

THE MARATHON IS HOME

by Husain Chung



Flying is a state-of-being that puts him in another totally different dimension of living than, say, an ant or a lion or a fish. Each creature lives in a different scale, level or realm.

It is my belief that man is not just a man, or a human being. There are several distinct levels and realms which man can live on. Man has at least seven stories and a basement in his house, each level is a higher evolutionary scale than the one below. Each level has separate consciousness, feelings, thoughts. Most people still live their entire lives in the basement.

Reading this you might think: Well, I have experienced the seventh floor. I say, you're full of bullshit, and people who delude themselves still live in the basement of their beings.

You see, in order to move from one level of being to the next there is a secret way. Do you know how it is done? You need either a stairway or an elevator. How you build one is the crucial point.

This is where you need a guru or something bigger and stronger than you are. As-you-are-being-what-you-are, as they say, "you're fucked". Wishful thinking won't do it, dreaming and fantasizing about it get you nowhere. Trying to convince yourself that you are there is a common trap people fall into. Of course you can always say, "The whole thing is a bunch of crap and there is no such thing as levels of consciousness, etc." To this I do not reply, but respond with a fart.

Most people who run marathons have absolutely no idea what they are really doing. About all they know is a few encounter techniques. Some people are even so presumptuous to believe that they started encounter or marathons. These have been going on in one form or another since ancient times. We, in this super era of technology, are totally naive about the real psychology of human development and spiritual enlightenment.

Present day psychologists and psychiatrists, and all the social scientists, are totally out of touch. They don't even know themselves, much less know what to do with people. Their level of consciousness is perhaps even lower than the white rats.

"Well, really Husain, that is a little bit too strong and I am sure you're exaggerating your point."

No I am not exaggerating. Maybe one of these days I'll write a book explaining where these "professional" people are at. It would take too long right now, and I have other things to say.

When I run a marathon, some of the time I am just an elevator boy taking people on one level of experience to the next and back down again. Some people really go very far (or up), and again there are some who are afraid of the elevator so they stay where they're at.

Many people have asked me, "Husain, how do you manage to continue doing marathon after marathon, constantly blowing people's minds, and then go home to your family? What happens to you?"

The answer is that I am what I am. I am not like everyone else. I don't try to "manage" or re-structure, and I don't "go home" to "my family" after a marathon.

Sounds strange? Perhaps. After a marathon, I am at that point and continue from there. I do not "go home" because what-I-am then is home. Home for me is a state-of-being always where I am. I go to my place of residence, a house, but that is not my home.

The marathons and classes I direct also affect me personally, and they have all had a powerful influence on my life. I don't "lead" groups, and then stop, pause, arrange another group, and then run another marathon, go home, spend the money I have earned and forget about the people I've worked with. This is the typical attitude of most group leaders, marathon directors, head-shrinkers, counsellors, and psychologists.

Most of these leaders of groups are still operating in a role-function and are paid as such. A role is a costume that can be put on and then taken off, like a mask, a doctor's white coat, a person's Ph.D., or a cop's badge. Unfortunately for most of these people their role becomes them and then they get stuck in it.

For me it is different. At a marathon I just become more than what-I-am. A bird can walk, run, eat, make love, sing, but when he flies he becomes birdness

There is another aspect of the marathon for me personally. All the people, props, lights, music, become paints, brushes, and I feel like a blank canvas. I draw and paint using myself, my thoughts, my feelings and everything that I am. In the end, I am a walking muddle of everyone's experiences, a collage. By now I am a gallery of human experiences.

"How can you stand it?" Implied in the question is: how do I avoid cracking up and going insane? I don't avoid it. I am insane, insanely normal. Where as most people's normalcy is their very insanity. In my life-time and throughout the marathons, I have crashed and gone through so many crises that I don't bother trying to count them. I have only one fear left, and it is not physical death, but the fear of God. Crazy? That is where I am at.

Most people are still wrestling with the problem of getting in touch with themselves and others. By this they really mean learning how to relate more honestly with themselves and people. This is not my problem.

DIARIES & STUFF

On March 1, 1968, I attended a marathon at the Human Institute which at the time was in Los Angeles. When I came out I felt like everything I knew was fucked-up, and I really didn't know anything, and had to learn things all over again.

The following sections of my diary were written between May and July, 1968, and yet they seem to me like they were written a million years ago; they are the experiences of a 28 year old child who is beginning to grow up.

Since July, 1968, I've quit my job as a probation officer and gave up my house and furniture, and crammed a suitcase and sleeping bag in the trunk of my car and drove up to the Human Institute in Menlo Park. I figured I would spend two weeks learning how to grow up. I'm still here and I'm still learning, and I'm still changing.

What were your experiences like after your first marathon or major breakthrough? How did you experience your change?

If you have written about it or would like to do so now, we are at present collecting writings about these experiences for our new magazine publication, which will be distributed world-wide, and which will deal with changes people have gone through or are going through.

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761 LOMA VERDE AVENUE
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94303

The concern where I focus most of my attention, energy and consciousness is: How to relate with God. In this area I really blow it a zillion times. But "it's getting better all the time" and the distance between He and I is less than it used to be. The closer I get to Him, the more really in touch I am with my Soul.

The thing that really blows my mind even though I constantly witness the phenomenon is the tremendous distance many people have between themselves and their own Souls. Because of this distance and lack of awareness they have the problems they have. I experience and see many things people don't normally experience, and still I am shocked and horrified when I witness the torment of their Souls.

The marathon is also a community, a community of one feeling, one mind, with everyone sharing, giving, suffering together, and for a brief moment in our lives we meet, glance, cry, fight, love, wonder, and feel humble and grateful that God still lives.

Sergio before

May 27, 1968 - Monday 9:15 PM

At the book store I'm looking at travel books. I pick up Europe on 5 Dollars a Day and Camping in Europe, and scan through them, but I don't buy them. What I want is not in those books. I go through a dozen, all they have in this section; I can't find what I'm looking for. Two girls come by and their chatter is high-pitched and they pick up travel books and utter soft cries of excitement at the pictures and names of the foreign places they are looking at. Then they go to another section and I am alone again and relax. When they are there I feel their presence, their bodies, their eyes, their talking and their thinking. They enter inside me and we are looking at books. They leave me without saying goodbye, just as they came in without saying hello. The blonde one with the rectangular glasses comes back. I feel her nervousness, the intensity of her eyes looking at the book, I imagine the warmth of her body, I house her inside me. If only I needed to talk to her. I walk out. It's dark. Cross the street. I wish I needed something. Need it so much that I would feel it so strong that there would be no questions or hesitations about doing it. I do not need. I fancy, I want, wish, desire, but I do not need yet.

In the morning I must get up to go to work. That is the one constant thing I do of my free will in my life. Everything else is incidental. I might have a date or I might not. I might feel good or bad, be hungry or full, screw, beat off or abstain, my mother might be sick or well, 1,000 people might die in Viet Nam, and it is all incidental and secondary to one inescapable fact in my life, that in the morning I get up, shave and go to work. I thought I'd say something to the girl in the bookstore, and then I thought what's the use, I have to get up at five tomorrow morning.