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THERE WAS ONCE A MAN NAMED MOJUD. HE LIVED IN A TOWN WHERE HE HAD OBTAINED A POST AS A SMALL OFFICIAL, AND IT SEEMED LIKELY THAT HE WOULD END HIS DAYS AS INSPECTOR OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

ONE DAY WHEN HE WAS WALKING THROUGH THE GARDENS OF AN ANCIENT BUILDING NEAR HIS HOME, KHIDR, THE MYSTERIOUS GUIDE OF THE SUFIS, APPEARED TO HIM, DRESSED IN SHIMMERING GREEN. KHIDR SAID, "MAN OF BRIGHT PROSPECTS! LEAVE YOUR WORK AND MEET ME AT THE RIVERSIDE IN THREE DAYS' TIME." THEN HE DISAPPEARED.

MOJUD WENT TO HIS SUPERIOR IN TREPIDATION AND SAID THAT HE HAD TO LEAVE. EVERYONE IN THE TOWN SOON HEARD OF THIS AND THEY SAID, "POOR MOJUD! HE HAS GONE MAD." BUT, AS THERE WERE MANY CANDIDATES FOR HIS JOB, THEY SOON FORGOT HIM.

ON THE APPOINTED DAY, MOJUD MET KHIDR, WHO SAID TO HIM, "TEAR YOUR CLOTHES AND THROW YOURSELF INTO THE STREAM. PERHAPS SOMEONE WILL SAVE YOU."

MOJUD DID SO, EVEN THOUGH HE WONDERED IF HE WERE MAD.

SINCE HE COULD SWIM, HE DID NOT DROWN, BUT DRIFTED A LONG WAY BEFORE A FISHERMAN HAULED HIM INTO HIS BOAT, SAYING, "FOOLISH MAN! THE CURRENT IS STRONG. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?" MOJUD SAID, "I DON'T REALLY KNOW."

"YOU ARE MAD," SAID THE FISHERMAN, "BUT I WILL TAKE YOU INTO MY REED-HUT BY THE RIVER YONDER, AND WE SHALL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR YOU."

WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT MOJUD WAS WELL-SPOKEN, HE LEARNED FROM HIM HOW TO READ AND WRITE. IN EXCHANGE, MOJUD WAS GIVEN FOOD AND HELPED THE FISHERMAN WITH HIS WORK. AFTER A FEW MONTHS, KHIDR AGAIN APPEARED, THIS TIME

AT THE FOOT OF MOJUD'S BED, AND SAID, "GET UP NOW AND LEAVE THIS FISHERMAN. YOU WILL BE PROVIDED FOR."

MOJUD IMMEDIATELY QUIT THE HUT, DRESSED AS A FISHERMAN, AND WANDERED ABOUT UNTIL HE CAME TO A HIGHWAY.

AS DAWN WAS BREAKING HE SAW A FARMER ON A DONKEY ON HIS WAY TO MARKET. "DO YOU SEEK WORK?" ASKED THE FARMER, "BECAUSE I NEED A MAN TO HELP ME BRING BACK SOME PURCHASES."

MOJUD FOLLOWED HIM. HE WORKED FOR THE FARMER FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS, BY WHICH TIME HE HAD LEARNED A GREAT DEAL ABOUT AGRICULTURE BUT LITTLE ELSE. ONE AFTERNOON WHEN HE WAS BALING WOOL, KHIDR APPEARED TO HIM AND SAID, "LEAVE THAT WORK, WALK TO THE CITY OF MOSUL, AND USE YOUR SAVINGS TO BECOME A SKIN-MERCHANT."

MOJUD OBEYED.

IN MOSUL HE BECAME KNOWN AS A SKIN-MERCHANT, NEVER SEEING KHIDR WHILE HE PLIED HIS TRADE FOR THREE YEARS. HE HAD SAVED QUITE A LARGE SUM OF MONEY, AND WAS THINKING OF BUYING A HOUSE, WHEN KHIDR APPEARED AND SAID, "GIVE ME YOUR MONEY, WALK OUT OF THIS TOWN AS FAR AS THE DISTANT SAMARKAND, AND WORK FOR A GROCER THERE."

MOJUD DID SO.

PRESENTLY HE BEGAN TO SHOW UNDOUBTED SIGNS OF ILLUMINATION. HE HEALED THE SICK, SERVED HIS FELLOW MAN IN THE SHOP DURING HIS SPARE TIME, AND HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE MYSTERIES BECAME DEEPER AND DEEPER.

CLERICS, PHILOSOPHERS AND OTHERS VISITED HIM AND ASKED, "UNDER WHOM DID YOU STUDY?"

"IT IS DIFFICULT TO SAY," SAID MOJUD.

HIS DISCIPLES ASKED, "HOW DID YOU START YOUR CAREER?"

HE SAID, "AS A SMALL OFFICIAL." "AND YOU GAVE IT UP TO DEVOTE YOURSELF TO SELF-MORTIFICATION?"

"NO, I JUST GAVE IT UP." THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND HIM.

PEOPLE APPROACHED HIM TO WRITE THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN IN YOUR LIFE?" THEY ASKED.

"I JUMPED INTO A RIVER, BECAME A FISHERMAN, THEN WALKED OUT OF HIS REED-HUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. AFTER THAT, I BECAME A FARMHAND. WHILE I WAS BALING WOOL, I CHANGED AND WENT TO MOSUL, WHERE I BECAME A SKIN-MERCHANT. I SAVED SOME MONEY THERE, BUT GAVE IT AWAY. THEN I WALKED TO SAMARKAND WHERE I WORKED FOR A GROCER. AND THIS IS WHERE I AM NOW."

"BUT THIS INEXPLICABLE BEHAVIOR THROWS NO LIGHT UPON YOUR STRANGE GIFTS AND WONDERFUL EXAMPLES," SAID THE BIOGRAPHERS.

"THAT IS SO," SAID MOJUD.

SO THE BIOGRAPHERS CONSTRUCTED FOR MOJUD A WONDERFUL AND EXCITING STORY: BECAUSE ALL SAINTS MUST HAVE THEIR STORY, AND THE STORY MUST BE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE APPETITE OF THE LISTENER, NOT WITH THE REALITIES OF LIFE. AND NOBODY IS ALLOWED TO SPEAK OF KHIDR DIRECTLY. THAT IS WHY THIS STORY IS NOT TRUE. IT IS A REPRESENTATION OF A LIFE. THIS IS THE REAL LIFE OF ONE OF THE GREATEST SUFIS.

The story that we are going to go into today is one of the greatest stories. It has that special flavor that only a Sufi story can have. It is incomparable. If you can understand this story, you will have understood the very secret of religion. If you can't understand this story, you will not be able to understand religion at all.

This belongs to the very foundation of religious consciousness. Without it there can be no

religious transformation. So listen to this story as attentively as possible. Let this story sink into your being. This story can open a door, this story can become such a radical change in your life that you may never be the same again. But the story has to be understood very minutely, very carefully, very lovingly, because it is a strange tale.

It is not just a story; Sufi stories are not just stories. They are not to entertain you. They are not to just give you an occupation. They are teaching devices. They indicate something, they show something, they point to something. They are pointers, they are arrows towards the unknown, fingers pointing to the moon. And remember this saying of the Sufis: Don't bite my finger, look where I am pointing.

It is very easy to be entertained by such stories, but that is not their purpose. You miss the point. They are reflections of the beyond. They say that which cannot be said and they try to express that which is inexpressible. They are not about ordinary life, they are not about the mundane world. They belong to the innermost search for truth, they belong to the center of your being. They are beautiful devices. If you simply pay attention, if you meditate on the story, parallel to the story something else will start revealing itself in your being. The story is on one plane, but the revelation is on another plane, parallel to it. Unless you start tasting that parallel revelation, remember, you have missed the point. And to miss the point is very easy. No intelligence is needed to miss the point; any stupid person can do it. But to understand, it will require great intelligence. So pull yourself together. Become integrated for these few moments. Listen as totally as possible, just become your ears. Be there. Something of immense value is being imparted in this story.

In Lewis Carroll's *THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS* there comes this beautiful passage:

The queen said to Alice, who was standing in a world she could not believe, "I dare say you have not had much practice. Why, sometimes I have believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast!"

Yes, that is the secret of this story. Lewis Carroll is imparting something immensely valuable there. The secret of the story is the art of believing, the art of trusting, the art of saying yes to existence. Believing in the impossible, the impossible becomes possible. How does it happen?

In fact, things are impossible only because you don't have the courage to believe. Each thought can become a thing, and all that happens inside the consciousness can create its reality outside. All that happens outside has to happen first inside. The seed is absorbed inside and the tree shows outside. If you have the believing heart, nothing is impossible -- even God is not impossible.

But you need to have a believing heart. A believing mind won't do, because mind basically cannot believe. It is incapable of belief. Mind can only doubt: doubt is natural to mind, doubt is intrinsic to mind. The head cannot but doubt. So if you start forcing beliefs in the head, those beliefs will only hide your doubts. Nothing will happen out of them. And that is where Mohammedans and Christians and Hindus and Jains exist: their belief is of the mind and mind is incapable of belief. It is not possible for the mind to believe, mind can only doubt. Doubt grows out of mind as leaves grow out of trees.

Belief grows out of heart. The heart cannot doubt, it can only believe. So the mind-belief -- that I believe in the Bible, that I believe in the Koran, that I believe in *DAS KAPITAL*, that I believe in Mahavir, or Moses or Mao Tse Tung -- is just a pseudo-phenomenon. The head

can only create pseudo things, substitutes. You can remain engaged in them but your life will be wasted. You will remain a wasteland, a desert. You will never bloom, you will never know what an oasis is. You will never know any joy, any celebration.

So when I say believing can make impossible things possible, I mean believing in the heart -- an innocent heart, the heart of the child which knows not how to say no, which knows only yes, yes not against no. Not that the child says no inside and says yes outside; then it is of the head. That is the way of the head: yes outside, no inside, no outside, yes inside. The head is a schizophrenic. It is never total and one. When the heart says yes it simply says yes. There is no conflict, there is no division. The heart is integrated in its yes; that is true believing, trust. It is a heart phenomenon. It is not a thought but a feeling, and ultimately it is a being, not even a feeling.

In the beginning trust is a feeling, in its final flowering it is being.

The so-called beliefs remain in the head, they never become your feeling, and they cannot become your being. And unless something becomes your being it is just an ideal dream. It is a wastage of energy.

But believing needs risking. You will be surprised to know this: that doubt is very cowardly. Ordinarily you must have heard that brave people doubt, that cowards believe. That too is true, in a sense. The head-belief is cowardly, and you know only the head-believers, so it corresponds with the reality. If you go into the mosques and the churches and the temples, you will find them full of cowards. But real belief is not cowardly, real belief is a great courage; it is heroic.

Doubt arises out of fear; how can it be brave? Doubt is rooted in fear. Doubt arises because there is a longing to defend oneself, to protect oneself, to be secure. You can trust only if you are ready to go into insecurity, if you are ready to go into the uncharted, if you are ready to sail your boat without any map into the unknown. Trust means immense courage, and only a courageous person can be religious, because only a courageous person can say yes.

Doubt is defense. And even if you are defended by it, you remain stuck, you cannot move -- because each movement brings fear, because each movement is movement into the unknown, the unfamiliar. Doubt is a by-product of fear, remember it.

Then what is believing? Believing is a by-product of love. Only those who know how to love know how to believe. Love arises from the heart, and belief also. Doubt arises in the head, and fear also. The person who lives in the head remains a coward. In fact, because he is cowardly, he lives in the head. He is afraid to move towards the heart because one never knows where the heart will take you.

The heart is an adventurer, the explorer of the mysteries, the discoverer of all that is hidden. The heart is always on a pilgrimage. It is never satisfied, it has an innermost discontent, a spiritual discontent. It never settles anywhere. It is very much in love with movement, with dynamism.

The heart is satisfied only when it has come to the ultimate, beyond which there is 'no go'. The mundane cannot satisfy it. The heart is never conventional, the heart is always in revolution. It is always leaping from one state into another state. It is always groping, it is always risking. Whatsoever it has, it is always ready to gamble it for the unknown. Its desire is to know that which truly is; that's what God is all about.

The heart longs for adventure, it longs for danger, it longs for the uncharted, the unknown, the insecure. It hankers for the oceanic experience; it wants to dissolve. It wants to disappear into the totality. The head is afraid, afraid of dying, afraid of disappearing.

When the river faced the desert, encountered the desert, it was the head that was saying, "Don't evaporate. Otherwise, who knows where you will land? Who will you be then? Your identity may be erased forever. You may not be able to be again as you are now." It was head. But the heart understood the whisperings of the desert. Something deep inside felt a conviction, "Yes, this is not my destiny, to be just a river losing itself in the desert. I have to go beyond, and I have to risk. It is dangerous and there is no guarantee." But the moment the river started thinking of risking, somewhere deep in the unconscious it started feeling, glimpses, memories started arising. It started feeling, "Yes, there is somewhere, some experience. I have been in the hands of the winds before too."

When you trust, your unconscious starts revealing many things to you. It reveals itself only to the trusting mind, only to the trusting being, only to the trusting consciousness. Religion is the fragrance of this trust, impeccable, absolute. Atheism is an act of weakness, of impotency. It is decadent. A society becomes atheist only when it is dying, when it has lost vigor and youth. When a society is young, alive, vigorous, it hankers for the unknown, it longs for the danger. It tries to live dangerously because that is the only way to live. I would like you to listen to one story:

One day an atheist was walking along a cliff when he slipped and fell over the edge. As he plunged downward he managed to grab the branch of a small tree that was growing from a crevice in the rock. Hanging there, swaying in the cold wind, he realized how hopeless his position was, for below were ragged boulders and there was no way to climb up. His grip on the branch was weakening.

"Well," he thought, "only God can save me now. I have never believed in God, but I might be wrong. What have I to lose?" So he called out, "God! If you exist, save me and I will believe in you!" There was no answer.

He called again, "Please, God. I never believed in you, but if you will save me now, I will believe in you from now on.

Suddenly a great voice boomed down from the clouds, "Oh, no you won't! I know your kind!"

The man was so surprised he almost lost his grip on the branch. "Please, God! You are wrong! I really mean it! I will believe!"

"Oh, no you won't! That is what they all say!"

The man pleaded and argued.

Finally God said, "Alright, I will save you.... Let go of the branch."

"Let go of the branch?!" the man exclaimed. "Do you think I am crazy?"

Atheism is always cowardly. The really brave person is bound to become religious, and the religious person is necessarily brave. So if you find a cowardly person religious, then you can know something is wrong. A cowardly person cannot be religious. His religion is nothing but a defense, an armor. His yes is not coming out of love and courage, his yes is coming out of fear. If it were possible to say no, he would say no. His yes is coming because death is there, disease is there, danger is there. So he thinks, "What am I to lose? Why not believe? Why not pray?" His prayer is bogus, his prayer is nothing but an expression of fear. Out of fear he goes to the temple and to the church and to the priest.

When a man is really courageous he goes to a Master, not to a priest. He does not go to a dead church or a dead temple. He starts trying and searching for some alive phenomenon. He goes to a Christ or a Buddha or a Krishna, but he does not go to the church. He does not go to

orthodoxies. He does not live in the past, he moves in the present. And whatsoever he does is out of courage. If he says "Yes!" he says it out of courage, out of love for existence, out of a deep understanding that he is part of this whole, he is not separate. Saying no is saying no to one's own roots. If the tree says no to the earth, what will be the fate of the tree? It will be committing suicide. If the tree says no to the sun, what will be the fate of the tree? It will be committing suicide. The tree cannot say no to the sun, the tree cannot say no to the earth. The tree has to say yes to the sun, to the earth, to the winds, to the clouds. The tree has to remain in a yes-attitude continuously, day in, day out. Only then the tree can bloom and can remain green and alive and can grow.

Man is rooted in existence. Saying no is poisoning your own system. To whom are you saying no? -- to your own earth, to your own sky, to your own sun. You will start getting paralyzed. The really courageous person looks around, feels, sees that he is part of this totality. Seeing it, he relaxes into a yes, he remains in a let-go. And he is ready to risk anything, whatsoever is needed, for his yes. Soren Kierkegaard has written a parable:

Once there was a king who loved a humble maiden. This king was so powerful and well-established that he could not marry her without being forced to abdicate. If he were to marry her, the king knew he would make her forever grateful. It occurred to him, though, that something would be wanting in her happiness: she would always admire him and thank him but she would not be able to love him, for the inequality between them would be too great and she would never be able to forget her humble origin and her debt of gratitude.

So he decided upon another way: instead of making her a queen he would renounce the kingship. He would become a commoner and then offer her his love. In doing this he realized that he was taking a great risk. He was doing something that would be foolish in the eyes of most people in his kingdom, perhaps even in her eyes. He would lose the kingship and he might also be rejected by her, specially if she were disappointed at not becoming a queen. Yet he decided to take this risk. It was better, he believed, to risk everything in order to make love possible.

Seeking, searching for God, for truth, for bliss, this moment comes again and again -- to risk. All cleverness will be against it. The whole mind will be against it. The mind will say, "What are you going to do? You may be rejected even by the woman for whom you are renouncing the kingdom. If she is really interested only in becoming a queen, she will never look at you again. And the whole kingdom will think you are foolish; and who knows, even she may think you are foolish." But the king decided to risk.

It is better to risk all. If there is only a very, very slight possibility to attain to love, even then, one has to risk all. And one has to risk all again and again, and many times, before one arrives to the ultimate love, God.

Ordinarily we seek and search for God only in limits: whatsoever is allowed by our conditions without risking anything. You are earning money, you are having success in life; you can spare one hour for the temple or for meditation. Once in a while you can pray too. Or at least in the night, before you go to bed, you can repeat the same prayer for two minutes and fall asleep, and feel very good that you are 'doing religion'.

Religion is not doing, it is being. Either it is there for twenty-four hours, in your being, spread all over, or it is not there at all. Just a night prayer before going to bed is a kind of deception you are playing upon yourself.

This kind of partial religion does not help. A person has to be totally in it, and cowards cannot do that. So let me remind you: religion is only for the brave, for the vigorous, for the strong of soul. It is not for the weak, it is not for those who are always bargaining. It is not for the business mind, it is for the gamblers who can risk.

Now this story. It has to be savored, tasted, digested, slowly slowly.

The title of the story: THE MAN WITH THE INEXPLICABLE LIFE.

Life is always inexplicable, if you have it. If you are REALLY alive, there is something so mysterious about it that it cannot be explained in any way. There is no explanation for it. If you can explain your life, that simply means you are dead and you are not alive. If you can find a man who can explain his life end to end, logically, you can be certain that he may be a computer, a machine, but he is not alive. Only dead things can be explained end to end. Life IS a mystery, so whenever one is alive one is mysterious. When-ever you come around a person who is alive you will feel some mystery, some inexplicable phenomenon. You will be touched by something that you cannot figure out what it is all about. You cannot have any mathematics of life; life remains intrinsically poetic. It is a beauty to be seen, but not a fact to be explained.

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN NAMED MOJUD....

The word 'mojud' is beautiful; it means two things. Literally it means one who is present. Mojud means one who has an inner presence, who is aware, who is alert, who is conscious. And the second meaning, which comes from the first: one who lives in the present, who is present to the present. Those two things are two aspects of the same phenomenon. If you are present inside, if you have a presence of consciousness, the second thing will automatically happen -- you will be present to the present. You will not have any past, you will not have any future, you will have only this moment. And this moment is vast, this moment is enormous, this moment has eternity in it. Only those who live in the present, only those who are present to the present know what eternity is, know what deathless life is, know the mystery, the inexplicable mystery.

But even by knowing it you cannot explain it to anybody else. You can indicate, you can say how to reach it, but you cannot say what it is. And you cannot say why it is. There is no why, it is simply there. Without any explanation, life exists. There is no why to it. Philosophers go on thinking, "Why? Why? Why?" And they go on fabricating systems to answer the why, but not a single answer has been true, and never will it be true, because you have asked a wrong question from the very beginning. Once you ask a wrong question you will never come to the right answer. A wrong question will take you into wrong answers. Why? is a wrong question.

Science does not ask why. Religion also does not ask why. Religion is the science of the inner; science is the religion of the outer. Between these two is philosophy, just standing between these two. It asks why, and gets very mixed, and gets very much confused. Why cannot be asked, should not be asked. Even if you find some explanation as to why, the question will again have to be asked. "Why does this world exist?" Somebody says, "God created it." Then the question comes, "Why did God create it?" And then somebody may answer, "He created for this or that." Then too the question goes on being relevant again and again. Each answer simply pushes the question a little deeper, but the question is not

dissolved.

"Why?" is an irrelevant question. With why, you move in philosophy. Religion does not ask why. It does not even ask what. It asks only one thing: how. Science also asks how, so science becomes technology, and religion becomes Yoga, Tantra, Sufism, Zen. These are technologies of the inner world.

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN NAMED MOJUD. HE LIVED IN A TOWN WHERE HE HAD OBTAINED A POST AS A SMALL OFFICIAL, AND IT SEEMED LIKELY THAT HE WOULD END HIS DAYS AS INSPECTOR OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

That's how millions of people end their lives, as Inspector of Weights and Measures. Somebody will end up as a head clerk in some rotten office, somebody will end up as a station-master, somebody will end up as a businessman, somebody will end up as a professor; and all those things are just futile. And I'm not saying don't become a station-master, but don't end up with that. Even if you have become Inspector of Weights and Measures, what have you attained? What have you got out of life? What is your realization? You live without really living. You can have a standard of living without having any life in it. So people used to think that Mojud would end up as Inspector of Weights and Measures. But Mojud was a different kind of man, because he had a presence. He was present. Deep down, not known to anybody, he must have been meditating. His outer life was one thing, his inner life was another. He must have been getting deeper and deeper into silence, he must have been becoming more and more thoughtless -- only then are you present.

Thoughts distract you from the present. Thoughts become clouds on your being and you lose contact, you become disconnected with the present. Thoughts are never of the present, they cannot be of the present; they are either of the past or of the future.

If this man were really a man of presence, that simply meant that deep down, in the dark night when everybody was fast asleep, he must have been meditating, not telling anybody. He must have been watching. He was moving in the ordinary world but there must have been a witness, a watcher, an observer. That observer, by and by, created the presence in him. He became a luminous presence, hence he is called Mojud.

ONE DAY WHEN HE WAS WALKING THROUGH THE GARDENS OF AN ANCIENT BUILDING NEAR HIS HOME, KHIDR, THE MYSTERIOUS GUIDE OF THE SUFIS, APPEARED TO HIM....

Now, you have to understand this: Khidr is just a name, the name for your innermost core. When your center starts whispering things to your circumference, this is Khidr. When your fundamental being starts talking to your non-fundamental being, when the essential soul speaks with the non-essential, then Khidr is speaking to you. This is just a metaphor; Khidr is not somebody outside. When you become silent, when you become present, when you become mojud, a moment comes when the inner guide starts speaking to you. That inner guide is known as Khidr.

... KHIDR APPEARED TO HIM, DRESSED IN SHIMMERING GREEN.

Green is the color of the Sufis. It represents life: the green trees, the greenery. It represents freshness, aliveness; it represents silence, peace. Sufis have chosen green as their symbolic color. Just to look at green you feel a kind of peace surrounding you. That's why it

is so thrilling to go into the mountains. Just to sit by the side of a forest surrounded by mysterious trees is immensely significant. It makes you again primitive, primordial. It reminds you of the primordial silence of the jungles. It reminds you that once you were also trees, as silent as the trees and as rooted as the trees.

Dressed in shimmering green, Khidr appeared.

KHIDR_SAID "MAN OF BRIGHT PROSPECTS!"

And remember, whenever your innermost core will speak to you, it always speaks in this way: "Man of bright prospects" -- because there has never been a man who is not of bright prospects. You may not attain to it -- that is another thing -- but it is your destiny. You could have attained it. If you miss the responsibility is totally yours. The seed was there, you didn't help it to grow. Otherwise it would have become a great tree and thousands of birds would have made their nests on it, and thousands of travellers would have rested under its shade, and flowers would have bloomed, and existence would have celebrated through you.

If you don't become a tree only you are responsible. Nature has provided all that is needed. Each man is a man of bright prospects because each man has God as his ultimate flowering.

KHIDR SAID, "MAN OF BRIGHT PROSPECTS! LEAVE YOUR WORK AND MEET ME AT THE RIVERSIDE IN THREE DAYS' TIME." THEN HE DISAPPEARED.

When you go deep into meditation it will happen again and again. A moment will come when your circumference and center are very close, and there is no barrier between them -- not even a curtain -- and you will hear the center loudly, clearly. And again you will be clouded -- again old habits, thoughts will come in, jam your inner ways, and the center and the circumference will fall apart. It will happen many times to you too. It is going to happen to those who are around me many times. Many times you will come so close to the center that you will feel almost enlightened.

You will feel you have arrived, and again it is lost. It is natural. Before it settles forever, it happens many times. Before the ultimate SAMADHI is attained, thousands of SATORIS happen: small glimpses, the opening of the window and closing again. Suddenly the door opens and you see the vision and there is a lightning experience, and again it is gone and darkness settles.

MOJUD WENT TO HIS SUPERIOR IN TREPIDATION AND SAID THAT HE HAD TO LEAVE.

And whenever the center speaks to the circumference for the first time, you will be in trepidation, you will be in a constant trembling. You will feel as if you are dying, you will feel, "What is happening to me? Am I going crazy or mad?" When the center speaks for the first time you cannot figure out what it is. You had never heard that voice before, you had never thought that somebody lived inside you. You had never thought that any inner voice was going to come to you. You have become so engaged with the outer, the voices that come from the outside, parental voices, teachers, priests.

One man here seems to be very obsessed with the mother. He again and again goes on asking -- the same man who asked the question about Eklavya. Now he also asks the question: "Who is greater, the mother or the Master?" Now he asks: "If the mother says kill

the Master, then have I to follow my mother's order? Or if the Master says kill your mother, then whom have I to obey?"

He seems to be obsessed with the mother. He will need to kill his mother. That's what Jesus means when he says, "Unless you hate your father and mother and your brothers, you cannot follow me." And there is a case on record of an even stranger depth.

A disciple of Buddha was taking leave of him. He was going on a faraway pilgrimage to spread Buddha's word. He touched Buddha's feet, he waited there for his blessing. Buddha blessed him and said to the assembly, "Look, brothers! This is a rare disciple! And what is his rarity? He has killed his mother and father!"

He had never said such a thing. And nobody had ever thought that this man could kill his father and mother. He was one of the most silent, peaceful, loving persons they had ever seen. He was compassion incarnate.

Somebody asked, "We don't understand. What do you mean by saying that he has killed his father and mother?"

And Buddha said, "Exactly that: he has killed the voice of his father and mother inside him, the parental voice." That is very deep-rooted in you.

This man goes on asking about the mother and the Master... my feeling is that he is afraid. He has become a sannyasin, and now he's afraid to go back home and he is afraid of his mother. Now he is in a great tension.

Once you have chosen a Master all else is no longer relevant. Mother, father -- nothing is relevant. If you have not chosen a Master then they are relevant. The Master is bound to say to you, "Kill your father and mother!" -- not literally, but psychologically. And one day the Master will have to say to you, "Now kill me too!"

That's what Buddha says. One day he appreciates this man: "Here is a rare sannyasin, a rare BHIKKU, who has killed his father and mother utterly." And on some other day he says, "If you meet me on the way, kill me! If any day I come between you and the ultimate, kill me, destroy me!"

The Master has to teach two things: first he has to teach murder -- kill your mother and father, kill your teachers, kill your priests -- and one day he has to teach you to kill him so that you can go in absolute freedom, so the Master is also no longer a barrier.

When for the first time the center speaks to you there is bound to be great turmoil, chaos, because all that was settled will be unsettled, and all that was established will be disestablished, and all that you were feeling secure in is no longer secure, and all that you were feeling as meaning-ful is no longer meaningful. Everything will go topsy-turvy because the center has a totally different approach towards reality than the circumference. When the depth speaks to the surface, there is bound to be great trepidation.

MOJUD WENT TO HIS SUPERIOR IN TREPIDATION AND SAID THAT HE HAD TO LEAVE.

But there is no way. If you are a man of presence, if you are a meditative person and the center speaks to you and Khidr appears -- Khidr means your inner guide -- when Khidr appears and says to you "Now do this!" if you are a man of presence you will HAVE to do it, even in spite of yourself, even against yourself. And you know, many of my sannyasins are here in SPITE of themselves.

Now there is Ashoka. He has been fighting with me for years not to become a sannyasin. He HAS become a sannyasin, he HAD to become, but still the fight is there! The old is not completely gone. There are moments when the old jumps and tries to take possession. He is a

sannyasin in spite of himself! And there are many, and it is natural, because you are so identified with the circumference that when you start hearing the voice from the center there is a problem: whom to choose, the mother or the Master? the teacher or the Master? the past or the present? Whom to choose? When there is no voice from the center there is no question of choice. There are a few things but all are on the surface: which dress to wear today and which not, and to which movie to go and to which not, and what book to read and what book to purchase -- things like that, meaningless choices. Whether you go to this movie or that finally makes no difference. Whether you wear this dress or that makes no difference. Whether you fall in love with this woman or that or with this man or that makes not much difference.

But when the voice from the center is heard, then you are divided into two worlds, two unbridgeable worlds. The abyss is great. You are torn apart. You will have a GREAT chaos. But if you are a man of meditation only then will you be able to absorb that chaos and make some order out of disorder.

Hence my insistence for meditation, because unless you are deep in meditation you will not be able to understand me, and you will not be able to go with me.

There are people -- particularly Indians -- who come here and they say, "SATSANG is enough. We just want to be in your presence. Why should we do meditation?" They don't understand. They cannot be in my presence because they are not present yet. They are not MOJUD. Just sitting by my side is not real SATSANG, because you can think a thousand and one thoughts sitting by my side. You can be physically here and you may not be psychologically here at all. You can be anywhere in the world. You can be on some other planet. That is not SATSANG.

Unless you are present here -- not only physically but psychologically too -- unless your whole presence surrounds me, unless you are really here in this moment, connected, plugged, only then is there SATSANG. But for that to happen you will have to go through meditations. And people are lazy: they would like God as a gift without even trying to become worthy of receiving it.

He said he had to leave.

EVERYONE IN THE TOWN SOON HEARD OF THIS AND THEY SAID, "POOR MOJUD! HE HAS GONE MAD!"

That is what is always said about a meditator. Remember it, it will be said about you too. It must have been said already. "Poor Mojud!" they said. "He has gone mad!" -- because everyone in the world thinks he is sane. They cannot believe why one should meditate. For what? They constantly go on asking the person who meditates, prays, "Why? What are you getting into? For what? Why are you wasting your time sitting silently and gazing at your navel? Don't waste time! Time is money! You can do many things. You can have more, you can possess more. Don't waste time! Time gone is never recovered. And what are you doing sitting silently with closed eyes? Open your eyes and compete in the world! This world is a struggle for survival; those who sit silently and meditate will be lost. The only way to attain anything is to fight, be aggressive! Don't be passive."

Remember, there are two modes of life: the action mode and the non-action mode. The action mode believes in action, the non-action mode believes in receptivity. Meditation is a non-action mode, what the Chinese call WEI-WU-WEI, action without action, action through inaction, doing without doing anything at all. Meditation is an inaction mode, and the world

is full of people who live in only one mode, the action mode. And the man who lives in the action mode cannot understand what is going on in the person who has entered into the non-action mode.

Now Mojud is entering into the non-action mode. This is revolution. This is sannyas. He has seen the world, he has acted in many ways, he has done many things, and now he knows that if he goes on doing those things he will end up as an Inspector of Weights and Measures. That no longer has any appeal for him. He wants to see, he wants to be, he wants to know that which is. Before death knocks him down he wants to know something of the deathless. He risks.

People are bound to think, "Poor Mojud! He has gone mad!"

BUT AS THERE WERE MANY CANDIDATES FOR HIS JOB, THEY SOON FORGOT HIM.

And that's how it happens. If you become a sannyasin, for a few days people will think you are mad, and then they forget about you. They have a thousand and one things to think about, they can't go on thinking about you. They take it for granted that you are mad. So you are mad: now what is the point in thinking about it again and again?

If you renounce, if you escape, if you start moving into the non-action mode, for a few days they will think about you and then all things will disappear, because there are always too many candidates for your place. When you die, immediately your place will be filled. All that you have in the world you have against others. They are just waiting for your death. You die -- your house will be filled by some-body else, your post will be filled by somebody else, your bank balance will be in somebody else's name. They are just waiting. In fact they are getting worried: "Why are you staying so long? Why don't you go?" Everybody here is interested in everybody else's death, because life is such a cut-throat competition. It is murderous competition!

So soon they all forgot about him.

ON THE APPOINTED DAY, MOJUD MET KHIDR, WHO SAID TO HIM, "TEAR YOUR CLOTHES AND THROW YOURSELF INTO THE STREAM. PERHAPS SOMEONE WILL SAVE YOU."

The words are of great significance.

Khidr says, "TEAR YOUR CLOTHES AND THROW YOURSELF INTO THE STREAM."

That's what I go on saying to you. Many are told, only few listen. Many are called, only few come.

Now, for no rhyme or reason at all, this poor Mojud comes, and Khidr simply says this: "TEAR YOUR CLOTHES AND THROW YOURSELF INTO THE STREAM."

Just a few days ago a beautiful woman, Sharda, became a sannyasin. The next day she wrote a letter: "It was quick and efficient" -- that she was not ready to become a sannyasin, that I seduced her into sannyas. Naturally, later on she must have felt that she had been seduced into it. She had not come with a conscious desire. The unconscious desire was there, otherwise I would not have pushed her. But later on she must have thought, "What has happened?" -- she had become a sannyasin. And she knows much of the world, she is a money-expert, so naturally she is worldly-wise. She must have thought that this was quick

and efficient, that she was not even willing to become a sannyasin and she is a sannyasin now. But she is intelligent too: soon she had understood that it was not I pushing her into sannyas. I was just mirroring her inner guide. That's what I go on doing. A Master on the outside is nothing but a reflection of Khidr.

You cannot understand your own inner guide, hence the Master on the outside is needed. And you cannot understand your own inner guide because you don't know that language. You are completely unacquainted with those words, those symbols, those metaphors, those whispers, those sounds. You are completely unaware of how the inner guide conveys its message to you. The outer Master is just a screen on which you project your Khidr. And the outer Master helps you to understand your inner Master. When you have understood the inner Master perfectly, then the outer Master says, "If you meet me on the way, kill me."

Now Khidr is saying this to him without even introducing him to what is going to happen, without even motivating him about what is going to happen, about why, why he should tear his clothes and throw himself into the stream? Why?

There is no why. If you live with a Master, there is no why. Only then are you with a Master.

"TEAR YOUR CLOTHES AND THROW YOURSELF INTO THE STREAM."

And not only that, he says,

"PERHAPS SOMEONE WILL SAVE YOU."

There is no guarantee either.

The Master always speaks in that language, of perhaps, because if the Master says it is guaranteed then you will not need trust. Then the guarantee will function as your trust. You will trust the guarantee, you will not trust the mysterious life and its mysterious processes. The Master always says, "Perhaps."

People come to me and they ask, "If we become sannyasins, will we be able to become enlightened?" I say, "Perhaps. Perhaps not. Who knows?" I have to use that 'perhaps'. I have to give you a feeling of perhaps because only then will you be able to risk. If it is guaranteed, a hundred per-cent guaranteed, then where is the risk? And where is the need for trust? Nothing can be guaranteed, all remains open. That's why only those who can dare, who have GUTS to dare, enter into sannyas, enter into meditation, enter on the spiritual path.

MOJUD DID SO, EVEN THOUGH HE WONDERED IF HE WERE MAD.

Have you not wondered many times about yourself: "What am I doing here?" It comes again and again to your mind, I know: "What am I doing here? What have I got into? For what? Why am I in orange? Why am I wearing this mala around my neck? What am I doing with this madman here? And who knows, he may be simply mad? And what is the guarantee that he is enlightened?"

That is natural. But one who trusts, one who loves, goes in spite of all this. The mind will go on following you and chasing you like stray dogs, barking, but slowly, slowly if you don't pay much attention to it and you go on going those dogs are left behind. Their barking becomes more distant and distant and distant, and one day suddenly you are alone; the mind is no more there. That day is a day of great joy.

MOJUD DID SO, EVEN THOUGH HE WONDERED IF HE WERE MAD.

Who will not wonder? This looks so absurd. He may have gone there thinking that Khidr might give him a glimpse of God, or might give him a key to open the door of mystery, or might show him hidden treasures or some thing. And now here is this man: he says, "Tear your clothe and throw yourself in the stream. Perhaps someone will save you." That's all!

But he did. Remember it: when I say to you, "Jump into the stream," I know, it is natural -- the mind will resist But if you can do it, only then is something possible.

SINCE HE COULD SWIM, HE DID NOT DROWN, BUT DRIFTED A LONG WAY BEFORE A FISHERMAN HAULED HIM INTO HIS BOAT, SAYING, "FOOLISH MAN! THE CURRENT IS STRONG. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?"

"Since he could swim.... " I know that if you jump into the stream you will be able to swim, because swimming is a natural phenomenon. One need not learn it. I'm not talking about the outer stream and swimming. There you may be drowned. But I am talking about the stream of the inner consciousness, the stream of consciousness. If you jump into it... And that's what is meant, that is the parallel story that you have to decode. You naturally know. Have you ever seen any fish learning to swim?

Once Mulla Nasrudin was caught because he was fishing at a place where fishing was prohibited. And the inspector came suddenly, and he was caught red-handed. He was just taking out one fish. He immediately dropped the fish back and sat there, undisturbed. The inspector was standing there.

He asked, "What are you doing, Mulla?" He said, "I am teaching this fish to swim."

Now no fish needs to be taught swimming; the fish is born there. Swimming is like breathing. Who has taught you breathing? And there is no need to be afraid: if you are ready to trust, to jump into the stream of your consciousness, you will know how to swim. At the most it can happen that you may be drifted a long way before a fisherman hauls you up. You can, at the most, drift, that's all. You cannot be drowned. You belong to consciousness, you are part of that stream.

THE FISHERMAN SAID, "FOOLISH MAN! THE CURRENT IS STRONG. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?"

Just see the beauty of the answer. And he really does not know what he is doing, because he has not been told for what. He had not even asked Khidr, "Why should I jump into the stream, and why should I throw my clothes? What is the purpose of it?" He had not asked about the purpose. That is trust. That is going into the unknown I talk about continuously. That is adventure, that is an unclinging mind, that is courage.

"I DON'T REALLY KNOW," he said.

And he is true, he does not know. If you know and then you do something it is not courage. If you know and then do something it is not trust; you are trusting your knowledge.

There are two kinds of sannyasins here: one who has jumped into the stream when I told

him or her to jump, the other who thinks, broods, contemplates for and against, and then one day decides. That decision is coming out of his mind, that decision will be only of his own past, of his own conditioning. I will have to work hard on him, because he had missed the first opportunity that was provided for him. He clings to his ego. The first opportunity was there, and things would have been immensely simple if he had simply taken a jump. There are those types of people here also; the majority are of that type. My work basically consists with those who have simply taken a jump, who have not asked why, who have simply looked into my eyes and felt a mad desire, a mad longing to go with me, to go with me without knowing where it is going to end.

"YOU ARE MAD," SAID THE FISHERMAN, "BUT I WILL TAKE YOU INTO MY REED-HUT BY THE RIVER YONDER, AND WE SHALL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR YOU."
WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT MOJUD WAS WELL-SPOKEN, HE LEARNED FROM HIM HOW TO READ AND WRITE. IN EXCHANGE MOJUD WAS GIVEN FOOD AND HELPED THE FISHERMAN WITH HIS WORK. AFTER A FEW MONTHS. KHIDR AGAIN APPEARED, THIS TIME AT THE FOOT OF MOJUD'S BED, AND SAID, "GET UP NOW AND LEAVE THIS FISHERMAN. YOU WILL BE PROVIDED FOR.

Now things are changing. Mojud is trusting, and even the inner guide is showing respect. This time he appeared at the foot of Mojud's bed -- this is showing respect. Now Mojud is not an ordinary man anymore: the trust changed him, transformed him. He is a courageous man, heroic, brave -- without asking any why. He knows how to love, he knows how to penetrate into the future without carrying the load of the past. The inner guide is showing respect.

Khidr said, "GET UP NOW AND LEAVE THIS FISHERMAN...

It is the middle of the night. Things have settled by now, the fisherman is very happy. Whenever you are settling the inner guide will unsettle you again. Whenever you are settling the Master will unsettle you again. Because you are not to be allowed to settle anywhere before God, hence constant unsettling. All are stations on the Way. You can have an overnight stay but by the morning you have to leave.

In the middle of the night Khidr says, "Get up now and leave this fisherman." And it is always now with a Master, it is never tomorrow. It would have been far easier and more compassionate to tell him, "You can rest right now, but tomorrow morning you leave." But it is always now! For a Master the only time that exists is now and the only space that exists is here.

"YOU WILL BE PROVIDED FOR."

Now things have changed. He does not say, "PERHAPS you will be provided for." Just these small nuances of the words, and you will be unfolding the mystery of the story. First he had said, "PERHAPS someone will save you." Now he says, "You will be provided for."

What has changed? The trust shown by Mojud is enough. There is no need to say 'perhaps'. He has been tested by 'perhaps', he has proved his mettle. Now things can be said as they are.

There is no perhaps really. If you meditate, SAMADHI is guaranteed. If you fall in love with an alive Master, enlightenment is guaranteed. There is no perhaps, but the perhaps has to be used just to give you an opportunity to grow in trust. Once the trust has arisen there will be

no need for perhaps.

Mojud immediately quit the hut. He didn't even ask for time: "I can go tomorrow. In the night where will I go? It is so dark. And what is the point of going in the night, and where?"

No, he simply quit the hut, DRESSED AS A FISHERMAN, AND WANDERED ABOUT UNTIL HE CAME TO A HIGHWAY. AS DAWN WAS BREAKING HE SAW A FARMER ON A DONKEY ON HIS WAY TO MARKET. "DO YOU SEEK WORK?" ASKED THE FARMER, "BECAUSE I NEED A MAN TO HELP ME BRING BACK SOME PURCHASES." MOJUD FOLLOWED HIM....

That's how it happens in the inner journey. If you can trust, something or other will ALWAYS happen and will help your growth. You will be provided for. Whatsoever is needed at a particular time will be given to you, NEVER BEFORE IT. You get it only when you need it, and there is not even a single moment's delay. When you need it you get it, immediately, instantly! That's the beauty of trust. By and by you learn the ways of how existence goes on providing for you, how existence goes on caring about you. You are not living in an indifferent existence. It does not ignore you. You are unnecessarily worried; all is provided for. Once you have the knack of knowing this, all worry disappears.

MOJUD FOLLOWED HIM. HE WORKED FOR THE FARMER FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS, BY WHICH TIME HE HAD LEARNED A GREAT DEAL ABOUT AGRICULTURE BUT LITTLE ELSE.

This too will be happening here.

Now, Asheesh may have learned much about carpentry, but what about anything else? Krishna may have become a perfect guard, but what about anything else? Mukta may have learned many things about gardening, and Deeksha about cooking, but what about anything else? And the idea is bound to arise many times in your mind: "What am I doing here? Three years have passed and I am only cleaning the floor. What about meditation? And what about enlightenment?! And what about the ultimate?! And I had come for that, and I am only cleaning the floor or washing the vegetables or watering the plants! What about the real goal?!"

Only trust knows that while you are cleaning the floor something is being cleaned in you too. While you are watering the plants somebody deep down is watering your being too. If you trust, all is possible; such is the magic of trust. Cleaning is meditation, cooking is meditation, washing is meditation. Meditation is not something apart from life; it is a QUALITY that can be brought to any act and the act is immediately transformed.

ONE AFTERNOON WHEN HE WAS BALING WOOL, KHIDR APPEARED TO HIM AND SAID, "LEAVE THAT WORK, WALK TO THE CITY OF MOSUL, AND USE YOUR SAVINGS TO BECOME A SKIN-MERCHANT."

This is what goes on happening here. Madhuri works in the library. Suddenly one day she receives the message, "Leave the library. Go to some other work." If trust is there, there will be no anger, no disturbance, because here you are not to be in the library or to be in the kitchen, or to be in this or that. All those are devices! You are here to learn the ways of trust.

"LEAVE THAT WORK, WALK TO THE CITY OF MOSUL, AND USE YOUR SAVINGS TO BECOME A SKIN-MERCHANT."

Now he had never been a skin-merchant, but he obeyed.

MOJUD OBEYED.

That is the definition of a disciple: one who simply obeys.

IN MOSUL HE BECAME KNOWN AS THE SKIN-MERCHANT, NEVER SEEING KHIDR WHILE HE PLIED HIS TRADE FOR THREE YEARS. HE HAD SAVED QUITE A LARGE SUM OF MONEY, AND WAS THINKING OF BUYING A HOUSE, WHEN KHIDR APPEARED AND SAID, "GIVE ME YOUR MONEY, WALK OUT OF THIS TOWN AS FAR AS THE DISTANT SAMARKAND, AND WORK FOR A GROCER THERE." MOJUD DID SO.

It will happen to you too, many times -- this story is YOUR story. You are living in the world of a Sufi. That's why I said listen to this story as deeply as possible, let it sink in!

Now he had collected a large sum of money, and natu-rally he was thinking to purchase a house. And for three years he had not heard from Khidr at all. The moment you start thinking of purchasing a house -- that means the moment you start thinking of settling -- the Master comes and unsettles you. If he had not thought about the house Khidr might not have appeared yet. But the moment he had the money, the possibility to become a householder, to purchase a house and settle forever....

With a Master you can never settle forever in anything. The Master has to go on changing you. The moment you feel now your roots are getting deep into the soil, you will be uprooted. The moment you feel, "Now I have learnt this work and I am doing it efficiently," your work will be changed -- because that is not the purpose when you live in a Buddhafield. The purpose is to constantly keep you insecure so one day you learn the beauty of uncertainty, so one day you forget about settling and the very pilgrimage becomes your goal. When the journey itself is the goal, then your life is the life of a sannyasin.

KHIDR APPEARED AND SAID, "GIVE ME YOUR MONEY...."

Now he had earned, worked for three years continuously, and all the hopes are destroyed. And not only is the money taken away, he is ordered to walk as distant as possible, to the faraway DISTANT SAMARKAND, AND WORK FOR A GROCER THERE. MOJUD DID SO.

PRESENTLY HE BEGAN TO SHOW UNDOUBTED SIGNS OF ILLUMINATION.

That is natural. If you trust so much, how long can you remain dark? If there is such trust, such immense trust, how long can you remain ordinary? Extraordinary things started to happen around him.

PRESENTLY HE BEGAN TO SHOW UNDOUBTED SIGNS OF ILLUMINATION.

He became luminous -- HE HEALED THE SICK, SERVED HIS FELLOW MAN IN THE SHOP DURING HIS SPARE TIME, AND HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE MYSTERIES BECAME DEEPER AND DEEPER.

And he had not been taught anything! See the whole point of it: he had not been taught

anything, he had not been given any information, still his insight into the mysteries was growing. Not only that, he had himself become mysterious. Now people were healed by his touch, now people could see something surrounding him, an aura. Now when people came to him they could feel they were close to a very, very cool energy. They came with a thousand and one worries and suddenly those worries disappeared. Sitting by the side of Mojud they started feeling something of religion. Deeper mysteries were happening.

Remember, knowledge, information, are all borrowed. True religion never happens as knowledge but as revelation. Knowledge is man's effort to know about reality. Revelation is God's not man's. Whenever somebody is trusting enough, God reveals Himself, He opens His mysteries.

Those mysteries are not opened because of your curiosity, those mysteries are opened because of your trust. Knowledge comes out of curiosity, wisdom comes out of revelation. Now, the fragrance started spreading.

CLERICS, PHILOSOPHERS AND OTHERS VISITED HIM AND ASKED, "UNDER WHOM DID YOU STUDY?"

Now that's always what the foolish person asks: "Under WHOM did you study?" The clerics, the theologians, the philosophers, the professors, the learned people, the scholars -- they know only one way of knowing, that is knowledge. "From whom have you got this knowledge? Who has informed you? Who has been your teacher?" They don't know that there is a very, very diametrically opposite way of knowing, the real way of knowing: nobody gives you any knowledge, you simply become more and more silent, receptive, more and more feminine and soft, and suddenly things start being revealed to you from some unknown energy. There is no teacher. Life itself becomes the teacher.

Mojud said,, "It is difficult to say under whom I have studied. I have not studied under anybody. I have not studied at all, I am not a learned man! It has happened, certainly. I have come to know certain things, but I don't know from whom, who has been penetrating my being, from where the beyond has penetrated me. I don't know anything."

"IT IS DIFFICULT TO SAY..."

HIS DISCIPLES ASKED, "HOW DID YOU START YOUR CAREER?"

HE SAID, "AS A SMALL OFFICIAL."

Now that is irrelevant. They are not asking how he started earning his bread. They are asking,, "How did you start becoming a great saint?"

But he says,, "That I don't know. All I know is that I was a small official in a town. I would have ended as an Inspector of Weights and Measures."

Then the disciples tried to poke:

"AND YOU GAVE IT UP TO DEVOTE YOURSELF TO SELF-MORTIFICATION?"

"NO, I JUST GAVE IT UP."

See the point. If you give something in order to get something, this is not renunciation. If you renounce the world to get into heaven this is not renunciation. This is a simple bargain. You are being cunning and clever and calculating.

He says, "No, I just gave it up. There was no reason really to give it up. In fact,, it was

almost mad to give it up. I was hankering to achieve something. I have not given it up for anything,, I simply gave it up."

THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND HIM.

Because without motivation, how can you do anything? Trust knows how to do without motivation.

PEOPLE APPROACHED HIM TO WRITE THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

He became famous, by and by.

"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN IN YOUR LIFE?" THEY ASKED.

Listen to his answer. It is one of the most beautiful.

"I JUMPED INTO A RIVER, BECAME A FISHERMAN, THEN WALKED OUT OF HIS REED-HUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. AFTER THAT, I BECAME A FARMHAND. WHILE I WAS BALING WOOL,, I CHANGED AND WENT TO MOSUL, WHERE I BECAME A SKIN-MERCHANT. I SAVED SOME MONEY THERE, BUT GAVE IT AWAY. THEN I WALKED TO SAMARKAND WHERE I WORKED FOR A GROCER. AND THIS IS WHERE I AM NOW."

Now what kind of spiritual life is this?

"BUT THIS INEXPLICABLE BEHAVIOR THROWS NO LIGHT UPON YOUR STRANGE GIFTS AND WONDERFUL EXAMPLES," SAID THE BIOGRAPHERS.

"THAT IS SO," SAID MOJUD.

He agrees perfectly: "That is so." He is also puzzled, because he has not specifically done anything to become spiritual. To do anything specific to become spiritual is a sure way to lose it. Spirituality is a gift. It comes to those who trust. It happens to those who love, and who love immensely, and who love without motivation. It happens to the courageous. It happens to those who have a great longing to live dangerously.

SO THE BIOGRAPHERS CONSTRUCTED FOR MOJUD A WONDERFUL AND EXCITING STORY: BECAUSE ALL SAINTS MUST HAVE THEIR STORY, AND THE STORY MUST BE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE APPETITE OF THE LISTENER, NOT WITH THE REALITIES OF LIFE.

That's how all the stories of the world have been created. Jesus is not born out of a virgin; that is a story created to fulfill the appetite of the listeners. Jesus has to be special, only then will people feel happy -- their Master is special. So all the world religions go on fabricating stories, fictions. Those are not true. They are there to fulfill YOUR appetite: "How can Jesus be ordinarily born out of a woman's womb? How can Jesus be sexually born? He has to be extraordinary." And the reality is that Jesus was one of the most ordinary persons, so was Buddha, so is Krishna.

But if you go into their stories, nobody is ordinary. Miracles abound. Things that should not happen and cannot happen, happen. Those stories are just fabrications to fulfill your desire for sensations. Behind those stories the real lives have been lost.

The really extraordinary person is one who lives utterly ordinarily, because how can you

live extraordinarily if your ego has disappeared? The moment the ego is gone you will be living a very ordinary life. The Zen Masters say, "We chop wood, we carry water from the well. How marvelous! How wondrous!" Chopping wood? Marvelous? Carrying water from the well? Wondrous? Yes, it is so.

So the biographers created stories about Mojud. That's what they have been doing down the ages, through the ages -- all falsifications. You don't know the true Jesus, you don't know the true Buddha.

My whole effort here is to bring you the truth, their true stories. That's why I am offending everybody. Jains are offended by me because I talk about Mahavir as he was, not according to their fictions. They are hurt. Their fictions are that Mahavir never perspired -- in a country like India! -- that once a snake had bitten Mahavir, and instead of blood, milk came out of his body. If instead of blood, milk flows in your body, soon it will become curd.

It is so foolish! But one has to create these stories, one has to make one's Master superb. Mahavir never pissed, never defecated. He must have stunk like hell. But these are stories, and so is the case with every great Master. The biographers fulfill your appetite. They see that your sensation-mongering is satisfied, but then all becomes false.

Christians are angry with me because I talk about Christ as if he is man. He IS, but all men are divine, so he is divine! All animals are divine, so he's divine. His being divine is nothing special. It is the very, very ordinary quality of existence. The existence is full of God, overflowing with God, stuffed with God.

Mohammedans are angry. Hindus are very angry. Why are these people angry with me? Their anger is that I am destroying their fictions, and they have become too attached to their fictions. Remember, if you want to see truth, you will have to be able to destroy all fictions. Never believe in any fictions, because it is only truth that liberates.

AND NOBODY IS ALLOWED TO SPEAK OF KHIDR DIRECTLY. THAT IS WHY THIS STORY IS NOT TRUE.

And now the beauty of the Sufis... they say even this story is not true, because nobody is allowed to speak of Khidr directly. The inner guide is so subtle that it cannot be expressed in words, so whatsoever is said is only symbolic.

THAT IS WHY THIS STORY IS NOT TRUE. IT IS A REPRESENTATION OF A LIFE.

It is simply symbolic, a parable. It simply indicates something. It is a pointer.

THIS IS THE REAL LIFE OF ONE OF THE GREATEST SUFIS.

The real life is only represented figuratively, symbolically, metaphorically. This story is not to be understood literally. It is a story of trust. It has not happened exactly like this, it need not happen exactly like this. It is just a representation.

If you remember this you will have a glimpse of the real life of trust. And we are trying to live this parable here. This is your story. Get into this story -- not only the words of it, but into the meaning of it. And LIVE this story. Only by living it will you know it.

The Wisdom of the Sands, Vol 2

Chapter #2

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Length: 104 mins

The first question:

I KEEP FEELING THAT I WANT TO FIGHT YOU. THERE ARE MANY THINGS I WANT TO SCREAM ABOUT, AND THERE FEELS NO ROOM TO SCREAM. FOR EXAMPLE, THIS MORNING IN ANSWERING A QUESTION, YOU SAID WE ARE ALL INVOLVED IN CREATING A TRADITION HERE AND THAT IF ONE DOES NOT FULLY ACCEPT WHAT IS HAPPENING, ONE SHOULD GET OUT OF IT.

I FEEL THERE DOES EXIST A HIERARCHY IN THIS PLACE AND THAT SOME PEOPLE ARE ON BIG POWER TRIPS. AND I DON'T LIKE IT. I STAY, FOR MY FEELING FOR YOU, FOR MY FRIENDS AND FOR MYSELF. BUT I DON'T LIKE THE ORGANIZATION AND THE VIBE OF IT. SHOULD I GET OUT?

Please.

The second question:

WHY IS THE MIND? IT SEEMS TO BE A VERY REAL PART OF OUR BEING. I WOULD DIG TO FUNCTION WITHOUT IT, BUT WHY, WHY IS IT THERE? SOMETIMES IT SEEMS THAT THE MIND SCREENS OUT AWARENESS, BUT ALSO IT SEEMS THAT MIND CAN BE VERY PRACTICAL, CAN HELP TO DO THINGS. DOES THE MIND HAVE A PLACE OR IS IT SOMETHING TO BE TOTALLY TRANSCENDED?

'Why?' is a wrong question to ask. Things simply are. There is no why to them. The question why, once accepted, will lead you farther and farther into philosophy, and philosophy is a wasteland. You will not find any oasis there, it is desert. Ask the question 'why?' and you have started moving in a wrong direction; you will never come home.

Existence is, there is no why to it. That's what we mean when we say it is a mystery, because there is no why to it. In fact it should not be there and it is. There seems to be no

need for it to be there,, no reason for it to be there, and it is there. 'Why' is a mind question.

And now you can be in a very great puzzle, because the mind is asking a question about itself: "Why is the mind?" The question comes from the mind, the answers will come from the mind, and the mind is capable of turning each answer into a new question. You will be moving in a vicious circle. To ask the question 'why?' is to fall into the trap of the mind. You will have to see to it. The question 'why?' has to be dropped; that's the meaning of trust.

Mind is. We can try to see WHAT it is, how it is, but we cannot know the why. To know the why we will have to go to the very beginning of existence, and there has never been a beginning. To know the why we will have to go to the very bottom of it, and there is no bottom. To know the why we will have to move to the foundation, but there is no foundation. That's the difference between a philosophic inquiry and a religious search. Philosophy asks why and gets lost more and more in the mire of the question 'why?' Religion is not concerned with why, science is not concerned with why.

The approach of science and religion is pragmatic. It is practical, utterly practical. Ask the question "What is mind?" because then there is a possibility. Because the mind is there, you are there, you can look into it, you can observe it, you can watch it and you can know what it is. Awareness can reveal its secret. To know why you will have to move backwards, into the beginning of things. That is not possible. Ask "What is mind?" and soon you will be able to see the reality of it.

Mind is nothing but the process of thinking, the traffic of thought. There exists not some faculty called mind. It is like a mirror. A mirror can be in two states: one is when the mirror is reflecting something -- people are passing and the mirror reflects, pictures arise and disappear. This is the state of the mind: consciousness is reflecting outside reality. Then the other state of the mirror is when nothing is reflected, nothing is passing by. The mirror is utterly silent, no picture arises. This is meditation.

Mind is a state of consciousness when the outer world is reflected in, and meditation is a state of the same consciousness when the outer world is not reflected in. Mind and meditation are two aspects of the same reality called consciousness. Mind is burdened with the outside. Meditation is a state of unburdened consciousness, nothing is reflected, consciousness is in its purity. There is no foreign matter moving inside it. Mind is nothing but consciousness reacting to reality, and meditation is nothing but consciousness simply there, not reflecting anything.

There is no need to fight with the mind; just understanding, awareness, observation, and mind starts dissolving.

You ask, "WHY IS THE MIND? IT SEEMS TO BE A VERY REAL PART OF OUR BEING."

"I WOULD DIG TO FUNCTION WITHOUT IT, BUT WHY, WHY IS IT THERE?"

It's being there cannot prevent you from knowing the other state. In fact both states are of the same energy, phases of the same energy. Mind makes it possible for you to have the other state. Without mind you would not be able to meditate, without mind you would not know anything of meditation. That's why animals don't know anything of meditation. Buddhas are not born there. Why? -- the mind is not born yet. If the mind is not born yet, how can you know the state of no-mind? The mind has to be there; only then sometimes can you put the mind aside and see into reality without any mind. Mind is a must!

And when we say you have to transcend mind it doesn't mean that we are against mind. We are simply giving you a message: Don't be finished with the mind. Mind is only the beginning of meditation. Make it a jumping board, use it. A man who has not attained to meditation remains with the seed, thinking that this is all. The seed has to be dropped into the soil so that it disappears. The seed has to be transcended by the tree, then only is it fulfilled. This is very paradoxical: the seed is fulfilled only in its death. Mind is fulfilled only in meditation, and meditation is mind's death. But that's its function -- it simply clears the way for meditation.

So mind is not the enemy of meditation. You can make it the enemy; that depends on you. If you become very antagonistic to mind, then you are turning a friend into an enemy. Then you are turning a stepping-stone into an obstacle. Remember it always: nothing is unnecessary, everything has its own place in the ultimate harmony of things. Mind is a must!

When Adam left the Garden of Eden what did he do? He started creating mind. Hence, the symbolic Tree of Knowledge. He had been prohibited from eating of the Tree of Knowledge. Why had he been prohibited? -- because that was the only way to seduce him into eating it. It is not that Adam had disobeyed God. In disobeying God, Adam had fulfilled God's desire. God wanted him to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, hence the denial, hence the commandment: "Don't eat from it!"

The Garden of Eden was a big garden. The whole existence is the Garden of Eden -- millions and millions of trees. If Adam had been left on his own he might not yet have found the Tree of Knowledge. It was almost impossible to find it, it was not probable to find that one tree amongst millions and millions of trees. But God made it clear, saying, "Don't eat from this tree." He created the desire in Adam.

It was not the serpent who had seduced Adam, it was God Himself.

Why this seduction? -- because mind has to be created. Otherwise Adam would have lived like an animal, happy but unaware. And what is happiness if you are not aware? You may be the king of the whole world and if you are not aware what does it mean? Animals live in a kind of happiness, but unaware, not knowing that they are happy. Without knowing that you are happy, happiness means nothing. It is better to be miserable, but knowing is a must.

Socrates is reported to have said, "Even if I am going to be miserable, I would like to be a Socrates rather than a satisfied pig. An unsatisfied Socrates I would like to be, but not a satisfied pig." What is he saying? He is saying awareness is more valuable than any happiness, because only in awareness does happiness become bliss. Adam HAS to disobey. God planned it beautifully, very psychologically -- He made certain that Adam would go astray, that he would eat from the Tree of Knowledge and would create mind. Because without mind, Adam would have never known what meditation is. Without going astray, Adam would never have become Jesus and come back home. To come back home one has to go astray. To become a saint one has to go into the dark realms of sin; there is no other way.

If a tree wants to grow high in the sky, it has to grow deep roots into the darker soil.

Nietzsche has said, "If a tree wants to touch heaven then it will have to send its roots to hell." Without sending your roots to hell, you will not be able to bloom in heaven. Adam has to go to hell, he has to disobey, because only through disobedience can you learn the beauty of obedience. He has to doubt, because only through doubt, one day, are the mysteries of trust revealed. He HAD to become a mind. Only after you have become a mind, crystallized as an ego, is there a possibility of surrender, is there a possibility of transcending mind.

So when I say to you that mind has to be transcended, never for a single moment think that I am against mind. I am not. How can I be against mind? Without mind, how will you

transcend it, how will you go beyond it? Mind is a must, a friend on the Way, but going only so far. And one has to go beyond it too. And its function is to take you so far, so that you can go beyond.

"SOMETIMES IT SEEMS THAT THE MIND SCREENS OUT AWARENESS, BUT ALSO IT SEEMS THAT MIND CAN BE VERY PRACTICAL, CAN HELP TO DO THINGS."

That's true. Mind screens out awareness; that's its function. It makes you aware of the reality only to that extent with which you can cope. Otherwise you would go mad. Life is impinging on you from all sides, in millions of ways, every second. Mind screens out ninety-eight percent, it allows only two percent of reality to enter you -- and that too in a very modified form, in such a form that you can digest it. You are not able yet to digest totality. Mind narrows down, it allows only a little bit of reality. Only in bits does it allow reality.

It is like when a small child is born, he cannot eat food directly. The mother has to eat the food, transform the food into milk, and the child will drink the milk. Slowly, slowly he will become able to eat food directly. Mind is a necessary phenomenon; without it you would have died. If a child were born without the capacity of mind, the reality would be too much. It would drive him crazy -- so many colors, so many sounds, so many people. The world is multi-dimensional. If all this simply starts jumping on the child's consciousness it is bound to destroy the delicate phenomenon that the child is. The reality is to be bracketed out. Just small bits have to be allowed. Slowly, slowly the child will be able to digest more.

The problem arises that you remain a child for your whole life. That is the problem; not that the mind creates any problem. You are like a child who becomes addicted to milk and cannot drink anything else, cannot eat anything else forever. Now that is foolish. Milk was the right food at a certain time. It was the only food, the only nourishment, but a moment comes when the child has to move, become independent. He cannot go on depending on the mother's breast, he has to be on his own.

Mind protects you from reality; that's a must in the beginning. But the protection can also become a prison -- THERE arises the problem. The guard that protects you can also become the jailer. He may protect you so much, and you may become so dependent on the protection, that you cannot become independent. A moment comes in life when you start feeling that mind is giving you only little bits of reality and you feel discontented. A really intelligent person is bound to feel discontented with the mind. Only unintelligent people can remain in the mind. Intelligent persons are bound to feel, one day or other, that the mind is allowing only little bits: "I am not a child anymore! I am a grown-up. I can have bigger windows in my being, and bigger doors, and I can allow more reality." That's what meditation is -- the beginning of creating bigger windows than the mind allows. And when your windows have become so big that all the walls have disappeared,, that is SAMADHI. Now you are REALLY grown-up. This is Buddhahood, this is being a christ. Now you don't need ANY protection.

It is like when you plant a small tree, you have to protect it. A day comes when the tree has become strong enough; you remove all protection. It can protect itself. With the mind the problem is that there is nobody to remove it. The society creates it, the parents create it, the society, the college, the university create it, and there is nobody to help to uncreate it. That's the function of a Master. And the world has become VERY poor because Masters don't exist now as they used to exist.

It is difficult now to find a Master. Teachers, you can find many, they abound, but to find

a Master is very difficult.

And what is the difference between a teacher and a Master? The teacher creates the mind, the Master uncreates the mind. The teacher teaches you, gives you knowledge. The teacher is the snake. The school is the snake: it helps you to eat from the Tree of Knowledge. It is a great help: it takes you out of the Garden of Eden, it teaches you how to doubt, it teaches you how to disobey so that you can be out of all kinds of bondages. But then, finally, the mind itself becomes the bondage, and there is nobody to teach, there is nobody to help you come out of it. The university makes you a perfect Adam, and there everything stops. And we think education is finished: it is only half of the education, half of the journey. The REAL half is still there.

Somebody is needed, some place is needed, some milieu is needed where you can go and dissolve all that you have learned, where you can unlearn -- that is SATSANG. Being with a Master, you start unlearning, you start un-minding. You start loosening all that you have learned. You start dissolving Adam and you start becoming a Christ.

Mind has its utilities. It is practical, it is needed, and even when you have become a meditator mind will be needed. But then it will be a servant, not a Master.

I am using mind -- talking to you the mind has to be used. But the mind is not using me. Then the mind is a beautiful mechanism; you can use it. It HAS to be used. IT keeps your memories, IT keeps your experiences, it goes on sorting things out -- what is necessary, what is unnecessary. It is a must in life. Even a Buddha needs it.

But Buddha himself has gone beyond, he stands above it. Whenever the mind is needed, he uses it, just as you use your legs. When you want to run you use your legs, when you want to walk you use your legs, but when you are lying down on your bed, resting, you don't use them, there is no need. But ordinarily that is not the case; the mind is using you. There is no need for the mind -- you are lying on the bed, resting, and the mind goes on running, chasing unnecessary things. You are fed-up, you want it to stop. You shout, "Stop!" but it doesn't stop, it doesn't listen to you. You are not the master. It does not care a bit about you. You want to go to sleep and the mind goes on and on and on.

I have heard about a man, a great philosopher, who suffered from insomnia. A great philosopher must suffer from insomnia, otherwise he is not a great philosopher. He had lost all sleep. He would brood and brood and brood and think and think, and that sleeplessness was creating almost a maddening situation for him. He tried all methods. Somebody said, "Do this", he did that. "Count from one to a hundred and then backwards", and he counted and counted, and the whole night he would count, and the morning would be there, and his counting would continue and there would be no sleep. Somebody would say, "Eat this, drink that. Do this exercise, do this mantra -- TM." He tried all, nothing was helping.

Years went by and he was almost mad. One day he simply committed suicide, he shot himself in the head. The story goes that even after that he could not sleep. The mind continued, because the mind is not the body.

I love the story. Insomnia is such a thing: you can commit suicide and it will be with you. You may become a ghost but you will not be able to sleep, because mind is your master. The mastery of the mind is the problem, not the mind itself, remember. Always remember, mind in itself is not the problem, but you have made the mind your master. Dethrone it, put it in its place. Mind has to be a servant. Claim your masterhood. That is the meaning of 'swami' -- that's why a sannyasin is called a swami -- 'swami' means one who has declared his mastership over the mind, one who has become a lord, one who is not any longer a servant, a

slave.

But still the mind's practical use will remain. And you will be able to use it more intelligently then because you will not be under its sway, under its rule. You will be able to choose, you will be able to watch, you will be able to improve upon the mind.

You say, "IT SEEMS THAT MIND CAN BE VERY PRACTICAL" -- it is -- "CAN HELP TO DO THINGS. DOES THE MIND HAVE A PLACE OR IS IT SOMETHING TO BE TOTALLY TRANSCENDED?"

It has a place, and still it has to be totally transcended.

In fact when you have totally transcended it then you will be able to use it perfectly, skillfully.

The third question:

I HAVE COME HERE AS A VISITOR AND AM VERY MUCH PUZZLED BY SEEING ALL THAT IS HAPPENING HERE. IT ALL LOOKS VERY CRAZY TO ME.

It is.

It looks crazy because it is different. It looks crazy because you are not accustomed to it, and if you remain only a visitor you will go with the idea that this place is crazy. If you really want to know what is happening, become an insider, get into things, participate.

The so-called sane humanity is not sane at all. The normal person is not normal at all. If the normal person is normal then Jesus is abnormal, then Buddha is abnormal, then Jalaluddin Rumi is abnormal. But would you like to be the normal grocer, the bank manager, the politician, the schoolmaster, the clerk, the inspector of weights and measures? Would you like to be that normal person? Don't you have a deep desire to become something like Christ, Buddha? But they are abnormal, they are not normal. Their response to life is unique. People have always thought them crazy.

In fact, if you are miserable people think you are normal, because everybody is miserable. If you are happy, bubbling with joy, people think you must be a little crazy. Because this life is such -- how can you bubble with joy? How can you dance? -- you must be crazy, something must have gone loose inside you, You need a little tightening of the nuts and bolts. How are you happy? Life looks so sad, and everybody is so sad, and suddenly you start laughing? Life is not fun, it is a serious affair, and you are dancing?

This place is crazy. But don't watch it from the outside. There are things in life which can be known only by participation, because you will need a different vision to appreciate what is happening here. Your ordinary categories won't do. You will not be able to pigeonhole what is happening here, you will not be able to label it. That's what you want to do. You would like to label it: if it is something like a Catholic church you will not be offended. You say, "Okay, so it is a Catholic church, so it is like Catholics -- " finished. You have labelled it, and now there is no need to bother about it.

This place is offensive. And small things create offenses in people -- very small things -- because they come full of prejudices. If you can see that this is a Hindu ashram and dead and dull and stupid people are sitting and doing yoga postures -- no juice, no life, just dry, with closed eyes, sitting from morning to evening -- you will say, "Okay, so this is a yoga place; so people are doing yoga." Finished! You have labelled it.

I don't allow any labelling. You cannot label it, it is outlandish. You cannot call it Christian, you cannot call it Jewish, you cannot call it Hindu, you cannot call it Buddhist. It is all and it is none. It is the birth of a new vision, a new life, a new religion, a new tradition, a new future, a new man.

That's why all the religious people are against me. They think I am not religious. How can they think so? -- because they cannot label, they cannot put me in a certain category. They are baffled. They don't understand what I am saying, because I am talking about Sufis, and I am talking about Hassids, and I am talking about Zen, and I am talking about Tantra. It is beyond their comprehension. They live in certain caves: it is open sky. They live in life-negative moods: it is life-affirmation. They think that God can be attained only if you destroy your life, if you commit a subtle suicide, a psychic suicide. Here, loving life is the way to God, the only prayer. If you are in deep love with life you will find God; there is no other way to find Him.

There are people who want everything clean, clearcut, logical, so that their mind can figure out what it is. It is an illogical place, irrational, absurd.

You come with your certain ideas, and when those ideas are not fulfilled you feel baffled, you feel angry, offended. This whole place is being created in such a way that it offends many people, because that is my way to screen those people out. Somebody comes to the gate and, seeing the marble gate, he escapes... so good, so kind of him! Because he had come to see an Indian kind of ashram, not a marble gate, his ideas are shattered. He wanted to see people living in poverty, in a kind of spiritual dirtiness. He wanted to see people almost starved, fasting. The marble gate is there to put these people off. I don't want them inside.

Small things offend people, and they don't see how small things become barriers.

Arup's mother, Gita, has written a question that she wants her family to become more interested in me, but the only thing that seems to create trouble is my pictures with fantastic hats! That is creating the trouble -- so good! Now bring more hats for me, because these are the people I would not like to be here. I would not like for them to be here because such stupid minds have to be kept out. These minds cannot grow.

In the new commune I am going to make it such that only those who are really daredevils will be able to enter into it. A thousand and one things will prevent them, because those are the people who, even if they come in, they will go out. So why waste time on them? It is better to keep them out, bracket them out.

If you are just a visitor here you will miss the whole point of what is happening. You will have to become part of the dance. Enter into things, meditate. And remember, if you go back without participating, WHATSOEVER you will say about this place will be wrong.

A circus was touring Ireland and one of the acrobats, being a Catholic, went to confession at this little village church.

As the confession finished the priest said, "I don't know you, do I? You will be a stranger here?"

"Yes, father," he said. "I'm an acrobat with the circus."

"Ah, is that a fact now?" said the priest. "I have always been interested in acrobatics. Of course, being a man of the cloth I am not able to go to the circus, but I would be much obliged if you would give me a little show."

"What -- here and now?" asked the acrobat.

"Yes, go on," said the priest, "there's no one about."

And so the acrobat began doing his cartwheels and flip-flaps and standing somersaults, right there in the side-aisle of the church.

They had not seen a little old biddy at the back. She watched the goings on for a minute, then rushed out and said to her friend, "Ah, Bridie, you'd better get home and put some clean drawers on! You should see what kind of penance the old fool is dishing out now!"

Whatever you say, unless you have participated and seen things from the inside, will be wrong.

Don't remain a spectator here. This is a place to be experienced. This is not a physical phenomenon that is happening here. You cannot simply look at it and take a few pictures and go home and put those pictures in the album. You will miss the soul of it. It has to be recorded in the innermost core of your being.

Become a participant. Don't remain an outsider.

Then too, you will say, "This is crazy", but then the meaning of the word 'crazy' will have utterly changed.

A jazz musician who'd never entered a church in his life found himself passing a little country church just as a service was about to begin. Out of curiosity he decided to go in and see what it was all about.

After the service, he approached the rector and said, "Say Rev, you just about knocked me out with the good words. Like I really dug it the most, man. Jeez, baby, it really blew my mind. It was wild, ya dig?"

The rector was flattered but said, "Well, thank you. Most gratifying, I'm sure. However, I wish you wouldn't use those common expressions at the portals of a holy edifice."

But the musician went on, "And I'll tell you somethin' else, Rev -- when the cat came round with the breadplate I was so high with the whole scene that I came across with a fiver!" "Crazy, baby, crazy!" said the rector.

If you participate, you will see it is crazy -- but with a totally different meaning to it.

The fourth question:

I LOVE VERY MUCH THIS MAXIM BY AN AMERICAN HUMORIST: "AN OPEN MIND IS A GREAT IDEA, BUT IF YOU MAKE IT YOUR PRIMARY AIM IN LIFE, WHAT YOU WILL END UP WITH WILL MORE RESEMBLE A CAVE OF WINDS." SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE THIS HERE, WITH THE DIFFERENT ACTIVITIES BLOWING ME IN SO MANY DIRECTIONS, BUT NO DIRECTION SEEMS TO BE CLEARLY TOWARDS GOD. WHAT TO DO?

Parodha. God is not to be found in any particular direction. God is all over the place. To seek Him in a particular direction is a sure way to miss Him. GOD IS NOT THERE, God is here. God surrounds you, He is your surround. You breathe Him, you eat Him, you drink Him, you make love to Him, and you have not recognized that it is all God. You are asking for a direction? God cannot be in any direction; all directions are in God. God is the totality. How can the totality be in a direction? -- north, east, west, south, up, down? God cannot be in any direction. Just replace the word 'god' with 'totality', and then you will be able to understand what I mean.

And the whole purpose here is to help you drop all directions, all dimensions, so one day you suddenly find yourself utterly directionless. In that moment everything stops. You are not

going anywhere because there is nowhere to go. You are simply being herenow. You are a MOJUD -- you are present to the present. You forget all about God in that moment. If you remember God in that moment, you will miss God. The word 'god' is not God, and the images of God are not God, and the definitions of God are all man-made, all manufactured by the human mind. In that moment, when the world stops, when all directions have disappeared and you are suddenly standing herenow with no direction to go in, with nothing to do, with nothing to be -- no past, no future, just utterly herenow -- in that very moment God has happened to you. You will know God; not the God of the philosophers and the theologians, but the God of the mystics -- Eckhart, Boehme, of Rumi, of Hillaj, of Bodhidharma. You will know the God of the mystics.

God cannot be pointed at because whatsoever you point at will be only a part, and God is the whole. You cannot look at God because whatsoever you look at will be a part, remember it.

I can understand your problem. When you start searching for God you are searching for a direction, you are searching for a goal. Before you were searching for money, now you are searching for God. Money was a goal, or power; now God is the goal. You have not changed: money was in the future, God is in the future. Money was in a certain direction, God is in a certain direction. You have not changed much, nothing has changed. You have only changed the object of your desire.

Direction means desiring. Desire creates the direction. First you were going towards the marketplace, you were going to Wall Street; now you are going to the Himalayas -- but still going, going somewhere. Wall Street has been replaced by the Himalayas. First you were going to New Delhi -- you wanted to become the prime minister or the president -- now you are going to a Himalayan cave -- you want to become enlightened, but becoming is there. And becoming is the problem, not what you want to become. You WANT to become! You are not contented with being, you are not contented with what you are. You have a goal, you want to improve, you want to progress, you want to do this and that -- only then will you be satisfied.

The goal is the game of the ego. When you understand this.... And this is what I would like you to understand here. Being with me, if only this can happen to you, the revolution has happened. Drop becoming! Being is enough. You are not to become anybody other than who you are. You are perfect as you are. In all your imperfections, you are perfect. In all your limitations, you are unlimited. God is perfectly happy with you, only you are not happy with yourself; that is the problem. If God were not happy with you, He would have withdrawn you. It is a perfect sign, that He continues to breathe in you -- He is perfectly happy with you. He does not want you to change, to become anybody else. He needs you as you are. You are accepted, welcome.

But you are not happy with yourself. You have greater ideas than God Himself. You are more perfectionist than God is. And God cannot be perfectionist, otherwise He would have turned neurotic. Perfectionists always turn neurotic. A perfectionist cannot remain healthy, whole. He cannot have a psychological well-being, he's always tense. The goal is there, and the goal is far away and distant, and he becomes more and more unhappy. And as days pass by and death comes close by and the goal seems Even far more distant, and seems impossible to attain, the more and more depressed he becomes.

Here I am to take all goals away from you. If you can renounce your goals you have renounced the world. See the point! I'm not saying renounce the world, I'm not saying renounce your wife, I'm not saying renounce your shop, I'm not saying renounce anything. I

am saying renounce goals. In renouncing goals you become a sannyasin. This is my vision of a sannyasin.

A sannyasin is one who does not bother about the future, who lives this moment and lives as totally as possible, enjoys this moment -- with no guilt, with no feeling that something is missing. Nothing is missing. Drop the goals; then there is no need for any direction. You must have come in search of a certain goal called God, MOKSHA, NIRVANA, enlightenment.

Drop those ideas. See the futility of them. They are driving you mad, they are keeping you insane. They feed your insanity, they are the root cause of all your neurosis. Seeing it, one forgets all about directions. When there is no goal there is no direction. And when there is no goal there is no path either. When goals disappear, directions disappear: when directions disappear. Paths disappear. Then you are utterly herenow, then there is nothing else that is. This is enlightenment. Enlightenment is not a goal. This is being in God.

Don't rush, don't go on rushing. Sit silently, watch that which is. Don't hanker for that which should be. Just watch that which is. God is hidden in that which is, God is not a direction.

You ask me, "SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE THIS HERE, WITH THE DIFFERENT ACTIVITIES BLOWING ME IN SO MANY DIRECTIONS..."

They are methods, devices to destroy your goals. You can go only in one direction. I give you so many directions that you will become paralyzed. That is the whole device. I give you so many meditations, I give you so many processes, that sooner or later you will lose all sense of direction. You will be simply confused -- great is that confusion. You will be muddled -- great is that muddledness.

Lao Tzu has said, "Everybody seems to be clever except me. I am confused." And he is the man to be. He says, "Everybody seems to be so clever, only I am a fool." And he's the person to be. He knows. By being a fool he has come to know. By being confused, not knowing where to go, not knowing what to achieve, not knowing what is the right thing, he has stopped. In that stopping is realization.

This place that you are living in, this space that I am making available to you, is to destroy, to take away all that which is driving you crazy -- the very root cause of it. Once the ground underneath your feet has disappeared.... In the beginning you will find yourself very forsaken and frightened, but soon you will start enjoying that fall into the abyss, the bottomless abyss. And once you have started to live without directions, without goals, without props, life will happen in abundance. You need not go in search of God, God will come to you. God is coming to you, He is coming from every direction possible. He's flowing towards you, but you are never at home. You are never MOJUD, you are never present.

There is an ancient Tibetan parable that says a man goes on praying to God, "Come to me," and cries and cries, and God comes. But by the time God reaches there the man is not there; he has moved. And sometimes even if he is there and God comes, only his body is there. Now the body cannot recognize God. He's on spiritual trips, he's never where he is. So it goes on and on, and then he dies. And then he has a real grudge against God. And when he comes to face God, he shouts, screams and he says, "I have been crying and crying and weeping and you never came! What about your promises? In the scriptures you have promised, 'Whenever somebody calls me I will come!'" And God said, "What are you talking about? I am fed-up with you, because I have been coming to you every day. Millions of times

I came, but you were never there! You were somewhere else,, some place else. How to find you?! You never allowed me to find you."

That's my message too: allow God to find you, you need not go in search of Him. Where will you search? You don't know His address, you don't know His name. He has none. You don't know His form, how will you recognize? Even if you come across Him, even if you bump into Him in the street.... If you are a gentleman you will say, "Sorry" and you will move on. Or, if you are not such a gentleman, you may be angry and abuse and shout and fight with Him, but how will you recognize Him? You have never seen Him before.

The Egyptian mystics say. "When the disciple is ready, the Master comes. When the devotee is ready God appears." This is a very significant saying, of profound significance. The disciple cannot find the Master. Even if he finds, how will he recognize? It is always the Master who finds the disciple. Whenever the disciple is ready the Master appears, never before it. All directions have to be dropped.

Those directions are the cause of why you have not been Able to disappear into God. Your search is the cause of why you have not been able to find. Stop searching and find! In fact the moment you stop searching God finds you.

The fifth question:

DO MIRACLES HAPPEN? WAS NOT CHRIST REALLY BORN TO A VIRGIN MARY?

I will simply tell you two stories.

There was no doubt about it -- Gloria was pregnant.

"Please feel free to use my telephone if you'd like to tell your husband," said the doctor.

"But doctor, I'm not married."

"Well then, you'd better tell your lover."

"But I've never had a lover!"

"All right. Then I must ask you to go home and tell your mother to get ready for the second coming of Christ."

And the second:

An innocent young woman told her doctor she was not feeling at all well lately. After examination the doctor told her she was pregnant.

"But that is impossible, I have never been with a man!"

The doctor patiently explained the facts of life to her in some detail.

"Well!" she said, "and that lousy First Aid Instructor told me it was artificial respiration."

Miracles don't happen. Miracles can't happen. Miracles are just the stupid desire in man's mind to have something special. They show only that stupid desire -- the desire for the sensational. These are ancient detective stories, nothing else. Christ is born to a Virgin Mary -- just ancient novels, fictions. Do you know that J. Krishnamurti only reads detective stories, nothing else?

One of his followers once came to me, and he said, "I am puzzled. Since I have come to know that Krishnamurti reads only detective novels and stories, I am very worried. And he

goes on condemning the scriptures. And he says, 'I am fortunate that I have not read any scriptures of the world.'

I said to him, "You need not be worried, because I have been reading both -- the scriptures and the detective stories -- and I have not found any difference between them. They are the same. The detectives are modern, and the mythologies are ancient; they are just old styles of writing detective stories."

Just see, in the story of Christ you have all that a modern film needs -- a great sensation that he is born to a virgin woman, then he disappears for thirty years; where he is, nobody knows, it creates much curiosity; then suddenly he appears with twelve disciples. There are people who suspect he was gay. All men? Why does he go on carrying this boys' club with him? Now great suspicion.... And you know Jews -- they are the gayest people in the world, so who knows? Then suddenly one day a prostitute comes and he allows her very much intimacy -- now more suspicion. Magdalene suddenly appears, and the respectable people are against him: "This is not good -- a prophet moving with a prostitute. Two polarities, the prophet and the prostitute -- how are they together? That doesn't fit." But that creates more sensation. Then his own disciple, Judas, betrays him and sells him for only thirty rupees! And then he is crucified. Then Judas commits suicide. And then... things don't end. The latest, the last fiction, is that he is resurrected, he is seen by people. Now what more can you have in a sensational story? All is there.

These are created by the followers. Jesus is a simple man, very simple and very ordinary -- and that is his beauty -- absolutely non-pretentious, utterly at ease with life, a relaxed person. His only crime was that he was doing his own thing. His only crime was that he was not following some ancient rubbish, he was trying to do things in his own way. His only crime was that he was original, nothing else. But that is the real miracle! -- that he is original. All else is just meaningless, to satisfy the curiosities of the mediocre. Just withdraw these things from Jesus' life and you will not find any Christian in the world. Just withdraw.... He's crucified -- withdraw it; he is not crucified. He lives as a grocer for one hundred years and dies in his bed: ninety-nine percent of Christians will say, "Then, finished! What is the point in following this man? He died in bed. A prophet has to die on the cross." So if you want to be a prophet, remember, never die in the bed. In the bed, ordinary people die, very ordinary people. Extraordinary people have to find some new ways to die.

Just make things simple: Jesus falls in love with a woman, has children, twelve children. In those days twelve was not a big number. There was no birth control or anything, so he has twelve children, and his children's children, a big family, and he lives like a grandfather to be a hundred years old. All Christians will say, "Finished! This is not our man.

Or you come to find that Mary had a lover... maybe. Jesus is not born from Joseph; that is possible. She had a lover, and now to hide the whole story of having a lover.... Because prophets should not be born out of love. They should be born out of the deadlocks called wedlock. They should be born out of marriage, they should be traditional, respectable. Now the whole thing seems to be simple. Jesus seems to have a father who cannot be declared. Now the story is created, now it becomes a miracle. If you come to find some ancient scripture describing the lover of Mary, how many people would be ready to stand with Christ? He would become immediately rejected.

And that would have been far more beautiful, to be born out of a love-affair, not out of marriage -- because when a child is born out of love, the child has a deeper being. Marriage creates only superficial beings, because in marriage two bodies meet, two souls never meet. To me it seems to be perfectly right that Jesus is born out of some love-affair, in great

passion, in great joy, in great devotion, in great love. A man like Christ should come out of love. But that would not look right to the Pope, to the Vatican, to the theologians and the priests. They stand with convention. Now this fabrication has to be done.

Miracles are there, but those are not the miracles about which the scriptures talk. The real miracle is that Jesus died on the cross with a prayer on his lips, saying to God, "Forgive these people because they don't know what they are doing to me." This is a miracle! -- not that he is resurrected; that is nothing. The real miracle is his being crucified, killed, destroyed, abused, people throwing tomatoes and banana peels on him, abusing in every way, spitting on him, and he says, "Father, forgive these people because they don't know what they are doing. They are unconscious, they are unaware, they are not awake. All that they are doing is in a kind of dream. Forgive them." THIS is miracle.

Jesus driving the money-changers from the temple is a miracle. A man of compassion, a man of love, is so enraged that he takes a whip in his hand and chases the money-changers out of the temple. This is miracle. Compassion can become such that even if it has to be anger, it is ready to go to that length -- this is miracle.

Walking on the water is not a miracle. Turning stones into bread is not a miracle. These are stories to satisfy the stupid, the mediocre.

But Christ dared to herald a new insight in human beings. He declared "God is love" -- that is miracle. The miracle is that he says, "You have been told before that if somebody takes one of your eyes out, take both of his. You have been told that. But I say unto you if somebody slaps you on one cheek, give him the other too." THIS is miracle.

Miracles are very silent phenomena. They don't look very miraculous, they don't even look like news. They are whisperings in the eternal silence. But those are real miracles. If you really want to know whether miracles happen or not...

Miracles happen, but you don't know what those miracles are. What you think of as miracles are just fabrications, but the stupid mind hankers for these things.

Spirituality has become too mixed with these things. It has to be cleaned of all this nonsense. But it attracts crowds. It can only attract the crowd-mind, and you all have something of the crowd-mind in you. That crowd-mind has to be dropped, only then will you be with me totally.

Just the other day I was talking and I was saying that this is all a kind of circus -- that people produce holy ash and wristwatches. And I looked at Ashoka: he became worried that I might mention Satya Sai Baba. He has been very interested in Satya Sai Baba and his miracles. When I was talking about this he simply bent his head down, he became very much afraid. I felt for him, and I didn't mention Satya Sai Baba. I said, "Forget it. This Ashoka will feel too bad, and he is a very new sannyasin to me, and I cannot be that hard, YET."

You all have that crowd-mind in you; that has to be dropped. With that crowd-mind you will remain mediocre.

Be original, be yourself, and look at life with intelligent eyes.

The sixth question:

I AM TIRED. I FEEL I AM DYING ALL THE TIME. BUT WHAT CHANGES? NOTHING. EVEN IF I DIE, LIFE AND DEATH ARE PERFECT, PERFECTLY ROUND, AND I GO ON RUNNING AFTER MY OWN TAIL. IS THERE NO PLACE WHERE I CAN STOP? ONE MOMENT IN WHICH I CAN STOP, ONE SINGLE MOMENT -- BUT

THEN I GO ON PASSING, RUNNING, AND I MISS I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT.
THEN I CRY. WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?

Sangitam, one is dying every moment, but that is only half the story. The other half is: one is being born also, every moment. Otherwise how can you go on dying? One moment you died, then there is nothing left. Who will die again? You are being born every moment also; that's why you can die again and be born again. Life is a process of life-death: one side is birth, the other side is death. And EACH moment it is happening. You are only seeing the half, and that is making you very afraid, tired, exhausted. Look at the whole thing.

One thing dies, immediately it is born in another form: one wave disappears, another wave has appeared; one flower falls down into the earth, another bud has opened. Life is continuous and eternal, birth and death are episodes in it. It does not begin with birth and it does not end with death. It uses birth and death as you use your two legs. Life uses birth and death as two wings. Life is neither -- it is neither birth nor death. It is between the two. And each moment you are dying and each moment you are born. And you are asking, "Can I find a moment where everything stops?" That moment comes every moment between these two processes. One process is death, another process is birth. Between these there is a pause, and that pause is the present. Being in that pause you will become MOJUD. Khidr will appear to you, your inner Master will start speaking to you.

It will be good, Sangitam, for you to do something like breath-watching. You breathe in -- watch it. Don't change the breath. I'm not saying to do some PRANAYAMA; YOU are not to take deep breaths or long or short or anything. You are not to do ANYTHING with the breath, you simply let it come in. It is coming on its own, naturally; you watch it, you simply go with it, watching, watching, watching. It comes in, comes in, and there comes a moment when for a single second everything stops. The breath is no more coming in and not going out yet, and then it starts going out. Watch it, go out with it. Again a moment comes when the breath has gone out -- a stop, a very subtle stop, a pause. The breath is not moving at all -- neither is it going out anymore nor is it coming in yet. Go on watching and you will find these two moments. When the breath is out, the stop comes. I'm not saying you have to stop, otherwise you will miss the whole point. It comes on its own. Between two breaths, ingoing, outgoing, there are two pauses. When the in turns into out there is a pause, when the out turns in there is a pause. You watch it.

You ask me, "IS THERE NO PLACE WHERE I CAN STOP?"

There is a place. Buddha used that method very, very profoundly, and thousands of people arrived to that pause. It is one of the most ancient and the most deep-going processes of meditation. And then you can watch in many other things, because that moment comes in many ways. One thought moves, another has not come in yet, and there is a pause between two thoughts, just a small gap. That gap... move into that gap, be in that gap, and the whole world stops. And you will find it in many ways. For example, making love to a woman you come to a peak, the energy goes on building up, building up, building up. There comes a moment from which you cannot return, the point of no return. That is the moment when you have been taken possession of by the whole. You are no more there, the ego disappears. That is the beauty of making love. There is a point from where you can come back, you can stop the whole process, but there is a point just beyond that from where you cannot come back. You have gone too far, there is no way to return, you have to go through the whole process.

Between these two moments, the gap. You can turn back, if you want you can stop love-making; and the next moment you cannot turn back, there is no possibility of turning back. You have to go through the whole process of orgasm. Between these two there is a gap. Find that gap, and the whole world stops there.

Then again when you have reached to the climax and the ejaculation happens and the orgasm happens, before you start returning from the peak -- you have reached the peak and then the return -- between these two, again the gap. Find that gap, and you will have found the very secret of meditation. Tantra has used these gaps as meditation, and they are the greatest. The gap that you will find in breathing is not such an intense gap, because breathing is such an ordinary phenomenon, taken for granted. If you look between two thoughts in the mind you will find the gap. But the gap that you will find in your sexual orgasm will be most intense, because that is the most intense experience of your life -- where you again go wild, where you again explode into thousands of pieces. You fall altogether in parts, you fall apart. The ego simply becomes fragments, all disappears for a moment. You are no more there and yet something is. That 'something' is your reality, your essential reality.

You ask, "I AM TIRED, I FEEL I AM DYING ALL THE TIME. BUT WHAT CHANGES? NOTHING. EVEN IF I DIE, LIFE AND DEATH ARE PERFECT, PERFECTLY ROUND AND I GO ON RUNNING AFTER MY OWN TAIL."

That you have to stop. Running after your own tail is a very, very vicious circle. You cannot catch hold of it. Have you not watched sometimes, in winter a dog just sunning itself outside and enjoying? And then suddenly he becomes aware of the tail, and jumps to catch it. But when he jumps the tail also jumps; then he goes crazy, then he goes round and round. That's what is happening.

Don't chase your own tail. Listen to this story. There is a danger....

A dog ran across the path of an oncoming train, but he misjudged the distance. The train, racing along at a fearful clip, cut off the dog's tail.

After he licked his wounds the dog came back onto the tracks to look for his tail. Immediately another train sped by and decapitated him.

The moral of the story is: Don't lose your head while looking for a piece of tail.

Tail you will never find, but if you go on looking for the tail, you will lose your head too.

And the gaps are always there. You just have to be a little more observant, a little more alert and aware.

And the last question:

DOES ENLIGHTENMENT NEED A SPECIAL PLACE, A SPECIAL TIME, TO HAPPEN?

Every place is special, because every place is overflowing with God. No place is ordinary. Enlightenment can happen even in your toilet! Enlightenment is not afraid of your toilet! It can happen anywhere. You need not go to sacred places; there are none. All existence is sacred! You need not go to Varanasi or Jerusalem or Kaaba -- all nonsense. All places are full of God. Every point is special.

And what special time are you asking about? Is there a season, a certain climate for enlightenment? Enlightenment is not really a happening. If it were a happening, then maybe, in a certain soil, in a certain climate, in a certain place, on certain days it would be more possible. But enlightenment is not a happening. Enlightenment is simply a recognition -- a recognition that you have always been enlightened, that never, for a single moment, have you lost it; you had just fallen asleep. That's why you come across strange SATORI experiences of Zen Masters.

Somebody's passing by the market and hears somebody reciting the Diamond Sutra. Just hearing one line, he becomes enlightened. How is it possible? -- just hearing one line from the Diamond Sutra, hearing that you are already enlightened from the very beginning? Yes, it can happen, because enlightenment is your nature, your very nature. It is not something outside. The flower is already flowering, you just don't look at it. You go on looking somewhere else, you don't look within.

It can happen.... It happens sometimes that the Master hits the disciple and suddenly -- the Master's staff on his head and something triggers -- thinking stops. Suddenly he recognizes, comes to awareness.

Anything.... It is said, a disciple was sitting silently meditating, meditating for months, for years. Then the Master came, came with a brick, and started rubbing the brick just in front of the disciple who was sitting like a Buddha. And the disciple had become very skillful in sitting for hours together, like a statue, unmoving. Now this Master was rubbing the brick on the stone, and of course, the disciple must have felt great disturbance. He must have felt his teeth on edge -- somebody rubbing a brick just in front of him, and nobody else but his own Master! He tried to control and control, and then it was too much and he said, "Stop it! What are you doing?" And the Master said, "I am trying to make a mirror out of this brick -- rubbing it, rubbing it, rubbing it -- one day it will become a mirror." And the disciple laughed, "You must have gone mad." And the Master said, "And what about you? You are rubbing and rubbing the brick of your mind for years and years, and do you think anything is going to happen?" Suddenly the clouds disappeared: "Yes!" The disciple recognized, fell at the feet of the Master.

But the Master has to watch for the moments when the layer of unawareness is very thin.

There is a question from Anup. He asks, "Why don't you hit me, Osho?"

You are very thick, Anup. Hitting won't do. I'm waiting. You have great shock-absorbers around you, buffers upon buffers. I'm waiting. And you are gathering more buffers rather than dropping them. Your being here is not total. Your being here is just so-so, lukewarm. You come and go, and you think, "Maybe something can happen. If something can happen, then it's okay. If nothing happens, then it's okay." You are not yet involved in the commune. You are a sannyasin but you remain outside. You are not yet a part of the family. You want to be related to me, but you are afraid to relate to the family. And remember, there is no way to relate to me if you can't relate to the family. The family is my device to destroy your buffers.

It is very easy to love me, it is difficult to love Laxmi. And unless you love Laxmi nothing is going to happen. These people I have gathered around me are here for a certain purpose. It is very easy to love me, there is no problem. It is all sweet. Love Deeksha! -- then you will know what bitter means. But Deeksha is my gate; you have to enter through Deeksha. The day you have started loving Deeksha, then you will be able to come close to me, not without it.

There are a few people who are clever -- Anup is one of them -- calculating, clever. They think they can have a direct relationship with me. That is not possible. You cannot avoid the

situation that I am creating. You have to accept it. It is hard to accept it. That's why it is a situation, that's why it is a device! It is hard to swallow it -- that's what the first question was, from Sudesh. He cannot accept the organization here. If he cannot accept the organization here, howsoever he thinks that he loves me, this love is not enough. If you love me enough you will say yes to things that I am making around here. There must be something in them. You can't see right now, you don't have eyes.

Sudesh says, "Things around you are not right. They are topsy-turvy." They are managed that way by me. Passing through them, accepting them, is coming closer to me. That will help you to grow in trust. If you cannot grow then it is better to leave. Give your place to somebody else.

Anup asks me again and again why I don't hit him. You have to be worthy of it. The hit is not cheap, it is costly. I don't go on hitting everybody and anybody. I hit only when I see that now the layer is so thin, just a small hit and the clouds will disappear.

Enlightenment can happen any place, can happen any moment. You just have to allow it to happen. It is not a question of place and time, it is a question of your allowing it.

A parable, a modern Zen parable. You will not find it in Zen books.

Enlightenment of a Seeker.

A serious young man found the conflicts of mid-twentieth century America confusing. He went to many people seeking a way of resolving the discords that troubled him, but he remained troubled.

One night in a coffee house. a self-ordained Zen minister said to him, "Go to the dilapidated mansion you will find at the address which I have written down for you. Do not speak to those who live there: you must remain silent until the moon rises tomorrow night. Go to the large room on the right of the main hallway, sit in the lotus position on top of the rubble in the northeast corner, face the corner and meditate."

He did as the Zen minister instructed. His meditation was frequently interrupted by worries. He worried whether or not the rest of the plumbing fixtures would fall from the second floor to join the pipes and other trash he was sitting on. He worried about how he would know when the moon rose on the next night. He worried about what the people who walked through the room said about him.

His worrying and meditation were disturbed when, as if in a test of his faith, effluvia fell from the second floor onto him. At that time two people walked into the room. The first asked the second who the man sitting there was. The second replied, "Some say he is a holy man. Others say he is a shithead."

Hearing this, the man was enlightened.

It is only a question of being present to ANY situation. Now hearing this -- not a Diamond Sutra -- but he must have heard it, he must have been absolutely attentive in that moment. Naturally when somebody is talking about you and one says, "Some say he is a holy man. Others say he is a shithead" -- all thinking must have stopped: "Hearing this, the man was enlightened."

Whenever, in whatever place, it can happen to you. Enlightenment is available. It does not come from the outside. When the thoughts disappear, it comes from your inside. When the thoughts are no longer clamoring for your attention, and suddenly you are silent, simply

attentive, simply alert, it comes from the deepest core of your being,. It arises like a fragrance. And once you have seen it happen, it is yours forever.

The Wisdom of the Sands, Vol 2

Chapter #3

Chapter title: You are here to be yourself

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The first question:

OSHO, WHY ARE SO MANY PEOPLE AGAINST YOU?

It is natural. It is not strange. If they were not against me it would be absolutely strange. They have been against people like me forever. They HAVE to be, it is inevitable.

Whatever I am doing here is very shattering to their minds. It is cutting their very roots. It is offending them in many ways. It is shocking. It is scandalous. They react, they react just to defend themselves. And the greatest thing that offends them is something that has to be understood.

When Buddha declared that he was enlightened, people were very offended. They could believe that people had been enlightened in the past, but they could not believe that a contemporary, a man just like them, could be enlightened. They could believe that in future there would be enlightened people -- but in the present? A contemporary? It hurts the ego that somebody has become enlightened: "Then what have I been doing here?" It can't be accepted.

And these were the same people who had been reading the Upanishads, reading again and again the great declaration of the seers: AHAM BRAHMASMI -- I am God! If Buddha had simply commented on it, if he had simply said that God is hidden in everybody, God is unmanifest in everybody, they would have loved him. But instead of commenting on it, he became a witness to it. He declared, "I am God! I have attained, I have arrived! I have fulfilled the promise of the seers." That was very offensive.

The same happened with Jesus. What was his crime? Why was he crucified? -- for a very simple reason: he declared, "I have come. I am the one for whom you have been waiting." People were very happy waiting for him, but you should not come, you should leave them alone. They could go on waiting for you for eternity, but when you come, you destroy many things. First, you destroy their hope. Now that you have come they can't hope, they can't wait for something: you have taken away their future. That was their only joy of living: that the

Messiah would be coming that soon he would come. They were thrilled with the future. Now suddenly the Messiah is here! And he said, "I have come... for whom you have been waiting!" They were offended. They didn't like this idea; you are destroying their whole future,, you are taking their hope away. Once this hope is gone they will be left simply in misery. They were hiding their misery behind this hope.

What was so outrageous in Jesus' statements that he had to be crucified?

Just the other day I was reading a passage. The Gospel describes the event: And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up. And he went to the synagogue and he stood up to read. He opened the book of the prophet Isaiah and read: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he has anointed me to preach good news. He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives and recover sight to the blind." In his commentary Jesus spoke one single sentence so explosive that his hearers did not allow him to continue but rushed him outside to kill him. And what did he say that was so outrageous? -- simply, "Today this scripture has been fulfilled in your hearing." That was his comment.

This passage has been commented on by thousands and thousands of rabbis down the ages. Nobody had taken any offense. They were simply commenting on the prophet Isaiah's statement. Jesus did not comment. He declared, "I am here! I have come! The spirit of the Lord is upon me! " He is not a commentator. He himself is the commentary, an alive statement. He said, "The word has become flesh in me. The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he has anointed me to preach good news!" The statement Jesus made is not in inverted commas. That is the only difference that he has made -- he has removed the inverted commas. If those inverted commas had not been removed, people would not have been offended. If he had simply quoted Isaiah's saying, there would have been no problem. But he said, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me! " -- without inverted commas -- "because he has anointed me to preach good news. He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives and recover sight to the blind." And a small comment at the end: "Today this scripture has been fulfilled in your hearing." And people were so mad! They simply took him away. They took him on top of a cliff, they wanted to throw him to his death. They were immensely offended.

And Jesus belonged to that place. He was born there, he was brought up there -- and that was the problem. People knew him perfectly well: "He is the son of that carpenter, Joseph, and his wife, Mary. And this carpenter's son... uneducated, unfamiliar with the scriptures, not a learned man at all, is either mad or a hypocrite, has gone insane or is egoistic, declaring that "Today the scripture has been fulfilled in your hearing! I have come. Isaiah was talking about me. It has happened before your eyes. In your hearing the scripture is fulfilled.""

It was on that day that Jesus made the famous statement: "No prophet is acceptable in his own country."

If he had said. "The day will arrive when this will come to pass", things would have been perfectly okay. But he had not said that. He was saying, "The day has come! I am standing before your eyes, fulfilled. All those prophets were declaring me!" Now this is too much.

In India the Upanishads declare: AHAM BRAHMASMI -- I am God, I am absolute. Talk about it, discuss about it, philosophize about it, speculate about it, go into the metaphysics of the statement, but don't become a witness to it.

And that's why people are against me: I declare I am God, the Upanishads are fulfilled in me. And not only that, I declare you are Gods, and all the prophets and all the seers are waiting just to be fulfilled in you too! But you are so condemnatory about yourself, you are so deadly against yourself. You reject yourself so deeply that you cannot believe that God is possible in you. And if He is not possible in you, how can He be possible in me? Maybe it

was possible in Krishna -- he had come from paradise. Maybe it was possible in Buddha -- he was an incarnation of God. But you know I am just as much the body as you are, as fragile as you are, as prone to illness, disease and death as you are. I am human.

Once I am gone people will not be offended by me. Then you can fabricate mythologies around me, you can create fictions. And the same people who are offended will become worshippers. This has always been so. Now they say Buddha was an incarnation of God, but what were they saying in his time? Now they say Jesus was a Messiah, half the earth worships him as God. What were they saying when he was alive?

This has always been so. And it seems, unfortunately, that it is going to always be so.

Man does not trust himself. Man cannot trust this idea that God is possible on earth. Maybe He is there high in the heavens, far away, distant. The closer God comes to you, the more difficult it becomes to accept. And then naturally, there are a thousand and one things that I do and say which go against their prejudices, which go against their settled habits, which go against their concepts. They are always happy with the priests, they are never happy with the prophet, because the priest simply goes on nourishing their prejudices, he helps them. The priest is a prop: whatsoever you believe in, he goes on watering it, he goes on strengthening it. Whenever you start feeling a little suspicion about your belief, you go to the priest and he again gives you support.

Here, I am taking all supports away from you. I am not here to renovate the old rotten house in which you are living. I am dead-set to demolish it -- because only when the old is utterly demolished can the new be created. When you end as the old, as the past, only then will you be born as new.

The prophet, the Messiah, the Christ, the Buddha -- they cannot be accepted by people while they are alive. People can only accept them when they are dead, when they cannot do any harm to them -- harm in their eyes -- because Buddha is not there to do any harm to you. It looks like harm to you. It hurts, because he has to do an operation; it is surgical.

To be with me is to be constantly on the operation table. Only very few courageous ones can be with me. The cowards will be offended. But the cowards cannot accept that they are cowards, so they will react, they will argue, they will create a thousand and one stories just to protect themselves so that they can feel good that they are not wrong. To accept that one is wrong is the beginning of a great revolution. But very few people are that courageous to accept that they are wrong. And my presence makes them feel wrong. Either I'm right or they are right; there is no compromise. Either/or is the question. If I am right they are wrong. If they want to be right, if they want to prove that they are right, then they have to be against me. They have to prove that I am wrong: that is easier. They don't listen to me, they don't come close to me. There is fear -- if they come close, if they listen, there is fear they may be hypnotized by me. Slowly, slowly, they may be convinced, converted, so they don't come.

The people who are against me are absolutely unacquainted with me. Their unacquaintance is a cultivated phenomenon: they don't allow themselves to come here. If they come, it is very difficult not to see the truth, it is almost impossible. Howsoever blind you are, it is impossible not to see the truth. Truth has its own ways of penetrating your heart, of becoming your pulsation. Truth has its own seductive ways: unawares, it enters into you and suddenly you see. And in that seeing is understanding.

The second question:

IM IN SUCH A VORTEX. NEVER IN LIFE HAVE I BEEN SO RIPPED APART, SO FLUID, SO BEAUTIFULLY INSECURE. MY BEING LOVES YOU -- BODY CONSTANTLY VIBRATING -- WORDS COME TO MIND -- SCINTILLATING, OSCILLATING. EVEN THE VALLEYS HAVE A PASSION. SUCH A THIRST, BELOVED OSHO....

Amrita, this is the state of prayer... when your body prays -- not the mind but the body. The body is your truth, the mind is nothing but lies that you have accumulated down the ages. The mind is borrowed, the body is authentically yours. So when the mind prays the prayer is false. But when the body starts vibrating in a new rhythm, in a new joy, when the body starts pulsating with the divine, with a new song, it is real prayer.

The real prayer arises out of your body, not out of your mind. This is my basic insistence: that all that is real has to arise out of your body. I am tremendously in love with the body because the body is your nature. It is the body where you are grounded and rooted, and all the so-called religions, organized religions, have been destroying the bridge between you and the body. They have been telling you that you are not the body; not only that you are not the body, they have been telling you that the body is the enemy, that the body has to be destroyed, that you have to starve the

body in the name of religion, that you have to torture the body in the name of religion, that only by torturing the body will you come closer to God. I say to you: only by living your body will you come closer to God. There is no other way. Torturing your body you are torturing God Himself, because it is God that has become the body in you. And the body is always beautiful, mind rarely so. And when mind is beautiful it is always when it follows the body. The body has its own wisdom. It knows how to dance, how to sing, how to pulsate with God. Matter knows how to dance with the unknown.

When the sun rises in the morning, millions and millions of trees start waking up. They know... matter is thrilled with the sunrays. Birds start singing, the dawn has come, the night is over. Buds open, open to absorb the sun, open to dance with the wind. Matter knows how to go with the unknown in rhythm. Only the mind is a man-made phenomenon, the soul is in God, the body is in God. Only the mind is outside God.

The prayer that arises out of the mind is false prayer. It will be Christian, it will be Hindu, it will be Mohammedan, but it will not be prayer. It will come from the Koran or from the Gita or from the Bible, but it will not be a prayer. It will be an impotent gesture, movement without any soul in it. It will be like a gramophone record, it will just be mechanical. Millions of Christians go on praying and millions of Hindus and millions of Mohammedans, but you don't see prayer alive on the earth anywhere. What has happened? So many people praying, so many churches, mosques, temples, gurudwaras, synagogues -- so much prayer, but God doesn't seem to happen anywhere. So much prayer simply going down the drain? It is not creating any Buddhafield, is not creating any Christ-consciousness on the earth. If so much prayer were true, the earth would have been transformed. Matter would have become divine if so much prayer were true. Matter itself would have become divine. Matter has the capacity to become divine. If the divine has the capacity to become matter, naturally matter has the capacity to become divine. If God becomes the world, the world can become God. They are two phases of the same energy. But those prayers are false, sheer wastage of time, energy. They are mind prayers.

I teach you the prayer of the body. And if you learn the prayer of the body, if you allow it, then the prayer of the soul will arise on its own accord. When the body starts vibrating with

the divine, suddenly you will see your soul is also vibrating. Your body and soul are one; it is the mind that is making them separate. Dissolve the mind and you are one, you are absolute unity, integration. Mind is the culprit.

So, Amrita, this is what I call prayer, "BODY CONSTANTLY VIBRATING -- WORDS COME TO MIND -- SCINTILLATING, OSCILLATING. EVEN THE VALLEYS HAVE A PASSION. SUCH A THIRST, BELOVED OSHO."

And prayer is thirst. And only through an intense thirst will you be able to become an arrow and thrust into the reality of that which is. Only through thirst will you become fire, aflame. And that fire will burn you as you and will reveal you as God. That thirst is the fire that burns all that is non-essential, and the essential comes bright, clear, loud. That essence is called God. God is not a person sitting somewhere in heaven, God is your essential being. But you have become too occupied with the non-essential: the money, the politics, the respectability. You have become too concerned with others' opinions about you, what they are saying about you. You are so afraid of their opinions, and you start living according to their opinions. You always follow in line with the mediocre, the stupid, the crowd.

Remember, you are not here to follow the crowd. You are not here to follow anybody, in fact. You are here to realize who you are. You are here to be yourself.

The non-essential has to be dropped. Just go on watching how many non-essential things you go on carrying with yourself, how much unnecessary luggage, junk, you go on carrying with yourself. Drop all that. This thirst will help you to drop it. Allow it to become a fire.

Fear will come -- because when your house is on fire it is very natural that fear arise. You will not know whether anything is going to be saved out of this fire or not. In fact, whatsoever you know about yourself will be gone, and something will surface which you have never known about yourself. Your identity as it is now will be gone, but a new identity, a new vision of life will arise out of it.

Each person has to become the Parable of the Phoenix. Each person has to create his own inner fire -- that's what prayer is.

Amrita, you say, "I AM IN SUCH A VORTEX."

It will be a chaos, because the old will start disappearing and the new will take time. And there will be a gap, and that gap requires courage. In fact a Master is needed just to help you in that gap. When your whole mind says, "Go back, cling to the past. At least you used to know who you are. Now you are losing all identity. You are becoming more and more vague. You are becoming a mist, a cloud. Where are you going? Slowly, slowly you may disappear completely. This may be a death, and not a spiritual birth. Go back! Cling to the past! At least it was familiar, known. You have lived it, you were very skillful about it. Yes, there were miseries and there were downs and there were darkneses -- so what? But at least you were there. Now, searching for light, you are disappearing. Even if there is light and you are gone, what is the point?"

All logic will be in favor of going back. That is the moment when a Master is needed, somebody in whom you trust so tremendously that you can distrust your logic and go with him. Just a little while, and the thing has happened. Once the new starts arising in your consciousness, then there is no problem. Then you know you are on sure ground, and great joy arises with it.

It is going to be a vortex to all those who have gathered around me. It is going to be a chaos. First you will become like nebulae, vaporous. First you will disappear as you are, only then....

Remember the story we started these talks with, 'The Wisdom of the Sands'? The river is afraid: "How to cross the desert?" And the desert says, "Don't be afraid. The only way to cross me is to evaporate. Ride on the wings of the wind. Let the wind carry you beyond the desert." But the river is naturally afraid: "Who knows? Once you evaporate what is the guarantee that you will again be the same, that you will BE again?" And the river is logical, and she argues, and the desert says, "The argument is not going to help, and I cannot prove it. I cannot give you any guarantee, but this is so. I have seen many rivers crossing me. This is the only way. You will have to take the risk."

That risk is sannyas. You have to take the risk to evaporate in me, with me; only then can you go through the desert. Otherwise you will become a mire in the desert, you will be lost.

"I'M IN SUCH A VORTEX. NEVER IN LIFE HAVE I BEEN SO RIPPED APART..."

True, because the whole life tries to keep you as you are -- the parents, the school, the college, the university, the church. The structure of the society tries to keep you as you are. The whole structure is bent upon you remaining stagnant, that you should not become dynamic, because the people who are dynamic are dynamite. They are dangerous people. The people who are growing, the people who are evolving, are bound to be dangerous to the status quo, to the state, to the society, to the church -- because the people who are growing can't remain with the old ideologies. Their growth will require new Gods, new Bibles, new Korans. Their growth will require new Visions of reality.

If a child grows, how long can you keep him satisfied with his toys? The only way to keep him satisfied with his toys is not to allow him growth. Force him to remain retarded; then he will go on playing with his toys, but you have made an imbecile. That's what the society is doing to millions of people: it keeps them imbeciles. It does not allow them to grow because once they start growing then nobody will be able to contain them. And once they have tasted growth they will not believe in any boundaries, they will go on growing till they become God.

And man can be a slave; God cannot be a slave. And the man can be forced to do stupid things: the man can be forced to go to war, the man can be forced to fight, to kill, to murder. You cannot force God. If people go on growing you will not find Englishmen and Germans and Japanese and Indians in the world. If a person goes on growing soon he will have gone beyond being a German or an American or a Chinese or an Indian. Soon he will see the stupidity of it. Soon he will become a universal citizen. Then what will happen to your politicians? What will happen to your nations and your stupid flags? What will happen to all that nonsense that goes on and on and has become too important? That nonsense can remain important and your capitals can remain capitals and your politicians can remain great leaders only if man remains retarded. If man grows, who wants a leader? Everybody will have his own inner guide. Who bothers about listening to politicians? They will be simply out of date. If man grows there can't be any politics; politics is so juvenile. If man grows there can't be any poverty and any richness. If a man grows, he will see; not that communism comes, because that is again another politics. If man grows, a new vision comes: that we all belong to the same earth, that our happiness and our misery is together. If a single man is unhappy, then the whole humanity will have something stuck. That one unhappy man will function like a

wound on the body of humanity.

We are together! If we really want to be happy, the everybody has to be happy. Only in a happy atmosphere can you be happy. Not that the proletariat comes and starts dominating the society -- that is going from one polarity to another, it doesn't change anything. That's why all the revolutions in the past have failed -- the French, the Russian, the Chinese, the Indian All the revolutions have failed because the pendulum simply moves to the opposite pole. Rich people were in domination -- the czar was the dictator -- now they are thrown; now the proletariat is in domination. In fact the same bourgeoisie, in the name of the proletariat, starts ruling. And in fact, the czar was never such a czar as Stalin proved to be. Stalin was a reincarnation of Peter, or Ivan the Terrible.

The oppressed become the oppressors, and the oppressors become the oppressed. But the story continues, the story is the same: A becomes B, B becomes A, and the problem remains where it was.

If people grow up, if people become more conscious, if people become more centered -- not that they all will become public servants, but they will simply see that whatsoever they do helps humanity to be more happy. Whatsoever they do, they should see to it that it does not create more misery in the world. That will happen spontaneously. States will disappear, nations will disappear, religions will disappear. There will be a kind of religiousness, a milieu of spirituality around the earth, an atmosphere. That is totally different. But nobody is in favor that you should change, because with your change, so many people's investments will be at stake.

You say, "I'M IN SUCH A VORTEX. NEVER IN LIFE HAVE I BEEN SO RIPPED APART..."

You have never been with a Master. To be with a Master is to learn how to die. Yes, you will be ripped apart. And the paradox is that only in this death will you be born, only this cross will help you to resurrect.

You say, "... SO FLUID, SO BEAUTIFULLY INSECURE."

I am happy, Amrita, that you are feeling the beauty of insecurity, because there is only one security, and that is of insecurity. All other securities are false, make-believes. There is only one security which is not a make-believe, and that is to live and love insecurity, to live moment to moment, to live continuously available to the unknown. To live without a past is to live without security. Security comes from the past. Those who live afraid of insecurity are confined by their past. They live a dead life, they live in their graves. They don't live, they only pretend to live. The people who really want to live have to live in the present, and the present is insecure. Insecurity is built-in in life. It is its very lifeblood. Insecurity means things are changing, moving, that life is a pilgrimage, that we have to go on moving till we reach the ocean and disappear into it. That ocean is God.

"MY BEING LOVES YOU -- BODY CONSTANTLY VIBRATING..."

Allow the body, let it vibrate and dance, let it pray. Listen to the body. Follow the body. Never in any way try to dominate the body. The body is your foundation. Once you have started understanding your body, ninety-nine percent of your miseries will simply disappear.

But you don't listen.

The body says, "Stop! Don't eat!" You go on eating, you listen to the mind. The mind says, "It is very tasty, delicious. A little more." You don't listen to the body. The body is feeling nauseous, the stomach is saying, "Stop! Enough is enough! I am tired!" but the mind says, "Look at the taste... a little bit more." You go on listening to the mind. If you listen to the body; ninety-nine percent of problems will simply disappear, and the remaining one percent will be just accidents, not really problems.

But from the very childhood we have been distracted from the body, we have been taken away from the body. The child is crying, the child is hungry and the mother is looking at the clock because the doctor says that only after three hours is the child to be given milk. She is not looking at the child. The child is the real clock to look at, but she goes on looking at the clock. She listens to the doctor, and the child is crying, and the child is asking for food, and the child needs food right now. If the child is not given food right now you have distracted him from the body. Instead of giving him food you give him a pacifier. Now you are cheating and you are deceiving. And you are giving something false, plastic, and you are trying to distract and destroy the sensitivity of the body. The wisdom of the body is not allowed to have its say, the mind is entering in. The child is pacified by the pacifier, he falls asleep. Now the clock says three hours are over and you have to give the milk to the child. Now the child is fast asleep, now his body is sleeping; you wake him up, because the doctor says the milk has to be given. You again destroy his rhythm. Slowly, slowly you disturb his whole being. A moment comes when he has lost all track of his body. He does not know what his body wants -- whether the body wants to eat or not eat, he does not know; whether the body wants to make love or not, he does not know. Everything is manipulated by something from the outside. He looks at a Playboy magazine and feels like making love. Now this is stupid, this is mind. The love cannot be very great; it will be just a sneeze, nothing else, an unburdening. It is not love at all. How can love happen through the mind? Mind knows nothing of love. It becomes a duty. You have a wife, you have a husband, you have to make love -- it becomes a duty. Dutifully, religiously, every night, you make love. Now the spontaneity is not there. And then you are worried because you start feeling it is not fulfilling you. Then you start looking for some other woman. You start thinking logically, "Maybe this woman is not the right woman for me. Maybe she is not my soulmate. Maybe she is not made for me. I am not made for her, because she's not turning me on."

The woman is not the problem, the man is not the problem: you are not in the body, she is not in the body. If people were in their bodies, nobody would miss that beauty called orgasm. If people were in their bodies, they would know God's first glimpses through their orgasmic experiences. You can't know God through the church, you can know God only through love, because only in a loving experience you dissolve, you melt, you become vast. In that vastness you have the taste of God, the taste of Tao. That is the foundation of a real, religious life.

Why are people so irreligious today? -- not because churches are lacking or missionaries are lacking or people are not continuously sermonizing. Millions of books are written, and millions of sermons are given, but all fall flat because the real witness is not available. Nobody has witnessed God in his life in any way. How can you convince people that God is? It all remains just an argument. It does not convert, it does not convince. If people were in their bodies they would know God in love, and then they would start searching for God. They would search for that vastness, that hugeness, that has happened to them. They know it by their own experience; it is existential, it is not theological, it is not philosophical. They know God is, that something like God is.

Now God has to be searched for. Now one has to go on a great exploration.

Listen to your body, follow the body. Mind is foolish, body is wise. And if you have gone deep into the body, in those very depths you will find your soul. The soul is hidden in the depths of the body. The soul is the innermost core of the body, and the body is the outermost circumference of the soul. Mind is a social by-product. The less mind, the better. And all effort here is how to lessen your mind, how to lessen your burden.

That's why Sufis call that state of meditation FANA, a state of no-mind.

The third question:

SOMETIMES I FEEL THAT ALL MY INNER JOURNEY IS ONLY IMAGINATION. SOMETIMES I KNOW IT IS TRUE. IS GOING INWARD JUST MOVING BACK FROM THE OUTSIDE BUSINESS, MOVING DOWN IN THE DEEPER CAVERNS OF BODY INTO THE HEARTBEAT AND DOWN INTO THE JOY OF BEING AND BEHIND THE BODY, BEHIND THE FEELINGS, SHIFTING THE ME BEHIND UNTIL IT IS JUST SOMEHOW THAT I AM WATCHED AND FELT BY THAT WHICH LIVES -- ME? YOU SAY THAT THE POWER OF IMAGINATION DELUDES. IN FRONT OF YOU I FEEL LIKE SUCH A SCHMUCK WHEN I DON'T FEEL THAT I AM GOD.

Padma Sambhava, those are the only two things possible: either you are a schmuck or you are a Buddha. There are no stages in between. Either you know or you don't know. You will be surprised to know that in India, the word for schmuck is BUDDHU -- it comes from Buddha. Either you are a BUDDHU, a schmuck, or you are a Buddha, awakened.

Both come from the same root. BUDDHU means the stupid, the foolish, the ignorant, fast asleep. 'Buddha' means one who has awakened, who has come out of his dreams, out of his desires, out of his ignorance, one who has come to know, one who is full of light within. The darkness has disappeared, the night is over, the sun has risen. And there are no stages in between. So never be befooled by the in-between stages.

People have created many stages. They say, "I am not a Buddha yet, but I am on the Way. I am a very, very religious person, spiritual, holy." But all your spirituality and all your holiness and all your saintlihood is nothing but a dream -- UNLESS YOU have become a Buddha. One can dream about being a saint -- there is no problem in it -- and all your learnedness is just a dream. One can dream about being learned, but all the time you remain a schmuck, you don't change.

Your so-called scholars and priests and professors and great knowers, knowledgeable people, just remain in the first category. It is better to realize that these are the only two possibilities: either you are awake or you are asleep. Seeing things like that will be of great help.

You ask, "SOMETIMES I FEEL THAT ALL MY INNER JOURNEY IS ONLY IMAGINATION."

It is... because the inner and the outer both are created by the imagination. In reality there is nothing inner and nothing outer; it is all one. You can't say it is inner, you can't say it is outer. The distinction between the inner and the outer is created by the mind. It is not real, it does not correspond to reality.

What is inner and what is outer?

You take a breath in. It was outer just a moment before, then it becomes inner, then after a second it is outer again. So what is inner and what is outer? You take food, it was out; then you digest it -- it becomes your blood, your bone, your marrow. So what is inner and what is outer? And you go to the haircutter and he cuts your hair; it was inner, now it is no more inner.

The inner is continuously becoming outer, the outer is continuously becoming inner. That's what life is, the dynamics of life: the yin goes on becoming yang, the yang goes on becoming yin. The man goes on becoming woman, the woman goes on becoming man.

You eat an apple from a tree -- it was outer, then it becomes inner. Then one day you will die and you will fall into the earth and an apple tree will arise on you. And something of you will become the apple, and your grandchildren may eat it. We are all cannibals: we are eating each other. There is no other way to be here. When you eat an apple be respectful... you may be eating your grandfather or grandmother.

Nothing is outer, nothing is inner. Inner and outer are just ways of describing the same thing. To see it is to go beyond imagination.

You say, "SOMETIMES I FEEL THAT ALL MY INNER JOURNEY IS ONLY IMAGINATION."

It is, but right now all is imagination. In fact, journey, as such, is always outer. There can't be any inner journey. How can there be inner journey? Going anywhere is always going out. When the journey ends then the inner begins. You may be coming closer to the inner, but the journey remains outer. 'Journey' means you are trying to connect yourself with the distant. The inner is not distant, it is exactly what you are. You are already connected with it, there is no need to connect, there is no path to connect you to it. That's why Zen people say that truth is a pathless reality: you don't go anywhere, then you are in. When you don't go anywhere the inner has happened.

But I can understand Padma Sambhava's difficulty too. I myself go on saying to you "Start the inner journey". I have to use words, you have to use words, and all words are inadequate. And if you go on stretching a word to its extreme, logical end, it becomes absurd. They have to be used only in a hypothetical way. They have to be used in a utilitarian sense.

When I use the words 'inner journey', I simply mean that you have looked at one aspect of the journey in your life called 'outer', now try to look at another aspect of the journey called 'inner'. YoU have been running after money, now run after meditation. You have been running after power, now run after God. Both are running. Once you start running after meditation then one day I will tell you, "Now drop meditation too. Now stop running." And when you stop running then real meditation happens.

Sitting silently,
doing nothing,
the spring comes
and the grass grows by itself.

So meditation has two meanings. That's why in India we have two words for it: DHYANA and SAMADHI. DHYANA means the temporary meditation, arbitrary meditation; SAMADHI means you have come home, now meditation is not needed. When even meditation is not needed, one is in meditation -- never before it. When one simply lives

in meditation, walks in meditation, sleeps in meditation, when meditation is just one's way of being, then one has arrived.

But you have been running too much after money, power, prestige. You have become so accustomed to running. Suddenly to say "Stop!" would be too much. You have to be slowed down slowly, slowly. So we say, "Run after God." This will slow you down. Running after God, you ask "How?" and you are told. "Sit silently. close your eyes, watch your breathing. " Now what kind of running is this? In the name of running you are persuaded not to run. Watching your breathing, slowly, slowly the breathing becomes slower and slower. Sitting silently, not moving, one day you suddenly recognize the fact that all journey has disappeared. You are not going anywhere, you are. In that moment when you see you are, you simply are, it has happened. It is neither outer nor inner.

So let me say it in a paradoxical way: the inner is realized only when the inner and outer both disappear. The inner is just a beginning, to balance the outer. When both come to an absolute balance, when both negate each other, emptiness is left in your hands -- neither outer nor inner. That is not imagination.

Right now, Padma Sambhava, it is imagination. And you have to be very, very alert, because imagination is one of the sources that go on creating new desires, new fantasies, new worlds for you. It is MAYA, it is illusion.

The fourth question:

WHO ARE YOU?

I would like to tell you one story. Many centuries have passed, but that story has remained of tremendous significance for those who want to meditate.

Bodhidharma went to China. He was one of the most unique persons ever. The whole of China was waiting for Bodhidharma.

It took many years for him to cross the Himalayas. It was difficult, and he was walking.

The emperor had come to receive him on the border; the emperor's name was Wu. He had become a Buddhist -- not only had he become a Buddhist, he had put all his treasures into the service of Buddhism. He had converted millions of people to Buddhism, he had created thousands of temples and thousands of Buddha-statues, and he had helped all of Buddha's scriptures to be translated into Chinese. Ten thousand monks used to receive their food from his palace every day. He was supporting in every way.

Bodhidharma was coming -- another Buddha was coming -- Wu had come to receive him. Naturally, this dialogue happened. This is one of the greatest dialogues, a small dialogue but of immense importance.

Wu asked, "What is the merit of all the good deeds that I have been doing in the service of Buddhism?" He must have hoped for a good pat on his head. He must have hoped, and naturally so, because all other Buddhist teachers and monks were saying, "You are simply great. You are the greatest emperor in history You have done such holy works. Your life is the life of true service and compassion." They may have been saying all these things; naturally, Wu expected some sanction from the greatest Master that has come to China. Do you know what Bodhidharma said?

He said, "No merit. Nothing special about it, absolutely nothing."

To translate it into modern jargon, he said, "All bullshit!"

Wu was offended, shocked. He could not believe his ears. And thousands of monks had gathered; they were also shocked. They were afraid really, they were fearing something like that because stories were coming about Bodhidharma -- that he's a strange fellow. And when he came they were absolutely certain that he was a strange fellow, because he was carrying one of his shoes on his head. And he was a very dangerous-looking man. He was all eyes, fiery eyes, as if he would jump and kill you. And naturally, a Master has to do that. And he had long hair and beard, and his whole face was covered with his hair; only those eyes were there. Later on he came to be known in China as 'the barbarian Buddha', as the 'barbarian Brahmin from India'. He was a wild man. A shiver must have gone down the spine of Emperor Wu.

Bodhidharma said, "All bullshit!" There was no point in prolonging the conversation, but it was so abrupt. And Wu was a very sophisticated man, a cultured man, a Chinese emperor -- the Chinese are very cultured people, very polite. It would not look good to stop so suddenly, so just to bring it to a point where it could be easily finished, he asked again, "Are they not holy? You must be joking," he said.

Bodhidharma said, "No! No holiness! All is just empty. There is nothing holy and nothing unholy. All is just empty." He was bent upon breaking this conversation abruptly.

Now even Wu forgot all his sophistication and cultured ways and courtly manners. This man was too much! He provoked him so much that he became angry. And he asked. "Then who are you, standing in front of me?"

And Bodhidharma had a beautiful laugh, and he said, "I don't know."

You ask me, "WHO ARE YOU?"

And I say, "I don't know."

What did Bodhidharma mean when he said, "I don't know"? He SHOULD know. Who else? But what does he mean by "I don't know"? He is saying a thousand and one things in that simple statement. It has taken centuries for people to uncover the meaning of it, and still there are meanings upon meanings.

First, when you come to know, you disappear. There is no 'I'. While the 'I' exists you never come to know. When the 'I' disappears you come to know, but then you are not there.

So there are two kinds of ignorances: one, when you are and you don't know; and the second, a luminous ignorance, full of light -- but you are not there, so who is there to say that "I know"? The 'I' is no longer there.

The second thing: whenever you know something, it has to be separate from you, it has to be an object of knowledge. How can you know the knower? You cannot reduce the knower to an object of knowledge. It remains the knower, it never becomes known. Whatsoever you know simply proves that it is not you. That is one of the basic meditations in the East.

Look at things, watch things, and whatsoever you become capable of knowing, you can be certain this is not you. So that is eliminated. This is called 'the process of elimination'. You watch, sitting silently -- you can see your body, you can feel the legs are falling asleep, you can feel the hand is feeling tired, heavy, you can feel your head is having a headache. Then certainly one thing can be taken for granted: you are not your head, and you are not your legs, and you are not your hand. You are the knower who knows the head and the headache. So the body is eliminated. Then you start watching your mind. A thought arises, a thought of anger, passion, love, or whatever. You can see it arising in you. A cloud of anger comes and surrounds you; you can watch it. Or, you are possessed by a great desire for love, but you can

watch that it is there. You can see that anger is there, or love is there, or greed is there, can't you? When you see that greed is there, one thing is certain -- that you are not it. You are one who knows. So mind is eliminated.

When the body and mind are eliminated, then who remains? -- just a pure witness. Now you cannot know this pure witness because you cannot reduce it to being an object. The mirror cannot reflect itself, it can only reflect something else. Your eyes cannot see themselves, they can only see something else. Your witness cannot witness itself. That is the second meaning when Bodhidharma says "I don't know".

And the third: when Bodhidharma says "I don't know", he is saying, "The ultimate is a mystery, and it remains a mystery. There is no way to demystify it."

You ask me, " WHO ARE YOU?"

You would like some traditional answer -- that I am a reincarnation of Buddha. Bullshit! I am not. You would like me to tell you that I am the Messiah you have been waiting for. I am not. I'm not interested in becoming a martyr, not at all. You would like a definitive statement, and no definitive is possible, by the very nature of things.

Let me tell you another story:

Moses went on the mountains and God appeared to him as fire in a bush. And the bush remained green, and the bush was not burning.

This is an indication, a metaphoric indication, of the paradox of God -- that God is a paradox, that God is illogical, that God is absurd, CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM. This is Tertullian's famous statement: "I believe in God because He is absurd. I believe because He cannot be believed."

To put it in a metaphor, in a pictorial way, it is said that Moses saw the bush and the fire in it, and the bush was not burning. He must have felt very confused, puzzled. And then God gave him the Ten Commandments to take to his people. And naturally he asked, "They will ask me, 'Who has given these to you?' What should I say?" And God said, "Say to them: I am that I am."

In the whole Jewish tradition there is no other statement which is more significant than this: I am that I am. Even God cannot say who He is.

You can say who you are, I cannot say who I am -- because you have some identities. I have no identity. You think you are your name. Somebody asks, "Who are you?" You say, "My name is swami this or swami that." "Who are you?" somebody asks, and you can say that you are a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan. "Who are you?" somebody asks, and you can say, "I am a doctor or an engineer or a professor. " These are just identities, superficial. Deep down, are you German or English or Chinese, Hindu, Christian, Buddhist? In your consciousness, at the deepest core, who are you? -- doctor, engineer, professor? No, all these identities disappear. Who are you? You are there. I am that I am -- nothing more can be said about it.

And the last question:

RELIGION IS ETERNAL, YOU SAY, BUT THEN WHY DOES IT GO ON CHANGING?

Religion is eternal -- religion as the ultimate law of life and existence, as Tao, is eternal.

Not as Christianity; Christianity can't be eternal. One day it was born, one day it will have to die.

Many religions were born and they are gone, have disappeared. Many religions will be born and will disappear. The eternal religion -- what in India we call SANATAN DHARMA, the eternal religion, is transcendental. That eternal religion is translated sometimes by a Buddha -- it becomes Buddhism. It is a translation of the eternal into time. It is bringing something of the beyond to the earth. But the moment it is translated into time it is no more the eternal religion. It has taken a body and a shape and a form. Now no shape is eternal, no form is eternal; it will have to die.

It is like a child is born to you. The soul is eternal, but this child will have to die. This child has two things in it -- the soul, the eternal; and something temporal -- the structure, the mechanism. The body cannot be eternal. It has arisen out of the earth, it will have to go down to earth -- dust unto dust.

Exactly the same is the case with religion: when religion is understood by an enlightened soul, he brings it in your language, the way you can understand. And that's why there are so many differences and so many religions. Moses had to speak the language of his people, what they could understand. Buddha had to speak the language of his people, what they could understand -- and they were different people.

Now Jews are very practical people and Hindus are very impractical people. Moses had to speak a pragmatic language. Religion became ethics, morality -- hence the Ten Commandments. You will not find those Ten Commandments in any Hindu scripture. When for the first time the Upanishads were translated into Western languages, people were puzzled; there was nothing like Ten Commandments. How can a religion exist without Ten Commandments? The Upanishads say nothing about your morality. They don't say: Don't steal. Don't lie. Don't do this. Do that. They don't talk that language, not at all: Hindus have always been philosophical, speculative people. They love abstraction, they love flying into the sky.

Jews have always been practical people. This difference makes the difference. Moses has to speak to Jews, he has to be very particular -- "Do this, don't do that". If somebody says to Hindus, "Do this, don't do that", it won't have much appeal. Not that there have not been people like that; there was Manu, who was exactly like Moses. But they are not the mainstream of Hindu consciousness.

Mohammed speaks another language, and then time goes on changing -- Krishna, five thousand years before, then Buddha, twenty-five centuries before. Twenty-five centuries passed between Krishna and Buddha. People had changed, people had learned many things, unlearned many things. Body structure, social structure, mind structure, everything is in a flux. Buddha speaks totally differently. Then Kabir speaks again differently.

I am speaking a totally different language. I am speaking to those who are alive today. Again and again religion will have to change, but the essential core remains the same. The shape changes, the form changes, the name changes, but the essential core remains the same, the essential taste remains the same.

And the second thing to be remembered: this is the change that is brought by enlightened people, but there are other changes also which go on parallel to it. Many changes are brought by the priests not because they know what truth is, but they have to adjust to people's needs. When an enlightened person like Jesus or Buddha makes any change, he has to look at two things: he has to look at truth and he has to look at people's minds. He has to create a bridge. But when a priest looks at the people he is only looking at the people -- the politics, the

society, the economics. He has no idea of truth. He goes on making compromises, he goes on changing the religion. He has to change because he has to adjust. A thousand and one changes are brought by the priests, but the changes that are brought by the priests destroy religion. And the changes that are brought by seers make religion again and again alive. These are two different processes, so remember it.

If you are around a man like Buddha or Kabir or Nanak, it is totally different. He brings a fresh message from God, from the source. He will speak your language but he will not compromise with you. He will be absolutely uncompromising. That's why those people look very hard.

Somebody has just asked "Sometimes Osho, you are very hard". I have to be. I cannot compromise with you. I speak your language so that you can understand, but I cannot compromise with you. Otherwise there is no need: if I compromise with you, I am no more your Master. But the priest goes on compromising.
A story will be helpful.

It was the day before the Holy Day of Atonement. A young Jewish chap in a small town had something on his conscience. He went to his synagogue to see the rabbi. In privacy, he confessed to the rabbi that he had a sexual adventure that troubled him.

"Well," said the rabbi, "what happened?"

"Ah," answered the young chap, "I'm really ashamed to tell you. I thought you could gain me forgiveness before Yom Kippur. Of course, I'm ready to make a sizeable contribution to the synagogue."

"Well," said the rabbi, "what actually happened?"

"I had sexual intercourse with a gentile female."

"That is pretty bad."

"Worse, I kissed her."

"You kissed her?"

"Yes, I kissed her in a very intimate place."

The rabbi threw up his hands in horror and said, "Sorry! There is nothing I can do for you. The transgression is outrageous. You have shamed yourself beyond repair." And the rabbi angrily dismissed him.

The young man was distraught, and drove to a larger town. He sought out the rabbi of the Conservative congregation and told him his story. But the rabbi reprimanded him; though in milder tones, and advised that he could not accept a contribution because the sin committed was really beyond sanctioning.

The young man was crestfallen. But still determined to seek absolution; he drove to Detroit. There he sought out the largest Reform congregation, met the rabbi and told his story.

The rabbi listened patiently and then replied, "Well, it is an indiscretion, but not a fatal error. I believe that a proper contribution to the synagogue fund, and your attendance here tomorrow at services, will clear up the matter."

The young sinner turned to the rabbi and declared, "I will be delighted to comply with everything you mentioned. Yet, I can't understand. How is it that Rabbi Finkelstein and Rabbi Tannebaum gave little heed to my plea and turned me out?"

"Well," answered the Reform rabbi, "do you expect such smalltown rabbis to know anything about fancy fucking?"

The priest goes on compromising. He is not interested in the eternal, he is interested in something else. He is ready to compromise with you. These people go on destroying religion.

But in the natural course, every religion has to die. The changes that are brought by the rabbis and priests and the ministers are political changes, social changes. They are not religious. They only look at how they can go on holding their flock together. They are afraid to lose numbers, they go on compromising with the crowd. So if Adolf Hitler is in power, the minister blesses him.

Now this is strange... that a man who believes in Christ and his message blesses Adolf Hitler, or blesses some other country. He has to look for other things which have nothing to do with religion. These people bring many changes; those changes go on killing and poisoning the body of religion.

But real changes also are needed. And whenever a real change happens a new religion is born. Whenever these unreal compromises go on happening the old religion continues, dead, a corpse phenomenon -- but it continues. It goes on stinking, but they go on putting patches on it. It is a dead body but they go on painting it. They go on pretending that everything is alive. Whenever real changes happen, whenever another message comes from the original source, a new religion is born.

Jesus brings a new message; Christianity is born. The Vatican goes on compromising. It is a dead Christianity now. It is good that it should go. If we are finished with dead religions on the earth it will be a great blessing to humanity, because when dead religions are finished, people start looking for new sources.

And I am happy that the new generation, all over the world, is finished with the dead stinking corpses, and is searching for new sources, new, alive sources. This search is one of the greatest phenomena of this century, and this search is becoming stronger every day.

Something great is going to happen. This search simply heralds a great future. Religion is going to happen to humanity again -- as it had happened in Jesus' time or as it had happened in Buddha's time. Again man is getting ready to have a new religious consciousness, a new quantum leap.

The Wisdom of the Sands, Vol 2

Chapter #4

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THERE WAS ONCE A VERY RICH MAN WHO HAD A SON. HE SAID TO HIM, "MY SON, HERE IS A JEWELLED RING. KEEP IT AS A SIGN THAT YOU ARE A SUCCESSOR OF MINE, AND PASS

IT DOWN TO YOUR POSTERITY. IT IS OF VALUE, OF FINE APPEARANCE, AND IT HAS THE ADDED CAPACITY OF OPENING A CERTAIN DOOR TO WEALTH."
SOME YEARS LATER HE HAD ANOTHER SON. WHEN HE WAS OLD ENOUGH, THE WISE MAN GAVE HIM ANOTHER RING, WITH THE SAME ADVICE.
THE SAME THING HAPPENED IN THE CASE OF HIS THIRD AND LAST SON.
WHEN THE ANCIENT HAD DIED AND THE SONS GREW UP, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, EACH CLAIMED PRIMACY FOR HIMSELF BECAUSE OF HIS POSSESSION OF ONE OF THE RINGS. NOBODY COULD TELL FOR CERTAIN WHICH WAS THE MOST VALUABLE.
EACH OF HIS SONS GAINED ADHERENTS, ALL CLAIMING GREATER VALUE OR BEAUTY FOR HIS OWN RING.
BUT THE CURIOUS THING WAS THAT THE 'DOOR TO WEALTH' REMAINED SHUT FOR THE POSSESSORS OF THE KEYS, AND EVEN THEIR CLOSEST SUPPORTERS.
THEY WERE ALL TOO PREOCCUPIED WITH THE PROBLEM OF PRECEDENCE, THE POSSESSION OF THE RING, ITS VALUE AND APPEARANCE.
ONLY A FEW LOOKED FOR THE DOOR TO THE TREASURY OF THE ANCIENT. BUT THE RINGS HAD A MAGICAL QUALITY TOO. ALTHOUGH THEY WERE KEYS, THEY WERE NOT USED DIRECTLY IN OPENING THE DOOR TO THE TREASURY. IT WAS SUFFICIENT TO LOOK UPON THEM WITHOUT CONTENTION OR TOO MUCH ATTACHMENT TO ONE OR THE OTHER OF THEIR QUALITIES. WHEN THIS HAD BEEN DONE, THE PEOPLE WHO HAD LOOKED WERE ABLE TO TELL WHERE THE TREASURY WAS, AND COULD OPEN IT MERELY BY REPRODUCING THE OUTLINE OF THE RING. THE TREASURES HAD ANOTHER QUALITY TOO: THEY WERE INEXHAUSTIBLE.
MEANWHILE THE PARTISANS OF THE THREE RINGS REPEATED THE TALE OF THEIR ANCESTOR ABOUT THE MERITS OF THE RINGS, EACH IN A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT WAY. THE FIRST COMMUNITY THOUGHT THAT THEY HAD ALREADY FOUND THE TREASURE. THE SECOND THOUGHT THAT IT WAS ALLEGORICAL. THE THIRD TRANSFERRED THE POSSIBILITY OF THE OPENING OF THE DOOR TO A DISTANT AND REMOTELY IMAGINED FUTURE TIME.

I said to you the other day that all revolutions have failed, all but one. But that one has never been tried yet. That revolution is religion, the untried revolution.

Why has it not been tried yet? And it is the only real revolution possible; then why has it not been tried yet? It is real, it can really change the whole world, that's why. People want to talk about change, revolution. They want to play around these words, they love philosophizing, but they don't want really to go into revolution. They are not that courageous. They cling to their past. Talking is safe, going into revolution is very unsafe.

That's why the real has been avoided till now and the unreal ones have been tried. The political, the social, the economic -- those revolutions have been tried, because deep down man knows that they are doomed to fail. He can have the joy of being a revolutionary and yet can go on clinging to the past. There is no risk involved.

Those so-called revolutions that have been tried and have all failed are escapes from the real revolution. It will sound very strange to you. What I am saying is this: that all your so-called revolutionaries are escapists. To avoid the real they have been creating the false, the pseudo.

Society cannot be changed unless man is changed -- this is a fundamental truth. There is no way to avoid it, to shirk it, to escape from it. Society is an abstraction; it exists not. That which exists is the individual, not the society. Man exists, the society is just abstraction, a concept, an idea.

Have you ever met the society? Have you ever met the nation? Whenever you come across something, you come across a concrete individual, alive, breathing. 'Society' is a dead word. It has its utility; it is just a symbol. By changing the symbol you will not be changing anything at all. You have to change the real stuff. The society is made of the stuff called man,

man is the brick of the society. Unless man is changed nothing is changed; you can only pretend. You can believe, you can hope, you can imagine, and you can go on living in your misery. You can dream. Those dreams are soothing, comfortable; they keep you asleep. In fact, modern research about dreams says it is so, exactly so -- that's the function of the dreams: they keep you asleep.

You are feeling hungry in the night, you start dreaming that you are going towards the fridge, and you start eating in your dream and the sleep remains undisturbed. If the dream does not happen then the hunger will be too much and the hunger won't allow you to continue to sleep. The hunger will wake you up.

Your bladder is full and pressing, and you start dreaming that you have gone to the toilet. If you don't dream of the toilet, the pressure is too much; you will have to wake up. The function of the dream is to help you remain asleep.

And that is the function of ALL other dreams -- the dream that the society one day will be classless, the utopia will come, that one day there will be no misery, that one day the earth will become paradise. These are dreams. They are very consoling, comforting. They are like ointment on the wounds, but the ointment is false.

For five thousand years man has been dreaming that way -- that the society will change, that sooner or later things will be good, the night will be over soon. But the night continues, the sleep continues. Society goes on changing but nothing really changes. Only the forms go on changing. One slavery changes into another slavery, one kind of oppression changes into another kind of oppression, one type of ruler is replaced by other types of rulers, but oppression continues, exploitation continues, misery continues .

I say religion is the only revolution because it changes man. It changes man's consciousness, it changes man's heart. It depends on the individual, because the individual is real and concrete. It does not bother about the society. If the individual is different you will have a different society and a different world automatically. And you cannot change the inner by changing the outer, because the outer is on the periphery. But you can change the outer by changing the center, the inner, because the inner is at the very core of it. By changing the symptoms you will not change the disease. You will have to go deep into man. From where comes this violence? From where comes this exploitation? From where come all these ego-trips? From where? They all come from unconsciousness. Man lives asleep, man lives mechanically. That mechanism has to be broken, man has to be re-done. That is the religious revolution that has not been tried.

You will say, "Then what about all these religions? -- Christianity, Hinduism, Islam?" They are again escapes from the real.

When a Jesus comes to the world he brings the real. He wants to change the individual. Jesus goes on insisting that the Kingdom of God is within you: "I am not talking about the kingdom of this world, but of the beyond. Unless you are reborn nothing is going to happen". He goes on saying to people that the within of your existence has to be changed, transformed, and it can be transformed if you are more awake, more loving. Those two things, love and awareness, can transform your inner alchemy totally.

Jesus is crucified because we cannot allow such dangerous people on the earth. They don't allow us sleep. They go on shaking, shocking; they go on trying to wake us up. And we are dreaming so many dreams, beautiful dreams and sweet dreams, and they go on shouting. Their presence becomes very much of a nuisance. Jesus must have been a nuisance, Socrates must have been a nuisance. Socrates must have offended and annoyed people. He was continuously poking his nose into others' affairs, he was continuously trying to provoke and

seduce, he was continuously finding opportunities where he could shake you into a kind of wakefulness. He had to be poisoned.

But whether you crucify Jesus or poison Socrates or worship Buddha, it is all the same. Worshipping is also a WAY of escaping, and far more cultured. If Jesus had been born in India, a very, very ancient country, he would not have been crucified. Indians know better ways of destroying -- they would have worshipped him! They would have said, "You are an AVATARA. You are God come to earth. We will worship you forever but we will never follow you. How can we follow? We are ordinary mortals, you come from the beyond. At the most, we can touch your feet and worship you. And we will always worship -- we promise! But don't tell us to change; that is not possible. We are ordinary human beings, you are superhuman."

That's the meaning of AVATARA. When you call a man an AVATARA -- a Buddha, a Krishna -- you are saying, "It is perfectly good for you to talk about revolution, radical change; it is perfectly good for you to live in love and awareness, but we are ordinary people. You don't belong to us, you come from God. We arise out of the earth, you come from the sky. We can only worship you. We will admire, praise, we will sing songs about you down the ages. We will do everything, but don't tell us to be transformed. That is not possible."

That is the meaning when you call a person an AVATARA: you are saying, "You don't belong to us. Naturally you come from God, so you can be good. How can we be good? -- we don't come from God, we are sinners. You have an intrinsic goodness in you. We can't have that intrinsic goodness, but we will try." And we postpone, and we never try, and we go on postponing.

That is again a way of crucifying -- more subtle, more cunning, more clever, more sophisticated, but still the same. The result, the outcome, is the same. Christians are not what Christ wanted them to be; Hindus are not what Krishna wanted them to be; Buddhists are not what Buddha wanted them to be. They are just the opposites.

Religion has never been tried. There have been religious persons once in a while, but religion has never been tried. It has never been given an opportunity to transform the unconscious mind that exists on the earth and creates all kinds of problems

Politics, economics, social reforms and the so-called religions -- they are all escapes from the real revolution.

The real revolution has been talked about, only talked about Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given. Seek and ye shall find. Knock and the door shall be opened unto you."

Somebody asked Meister Eckhart -- a really religious person -- "When Jesus says 'Ask and it shall be given' why don't people ask? If it is just for asking's sake, why don't people ask? If he says seek and ye shall find, and he says only knock and the doors shall be opened unto you, then why don't people knock?" Eckhart laughed and he said, "For two reasons first you may ask and it may not be given to you, so people don't want to be frustrated; second, and a deeper reason, you may ask and it may be given to you. That is more frightening." That's why people don't try. They simply pay lip-service And you know, the whole world seems to be religious in a way people go to the temple to the mosques, to the churches They read the Bible, Koran, Gita, they recite the Vedas, they do mantras, but still there seems to be no religious consciousness at all The earth is surrounded by a very, very dark cloud of unconsciousness. There seems to be no light. The night seems to be utterly dark, not even a single star.

You have to be very, very aware of this, because you can do the same as people have been doing down the ages.

Christianity, Hinduism, Islam, Buddhism, Jainism -- they are not true religions. They are pseudo, counterfeits. Christ is true, Christianity is false. Buddha is true, Buddhism is false. Buddhism is created by us, Buddha is not created by us; but we create Buddhism according to our needs, according to our ideas, according to our prejudices. WE create Buddha, we create Buddhism, we create a myth of Buddha. The real Buddha is not created by us. The real Buddha comes into existence IN SPITE of us. He has to fight to be! He has to find ways and means to exist. He has to find a way to get out of the prison that we call the society. But once somebody has become awakened, we gather around him and we start spinning and weaving a system around him which is all of our own making. It has nothing to do with the person at all. The stories that are told about Buddha are untrue; so are the stories about Christ. The real person is lost. We create such mist, such dust around, that nobody can see the real person. That is the work of the theologians.

For two thousand years Christian theologians have been creating such dust that it is impossible to see Jesus. He is completely lost in their logic-chopping, in their theories, they have created Himalayas of words. Nobody is bothered about who this man really is, what his message is.

The message is very simple, it is not complicated. The message is not that you should worship Jesus or Buddha. The message is that you should become a Christ or a Buddha -- less than that won't do. Don't become a Christian, become a Christ. If you have any respect for yourself become a Christ, don't become a Christian. Become a Buddha don't become a Buddhist. No 'ism' can contain Buddha, no church can contain Christ. But the human heart can contain Buddha. ONLY the human heart can contain him, because the human heart is as infinite as the existence itself. Don't worship him outside. If you have understood Buddha, RESPECT YOURSELF! Feel reverence for your own being; that will be reverence towards Buddha. If you have understood Christ, start looking inwards -- you will find him there. He is not outside, not in the churches. He is in the innermost core of your being.

If religion really happens in the world there will not be religions but only a kind of religiousness, a suffused light, a quality, indefinable -- just as love is or awareness is; a different quality of consciousness. And the time for it has come. And when the time for a certain idea comes, no force in the world can prevent it.

Man has come of age. Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism are all primitive efforts, rough sketches. They are like astrology, but the time has come for astrology to become astronomy. They are like alchemy, but the time has come for alchemy to become chemistry, to become scientific. They are like magic, but the time has come -- the magic has to be dropped, because man is capable of becoming scientific. The day for science has come. Man has become mature.

That's why there is so much turmoil,, because no old religion seems to be relevant. People are turning anti-religious NOT because they are anti-religious, but because the old religions are no longer relevant. People are becoming godless not because God has died, but because the old gods have become rotten. The new world needs a new vision of God; the new man needs a new concept of god, a new approach. A new temple is needed.

It is said that when Jesus was crucified, the old temple of Jerusalem started falling apart.

It happens again and again: man goes on growing; a moment comes when the old religion is felt to be too restricting and man cannot live in it. Either he has to have bigger space for himself, or he becomes anti-religious. Either give a new kind of religiousness to the world, or man is going to become irreligious. And Hinduism, Islam and Christianity have proved impotent; they are not giving a new vision. They go on repeating the old thing again and

again. They are still hoping that somehow they will be able to convince man that all that is old is gold. It is not. Once it becomes old it is never gold again. Once it is old it is a corpse, the soul has left it.

Man needs a new dispensation, a new Bible. And the newness of the Bible will be this: that it will not be a book, that it will not be a sect, that it will not be a church; that it will be a quality -- that people can be religious. There is no need for them to be Christian, Hindu or Mohammedan; they can simply be religious. There is no need to have any adjective. Religiousness can become just a way of life. A religious person will walk differently than a non-religious person. What will the difference be? The difference will be his awareness. A religious person will act differently from a non-religious person. What will the difference be? His action will come out of love. A religious person will create a different kind of fragrance around himself, naturally, obviously -- because there will be no ego, so there will be no shadow around him. A religious person will live a luminous life; a light will go on filtering out from his innermost core. A religious person will be A CONSCIOUS PERSON -- not Christian, not Hindu, not Mohammedan.

And I say to you that the day for it has come. Never before in the history of man has there been such a critical moment. Never has man been so uprooted from the past. Never before has man been so fed-up with all the old concepts, old idols, old ideologies. It is for the first time that man is utterly fed-up. This is a good sign, this is of immense value. It simply shows that a quantum leap is possible now: religion can be tried, can be given a try.

The time-spirit is getting ready to receive religiousness -- and it can happen only when the time is ready, when the time-spirit is ready.

Up to now, man has lived a kind of childishness. God was a father-figure or a mother-figure. It was a projection, it was the projection of a child. The child cannot live without the father. The child cannot live without protection, without protecting hands. Even two hands are not enough, so Hindus say that God has a thousand hands -- to protect you. This simply shows fear.

Now man is no longer afraid. He does not need any kind of protection. On the contrary, man wants to move into the unknown. On the contrary, man wants to be adventurous.

Now going to the moon is nothing but an indication of adventurousness. It has no utility, in fact. Going to Everest has no utility -- you cannot live there, there is nothing to be found. But in all directions and dimensions, adventurousness is getting hold of the human spirit. Man wants to go into insecurity. That's why I say the time-spirit is ready. Now we can search for a God who is not a figure, a father-figure. We can search for a God who is not a person. Now we are ready to search for the truth of God, and the truth of God can only be found through the truth of consciousness; there is no other way. You can see only that for which you are ready. The more conscious you are, the higher the realities that will be available to you. The higher you rise in your consciousness, the more the higher realities become available to you. When you have reached to the ultimate peak called SAMADHI, then all is available to you. You are standing at the highest peak: from there everything is available. God is revealed as totality.

Sufism, Zen, Hassidism -- these are the highest kind of religions that have existed up to now. Islam is meaningless, but Sufism is not meaningless. Islam is a mass movement; Sufism is the search of the few, the daring few. Buddhism is a mass religion; Zen is only for those great adventurers, explorers, who are always ready to lose the certain, the secure, for the uncertain -- for those gamblers; so is Hassidism. Sufism, Zen, Hassidism, have been the only real adventures in the past, but very few people have tried them so the impact has not been

great. The darkness is too much and only one candle burns; it cannot help much.

Sannyas is an effort now, to bring together all that is beautiful in Sufism, in Zen, in Hassidism, in Tantra, in Yoga. All that is beautiful in all those great adventures has to become the foundation of sannyas. It can release religiousness into the world. It can make it possible for religion to be given a chance, and the revolution CAN happen. It is time it should happen! Man has suffered enough! But remember, the suffering is not coming from the capitalists, otherwise communism would have helped. The suffering is not coming from outside, the suffering is created by man himself. So man's roots have to be changed and the keys are available. They have always been available, but they have not been used.

This is the meaning of the story we are going to discuss today.

THERE WAS ONCE A WISE AND VERY RICH MAN WHO HAD A SON. HE SAID TO HIM, "MY SON, HERE IS A JEWELLED RING. KEEP IT AS A SIGN THAT YOU ARE A SUCCESSOR OF MINE, AND PASS IT DOWN TO YOUR POSTERITY. IT IS OF VALUE, OF FINE APPEARANCE, AND IT HAS THE ADDED CAPACITY OF OPENING A CERTAIN DOOR TO WEALTH."

Each word has to be understood, because these stories are not ordinary stories. They are not to entertain you, they are to enlighten you.

THERE WAS ONCE A WISE AND VERY RICH MAN...

Sufis say wisdom is richness. All other richness is just false. Wisdom is wealth. All other wealth is really 'illth', not wealth. It simply deceives you; it keeps you occupied and engaged in foolish things. It keeps you so engaged with the non-essential that you completely forget that there was something essential to be searched for. And it was not far away, it was within you; but you became so engaged with the without that the within became almost non-existent -- because unless you look within, it is non-existent. Only your look can make it existential.

Wisdom is the only wealth. The wise man may be a beggar or may be a king -- that is irrelevant -- but the wise man is always rich. Beggar or king does not make much difference.

THERE WAS ONCE A WISE AND VERY RICH MAN WHO HAD A SON. HE SAID TO HIM, "MY SON, HERE IS A JEWELLED RING. KEEP IT AS A SIGN THAT YOU ARE A SUCCESSOR OF MINE..."

It was only a sign. It was not the real wealth; it was not wisdom. It was only a symbol, a metaphor, a key: "If used rightly you will also become wise and wealthy. If used at all, you will know what treasures I am giving to you," said the father.

And he said: "... AND PASS IT DOWN TO YOUR POSTERITY."

That is the meaning of creating a tradition deliberately.

There are two kinds of traditions in the world: one that is created by unconscious people, and the other tradition that is created by conscious people.

Sufism is a conscious tradition: from one Master to another, in succession, a small chain has been kept alive. It has been kept alive for the days when the time-spirit would be ready.

Zen is a conscious tradition. Bodhidharma became enlightened in India and he searched for a disciple and could not find. Hence, he had to go to China in search of a disciple. It is a

conscious tradition. He had the key, and he was getting old, and he could not find a right successor who could hold the key. He travelled long. In those days China was another planet. To pass through the Himalayas on foot was dangerous, but he took the risk. It was worth taking. Maybe he could find somebody there so he could give the key?...

And for nine years he waited in a cave, just waited there. What was he doing? -- looking at the wall. What was he doing exactly? Nobody has told exactly what he was doing.

He was creating a great magnetic force. He was trying to call forth the one who would be able to carry this tradition onwards. And he had said, "When the right person comes, only then will I face him. Otherwise I will continue facing my wall."

And one day, after nine years, the right person came. That nine years' effort was fulfilled. He had waited in IMMENSE silence. He had created a field -- and the held was searching, and the field was attracting, and the field was calling people forth. Many had come in those nine years, but he didn't feel that the right person had come.

And then one day the right person came. He stood behind him. Snow was falling; he stood there for twenty-four hours. He was covered with snow. This man who had come didn't say anything. He simply waited, patiently waited, for those twenty-four hours. Something must have clicked between these two persons... two silences met. And then the next day, early in the morning, the newcomer cut off one of his hands, presented it to Bodhidharma and said, "Turn towards me, otherwise the next thing I will cut is my head!" And Bodhidharma turned immediately. He HAD to turn. For nine years he had not looked at anybody, and he said, "So you have come?"... because a disciple is only one who is ready to give his head.

These are symbolic stories. 'Hand' means: "I give my action to you. Use me." 'Hand' means: "I am ready to become your messenger. I will carry whatsoever you want to carry. You give whatsoever you have come to give." 'Hand' simply means: "My action, from this moment, is yours. I will not be a doer on my own. Now I will only do what you say. This is my hand" -- this is the meaning of that. It is not that he really cut off his hand. That would have been foolish. And then he said, "Turn towards me, otherwise I will cut off my head! The next thing to be given is my head." The disciple is one who is ready to give his life. This is surrender.

Bodhidharma turned, looked into the eyes of this man, and the key was transferred. Not a single word was spoken; there was no need. This man was in such deep silence; that silence was enough. He became the successor. Zen has remained an alive tradition.

So remember, all traditions are not bad. Traditions created by the unconscious people are bad. They are bound to be bad, they are bound to be evil -- because the unconscious mind cannot do anything good. But there are traditions of conscious people, and they have always been waiting for the right moment, and the moment is coming close by.

The old man said, "KEEP IT AS A SIGN THAT YOU ARE A SUCCESSOR OF MINE, AND PASS IT DOWN TO YOUR POSTERITY. IT IS OF VALUE, OF FINE APPEARANCE, AND IT HAS THE ADDED CAPACITY OF OPENING A CERTAIN DOOR TO WEALTH."

Now the old man says a few things. First he says, "It is of value." He does not say exactly of what value, because that cannot be said. The value is immense, immeasurable. One has to experience it to know about it. No explanation can be given. He simply says, "IT IS OF VALUE, OF FINE APPEARANCE..."

Whenever truth comes into the world it has immense value, but the value exists for those who will enter into it, who will dare to enter into it. But even for those who will not dare, it has a beauty, it has a fine appearance. Even if you don't move deeply into a Buddha, you will be able to see his grace, his beauty. That is the fine appearance. Even if you don't go along with Jesus, you will have a certain attraction. That is natural.

When truth is inside you, your whole body becomes luminous. It takes on a fine appearance "... AND IT HAS THE ADDED CAPACITY OF OPENING A CERTAIN DOOR TO WEALTH."

He does not say anything specifically, he does not make anything particular. He says, "... AN ADDED CAPACITY OF OPENING A CERTAIN DOOR TO WEALTH." He does not say what door, to what wealth. It cannot be said.

This is what I am doing to you: I go on talking about things which are really not concerned with the essential, but just with the outermost periphery of it. I talk about the fine appearance, I talk about the value which is indefinable, and I talk about a certain door which can be opened with this key. But what door? -- there is no way to indicate it. The word 'door' is used as a metaphor. The word 'key' is used as a metaphor. The whole religious language is metaphorical. It is poetic; don't take it literally.

The great mystics -- all the great mystics have been great poets. Whether they have written poetry or not does not matter. Have you ever heard what Socrates was doing before he was given the poison and killed? His disciples were very puzzled because he was writing poetry. And a disciple asked, "What are you doing?" He said, "I am writing poetry." "But is this the time to write poetry?! Within hours you will be dead!" Socrates is reported to have said, "What else can I do? How can I welcome death? And I have been writing poetry my whole life."

The Upanishads are poems, so is the Koran, so is the Bible, so is the :Gita. They are all expressed in poetry, they are metaphorical. Don't be literal. Those words only indicate, hint. Don't look for their meaning in the dictionary. Look inside yourself for their meaning; the meaning is there.

"... A CERTAIN DOOR TO WEALTH."

Just giving a hint...

SOME YEARS LATER HE HAD ANOTHER SON. WHEN HE WAS OLD ENOUGH, THE WISE MAN GAVE HIM ANOTHER RING, WITH THE SAME ADVICE. THE SAME THING HAPPENED IN THE CASE OF HIS THIRD AND LAST SON.

Now in the world there are only three religions: Judaism, Hinduism, Taoism. All other religions are either offshoots or combinations. For example, Islam and Christianity are offshoots of Judaism. They are Judaic. They are Jewish, root and all. Or, Jainism and Buddhism -- they are Hindu, root and all, offshoots. And there are a few religions which have been born out of combinations. For example, the meeting of Islam and Hinduism created Sufism; the meeting of Buddhism and Taoism created Zen, but the basic religions are three. They have to be three because God's aspects are three, the trinity, or the Hindu concept of TRIMURTI. And always remember, the figure three is really important, existentially important. Even physics says the deeper you go into reality, the more you come to the trinity -- the electron, the neutron, the positron. That is the way a physicist describes it. It is the same; metaphors change.

Three sons simply symbolize three aspects of God. Three religions are possible because

each aspect can be emphasized by one religion. All the three sons are each given jewelled rings with the same instruction: "This will remind you that you are my successor, that this can open a certain door towards immense wealth."

WHEN THE ANCIENT HAD DIED AND THE SONS GREW UP, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, EACH CLAIMED PRIMACY FOR HIMSELF BECAUSE OF HIS POSSESSION OF ONE OF THE RINGS.

This is how foolishness starts. This is how Christ is lost in Christianity, Krishna is lost in Hinduism; this is how Buddha is killed by Buddhists.

WHEN THE ANCIENT HAD DIED AND THE SONS GREW UP, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, EACH CLAIMED PRIMACY FOR HIMSELF...

Now an ego-trip enters into the whole thing.

... BECAUSE OF HIS POSSESSION OF ONE OF THE RINGS. NOBODY COULD TELL FOR CERTAIN WHICH WAS THE MOST VALUABLE.

Because nobody had tried to open the door, nobody had come upon the wealth. They were thinking about keys, discussing keys, claiming, "My key is far more valuable than your key." That's what people go on doing: Christians go on claiming that Christ is more valuable than Krishna.

I have heard....

I was staying in a small village in an aboriginal community in Bastar. The people reported to me; a few days before, something had happened in the town. A Christian missionary came. Now those are very primitive people, absolutely uneducated, still live in the nude, are utterly unaware of what has happened to man. They are not contaminated by civilization yet.

The people told me that a Christian missionary had come, "And he convinced us, he had almost convinced us that Christ is the true savior."

I asked them, "What happened? Why do you say 'almost'?"

They said, "Because a Hindu sannyasi came and disturbed the whole thing." I asked them the whole story; the story was beautiful.

A Christian missionary came. Now if you want to convince these poor uneducated people, you cannot talk philosophy, theology. You have to be very practical, and the Christian missionary was very practical. He brought two statues, one of Krishna, one of Christ. Krishna's statue was made of iron and Christ's statue was made of wood, but they were painted alike. From the outside it was difficult to say which was which -- which was wood, which was steel. He talked about both, and then in a bucket of water he dropped both the statues. Naturally, Krishna was drowned, Christ continued to float.

So he said, "Look! Your God cannot even save himself. How can he go to save you?" And the people were really convinced. They had seen it, the miracle was there. They looked, and it was true. Simple people....

But next day a Hindu sannyasi entered the village and he heard about it. And he said, "Let us see it again." So the missionary was called again. He did the show again, and the sannyasi could see what was the matter with it.

So he said, "Now, light a fire, and let us throw both in it, because fire is more of a

criterion than water." And the primitives agreed: "That's true. Fire is certainly more powerful. That will be decisive."

The missionary was very reluctant, but what could he do now? He had to agree, and both the statues were thrown into the fire. Christ was burnt immediately -- poor Christ -- and Krishna came out perfectly. And they were again convinced that Krishna is the true God.

This goes on happening at the most primitive level and at the most sophisticated level. This is the whole effort of Christian priests and Hindu monks and Jaina priests and Buddhist philosophers; this is the whole effort: they go on quarreling with each other. Nobody is concerned with opening the door! Everybody is claiming that my key is the right key. In fact, there is no way to decide whose key is the right key, unless you try it and unlock the door. But the argument continues: that the Bible is the REAL book, or the Vedas or the Koran. And they go on finding clever and cunning arguments. Beware of these arguments, because your mind is also full of them.

WHEN THE ANCIENT HAD DIED AND THE SONS GREW UP, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, EACH CLAIMED PRIMACY FOR HIMSELF BECAUSE OF HIS POSSESSION OF ONE OF THE RINGS. NOBODY COULD TELL FOR CERTAIN WHICH WAS THE MOST VALUABLE.

Hindus go on claiming that the Vedas are the most ancient scriptures, and they may be right. That may be the ancient-most book, but that doesn't prove anything. But their effort is: because this is the first book that came to the world, this is from God. The Koran and the Bible and other books are not basic. "Our religion is the ancientmost," says the Hindu. What does the Christian say? What does the Mohammedan say? The Mohammedan says, "Maybe your book is very old; that's why it is rotten. The Koran is the latest, the last message from God -- of course improved, far more relevant. And when the last book has come the first is cancelled. What is the need of the first?" And so on and so forth, they go on arguing. And this whole argument takes so much time, so much energy, that no time is left to look into the book, to search for the key, and to open the door and become really rich. There is no time left to live a rich life.

EACH SON GAINED HIS ADHERENTS, ALL CLAIMING A GREATER VALUE OR BEAUTY FOR HIS OWN RING.

And soon they started finding supporters. They became churches.

BUT THE CURIOUS THING WAS THAT THE 'DOOR TO WEALTH' REMAINED SHUT FOR THE POSSESSORS OF THE KEYS AND EVEN THEIR CLOSEST SUPPORTERS.

Nobody was worried about the door. Who cares about the door? The basic thing is to prove whose key is more valuable, whose Master is more enlightened. That seems to be far more important to people. This is utter stupidity, beware of it; and the human mind tends towards this stupidity.

THEY WERE ALL TOO PREOCCUPIED WITH THE PROBLEM OF PRECEDENCE, THE POSSESSION OF THE RING, ITS VALUE AND APPEARANCE .

All that was non-essential became essential. People talk about the beauty of the

Upanishads; now that is talking about the appearance. People talk about the poetry of the Gita, but that is talking about the appearance. Sometimes it happens that an ugly key may open the door and a beautiful key may be simply impotent. The beauty or ugliness has nothing to do with opening the door, but whether the key fits with the lock or not, whether the key is a true key or not. Now people go on discussing about the non-essential: the precedence, the possession, the appearance, the value -- all are irrelevant.

ONLY A FEW LOOKED FOR THE DOOR TO THE TREASURY OF THE ANCIENT.

And they also looked without, and they also thought that these keys were real, literally keys. They were not literal keys; they were symbolic keys, metaphors.

BUT THE RINGS HAD A MAGICAL QUALITY TOO.

Yes, they were magical keys.

ALTHOUGH THEY WERE KEYS, THEY WERE NOT USED DIRECTLY IN OPENING THE DOOR TO THE TREASURY.

Because in fact there is no door, and there is no treasury! Those keys were something to be meditated upon. Just by meditating on those Keys in a certain way, the door opens INSIDE you. The clouds disperse and suddenly the sun is there. Those keys were not real keys -- real keys in the sense that you were to search for the lock somewhere. That's why the father had not said anything about the door.

THEY WERE NOT USED DIRECTLY IN OPENING THE DOOR TO THE TREASURY. IT WAS SUFFICIENT...

Listen to these sentences very carefully. They are the definition of meditation.

IT WAS SUFFICIENT TO LOOK UPON THEM WITHOUT CONTENTION OR TOO MUCH ATTACHMENT TO ONE OR THE OTHER OF THEIR QUALITIES. WHEN THIS HAD BEEN DONE, THE PEOPLE WHO HAD LOOKED WERE ABLE TO TELL WHERE THE TREASURY WAS, AND COULD OPEN IT MERELY BY REPRODUCING THE OUTLINE OF THE RING. THE TREASURIES HAD ANOTHER QUALITY TOO: THEY WERE INEXHAUSTIBLE.

Those keys were objects for meditation. That's what the Bible is for, and the Koran, and the Upanishads -- objects to meditate upon. But you are not to think. If you think you will miss. Meditation means a state of no-thought, a pure watching. So these are the conditions to be fulfilled:

IT WAS SUFFICIENT TO LOOK UPON THEM WITHOUT CONTENTION.

If you say THIS is truth, without knowing, without experiencing it, this is a contention. If you become a believer without experiencing it, you are lost. The believer will never come, because he has already taken a prejudice, he has already formed an idea about truth. He has not experienced himself, he has taken some borrowed knowledge.

Why are you a Christian or a Hindu or a Jaina? -- because you were taught. You were

born into a Christian family and you were taught Christian dogma from the very childhood. With the mother's milk, Christianity was poured into you, so you are a Christian. But you have never taken this decision to be a Christian consciously. It is an imposition. You have been forced to become a Christian. It is a slavery, you are in a bondage. You have been conditioned to be a Christian. You have simply been imitating your parents, they were imitating their parents, and so on and so forth. And you will manage for your children too -- they will imitate you. Imitators all.

And do you know that the smallest child is perfectly capable of imitation? Now they have researched that a one-week-old child is able to imitate. Try it -- if the child is in a happy mood just show your tongue to him, and he will show his tongue to you. If he is not hungry, not crying, there is every possibility that the child will show you his tongue. Now this is very strange, it is not an ordinary phenomenon, because the child is responding, answering, reacting. A one-week-old child, a seven-day-old child, is ready to imitate you. A smile, and the child smiles. Show an angry face and the child starts screaming. The child is ready to imitate. That's how he will learn millions of things. He will learn language, he will learn manners, he will learn the ways of behavior, and that's okay. That is needed. For the outside life it is perfectly okay that he learn, but for the inner life, it is wrong to learn, because the inner life has to be discovered.

Each one has to discover his God on his own; then only is it true. Language is okay, you can learn from your parents. Otherwise from where will you learn? But religion is not language, religion is not mannerism, religion is not behavior. Religion is the only thing that cannot be learned; that is its specialness, its uniqueness. And because it cannot be learned it is revolutionary. That which is learned can never be revolutionary. It will be orthodox, it will be conventional: you have taken it from the old generation and you are simply imitating. And remember, as people suffer from hardening of the arteries, they also suffer from hardening of the orthodoxies. Slowly, slowly your orthodoxies harden. By the time you are young, capable of thinking, you are so conditioned that you cannot think.

To move into religiousness one will have to drop one's religion, one will have to drop one's contention. One has to be utterly free from contentions. You cannot go to truth as a Christian or Mohammedan or communist. You cannot go to God with any idea of your own. You can go only in SHEER nudity, UTTER nudity. You can go only as a mirror.

IT WAS SUFFICIENT TO LOOK UPON THEM WITHOUT CONTENTION OR TOO MUCH ATTACHMENT TO ONE OR THE OTHER OF THEIR QUALITIES.

And there are beautiful qualities; in the Upanishads, in the Bible, in the Koran, there are immense statements of immense value, but you should not become too hypnotized by those beauties. Those beauties are only in appearance. The key is beautiful, is studded with diamonds; good, but that is not its real value. Its real value is that it opens a certain door to wealth.

WHEN THIS HAD BEEN DONE, THE PEOPLE WHO HAD LOOKED WERE ABLE TO TELL WHERE THE TREASURY WAS...

Without prejudice, without contention, without for and against, without getting attached in any way, if you can watch silently, the door opens. In that very silence is the door, the door to inexhaustible wealth.

THE TREASURIES HAD ANOTHER QUALITY TOO: THEY WERE INEXHAUSTIBLE.

Remember these three points. Man's consciousness can have these three stages: the first is self-consciousness -- rational, logical, conceptual. Too much of it and there is madness, because you lose balance -- the madness that happens to philosophers, scientists, thinkers; for example, the madness that happened to Friedrich Nietzsche. Too much reason, too much self, too much ego, and you have Leaned too much to one side. You will fall. You will fall from the tightrope of life.

The second state is irrational, unconscious, intuitive, emotional. Too much of it and there is again madness. This madness happens to poets, painters, artists: van Gogh, Nijinsky and others. Become too irrational and you will become mad. Become too rational and you will become mad.

Exactly between the two there is a third state called witnessing. That is transcendental consciousness, un-selfconsciousness, sanity, balance, the golden mean; just to be in the middle, choicelessness, neither choosing this nor that. Neither this nor that, NETI, NETI: this is the state where a man becomes a Buddha or a Christ.

If you can watch life without having any contention about it, any belief, God will be revealed to you. But people go with contentions. Some go as atheists; they have already decided that there is no God. Some go as theists; they have already decided that there is God. Now they have not left any space for truth to be, and this is the problem. If you have decided that there is no God you will not find God, because you find only that which you have decided. You go on creating it; you will create that state of no-God. If you have decided there is God, you will create God. And the question is not to invent but to discover. These are inventions -- God or no-God. Your belief functions as a projector and creates them.

Go utterly silently. Go utterly open, with no idea -- this is what meditation is all about. This is what I am trying to teach you here: become a witness of life, act from the state of innocence, be a child, not knowing what truth is, and you will come upon truth. The knowledgeable never come to it, only the innocent. Function from the state of ignorance. Always remain ignorant, never become knowledgeable, and then truth will come and liberate you. Only truth liberates, not your ideas about it.

MEANWHILE THE PARTISANS OF THE THREE RINGS REPEATED THE TALE OF THEIR ANCESTOR ABOUT THE MERITS OF THE RINGS, EACH IN A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT WAY.

As time passed, they started inventing stories, mythologies. They started philosophizing, they started becoming a little different from each other. That's how Jews are different from Hindus, and Taoists are different from Jews. It is the same phenomenon. Differences are only in your relating the story. One tradition emphasizes one thing, another tradition does not emphasize that thing that much, that's all. The differences are only of emphasis. There is no essential difference, there cannot be! -- because truth is one. It is neither Jewish nor Hindu nor Taoist.

THE FIRST COMMUNITY THOUGHT THAT THEY HAD ALREADY FOUND THE TREASURE. THE SECOND THOUGHT THAT IT WAS ALLEGORICAL. THE THIRD TRANSFERRED THE POSSIBILITY OF THE OPENING OF THE DOOR TO A DISTANT AND REMOTELY IMAGINED FUTURE TIME.

These are the three states in which people are existing. A few people have decided that they have already found it, so there is no need to search. What is the need of searching for it if you have already found it. You go to the temple; what are you saying? You are saying, "I have found it in the temple, that's why I'm going to the temple. You also come if you want to find." You repeat the name of Christ; what do you mean by it? You say, "I have found it." And those who are not with Christ, you feel sorry for them -- "Poor fellows. They will suffer, they will go to hell, Christ will not save them. I am saved! I have found! I have found my savior!"

This is the greatest mass of people in the world, those who think they have found. This is really a very cunning strategy. This is how one avoids searching. The best way to avoid search is to declare to yourself and to the world that you have found. Now there is no problem left. You can go on appreciating the key, you can go on praising the key, and you can go on writing poetries about the key. You can go on converting others and you have not found yet! You have not even tried to find; what to say about finding? You have not even taken the first step.

But there are people who don't want to go on this arduous journey. They say, "We have found. There is no need to go anywhere now. This is our book, God is in it. This is our God. This is our temple. What is the point of going anywhere?" This state has prevailed on humanity for long.

It is such a joy to see younger people getting out of this. The younger generation is getting out of this state. The younger generation has recognized the falsity of the state. "We have not found! Year in, year out, you go to church and nothing is happening." The younger generation is disillusioned; they search. The hypnosis has broken down, the conditioning functions no more. The new generation is naturally bewildered, confused. Pioneers are always confused, bewildered. The orthodox is always settled: he KNOWS all the answers, he never feels any doubt. But he is dead. And whenever one orthodoxy starts breaking down and people start moving out of it -- out of the churches and temples -- naturally they are bewildered. They don't have any sense of value, because the sense of value used to come from the orthodox, from the traditional. Now it is no more coming, now they don't know what the criterion is. But this is a good state; this chaos is creative.

Spread this chaos all over the earth! Let more and more people be disillusioned and puzzled and confused, because only out of this confusion, search starts. Only out of this bewildered state does one start looking withinwards. No more values are available from the outside. The outer Leaders have disappeared, and the outer gurus have disappeared -- now one starts searching inside. The priest is no more relevant; one starts looking for a Master. Christianity has failed; now one wants Christ, nothing else will satisfy. Buddhism has failed; now one starts trekking into the Himalayas to search for a real Buddha, an alive Buddha who is still breathing, still living in the body, who is still in contact with matter -- because only one who is still in contact with matter can be contacted by you, who live as matter.

THE FIRST COMMUNITY THOUGHT THEY HAD ALREADY FOUND THE TREASURE. THE SECOND THOUGHT THAT IT WAS ALLEGORICAL.

That is another way.

The first is of the common mass, the second is of those who think they think. The second is of those who think they belong to the intelligentsia. They say, "It is allegorical. These

scriptures are beautiful stories, they are literature."

Just the other day I was looking at a book, THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE. Not that the Bible is not literature; the Bible is literature, but that is non-essential. The beauty that Jesus' statements have is non-essential, the TRUTH is essential. They ARE beautiful, but they are beautiful not as poetry, they are beautiful as truth. They are beautiful because truth exists in them. If you think of the Bible as literature, then the Bible is reduced to the same position as Shakespeare, Kalidas. You lose all perspective. But the intelligentsia have always been thinking like that.

THE SECOND THOUGHT THAT IT WAS ALLEGORICAL

It is allegorical, and more. It is not just allegorical. Certainly it is allegorical, but more -- and that 'more' is to be remembered. Don't get lost in the allegory.

AND THE THIRD TRANSFERRED THE POSSIBILITY OF THE OPENING OF THE DOOR TO A DISTANT AND REMOTELY IMAGINED FUTURE TIME.

These are the poets, the imaginative types, who always look with dreamy eyes towards the future. The great mass thinks God has been found -- it is a Christian God, a Hindu God, a Mohammedan God: "All other Gods are false, my God is true. All that is needed is to convert everybody to my God, to my religion."

The second belongs to the intelligentsia, the people who think they think. I say they think they think because they can't think. They are so unconscious. They are very clever people, but not wise; intellectual, but not intelligent. They can argue, but their argument is impotent. It is just a gesture. Inside there is no experience to support it. Their situation is like this:

The athletic young man was practicing push-ups in the park. A drunk passed by and stopped to watch for a minute.

"Shay, Bud," he slurred, "what happened to your girl?"

The so-called intellectual is just doing that: there is no girl, and he is making love -- an empty gesture.

But they go on finding great arguments for what they are doing. They go on convincing others that they are doing something great. They go on convincing at least each other. The intelligent, the professors, the knowledgeable -- they go on at least convincing each other that they are doing something great. Philosophers write books only for other philosophers, and they don't agree, and they go on arguing. Nobody else is concerned about their philosophy. Even their own philosophy never affects their own personal lives; it remains superficial.

A man noted a philosopher with his ear close to the wall, listening intently. Holding up a warning finger to be quiet, the philosopher beckoned the man closer and said, 'Listen here.'

The man listened for some time and then said, "I can't hear anything."

"No," said the philosopher, "and it has been like that all day."

They go on doing empty things; they think it is very significant. All their jargon creates the illusion that something significant is happening.

Whenever somebody has arrived to truth, he speaks a simple language. His language is not complex, he is very simple -- like Buddha, like Christ. Whenever somebody pretends that he's coming closer, or has come, or has known truth and has not known, he creates a big jargon. That jargon functions like a cloud. You cannot find out what really is the matter, what is being said. You read Hegel or you read Heidegger; you go on reading and reading and you don't know what they are talking about. They themselves don't know. One word leads to another and they go on and on in circles. These are the people who say that religion is allegorical. These are the people who write a philosophy of religion.

Religion has no philosophy. Religion is an experience, it is not a philosophy.

And then there is the third type, the aesthetic, the poetic, the imaginative, the sentimental, the emotional, the feeling type. He's always focused on the future with starry eyes. He always looks there, far away.

It happened once: A great astrologer fell in a well because he was walking looking at the stars. A woman, a poor woman, who lived close by, ran and somehow helped him to come out. He was a great astrologer, very famous. He told the poor woman, "You don't know who I am. I am the greatest astrologer, the royal astrologer. My fee is so big that only kings can afford me, or very rich people. But you have saved my life. If you want to know anything about your future, you come to me and I will read your palm, and I will see about your birth chart -- and free of cost! You have saved me."

The old woman laughed. She said, "You must be a fool."
He said, "What!?"

And the woman said, "You cannot even see one step ahead of yourself. How can one trust your predictions about the future? You can't befool me!"

And she was right.

This third type is constantly thinking of a utopia. He is utopian.

THE THIRD TRANSFERRED THE POSSIBILITY OF THE OPENING OF THE DOOR TO A DISTANT AND REMOTELY IMAGINED FUTURE TIME.

They say, "It will happen some day" -- the second coming of Christ, the second coming of Buddha -- "It will happen some day, but it can't happen right now."

And tomorrow never comes. Whatsoever comes is always today. It is always now. If something has to happen, it has to happen now, now or never! Remember these two words: now or never. You have to enter into reality now, because now is the only time, and here is the only place. If you think 'there against here', and 'then against now', then you will be simply imagining. You will play beautiful games but they will all be dreams.

You have to avoid these three things: you have to avoid the imaginary because he lives in utopias; you have to avoid the intellectual because he looks intelligent but is not; you have to avoid the common, mediocre mass, because it believes it has found. If you avoid these three, then the key is with you.

Watch the key. **YOU ARE THE KEY!** All that you need is given to you. Everything is provided. Watch your consciousness, become a witness to your mind. Without any contention, without any prejudice for or against, just go on watching from a state of innocence, and suddenly you will find the door has opened. In fact the door has always been open, you were just not open to it.

The door has remained open from the very beginning. It has never been closed. Why should it be closed? God wants you to enter into it. Since the day of Adam in the Garden of Eden the door has remained open, in a kind of waiting, and God has been searching for you and asking, "Adam, where are you?" And you are hiding behind this bush or that.

And these are the three bushes; avoid these three bushes.

Face your God, because your God is your innermost being. Face the reality. He is within, He is without. All that is needed is just a mind which is not prejudiced, which is not obsessed with any conception, with any philosophy, with any religion.

A silent mind is needed... and the door is open.

The Wisdom of the Sands, Vol 2

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Allow the Heart

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The first question:

HOW BLIND I HAVE BEEN! THERE ARE SO MANY SIGNPOSTS I HAVE MISSED, AND NOW I AM WONDERING ABOUT THOSE WHO WROTE THE SIGNS. THESE DAYS I'M DISCOVERING SO MANY TRACES OF HOW REALITY TRULY IS THROUGH WORDS OF OTHERS AND ASK, "WHERE WERE THEY?" ESPECIALLY SOME OF THE ENGLISH POETS, SHAKESPEARE AND BOB DYLAN. DID THEY REALIZE WHAT THEY WERE SAYING? ARE THEY CONSCIOUSLY SHARING THEIR GLIMPSES? (T.S. ELIOT, LEWIS CARROLL)

Pradeepa, this is a complex question. A few things will have to be understood before you can have an understanding of it.

The mystic lives in the other reality, the separate reality. His abode is there. The poet only has glimpses. Only sometimes the door opens and he sees something, and the door closes. He has no understanding of what is happening, he can't figure it out himself. It remains mysterious. He has no explanation about it, from where it comes, why it comes; it is all from the blue. He's possessed by it. In some moments he's utterly possessed; in those moments he starts saying things which he will not be able to explain later on.

It is said about a great poet that once a man came to ask him the meaning of a certain

poem that he had written twenty years before. The poet said, "It is too late. When I had written it, two persons knew the meaning. Now, only one knows." The man said, "Then that one must be you." And the poet said, "I am not that one. When I wrote this poetry, or, to be more true, when this poetry was written by me or this poetry wrote itself through me, God knew the meaning and I knew the meaning. Now I don't know, only God knows."

The poet is not in a state of meditation, he's not in awareness. He's vulnerable to the unknown. He has certain openings towards the unknown, and the unknown penetrates him, stirs his heart, resounds in his being, sometimes becomes a song or a painting or a dance, but the poet is utterly unaware of what is happening from where it all comes. And it comes like lightening, and then disappears. He has to write it, he has an obligation to write it. Unless he writes it, it persists inside. It goes on hammering him. A poet writes it because it becomes too heavy if he doesn't write. He unburdens himself by writing. The poetry is a catharsis. The poet feels good once he has written something that was persistently there asking for attention.

The mystic is enlightened -- not that he has lightning experiences. The other world, the unknown -- call it God, NIRVANA, or anything you like -- has become his abode. It is his reality; he lives there. It is not something from the blue: he's part of it, he vibrates with it. The separation is dropped. He knows what he is saying.

So there are two kinds of art: the ordinary art -- Shakespeare, Dylan, Carroll, Eliot -- this is subjective art. Much imagination is involved in it. It is not pure gold. Then there is another kind of art: the Upanishads, the Bible, the caves of Ajanta and Ellora, the pyramids, the statues of Buddha, the Taj Mahal, Khajuraho, Konarak; this is a totally different kind of art, objective art.

The people who created the caves of Ajanta and Ellora knew exactly what they were doing. They were not simply possessed by an idea, they were creating something very deliberately, for some deliberate results.

Picasso is painting in a kind of dream, and the dream is not even very beautiful -- it is nightmarish, it is a nightmare. He has to paint it, otherwise it will drive him crazy. Just think! If Picasso were prevented from painting, what would happen to him? He would have gone mad. He would not have been able to contain all these nightmares. When he painted these nightmares he was finished; it was a kind of self-psychoanalysis. That is the very foundation of psychoanalysis.

What happens in psychoanalysis? You bring all that is hidden in your unconsciousness to the surface, you relate it to the psychoanalyst. He listens attentively, passively, patiently. Once you have related it from all the possible angles it evaporates from your being, you are unburdened. Now psychoanalysis has found this too -- that art can be a good therapy, therapy through art. In fact, that has always been so. Picasso would have gone mad if he had not painted. That's exactly what happened to van Gogh, another great painter. He went mad, because he was so poor he could not manage to purchase canvases, colors, brushes to paint. He was given enough money from his brother so that he could live, exactly enough so that he could live, not a single penny more. And what was he doing for years? -- for four days of the week he would eat and three days he would fast and save money to paint. He went mad. He could not paint all that was clamoring, boiling in his being; he was sitting on a volcano. Lightnings were happening to him, and he could not unburden himself. They went on being accumulated inside. First he went mad, then finally he committed suicide. It was too much to live.

And that has been felt by poets, painters, sculptors down the ages -- that they feel possessed by a demon, by some unknown spirit which forces them to write. They HAVE to

write; they cannot deny it, they cannot escape from it. Unless they fulfill it they will not feel free. This is subjective art.

A mystic also creates. Buddha creates by speaking; he sculpts in words. He creates parables, stories, weaves stories within stories, brings insight into the world, but this is not a kind of possession. He is perfectly at ease. He can be silent if he decides so, he will not go mad. And he knows exactly what he is doing; that's why it is called objective art. He knows what he is doing, he knows what it will do to people. He knows if this particular thing is meditated upon, this will be the consequence of it. It is utterly scientific.

If you meditate on a Buddha-statue, you will suddenly feel yourself becoming cool, silent, tranquil. You will suddenly feel a kind of balancing happening -- just by meditating on the Buddha-statue. Or, if you meditate on the Taj Mahal on a full-moon night -- it is a Sufi work of art, it was created by Sufis; it is a message of love -- if you go on a full-moon night and simply sit there, not thinking about the Taj Mahal, not saying stupid things like "How beautiful!" just meditating, absorbing, you will feel a great insight happening to you. As the night deepens, something will deepen in you. As the moon starts rising, something will start rising in you too. As the noises of the city disappear, your noisy mind will start disappearing. You can have a great meditative experience through the Taj Mahal. And it will not be only meditative -- that is the difference between the Taj Mahal and Ajanta. When meditation happens you will feel overflowing with love. In Ajanta, love will not happen, only meditation will happen. That was created by Buddhist mystics who believe in awareness and in nothing else. Sufis believe in love; meditation is part of it.

Objective art means it has been created deliberately by one who knows what he is doing, who brings something from the other dimension into this world, some form. Just watching that form, a form will arise in you, a song. Just singing that song, you will become something else, a mantra. But if you start meditating you will be surprised: many times you will find beautiful lines from the poets.

What I would like to remind you of is that sometimes you can find something in Eliot which he himself was not aware of. If you meditate, if you go deep in meditation, then even from subjective art you can find a thousand and one beautiful experiences. That may not have been so for the creator himself, because the creator was in a kind of dream-state when he created it. That's why it is always wise never to go and see the painter if you love the painting, never to go and see the poet if you love his poetry, because that may be a kind of disillusionment. You will find the poet very ordinary, because the poet is not a poet for twenty-four hours. Once in a while he is a poet, when the door opens. And he does not know how it opens and how it closes; he has no keys in his hand. He cannot open it on demand. He's utterly helpless and impotent; it happens when it happens. When it happens he shares the being of a mystic, for a moment. For a split second a drop of the unknown falls into his being, a seed sinks into his heart, then he is ordinary. Then for the remaining time he is just as ordinary, as ignorant as you -- sometimes even more so. Because that glimpse gives him a very, very egoistic idea about himself, he starts thinking about himself that he's superb, something great. That's why you will find poets, painters, very vain, egoistic people. You will not find ordinary people so egoistic as you will find the artists to be. They are creators, and they have some reason to be egoistic: look what great poetry they have done, what great paintings they have done. Those paintings are not done by them, those poems are not done by them. Something mysterious has been happening to them. They have become instrumental, they have been mediums. But a mystic is not a medium, he is the source.

Sometimes in Eliot you will find words which are as beautiful as Buddha's words or

Jesus' words, but there is a qualitative difference between them: Eliot is not aware of what he is doing; Jesus is fully aware of what he is doing, of what he wants to do. Each of his statements is deliberate, conscious .

But if you start meditating, then from many sources you will be able to recognize, and then even poets start looking like mystics.

Listen to these words of Octavio Paz:

Here is a long and silent street.
I walk in blackness and I stumble and fall
And rise and walk blind,
 My feet trampling the silent stones and the dry leaves.

Someone behind me also tramples stones, leaves.
If I slow down, he slows;
If I run, he runs.
I turn -- nobody.

Everything dark and doorless,
Only my steps aware of me
Are turning and turning amongst these corners
Which lead forever to the street
Where nobody waits for, nobody follows me,
Where I pursue a man
Who stumbles and rises and says when he sees me,
"Nobody".

A great insight... a great insight into the very phenomenon of the ego. If you don't look at it, it is there, it follows you like a shadow. If you look at it -- nobody.

A great king asked Bodhidharma, "I have been searching and searching only for one thing: how to become egoless, because all the great Masters have been saying only one thing down through the ages -- become egoless and you will find God, become egoless and nirvana will be attained. And I have tried hard. I have done all that can be done, that is humanly possible, but I cannot get rid of this ego. Sir, would you be kind enough," he said to Bodhidharma, "to help me?"

Bodhidharma looked at him -- the way he used to look -- those sharp, fiery eyes, penetrating. He said, "You do one thing. You have done enough, I can see it. Now you need not do any more. I will do it! Come in the morning at three o'clock, and I will finish it forever."

The king was a little puzzled: "What nonsense is this man talking about? How can he finish my ego forever? But it seems worth trying"....

When he was going away Bodhidharma again called him, while he was going down the stairs, and said, "Listen! When you come at three o'clock in the morning, don't forget to bring the ego with you! Bring it and I will kill it! Surely I am going to finish it!"

Now the king was even more puzzled: "What does he mean? Bring the ego? When I come it will be there. This man seems to be mad. Not only does he look... he is!" He could not

sleep the whole night; he thought and thought. Many times he decided it was just foolish to go to this man in the dark night. And he had said, "Come alone!" -- no bodyguards, nobody is allowed. "Who knows? This man may do something nasty. He may hit me or something, because he looks so dangerous."

But he had been really working hard his whole life. It was worth trying, the risk had to be taken. At three o'clock he could not resist the temptation -- he went; afraid, frightened, but he went. The moment he reached the cave of Bodhidharma, Bodhidharma said, "Where is your ego?! And I had told you to bring it! Have you forgotten?"

The king said, "You are talking nonsense. When I am here, my ego is here. How can I leave it? That is the whole problem: I want to leave it! I can't leave it! It follows me like my shadow!"

Bodhidharma said, "Then, okay. You sit and close your eyes and try to find it, where it is. If you find, immediately tell me -- because unless you find it how can I kill it? And I will sit in front of you with this stick in my hand. The moment you have found it just give me a nod, and I will finish it forever!"

The king was frightened. It was a cold winter morning, but he started perspiring. But he tried; he went in, he looked in every nook and corner of his being, looked and looked and looked, and was surprised: he could not find the ego. Three hours passed, and his face changed. A great grace started descending on him. His vibe changed, he was feeling blessed. A benediction was around. And the sun started rising and the cave was becoming full of light.

Bodhidharma laughed and he said, "It is long enough that you have been searching. Have you not found it?"

And the king opened his eyes, fell at the feet of Bodhidharma and said, "You finished it. How did you do it?"

Bodhidharma said, "It is simple: the ego exists if you don't look at it. It exists only if you keep your back to it. The moment you turn and start looking -- nobody."

Now LISTEN to this small, beautiful poem of Octavio Paz. It says exactly that:

Here is a long and silent street.
I walk in blackness and I stumble and fall,
And rise and I walk blind,
My feet trampling the silent stones and the dry leaves.

Someone behind me also tramples stones, leaves.
If I slow down, he slows;
If I run, he runs.
I turn -- nobody.

This is half, a part, of the Buddha's story. Once the ego disappears you should not think, even for a single moment, that the self will remain. When the ego has disappeared, the self also has disappeared. That's why Buddha says, "You don't have a soul, you don't have a self. You are not there at all. Nobody exists there -- neither the ego nor the ATMAN. They are two aspects of the same illusion."

You are followed by a shadow: if you look, the shadow disappears. And the second part is: if you look still deeper, you also disappear. Not only does the object of your look disappear, the subject of your look also disappears. This is the second part of Paz's poem.

Everything dark and doorless,
Only my steps aware of me
Are turning and turning amongst these corners
Which lead forever to the street
Where nobody waits for, nobody follows me,
Where I pursue a man
Who stumbles and rises and says when he sees me,
"Nobody".

From both sides -- nobody. If the ego looks at the self -- nobody; if the self looks at the ego -- nobody. When the look happens, simply nobody. Both have disappeared, the looked upon and the onlooker.

Now this is the whole foundation of Zen Buddhism. This is the whole foundation of Sufism: FANA, all disappears.

But Octavio Paz is not a mystic. He's not a Buddha. He's as ordinary as you are. Just one thing is special about him: your doors never open, his doors sometimes -- one knows not how and why -- open. Just a wind comes and flings the door open, then another wind comes and closes it. Maybe your doors are tightly shut; his doors are not so tightly shut. A poet is between you and the mystic. A poet is a little more loose than you are, a little less frozen than you are. Sometimes he melts, sometimes he allows himself to melt.

That's what happens when you take a drug: your chemistry changes and you melt. It can happen through alcohol, it can happen through hashish. It can happen through many things: fasting, breathing, exercises; it can happen through running, swimming. The only thing is when you become a little more loose, doors open and you can see the beyond. But it can happen only for a moment. Chemistry can only allow you a few glimpses.

Maybe the poet is born with a little more LSD in his system than you are born with, that's all, with some hormonal difference. One day or other this is going to be discovered, and you will see that hormones and chemistry make much difference.

What is the difference between a man and a woman? -- the difference is of chemistry. The woman feels more than any man can ever feel. The woman loves more than any man can ever love. When the woman prays, she really is moved by it. When a man prays he is manipulating prayer, he's not moved by it; he's trying to move God through it. When a woman prays she is moved through it, she allows herself to be moved by God. The grace of a woman, the roundness of her being, is hormonal.

They say that if there is some hormonal disturbance while a child is growing in a woman's body -- if the woman has some hormonal disturbance and has more male hormones in her body, and the child that is born, if he is not a boy, if the child born is a girl -- then the girl will be a tomboy because those hormonal disturbances will make the girl a tomboy. She will not be an ordinary girl. She will not be that graceful, she will be more prone to fight.

A poet seems to have a slightly different chemistry from yours, but the difference is there. The mystic has a different consciousness from yours, not the chemistry. That's why I'm against drugs -- because they can only change your chemistry, they can never change your consciousness. And Aldous Huxley is ABSOLUTELY wrong, that drugs can give you SAMADHI; they cannot. They may give you some poetry, that is true; they may give you some glimpses of the unknown, but you remain untransformed. Those glimpses may become beautiful experiences, but experiences. The experiencer is not transformed by them. That's

why I say that when you love the poetry, don't go to see the poet. You may be disillusioned. You may find a very ordinary man, very egoistic, nothing special, because those experiences have not changed his being. You can take a drug and you can feel high, and you can see the world in psychedelic colors. The whole world seems to be different, becomes a great poetry. But when you come down, all disappears, and the world seems more dusty than ever, more gray than ever. Now you miss, you hanker for more drugs.

These are two things in you: chemistry and consciousness. Chemistry can befool you; beware of it. Don't get hooked with chemistry. Unless your consciousness is new those small experiences will not make much difference. They are immaterial.

The second question:

I HEARD THAT WOMEN DO NOT ATTAIN ENLIGHTENMENT. IT DID NOT DISTURB ME -- ONLY MADE ME WONDER IF IT IS TRUE. AND IF SO, THEN WHAT IS POSSIBLE OR WOMEN?

Pratipada, you must have met some male chauvinist pig. There is no difference in the consciousness of man or woman. The only difference is in the chemistry, and chemistry does not make any difference in consciousness. Consciousness is neither male nor female, it is transcendental. It cannot be categorized in the dualities. It is beyond both, it is one.

But man has always been saying things to women. Man has always been trying to prove the woman is inferior. The reason is that man feels inferior to woman. And the basic inferiority is because the woman can give birth to a child and man cannot. Man is envious, jealous. The woman seems to be so powerful: she can give birth to a new being, she can contain a new being in her womb. And man has always felt a little inferior about that. He takes revenge, he tries to prove that the woman is inferior -- she cannot do this, she cannot do that.

About enlightenment, these foolish people have been saying that woman cannot attain it. Why? What has that to do with a man or a woman? To be a man or a woman is simply irrelevant!

When you go deeper into your being, when you are just a witness, is the witness still going to be a woman? The witnessing consciousness will simply witness outside the body of a woman or a man, but the witnessing consciousness will not be sexual; it will be asexual. It will simply be there, it will be a mirror.

But man tries in every way to put the woman down. He's afraid. Either he can worship the woman, he can put her very high, a goddess, or he can condemn her and put her very low, evil, but he cannot accept that she is equal to him. These are both ways of dominating the woman. You put somebody on a high pedestal, then you are capable of dominating. Man says, "Woman is holy" -- that means man is forgiven if he goes to a prostitute, because he is not so holy. Woman cannot be forgiven. That's why male prostitutes have not existed.

Man can do many things; he's allowed. They say, "Boys are boys." The woman is not allowed. Her holiness, her being a goddess, is a trick, a strategy to engage her. Worship her, give all the good qualities to her, then she is in your hands. She cannot move down because she will be afraid that she will be losing her godhood -- this is one strategy. The other strategy is: declare her evil. Then you are allowed to torture her, to keep her in boundaries. Because she is evil she cannot be allowed total freedom, she cannot be allowed

independence. She is dangerous. She will let hell loose in the world.

And your so-called saints ALL finally prove to be just ordinary men. You can judge it. If a saint is condemning women, you can judge it -- you can know perfectly well that he has not known anything of saintliness. He does not know anything of the whole, where men and women are transcended. He's still concerned with his being a man and is still afraid of women. There is no reason to be worried about such things.

You say, "I HEARD THAT WOMEN DO NOT ATTAIN ENLIGHTENMENT."

Never pay much attention to such crap.

And you say, "IT DID NOT DISTURB ME...."

Very good, because if it disturbs you, then there is danger. The danger is that you may become part of the 'lib' movement. That is another polarity. Man has been ugly; through the 'lib' movement, women are turning ugly. Man's nonsense is driving women towards nonsense. Both have to be dropped.

It is good that you were not disturbed. Never be disturbed by such things. By being disturbed you allow them to enter into your being, and then their impact will change you.

"IT ONLY MADE ME WONDER IF IT IS TRUE."

It is not true. How can it be true?

A Buddha is born out of a woman. Buddha can be born out of a woman, and Buddhahood cannot be born in a woman? What kind of nonsense is this? All Buddhas are born out of a woman. It is the woman who carries the Buddha in the womb. If she can carry the Buddha in her womb, why can't she carry Buddhahood in her innermost womb of consciousness? There is no problem.

The reason is somewhere else. The reason is that in the past, religions have been against sex. And man has been afraid, very much afraid of woman, because the moment he comes close to a woman he starts feeling tempted. He's afraid of his temptations. Nothing is wrong in those temptations; they are natural. But they have been condemned. And because those temptations come only in the presence of a woman, or when he thinks of a woman -- so not only the woman physically, but the idea of woman becomes an evil -- he throws his responsibility on the woman. The woman becomes a scapegoat. She has nothing to do with it. She also feels tempted when she comes close to a man, but she has not been so ugly and rude as men have been. She has not said that the man is the door to hell. But the so-called saints have been saying again and again that woman is the door to hell, avoid woman if you want to avoid hell.

The whole point is based on a fallacy: that sex is something wrong. Once sex is accepted as a natural phenomenon the problem will disappear. That's what I am trying to do here.

You may not be aware of what I am trying to do here, of how I am trying to do things. You may not be aware of the implications; the implications are far-reaching.

I am trying to destroy the whole old foundation of religion and give it a totally new foundation -- a foundation which is natural, a foundation which is spontaneous, a foundation which is human, a foundation which accepts a man and woman relationship in all its beauty and glory.

And this I have to say to you: that unless you accept your sexuality totally and gracefully and lovingly, you will never transcend it. The way to transcend goes THROUGH it. Those who have tried to avoid it have remained always in it. Any experience denied will persist, will hammer, will try to enter into you again and again, will go on knocking on your doors. You cannot deny any part of your being, and if you deny you will never be whole. And how can you be holy if you are not even whole?

Nothing has to be denied. All has to be accepted and transformed.

I call that man wise who accepts all that has been given by God and transforms it, with no rejection -- because nothing wrong can be given by God to you. If you think something is wrong it is your prejudice, it is your idea, it is your interpretation. Anger is there: if anger becomes your meditation, you will find, out of anger, a new phenomenon arising -- compassion. Only an angry person can be compassionate. If there is no anger the person will never be compassionate, he will simply be impotent. He will not have any spine, that's all.

It is out of sex that SAMADHI starts entering into your being. Sex is the lowest rung of the ladder called SAMADHI, SAMADHI is the highest rung; but you cannot move to the highest unless you have moved from the lowest. In the lowest are the roots. The highest depends on the lowest. The lowest is not low. When I am calling it 'lowest' I am not evaluating it, I am simply indicating its position. The foundation has to be lowest, only then can the building arise on it. But by being lowest it is not low. It supports the whole building; without it the whole building would be gone.

Sex is the very fabric of life: it supports. All that happens, happens through the same energy. Yes, there are many, many new transformations of the energy -- it becomes love, it becomes prayer, it becomes SAMADHI; ultimately it becomes God.

Sex is the seed of God. Sex is not God itself yet, but the seed contains the tree. Sex contains the possible, and unless you love the seed and you sow the seed in the soil of your consciousness, you will never have the tree, and you will never have those beautiful flowers, that glory. That one-thousand-petalled lotus will never arise in your being.

Women have been condemned because sex has been condemned. The condemnation of the woman is secondary; the basic condemnation is of sex. Unless sex is accepted the woman will never be accepted. Hence, I am giving a totally new vision: accept life as it is. All is good. That does not mean that you have to remain stuck where you are. All is good: it simply means that all can be used for higher and higher experiences. Everything can be used as a stepping-stone.

The third question:

BEFORE I THOUGHT I KNEW ABOUT LIFE, BUT THEN I REALIZED THAT IT WAS JUST BELIEFS. THE MORE I GET INTO IT, THE MORE I COME TO KNOW THAT I DON'T KNOW. I CAME WITH ALMOST NO DOUBTS ABOUT YOU, BUT NOW DOUBTS ARISE. I HAD A TALK WITH SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS A LOT ABOUT THE MIND: HE SAID THAT MOST OF YOUR WAYS ARE WAYS OF BRAINWASHING. BUT I LOVE YOU, OSHO, AND I OFTEN SAY TO MYSELF, "TAKE THE RISK. YOU MAY SUCCEED, YOU MAY FAIL, BUT DON'T GET STUCK.... BE COURAGEOUS... THAT IS THE PRICE YOU HAVE TO PAY." I AM CONFUSED OSHO, BUT I WILL FIGHT MY FEAR AND HOPEFULLY TAKE THE JUMP... THE REAL JUMP. ARE YOU REALLY USING BRAINWASHING. IF

YES, WHY?

Why are you so afraid of brainwashing? Washing is always good. Are you some kind of hippie or something?

I have heard two stories.

One:

Two hippies were sitting before a church. And then came an ambulance and the priest was brought out on a stretcher.

One hippie asked the other, "What is the matter? What has happened to this old cat?"

The other said, "When he was coming out of his bath, he slipped, fell down, and he has broken his leg."

There was silence for a few moments. Then the other asked, "But what is a bath?"

And the first one said, "How am I to know? Am I a Catholic?"

The other story:

A father was very angry with his son. In his anger he dragged him to the haircutters, he forced him. His hair, his beard, were removed. And then the father said, "My God! So I have been bringing up somebody else's son!"

The third story:

A hippie was brought to a hospital, dragged, forced. An operation was absolutely necessary to save his life. He was shouting like anything. He wanted to escape because he said, "I don't believe in allopathy! I believe in acupuncture, I believe in homeopathy, I believe in naturopathy! I don't believe in allopathy!" But his parents forced him.

The doctors said that first he had to be given a good bath: "He stinks, and it will be difficult to operate on him." So he was taken to the bathroom and given a good rub and a good bath.

When he came out he said, "My God! I was so afraid of this operation!"

Now why are you so afraid of mind-wash? It will cleanse you! A brainwash is a good thing. You need it! You are carrying so much rubbish in your brain; don't you ever think it needs a good washing? Yes, exactly, that's what I'm doing here.

You have been conditioned by the society and you have to be un-conditioned.... That's what a brainwash is. But there is a difference. Mao also did it, I am also doing it, but there is a great difference. Mao used brainwashing just to re-condition you. He un-conditioned you, but the goal was not un-conditioning, the goal was re-conditioning: you have to be conditioned as a communist. Perhaps you were conditioned as a Catholic, as a Hindu: you have to be un-conditioned as a Catholic and re-conditioned as a communist. Naturally, if something has to be written on your brain, first all that is already written there has to be scrapped.

I am also using brainwash -- as Buddha used, as Christ used -- with a difference; it is not the same as Mao's. The difference is I simply wash your brain and leave it there. I don't write anything on it, I simply leave it clean. I Leave you un-conditioned.

In fact, that is your fear: you are not afraid of being brainwashed, you are afraid of being left clean. You would like to be re-conditioned immediately so you have another prop, another thing to cling to, another philosophy to believe in. I don't give you any philosophy to believe in. I simply destroy all philosophies and leave you alone. That is freedom! But that is always frightening: then you have nothing to cling to, then you have nothing to lean on. Then you are left in an abyss. I call that abyss God -- a bottomless abyss it is. I leave you in that state of ignorance, but ignorance is innocence.

You are not so worried, actually, about my un-conditioning you, about your brainwash. You are worried that if you are Left there in innocence, how will you act? how will you perform your life? how will you do things? You have always depended on the conditioning. That conditioning has given you a certain identity -- a Hindu, a Mohammedan, a Christian. You know who you are. You know where to look when the need arises: go into the church or look into the Bible or consult the priest. You know where to go when there is some problem.

I will leave you utterly helpless. You will not know where to go. I will take the church and the Bible and the Koran away from you, and I will not replace it.

But that is the real work always done by the Buddhas: they leave you alone. And if you are courageous enough to be alone, in that helplessness, for the first time you start growing. In that state of innocence for the first time understanding arises. Otherwise, when you depend on knowledge, there is no need for understanding to arise; knowledge goes on playing the role of understanding. When all knowledge is dropped you have to face life without any knowledge. You will have to respond without any past. You will not be able to go into the memory; there will be no memory. You will have to respond here now. You will have to act, immediately. In that action, understanding is born.

Take the risk.

It is risky, but take the risk. In fact, what have you got to lose? What have you got in your brain? Why are you so worried that your brain will be washed? You don't have anything valuable there, it is all junk. And you know it perfectly well! Who else can know it so well? Just sit silently for half an hour and look inside, and you will know your brain, what goes on. It is a mad maniac -- a thousand and one things going on and on, noises, a crowd. What is valuable there?

Once this is gone, your heart will open up. The pretender gone, the real will take possession. The pseudo-coin thrown away, you will search for the real coin. And it is there, inside you. That wisdom is contained by you. That enlightenment is there waiting for you to get fed-up with the head, so that you can look at it. And once you have found wisdom, then you will know what is valuable in life.

The fourth question:

WHY DO YOU GIVE SANNYAS TO ANYBODY, EVEN TO THOSE WHO DON'T UNDERSTAND THE MEANING?

The question is from Klaus Freitag.

There are a few things in life which can only be known from the inside. If you decide that you will fall in love only when you have understood the meaning of love, never before it, then; you will never fall in love. There is no way to know about love. There is no way to know love unless you fall in it. You can go to the libraries and you can find thousands of

books written on love and you can go through them and you can write a PH.D. thesis about love, but you will still not know anything about love.

Love is a taste on the tongue; you have to experience it.

That's why I go on giving sannyas to anybody and everybody, because that is the only way to have an experience of it. It is not a philosophy that I can tell you about, it is an actual experience. You will need participation in it.

There are many people, and when they come for the first time the question is very natural -- because you have been brought up that way: to first think about it. That's why you are missing millions of things, because you demand, "First I will experience!" And because the intrinsic nature of those things is such that you can only experience by experiencing, there is no way to give a sample to you, you go on missing.

People come to me and they say, "First it has to be proved that God is, only then will we go on the search." They will never go on any search, and they will never find God. Obviously, how can they find? They demand, "First God has to be proved!" Now it is not possible to prove God as an argument; God is not a syllogism.

You will have to go in search... of something you don't know at all... of something you cannot be certain of at all. In fact, that is the thrill of the search, that is the joy -- that you are moving into something which may be, may not be, that you are gambling. But in that very gamble, you grow. And in that growth, God comes closer. And if you go on searching and risking, one day suddenly you find that God is, ONLY God is.

Sannyas is a love affair. It is not something that has to be proved first, then you take it.

You ask, "WHY DO YOU GIVE SANNYAS TO ANYBODY.... "

Because to me, nobody is 'anybody'. To me, everybody is a potential Buddha. When I give you sannyas, I give it out of my respect for you, I give it out of my love for you. When I give sannyas, I am simply saying to you that I respect you, that you also should start respecting yourself.

Giving sannyas to you is simply an indication that your potential is great -- a potential of which you are unaware. Don't think only that you are that which you are. You are more than that, and you will always remain more than that. That 'more' is inexhaustible.

That was the meaning of the story we were reading the other day: that treasure is inexhaustible. That treasure is you!

Sannyas is a symbolic key. When I see the treasure in you, I am in a hurry to give the key to you. I don't bother about whether you understand the meaning or not. How can you understand? To expect that would not be right. You have never tasted, how can you understand it? How are you going to understand it? -- there is no way. It can be known only from the inside: you have to enter into it to know it.

I go on giving sannyas to each and everybody because each and everybody is divine. Each and everybody is there to become a god. That is everybody's destiny. You can delay it, but you cannot destroy it. Giving you sannyas means I am trying to hasten it. Giving you sannyas simply means I am persuading you not to postpone it any more. Giving you sannyas is nothing but helping you not to delay it any more. It can happen right now! Don't wait for tomorrow; tomorrow never comes. And tomorrow is a trick of the mind: through the tomorrows it goes on postponing.

Whenever I see a person coming to me, even if I see a SLIGHT possibility of opening, I am ready to give sannyas to him. It is out of great respect -- because I see the Buddha inside.

The Buddha has already waited too long, and you have not looked at it.

When I ask you to become a sannyasin I am saying: now the time has come, you take the plunge. Try this new way of life. You have lived in the old way, nothing has happened out of it. Or whatsoever has happened has proved only superficial and futile. Try this way too.

I go on selling sannyas because I see once the key is in your hand, it will not be there long; sooner or later you will try it. While I am here it is more possible that you may try it. When I am gone, you will think about the beauty of the key -- the diamonds on it, the gold of it, the value of it. You will create a philosophy about the key and the door will be forgotten. I am the door!

By becoming a sannyasin you are simply showing a love towards me -- that you are ready to go with me into the unknown, that you will not resist me, that you will not fight with me. If you are not a sannyasin you will remain an outsider; that is your decision. From the outside whatsoever you will know will not be the truth. These are not the things which can be known from the outside, these are the things you have to become a participant in to know. You have to fall in rapport with me; that's what sannyas is.

"WHY DO YOU GIVE SANNYAS TO ANYBODY, EVEN THOSE WHO DON'T UNDERSTAND THE MEANING?"

I have never given sannyas to anybody who understands the meaning, because that is impossible. Where to find a man who understands the meaning? And if he understands the meaning, what is the point of giving him sannyas? He knows it already. If Buddha comes to me I will not give him sannyas. Or if Jesus comes to me, I will not give him sannyas: he understands the meaning, the journey is fulfilled. Because you don't understand -- that's why I give sannyas! Now don't make it a condition.

My feeling is that Klaus Frietag must be thinking about sannyas and is afraid to take the jump without understanding it. Don't be so hung-up in the head; there are things of the heart too. And the heart has its own reasons that the head is not aware of. Allow the heart. It is a heart phenomenon, it is not a conclusion of the head -- that you think pro and con and you argue this way and that and then finally you come to a point when the mind says, "Yes, it is worth taking." It is a heart phenomenon: you don't think pro and con, you simply look into my eyes, you sit by my side, you feel me, and you say, "Okay, it is worth risking." And you go into it. That is the right way to go into it.

I have given sannyas to those people also who have taken sannyas through a conclusion of their heads. They become sannyasins and yet they don't become. They miss, and they go on missing, because the very first step has been taken in a wrong direction. Anything that you decide with the head will not help you to go beyond the head. Let there be some decision in your life which is not of the head! Only that will be helpful. Fall in love. Let sannyas happen through love.

The fifth question:

CAN ONE LOVE MORE THAN ONE PERSON?

One can love the whole world. One should love. Love should not be in any way possessive. It should not be exclusive, it should be inclusive. Only when love is inclusive will you know what it is. When love is exclusive, exclusively to one, you are narrowing it down

so much that you will kill it. You are destroying its infinity. You are trying to put the whole sky into such a small space; the small space cannot contain it.

One should be in love. Love should not be just a relationship, it should be a state of being. And whenever you love one, through the one you love the all. And if love has REALLY happened you will suddenly find that you have started loving trees and birds and the sky and people. When you have fallen in love with one man or one woman, what exactly has happened? When you fall in love with one woman you have fallen in love with all women. The one woman is just a representative, the one woman is just an example of all the women that have existed in the world, that are existing in the world and that will exist in the world. That one woman is just a door to womanhood. But the woman is not only a woman, she is a human being too. So you have fallen in love with all human beings. And the woman is not only a human being, she is a being too. So you have fallen in love with all beings. Once you fall in love you will be surprised that your love-energy is released towards all. That is true love.

Possessive love is not true love. It is so tiny, it suffocates itself and it suffocates the other too. But this has been so up to now: love has never been inclusive. You have been taught exclusive love.

Your mother says, "Love ME, I am your mother." Your father says, "Love ME, I am your father." Not only that, your father and mother sometimes -- apparently in humor, but deep down not in humor -- ask you whom you love more, "Me or your mother? Whom do you love more, me or your father?"

Now you are posing a wrong question to the child. To bring in the question of 'more' is stupid. Love is or love is not; there is no question of more or less. You are teaching a wrong arithmetic to the child. And the mother tries to be possessive. And then everybody tries to be possessive: "Love me, don't love anybody else." In fact, in the past the individual who could not be committed to a one-to-one relationship was considered neurotic. In fact, it is the individual committed to an exclusive relationship who is immature. To be in love only with one person is to be arrested at the infantile stage of parent fixation. One should be free to have many involvements, many relationships, many loves.

But that seems to be dangerous. It is dangerous only because it goes against our habits. And who created those habits? There is a subtle logic in those habits. Man has lived under an economy of scarcity: food has not been enough for all, houses have not been enough for all, clothes have not been enough for all. Man has lived down the ages under the economy of scarcity. Everything is scarce, and that has given the idea that love is also scarce. If you love two persons, naturally, both will be getting half and half. If you love three -- more division. If you love thousands, love is spread so thin that it will be almost as if you don't love anybody.

It is not true about love. Love is inexhaustible, there is no question of scarcity. And you will be surprised that even people like Sigmund Freud think that there is scarcity even about love. Freud is against loving your neighbor or strangers. He's very much against Jesus' saying, "Love your neighbor." And his argument is the simple economic one -- that if love is spread out it is spread thin. Freud wrote: "To love thy neighbor is un-psychological." He also wrote "Such an enormous inflation of love can only lower its value." And in true Jewish and capitalist fashion, Freud assumed a scarcity-economy in the psyche: there was just so much libido, so much love, to go around, and one had to be careful where one invested it. This is utter nonsense. This is ABSOLUTELY wrong.

You don't have only so much libido, you have INFINITE libido. And because this idea has been put into your heads, you are suffering. That's why no lover seems to be satisfied, it

is not possible -- because love is so much that giving it to only one person will never satisfy you. You will feel unsatisfied. You could have given to the whole world. Now that which is not given remains there, and any energy that remains inside you, unexpressed, becomes destructive, turns into an enemy.

Let love flow. You are a well of love. Let people draw as much love as they can draw from you, and fresh waters will be coming in. You are joined with the infinite ocean.

Once man becomes aware of this phenomenon, that love is inexhaustible, that there is no scarcity, jealousy will disappear. Jealousy is part of the economy of scarcity.

Your wife becomes afraid if she sees you laughing with some other woman; now she knows you will not be laughing with her -- so much laughter gone. There is only so much libido, so much laughter. You have been smiling, so much smile wasted -- now with her you will not be smiling. This is utter foolishness. In fact, if your husband has been smiling with other people, it is more possible that he will smile with you, because he has been practising smiling. If he remains closed to every other person that he comes across except you, he is practising closedness, so when he comes to you he is closed. It becomes habit, non-smiling becomes habit. If he cannot love anybody else other than you, then the whole day he is trying to be non-loving, remember it. He goes to the office, he is non-loving to his office colleagues. He goes with his friends, he is non-loving to his friends. He goes to the club, he is non-loving to the club people. He's practising non-love. Then he comes home full of his practise, that cultivated non-love, and he looks at you. How can he love you? He has forgotten what love means, he remains in his habit. By and by, the habit becomes a second nature.

You find people so unloving: the reason is they have all decided that love is scarce; you can't go on giving to each and everybody. But I say it to you from experience: I have been giving love to millions of people, and the more you give the more you have it.

Remember this too: that love need not always mean sexual, love need not always mean sensuous. Love has many dimensions to it. It is a multi-faceted phenomenon. You can love music, you can love poetry. But have you seen it happening that if your wife finds that you are too much in love with music, she even becomes jealous of music? She may destroy your guitar, she may throw it out; the guitar seems to be a competitor. When you take your guitar, you touch your guitar as if the guitar is your beloved. And naturally when you love music and you love your guitar, the guitar is not just an instrument. It is not mechanical, it has a personality, it has a being. You look, you touch, with eyes full of love, with hands full of love. You hold your guitar close to your heart. It is alive! Love makes everything alive; whatsoever it touches it makes alive. Non-love makes everything dead; whatsoever it touches it makes it dead.

If you live in non-love you live in a dead world. If you live in love you live in an alive world.

But the wife will feel jealous. You never caress your wife -- she will think -- so lovingly as you caress your guitar. You never play on the body of your wife so lovingly as you play on your guitar; she is also carrying a music in her. Now she becomes jealous. She thinks, "This guitar is a competitor. This guitar has to go."

If you are reading a beautiful book and you are engrossed in it and the wife is clamoring for attention around you, she will throw your book. She will say, "This is too much! I am here, and you are reading?" Even love for a book can create jealousy. If the wife is a painter the husband feels jealous; he comes home and he sees the wife is painting.

But the whole phenomenon depends on one idea -- very wrong-rooted, deep-rooted though it is, but absolutely wrong -- that love is scarce. Save it, save it only for those you

love, because you have only so much of it.

You don't have only so much of it. You have only as much of it as you give. By giving it you have it. You cannot hoard love. The hoarder will not have anything. The hoarder will find he has no love. By hoarding, it dies. It lives only in sharing, it lives in communion. When it moves from one person to another person, it lives, and it gathers more and more energy. And the more flows out of you, the more capable you become of flowing it. You become a bigger and bigger channel for God to flow into the world.

You ask, "CAN ONE LOVE MORE THAN ONE PERSON?"

Now remember, if you love only one person you are not very far away from becoming a monk -- just one person you have to drop. The step, a single step, and the householder becomes a monk. And when you have only so much love, why give it even to one person? Why not keep it for yourself? The logic is the same. If you go to the logical conclusion, then the monk seems to be the right person. Why bother even with a wife or a friend or a husband? Why? Why not go to Mount Athos, to a Catholic monastery or to a Hindu monastery, and disappear behind the mountain and keep it for yourself? But do you think the monk has any love?

Why has this idea arisen in the religions? -- that you have to disappear from the world? -- the same concept of scarcity: that if you give love to the world, to people, how will you give to God? The same idea: if you give it to your wife, then how will you give it to your God? So disappear from the world. Don't give it to your wife, don't give it to your child, otherwise you have only so much of it. Collect all your love and escape into a monastery and give it all to God.

It is stupid. You will not be able to give, because to give to God, the only way is to give to the world. God is hidden here. God does not live hidden there in some monastery. He is spread all over existence, in the rocks, in the rivers, in the mountains. You give! Learn to give, and you will have so many new sources opening up.

I agree with Anatole France who said, "Of all the perversions, chastity is the strangest." Chastity is a kind of miserliness: don't give love to anybody. And when you contain all, people think you are chaste; you are not. You are simply poisoned.

Chastity arises out of love, giving of love. The chaste person is one who goes on flowing in love unconditionally. The chaste person is one whose love is no more a relationship but a state of his being. Even while asleep he vibrates in love. All his life, the whole of his life is love-filled. He overflows in love. That person is chaste. Infinity of love brings chastity.

But the old concept is that if you prevent all love moving from your heart you will be chaste. You will not be chaste, you will be simply dead. You will become simply neurotic, you will be perverted.

The last question:

OSHO, IT REALLY SCARES ME TO DEATH WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT PICKING OUT THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

Sheela, that's precisely its purpose -- to scare you to death.

To tell you the truth, to me, all people are right people. I have never come across a wrong person. I have no judgement. How can I decide who is right, who is wrong? Who am I to

decide who is right, who is wrong? I am a non-judgemental consciousness. So when I talk about choosing the right people, that is just to scare you. It is a device. That will help to make you more alert.

I frighten you many times because that is the only way I can help you to become more conscious. Only in fear are you a little less sleepy. When I simply put a naked sword on your chest, then you open your eyes and say, "What is the matter?" Otherwise you are fast asleep and snoring.

And Sheela is one of the most asleep. Even here she goes on sleeping. One thing is good about her: she does not snore, because that is bad -- that disturbs other people's sleep!

The Wisdom of the Sands, Vol 2

Chapter #6

Chapter title: Jesus Christ, I Missed!

7 March 1978 am in Buddha Hall

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The first question:

IN REALITY THERE IS NO EGO, NO SELF, NO ATMAN. YOU SAY YOU ARE NOT A PERSON BUT A PRESENCE, THAT YOU ARE A MIRROR. WHEN IT IS CLOUDY OUTSIDE YOU ARE CLOUDY. YOU REFLECT WHATEVER IS.

YOU ALSO SAY EVERYONE IS UNIQUE. WHERE IS THE UNIQUENESS TO BE FOUND IN A MIRROR? UNIQUENESS IMPLIES SEPARATENESS, INDIVIDUALITY. ENLIGHTENMENT IS UNION. I KNOW UNIQUENESS MUST BE SO IN ENLIGHTENMENT, FOR I CANNOT IMAGINE CHRIST OR BUDDHA RUNNING THEIR ASHRAM THE WAY YOU DO IF THEY WERE ALIVE NOW AND ALL THREE OF YOU WERE DOING THAT.

KNOWING THAT, I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS PARADOX. IT PUZZLES ME DEEPLY. PLEASE COMMENT.

Sharda, if you want to remain unique, then avoid enlightenment.

Everyone is unique, but not a Buddha, not a Christ, not a Krishna, not me. To be unique you first have to be. A Buddha is one who has disappeared. A Buddha is one who is no more; how can he be unique? There is no possibility.

Enlightenment is the same, its taste is the same. Whenever it happens it is the same truth. It has no uniqueness in it; it can't have, it can't afford it. Diseases can be unique, not health.

Health is simply health. You can have your own specific disease, your own way of being ill; the other can have his own way. There are millions of diseases in the world -- you can choose -- but health is simply one. There are not millions of healths in the world. The moment you start dropping your diseases you start dropping your uniqueness too. A REALLY healthy person has no uniqueness about his health. How can he have it? He's healthy.

One book is different from another book -- because something is written, that written message makes the difference -- but two empty, blank papers are not in any way different. One house is different from another house: they have shape and form and name, architecture, but two empty spaces can't be unique in any way. They will be exactly the same. Two zeros are simply zeros and nothing else.

Buddha is a zero. He is not there. His not being there is his Buddhahood. If you understand this, the paradox disappears. The paradox arises because you go on thinking in the same terms that you think about yourself. I say again and again that you are unique. You have never been before. Like you, there has never been a single person: you are so ill, you can only be unique. There will never again be a person like you. The print of your thumb is just yours.

But I am not saying that about a Buddha, I am saying that about you. All mad people are unique. Once they are sane, uniqueness disappears. The very idea of being unique is part of insanity. It is an ego-trip.

You ask, "IN REALITY THERE IS NO EGO, NO SELF, NO ATMAN."

It is so.

"YOU SAY YOU ARE NOT A PERSON, BUT A PRESENCE, THAT YOU ARE A MIRROR. WHEN IT IS CLOUDY OUTSIDE, YOU ARE CLOUDY."

There you have to understand one thing: I am not cloudy when it is cloudy outside. Clouds are only reflected. The mirror is never cloudy or non-cloudy. The mirror simply reflects, it never changes. When the mirror is reflecting clouds, do you think the mirror has changed? The mirror is the same. The mirror is nothing but its mirroring: it only reflects, it only rebounds all that falls upon it. It does not add anything to it, does not delete anything from it. It has no say about it.

"YOU ALSO SAY EVERYONE IS UNIQUE."

Everyone, except Buddhas. They are not counted in 'everyone', because they are 'everyone' no more, they are all. They are part of totality now. They don't have that idea of separation.

"UNIQUENESS IMPLIES SEPARATENESS", certainly; "UNIQUENESS IMPLIES INDIVIDUALITY", certainly; and "ENLIGHTENMENT IS UNION".

So in union there can be no uniqueness. It is VERY ordinary: it has always been the same, it will always be the same. That's why those who search for enlightenment can't go on ego-trips. To seek for enlightenment is to commit suicide as far as the ego is concerned. And individuality and ATMAN and self and all that, are nothing but different names for the ego, beautiful names. The ego looks a little ugly, and when you call it 'self' it looks a little better,

and when you call it ATMAN it becomes very holy, but it is the same, the same entity.

Enlightenment is the disappearance of the ego, of the individuality, of separation. Just as the Ganges falls into the ocean -- what uniqueness can it have? It was unique, it had its own form, its own color, its own strength. It was different from any other river. But when it falls into the ocean what uniqueness can it have now? All other rivers are falling -- the Amazon and Thames -- and they all are disappearing into the ocean, and they all are becoming salty.

So is enlightenment... the river disappears into the ocean.

"I KNOW UNIQUENESS MUST BE SO IN ENLIGHTENMENT..."

No, Sharda. That very idea of uniqueness is part of the pathology of the human mind. Enlightenment is utterly ordinary. THAT is its extraordinariness. In this life everything is special, particular, unique, EXCEPT enlightenment. That is its uniqueness, if you want to use the word 'unique'. But its uniqueness is in comparison to all other things in the world. Not that you can compare two Buddhas; comparison is not possible. Once the river has entered into the ocean there is no possibility of any comparison. The river is no more, only ocean is.

You say, "I KNOW UNIQUENESS MUST BE SO IN ENLIGHTENMENT..."

It is not so. I have disappeared, and I say to you it is not so. You are still imagining. Your ego is still thinking in terms of separateness, individuality, speciality. Your ego is thinking, "When I become enlightened this is going to be a unique experience." Nothing of the sort! That experience is the same. Whenever a river has disappeared into the ocean, it is always the same.

"... FOR I CANNOT IMAGINE CHRIST OR BUDDHA RUNNING THEIR ASHRAM THE WAY YOU DO IF THEY WERE ALIVE NOW AND ALL THREE OF YOU WERE DOING THAT."

That is true. Buddha cannot run the ashram the way I do, I cannot do things the way Buddha used to do, that's true -- but that has nothing to do with enlightenment, really. You will have to understand the process.

When you become enlightened you come to know the unity of all, but your mechanism remains with you. You are no more identified with the mechanism, you are no more identified with your mind, with your body. You know you are transcendental, but the body is there, the mind is there. You have just come to recognize the fact that you are not your body-mind, that you are total. Now if you want to express THIS experience, you will have to use the same mind, the same body that you were using before enlightenment. You don't have any other instruments to use, hence the uniqueness.

Christ uses his mind. Of course, when he wants to speak he will speak Aramaic. He could not have spoken Sanskrit. When Buddha spoke, he spoke Pali. He could not have spoken Aramaic. I cannot speak Aramaic. Why does Jesus speak in Aramaic? That is the language he had learned when he was not enlightened, and that is the only language available to him. That was the only language that his bio-computer carried. The bio-computer is ready, buzzing, ready to be used. Now this enlightenment has happened. He has seen the reality, he has become the reality, he wants to express it: expression is unique.

Jesus, Buddha, Krishna are not unique in their experience, but in their expression they are

unique. Expression is of THIS world: it is translating the other reality into this reality. Then things start changing.

When Kabir speaks he speaks like a poor weaver. He was a poor weaver; how could he have spoken like Buddha? Buddha was the son of a king, well-educated, cultured, sophisticated in the ways of the royal court, was taught by the best of the teachers of the country, had lived the life of an aristocrat. When he speaks, he speaks the way aristocracy will speak. When Jesus speaks, he speaks as the son of a carpenter. He must have been doing errands, he must have been taking wood to the father's shop, he must have been helping his father. He knew the language of the carpenters.

It is not an accident that Jesus attracted the poorest. All his twelve apostles came from poor families. Somebody was a fisherman and somebody was a farmer and somebody was a weaver -- people like that. When Buddha attracted people, they were not weavers and carpenters, no. He attracted the aristocracy -- princes, learned people, scholars, brahmins -- the cream. Naturally, he was talking also to a different kind of person, because he attracted a different kind of person. When he renounced the world, naturally, the first rumor was in his circle, and many people from the royal families followed. The innermost circle of his disciples always remained aristocratic. Sariputra, Modgalayam, Mahakashyapa -- they all came from very sophisticated, cultured brahmin families.

Jesus' disciples are poor. He speaks their language, he knows only that language. It is also not accidental that Jesus STILL attracts the poor people in the world, and Buddha still attracts the rich people in the world. America is turning Buddhist. Why? -- America has become rich: Zen has appeal. In the East just the reverse process is happening: more and more people are becoming Christians, MORE AND MORE people are becoming Christians.

If you try to analyze the whole process you will be surprised: communism and socialism and all kinds of social revolution are by-products of Christianity. Nothing like communism has happened in the long tradition of Buddhism. It can't happen. The tradition is aristocratic, the whole pattern of it is aristocratic. It can't see things from the side of the oppressed. Marx may be against Christianity, but basically he is a Christian, a by-product of Christianity. He could not have been born in India; that is impossible. He could only have been born in a Christian world.

This is the uniqueness: expression is unique. If you have been a poet and you become enlightened, of course, you will sing a song -- the Song of Mahamudra, the Song of Nirvana. But if you have never been a poet and you become enlightened then it is impossible for you to sing a song. If you have been a painter you may paint. Zen Masters have painted beautiful things; that is their way of expressing. If you have been a dancer, you will dance your enlightenment. You will not find anything else to express it. It depends on you. Expression will depend on you as you were before enlightenment, because your whole mechanism will be ready there to express it -- and that is the only mechanism one can have.

I am different in my expression. The way I do things is my way, but that does not mean that my enlightenment is in any way different from Christ or Krishna or Buddha. It is the same. Then there is no paradox.

The paradox is arising out of your mind. Your mind still hankers for uniqueness, and a certain fear is there: how can enlightenment be unique? It can't be.

The second question:

PLEASE SAY MORE ABOUT WHAT INVENTING/DISCOVERING/ CREATING IS. WHAT CONNECTION IS THERE? AND YOU SAY SOMETIMES ALL IS ALREADY HERE IN EXISTENCE, AND THEN YOU ALSO SAY IT HAS TO BE CREATED: THE SOUL HAS TO BE CREATED, THE MEANING OF LIFE -- EVEN GOD. IS CREATING AND DISCOVERY THE SAME?

They are not the same, they are similar. They have something like a common thread running through them, but they are different. These three things are different: inventing, discovery, creation.

Inventing is imagination, feeling, heart. Inventing creates art in the world. If Picasso had not invented his paintings, they would not have existed at all. And nobody else could have done that. Only he was able to do it, only he could have done them. They are inventions: they never existed before. They are not discoveries. He has not discovered them, they were not there to be discovered or uncovered. They were non-existent. But still it is not creation; it is just imaginary. Those paintings simply say something about the dream of Picasso -- nothing much. They don't become real, they NEVER become real. They become actual, but never real. A painting can be non-actual when it is only in your imagination. And when it comes on the canvas it becomes actual, but never real. It has no reality. It has not a reality like water, H₂O. It has not a reality like sunlight. It is not part of the real world; it is somewhere between the real and the unreal. It is actual. It is a fantasy, invented. It has no fundamental law behind it. God is not behind it: that's what I mean when I say it is not real. Only man's inventiveness, innovativeness, is behind it. All art is invention.

Invention is introvert: you have to look for your inner dreams and then project those dreams outside. It may be poetry, it may be painting, it may be music, whatsoever. And only man is the inventing animal in the world. That is man's prerogative, his dignity, his grandeur.

A society is cultured if it is artistic. It shows that the humanity has started functioning, that the man has come beyond the animal. The animal lives only in the real; he knows nothing of the actual because he knows nothing of the imaginary. Man creates a world of the actual. It almost looks like the real. That's why artists are so egoistic: they are inventors -- they have done something, they have created something. But remember, there is a distinction between creation and invention.

The second thing is discovery. Science discovers, art invents. Art actualizes fantasies, science simply discovers that which is. It does not interfere with it, it does not project. The whole scientific methodology is to keep yourself aloof, detached, indifferent. You should not interfere. You have only to report what is the case. You are not to come into it, you are not to color it in any way. In art just the opposite is the case: you are not to report what is the case. If a painter simply reports what is the case, then he is a camera, not a painter. Then the thing that he has produced is a photograph, not a painting. That can be done by a machine. Where is the invention?

So modern art is right when it says that in the past, in old days, there was not much art because it was more or less reporting. The artist was doing the work of the camera. With the camera coming into existence, the artist has to do real art. He has to invent, he cannot just go on reporting. That can be done better, more skillfully, more truthfully by mechanism, by machines, by technology. Then where does the artist come in? He colors reality. If he simply reports the flower that is on the tree, it is photography. If he invents the flower, if he improves upon the flower, if he gives new qualities to the flower that don't exist there but are produced by him, if the real flower functions only like a screen and he projects all his

fantasies on the flower, then he is an artist.

Have you seen van Gogh's paintings? Trees go so high that they almost touch stars. Now you have not seen trees go so high. No tree has ever touched any star.

Somebody asked van Gogh, "Why are these trees going so high? These are untrue." He said, "No! I have seen trees touching stars. Whenever I see a tree I see the desire of the earth to have a meeting with the stars. Each tree is a desire of the earth to have a meeting, a love-affair with the sky. That's why trees go on moving upwards, upwards, upwards. Trees are longings of the earth to have a meeting, to make love with the sky. They are on the way; I have simply depicted the final state. I have seen the final state where everything is moving, reaching. My painting is the painting where the whole earth is trying to reach. I can see beforehand, I can predict."

Now this is not real, this is invention -- beautiful in itself. And man would be at a great loss if inventive people disappeared. They make life more tasteful. They make life more fun. They make life worth living.

Science discovers. Art is feminine, science is male. The artist simply waits in his passivity; he dreams, desires, longs, and out of that dreaming, desiring and waiting something is invented. The scientist penetrates the reality. He is almost a rapist. He goes and uncovers. He throws all the clothes away, he makes reality nude, HE FORCES it to be nude.

Invention, inventing, is of the feeling. Discovery is of thought, of mind. Invention is through the heart, discovery is through the head.

Then what is creation? Creation is beyond both. When a man is no more identified with the head or with the heart, he becomes a mystic. A mystic creates, a poet invents, a scientist discovers.

A mystic creates. He is no more extrovert, no more introvert. He is no more man, no more woman; he has transcended all duality. He has dissolved himself into God; God is the creative energy. He is no more functioning separately, he has become part of the creative energy; he has become God. That is the meaning when we say Jesus is God, or Buddha is God -- they are no more separate.

The painter is separate, the poet is separate, the physicist is separate, the chemist is separate, but the mystic is one with the whole. He has dissolved himself into the creativity of this existence. Then out of him something is born that is creative -- out of him reality is born. That's what I mean when I say, "Create God, create soul." Buddha created enlightenment, Jesus created God, Mahavira created MOKSHA. These are different names. But they dissolved themselves into the whole, and out of that dissolution comes creation. Not that they create -- they are no more, hence the creation.

Art is invention, science is discovery, religion is creation.

To create you will have to disappear. Only when you disappear is creation possible. You will have to make way for God. When you are not there to do anything, to be anything, you become a hollow bamboo, a flute... and the song starts descending through you.

The third question:

WHY IS A SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OFTEN CALLED A VISION? WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SIGHT AND VISION? A WHILE AGO YOU SPOKE ABOUT WHAT IT IS 'TO HEAR'. PLEASE, WHAT DOES IT MEAN 'TO SEE'?

A blind man looks at the sun. The sun is there, but the blind man cannot see because he has no sight, he has no eyes. If he attains to sight he will have the vision of the sun. Sight has to happen inside, and the vision will be outside.

You have to search for eyes, you have to become a seer. You have to drop your blindness. You have to drop all kinds of buffers that are covering your eyes. You have to become open: that is the meaning of attaining to sight, or insight. Insight is far better because it emphasizes the 'in'. Sight happens in -- that is the meaning of insight. You open up, you hear, you see, you are capable of receiving, and then all that is already present there -- the primordial sound of OMKAR, the celestial music that surrounds you... and you have not heard it yet, because you don't have ears to hear it, you don't have that sensitive ear. You can hear only noises, you can't hear music. If you train, if you cultivate the ear, slowly, slowly your ear becomes more and more meditative, silent, receptive, passive. It comes to a state that Taoists call WU-WEI, no action -- just utterly silent with no stirring of its own -- because if you are having some stirring of your own, you will miss that which is there. When your eyes are just empty, you have insight. Eyes full of thoughts, prejudices, concepts, beliefs, can't see. They go on seeing that which they believe, they don't see that which is. Hence you have to de-nude yourself utterly from all beliefs -- Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan -- you have to drop all kinds of philosophies. When your eyes are utterly naked -- you don't have any kind of belief inside you, you don't know what is what, you simply don't know at all; you know only one thing, that you don't know, that you are innocent -- in that innocence you have insight. And then whatsoever you see through that insight is called vision.

It is called vision to show a difference from dreams. The vision is REALLY there. The dream also looks there but is not really there. The dream is projected by you, the vision is part of reality. In dream, you have worked upon reality; in vision, reality works upon you. In dream you are active, you are doing something -- projecting. In vision you are WU-WEI, inactive, passive. You allow the reality to work upon you. In a dream you are a great doer; the dream is your doing. In vision you are a non-doer, a receptive end, a womb, open, waiting, ready to receive, welcoming. You are in a kind of let-go. And when you are in a kind of let-go, reality happens to you because you don't hinder it. It is continuously trying to happen to you but you go on hindering it.

God comes to you in millions of ways. But you have a certain idea of God, and God has no obligation to fulfill your idea. He goes on coming in His own ways and you go on waiting according to your belief. Hence, you go on missing.

For example, Christians will go on missing Christ because they are waiting for the SAME Christ. Not that Christ has not been happening in the world -- it happened in Kabir, it happened in Mohammed, it happened in Nanak, it happened in MANY more people. But Christians are waiting for the SAME Christ that they have some ideas about. They are waiting for the second coming of Christ. It is not going to happen, ever. They are waiting in vain. Christ goes on coming, but never again the same way. Because for Christ to come in the same way, the whole existence will have to be in the same situation -- and that is not going to happen ever again. Just think... EXACTLY in the same situation: each stone in the same place as it was, and each man with the same shape as he had. Now how is it possible? Pontius Pilate is no more Governor General, he writes no more rules. That world of the Jews, that mythological world of their dreams, is no more valid. Things have changed. I have heard....

In a school a teacher told his small disciples to paint something, but the story should be

taken from the Bible. There were many paintings, but one was very strange. One small boy had painted an aeroplane. He loved aeroplanes. And things were clear -- at the back there were three figures, and in the front, in the cockpit, was the pilot.

And the teacher asked, "Who are these three people?"

He said, "This is God, the Father. This is Jesus, the Son. And this is a very clumsy type of fellow -- who is this? -- this is the Holy Ghost."

And the teacher asked, "Then who is this fourth?"

And he said, "Who else? Pontius the Pilot."

The world has changed. Now, Pontius the Pilate can only be a pilot.

That mythological world -- and all societies have lived in mythologies -- creates a certain poetry around them, a certain dream around them. They invent. Jews were the chosen people; now they are no more. Even Jews are tired now of remaining the chosen people. I have heard....

An old Jew was praying, and he said to God, "Is it true, Sir, that we are your chosen people?"

And God boomed from the skies, "Yes! You are my chosen people!"

And the old Jew said, "Sir, is it not time you should choose somebody else? We have suffered a lot."

Now even Jews are not willing to be the chosen people. Just because they have this stupid notion of being the chosen people, they have suffered. This egoistic idea went against everybody, and everybody tried to put them in their place. They have been massacred, killed, murdered, and behind all that is the single idea: "We are the chosen people."

Now the world has changed utterly. Christ cannot come the way he came that time. He can come in that way only if the world again repeats EXACTLY the same situation, and that is impossible. The world is never again the same. It is a flux, things go on moving. And Christians go on waiting for Christ, and Hindus are waiting for Krishna. For five thousand years they have waited, because Krishna had said, "When there is trouble, and the dark night, and religion will be uprooted, and there will be atheism in the world, and when my people will be oppressed and will be in misery, I will come. I promise." And they are waiting. Now what more misery does India need for him to come? Can you think of any country being more miserable than India is? If he can't come now then there is no hope, because more misery is not possible. But he is not coming, and Hindus go on waiting and they go on looking at the sky.

He HAS been coming, but God cannot come according to your belief. You have to be in a state of receptivity. You have to drop all beliefs; then suddenly, the vision! When the insight is ready, the vision happens. Vision is not a dream, it is reality, it is so.

Christians are dreaming. Hindus are dreaming. These are different kinds of dreamers. They go on dreaming that things will again be the same. They go on dreaming about the past. They go on projecting the past in their minds again and again. They go on playing the same game that they have become very skillful in playing, and they DON'T see that the reality has changed and their game is simply absurd.

Vision is not your dream. Vision is when all dreams have disappeared and you don't have a dreaming mind; then what happens is a vision. But for that, insight is needed. You have to learn how to see, and you have to learn how to be, and you have to learn how to hear, and

you have to learn how to touch. You have to learn how to smell, how to taste. And then you will be surprised -- God comes through all the senses.

Be more sensitive -- less of belief, less of the head, and more of sensitivity. Be more sensuous, alive in your senses, and then suddenly one day you will see: it is not simply the light that is coming to you, it is God in the form of light; and it is not the tree that is standing there in front of you, but God; not the rock, but God; not the woman that you have fallen in love with, but a God; not the man, but God. When the insight becomes clear, unclouded, suddenly you start seeing that everywhere God is, because all is God.

A man took a flower once, and without a word, held it up before the men seated in a circle about him. Each man in his turn looked at the flower, and then explained its meaning, its significance, all that it symbolized. The last man, however, SEEING the flower, said nothing, only smiled. The man in the center then also smiled, and without a word handed him the flower. The origins of Zen are said to be in this.

That the man in the center happened to be the Buddha does not matter. Zen is what happens when any man, anywhere, at any time, SEES. SO is Sufism: it is a new way of SEEING into reality. So is Tantra, so is Yoga -- different names for the same phenomenon: a capacity to see into reality.

But you are so full of explanations.

I am holding the flower in my hand, just in front of you, but you can't see the flower because you are so full of explanations, so full of philosophizing, so full of questions and answers.

This 'birth of Zen' is one of the most beautiful anecdotes in the whole history of religion....

"Each man in his turn looked at the flower, and then explained its meaning..."

A flower need not be explained. A flower is its own explanation. All other explanations are intrusions into its reality. How can you say what a rose is? A rose is a rose is a rose! How can you say what it is? And whatsoever you say will be wrong, because in saying that the rose is 'this', you will be identifying the rose with something else which is not a rose. That's what we go on saying.

If somebody asks, "What is this?", you bring something else in to explain it, but that something else is not it. All explanations go astray. No explanation explains. They only explain things away. They are tricks of the mind.

"They explained its meaning, its significance and all that it symbolized."

A flower symbolizes nothing. It is simply there, not as a symbol. It is not a symbol, not a metaphor, not a sign. It is itself. It does not represent anybody else. It is its own being.

They all missed. Those people sitting around Buddha, and Buddha holding the flower in his hand, and they started saying things about the flower -- they all missed. They missed because they were so full of explanations. They could not see the flower, the flower was lost in their explanations. They became too obsessed with the mystery of the flower: "Why is Buddha holding it in his hand? What kind of flower is this? What species does it belong to? What does it represent? -- its color, its shape, its form." They forgot the flower completely, they went astray. They started running in different directions. And they were clever people, scholarly people: they must have quoted scripture, they must have brought the Vedas and the Upanishads into it. They must have talked of their knowledge, they must have performed great egoistic justifications, they must have brought many arguments into it, they must have been very logical. And they were thinking they would satisfy Buddha.

Buddha must have felt very sad.

A flower is simply there, it needs no explanation. You need to enjoy it; not to say anything about it, but to see it! Only one man did that.

"However, seeing the flower, one man said nothing."

His name was Mahakashyapa. He became the founder of Zen, because he was the first man to see the flower as it was. He had the insight and the vision.

"He said nothing, he only smiled."

What happened in that smile? He became a flower in that smile. Have you not watched it? When you smile, you bloom. He didn't say anything and he said everything. By becoming a flower he said everything. He smiled.

In fact, no flower is as beautiful as a human smile. The most beautiful flower is pale before a human smile. There is no comparison to a human smile. If it arises from your being, spreads all over you, you bloom. A smile is a flower of human consciousness. Mahakashyapa smiled.

"The man in the center then also smiled."

So there were three flowers that day, the whole trinity. The flower was already smiling; Mahakashyapa smiled; seeing these two beautiful flowers, Buddha smiled. Those three smiles became the foundation of Zen, those three flowers. It rarely happens, but whenever it happens a great tradition is born. But it happened so silently! Not a single word was uttered! Buddha also didn't utter a single word, he simply presented the flower to Mahakashyapa. And it is said that he gave to Mahakashyapa that which cannot be given through words. It was an insight and a vision, a transfer beyond scriptures, beyond words.

This is how Sufism, Hassidism, Zen, Tantra, Yoga, have been transferred down the ages. Whenever there is somebody who can see, the flower is given.

I am holding the flower before you. The day you will be able to see it, it will be given to you. I will go on holding the flower. I will go on waiting for the moment when you don't have any explanation about it. You don't ask for any explanation, you don't give any explanation, you simply live the mystery of it -- the mystery of the moment, the mystery of presence -- and you smile. And that mystery simply blooms in you as a flower. That day, you will understand what a flower is. Unless you bloom you will not understand a rosebush. How can you understand? -- you have never known any flowering inside you. Only a Buddha can understand what is happening to a rosebush. Only a Buddha can understand what is happening to the stars. Only a Buddha can understand what is happening to this immense mystery called existence. When you have tasted your reality then you become capable -- not through scriptures, not through reading books, but by being, by experiencing.

"The origins of Zen are said to be in this anecdote."

And you will be surprised that no Indian scripture relates this anecdote. I have been searching and searching for it -- no Indian scripture relates this anecdote. If you ask the orthodox Buddhist scholars they will say, "This is just an invention of the Zen people."

Once a Buddhist scholar came to see me, a very famous scholar, a world-famous scholar on Buddhist scriptures. His name is Bhikku Anand Gosalayana. He came to see me and he said, exactly about this anecdote, "You go on talking about this. But this is all un-historical, because there is not a single mention in the scriptures about this. You please stop talking about it!"

I said to him, "That simply shows about the Indian mind, nothing else. The Indian mind cannot understand, it is too scholarly."

My feeling is that when this happened all those scholars who were giving explanations

and philosophizing about the flower must have collected the scriptures later on. Yes, they have collected. They must have forgotten all about it, it was not of worth. They must have taken it as a joke: "Buddha must be playing a joke, must have been in some mood." And nothing was said so there was nothing to report. The scholar can only report that which is said. He goes on missing that which is shown. There was nothing to report, nothing had happened -- it was such a silent transfer. The scholars missed it. They have not mentioned it.

I said to the great scholar, "To me, this is the MOST important thing that has happened through Buddha. If it is not in the scriptures then those scriptures are wrong, because this to me is the MOST essential phenomenon. I can drop and burn all the scriptures, but I cannot drop this story. This parable contains the whole."

It was reported first by the Chinese; because of Taoism it was reported. Because of the Taoistic approach, it was understood for the first time. So it is mentioned in Chinese scriptures but not in Indian scriptures. The Indian mind is scholarly, philosophical, logical, argumentative. The Chinese mind is more aesthetic, more artistic, can look into silence, can feel for the silence.

Zen is a cross-breeding between Buddhism and Taoism. It is fifty percent Buddhism and fifty percent Taoism. And it is richer than both, because it has all that is beautiful in Buddhism and all that is beautiful in Taoism. It has gathered the silence of both, hence the beauty of Zen.

But remember that the man in the center happened to be the Buddha does not matter. Zen is what happens when any man, anywhere, at any time, sees.

Zen can happen here. Zen can happen sitting by the side of a tree, or by the side of a river. Zen can happen anywhere. Whenever you become capable of seeing, Zen happens. In your insight, in the opening of your insight, the vision happens. That vision is Zen. And that vision is Sufism. They are not different things.

The fourth question:

OSHO, YOU SAY TAKE LIGHT INTO DARKNESS AND THE DARKNESS DISAPPEARS. YOU ARE THE LIGHT. THEN WHERE IS DARKNESS? AND WHY DO I LONG FOR DARKNESS TOO?

Chetana, when I say bring light and darkness disappears, what I mean exactly is: bring light and darkness becomes luminous. It does not disappear, because nothing can disappear. Bring light in and darkness becomes enlightened. When the light comes in it transforms the very quality of darkness itself. Nothing disappears, things are just transformed. If you allow me in your heart, you will not find darkness. That doesn't mean darkness has disappeared; darkness has been transformed. Darkness is no more darkness, it has become light itself. In fact, darkness and light are not two opposite things as we ordinarily think. The difference between darkness and light is not of opposition. They are the same thing.

It is like hot and cold. What you call cold is only relatively cold; there is no absolute difference. What you call hot is only relatively hot; there is no absolute difference. You can try an experiment. You can keep one bucket of water in front of you. Heat one hand on the heater and put the other hand on an ice cube, and when both your hands are feeling the heat and the cold, dip them both into the bucket in front of you -- and you will be surprised. If somebody asks you, "Say something about the water in the bucket, whether it is cold or hot",

you will be in a puzzle, because one hand will say it is hot, the other hand will say it is cold. Cold and hot are not two things, but two relative experiences. So is darkness and light.

You know the owl: he sees in the night, there is no darkness for him. He has different kind of eyes from you. In the day he cannot see. That's why the owl, particularly in the West, is thought to be the symbol of wisdom -- because for him even darkness is light. That's what enlightenment is: when darkness becomes light.

My whole effort here is to transform you into owls, so darkness becomes light. But I understand your problem too.

"YOU SAY TAKE LIGHT INTO DARKNESS AND THE DARKNESS DISAPPEARS. YOU ARE THE LIGHT. THEN WHERE IS DARKNESS? AND WHY DO I LONG FOR DARKNESS TOO?"

You will long for it. It will take a little while for you to become accustomed to the light. You have lived in darkness so long, for millions of lives, that out of the old habit you will ask for darkness. Light you can take only so far; then you would like to relax and relapse into darkness. And you will feel good in relapsing into darkness -- it will be restful, it will be a kind of sleep. Nothing to be worried about; it happens that way. One has to become more and more accustomed to light. Slowly, slowly your aperture opens more and more, you absorb more and more, and finally one day it happens that you come to know that darkness and light are the same. You can rest in light too. When this becomes your experience, then the need for darkness disappears. But it will remain.

Sometimes you will come very close to me and you will be full of light -- that's what is happening to Chetana. I see her coming very close to me sometimes; then she will be full of light. But soon she will start hankering for the darkness; then she will have to go away from me.

And that is what is happening to everybody here. You go on swinging towards me and away from me. You are like a pendulum: sometimes you come close, sometimes you go away. But this is a need. You cannot absorb of me totally right now. You have to learn, you have to learn to absorb something so tremendous, which looks almost like death. So many times you will need to go away from me.

That's why sometimes you become negative. Sometimes you start arguing against me, fighting with me -- that is PART of the love. You will have to hate me too. So don't be worried about it, and don't pay much attention to it. That is just an effort from your side to go away. You can take only so much, so far, and then it becomes unbearable. Then you want to go away.

Then there are thousands of ways of going away. Look at Sheela -- she is fast asleep. This is a way of going far away. She can only go so far, and then the mind says, "It is better to fall asleep. Now it is getting unbearable." You start thinking of a thousand other things. Sitting in front of me your mind starts going to the market. You are already in Vrindavan: immediately, when I am finished, you will rush. But you were rushing already! Your mind was already there, just your body has to follow. And you will think many things against me -- small things, and you will make much fuss about them. You will make mountains out of molehills. And when you will understand one day, you will be surprised at how you were creating unnecessary things. But they were part of the growth.

Right now, you can be awake only in the day. In the night you will have to fall asleep, and you will need darkness. And with me, both these things will go on happening: sometimes

it will be day between me and you, and sometimes it will be night between me and you. Sometimes you will look at me, and sometimes you will close your eyes. Sometimes you will open up, and then you will close your heart. But this is how it happens -- nothing to be worried about.

The fifth question:

WHY AM I SHOCKED VERY MUCH BY YOUR JOKES?

Now that's what I was saying just now -- you can make mountains out of molehills. You want to be shocked by something or other, and I am giving you so many shocks. Now you have to find something so that you can pinpoint, "This is why I am shocked." Your real reasons for being shocked may be different, but you cannot accept those.

For example, you may be a very, very orthodox Christian or Hindu or Mohammedan, but you cannot accept -- your ego does not allow that you are an orthodox Hindu. You are such a progressive man, such a revolutionary man. So when I say something against Hinduism you feel hurt. But you cannot say that you are feeling hurt, because you are such a progressive, revolutionary man. So you start searching -- something else has to be found as a scapegoat, as an excuse. Just look inside yourself

Jokes are just innocent. But there are other reasons also: you may be hearing in jokes something which is not there. You can go on listening to something which is not there. You can go on interpreting something which is not there. Just listen to this joke.

Zacharias Werner, a romantic poet turned priest, and a former notorious transgressor, packed Vienna's churches in 1809 with his fiery sermons on carnal sin. One Sunday, he preached to a huge congregation a sermon on 'that tiny piece of flesh, that most dangerous appurtenance of a man's body'. Gentleman blanched, ladies blushed, as he elaborated on all the horrendous consequences of its misuse, his piercing eyes shooting sparks as he expounded graphically on and on.

Toward the end of his sermon, he leaned over the pulpit to scream at his listeners, "Shall I name you that tiny piece of flesh?" There was paralyzed silence. Smelling salts were extracted from the ladies' handbags. He leaned out farther, and his voice rose to a hoarse shout, "Shall I show you that tiny piece of flesh?" Horrified silence. Not a whisper or a rustle of a prayer book could be heard. Werner's voice dropped and a sly smile slid over his face. "Ladies and gentlemen, behold the source of our sins" -- and he stuck out his tongue.

You can go on thinking and thinking about something which is not there. It is your mind. No joke is dirty; there are only dirty minds. How can a joke be dirty? A joke is simply a joke. But there are dirty minds. Or... you may be just a middle-class bourgeoisie.

"Dai, did you hear the news? Megan Evans is getting married."

"Indeed now! I did not even know she was pregnant!"

"Steady there Dai, Megan Evans is not pregnant."

"What! Getting married and not even pregnant? Bloody middle-class snobbery, that's what that is!"

It may be just bloody middle-class snobbery that you feel shocked. And you cannot connect religion with humor -- that is the problem. And you don't know that God loves jokes. I tell it to you from very reliable sources.... Whenever somebody becomes a Buddha and dies and goes to God, He says, "Now, please tell me some joke. What is happening there on the earth? How are things going?" And if you cannot tell a beautiful joke, you will feel very embarrassed.

You go on thinking that humor, laughter, is somehow irreligious, because you have been conditioned that way. Churches have become humorless. When you come to me, you come with all your ideas of how a Buddha should be. But your ideas of a Buddha are not really of a Buddha. Those are the ideas that you have gathered seeing a Catholic priest, or a Hindu swami, or a Jaina muni. You don't know anything about Buddhas, you don't know anything about Bodhidharma, you don't know anything about the real people of God. In their life experience the earth and sky are not separate, and the profane and the sacred are not separate. It is all one. The humor and the prayer are two aspects of the same spectrum.

Laughter is not irreligious. Laughter is one of the most evolved phenomena in human life. No other animal can laugh, it is only man; it is only man who can laugh.

You have to transform your laughter into prayer. Only YOU can transform. Certainly there is no other animal who is bored either. No other animal feels boredom. So these are the two specific things a human being can do: either he can feel bored, or he can feel laughter. The old religions have chosen boredom. I choose laughter. And I don't think that God should be very happy with your churches; they are creating such boredom. God must have more humor than your churches, otherwise He would not have created man at all. And He created man and told Adam, "Don't eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge," and then created a snake to seduce Adam, and created Eve, and created trouble.... He must have some humor. This world is a great comedy. It is ridiculous! Just listen to this joke.

A parish priest was having a game of golf with one of his parishioners one day. The priest teed-off first and sent his ball flying down the fairway.

"Good shot, Father," said the parishioner, who felt rather nervous as he was new to the game. He placed his ball on the tee, raised his club, swung and missed the ball.

"Jesus Christ, I missed!" he exclaimed.

"Don't blaspheme," said the priest. But the parishioner took several more swings at his ball and missed each time. And each time he exclaimed, "Jesus Christ, I missed!"

"Such blasphemous language is unforgivable," said the priest indignantly, "especially in front of a man of God. The next time you speak like that I will pray to God to strike you down."

The parishioner was fuming. He raised his club, swung wildly at the ball and missed it. He jumped up and down, threw his club on the ground and in a mad rage shouted, "Jesus Christ, I missed!" The priest looked up to heaven, joined his hands and started praying.

Suddenly, thunder roared, clouds rolled, and a large bolt of lightning came down and struck the priest, killing him. There was a moment's silence and then a voice boomed from the sky, "Jesus Christ, I missed!"

Chapter #7
Chapter title: Thirsty

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THERE WAS ONCE A KING WHO WAS THIRSTY. HE DID NOT QUITE KNOW WHAT THE DIFFICULTY WAS, BUT HE SAID, "MY THROAT IS DRY."
LACKEYS AT ONCE RAN SWIFTLY TO FIND SOMETHING SUITABLE TO ALLEVIATE THE CONDITION. THEY CAME BACK WITH LUBRICATING OIL. WHEN THE KING DRANK IT, HIS THROAT DID NOT FEEL DRY ANY MORE, BUT HE KNEW THAT SOMETHING WAS NOT RIGHT. THE OIL PRODUCED A CURIOUS SENSATION IN HIS MOUTH. HE CROAKED, "MY TONGUE FEELS AWFUL, AND THERE IS A CURIOUS TASTE. IT IS SLIPPERY..."
THE DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY PRESCRIBED PICKLES AND VINEGAR -- WHICH THE KING ATE. SOON HE HAD STOMACH-ACHE AND WATERING EYES TO ADD TO HIS SORROWS.

"I THINK I MUST BE THIRSTY," HE MUMBLED, FOR HIS SUFFERINGS HAD MADE HIM DO SOME THINKING.

"THIRST NEVER MADE THE EYES WATER," SAID THE COURTIER TO ONE ANOTHER. BUT KINGS ARE OFTEN CAPRICIOUS, AND THEY RAN TO FETCH ROSEWATER, AND SCENTED SYRUPY WINES FIT FOR A KING.
THE KING DRANK IT ALL, BUT STILL FELT NO BETTER -- AND HIS DIGESTION WAS RUINED. A WISE MAN HAPPENED ALONG IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS CRISIS, AND HE SAID, "HIS MAJESTY NEEDS ORDINARY WATER."

"A KING COULD NEVER DRINK COMMON WATER," SHOUTED THE COURT IN UNISON.

"OF COURSE NOT," SAID THE KING. "AND, IN FACT, I FEEL QUITE INSULTED -- BOTH AS A KING BEING OFFERED PLAIN WATER, AND ALSO AS A PATIENT. AFTER ALL, IT MUST BE IMPOSSIBLE THAT SUCH A DREADFUL AND DAILY MORE COMPLICATED AILMENT AS MINE COULD HAVE SUCH A SIMPLE REMEDY. SUCH A CONCEPT IS CONTRARY TO LOGIC, A DISGRACE TO ITS ORIGINATOR, AND AN AFFRONT TO THE SICK."
THAT IS HOW THE WISE MAN CAME TO BE RENAMED 'THE IDIOT'.

Man is always in crisis. Man is crisis... constant. It is not accidental, it is essential. Man's very being consists of crisis, hence the anxiety, the tension, the anguish. Man is the only animal who grows, who moves, who becomes. Man is the only animal who is not born complete, who is not born closed, who is not born like a thing; who is born like a process. Man is open. His being consists in becoming. That is the crisis. The more he becomes the more he is.

Man cannot take himself for granted, otherwise one stagnates and vegetates. Life disappears. Life remains only when you are moving from one place to another place. Life is that movement between two places. You can't be alive at one place -- that's the difference between a dead thing and an alive phenomenon. A dead thing remains in one place; it is static. The alive thing moves -- not only moves, leaps, jumps. The dead thing remains always

in the known. The alive phenomenon goes on moving from the known towards the unknown, from the familiar towards the un-familiar. This is the crisis. Man is the MOST alive.

You have to go on moving. The movement creates problems because the movement means you have to go on dying to that which you know. You have to go on dying to the past, which is familiar, which is comfortable, which is cozy. You have lived it, you have become skillful about it, you have learned much about it; now there is no danger in it. It fits with you, you fit with it. But man has to move, man has to go on the adventure. You are a man only when you go continuously on that adventure -- from the known to the unknown.

The mind clings to the past because the mind is the past. But your being wants to go beyond the past. Your being wants to explore. Your being has an intrinsic discontent; I call it divine discontent. Whatsoever you have, you are finished with it; whatsoever you are, you are finished with it; you want to have that which you don't have, and you want to be that which you are not. Man gropes in the dark for richer being, for more being, for new being.

It is not right to say that man is born one day and dies another. It is true about other animals, but not true about man. Animals are born one day -- they have a birthday -- and then one day they die. Man is constantly dying and constantly being born. EACH moment is a death and a birth. In man death and birth are not opposites, but like two wings of a bird, complementary, helping each other. The death simply helps the birth to happen. The death goes on cleansing the ground so the past can cease and the future can be. Death is in the service of birth. In fact, to call them two is not right. It is ONE process looked at from two different angles.

It is like a gate: from one side it is entrance, from the other side it is exit. Or, it is like breathing: the same breath going inwards is called inhalation, and the same breath going outwards is called exhalation. It is the same breath.

Death is exhalation, birth is inhalation. Birth is entrance, death is exit. But it is the same life-energy, the same wave. Man has to die each moment and has to be ready to be reborn again and again and again. Between this constant death and birth is life. Between these two is the gap which is life. Between the past and the future is life -- in that small interval called 'present'. It has no duration, it is there without any duration. The past has duration, length; the future has duration, length; the present has no duration. It is simply there... atomic it is. Between the past, the long past, and the long future, exists a gap. Only those who go on constantly dying and constantly getting reborn know that gap, because they pass again and again through that gap. Each time you are ready to pass through that gap, you will find a crisis.

The crisis is that the mind wants to cling to the known and the familiar, naturally. The mind is efficient with it. Somehow it has learned it, learning has been arduous. And now suddenly you move. All that learning is lost, it will never again be relevant. In no other situation will it have any meaning. It can only have meaning with the situation in which you have lived. "Cling to it," the mind says.

But the being cannot be contained by the mind. The being is infinite, and the mind is a very very small hole. The being is like the sky -- it cannot be contained in it. The mind is too narrow. The being wants to get out of it, the being wants to grow and become wider and wider. The being wants to go to the farthest corner of existence. The being is an adventure. The being wants to risk -- this is the crisis.

And each person has to face this crisis. And there are two alternatives: out of fear you stop dying to the past and you become stuck, stagnant. People call their stagnancy safety, security. Safety and security are just rationalizations for remaining stagnant. They become

pools instead of rivers. They go on shrinking, they never know the joy of flow. Joy is just a by-product of flow. When the river moves there is joy, there is dance, there is song. When your life flows from one space into another space, there is joy -- the thrill of the new.

You can remain secure and safe with the past. You can avoid the crisis: that's what millions of people have decided. But then they remain mediocre, then they remain imbeciles. Then they only age, they don't grow. They are stuck. Their life becomes a wasteland and they never come to see the ocean. Only when you come to see the ocean and when you enter into the ocean do you know what bliss is. Man has to go on leaving the past, man has to go on searching. Man has to feed, nourish, his search.

But man has invented many many things to avoid it; man has invented many philosophies. Philosophy is a distraction: it never poses the real problem before you. It poses many problems to avoid THE problem. It constantly creates newer and newer problems, and goes into those problems and finds solutions, and out of each solution it brings many more problems, and it goes on and on. It is a distraction. It does not help you to face the real problem.

The real problem is only one. The problem is: how to go on continuously dying to the past? How to go on remaining courageous enough to take new life every moment? How to go on being born? That problem is avoided by philosophy. It talks about God, it talks about what the truth is, it talks about the creation, it talks about hell and heaven, and a thousand other things. What Taoists call 'ten thousand things' -- philosophy goes on talking about them. And it creates much fuss, and it is very easy to be lost in the philosophical speculation. It does not solve anything, it simply deceives you.

Then there are theologies. Philosophy is a distraction; theology is a pseudo-religion, not existential. It is philosophy in the guise of religion, philosophy pretending to be religion: Christian theology, Hindu theology, Buddhist theology. It again supplies you with answers which are plastic, synthetic, because the real answer can come only through living the question. The problem can be solved only by going into it; there is no other way to solve it. It cannot be solved by others' answers. My answer can't become your answer. You will have to live your problem, you will have to suffer your problem. You will have to pass through many many anxieties, anguishes. You will have to live through the crisis; only then will your ice melt and will you start flowing.

Those crises cannot be easily avoided either by philosophy or by theology. Everybody wants to avoid them -- that's why people have become Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans. They have taken others' answers as if they are their own. They live in that 'as if', their whole life is an 'as if'. It is not true, it is inauthentic.

How can Buddha's answer be your answer? There have been many Buddhas before Buddha; their answers could not become his answer. How can Christ's answer be your answer? He had to seek and search for his answer. He had to sacrifice for his answer -- he had to go to the cross, he had to carry his cross on his shoulders. How can his answer be your answer? You have not carried the cross on your shoulders yet. You have been avoiding, you have been escaping. Your logic is that of the ostrich... open your eyes. The problem is big, immense, huge, and the natural tendency is to close one's eyes and forget all about it, find some occupation, engagement, become involved in something and forget all about it. That's what people go on doing.

That's what politics is all about. People become involved in trifles and they become so much engaged that they forget that they yet have something to solve -- without which they will never really be men, without which they will never be their own selves. Politics gives

great occupation to people. It is occupation through action, as philosophy is occupation through speculation.

And parents are in a hurry to give their borrowed knowledge to their children. Schools, colleges, universities are there only so that the past can live in you, so that it becomes almost impossible for you to drop the past, so that you forget all about your future possibilities. The university makes you efficient about the past and it destroys all your potential for the future. The university exists there as a conspiracy -- of the parents and the priests and the politicians.

If you go on repeating a certain knowledge again and again, you forget that it is not yours.

Adolf Hitler has said in his autobiography, MEIN KAMPF, that there is only a little difference between the truth and the lie; the difference is of repetition. If you go on repeating the lie again and again, it becomes true. He is saying something immensely valuable. And he knows it, because he has done it.

But that has been done down the ages by the priests and the politicians. They go on repeating certain things. Slowly slowly, those repeated things become habits of your thought; they become unconscious. Then you go on repeating them. You will give them to your children, just as your parents have given them to you. Your parents have not lived, otherwise they would have been Christs and Buddhas and Krishnas. You are not living if you are simply repeating your parents' ideas that were given to you when you were a child and unable to defend yourself, when you were a child and not aware enough of what was being done to you, when you were a child and vulnerable, when you were a child and trusting, when you were a child and you did not know that your parents could deceive you. And they were not deceiving you knowingly. They were deceived by their parents, and so on and so forth. They were simply repeating a performance. Whatsoever had been done to them by their parents they were doing it to you. That was the only way they knew how to deal with the children. They were themselves victims. Don't be angry with them. They have not done anything wrong to you knowingly, but whatsoever they have done IS WRONG.

They have made you Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans; they have made you communists, fascists -- they have made you this or that. They have not allowed you an open growth. Why? Why were they so afraid? Why were they in such a hurry to send you to the church? Why were they in such a hurry to baptize you? They were in a hurry because they thought they loved you, and they would like to protect you -- to protect you from the problem, the crisis that one day you might feel, you might encounter. So they were giving you answers before the question had arisen. They were preparing you. They were providing you with answers so when the question arose you would be able to deal with it, you would know the answers.

But those answers are false. They did it out of love for you, but all that is done out of love is not necessarily right. Unless love is aware, it can do harm. The world suffers much harm from love which is not aware. They wanted to protect you, they wanted you to be ready to face any crisis in your life, so they supplied you answers -- and answers cannot be supplied, answers have to be found.

One has to PAY for answers. They are not cheap. Knowledgeability is not knowledge.

Politics provides you with one kind of distraction, philosophy another kind of distraction.

Art is simply a consolation. It simply decorates your prison cell, it makes it worth living in, it makes it beautiful, it paints it. It keeps you in the prison cell because the prison cell becomes so beautiful -- as if the cage has been made of gold and the bird forgets about the sky, and it becomes difficult to leave the cage; it is golden.

Philosophy distracts. Theology cheats. Art simply decorates, consoles. Art is a kind of

ointment when what is needed is surgery, not ointment. It is consoling but it is not transforming. And education simply functions as a conspiracy. Education is in the service of the past. Education is not creative. And these are the things one gets involved in sooner or later.

Only religion can take you beyond your stagnancy. But when I say religion, I don't mean Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan. I simply mean religiousness. And religiousness is very simple. It is so simple that you will not believe in it. Theologies are complex, religion is simple. Truth is very simple, philosophies are very complex. The philosophies have to be complex, otherwise you would see the lie in them. They have to be so complex that you cannot find the lie. They have to create so much jargon, clouds, subtleties, complexities; they have to make the whole thing so zig-zag, like a riddle, a puzzle, so that you can never come out of it. Philosophies, theologies are all labyrinthian: you can enter into them, getting out is very difficult because one thing leads to another. And the complexities become more and more complex the more you enter into them.

Truth is simple. Religion is simple. Religion has no theology, religion is pure experience -- the experience that happens when you die to the past and you are being born into the future. Between the two is what religion is, the insight into reality.

And remember, the theologians of the world point out that things are but transitory: "All the brightness of one rose is only for a while. The mayfly comes in the morning, and in the evening is dead, is gone. God does not come and go, therefore seek only God." This is simply greed, nothing else -- the same old greed in a new form, the same old wine in a new bottle.

God is NOT permanent, but the God of the theologians is permanent -- because the ego wants something permanent. The ego is greedy; it wants to cling to something. It does not want an unknown God. It wants a God who is known, well-known. Hence people cling to ideas supplied by theologians -- Christian God, Hindu God, the form of the God, the name of the God.

God is unknown. Even those who have known Him don't know Him. When they know Him, they know only one thing: that they have come to the unknown. And that is the beauty of it.

And God is not permanent. God is certainly eternal, but not permanent. But the eternity is a flux. God is more in the flower than the statue you worship in the temple. God is there each moment, in each death, in each birth.

God is change. God is crisis. God is chaos.

In the name of greed you go on worshipping known Gods. True religion however, looks to what is momentary and only mortal. That has to be the distinction between the true religion and the untrue religion: untrue religion talks about a permanent God, true religion only talks about the impermanent life-flux -- the flower in the morning, and by the evening, gone. And the leaf was so green just a few days before, and now it is pale and it has fallen from the tree, and the wind is playing with it. And the man was so young and now he is old. Everything is changing. EXCEPT change, everything is changing.

Change is God, because only change is eternal. True religion looks to what is momentary and only mortal: a lark dropping from the sky, the smell of the laurel, a stranger's look, the giggle of a child, the tears of joy in somebody's eyes, a cry on the wind. The very wind....

True religion is not worried about anything BEYOND this life. True religion looks into this life and finds the beyond. The other reality is not somewhere else, the other reality is hidden in THIS reality. This reality is the other reality! The difference is of your vision. If you have depth, you will see this reality is the other reality. THIS IS THAT! That is the

meaning of the famous Upanishadic saying: Swetketu, Thou art that, TATWAMASI, SWETKETU.

God is present in everything. God is the depth of everything -- let us say it in that way; God is the depth of the rose-flower, the depth of the rock, the depth of man and woman, the depth of love, the depth of sadness, the depth of joy. God means depth. And if you know how to LIVE deeply -- and you will only know how to live deeply if you go on constantly dying to the past and being born into the future. Between these two, the depth happens, your being deepens. Suddenly the door opens and you can see that which is. For a moment the mind is no more functioning, the mind is dropped. The new mind is still not born, and you can see the truth as it is. Soon the new mind will be born, and the moment it is born it starts becoming old; again you will have to drop it. This I call meditation.

Meditation is a way to face the real crisis of life, to face one's own growth and the growing pains.

Philosophy distracts, theology deceives. Politics only keeps you occupied in stupid things. Art only decorates the cell. And science is not yet courageous enough to tackle the real problem, so it goes on working on things, on the outer.

Religion is that courage to enter into the paradoxical reality of birth and death together, of matter and mind together, of this and that together. Very few people have been religious -- a Buddha, a Krishna, a Zarathustra. And each person can have that joy of being religious, can live God. But then you will have to renounce many things. You will have to renounce your philosophies, your religions. You will have to renounce your stupid occupations. And I'm not saying that you have to renounce the world -- your wife, your children, your work -- no. That is not the problem. The real problem is in your beliefs. You have to renounce your beliefs.

But what happens in the world? Somebody gets fed-up with the world; he renounces the children, the family, and escapes to a Himalayan cave, or to some Catholic monastery. He renounces all EXCEPT his beliefs. Those beliefs he carries to the monastery, and those beliefs are the real things to be renounced. I teach my sannyasins to renounce the beliefs, the concepts, the prejudices. The world is perfectly beautiful because the world is the visible God. Just renounce your attitudes that you have been taught, that you have been conditioned for. If you renounce your conditionings, you have renounced your ignorance. You will become innocent, and out of that innocence knowing arises. One becomes wise. But remember, when you become wise, the world will not think you are wise. The world will think you are an idiot!

Jesus was thought to be idiotic. So was it the case with Buddha. And people must have told Lao Tzu again and again, "You are an idiot!" He himself writes that in TAO TE CHING: "Everybody seems to be intelligent except me. I am an idiot." The idiots exist in such a great majority that when you become wise, they will think you have gone mad.

Remember it -- to have eyes in the world of blind people, you will have to be ready for a few things. They will laugh at you. They will not believe that you have eyes; nobody has ever heard of anybody having eyes. They will think you are a charlatan. They will think you are a fraud. They will think that you have some motivation behind this declaration that you have got eyes. They will be angry, they will be enraged. They may poison you, they may kill you. One thing is certain: they can't believe that you are wise, because to think you are wise they will have to accept the idea that they are not -- and that is too difficult. It is easier to crucify Jesus and murder Mansoor and poison Socrates than to think that we are all idiots.

The presence of a Jesus brings the crisis: if he is right then everybody else is wrong. And if he is wrong, then everybody else can relax into his cozy world, comforts, and forget all

about the crisis. Jesus opens the door. Jesus becomes the problem, remember it.

A REAL Buddha, a REAL JESUS, does not supply you with the answer. He simply brings the problem which you have forgotten to you. He creates the problem again. He lives the problem in front of you. He forces you to see the problem, and he is so persistent that he annoys you.

Just think of Socrates walking on the streets of Athens -- he was annoying everybody! He had not done any harm to anybody; there was no reason to poison him and to kill him. But he had annoyed. He was asking questions nobody wanted to listen to, because those questions take away the very earth beneath your feet. Those questions are dangerous. Once they have entered into you, then you will never be able to sleep easily; they will haunt you. Once those questions have penetrated into your consciousness, you can't live the same way you have been living. Those questions will become the seeds: they will start growing in you, they will start changing you in subtle ways.

People were annoyed with Socrates, people were annoyed with Jesus. They had to kill just to save their sleep. They had to kill so that they could forget the problem. Jesus is simply the question-mark that somehow they had managed to forget about -- in money, in respectability, in the search for power, in politics, in philosophy, in art. They had somehow got engaged and they had forgotten the problem. Now this man comes and shouts from the tops of the houses.

That's what Jesus has said to his disciples: "Go and shout from the housetops. Because people are fast asleep, they will hear only if you shout and go on shouting. Go on yelling at people! Go on hammering! If you persist in hammering, only then one day will they see that they have not solved the real problem of their lives." And how can you live if you have not solved the real problem of your life? Life starts only when you have solved the real problem.

And what is the real problem? The real problem is how to go on dying towards the past and how to go on being born towards the future; how to remain fresh, young, like dewdrops; how not to become old. That is the way to grow -- how not to become old, how to remain always young and fresh. In life, in death, the freshness should not be lost. No dust should be allowed to gather on you.

Now this beautiful story:

THERE ONCE WAS A KING WHO WAS THIRSTY. HE DID NOT QUITE KNOW WHAT THE DIFFICULTY WAS, BUT HE SAID, "MY THROAT IS DRY."

Savor the story very very patiently and very very slowly, because these stories are not ordinary stories. They are condensed life experiences.

THERE WAS ONCE A KING WHO WAS THIRSTY.

Thirst was his problem.

HE DID NOT QUITE KNOW WHAT THE DIFFICULTY WAS...

And if you don't know what the difficulty is, never go in search of a solution -- because whatsoever you will find will be wrong. The first thing is to know exactly what the problem is -- because in fact in the deepest core of the problem is the solution. If you know exactly

what the problem is, half the problem is solved even before you have done anything else. Just in knowing the problem exactly, half the problem is solved -- because the problem itself contains the keys.

If you know you are thirsty, the problem is solved. Now you can search for the water. And water is available everywhere, it is not such a difficulty to find it. Before the thirst is, water is. The thirst is possible only because the water is.

Remember, life goes on providing.

The child is born; before the child is born the mother's breasts are swelling with milk. The child is yet only on the way, the child is not born yet, but the breasts are getting ready. Before the hunger of the child, the food is ready. If you look deeply into life you will find it happening everywhere: life provides. And once you know it, great trust arises in life. That trust is religious.

Trust does not mean believing in a book, in a certain ideology. Trust means SEEING that life provides, FEELING that life cares, that it is not against you, that it is all for you, that it is not indifferent to you, that it loves you, that it protects you, that you need not be worried, too worried about security. Life is your security.

THERE ONCE WAS A KING WHO WAS THIRSTY. HE DID NOT QUITE KNOW WHAT THE DIFFICULTY WAS....

Nobody knows what the difficulty is. And the difficulty is simple, like thirst.

When you start thinking about God you are moving in a wrong direction. First look deep into yourself and you will find a thirst. And that thirst is not for God, never. If you had not heard the word 'God', you would never have thought about God.

Now there are millions of people in Russia who never think of God. Do you think they don't feel the religious thirst? They feel it, but they don't think of God: they have been supplied with other idols -- the Communist Party. Now it is not Christianity, it is the Communist Party. Now it is no longer the temple, it is the Kremlin. Now it is no longer Christ, it is Lenin, Marx, Stalin, or somebody else. Mao has destroyed the Buddhist tradition in China. Now people don't think of Buddha, they think of Mao.

What I want you to become aware of is that it is not a question of whether you think of Mao or Moses, Krishna or Christ, God, the Bible, the Koran -- that is not the problem. Look into your thirst. What exactly is your thirst? What is your discontent? Why can't you relax? Why are you always on edge, uneasy, tense, in anguish? Don't jump to conclusions too fast. Rather than thinking of what you want to find outside, think, go deep, meditate inside; what exactly is your thirst? And you will be surprised: once you know exactly what your thirst is, the problem is solved.

Buddha solved it without thinking of any God, without any Vedas and Upanishads, without any book. What did he do? He simply searched into his thirst. He looked deeper and deeper and deeper. He went into innermost causes, and finally he came to a point where he could see: the problem is, the only problem that man faces is, that we are separate from existence. Somehow we have fallen out of line with existence. The harmony is broken. We are no longer part of the orchestra of this universe. Hence we start feeling like outsiders hence we start feeling insecurity, fear. We have to protect ourselves, we have to guard ourselves, we have to do everything. We can't relax, because if we relax we will be the losers. We have to fight, we have to survive. We start thinking in terms of antagonism to existence -- as if the existence is there to destroy us.

The deeper Buddha moved into himself, the more he felt the only problem is that "I am", that the ego is. And how does the ego persist? Of what does it consist? And then he looked deeper into it and found that it consists of the past. If you drop the past the ego disappears. He tried to drop the past, and the day he succeeded in dropping the past, there was no ego, and there was no problem, and there was no thirst. All was quenched. He again became part of the whole. He became holy. He never thought about God. He never prayed, he only meditated. Meditation simply means he looked inwards to find out exactly what his problem was. Rather than rushing for a solution, he looked into the problem. Remember these two different things.

If you go for the solution you will become philosophical. Sooner or later you will be caught by some philosophy, some theology, some 'ism'. And only you are responsible. Those shops are there, those merchants are there -- naturally they go on selling whatsoever they have to sell. But there was no need for you to go to them. Churches and temples and mosques will disappear of their own accord if you start moving towards the solution. Once you enter your problem, you will find the solution waiting in your own self.

THERE ONCE WAS A KING WHO WAS THIRSTY. HE DID NOT QUITE KNOW WHAT THE DIFFICULTY WAS, BUT HE SAID, "MY THROAT IS DRY."

Now to be thirsty is one thing, and to say "My throat is dry" is another. You have posed the question in a wrong way. Pose a question in a wrong way and you will be immediately supplied with wrong answers. One has to be very very intelligent in posing a question, because all depends on how you pose it.

Every day I come across people; they go on asking wrong questions. And because they ask a wrong question, even if the right answer is given it does not satisfy -- because that is not their question. Their real question remains hidden to themselves. So the first thing for every seeker is to be very clear and very alert about the question. There is no hurry. Take time. Take it easy, but go around the problem. Look from every angle at what exactly it is. Before you ask a question be absolutely certain that this is your question. Otherwise wait, there is no hurry. If you can wait enough, if you can be patient enough, you will know what your question is.

Now this king asks a wrong question. He started a wrong journey: "MY THROAT IS DRY." Just a single word, 'dry', now triggers a process.

LACKEYS AT ONCE RAN SWIFTLY TO FIND SOMETHING SUITABLE TO ALLEVIATE THE CONDITION. THEY CAME BACK WITH LUBRICATING OIL.

Of course, when the throat is dry, it needs something lubricating. It is logical. If the king had said, "I am thirsty," it would have been almost impossible to bring lubricating oil. The lubricating oil is brought because the question has been posed wrongly: "My throat is dry."

And remember, advisers abound. There are millions all around you. They may not have solved their problems, but they are very very happy in solving yours. Their throats may be dry, but if you say "My throat is dry" they will jump upon you. There are many do-gooders. They are just watching -- they enjoy whenever somebody is in some need. To help feels very good for their egos. You are in trouble and they enjoy your trouble because now you need their help. If you are happy, nobody comes to you. People think you are mad. If you are healthy, people don't believe you -- "You must be deceiving." If you laugh they think, "What

is so funny?" If you are miserable they all feel happy: they are there ready to help you out of your misery. Everybody is a missionary, and everybody has solutions to solve all the problems. They have not solved their own problems! In fact, that is their way to avoid their own problems -- they enter into others' problems, they become engaged with others.

Remember, unless you have solved your problem, don't start helping others. Rather than helping, you will be harming them.

LACKEYS AT ONCE RAN SWIFTLY TO FIND SOMETHING SUITABLE TO ALLEVIATE THE CONDITION.

Now, thirst is not a disease. It is a dis-ease, but not a disease. It is very healthy. Thirst is healthy, remember it. A dead man cannot feel thirst; it shows life. Now discontent is not unhealthy, it is not a disease; it simply shows life, aliveness. Only dead people are without any discontent. A really alive person has to live his discontent. He has to be thirsty, he has to be afire. Only through that fieriness, that thirst, will he live an intense life.

People live at the minimum; they never come to know what is the optimum. And things happen only at the optimum. Orgasmic experiences happen only at the optimum, and people live at the minimum. They are very miserly in their lives. They go only so far, they don't become too involved in living, they always remain more or less spectators. When they want to dance, they go and see some dancer dancing. When they want to play, they go and see a football match. When they want to love, they go and see a movie based on some story. People have become spectators. And TV is absolutely reducing them to being spectators. Wherever TV has become available people are glued to their seats for four, five, six hours a day, just watching. Life has become 'just watching'. But there is one good thing about watching -- you are never involved. You simply sit in your chair. You are out of it, you don't go into any danger, you don't take any risk. Others take the risk for you, you are a watcher. You become a voyeur. You are a peeping-tom -- you are glued to somebody's keyhole and watching.

But when are you going to live? Life is slipping by every moment. You are not a plastic flower, remember. You are a real flower -- by the morning you will be gone. Play with the wind, have a dialogue with the sun, whisper to the clouds. Dance and sing... the evening is coming. And if you don't dance and you don't sing and if you don't play with the wind and you don't have a dialogue with the sun, your life will be poor, your death will be poor, because death can only be rich if the life has been rich. You will live meaninglessly, you will die meaninglessly.

From where does the meaning come? Meaning comes by living intensely. Intensity brings meaning. Intentionality brings meaning. Only when a man lives as if the torch is burning from both ends together -- then he knows what life is. In those rare moments of intensity God is revealed, never before. Contentment certainly happens, but it happens only in the most intense moments of discontent.

I teach you discontent so that contentment can happen to you. But you have been taught to practice contentment, to remain satisfied.

Socrates is right when he says, "I would rather be a discontented Socrates than a satisfied pig." But millions of people have decided otherwise: they have decided to live as satisfied pigs. They go on avoiding any intense phenomenon. Rather than falling in love, they have decided for a plastic marriage. Rather than meditating themselves, they say, "Jesus saves!" What has Jesus to do with it? And why should he save you? And how can he save you? Only

you can save yourself, nobody else! That is absolutely your right! If you claim it, you get it. If you don't claim it, you don't get it.

But people are very cunning and clever; they postpone. They say, "Okay. If Jesus is there, why should we worry?" People come to me; they say, "Osho, you are here. Why should we meditate? We trust in you."

How can you trust in me if you don't meditate? Trust is a fragrance that comes out of meditation. No, they are not saying that they trust. They are simply saying, "If you can do it, do it. We are not much interested in doing it on our own. We don't want to take any risk."

Remember, thirst, discontent, hunger are healthy qualities, wholesome. A satisfied man is a dull, stupid man. And because satisfaction has been practised down the ages, your churches are full of those dullards, monasteries are full of those dull, dead people. They are walking corpses, somehow dragging themselves. They have lost all juice. They are frozen, non-flowing. Their life is not a streaming, is not a vibration; it is not a music, a melody.

Thirst is perfectly beautiful, because it is only through thirst that you will know what contentment is, what the beauty is of feeling quenched. If you are really thirsty then you will know the joy of drinking water. If you are really hungry then you will know the joy of eating food. When you are burning, like fire, only then contentment happens. And God is the ultimate contentment. It happens to the religious person who lives through discontent. A religious person is one who is thirsty.

But remember to pose your question rightly, otherwise lackeys are always available.

Those lackeys... RAN SWIFTLY TO FIND SOMETHING SUITABLE TO ALLEVIATE THE CONDITION. THEY CAME BACK WITH LUBRICATING OIL. WHEN THE KING DRANK IT, HIS THROAT DID NOT FEEL DRY ANYMORE, BUT HE KNEW THAT SOMETHING WAS NOT RIGHT.

That's what is happening everywhere. You go to the church, you feel a certain kind of religiousness arising in you, but still you feel something is wrong. You can't pinpoint it -- where, what? -- but something is wrong. You are being supplied with a thousand and one answers, and somehow they seem to satisfy you, but deep down you know something is wrong. You go on carrying the Bible and the Gita, and deep down you know something is wrong.

THE OIL PRODUCED A CURIOUS SENSATION IN HIS MOUTH. HE CROAKED, "MY TONGUE FEELS AWFUL, AND THERE IS A CURIOUS TASTE, IT IS SLIPPERY..."

Have you not felt that taste in a church? Have you not croaked, "My tongue feels awful"? Reading the Bible or the Gita or the Koran, have you not felt it? -- that things only seem right on the surface, but something is missing? The Christian priest goes on talking the same language as Jesus. He uses the same words as Jesus, but you can see it -- something is missing. The soul is missing.

THE DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY PRESCRIBED PICKLES AND VINEGAR -- WHICH THE KING ATE.

And let me remind you again, these people are always around -- not only around kings, they are around everybody.

Naturally, now the disease had taken a new phase. Now the thirst was completely lost,

forgotten about. Nobody will ever think of thirst any more. Once you have taken a wrong step, then one wrong step leads to another wrong step, and so on and so forth. And it will become almost a superhuman task to find that the first step had been wrong.

He immediately prescribed pickles and vinegar -- which the king ate.

SOON HE HAD STOMACH-ACHE AND WATERING EYES TO ADD TO HIS SORROWS.

Now one problem is solved but another is created. Things become more complex. Rather than becoming simple, they start becoming more dangerous.

"I THINK I MUST BE THIRSTY," HE MUMBLED, FOR HIS SUFFERINGS HAD MADE HIM DO SOME THINKING.

He must have been a wise man. Otherwise people go on suffering and suffering; they don't think about their suffering, they go on asking others how to alleviate the suffering. And others go on supplying them with their advice. And remember, nobody can advise you. His advice may have even been right for him, it may not be right for you. In fact, one thing works only for one person -- and once only. It never works again for another person. It does not even work for the same person again. Things go on changing. You cannot live through learned responses; they are reactions. You have to respond to reality anew each moment. You have to respond like a mirror, and you can respond only if you remain like a mirror.

People function like photograph plates: they go on watching whatsoever is available. The mirror never catches anything. It reflects but never possesses anything, never holds anything back. It goes on allowing it to slip by. It is never in any kind of attachment. That is the beauty of meditation -- meditation is mirroring. You live, you live a thousand and one things, but you never cling to anything. When the spring comes you enjoy it, you reflect it, you respond to it. When it is gone, it is gone. You don't look back, you don't cry for it, you don't weep. You don't weep for the spilled milk, you go on moving ahead.

The king did a little thinking and thought, "My first question was wrong. In fact, I was thirsty." But now things became more difficult.

"THIRST NEVER MADE THE EYES WATER..." so true... SAID THE COURTIERS TO ONE ANOTHER. "Who has ever heard that thirst makes anybody's eyes water?" But KINGS ARE OFTEN CAPRICIOUS, AND THEY RAN TO FETCH ROSEWATER, AND SCENTED SYRUPY WINES FIT FOR A KING.

Remember always, your problem has to be solved, not your ego satisfied.

Sometimes you come to me and I can see both things are there. If I solve your problem you are angry with me, because it may not necessarily satisfy your ego. You feel I am hard. In fact, you had come not for the problem. The problem was just an excuse -- you had come so that I could satisfy your ego. If I satisfy your ego I am your enemy; that I cannot do. And that is the distinction you have to make.

People ask me sometimes, "How to find that the Master is true?" or "How to find that this Master has REALLY attained?" This is the way to find out: if you go to a Master and he only satisfies your ego, and you feel good in your ego, you can be certain that he is bogus. If he does not satisfy your ego, hits hard, shocks you, SHATTERS you, but tries to solve your problem, you can be certain that you are around a person from where help is possible.

But that is the difficult thing: you will cling around a person who satisfies your ego, and you will avoid the person who shatters your ego. YOU ARE YOUR OWN ENEMY. That's why so many bogus people go on existing as Masters. This is the criterion: a Master has compassion, but is bound to be hard. He cannot go on watering, nourishing your ego, because your ego is your hell. So sometimes it happens that you will go to a certain saint and a certain Master, and you will feel very good because he was so compassionate, so loving. Watch... where is your satisfaction happening? In your ego? -- then avoid. Be where you are going to be shattered and destroyed, because only in your destruction is the possibility for the new to happen.

A real Master is a murderer. He has to murder you.

"THIRST NEVER MADE THE EYES WATER," SAID THE COURTIERS TO ONE ANOTHER. BUT KINGS ARE OFTEN CAPRICIOUS, AND THEY RAN TO FETCH ROSEWATER, AND SCENTED SYRUPY WINES FIT FOR A KING.

THE KING DRANK IT ALL, BUT STILL HE FELT NO BETTER -- AND HIS DIGESTION WAS RUINED.

A WISE MAN HAPPENED ALONG IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS CRISIS....

The wise man happens only when you are in the middle of the crisis. He cannot happen otherwise, at no other time. Not that the wise man is unavailable to you; the wise man is always available to you, but you can see the wise man, or there can be a dialogue or any relationship, only when you are in a crisis. Otherwise, who bothers? Who cares? One lives one's life perfectly satisfied, like a pig.

When your problems become so acute, chronic, that there seems to be no solution coming from anywhere, that is the only point where the wise man can happen to you. But still you can miss.

A WISE MAN HAPPENED ALONG IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS CRISIS, AND HE SAID, "HIS MAJESTY NEEDS ORDINARY WATER."

The wise man always has simple answers. His answers are not complicated. His answers are not to satisfy your intellect, his answers are not games of the intellect. He simply says whatsoever is the case. He calls a spade a spade. He uses words only to indicate the reality, not to camouflage it.

The wise man said, "HIS MAJESTY NEEDS ORDINARY WATER." "A KING COULD NEVER DRINK COMMON WATER," SHOUTED THE COURT IN UNISON.

"OF COURSE NOT," SAID THE KING. "AND, IN FACT, I FEEL QUITE INSULTED -- BOTH AS A KING BEING OFFERED PLAIN WATER, AND ALSO AS A PATIENT. AFTER ALL, IT MUST BE IMPOSSIBLE THAT SUCH A DREADFUL AND DAILY MORE COMPLICATED AILMENT AS MINE COULD HAVE SUCH A SIMPLE REMEDY. SUCH A CONCEPT IS CONTRARY TO LOGIC, A DISGRACE TO ITS ORIGINATOR, AND AN AFFRONT TO THE SICK."

Now these are your reactions. When you meet a wise

man, these are your reactions. Beware of them. This story is the story of a seeker, of somebody who is thirsty. And even when he comes around a clearcut solution, he tends not to

listen to it. Not only that -- he's enraged, he becomes angry.

The courtiers were, of course... okay, they can be forgiven... they said, "A KING COULD NEVER DRINK COMMON WATER." Their whole purpose there is to help the king's ego. They are right, they are doing their duty. But the king is also foolish. That's how everybody is.

"OF COURSE NOT," SAID THE KING. "AND, IN FACT, I FEEL QUITE INSULTED..."

Have you not felt insulted when a truth has been told to you? Lies are always very consoling.

Friedrich Nietzsche has said that man cannot live without lies. Man needs lies, man cannot bear truth. Truth is unbearable. "Don't disturb people," Nietzsche says. "Let them live in their lies. Lies are good, lies are props to life."

You all live in lies. And when you live in lies a simple truth can shatter your whole house of glass. You will not accept the truth.

The king says, "OF COURSE NOT.... AND IN FACT, I FEEL QUITE INSULTED -- BOTH AS A KING BEING OFFERED PLAIN WATER, AND ALSO AS A PATIENT.... "

Whenever you go to the doctor, and if the doctor says that there is no illness, nothing to be worried about, you don't feel good. You feel like going to somebody else, to some other doctor. If the doctor says; "It is all in your mind," you feel offended. You were thinking you have a great disease, and then you go and the doctor says it is just a common cold. Do you like it? In fact, you should like it, but somehow the ego feels offended. The ego is stupid; it wants everything big. Just a common cold? And you were thinking you are suffering from cancer or something, something REALLY big.

The King was offended. He said, "This is an insult. For such a complicated disease which has been becoming more and more complicated every day, such a simple remedy?"

Always remember, remedies are simple. And only simple remedies help, because truth is simple. Life is simple, love is simple, God is simple. That's why it is said: those who are simple will know. By being simple they will fall in tune with the simplicity of the whole. By being simple they will be bridged with the simplicity of existence. That's why Jesus says, "Unless you are like small children, you will not enter into my Kingdom of God." What is so great in a small child? -- his innocence, his simplicity. He's uncomplicated. And only when you are uncomplicated like a child, innocent, can you enter into the Kingdom of God. And the Kingdom of God surrounds you. It is here. It is now. But you are complicated. You are hiding behind your complications.

Drop all complexity. Be nude, be in the sun like a tree, and you will know what grandeur is, and you will know what glory is.

Jesus has said to his disciples, "Look at the lilies in the field. Even Solomon in all his glory was not attired as one of these." What is the beauty of a poor lily-flower? -- its simplicity, its uncomplicatedness, its oneness.

A complicated person is a crowd. A complicated person is fragmentary; he is many. What is simplicity? When you are one, there is no possibility of being complex. When there is only oneness inside you a silence pervades, a stillness, an innocence. You know nothing. You are full of wonder and awe, but you know nothing. Then anything can reveal the ultimate truth to you. Then any small experience can become the ultimate experience of 'aha!' and the door

can open and you can be flooded with reality.

But the king said, "Such a simple remedy? Such a concept is contrary to logic..."

Naturally, it is contrary to logic. "So many doctors have failed, so many wise men of the court have failed, so many remedies have failed. And now here comes this man, and he says, 'Just common water'? So does my court consist of fools? Is my doctor, my personal physician, a fool?"

"SUCH A CONCEPT IS CONTRARY TO LOGIC, A DISGRACE TO ITS ORIGINATOR..."

Because there are only two possibilities: either this wise man is right or the whole court is wrong and the doctor and the king and all his friends are wrong, and all his advisers. That cannot be accepted. That is too much. It goes against the grain.

"IT IS A DISGRACE TO ITS ORIGINATOR, AND AN AFFRONT TO THE SICK."
THAT IS HOW THE WISE MAN CAME TO BE RENAMED 'THE IDIOT'.

The wise man has always been known as 'The Idiot' -- because he behaves in strange ways, he behaves in eccentric ways. They look eccentric because you are accustomed to something else. The wise man looks like an outsider. He is the only insider! but to you he looks like an outsider. It seems something has gone wrong in him. He looks abnormal. In fact, you are abnormal. Buddha is the norm because he is normal. You are abnormal, you are ill, you are mental; but you have the majority with you. Buddha is alone: you can condemn him and he is helpless, he cannot do anything. He has to accept. If you call him 'The Idiot', he has to accept. He laughs, he smiles at you. But by calling him 'The Idiot', you have prevented yourself from following his advice which could have transformed you, which could have quenched your thirst.

Remember, in the madhouses of the world many people are there who are not really mad but who are more sane than you are -- and that is their trouble -- who are saner than the sane. That's why they have to be put into a mad asylum; they are dangerous people.

Always the poet, the mystic, the messenger, the one who brings something from the unknown to the earth, has been condemned. If you don't condemn him, you will be transformed by him. That is the meaning of being a disciple. It is simply a gesture from your side that "I will not condemn you. Sometimes you look mad to me, but I will not act out of that attitude towards you. I will keep that attitude aside. In spite of me, I will follow you." That is the meaning of discipleship.

If you can find an idiot like Jesus or Buddha, don't miss the opportunity. Go with him, go with him headlong! Go with him all the way, because he is the only hope. And your mind will condemn, and your mind is very logical, and the remedies given by Buddhas are very simple.

Just think of it....

A man came to me. He's a politician, a cabinet minister, and he was suffering from insomnia. And I told him, "You simply sit for one hour and do nothing. Just sit silently doing nothing." He said, "How can sitting help? My problem is very complex! You don't understand my problem. Just sitting like a fool for one hour not doing anything -- how can it help?" And he looks logical. But if a politician can sit for one hour silently he will see his stupidity -- what he has been doing for twenty-three hours.

I have heard about a Master. A man came to him and he said "What should I do to become wise?" And the Master said, "You go outside and stand there." And it was raining. And the man said, "But how is this going to help me? Maybe, who knows? Masters are strange." So he went outside, and he stood there, and it poured and poured. And he was completely soaked, and the water was flowing inside his clothes. And after ten minutes he came back and he said, "I have been standing there. Now what?"

And the Master said, "What happened? Standing there, was any revelation given to you?"

He said, "Revelation? I simply thought that I am looking like a fool!"

The Master said, "This is a great revelation! This is the beginning of wisdom! Now you can start. You are on the right track. If you know you are a fool, things have started changing already."

But the politician said to me, "It is so simple, sitting for one hour. How can it help?"

In Zen, in Japan, they don't do psychoanalysis. They don't go into very very long analytical processes. A madman is brought to a Zen monastery, he is given a very very faraway cottage, provided with food, taken care of, but nobody says anything to him -- just left alone. Nobody talks to him. Even the person who brings food is not allowed to talk to him. He's simply left alone. He can move around the cottage, he can do something in the garden if he wants. Otherwise he is supposed to lie down in the bed and rest and just be there. And what does not happen in three years' psychoanalysis happens in three weeks. Just the man sitting there doing nothing, lying down on the bed or sitting on the lawn or looking at the stars, cools down, slows down. The tension disappears. The tension need not be analyzed; analysis may make it acceptable but can't make it go.

It seems simple. If you tell it to a Freudian, he will think you are talking nonsense -- "Such a simple thing. How can it help? Problems are very complicated. Dreams have to be analyzed first, and you have to go deep down into the unconscious." And if you go to a Jungian, then he says you have to go even to the collective unconscious. And if you go to a primal therapist he says, "This won't help. First you have to go backwards to the primal scream. It will take years!" And all that happens out of all this psychoanalysis, and thinking about it, and dreams, and the past, is that the man by and by becomes fed-up with the whole thing and starts accepting it. He says, "Okay, this is the way I am." Nothing much happens out of it. Psychoanalysis has been a failure. It will take time for people to understand that it has failed.

But in the East we have been trying a totally different approach, a simple one. Just leave the man alone. Let him relax, let him swim, sit, walk, let him be in his body. Let him be in a situation where he's not expected to do anything. Let him be irresponsibly there; then those three, four weeks become like a womb. He relaxes, he eats, sleeps, takes the bath, and nothing to worry about. And the Zen people say, "Sitting silently, doing nothing, the spring comes and the grass grows by itself."

Life takes care of itself.

My suggestions to you are very simple. Somebody comes and I say, "Dance," and he looks a little offended. He says, "What? I bring such great problems to you, and you simply say 'Dance'? How is this going to help?"

Truth is very simple. If you can dance and dance deeply, so deeply that the dancer disappears in the dance, the problems will change, because in that disappearance of the dancer, the ego will disappear and you will have a look at reality without the ego. That is the only transforming force. That is the only radical revolution.

Remember, all great truths are simple. Lies are not simple. They cannot afford to be simple, because then you will catch hold of them and you will immediately know this is a lie. The lie has to be very, very sophisticated, slippery; you can't catch hold of it. And it has to be so complex that you can go on and on, round and round in it, and you can never find a door out of it. It has to use jargon, great complicated words.

Truth is as simple as the sun, as these birds singing, as these trees' green. Truth is as simple as the green of the tree, the red of the tree, the gold of the tree. Truth is as simple as "I am here. You are here." Truth is as simple as this moment, this pause between you and me. Truth is as simple as this pause....

The Wisdom of the Sands, Vol 2

Chapter #8

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The first question:

AM I A RESTLESS, CONFUSED BUDDHA AND ONLY NEED TO ACCEPT RIGHT NOW THE PECULIAR NATURE OF MY BUDDHAHOOD, OR IS IT DIFFERENT FROM AND COMES AFTER ALL THIS STUFF HAPPENING NOW?

Sambuddha, you are a Buddha from the very beginning, as everybody else is. Buddhahood is the source and the goal. You are a Buddha from the very beginning, and you will remain a Buddha to the very end. The only question is of recognizing it, not of realizing it. Real, it is already; real it is. Realization is not the question, but recognition, a turning in. That is the meaning of the word 'conversion': turning upon oneself.

Consciousness is continuously engaged by objects. It moves outwards. Its engagement, its commitment, is to the without. When you disengage it from the without and allow it to fall within itself the recognition arises. Then you start tasting your being for the first time. You have been tasting the other for millions of your lives, and the other only keeps you occupied; nothing else ever happens. The other only keeps you engaged with toys. And as you are engaged with the other, the other is engaged with you -- because you are the other for him or her.

To look at the other and forget oneself is ignorance. To remember oneself and forget the other is awakening. And once you have become awakened to yourself, recognized your

Buddhahood, then you can look outside too. Then never again is the other to be found. If you have come to know who you are, the other disappears in that very knowledge.

This is the paradoxical nature of self-recognition: when you recognize the self, the self disappears, and with the self, the other. The other cannot exist without the self. I-thou exists as a pair. They are not two words, it is a pair-word. You cannot separate them. You go on looking at the other; in the shadow the I is created. And you remain engaged with the other, and you go on falling into new traps, new games. The other is the world.

Turning in....

But you are too concerned with turning on. You are turned on by the other. You become excited with the other, you want to explore the other; hence you continue moving always in the other and remain unrecognized, remain unremembered, remain unaware. Buddhahood is nothing but becoming engaged with oneself. And once you know who you are the I disappears, and with the disappearance of the I, the you, thou, the other, disappears. Then it is all one. There is nothing in and nothing out. That is what is called enlightenment.

You ask me, "AM I A RESTLESS, CONFUSED BUDDHA AND ONLY NEED TO ACCEPT RIGHT NOW THE PECULIAR NATURE OF MY BUDDHAHOOD...?"

Everybody is restless, everybody is confused. The confusion is coming from your engagement with the other; the other confuses you. The restlessness is there because you are too excited by the other. It will remain, but it does not destroy your Buddhahood. Your potential remains untouched by it. It is only on the surface, on the periphery. These winds blow only on the periphery, they create ripples on the periphery, but in your deepest depth you remain untouched, unmoved. Not even a small ripple arises there... that is the center of the cyclone.

Start looking in. Even for a few moments, just forget the other. Slowly, slowly the knack is found. There is no art to it, otherwise I would have taught it to you. It cannot be taught, you have to grope for it. But groping, one arrives, that's certain -- because many have arrived. I have arrived, you can arrive.

And you cannot follow somebody else because everybody arrives in his own way, because everybody is so unique and different from any other.

Start groping. That groping is meditation. Close your eyes to the other. You have seen the Buddha-statues -- Buddha is sitting with closed eyes. Those closed eyes are simply symbolic, symbolic that he's not engaged with the other, that he is not exploring the other any more. He wants to do first things first. He wants to explore this subjectivity: who is this within me? And unless this is found, all else is futile. If I don't know who I am, I will never know who the other is. If I can't experience myself, how can I experience the other? The other is far away. If I am not sensitive enough to feel my own heartbeat, how am I going to feel the heart-beat of the other? And that's what you have been trying,

and failing, and trying again, and hoping, and being frustrated again and again. It is an old rut; you go on moving in it. It is a vicious circle.

Start groping inwards. Whenever you are alone -- and manage sometimes to be alone, it is not good always to remain crowded -- find your own place sometimes and just close your eyes. That is symbolic: close yourself to the world.

Now this has to be understood, because the contemporary mind is too worried with how to open itself, how to remain open to others. In itself it is a beautiful understanding, but you can go to the extreme very easily -- and that's what the mind always does.

In the past the religions have taught you to become closed; that was one extreme. To come out of it the modern trends are to open up, to become open to others. Now you can forget completely how to close -- and both are dangerous. First you suffered from Christianity, now you can suffer from modern humanistic growth psychologies. One needs a balance, one needs freedom. One needs to be capable of doing whatsoever one wants. Sometimes you need to open -- that is love. Love is opening up to the other. And sometimes you need to close up to the whole world and the whole existence -- that is meditation. And the man is really a grown-up man who can do it at will. Neither does his closing to the world prevent him from opening up to the world, nor does his opening up become a fixed, paralyzed gesture where he cannot close.

You have to be just like your eyes -- they continuously blink. If your eyes become focused and can't blink, that will not be healthy. And if your eyes become closed and can't open, that will not be healthy either. I would like you to remember this balance always, because mind always moves to the extreme. Either it closes completely and becomes a Christian monk, moves to a monastery and forgets the whole world and simply starts shrinking and dying -- it is committing suicide -- or, you become a groupie, you start moving from one group to another, opening up again and again, and your whole effort becomes how to open up, how to remain open. And you become very miserable when you can't open up. If you go on working at that, soon you will become fixed. Your apertures will be open but then you will not be able to close.

The Christian monk became incapable of love. And the people who become too occupied with the modern effort for opening will become incapable of meditation. And both are needed. Both are polarities.

In love, you connect with the other; in meditation, you connect with yourself. Both are enrichening. Unless a love is based in deep meditation, it will be superficial. It will never be intimate, it will not have any profundity. It will not bring bliss to you; it will bring only agonies, it will never bring ecstasy. The love has to be based on meditation. And a meditation that is against love, anti-love, will be a dry desert, a wasteland. No flower will ever bloom there.

And humanity has tried both and failed in both. But they have been tried separately, as antagonistic to each other. Never in the history of man have meditation and love been tried together -- as two wings of a bird, opposite and yet complementary.

That's my basic work here: I would like you to be loving, open, and I would like you also to be meditative and closed. Closing/opening should be like exhalation/inhalation, blinking of the eyes. Closing/opening should be like the beat of the heart: between two beats there is a gap. In that gap the heart stops, again beats, again stops. The beat and the stop -- your life should be a music, the sound and the silence.

Sound alone makes only noise. It has to keep balance with silence. The higher the music is, the more silence it contains. It contains silence through sound. It is paradoxical. All that is great is paradoxical. And if you really want to come to the peak of human consciousness, you will have to be paradoxical.

Meditate/love, breathe in/breathe out, open up/close in -- these things will become slowly, slowly, very natural. And don't be obsessed by anything, and slowly, slowly you will come to recognize who you are. You are a Buddha.

And remember, Buddhas come in all shapes and all sizes. Don't make an image of a Buddha. Gautam the Buddha was only one form of Buddhahood. You are not to be like Gautam the Buddha; you will be a Buddha in your own way. Your Buddhahood will have its

own taste, its own form, its own being. You are not going to be a second-hand copy. You are not going to be a carbon, you will be original.

That is the beauty of life -- that everybody here is original. God never duplicates, He creates each human being anew.

You ask, "AM I A RESTLESS, CONFUSED BUDDHA AND ONLY NEED TO ACCEPT RIGHT NOW THE PECULIAR NATURE OF MY BUDDHAHOOD...?"

You have to accept all that is. You have to accept all that you are, because only through acceptance does restlessness disappear. Only through acceptance does one start cooling down. One becomes more collected and centered. When you accept, tensions are dropped. In acceptance is relaxation. In relaxation it is possible to turn in, and in relaxation it is possible to turn out. Both become smooth. Easy is the flow. You can go out and meet the other, and you can come back and meet with yourself. One day you will be surprised to find that the one who is in and the one who is out are not two. And when you go out, you go to your own outside, and when you go in, you go to your own inside. That 'in' and 'out' are sides of you.

This whole existence is a universe -- that is the meaning of the word 'universe': it is unity. It is not a multi-verse, it is a uni-verse. But that universe will be revealed to you only at the very peak of meditation and love.

Accept whosoever you are and wherever you are. That does not mean to get stuck there. Accept, and through acceptance the flow arises and you start moving. But the movement is not through rejection. The movement does not come because there is a goal to be achieved, the movement comes because there is so much energy that the energy moves on its own. Just watch the Ganges coming from the Himalayas -- do you think the Ganges is really searching for the ocean? That is utterly wrong. The Ganges has no idea of the ocean, it is not searching for any ocean. It reaches to the ocean -- that is another matter -- but it is not motivated to search for the ocean. Then what is happening? Why is it moving? It is not moving TOWARDS the ocean, it is simply moving because so much energy can't be contained. It is moving out of so much overflowing energy.

See the difference, the difference is great. A man can move in two ways. One is through motivation: something has to be achieved THERE, in future. There is a goal. Then you pull yourself together and you start dragging yourself towards the goal. Your life will be a life of misery. There is another kind of movement -- the true movement -- which has no motive in it, but you are so full of energy that you have to move.

"Energy is movement, and energy is delight," says William Blake. Yes, it is, because movement is delight, movement is dance. You start moving because there is so much energy and the energy starts flowing. One day you arrive, but that arrival has not been a goal. That arrival has never been pre-planned, you had never thought about it. The Ganges reaches to the ocean, but the Ganges was not trying to reach to the ocean. The Ganges was simply delighting in its energy. And out of that delight, the movement, out of that overflowing energy... the movement.

Accept yourself. In that acceptance you start conserving energy. This is the mechanism: when you accept yourself you don't fight. In fight, energy is dissipated. When you accept yourself totally as you are, all fight, all friction dissolves; energy is preserved. You start becoming a great reservoir. You start becoming a great streaming, flowing energy. And soon you will see you are moving, and that movement has beauty, because you are not moving to any particular goal -- God, nirvana, enlightenment, Buddhahood, no. You are simply moving

because you cannot contain yourself; it is too much, it can't be contained. You have to move! In fact, you are not doing anything in moving, the movement is happening to you. Out of sheer energy, the movement is growing in you.

Meditate over the difference between these two. In the first there is tension, desire, planning, future. The present is missed, the present is rejected. There is choice, because there are so many possibilities and you have to choose one possibility. There is anxiety and anguish -- who knows whether you have chosen the right thing or the wrong? Who knows whether God exists or not? And there is doubt and suspicion and fear. And because of that goal you go on missing the whole journey. You can't enjoy the birds singing, you can't enjoy the trees by the side of the road; you are focused on the goal. You don't have energy enough to waste. You become a miser, you don't look at anything. You simply go on rushing -- and with great fear and trembling inside: you may be moving in the wrong direction, you may be following a wrong person, you may be following just a fiction; it may not exist at all. And you are staking your whole life! That's why your so-called saints look so sad, no song in their lives, no dance, non-celebrating. Crying and weeping, they go on dragging themselves towards something they have heard from others. And they can't be really trusting; it is impossible. Trust arises only out of experience. They can, at the most, believe. And belief is always based in doubt, remains in doubt. Belief is an effort to cover up doubt. And the doubt will arise again and again, and many times your saints will go astray.

There is no devil to tempt them; no devil exists. All those temptations that have been felt by your so-called saints come from their own innermost core -- the repressed being, the suppressed doubt, the suppressed desire. They are fearful people. You have heard about saints who are so wise that they can talk with the trees and the birds, but they are so afraid to commune with human beings; who go in search of lepers to kiss them but can't touch a beautiful woman. You see the stupidity of it? They are ready to kiss the leper. Why are they afraid of a woman? And what kind of saintlihood is this, what kind of holiness? It is not whole.

There is fear with the woman; they have repressed that part. In fact, to repress that part they go and kiss the leper. They are afraid of beauty, they search for ugliness. They are afraid of the attraction of the body, they search for the repulsive body. It is not out of love that your saints have been kissing the lepers. It is just to feel repulsed by the body so that they can repress their desire for the beautiful body. This is sheer nonsense. And these people CAN'T arrive. They have not even started, how can they arrive? The journey has not even begun.

I teach you another kind of journey -- not the journey motivated by any goal, but the journey emerging out of too much energy, a journey in which each moment will be joyful because you are not worried about any goal. And the beauty and the paradox is: when you are not worried about the goal and you enjoy each moment that you live, you arrive at the goal. And when you can't enjoy the journey you never arrive at the goal, because all those moments that you lived on the Way and enjoyed, gathered together... Those moments gathered together make you capable of the ultimate joy of seeing the truth revealed.

Accept yourself, relax with yourself, enjoy yourself, love yourself. You are good, you are beautiful. Let this feeling arise in you and you will find all friction has disappeared. Conflict is no longer there, you are not fighting. And the energy that is saved is too much. Soon you will find you have become a great reservoir, you are ready to move. In fact, you CAN'T stay any longer, the energy starts moving on its own accord. It reaches to the ocean, it CERTAINLY reaches to the ocean, but it reaches because of too much, of overflowing being.

You are a Buddha. Respect yourself, and the Buddhahood will start changing. You are a

restless Buddha? Soon you will become a restful Buddha. But Buddhahood is there whether you are restless or restful. Right now you are a confused Buddha, then you will be a clear Buddha, but Buddhahood remains there. Buddhahood is such that it cannot be taken away by your restlessness or your confusion. Right now you may be an ignorant Buddha, then you will be a wise Buddha, but Buddhahood remains the same.

So I declare you Buddhas right now! Through this declaration you will arrive, and your Buddhahood will become more and more serene, calm and quiet. More and more beauty will arise within your being, more and more splendor.

Yes, you are an imprisoned splendor that has to be released, freed.

The second question:

IS THE EARTH HOLLOW? IS THERE AN ADVANCED CIVILIZATION LIVING THERE? IS THERE A SUN AT THE CENTER? DO THESE BEINGS MAKE PERIODIC JOURNEYS THROUGH TUNNELS TO SPECIFIC PLACES AND TELL THE SECRETS? IS THAT WHERE UFO'S COME FROM?

Will Schutz, the mind lives out of fictions. The mind is nourished by fictions -- ordinary or occult. The mind always hankers for beautiful stories. The mind lives through lies. The mind is afraid of the truth but is a great lover of lies. To satisfy the mind, down through the ages, thousands of lies have been invented. When one lie becomes too old, rotten, it is dropped and a new lie is invented. Your so-called scriptures are full of such lies. Man is very inventive. But all inventions of this kind prevent you from seeing the truth, and your energy becomes engaged in a futile dimension.

You ask me, "IS THE EARTH HOLLOW?"

Even if it is it does not matter. Why be worried about it? Why waste your time for it? There are far more significant things waiting to be done. Put your priorities right. The better question, the far more significant question, would be: Is man hollow? And yes, man is hollow.

You ask, "IS THERE AN ADVANCED CIVILIZATION LIVING THERE?"

Yes, I say there is an advanced being living INSIDE YOU. You are hollow, and in the innermost core of your being, God is living. The highest is living in you; why bother about the earth? Even if people are living they can't be much different from the people who are living on the surface. Are you not yet fed-up with these people? Maybe they have three eyes and four ears and six hands, but what difference does it make?

You ask, "IS THERE A SUN AT THE CENTER?"

The sun is at YOUR very center. That's what I am calling Buddha -- the light.

You ask me, "DO THESE... MAKE PERIODIC JOURNEYS THROUGH TUNNELS TO SPECIFIC PLACES AND TELL THE SECRETS?"

Yes. Many times from your innermost core messages come to your superficial-most consciousness. Many times secrets are revealed to you from the center to the circumference. But rather than searching for these, you become interested in whether the earth is hollow? Whether there is a sun inside? Whether it is populated? Is there an advanced civilization? And these fictions go on keeping people engaged. There are thousands of books written about such subjects. And controversies go on raging down the centuries, and people go on fighting, arguing, philosophizing, speculating, proving. And all is futile!

Beware of the mind's tendency to invent lies, to support lies. That is mind's way of protecting itself against truth.

Truth has not to be invented. You cannot invent truth, you can only make yourself available to it. Truth is already there, truth is already the case. If you are silent, if you have dropped your fictions, if you have dropped all lies, if you are naked, in that nudity and in that silence truth is revealed. And truth liberates.

Get out of all these stories! And I am not saying that they are true or not true: I'm not saying anything about them. I'm not for or against. I'm simply saying they are irrelevant. It does not matter. It is childish to be interested in such things. It is good for children -- they need fiction and they need fairy tales -- but it is not good for grown-up people.

The most important thing for an intelligent person is to know who he is. Everything depends on that. Without knowing it, all knowledge is gibberish. Without knowing it, you have lived but you lived in vain. Without knowing it, you miss the whole opportunity of life. Life is an opportunity to know yourself, it is a challenge to know yourself, it provokes you to know yourself. But we create some other curiosities, and we become so engaged with those curiosities that we forget the real question. And there are thousands of questions which are not real, and you can be lost in that crowd.

And the real question is a single question, one question: Who am I? Drop all other questions! Put your total energy into one question: Who am I? Let this question sink to the very innermost core of your being -- in the hollow of your body, to the supreme consciousness within you, to the sun within you. Devote as much time as possible to this one single question. The whole of religion depends on it. Religion is nothing but the answer to this single question: Who am I? It is not concerned with God. It is not concerned with heaven and hell, it is not concerned with past lives and future lives, it is not concerned with reincarnation and the theory of karma. Real religion has only a single purpose, a single target: Who am I?

And don't dissipate your energy in such curiosities. Even if people are there, even if you come to know that people are there and UFO'S come from the hollow of the earth, it won't change you. It won't help you in any way.

Go into the mystery that you are, penetrate that mystery. Let that become your only work in life. Knowing it, all is known. Being it, you have arrived.

The third question:

YOU FILL ME OVERFLOWING WITH YOUR LOVE. I WISH I COULD GIVE YOU EVERYTHING BUT I HAVE NOTHING. THESE DAYS SO MANY TALENTED, SKILFUL PEOPLE HAVE COME I HAVE NO SKILLS, NO TALENTS... I FEEL USELESS.

Sucheta, you don't know the usefulness of the useless. In fact, the useful is only useful insofar as it has a certain utility. But the useless has no limitation to it.

What is the use of a roseflower? No use, but life would be very empty without roseflowers. What is the use of laughter? It is not a commodity, it does not feed people. If you are hungry it will not help. If you are ill it will not help, it is not medicine. If you are fighting with somebody it will not help, it is not an atom bomb. Of what use is laughter? That's why the people who look at life with the eyes of a utilitarian don't laugh. They don't love, because what use is love? To them it is wastage, a wastage of energy, time, life. To them it is stupid because it is useless. They earn money rather than falling in love, because money is useful. Love has no utility, but love has grandeur and splendor. And without love what is life?

Of what utility is meditation? Sometimes people come to me and they ask, "What will we get out of meditation?" They are thinking of getting some profit, they want some result. They want to be very certain, because they will be putting so much energy into it -- what are they going to get out of it? And I say to them, "You are not going to get anything out of it."

Meditation is not a means to some end, it is an end unto itself -- that's why it has no utility.

What utility is there in poetry? That's why in the countries where people become too money-minded poetry starts disappearing. Have you watched it happening in America? Politicians, rich people, businessmen -- they live long; poets die very soon. It is a strange statistic: poets, novelists, painters, peter out very soon. By the time they are forty they start petering out. Politicians remain young and vital long enough.

It was not so in ancient Greece. In ancient Greece poets, philosophers, mystics lived very long. In India, in the past, yogis and meditators lived very long, but now that is not the case any more. Politicians and actors in India live long. And actors retain their youth more than anybody else, and politicians go on remaining healthy very long. You can see Morarji Desai. What could be the reason behind it? It is not what he says. He says that he drinks his own urine; that's why he is so healthy and young. That is all nonsense! It is politics. Politics is respected now. Whatsoever is respected, whatsoever people pay attention to, becomes so important, so ego-fulfilling, that one can live just out of that ego-fulfillment. One can remain vital.

Now this is a known fact: that when people retire, they die soon. What happens? They start feeling useless. Somebody was going perfectly well, and now he is sixty and he retires. And he was healthy and he was never ill, and everything was good. He was a commissioner or a collector and people were respectful towards him, and he was honored and respected, and he was doing some useful work. Now suddenly he is retired, all his utility is gone. He is no longer a commodity. He suddenly feels he is useless. He suddenly finds that he has no excuse to live any more. For what? Nobody thinks about him any more. Even his own family people simply neglect him, ignore him. He becomes part of the junk. Slowly, slowly he starts shrinking. He starts feeling, "Now only death can relieve me of this uselessness."

That's why in America poets and novelists die young. Poetry is not respected. Where money is respected, poetry can't be respected. Money is useful; of what use is poetry? When somebody becomes a poet his family feels very sad.

A man was saying to me.... After many years he had come to see me, and I asked him how things were going: "How is your eldest son?" He said, with such sadness, "He has become a poet." As if he had died! "And what about the second?" He said, "He does not earn anything either." The first has become a poet and the second does not earn anything either;

both are useless.

We measure people by their utility. We reduce people into commodities. And I'm not saying don't do anything useful. I'm saying do useful things, but remember the real and the greatest experience of life and ecstasy comes out of doing something useless. It comes through poetry, it comes through painting, it comes through love, it comes through meditation. The greatest joy floods you only when you are capable of doing something useless, useless in worldly eyes. Because it can't be reduced into a commodity, that's why they call it useless.

Now if you invent something, a gadget, you can patent it and you can earn money out of it. But if you write a beautiful poem you can't earn any money out of it; it is just wastage. People say, "What are you doing? Why are you wasting your life?" But writing poetry -- if you really have been into it -- is a great joy in itself; nothing else is needed, you are already rewarded. No other extrinsic reward is going to make any difference to you. The reward is inward, intrinsic; it arises out of the activity. Writing poetry, painting, or playing on the flute -- they are not utilities.

Now this is a sad phenomenon -- that even in India politicians and actors live long. In the past, meditators used to live long, because people knew the use of uselessness. Now politicians live long. Why? -- because politicians seem to be useful people. If a politician comes into town the whole crowd gathers. If a poet comes, nobody goes. Who bothers about a poet? Who thinks that he is special? Who cares? And naturally the poet also starts thinking deep down in himself, "I am useless, I am doing something which is not right. I am guilty, I am a burden on the earth."

Morarji Desai is healthy at the age of eighty-two, eighty-three, not because he drinks his urine but because in India this calamity has happened: that only the politician is respected. The mystic is no longer respected, the meditator is no longer respected. In fact, a strange phenomenon is happening: it is very difficult to find an American who does not meditate. It is as difficult as it is difficult to find an Indian who meditates. Meditation is useless activity.

But people are very clever in finding rationalizations. Now Morarji says that he is healthy because he drinks his urine.

It reminds me of a story....

A man became one hundred years old, he completed a century. Newspaper reporters came, and the TV people and the radio people came to have an interview. And they asked him, "What is the secret? How could you live so long? And you are still so healthy and so young looking. You don't look more than fifty."

The man was very happy and he said, "There is a secret -- I never ate meat in my life, I never drank any intoxicating beverages in my life, I never smoked, and I never befooled with women. That's my secret." And they were all impressed. They were just writing the interview, and then suddenly by the side of the room somebody fell and laughed loudly and screamed.

So they asked, "What is the matter? What happened?"

And the man said, "Don't be worried about it. That is my dad. He is drunk again and befooling with the maid."

And they asked, "How old is he?"

And he said, "He is one hundred and twenty."

You can always find why you have lived long, how you have lived long: you ate this, you

did that yoga exercise. But the real phenomenon is simply different. If you are enjoying what you do, if you are respecting what you do -- useful, useless -- if you see that your life has a meaning, you will live long, because it is through the feeling of being meaningful that one lives long.

In different societies different kinds of people live long. In a primitive society the magician lives long, because he is the most respected person. And I call that society the highest and the most civilized -- that is my criterion of calling a society civilized -- where a poet, a painter, a musician, a meditator, a lover, lives long. That is the highest kind of society. Why? -- because the uselessness is respected.

There is a story about Lao Tzu.

He went into the mountains with his disciples. They went into a forest where all the trees were being cut. Thousands of people were cutting the trees, the whole forest was being destroyed. But there was one big tree, so big that one thousand people could have sat underneath it, in its shade. Its foliage was great, it was a huge tree! They had never come across such a tree, and nobody was cutting it!

So Lao Tzu said to his disciples, "Go and inquire. They have destroyed the whole forest. Why have they not cut this tree?"

And the disciples went and inquired of people, and the people said, "That tree is useless! First, its wood is such that you can't make anything out of it -- no furniture can be made out of it. Secondly, its wood is such that you cannot use it even as a fuel -- it creates so much smoke, and such a bitter smoke, that people start weeping and crying, tears start rolling down their cheeks. Its leaves are so bitter that no animal is ready to eat them. It is a useless tree! That's why it has not been cut."

When they came back Lao Tzu laughed and he said, "Look! I have been teaching you always the use of uselessness! Now see the beauty of this tree -- it is saved because it is useless." Lao Tzu said to his disciples, "If you want to be saved, be useless. Otherwise you will be cut sooner or later. Never become useful, otherwise you will be in trouble. Be useless like this tree and you will live long and your foliage will be great."

Lao Tzu has something immensely important in that message. That's my own experience too: remain in your deepest core. Use is only on the surface. Yes, one has to do something for a livelihood, to have a shelter, to have food. One has to do something, that's okay; but don't think that is your life. Livelihood is not your life. And the standard of living is not the standard of life. A standard of living comes from usefulness, through useful activities, and a standard of life arises out of USELESS activities -- music, poetry, painting, meditation, love.

So Sucheta, don't be worried. I will need all kinds of people around here -- useful, useless. I will need all kinds of people here. I would like to make this commune the richest commune. And utility can never make a commune very rich -- materially, of course, but not spiritually. So, if you feel useless don't be worried. I will use your uselessness too. I will make you a huge tree with great foliage. And the people who are engaged in useful activities, they will also need sometimes to rest under the tree, in the shade. We will need poets and painters and musicians. We will need all kinds of crazy people here, so Sucheta, don't be worried.

The fourth question:

WHY DO YOU HAVE A BEARD?

Ashoka, who told you? Somebody must be creating rumors. I don't have a beard; you have to look at me again. In fact, the right question would have been: Why DON'T you have a beard?

That has been one of the koans in Zen.

Bodhidharma had a great beard, and Zen people, Zen Masters, give their disciples this koan to meditate on: Why does Bodhidharma have no beard?

Now they beat their heads, because Bodhidharma's picture is given also, with the same koan to meditate on, and the picture is there with that great beard. He had a really great beard, his whole face was covered. That's why he was known in China as a 'barbarian Buddha'.

The Chinese don't have big beards, they have tiny goat-like beards. Bodhidharma was very strange there. The Chinese have only a few hairs really. You can count them on your fingers... not much of a beard. So Bodhidharma must have looked like a barbarian.

The picture was given. The picture had to be hung in the meditation cell, and you had to look at the picture and think about this problem: Why does Bodhidharma have no beard?

Do the same with me too: hang a picture and think "Why does Osho have no beard?" and great revelations will happen through it. It will be difficult, but a moment will come when you will see that Osho has no beard. That is satori! -- when the visible disappears and the invisible appears.

How can I have a beard? -- the beard belongs to the body. You are not your body, you are the consciousness that hovers in and around. It can't have any beard.

The fifth question:

YOU SAY NOT TO CONVERT ANYONE OR SAY YOU HAVE FOUND IT. BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU, OSHO? WHAT ABOUT WANTING MY BELOVED TO BECOME A SANNYASIN?

Prita, do what I say to you, don't do what I do! -- because then you will get into trouble. That day will also come when you will be able to do what I do. But wait, have a little patience.

You ask me, "YOU SAY NOT TO CONVERT ANYONE OR SAY YOU HAVE FOUND IT. WHAT ABOUT YOU, OSHO?"

The question is relevant, because that's what I go on doing. But that appears to you as conversion. It is not conversion, it is seduction. It has no logic in it. Conversion has to be logical. The difference is great.

Somebody comes and asks me, "What is sannyas?" and I say, "I don't know. Become a sannyasin." And something happens and he becomes a sannyasin. Now will you call it conversion? I have not even given any rationale for it, I have not argued. This is seduction, pure and simple. This is infection, not conversion.

I am contagious. If the man is available, if he can just be with me for a few seconds, he starts getting crazy. It is not conversion. He simply falls in love. He starts feeling to be with me, whatsoever it is. He does not care what it is.

Christian missionaries do the work they call conversion. That is conversion: they argue,

they prove, they bring books to you, and they force it inside that Christianity is the only way if you want to be saved. They make you frightened, afraid. For that they have created hell, the hellfire and the eternal punishment there and the rewards in paradise.... They make you afraid of hell, and only they can save you, and they make you very greedy for paradise, and only they can deliver the goods, nobody else. And they prove in a thousand and one ways that Jesus is the only Master. That is conversion.

What I do is not conversion. What Jesus did was not conversion, it was seduction. What Buddha did was not conversion, it was seduction, pure and simple. Just to be with a Jesus is to fall in love. It is impossible not to fall in love with such a beautiful man.

A letter has been found written by Pontius Pilate to the Roman emperor, in which he says, "This man is so beautiful that I am feeling guilty." In fact, Pontius Pilate had fallen in love with Jesus. The moment he asked, "What is truth?" and Jesus remained silent, without saying anything, he fell in love. That silence overwhelmed him. In that letter he writes....

That letter is kept in the Vatican; they don't release it, they don't publish it because that will have great impact on the story that they have been telling the people.

The letter says, "I have fallen in love with this man. This man is so beautiful that I have never seen such a graceful person. He can't do any harm, that is impossible. I have heard him talk with people. I have watched him closely. I have been in crowds, hiding myself, to see what is happening to people. And I have always come back overwhelmed. He is a magician. Just by being with him something starts happening. He is not of this earth."

These are the words of Pontius Pilate.

If you are in close contact with Jesus, how can you remain untouched, unmoved? That movement happens in your energy. So from outside it may appear to you that I go on converting people into orange people. That is not true, or only very superficially true. I have not converted anybody. I am available. If you are available, the thing happens on its own accord.

"YOU SAY NOT TO CONVERT ANYBODY OR SAY YOU HAVE FOUND IT."

Yes, I say don't say that you have found it, because if you say that, it simply means you have not found it. But I understand your puzzle. Because I say I have found it, so the problem arises in your mind whether I have found it or not? -- because I say I have found it. Again from the outside it is one thing, from the inside it is another.

I am not saying that I have found it, IT is saying! And there is a great difference. When you say you have found it, you have not found it. When IT says, and you are simply helpless and you cannot do anything about it, IT asserts -- remember, IT, not you -- when your enlightenment says, not you, when your inner light starts declaring itself, what can you do? Where are you? You are no more there, so you cannot even prevent it. Listen attentively: you cannot declare it, you cannot prevent it from being declared. When I say to you don't say it, I am simply saying wait for when IT says. If you say it, it will be false; then you have not found it. But a day comes when suddenly you find that IT declares inside you. And the difference is so clear. It comes from such an innermost core, and your mind is just on the surface. Your mind becomes an audience -- it simply hears it being declared, it has no part in it. But that is an inner phenomenon. Unless you have experienced it, it will not be possible for you to understand it.

But there are parallel experiences which can be of help. You say to a woman "I love you", and you don't love. You are simply interested in having a night with her, you just want to hop

in bed with her. You say "I love you"; you don't mean anything. It is just a way, a mannerism. It is gentlemanly to say it, it is polite to start that way; a little introduction is needed. You cannot just jump into the bed without an introduction... the woman may get angry. She may start calling the police, or the crowd may gather and you may be beaten. You are just persuading her. You say "I love you", but you know it is not coming from the heart. It is just in the head, cerebral.

Then one day you really fall in love with a woman, and the difference is clear, loud. Now the whole heart is saying "I am in love " You are not saying it, the heart is saying it. You are not there at all, you as the mind. The mind is a listener now; the heart says "I am in love." But the difference is such that only you can know when you are formal and when you are true.

If you declare that you have found the truth, then it will be wrong. But if IT declares, then there is no problem. What can you do about it? Even if you want to prevent it, you cannot prevent it.

It happened in the case of Mansoor, one of the greatest Sufis, Al-Hillaj Mansoor. One day, sitting silently before his Master -- his Master was also a great mystic, Junaid -- he simply declared "Ana-el Haqq! I am God! I am Truth!"

The Master said, "Keep quiet! Don't say it. Keep it inside you. You are not supposed to say it. You know perfectly well that we exist in a Mohammedan country, we are Mohammedans. If people come to hear it, they will kill you."

Mansoor kept it for a few seconds, and then declared again, "Ana-el Haqq! I am God!"

The Master said, "Mansoor, have you heard me or not?"

Mansoor said, "I have heard you, but IT declares. Now death or no death, IT declares. I have been trying, Master. I have been trying whatsoever you have said, but IT declares." And those passionate eyes, and that ecstatic energy; and Junaid knew perfectly well that he could not be prevented. So he said, "You had better go for a pilgrimage. Go to Kaaba. But keep it to yourself. Try, contain it! Don't allow it out. There will be danger." He went to Kaaba.

That has been one of the most ancient traditions in the Sufis -- that when somebody comes to declare it, he is sent to Kaaba. The journey cools him, his ecstasy becomes cooler and cooler and cooler. And the impact of Kaaba... because that stone is not just a stone. In fact, no stone is just a stone, and certainly that stone in Kaaba is not just a stone! It is the rarest stone in the world because millions who have known God have kissed it. No other stone like that exists. Millions who have known God have kissed it. That stone has a different vibe, no other stone has that pulsation. So it is an ancient tradition in the Sufis that when somebody declares, he has to go and kiss the stone. By kissing that stone something happens. So many declarations, the whole stone crying and shouting "I am God", that your own small voice is lost -- it cools. Then you know that so many have known; there is nothing to declare. Millions have known, "I am not new, I am not the first one there. I am not a pioneer."

Mansoor was sent, but he could not reach because in the middle he was caught. He was declaring. Even when he was going alone, suddenly it would happen and he would declare. He was caught, brought to the court, was killed.

But even when he was being killed he was declaring. It is not right to say that HE was declaring; IT was declaring through him.

When you have come to know it, if IT declares, good. Sometimes it declares, sometimes it does not declare. In the case of Junaid it didn't declare, it simply remained there. It depends. Junaid was capable of remaining silent. But with Mansoor it was uncontrollable. But one thing has to be remembered: you are not to declare it -- that must be kept in mind,

continuously in mind. If you declare, you have done something false, you have committed a sacrilege.

You ask me, "YOU SAY NOT TO CONVERT ANYONE OR SAY YOU HAVE FOUND IT. WHAT ABOUT YOU, OSHO?"

I am crazy. You leave me alone. Do what I tell you to do, don't do what I do. You will have to wait for that moment. That moment will come, and when it comes it is such a liberation. But if you start pretending before it comes, you will be preventing it; then it will never come. It never comes to pretenders.

And you ask, "WHAT ABOUT WANTING MY BELOVED TO BECOME A SANNYASIN?"

Prita.... I can understand. When you are enjoying something, something like sannyas, you would like it to be shared by your beloved. Who would not like that? But there is a danger: don't go and become aggressive, otherwise you will do exactly the opposite of what you wanted to do. Nobody wants to be pulled, manipulated. Nobody wants to be dominated -- certainly not men. No man wants to be a follower of his woman; the ego is very strong.

The male ego is very aggressive. That is one of the greatest experiences woman should have learned by now. I know people, couples....

The man had been drinking for thirty years and destroying his health, and knew it. But he could not stop it because the wife had been against it. I told the wife, "You drop fighting. You simply allow him; not only allow him, you do whatsoever he wants. Help him drink. When he comes home, ask him 'Would you like to have some drink?'"

She said, "What are you saying? Thirty years I have tried, and he has not stopped! Now I am to help him to drink?"

I said, "You just try. Maybe it is you who have prevented him. He could have stopped, because I know him. He loves me, he comes to me, and he says to me and he cries; he says, 'I know that this is wrong. I am destroying myself, my family, everything.'"

And the wife said, "I know too that he loves you, because whenever he is too drunk he simply talks like you. But it is too much! In the night at two o'clock he will start delivering a sermon. And for exactly ninety minutes! And he repeats it word for word."

But the wife listened to me and stopped saying to the man.... It was hard for her, because she had also been, for thirty years, in the old habit of nagging. The husband was puzzled. He could not believe that the wife was bringing alcohol for him, serving it. He came to me after one week. He said, "What have you done to my wife? It is strange, but suddenly I am feeling that now the time has come to drop it."

The male ego.... You are against smoking and your husband will smoke. You are against this and he will do that. He has to protect himself. He's so afraid of you -- that if he does not protect, you will eat him, you will absorb him. He's afraid because he knows you have the capacity to absorb him. Once, he had lived in a woman's womb, and he's very afraid. Somehow he has escaped from the clutches of the mother who was saying, "Do this, don't do that. Be like this, don't be like that." Somehow he has escaped. And I say 'somehow' because nobody really ever escapes from the mother, very rarely. When you escape you become

enlightened. The mother goes on following, and then you find a wife, and the wife starts mothering you. And he becomes afraid that now again the same thing is beginning, and the wife starts nagging, "Don't do this, do that." And she starts guiding -- about small things, about great things, about everything -- and she does it out of love! That love is not suspected, but one loves one's freedom too.

You ask me, "WHAT ABOUT WANTING MY BELOVED TO BECOME A SANNYASIN?"

Wanting is okay, but keep it inside yourself. Don't you start nagging him, otherwise I will miss one sannyasin! You simply let him be. You be a sannyasin, you enjoy your sannyas, you become more loving, you become more silent, you become more ecstatic, and leave him alone. Never even say a single time, "You also become a sannyasin." Let him think himself. Let him feel you, what has happened to you. Let him see; he has eyes. If you are transformed by becoming a sannyasin, he will start feeling that something has to be done now. If he can see that some flowers are blooming in you, the fragrance will transform him -- not you, but the fragrance. And when the fragrance transforms there is no resistance, because the fragrance comes so invisibly, so silently, so noiselessly. And nobody can resist it because nobody knows when it has entered into their being, remember it.

If you want your beloved to become a sannyasin, you simply let him see what has happened to you. Let him see your dance and celebration. If that transforms him, good, but don't become a Christian missionary. Don't start pounding on him, don't start arguing with him. Don't start manipulating, controlling him, otherwise you will create resistance. And if resistance is created, then it becomes more and more difficult. Even if some day he becomes a sannyasin just because you have been nagging too much and he wants to be free of the nagging and just decides that it is okay -- "Become a sannyasin and keep this woman's mouth shut" -- then he will be just a sannyasin from the outside. He will resist me.

So this has to be remembered not only by Prita but by everybody else: we love, and naturally we want to share, but love has to be alert, aware. And this is the awareness that has to be kept alive: never encroach on anybody's freedom, never encroach on anybody's space. Love, but keep distance. Love, but remain alone and let the other be alone. If you can allow the other freedom to be alone, then your love is aware. If you start encroaching on the other, if you start possessing the other, if you start manipulating and dominating the other, if you start monopolizing the other, directing the other, then you are destroying your love. Your love is unconscious, and unconsciousness is always a poison. Love dies because of unconsciousness.

That's why so many people love, but still love doesn't seem to happen. So many people go on falling in love and falling out of it. Nobody remains there. Why do people fall out of it? -- because of the unconscious, because of the mechanical habits. Avoid that. If your love is deep enough and your joy of sannyas is true, that will do, that will transform him.

The last question:

BELOVED OSHO, I GIVE YOU MY HANDS. I AM YOUR HANDS. YOU ARE TAKING MY HEAD. HOW CAN I BECOME MORE OPEN TO YOU, CLOSER TO YOU? THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.

Karuna, you are becoming closer every moment, and there is no how to it. Once the 'how' comes in, you will start getting farther away. There are things which can be done, and there are things which can only be allowed.

Coming closer to me is not something that you can do. Nothing can be done about it. You can only allow, you can let it happen. It is a WEI-WU-WEI; it is action through inaction. Don't ask how.

And I know the question arises naturally, because the closer you come, the more close you would like to be. But you cannot do anything about it. If you do anything, you will become hard. Doing, ego becomes frozen. Non-doing, you melt, and in melting you come close to me. The moment you start doing something you are again back, the ego is back. And the ego can only take you farther away.

It is happening already. I have been watching you; you are coming closer every moment.

You say, "I GIVE YOU MY HANDS."

In fact, I have taken them already, and I have not even asked your permission. I never ask, I steal. You will be surprised to know that in India we have one thousand names for God, and the most beautiful out of all those one thousand names is HARE. HARE means the thief.

I don't ask your permission. I don't even knock at your door. I don't say, "May I come in sir?" Or "May I come in madam?" I simply enter. You come to know about me later on, when the harm is already done, when there is no point of return, when you have already crossed the border from where escape becomes impossible.

The ancient Egyptian tradition says the Master chooses the disciple, not vice versa. And I say to you that this is true, absolutely true. When you choose me that is only a secondary phenomenon. I have already chosen you. If I have not chosen you, you will not choose me. If I have chosen you, only then will you choose me. Your choice is really nothing but a recognition that you have been chosen.

I have taken Karuna's hands already, without her knowing. Excuse me.

And the second thing is also true: now I am taking her head.

And the third thing that Karuna is not yet aware of is that finally I have to take your being. 'Head' means your thinking, 'hand' means your action. But you are beyond both. You are being. And when your being has merged with my being, when your emptiness has become part of my emptiness, when my emptiness has become part of your emptiness, when these two zeros have become one, then the work is complete. But it is happening.

That is the basic thing to understand here: sannyas is your declaration that you will not prevent, that's all, that you will keep your doors open, that if I come you will not say no, that if I start taking things from you, you will not create any hindrance, that you will be happy that I have chosen something from you -- your hands, your head, your being.

The disciple has to disappear in the Master; only then does the Master disappear into the disciple. There comes a moment when the disciple is no more there, just as the Master has never been there. 'Master' means an emptiness, and you are coming closer and closer to the emptiness. There is no way that you can do it, because if you do something, that doing will not allow you to become empty. Doing will fill you. Non-doing helps you to become empty.

Enjoy, dance. Whatsoever is happening, feel grateful for it. Much more is on the way, much more every day, much more every moment. This is a non-ending journey into bliss.

The Wisdom of the Sands, Vol 2

Chapter #9

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The first question:

I LIKE YOUR DISCOURSES, I LIKE YOU AS A PERSON AND I LIKE YOU AS THE MASTER, BUT I DO NOT SEE ANY REASON WHY YOU OR ANYBODY ELSE SHOULD BE MY MASTER AND I YOUR DISCIPLE. PLEASE COULD YOU GIVE ME A REASON?

Lida Krausova, I don't find any reason myself Why should you be my disciple and why should I be your Master? There is no why to it. It is irrational, it is absurd -- CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM. It is the MOST absurd thing in life. No reason can be supplied because none exists. All reasons are just to quench the constant curiosity of the mind.

To be with a Master, to be a disciple, is a love-affair. It is exactly that. Have you ever asked why one should fall in love? Have you ever asked why the sunset looks beautiful, why the seagull on the wing looks so fantastic, why the roseflower exists at all?

If you start asking why, then only the meaningless things will have meaning, and all the meaningful things will start disappearing into meaninglessness. Then money will have meaning, but not love. Then machines will have meaning, but not the dew on the grass leaves in the morning sun. Then weapons will have meaning, but not hugging a human being.

Ask the question why and you will start destroying all that is beautiful, because the beautiful exists without any reason. That's why it is beautiful! Its beauty is unfathomable because the why cannot be answered. Its beauty is mysterious because no reason is capable of measuring it, no logic can fathom it, no arithmetic can figure it out. It remains there, utterly mysterious, utterly unknown, utterly unknowable in fact.

Albert Camus is right when he says that the only significant philosophical problem is suicide. The only significant philosophical problem? Suicide? I agree with him. If you ask why, then finally you will be left with only one ultimate question: Why live at all? For what? What is the meaning of being alive? Why go on breathing? Yes, that is the ultimate philosophical question. A real philosopher should stop breathing, because he will not find the answer to why. You are so absurd; you go on breathing? First decide why, then only take the

next breath. If you cannot come to a conclusion, stop breathing. It is so unintelligent. Go on breathing, go on breathing, and not knowing why? Stop loving, because there is no why to it. Stop laughing, because there is no why to it.

To be a disciple is to be in love with the ultimate mystery of existence. It is absurd! So I cannot give you any reason why one should be a disciple.

But there is one thing I would like to say to you, Krausova: that the desire to be a disciple has arisen in you. Otherwise, from whence this question, from where? Why this question at all? The desire has arisen; now you would like to make that desire rational, hence the question. You want to satisfy your intellect -- that there is a REASON to be a disciple: "I'm not a fool, I'm not mad. I am going into this discipleship because there is a REASON to it." There is none, and all reasons are invented reasons.

You can invent, you can invent millions of reasons. Mind is so inventive -- it can create so many fictions, and so easily and cheaply. Nobody is hindering you. You will be surprised to know that when you say "I am becoming a disciple because I want to know God," that is all bullshit. That is just trying to find a reason for some unreasonable act. Your mind feels a little guilty: "What are you doing?" The mind asks, "First supply the answer to me," and you say, "Because I am a seeker for God." And you don't know anything about God -- how can you be a seeker for God? You have never met Him, you have never seen Him. You have never experienced anything divine; how can you search for Him? The search can arise only out of a certain taste that has happened to you, and that has not happened yet. Then you say, "I am in search of truth." What do you mean by truth? What is truth? Nobody has yet been able to define it. Yes, thousands and thousands of thinkers have tried, and all in vain. Nobody has been able to say exactly what truth is. And whatsoever is said about it becomes untrue. You cannot say, "I am a seeker for truth." These are ways just to put mind at ease: "I want to know myself, I want to know what this existence is."

But I say to you again and again, becoming a disciple has nothing to do with these things. Becoming a disciple is just falling in love. It is utterly foolish! But only fools are courageous. It is idiotic!

Remember the story that we were talking about just the other day? -- "Thus the wise man came to be called 'The Idiot'." If you can be so courageous to accept this absurd desire to become a disciple, then only can you become. I am not here to convince you. I am not here to give any reasons to your mind, because all reasons are false. The heart has its own reasons the mind knows nothing of, but those reasons are indefinable, elusive, ineffable, inexplicable. Explain them and they look very stupid.

Somebody asks you, "Why have you fallen in love with this woman?" and you say, "Because she has such a beautiful nose," and it looks so stupid! So you have fallen in love with this long nose? Or you say, "She has such beautiful hair?" How can one fall in love with hair? or with a nose? or with a color? or with a shape? That all looks so juvenile, but the mind hankers for some reason. The mind wants to know why and finds none -- it starts creating its own reasons.

The real thing is not that you have fallen in love with this woman because she is beautiful. Just vice versa is the case: she looks beautiful because you have fallen in love. Love comes first, beauty is second. Beauty is just a shadow experience, because the same woman is not beautiful to others. Sometimes others will laugh at you: "What do you go on seeing in this woman? I don't see anything at all." "She looks so horrible to me," somebody will say, "and you are mad."

Beauty arises when there is love. Beauty is an experience of a love-relationship.

Wherever you fall in love, you will feel something beautiful happening. Fall in love with the trees and they become beautiful; that's how they look beautiful to the painter. Fall in love with anything and that looks beautiful. Fall in love with money and the money starts taking on a beauty. Have you not seen people touching their notes and rupees with such love and such care, almost caressing, kissing?

I have heard....

Once upon a time Goldstein was walking along a busy highway when he came upon the scene of an automobile accident. Several injured men were still lying about on the road.

The Jew approached one of the victims and asked, "Has the insurance man been around here?"

"No."

"Well then," said the Jew, "I will just lie down here by your side."

He can't see the misery. People are dying... and he can only see money.
And another story about the same Goldstein:

He was in court. He had caught his wife with a man in the bed.

The judge asked him, "You say, Goldstein, that the unwritten law would have justified you in killing Mr. Cohen, and that you had pulled a gun on him, yet you did not fire. Why?"

Mr. Goldstein: "Well, Judge, when I pointed my pistol at him, he said, 'How much you want for that gun?' I ask you, Judge, could I kill a man when he was talking business?"

If you are in love with money, then suddenly money has something that nobody will be able to see in it. Everybody will laugh at you, but you will be able to see it. Fall in love with anything and you start seeing things which are not available to others.

Love creates beauty. Love is creative. Love is the only creative force there is. So even things like money can become significant and meaningful, and can have a grandeur which is simply not there. So when you come across a Christ or a Buddha or a Kabir, if you are utterly dull, dead, insensitive, if you are really mediocre, if you have lost all your intelligence, if you have become absolutely closed like a stone, you have lost all openings to your being -- not even a window ever opens, no sunlight enters in you and no wind ever plays inside you and moves inside you -- then maybe you can pass without falling in love. Otherwise it is impossible.

Disciplehood arises out of love.

And the Master is not a person. A Master is a Master only when he is not a person. When you can see into some being and you -- cannot find the person there but an emptiness, a presence certainly but no person present, an awareness with no center, a flame, a light, a door beckoning you, then those who have courage, and those who have real intelligence....

And what do I call real intelligence? I call real intelligence that quality within you which allows you to live without asking why. An intelligent person lives, celebrates, delights. An unintelligent person goes on asking "Why? Why?" and wastes his life.

Krausova, you ask me, "I LIKE YOUR DISCOURSES..."

That will not help much. That will make you more knowledgeable, it will not impart any being to you. You will become a little more informed, you will become a little more learned.

Your mind will have a little more possession, your ego will feel good. Liking my discourses is not going to help much; it can even harm you -- because these discourses are not really any knowledge that I am imparting to you. These discourses are only devices so that I can become available to you and you can become available to me.

I talk to you so that a relationship which goes deeper than talking can arise. These talks are just an opportunity for you to be close to me. These talks are engagements for your constantly chattering mind -- so the mind becomes engaged in the talks and the heart can leap towards me. But if you think that it is enough, then you are getting satisfied by the outer shell and you are missing the real thing.

You say, "I LIKE YOUR DISCOURSES, I LIKE YOU AS A PERSON..."

I'm not a person, and if you like me as a person you have missed me. You have missed the impersonal that is present here. I am just an opening. Come close to me and I will help you to become impersonal too. The person is a facade, it is camouflage. The person is just a pseudo-phenomenon, it is invented. The personality is just that which you have been taught to do, that which you have been taught to be. The personality is given to you by the society. It is NOT your essence, it is the outer core -- like clothes.

One has to go beyond the person; then only one comes to know who one is.

You say, "I LIKE YOU AS A PERSON AND I LIKE YOU AS THE MASTER."

You don't understand what you are saying: 'as the Master' -- because the Master exists only with the disciple. The Master cannot exist without the disciple. I am a Master only to those who are disciples. For others I am a teacher, not a Master. You are confused about these two words. You can like my discourses; then I am a teacher. You can like my person; then I am a teacher. When you start feeling in absurd love with me, discourses or not... Because one day I may stop talking. Then? And that can happen any day. Then those who are in love with me will be here, and those who were only here for words will be gone. They will say, "Now what is the point?" I am a teacher to them, not a Master. When I have become silent, then those who love me -- not for any reason at all -- only they will be able to stay with me. All those who stay for certain reasons will be gone.

A teacher is one from whom you get knowledge. He teaches you, hence he is the teacher. The Master is one who destroys your knowledge; the function is totally opposite. The Master is one who helps you to unlearn. He does not give you learning, more learning; he starts shattering all that you have gathered in the past. He goes on hammering on the head. Slowly, slowly the rock of the head is turned into sand -- it disappears. The Master exists only for the disciple; it is a relative phenomenon.

I am a Master only if you are a disciple. Only then do you know what it means.

So, Krausova, your use of the word 'Master' is simply out of confusion. You are saying that you love me as a teacher -- but I am not a teacher! I am against all teaching! The work that is being done here is against all teachers. It is not against the Masters, but it is against the teachers. The teacher goes on teaching you something that he himself knows not. The teacher himself is just carrying borrowed knowledge. And if you are alert enough, you can see; you can easily see who is a teacher and who is a Master.

The teacher talks out of the memory. It has no depth, it does not come from his heart, it does not arise from his being. It is just an accumulation in his bio-computer called 'the mind'.

Machines can do that. Sooner or later computers will be doing it and they will prove far better teachers than any human beings, because they will be far more efficient, quick, infallible -- but no computer can ever be a Master. Teachers will be replaced by computers, but Buddhas cannot be replaced by computers, because the teacher simply goes on giving that which has been given to him. First you have to feed the teacher just like you feed the computer. The knowledge has to be put inside the memory of the teacher, then he starts giving it back to you.

Buddha gives you something which has not been given to him from the outside, something which has arisen in him as a fragrance, something which has bloomed in him. That is the difference between a teacher and a Master. And if you are sensitive, alert, intelligent, you will be able to see: there will be a flame when a Master speaks. He will be **TOTALLY** what he is saying. His assertions will be **PASSIONATE**. He will be behind those assertions, he will be the validity of those assertions.

When a teacher repeats those things, he hesitates, he's afraid: "Maybe it is right, maybe it is not right" -- there is doubt. He's not behind his assertions. He cannot say that he is a witness. Something **IS BOUND** to go wrong. Something is **BOUND** to be dead, stale. And the teacher is **BOUND** to commit mistakes, because that is not his own vision. Somewhere or other he will find it difficult to stand behind the assertion; his doubts will start filtering in. He's an imitator, and something or other will betray him.

I have heard....

An American soldier was attending a swank banquet in a London town-house given by Lady Brighton. In the midst of the gaiety, everyone felt quite embarrassed when above all the clamor, the lady loudly broke wind.

One of the Englishmen immediately rose and declared, "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg your pardon."

Fifteen minutes later the Lady Brighton cut one again. This time a Frenchman arose and apologized.

And when half an hour later, the lady emitted a colossal fart, the one American guest arose, bowed to the Englishman and the Frenchman, and declared, "Gentlemen, this one is on me!"

You can imitate, but it will show: it will show where you are, who you are. The teacher can pretend only so far, and maybe the stupid people, the unintelligent people, are deceived by it. But the teacher is not the Master.

The Master is one who has witnessed reality, who is not propounding anything on the basis of somebody else's witnessing, but who is himself a witness. But to know this you will have to become a disciple.

What does the word 'disciple' mean? It comes from a root which means simply learning, capacity to learn. If you come across Christ, would you not like to be closer and closer to him, to learn something, to see something, to be something that he has become? He is like a tree in bloom and you are like a seed. Would you not like to listen to this tree and its story and its struggle? All those seasons, summer, winter, rain, and all those long years of arduous effort, uphill tasks -- it was almost miraculous to survive, and the tree survived -- and now the tree has bloomed. The seed has bloomed. The seed has to come into **DEEP** closeness with a tree: that is the meaning of being a disciple.

But I am not supplying any reason, I am simply elaborating about the meaning. I am not

saying to become a disciple. Nobody can become; it happens -- suddenly the desire arises and the desire is strong, so strong that it puts your whole mind aside. And that desire must have arisen, hence the question.

Don't ask for any reason from the outside. Just listen to your desire, your heart's desire, listen to your own longing. If you feel that you would like to have an intimate relationship with me, if you feel that you would like to come as close as possible to me, then that's enough. That desire is enough; no other reason is needed. Then you fall in love.

All that a man can do is prevent himself from falling. Nobody can fall in love, but one can prevent. Man's capacity to negate is more than man's capacity to posit. You cannot create love but you can prevent it. Remember this capacity for negation.

You cannot bring God into your life, but you can close your doors and prevent Him from coming. You cannot bring the sun inside the room, but you can close the doors and pull the curtains and you can stop it from coming. You cannot create the wind but you can stop it coming to you, reaching you; you can move into a hole behind a rock.

Man's capacity to negate is infinite. And if you don't negate, that's all: if this desire is arising in you to become a disciple, just don't negate your desire. Wait, allow it, let it happen, and suddenly you will see something new has penetrated into your being, and you will never be the same again.

The second question:

WILL YOU PLEASE COMMENT ON THE FOLLOWING VERSE FROM THE UPANISHADS: 'HE IS THE ALONENESS THAT IS WITHIN YOU.... YOU ARE STANDING ALL ALONE BEFORE THE SACRED FIRE, AND FROM THIS TIME ON THE FIRE THAT WILL BE GIVEN TO YOU WILL BE LONELY, AND YOU WILL BE ALONE WITH IT. ARE YOU READY TO ACCEPT THAT ALONENESS?'

I am the Upanishad, and you ask about some rotten Upanishads? I am the fire! and I am inviting you! and you are talking about some three-thousand, four-thousand-year-old scripture? The scripture is dead and its fire is long gone; there is no fire in it any more. And the word 'fire' is not fire, remember. Don't be deceived by the word. I say to you -- forget about the Upanishad -- I say to you: He is the aloneness that is within you. God is the aloneness that is within you. When you are alone, you are God. But remember, aloneness does not mean, cannot mean, loneliness. When you are lonely you are simply miserable, not God. When you are lonely you are simply missing the other, you have not transcended the other. When you are lonely you are crying and weeping; you would like to be with the other.

And that's what happens: the people who escape from the world and go to the monasteries don't become alone, they become only lonely -- and loneliness is a very negative emptiness. It has no positivity in it, it is escape. And the mind will go on thinking of the other because the other has still not been lived. You escaped unripe. When the fruit is really ripe it falls on its own accord.

Be ripe in life, because only life and its heat can ripen you. Be ripe! Go through the other! You will have to go many times through the other, you will have to experience the other in many, many ways -- as a friend, as an enemy, as a lover, as a hater, as a brother, as a sister, as a wife, as a father, as a mother. You will have to experience the other in many, many ways -- as the son, as the daughter. When you have experienced the other in all the possible

dimensions, you will come to see the point that you can be with the other but you remain alone. Your aloneness is INDESTRUCTIBLE. Even while you are making love to your woman you are alone and your woman is alone. Two alonenesses meeting, but alonenesses remain intact, untouched. And that's the dignity, the grandeur, the beauty, because that is the freedom. Otherwise your freedom would be gone.

Your inner space cannot be encroached upon by anybody else; it is unencroachable. You can be thrown into a prison cell, but your innermost aloneness remains free. Somebody can put a dagger into your heart, can kill you, but your aloneness remains untouched by the dagger. You can be thrown in fire, all will burn, but your aloneness will not burn. That aloneness is God.

God is not outside, God is your innermost core. God is you in your essential being. He is the aloneness that is within you. God is within you, not without. In fact, to say He is within you is not right -- He is your within. The within is He. And once you have known this within, you will be surprised that the within contains the without. And once you have known it as your innermost aloneness.... You will be surprised -- the very word 'aloneness' comes from all-oneness. When you have become REALLY alone, you will see that ALL IS contained by your aloneness. You have come to that all-oneness.

"HE IS THE ALONENESS THAT IS WITHIN YOU.... YOU ARE STANDING ALL ALONE BEFORE THE SACRED FIRE AND FROM THIS TIME ON..."

The sacred fire is the Master, because only the Master can become the fire in which all that is useless in you will be burned. Only by passing through the fire of a Master will you become pure gold. All the impurities will be burned. This is nothing to do with the ordinary. You can find ways of protecting yourself from the ordinary fire. The only fire that you cannot protect yourself from is the Master. The very word 'upanishad' is significant. It comes through the Master-disciple relationship. 'Upanishad' means sitting by the side of the Master. The very word means sitting by the side of the Master -- just sitting, nothing else is needed, because when you sit, when you just sit, you start coming closer and closer and closer. When your activity disappears you come closest. With your activity, your ego disappears -- then you are in the fire. The Master purifies you. Fire is just an outer symbol for the Master. That's why the orange color has been chosen for sannyas down the ages: it is the color of fire. By becoming a sannyasin you are entering into fire, into the fire of a Master.

"YOU ARE STANDING ALL ALONE BEFORE THE SACRED FIRE AND FROM THIS TIME ON, THE FIRE THAT WILL BE GIVEN TO YOU WILL BE LONELY...."

Somebody must have translated it wrongly. It can't be lonely, it can only be alone. But people translate literally: that's what I mean when I say 'a teacher'. Now anybody who has translated this passage from the Upanishads knows nothing. He knows words. He may be a scholar -- he knows Sanskrit, he knows English. The translation is literal but not spiritual, and literal translations have done much harm. People go on translating ancient treatises: they can be translated ONLY by a Master because those words are not used in an ordinary sense. You cannot find those words in the dictionary. They are found only in inner experience. Of course outer words have to be used, but a Master goes on giving new meanings to those words.

I liked Pradeepa's suggestion: she wants to make a dictionary of my words, of the meaning that I give to them. I speak my own language. I don't care about grammar, about the

form. My only concern is that what I say should correspond as closely as possible, as approximately as possible, to the experience that I have come to know.

"YOU ARE STANDING ALL ALONE BEFORE THE SACRED FIRE, AND FROM THIS TIME ON THE FIRE THAT WILL BE GIVEN TO YOU WILL BE LONELY, AND YOU WILL BE ALONE WITH IT."

Once you enter into the fire of a Master, the duality is dropped: the disciple and the Master become one. A new kind of aloneness arises.

There is a Tibetan saying of immense significance which says: To be with the Master is to be alone. Strange.... It also says that when you can be with somebody and absolutely alone, then only can you be certain that he is your Master. It has much pregnant meaning in it. If you can be with your Master, absolutely alone, nude -- as you can be only when you are alone -- only then are you with the Master, only then have you trusted. If you go on hiding something from the Master, then you remain separate.

That is the meaning of 'surrender'. Surrender means that from this moment on you will not hide, you will not have any secret of your own. Surrender means surrendering the secrets. Surrender means surrendering the privacies. Surrendering means that now you will not be in any way defending yourself.

Why do you keep secrets? -- because you are afraid. You are afraid that if those secrets are known by others they may manipulate you, they may blackmail you, or they may start exploiting you because of those secrets. You feel afraid, you feel vulnerable. You can surrender your secrets only when you have trust, when you know that no harm is going to happen.

To be with the Master is to be in such a space where you are alone. The closer you come to the Master, the more and more the disciple and the Master meet and mingle and disappear, the more aloneness is left -- that purity, that freedom, that silence.

"ARE YOU READY TO ACCEPT THAT ALONENESS?"

Are you ready to become an initiate? Are you ready to enter into the temple of fire?
The questioner is Dady C. Dady.

Here you are facing the fire, and you are talking about some old scriptures. I ask you: Are you ready to accept that aloneness? Are you ready to accept that fire? The fire is available, and one knows not for how long it will be available. Tomorrow it may be gone. It is either now or never. Don't waste your time in bringing scholarly questions. Open your existence to me. I'm not a commentator, I am saying what I have seen. I'm not supporting any Upanishad, any Bible, any Koran. I am talking from the same source from where the Upanishads were born, from where the Koran came, from where the Bible arose. I am at that very source.

Now this is stupid, to ask me such questions. You should be more intelligent. But people think if they can ask scriptural questions they are asking great questions.

Be existential. Ask something that is troubling you, ask about something that has become a barrier to your growth. Ask about you. How is this passage going to help you? And this has been so again and again, down the ages. And I tell you, Dady C. Dady, you may have been there in those days when the Upanishads were written, and then you must have been asking the teachers, those Masters, those seers, something about the Vedas. And you must have been there when the Vedas were written, but then you were asking something about more ancient

scriptures. Now you are asking about the Upanishads; when I am gone you will ask about me!

It is better to relate with me.

A little ant was racing round and round a medium-sized cracker-box. His pal, another ant, observing the first ant, couldn't understand what the furious hurry was, so he asked his running friend, "Just what is your hurry, pal?"

The first ant replied, "Well, there is a sign here that says: Tear Along the Dotted Line."

The third question:

IF, FOR BUT ONE MINUTE, I COULD BE BEHIND YOUR EYES DURING MORNING LECTURE! WHAT DO WE LOOK LIKE TO YOU?

You all look to me like Buddhas pretending not to be Buddhas, except for a few; except for the few who don't know that they are Buddhas, so they are pretending to be Buddhas.

You will be surprised if you look from my eyes. Two types of people are here: the first type, the majority, who are pretending not to be Buddhas, and the minority who are pretending to be Buddhas. And both are wrong! -- because you are all Buddhas. Whether you pretend this way or that, it makes no difference. Both attitudes are out of ignorance.

A disciple came to a Zen Master and said, "Now I have realized! Now I know I am a Buddha!"

The Master was very angry and said, "Get out of here!"

The disciple had come with great hopes that the Master would reward, recognize. And the Master was very angry. He had been angry before, but never so much. And the disciple said, "What is the matter? Why are you getting so angry? I was thinking you would be happy because you were always telling us, 'You are Buddhas, you are Buddhas! Right now you can become Buddhas!' And now, when I have become, I say to you I have become a Buddha!"

And the Master took his staff and he said, "I will beat you! I will beat the Buddha out of you! You get out of here! First throw this Buddha away!" -- because to think you are not a Buddha is wrong; so is it when you start thinking you are a Buddha!

You are a Buddha, so there is no need to think that you are a Buddha. The very thinking shows that you have again missed. When one understands, one simply relaxes and becomes ordinary. Then there is no point in talking about Buddhas.

You ask me, "IF, FOR BUT ONE MINUTE, I COULD BE BEHIND YOUR EYES DURING MORNING LECTURE! WHAT DO WE LOOK LIKE TO YOU?"

You simply look great! -- playing a thousand and one games, hiding, covering yourselves, and all in vain, because whatsoever you do is not going to help. You ARE Buddhas. You remain Buddhas.

The fourth question:

WHAT SHOULD ONE CHOOSE, SELFISHNESS OR ALTRUISM?

One should not choose at all. Choose and you go wrong. Prefer and you have gone wrong. Non-preference, no choice....

You ask: To be selfish or to be altruistic?

Now these things are separate only in language, and that creates great anxiety. But in life they are not separate things. To be altruistic is the only way to be selfish, to be selfish is the only way to be altruistic. It sounds paradoxical, but if you meditate over it you will be surprised. And that is so about all paradoxes of life!

If you want to be happy, really happy, can you be happy in an unhappy world? Can you be happy in an unhappy family, can you be happy with unhappy human beings? It is not possible. It is like you want to be healthy -- can you be healthy when everybody is ill and unhealthy? How long can you protect yourself? Your health depends on everybody else's health. If everybody else is healthy, the more is the possibility for you to be healthy. If everybody is ill, the sooner or later you will be ill. And if you protect yourself so much from illness, then your protection will become your illness. You will be constantly worried about protection, and that will create stress. That will make you so tense that you will not be able to live at all.

We are not separate, we are together. We are so much together that we are members of each other. I penetrate you you penetrate me. So this division of selfishness and altruism is a false division. If a person becomes REALLY selfish and only thinks about himself and nothing else, do you think he will be able to be happy at all? He will not think about his wife. he will not think about his children, he will not think about his neighbors, he will not think about anybody else. Do you think he will be happy? He will be like a cancer cell.

That is the difference between other cells and the cancer cell -- a cancer cell is ABSOLUTELY selfish, it only thinks about itself. So when a cancer cell enters into your body and you become host to a cancer cell, it starts eating you up. And it simply goes on eating you up, and it never gives anything back. And it does not worry about any other cell in the body. Sooner or later it has eaten the host. And when the host dies, do you think the guest can live? The guest dies with the host. The cancer cell will have to die when the body dies, because it cannot exist without the body which was hosting it. So in fact by being selfish it has committed suicide. The cancer cell is a stupid cell; it has no intelligence. Other cells are far more intelligent: they eat, they give, they take, they give, and a balance is kept. The egoistic person is like a cancer cell.

And what about the other, the extreme opposite -- the public servant, one who is ready to martyr himself, one who is always searching for some opportunity to sacrifice himself? He's also not healthy because he goes on sacrificing himself, and the more he sacrifices the more unhappy and miserable he becomes deep down. And naturally when he is unhappy and miserable, he vibrates misery around him.

You have watched it: if your mother is too much of a sacrificing mother, which mothers tend to be.... In fact, all mothers are Jews. I have not come across a mother who is not a Jew. They sacrifice too much! They are great martyrs but then they take revenge, which is natural. If somebody sacrifices too much escape from that place, because sooner or later he will surround you like a prison. He will demand, "I have sacrificed so much!" He will make you feel guilty every moment of your life.

Millions of people feel guilty because of mothers, because they have been so sacrificing. And later on every person feels, "I have not done anything. I have not given anything back to

my mother -- and how much she sacrificed." Because of this sacrifice, no child is ever able to forgive the mother. Forgive or forget, neither is possible. In fact, that's why you are so against the parents, you will be surprised to know. Why are you so against the parents? Why do parents create such tension in you? Why is it not a beautiful experience to be with the parents? It is here every day . Whenever a mother comes, the sannyasin becomes afraid. A father comes and the fear arises. What fear? The fear is that the father simply makes you feel guilty: "I have done so much for you. What have you done? And I am getting old, and you are doing Kundalini here? And you are enjoying? Think of me and think of your mother! And we sacrificed our lives, and we educated you. And we were poor and we did this and that and that, and you never lacked anything. Have you forgotten it all?" You become uneasy with the parents. The relationship is not healthy. Why is the relationship not healthy? -- they have been too altruistic.

Be selfish and you commit suicide. Be too altruistic and you again commit murder.

Don't choose. There is no need to choose between these two. Just be natural, spontaneous. Respond to life each moment with no prejudice, with no a priori notion. Don't try to become altruistic, and don't try to become selfish. There is no need. Remain easy, relaxed. and there are moments in life when you will need to be selfish, but then it will happen spontaneously. And there will be moments when you will have to be altruistic -- that too will happen spontaneously. Don't have a fixed gesture, remain fluid. That's my whole approach to the problem of choice: remain fluid, don't choose.

Once you have chosen you are in difficulty, because then you cannot respond to the reality. You have to go on reacting out of your chosen part. If you are selfish and you have chosen it ;as your philosophy, then there are moments when joy arises only by sharing -- and you cannot share, because to share seems to be altruistic. So you remain confined in your selfishness and you miss the joy. Now what kind of selfishness is this which goes on missing joy? This is just being unintelligent, nothing else.

Or you have chosen to be altruistic, and then you start seeing that somebody else is exploiting you, and you go on because you have to be altruistic. Somebody is destroying you and you go on being destroyed -- in fact, you start feeling that you are a great martyr. Look! -- "Sooner or later the church is going to make me a saint." But you are destroying this man because you are allowing yourself to be destroyed by him. You are making him violent, you are teaching him something ugly. he will do it to other people too.

So move in life with no notion at all. let each moment be decided on its own -- not with a discipline, not with a concept that you have carried all along. never act out of your philosophies, respond to the reality, and sometimes you will find you are selfish, and sometimes you will find you altruistic. and that is good. You are a flow.

Don't feel guilty about being selfish, because selfishness is natural -- otherwise you would not survive at all. And don't feel that you have done something great when you are altruistic, because that too is natural. Otherwise you will never be able to love, and without love there is no joy.

The fifth question:

WHEN I AM READING YOUR WORDS, LISTENING TO YOUR LECTURE TAPES, AND NOW WHEN I AM HERE, I'M THOROUGHLY ABSORBED WITH IT ALL. BUT BETWEEN THESE TIMES IT GOES TO THE BACK OF MY MIND AND I GET

INVOLVED WITH THE TRIVIALITIES OF LIFE. HOW DO I KEEP THE FLOW CONSTANT?

Dinas Wadia, my message to you is this: that I don't see anything as trivial. If you can remain meditative, loving, you transform the very trivialities into profundities. The profane becomes the sacred and the marketplace becomes a temple. It depends on you. To me, nothing is trivial. I never come across anything trivial.

Cleaning my teeth is as meditative as anything else. Taking a bath is as meditative as anything else. Eating and going to sleep is as meditative as anything else. God is everywhere, in every act, in every small thing.

Remember, this existence is a hologram. A hologram means that each part contains the whole. It is not that the part is only part. The part may be on a smaller scale, but it contains the whole. For example: just a drop of sea water -- it is a hologram. It is very small, it is not the sea, of course, but it contains the whole of the sea, all the secrets of the sea are there. If you can understand a single drop of sea water, you have understood all the oceans that have existed and that will ever exist. It is a hologram.

Each small act is a hologram; it contains the totality. It depends on you, on how you look at it. Now you are creating an unnecessary problem. Here, listening to me, you become very, very drunk and absorbed, and you enjoy this drunkenness. Then you go to your office and you cannot get so absorbed. That is missing the whole message. When you are in the office, you have to put me at the back of the mind; that's natural. Otherwise you will not be able to function well in the office. You can't go on listening to my voice in the office; you should not. While driving, if you go on thinking about me, then there is every possibility of some accident. While driving, driving should be the figure and everything should become the background. Listening to me, I become the figure and everything else becomes the background. If listening to me here you go on driving, or calculating, or thinking of the office or money matters and things like that, then you are missing me.

And the joy that arises in you is not because of me. It arises only because here everything else moves into the background, and you allow it to move, and you become absolutely absorbed in this moment, herenow. Now, when you go back home you have to be absorbed the same way in each moment. Eating, eat, and let everything disappear into the background. One has to constantly change one's inner pattern, because every moment something else has to be given attention to. Driving, you have to be attentive to driving. Calculating, you have to be attentive to calculation.

The secret of joy is that if you can get absorbed in every activity that you do, you will find the same peace flowing in you and the same silence flowing in you that you find here. It has nothing to do with me. It has something to do with your getting absorbed, totally absorbed.

But it will be difficult, because you call other things trivialities. You have condemned them. Because of the condemnation, absorption will be difficult. Don't condemn a thing. Respect, from the smallest to the greatest, because nothing is small and nothing is great. The great depends on the small and the small contains the great. Life is a hologram. The seed contains the whole tree, the whole blue-print of it.

Each small act contains the whole of life, all its depth, all the dimensions.

You ask me, "HOW DO I KEEP THE FLOW CONSTANT?"

First just drop your condemnatory attitude and the flow will be constant. You need not keep it. You are disturbing the flow, not the trivialities -- because there are none. You are disturbing the flow. Because something is trivial, so you do it half-heartedly, you drag yourself

A Zen Master has said.... Somebody asked, "You have become enlightened, now what do you do?" And he said, "I chop the wood and I carry the water from the well. How wondrous it is, how miraculous it is!" But the man said, "But these are trivial things -- chopping wood, carrying water from the well? I also do these. What is the difference then?" And the Master said, "I used to do them before too, but the difference is great. Then I used to think these were trivialities, now they are not. It is my prayer, it is my meditation. Chopping wood, I am worshipping Buddha. Carrying water from the well, I am worshipping Buddha."

If this attitude arises in you, the flow will keep itself flowing.

The sixth question:

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CHILD AND A BUDDHA?

There are great similarities and great differences.

The child is as innocent as a Buddha. They are as full of wonder... Buddhas are as full of wonder as any child. The child functions from a state of not-knowing, so functions a Buddha -- but there are differences too, and great differences.

The child's innocence is a natural innocence -- it will be lost, it will have to be regained. The child's innocence is only un-experience, it is not an earned phenomenon. It is like the first teeth: they will fall, the milk-teeth are going to fall. The child is going to go astray; it has to go, it has to fall from its innocence. That is the meaning of the biblical story of Adam's fall; Adam means every child. It is not a story that happened somewhere in the past, it happens every day. Whenever a child is born it happens again. It is repeated again and again. It is one of the most significant parables ever discovered by man. There is no comparison to it.

Each child is born in the Garden of Eden, is innocent, naked, knows nothing and is full of wonder, lives moment-to-moment. When a child is angry he is simply angry -- he is anger, in fact; and when a child is loving he is love, he is simply love. And he goes on moving from one stage to another without any hitch, hesitation. Just a moment before he was so loving, and now he's so angry and he says to you, "I will never see you again!" and the next moment he is sitting in your lap and asking for a story or for a song. It is moment-to-moment, he carries no past. But he will fall. This innocence cannot last. The fall is intrinsic. It is significant too, because only if he falls from this innocence will he attain to that innocence which is called Buddhahood. He has to go astray, he has to lose all track, he has to move in the deepest hell, in misery, in anguish, in agony. Then, through experience of life, he will start moving backwards. He will start searching again for those days of innocence; the memory will haunt him, the nostalgia of them.

That's what happened to the stream when she came across the desert. And when the desert said, "Evaporate to the winds," the stream started feeling some memories arising: "Yes, it has once been so.?"

When you come across a Buddha some memories arise in you and you start feeling, "Yes, I have tasted something of this." The taste is forgotten, almost forgotten, but still something

lingers on the tongue. It is not absolutely forgotten. Forgotten, certainly, but one remembers that one has forgotten it -- that much remembrance is there. It is not absolutely erased, it can't be erased. You have lived in that wonder called childhood; coming close to a Buddha again those childhood memories start surfacing. Again you start feeling like becoming a child, the second birth. You become twice-born.

Buddha is again a child, but now this childhood will never be lost. It has been earned. It has come through the experiences, sweet and bitter and all.

Buddhahood is similar to childhood, and yet not similar.

A little boy was prodding his mother's bust and saying, "Mummy, what are these?" Now the mother was too shy to tell him the truth, so she replied. "They are balloons and when you die they get bigger and float you up to heaven."

The lad went away but a short while later he came rushing back in shouting, "Mummy, Mummy, the maid is dying."

His mother was taken aback and asked why he should say that the maid was about to die. "Well," replied the lad, "both her balloons are out, Daddy is blowing them up and she keeps shouting 'God, I'm coming!'"

A child is innocence. He does not know what is what. He trusts. He has not yet doubted, he has not yet fallen from that innocence. He has not tasted of the Tree, the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

The teacher explained to her class, "Every good story must contain four elements -- sex, religion, royalty, and mystery. In the next half-hour, produce a short story made up of these four subjects."

Inside of ten minutes a boy announces, "My story is finished."
"So soon!" exclaims the astonished teacher. "Stand up and read it out loud."
"Holy Moses," said the Princess, "I think I am pregnant again. I wonder who done it this time."

This un-knowing, this state of ignorance, this beautiful ignorance, makes the child available to mysteries. The whole life looks like a mysterious world, a fairyland. Everything seems to be so superb, so psychedelic, so colorful. Just small shells on the seabeach, and they look so precious to the child. Just colored stones, and they are Kohinoors. The child lives in a totally different world; he lives in the world of poetry.

The Buddha again enters into that world, and the poetry is enhanced, far deepened by his experiences. He had lost all touch with the innocence; now the innocence has been regained, paradise regained. It was lost; and when you lose something and regain it, then for the first time you recognize its value, its true value. The child cannot have any idea of the value. How can you have an idea of value when you have never lost it? Take the fish out of the ocean and THEN she starts feeling the value of the ocean. In fact, before this moment, she had not even been aware of the ocean. She had taken it for granted.

The child takes everything for granted. He has not yet fallen from grace. He has to fall. The fish has to come to the shore, the fish has to feel the thirst, the misery, the separation -- only then, the jump. And then the ocean feels so beautiful, so tremendously valuable. The value arises through separation. Every child has to become a sinner. That's why it happens again and again that if some child is protected from going astray, if he is protected too much

and is never allowed to do anything wrong, he remains shallow, he has no depth. His saintliness is just superficial, skin-deep, or not even that much. Scratch him a little and he will fall.

That's why your many so-called saints look shallow. You can't see the glint of intelligence in their eyes, you can't see the sharpness in their being. They look dull and stale, no sharpness, no intelligence. They have simply been trying not to eat from the Tree of Knowledge. They have simply been trying to protect their milk-teeth. They are simply trying not to lose their childhood.

Childhood has to be lost. One has to go into the path of sin. One has to go deep, as deep as possible, into sin. Sin simply means going away from God, going away from your childhood innocence, nothing else. And then, out of the misery that you will create by going away, one day, when the misery has come to a saturation point, when the misery has come to a peak, you will suddenly feel the desire to go back. Enough is enough! That is the moment when one becomes an initiate, a disciple, a sannyasin. That is the moment when one starts searching for the lost land. And when you have arrived, it is the same place, but you are not the same.

So the child and the Buddha exist in the SAME space, but still it is not the same because the child is a child, and a Buddha is Buddha. Buddha is the child who has gone far away and has now come back.

Remember the Jesus parable:

A man had two sons. They quarrelled, they divided his property, and the elder remained with the father and the younger went to the capital. The younger lived a life of sin: gambling, drinking, prostituting. Soon he lost all his property, became a beggar, started begging. The other son remained with the father, worked hard, was obedient, was religious, was virtuous, increased the property tenfold. And one day the news came that the beggar-son was coming back.

He had suffered a lot, he was almost falling apart. He was no longer his old self; all was lost, he was just a miserable lot. But the idea came to him, "I will go back to my father. I am not worthy to be his son, but he can at least accept me as a servant. There are so many servants in my father's house. I will serve as a servant, I am not worthy to be called his son. I will go and fall at his feet and ask for forgiveness. And I will ask just one thing: .that I be a servant, just let me be here."

The father heard the news that the son was coming back. He prepared a great feast, most precious wine was brought from the cellars, he invited all the people of the town. His elder son was in the field working hard the whole day in the hot sun, and when by the evening he was coming back, somebody on the way told him, "Just look at the injustice of your father. This is unfair! You have been serving him, you have been religious, obedient, virtuous, and not a single feast has ever been given for you. And now your father has ordered that the fattest calf has to be butchered for the feast and the best wine has to be brought from the cellars. And there is great rejoicing, because your younger brother is coming back! And he has lost all, all virtue. He has been a sinner. This is unfair!"

And naturally, it looks logically so -- it is unfair.

And the elder son was angry and sad and annoyed and irritated. He went back to the father and he said, "What are you doing? You never gave a single feast for me, I was never welcomed. And what has your other son done that you are arranging such a big feast for him?"

The father laughed and said, "Don't get annoyed. You don't know -- he went astray and is coming back home. He has sinned and is coming back home. He has lost all, and has understood something in losing that all. And you have always been with me; there is no need to welcome you. Let me receive him with great joy. I have been waiting for him."

To whomsoever reads this story, it looks a little unfair. Whatsoever reasons Jesus gives for it, it looks unfair -- but this is how it happens. It is a tremendously meaningful parable.

Your saints who have been just trying to protect their first childhood remain superficial. That was the case with the elder son; he was superficial. His virtue was imitation, his obedience was only fear. He was a coward, he didn't risk. The other son was courageous -- he risked, he gambled, he lost. The sinner one day starts feeling, "I can go back. I can just be a servant in my father's house." That desire for going back is the beginning of Buddhahood. Adam means the child is going away from childhood, Christ means the return of Adam. The child is coming back, back to the natural state of innocence.

So the Buddha and the child exist in the same space, but the child is getting ready to go out of it, and Buddha has come back. He is back home. The child is simply preparing to go away, and Buddha is back home. So they are similar, and they are not similar too. They are as totally different as is possible.

Childhood has to be lost; only then can you attain to Buddhahood.

And the last question:

OSHO, SINCE I TOOK SANNYAS AND YOU GAVE IT TO ME ON THE 13TH FEBRUARY, I HAVE ONE MORE PROBLEM. EVERY SOUND AROUND ME SEEMS TO BE SAYING TO ME, "BHAG-WAN". FOR INSTANCE, THE HORNS OF THE RICKSHAWS AND CARS, THE SOUNDS OF THE BIRDS. THINGS AND ANIMALS MAKE JUST ONE SOUND DURING THE WHOLE DAY: "BHAG-WAN". I CANNOT GET RID OF IT!!! IT'S LIKE A TUNE IN MY HEAD. PLEASE CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT TO ME. AM I IN LOVE? OR IS IT HYSTERICAL? WHAT CAN I DO TO GET RID OF IT? PLEASE HELP!

You don't need any help, you need only blessings. I bless you.