came to my mind after the shock of what I saw was the thought - how unhygienic to walk with your open mouth open all the time. It's very dusty and dirty in India. Maybe somewhere in the jungle it is normal and even practical (for example, to scare away tigers). But here?! Especially when you consider the unsanitary conditions here.

On his neck, in his ears and on his wrists there was something hanging and dangling, waist-high he was naked, with some wrapping around his waist. But all this was somehow pale compared to his lip and the bone in his nose.

For the first few days, he was sitting alone at the table, no one sat with him. But gradually the experienced visitors of the café got acquainted with him, talked to him and greeted him when he appeared. It was impressive that for all his "tumba-yumba" appearance, he spoke excellent English, very literate and intelligent expressed his thoughts and in general gave the impression of an educated man.

It was said that he had been visiting the ashram for a while, but after he started preaching something there, they banned him from the ashram.

Soon he started preaching in the bakery.

One could hear his voice, he spoke with conviction and authority about something spiritual, i.e. "about something high".

There were always people at his table. Not that anyone was interested in his sermons, but here people liked something unusual, new and funny. Besides, he wasn't stupid.

I never once felt like sitting at the same table with him.

I knew that if he sat in front of me, it would be hard for me to hold the look that will return to his lip and nose. And not because I liked it, but because it was hard to believe.

Unlike me, the sermons of the owner of the corked lip attracted Sai. She was quoting some phrases from his monologues and admiringly told me that he was "awakened" and "special". With her last definition it was hard to disagree. As time went by, Sai got an occasional hint that he had paid attention to her "spirituality" and their conversations had become even more intense and profound.

German Bakery opened at 6:00 in the morning.
The earliest cafe here. Cosy under the open sky.

At that time the monstrous highway was not yet laid through Koregaon Park, which bit off part of the Bakery territory.

The "highway" plunged into the meditative and poetic atmosphere of Koregaon Park, like an alien monster. With its sharp sounds, grinding, gassing, and choleric rhythm, it changed everything around and adjusted everything to common standards, beheading everything that didn't fall under those standards.

And finally, the scary, heart-breaking final accord that completed the existence of German Bakery. The bomb.

The existence, prosperity, popularity of this cafe irritated and envied many empty typical Indian diners... Jealousy and irritation were caused by the Nepalese and Tibetans who worked here, who were thrifty, able to do business, able to create a cosy atmosphere, and know how to work and serve people.

In the evenings, visitors were so many that there was nowhere to sit down.

And it was just on an evening like this, when the German Bakery was like a big human

- beehive filled with laughter, the rumble of conversation, life, lovers, friends, acquaintances and strangers ...

Everything exploded.

Someone left a bomb in a bag...

Where there was a small, cosy planet for meetings, fortune-telling from the coffee grounds on the bottom of rough ceramic cups, where I spent a lot of time and days sketching visitors ... left an empty, charred place.

As if the last point had been set marking the final arrival of the new 21st century in Koregaon Park.

I accidentally wasn't there that night.

Only my sketches are left.

But today is the "past," the 20th century. In the mornings, still silence, emanations from the ashram located near the cafe, spread to the whole surrounding area. The cafe is even called the "continuation of the ashram".



It's good to sit in the corner, leaning against the wall. Putting one's feet on an adjacent stool watching the heads swim by of early morning by-passers behind the low wall fencing the cafe.

Bronze-colored faces, almost all foreheads decorated with curcuma. Through the entrance of the cafe seeing a sleepy rickshaw walla with his legs on the wheel and his hands crossed on his chest. Two dogs of the breed "street aristocrat" stretched out, on the still cool cement floor. The café has two other visitors besides me. Each sitting separately, enjoying the coolness and silence of the morning. Nepalese and Tibetans working in the café are always friendly, smiling and quick. The food and dishes here always clean. It is even safe to eat raw fruit and vegetable salads. Everything is disinfected. Only in this cafe!

I always have a sketchbook and a pen. I make sketches of morning visitors, tables, chaotically shifted stools.

The cafe starts to fill up gradually, but silence dominates, conversations are not loud. No one wants to destroy this morning's cool silence and the magic of the emerging day.

Red-bearded American Puck showed up. Always flirting, talking about sex, changing mistresses and ignoring his age and protruding tummy.

With a cup of cappuccino smilingly coming to my table. Sai showed up at the door. Waved to me and later with a juice in her hand, joined me and Puck.

The conversation was looped from theme to theme until there was the mention of a dark-skinned "prophet" with a cork in his lip. Puck said that this guy is paid by some African tribe to walk around the world like this and prophesize.

Maybe it was just Puck's hypothesis. But Sai's eyes caught fire and she started talking about the wisdom of this character and his spiritual advancement...

Puck politely agreed that some of the things said by the strange "prophet" are correct, but nothing new for those who have been with Osho.

Sai said enthusiastically to Puck, "He is awake, isn't he? The way he talks, his eyes, his energy, his calm... He's awakened!"

Puck squinted at Sai and politely said, "Yes, he is interesting".

When Puck left, Sai said she wanted to share something with me. But first she demanded that I swear I wouldn't tell anyone.

I wouldn't swear but promised.

We left the cafe and walked along the still quiet streets.

"I had sex with him!" Sai said, squeezing the voice in her throat, attempting to screech. She drilled me with her green eyes, staring directly into my eyes like a drill bit.

I didn't immediately understand whom she was talking about. Puck? No.

Oh, God! I got it!

That's what I said out loud: " Oh, God!"

And Sai, apparently making sure I didn't faint, kept going:

Nothing is " Oh, God"! It was even "very much"! But it was so unusual! First, he undressed me and put me down. Then he took some jar and sprinkled white powder all over my body... Maybe he consecrated me...

"Jesus!" I thought, "Did he disinfect her?"

And Sai kept telling me how he sprinkled it and he chanted something...

For some reason I had a phrase in my mind that came out of the pharmacy instructions:

"before using, shake it up."

And yet, one question I asked. About the cork in his lip. How's the cork? And with a stick in his nose?

Unexpectedly slightly shy, Sai said that during the kissing, the cork was pinching a little, and that gave a special charm. It was very exciting. And he took the bone out of his nose for the special occasion.

- "Thank God! You can poke out an eye with this." I commented in my mind.
For a while, we walked silently.
For a long time, I trained myself to "not judge", "not give opinions."
And here is the moment, checking the results of these trainings.
It was interesting to see that my evaluation appeared not even in words, not as a thought, but as a feeling. Not so much disgust, but something between squeamish and a little nausea...
By focusing on this feeling and waiting for it to disappear, I had already told Sai sincerely:
"The main thing is that you enjoyed it."
An exotic experience with the "'awakened' one!"















