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# Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #1

Chapter title: The way of the birds

**27 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

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BELOVED OSHO,  
A MONK SAID TO TOZAN, "YOU ALWAYS TELL LEARNERS TO TAKE THE WAY OF THE BIRDS.  
WHAT IS THIS WAY OF THE BIRDS?"  
TOZAN SAID, "YOU MEET NOBODY ON IT."  
THE MONK THEN ASKED, "HOW CAN WE GO ON THIS WAY?"  
TOZAN ANSWERED, "BY EGOLESSNESS, ATTENDING TO EACH STEP AS IT COMES."  
THE MONK SAID, "ISN'T THE BIRDS' WAY THE SAME AS ONE'S ORIGINAL NATURE?"  
TOZAN SAID, "O MONK, WHY DO YOU GET EVERYTHING UPSIDE-DOWN?"  
THE MONK ASKED, "WHAT IS THIS PLACE WHERE PEOPLE GET THINGS UPSIDE-DOWN?"  
TOZAN SAID, "IF THERE WERE NO TOPSY-TURVINESS HOW COULD A SERVANT BECOME A  
LORD?"  
THE MONK ASKED, "WHAT IS OUR ORIGINAL NATURE?"  
TOZAN ANSWERED, "NOT TAKING THE WAY OF THE BIRDS."  
WHEN A MONK ASKED KASSAN, "WHAT IS THE WAY?" HE ANSWERED, "THE SUN  
OVERFLOWS OUR EYES; FOR TEN THOUSAND LEAGUES NOT A CLOUD HANGS IN THE SKY."  
"WHAT IS THE REAL FORM OF THE UNIVERSE?" ASKED THE MONK.  
"THE FISHES AT PLAY IN THE CLEAR-FLOWING WATER MAKE THEIR MISTAKES," REPLIED  
KASSAN.

Maneesha, the bird flying across the sky leaves no footprints. This is called the Way of the Birds -- simply disappearing into the nothingness of the sky, without leaving a trace behind. Zen wants you to be just like the Birds' Way -- a nobody, a nothingness.

It is strange but true that in your nothingness you are for the first time born. The

nothingness is the womb out of which your spiritual heights are revealed.

Just as you cannot follow the bird because he leaves no footprints, the buddha also leaves no footprints. You cannot follow a buddha for the simple reason that you *are* a buddha; you have just forgotten it. And once you try to follow a buddha, you are going astray.

Those who make footprints behind themselves -- create organized religions, give commandments for the coming future, scriptures to be followed by those who have not come yet -- are all engaged in nonreligious activity.

Religion is a rebellion -- rebellion against following. This is a religious place. You are not my followers. You can love me, I can love you .... Following means a subtle spiritual slavery. I don't have any follower and I don't want anybody to be a follower of anybody else either. The moment you start following someone, you are going to miss yourself. You will be lost in dark nights and dark clouds and it will become more and more difficult to find the way back home.

A MONK SAID TO TOZAN, "YOU ALWAYS TELL LEARNERS TO TAKE THE WAY OF THE BIRDS. WHAT IS THIS WAY OF THE BIRDS?"

TOZAN SAID, "YOU MEET NOBODY ON IT."

It reminds me of a very beautiful story in Aesop's fables. There are scholars who think that Aesop as a person never existed, that those stories are told by Gautam Buddha, who was also called *bodhisat*. And the word *bodhisat*, as it moved from country to country, became Aesop. But it does not matter who told them; the stories are significant on their own.

This story is that a little girl, Alice, reaches the wonderland and wants to see the king. She was led to the king's court and the king asked the little girl, "Did you meet somebody on the way coming towards me? I am waiting for somebody."

The girl factually replied, "Nobody, sir."

And from this point the story becomes pure Zen.

The king said, "If you say you met nobody, then he should have reached here by now!"

The girl said, "Don't be angry, sir, nobody is nobody!"

The king said, "I understand language, you don't have to teach me. Nobody is of course nobody, but where is he? It certainly proves that nobody walks slower than you!"

The poor girl now gets into trouble. She says, "No, nobody walks faster than me!"

The king said, "This is very contradictory. If nobody walks faster than you, he must be here by now."

It is a children's book, but certainly the source cannot be found anywhere else except Gautam Buddha. Even if Aesop existed as a historical person, he must have got the idea of 'nobody' from Gautam Buddha's insistence that to be somebody is to be nothing and to be nobody is to be all. The ego makes you somebody and egolessness makes you nobody. But the ego is a confinement, and the moment you stop the ego you are as vast as the whole universe, you *are* the universe.

The Birds' Way, Tozan said, is one where you meet nobody. Don't misunderstand like the king in Aesop's fable. 'You meet nobody' does not mean that you meet nobody, it means you become nobody. That is the meeting with nobody.

THE MONK THEN ASKED, "HOW CAN WE GO ON THIS WAY?"

TOZAN ANSWERED, "BY EGOLESSNESS, ATTENDING TO EACH STEP AS IT COMES."

Living moment to moment, step by step, neither bothering with the past which is gone, nor becoming concerned about the future which has not come yet. Always being herenow, and you are a nobody; you are a no-mind. And this opening is the greatest ecstasy. This

opening brings all your potentiality to its flowering.

Zen treats you like lotuses.

You need to open to the sky, to the stars. In your opening is your freedom, in your opening is your dignity, in your opening is your splendor.

But the poor monk did not understand. He said,

"IS NOT THE BIRDS' WAY THE SAME AS ONE'S ORIGINAL NATURE?"

TOZAN SAID, "O MONK, WHY DO YOU GET EVERYTHING UPSIDE-DOWN?"

THE MONK ASKED, "WHAT IS THIS PLACE WHERE PEOPLE GET THINGS UPSIDE-DOWN?"

TOZAN SAID, "IF THERE WERE NO TOPSY-TURVINESS HOW COULD A SERVANT BECOME A LORD?"

The mind is a servant and it has become the master. It is perfectly good as a mechanical computer, a biological miracle, but it is not the master. You have completely forgotten the master, and the servant has become the master in its absence.

Be awake to the beyond, to the within.

Get out of your mind to see who you are, what is your space without mind. And suddenly you will know how you have lived up to now in a topsy-turviness. The master is almost absent and the servant has become the lord.

THE MONK ASKED, "WHAT IS OUR ORIGINAL NATURE?"

TOZAN ANSWERED, "NOT TAKING THE WAY OF THE BIRDS."

Tozan is a great master. When he sees that the monk is mediocre and will not understand immediately, without bringing mind in -- will not see directly -- he changes his statement out of compassion.

The monk could not understand what is the Way of the Birds. TOZAN ANSWERED -- contradicting himself -- NOT TAKING THE WAY OF THE BIRDS.

If you cannot understand the greatest insight directly, then you have to go from the ABC of religiousness.

Zen is XYZ.

WHEN A MONK ASKED KASSAN, "WHAT IS THE WAY?" HE ANSWERED, "THE SUN

OVERFLOWS OUR EYES; FOR TEN THOUSAND LEAGUES NOT A CLOUD HANGS IN THE SKY."

This is the Way. Just spaciousness, nothing clouding your consciousness, no anger, no greed, no ego, Just a pure, innocent being.

"WHAT IS THE REAL FORM OF THE UNIVERSE?" ASKED THE MONK.

"THE FISHES AT PLAY IN THE CLEAR-FLOWING WATER MAKE THEIR MISTAKES," REPLIED KASSAN.

Kassan said, "Don't be worried about the universe; think of yourself as just like a small fish in the ocean."

Zen is alone in its great insight that it does not use the word `sin', but only `mistake'. The fish can make mistakes in the ocean, but that does not change its original nature. Whatever you have done, you have simply been writing on water. Your right, your wrong, your virtue, your sin -- all are divisions of the mind. Your sinners and your saints -- all are fish in the same ocean. Somebody is going this way, somebody is going that way.

Not to make this distinction of sinners and saints, of right and wrong, and just to be utterly silent, without any judgment -- this is your original nature. You have found the universe within yourself. Then the sun rises within you and the whole sky with all the stars is part of your consciousness.

Zen is expansion of consciousness to the limitless, to the eternal. It is not concerned with small, stupid things. All the so-called religions are concerned with stupid things, with rituals

which are non-essential, with gods which are created by man's imagination. The only authentic concern for a seeker is to find the center of his own being ... and he has found the center of the whole existence.

A poem by Basho reads:

WITH YOUR SINGING  
MAKE ME LONELIER THAN EVER ...  
The birds are singing --  
WITH YOUR SINGING  
MAKE ME LONELIER THAN EVER,  
YOU, SOLITARY BIRD,  
CUCKOO OF THE FOREST.

Because of this poem the new series that we are entering will be called ZEN: THE SOLITARY BIRD, CUCKOO OF THE FOREST.

Hofuku wrote this poem on the Way ...  
DON'T TELL ME HOW DIFFICULT THE WAY.  
THE BIRD'S PATH, WINDING FAR,  
IS RIGHT BEFORE YOU.  
WATER OF THE DOKEI GORGE,  
YOU RETURN TO THE OCEAN,  
I TO THE MOUNTAIN.

Such a tremendously beautiful statement. A river may be going to the mountain, or to the ocean. As far as reasoning is concerned it appears they are going in different ways, diametrically opposite. The river that goes towards the ocean we know; we can see it. But every time the river comes, riding on the clouds, back to the mountains ... that is a little subtle and one needs a poet's, a mystic's understanding to see. The river is coming back to its original source.

This statement of Hofuku ... YOU RETURN TO THE OCEAN, okay; I am going to the mountain. But that does not make you superior or inferior, neither does it make me superior or inferior.

This whole universe is ours and all the dimensions are ours. Wherever your original nature takes you, wherever your spontaneity takes you, it is your home. Zen makes this whole existence our home.

... Do you hear the river going back to the mountains?

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
IS IT NOT TRUE THAT, PARADOXICALLY, THOSE WHO ARE AT HOME IN  
SILENCE CAN USE SOUND -- MUSIC OR WORDS -- MOST POTENTLY?

It looks paradoxical but it is not, because what is sound?

Just a ripple in silence.

A lake is silent. Then comes a breeze and leaves the whole lake full of ripples. When silent, it was reflecting the moon. When ripples come, the moon is shattered in a thousand pieces all over the lake, making it pure silver. But anyway, it is the same lake reflecting the same moon, either in silence or in sound.

Remember always, Maneesha, that wherever you find something paradoxical, you will be closer to reality than ever, because paradox is the very nature of existence. Those who are at

home in silence can use sound; they are the master, the sound becomes their servant. They can use music as an expression of their silence, they can use words as an expression of their experience of the mystic, of the poetic nature of existence.

Her second question is:

I HEAR THE GOSSIP HAS SPREAD IN THE GARDEN -- THE BAMBOOS HAVE TOLD THE BIRDS -- THAT YOU DEDICATED ONE OF THESE ZEN DISCOURSE SERIES TO THE BAMBOOS.

IS THAT WHY THE BIRDS WERE SINGING SO FERVENTLY LAST NIGHT?

Maneesha, I have heard them. That's why I am dedicating this series to the birds. I knew that they were feeling neglected: the bamboos were standing proudly in the sky and the poor birds were thinking, "Nothing is being said about us, and we are singing here and nobody is being even thankful to us."

I am thankful to the birds. This series will be known in Basho's words -- ZEN: THE SOLITARY BIRD, CUCKOO OF THE FOREST.

Zen is very pagan; it trusts in nature, not in nurture. It trusts in the original, not in the carbon copy. It wants you to make your statement, but don't repeat the scriptures; they take away your dignity as man.

Find your own signature.

This is our whole search -- finding your own signature.

Before we enter into our daily meditation ... now I have to mention also the birds. They are silent, being happy and proud. Soon the clouds will start asking! Before they ask ... the coming series will be devoted to them.

To the birds and to the bamboos and to the clouds, a few laughs, because they cannot understand our language but they can understand our laughter.

Sarjano goes into the medical center and asks Dr. Azima for some condoms.

"These-a are the best-a ones," says Azima, handing him a packet.

But Sarjano interrupts him and says, "Don't-a worry -- the cheapest will-a do."

So Azima gives him the cheapest and Sarjano pays. Then he immediately opens the pack, pulls out a condom, unrolls it, throws it on the floor and begins to stamp on it with his foot.

"What-a the hell are you-a doing?" cries Azima.

"Don't-a stop me," says Sarjano. "This is-a exactly the way I-a gave up smoking!"

Doctor Feelgood is in the habit of smoking huge cigars in his office. Nobody likes it, but nobody complains, because he has been doing it for years.

One day, a pregnant woman comes into his office. "Hello, Mrs. Lovejoy," says Feelgood.

"I see you are pregnant again. How many kids will it be now?"

"This will be my fourteenth," replies Mrs. Lovejoy.

"My God!" cries Feelgood, almost choking on his cigar. "Why on earth do you have so many children?"

"Well," says Mrs. Lovejoy, "I love my husband very much."

"And I love my cigar," replies Feelgood. "But I take it out of my mouth once in a while!"

Kowalski meets Slobovia at the Pig and Whistle Pub for a few after-dinner beers.

"Hey Kowals," asks Slobovia, "how come you let your wife do whatever she wants to do?"

"Well," replies Kowalski, "because she has a perfect right." Then Kowalski adds, "And she has a pretty good left, too!"

When a persistent pain does not ease after several days, Pope the Polack makes an appointment to see his doctor. During the examination the doctor is shocked to find a bouquet of flowers lodged in the pope's rectum.

"Where the hell did *these* come from?" the doctor asks, removing a rose.

"I'm not sure," says the holy celibate, blushing, "why don't you read the card?"

Nivedano, beat the drum -- and everybody goes into absolute and total craziness!

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Now be silent. Close your eyes.

Feel as if your body is frozen; gather your energy inwards.

Deeper and deeper ...

This is the Way of the Birds, the way of Zen.

To make it deeper, Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

And everybody dies.

This death will make you more aware of your life in ...

Beyond body and mind is the master.

Without any fear, go deeper and deeper.

The deeper you go the more you know that you are immortal and death is only a fiction.

At the deepest point in this moment is contained your whole eternity.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back to life resurrected, showered with silence, filled with the fragrance of your own being.

At least in this moment be a buddha and then carry out your buddhahood in your daily activities.

I'm against renouncing anything. Just remember your buddhahood. Then everything is right.

Whether you are going to the mountains or to the ocean, with the remembrance of buddhahood, that you are buddha, all that you do is beautiful is truthful, is sincere.

Except this there is no religion.

And this religion does not become a bondage to you. It is your total freedom.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate so many buddhas together?

Yes!

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #2

#### Chapter title: Tearing down, breaking up

**28 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

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BELOVED OSHO,  
A MONK ONCE ASKED UMMON, "WHEN NOT A THOUGHT ARISES, CAN THERE BE ANYTHING WRONG?"  
UMMON REPLIED, "MOUNT SUMERU!"  
ANOTHER MONK ASKED UMMON, "WHEN ALL MENTAL ACTIVITY IS AT AN END, HOW IS IT?"  
UMMON SAID, "BRING THE BUDDHA HALL HERE, AND WE'LL WEIGH IT TOGETHER!"  
THE MONK SAID, "AREN'T YOU GETTING AWAY FROM THE POINT?"  
UMMON EXCLAIMED, "KWATZ!" AND THEN SAID, "YOU PLUNDERER OF VACUITY!"  
ON ANOTHER OCCASION, UMMON WAS ASKED, "HOW ABOUT WHEN THE WORD IS UTTERED THAT EXPRESSES ALL THINGS?"  
UMMON SAID, "TEARING DOWN, BREAKING UP."

Maneesha, you have heard a tremendously meaningful statement: TEARING DOWN, BREAKING UP.

I will go through your whole anecdote but I'm bringing the conclusion first, because it is the very essence of Zen. It tears down everything that you think you are. It breaks up everything that you think you are. It shatters everything that you have ever thought to be identified with and then what is left ...

Just a pure silence, a nobody.

To find this nobodiness is the ultimate peak of experience, of existence.

A MONK ONCE ASKED UMMON -- Ummon being one of the great masters -- "WHEN NOT A THOUGHT ARISES, CAN THERE BE ANYTHING WRONG?"

The question is absolutely absurd, because if no thought arises how can there be anything right or wrong? They are both thoughts.

When no thought arises you simply are.

The sky is without any clouds.

But just like all intellectuals of the world, the questioner is asking without understanding, without experiencing. The question is coming out of intellect, not out of inner experience. Out of inner experience such a question cannot arise.

When there is no thought, nothing arises -- neither good nor bad, neither right nor wrong. One simply rejoices in oneself. But because he has asked, UMMON REPLIED, "MOUNT

SUMERU!"

I will have to explain to you ... Mount Sumeru is a mythological mountain in paradise. It is all gold. Our Himalaya is nothing in comparison to it; it is millions of times bigger, just pure gold. It is a mythology, it is not a fact. But the mythology has a certain meaning, that's why Ummon replied, "When there is not a single thought, you have entered into paradise. You will be facing Mount Sumeru, the golden peaks spread from end to end over the whole universe."

Mount Sumeru is accepted by Buddhist mythology, Hindu mythology, Jaina mythology -- all the three religions born in this country have accepted the story of Mount Sumeru. It will be good for you to understand what is the purpose of Mount Sumeru. The purpose is that only *chakravartins* -- and a *chakravartin* is an emperor who has conquered the whole world -- are allowed to sign their names on Mount Sumeru when they enter into paradise.

One great emperor died with a great desire, because there is nothing greater than signing your signature on Mount Sumeru. It was the tradition of those times that the wife of a man who died would commit *sati*, and the kings used to have many wives, not just one. All the wives had to commit *sati* -- sometimes a hundred women, sometimes five hundred women. Krishna had sixteen thousand women! So it was a massacre; whenever an emperor died, hundreds of living women ....

When this emperor reached the gates of heaven with his hundreds of wives who had died with him on the funeral pyre, the gatekeeper said to him, "You take these instruments and sign on Sumeru, but don't take anybody else with you."

The emperor said, "These are all my wives, and what is the point of signing on Sumeru if there is nobody even as a witness? I want all my wives to be with me to see it."

The gatekeeper laughed and he said, "I have been here ... for generations we have been the gatekeepers. Before me, my father and before him, his father ... as long as existence, our family has been on this gate. And everyone on this gate has given the same advice that I'm giving to you. You will be thankful for it. If you insist, I will allow -- but then don't be offended."

The emperor could not understand, but perhaps the gatekeeper knows more about things ... He went alone and was simply amazed at the gatekeeper's compassion. Because he could not find a small place anywhere on Mount Sumeru to make his signature. All over there were signatures and signatures and signatures.

The meaning is clear: "You are not the only one. Millions of emperors have passed before you."

He said to the gatekeeper, who was with him, "This is very humiliating. I used to think I would be the only emperor who is going to sign. And this whole mountain, miles and miles ... there is no space for a signature!"

The gatekeeper said, "Do one thing -- another advice that we have been giving since my ancestors. Here is the instrument. Remove somebody's name and put your name. And this is not new; this has been happening for centuries as far as I know, my father knew, my father's father knew. You have to remove somebody's name and create space for your signature."

The emperor said, "But that takes all the joy out of it. Somebody will come and remove my name."

The gatekeeper said, "That, of course, is going to happen. It is up to you."

This is the failure of success. Ultimate success brings ultimate failure. And this story may be not a fact; the Sumeru Mountain range does not exist anywhere, but all these three religions have accepted it for the simple reason to show you: Don't run after the ego. Your

ego can take you at the most to the Sumeru Mountains; and then you will see you have wasted your whole life, just to remove somebody's name. What is the joy of being the greatest celebrity in the world?

One great philosopher, Rousseau, wrote in his autobiography that, "When I was not known to anybody, I was hankering to be known to the whole world. That was the only desire and the only dream, to be known by the whole world. I never thought of what I was going to do then. And now that I have become world famous it is such a failure. I am so ashamed that now I want to hide from people, because they gather everywhere, wherever I go. I am not left even for a single moment without a crowd. I have to hide in my own house. In this house I used to dream about becoming a famous celebrity, and now I have become famous and my eyes are filled with tears at my stupidity. I wasted my whole life in becoming famous and now I am trying to hide from the same people I wanted to be known to."

Ummon's reply simply means that if thinking ceases and you are still asking for something, then you are only asking for a dream, a golden dream, a paradise, a Sumeru Mountain. The fact is, the moment thought ceases, you disappear too.

And in that disappearance you can hear the solitary cuckoo, the birds chirping, the great silence raining on you with great blessings.

You don't need any Sumeru Mountain.

Listen to the cuckoo ... particularly because this series is dedicated to a solitary bird, a cuckoo in the forest.

ANOTHER MONK ASKED UMMON, "WHEN ALL MENTAL ACTIVITY IS AT AN END, HOW IS IT?"

The same question, asked by millions of people down the centuries. Rather than entering into yourself and finding the silent space, people have been intellectualizing, philosophizing. It is certain that this monk who is asking Ummon, "WHEN ALL MENTAL ACTIVITY IS AT AN END, HOW IS IT?" is a stupid intellectual -- as all intellectuals are stupid. When all mental activity has ceased, there is just pure space, a peace that passeth understanding. UMMON SAID, "BRING THE BUDDHA HALL HERE, AND WE WILL WEIGH IT TOGETHER!"

The Buddha Hall is in every Zen monastery, where the monks gather to hear the master. Ummon must be sitting in the garden under some tree by the side of some lake. He said, "Before I can answer, it is better to bring the Buddha Hall here, so that the whole assembly of the Buddha Hall together can weigh what remains when mind ceases."

THE MONK SAID, "AREN'T YOU GETTING AWAY FROM THE POINT?" Bringing the Buddha Hall ... "You are asking something impossible! And I have asked a simple question -- what is the need of the whole assembly? Between two of us, we can weigh what remains after there is no mental activity."

UMMON EXCLAIMED, "KWATZ!"

KWATZ! is a Zen stick. When the master has not the stick with him, this is a substitute for it. He shouts, "Kwatz!" With that shout he is hitting you to understand a simple thing: No question, no answer ... just be.

But the poor monk seems to have not understood. The masters have been shouting from mountaintops and the questioners, curious, are still deep down in the dark valleys -- almost deaf and blind, they can neither see nor hear.

UMMON SAID, "YOU PLUNDERER OF VACUITY!"

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, UMMON WAS ASKED,

"HOW ABOUT WHEN THE WORD IS UTTERED THAT EXPRESSES ALL THINGS?"

UMMON SAID, "TEARING DOWN, BREAKING UP."

KWATZ! It is a sound, found by Zen, that shatters your mind. At least for a moment you simply remain silent, amazed. Because it is not language. You have not expected it. But it shatters you and that is the whole purpose of a master -- to destroy the disciple so that the disciple himself can rise as a master of himself. Only pseudo masters go on forcing discipleship on people. The authentic ones initiate you just in order to destroy you, because unless you are destroyed you will never be your real self. You will always remain a *persona*, a personality.

*Persona* is the root from where the word 'personality' comes. In Greek drama the *persona* was used. It was a mask. You can hear the sound, but you cannot see the face of who is behind it. You can see that in the root, *sona* is sound. So you hear the sound but you don't see the face.

Out of that has come the word 'personality'. It means you see people hiding behind all kinds of garbage. Somebody thinks he is the president of his country. Somebody thinks he is the prime minister. Somebody thinks, "I'm the most beautiful person." But all the presidentship withers away, the premiership is wavering just like a bamboo in a strong wind, ready to fall any moment. And the beauty of today will be tomorrow just a faded painting. Personality is not you.

That which changes with time is not you. Hence, remember the distinction between personality and individuality. Individuality is your real, authentic being, not given to you by anyone. You have been it forever and you will be it forever. Everything can be thrown away -- TEARING DOWN, BREAKING UP -- still you are, as a consciousness. There will be no I, no ego, but a beautiful awareness. And this is the great experience that makes someone a buddha.

In this very moment, you all are buddhas. But what to do? You go on forgetting.

But I am also very adamant, I will go on reminding you. You can escape but I will follow. I will come into your dreams, I will haunt you wherever you are. Because once I have taken you into the field of my love, you can be anywhere; my work on you continues. And my work is to cut out of your block of marble a Gautam Buddha.

Koko wrote:

THE WORD AT LAST,  
NO MORE DEPENDENCIES:  
COLD MOON IN POND,  
SMOKE OVER THE FERRY.

He's just giving expression to the inexpressible.

THE WORD AT LAST -- that is what he is saying about Ummon's statement, "Tearing down, breaking up." THE WORD AT LAST. Ummon has said it.  
NO MORE DEPENDENCIES:  
COLD MOON IN POND,  
SMOKE OVER THE FERRY.

Even the most beautiful words indicating the experience are nothing but a reflection of the moon in the cold water of a lake, or smoke over the ferry.

Fumon commented:

MAGNIFICENT! MAGNIFICENT!  
NO ONE KNOWS THE FINAL WORD.  
THE OCEAN BED'S AFLAME,

OUT OF THE VOID LEAP WOODEN LAMBS.

This has been a tradition in Zen, not to speak in prose but to speak in poetry if at all you decide to speak. Because poetry comes closer to the experience than prose.

Maneesha has asked a question:

IS THERE A WORD IN THE END?

Maneesha, neither is there a word in the beginning nor in the end. It is always silence, eternal silence. Words are very small, they cannot contain it.

She has asked:

I HAVE UNDERSTOOD YOU TO SAY THAT IN THE BEGINNING WAS NOT THE WORD, BUT SILENCE. IS NOT SILENCE THE BEGINNING, THE END, AND THE CONTINUUM BETWEEN BEGINNING AND END?

Yes, a thousand times yes. I have been speaking about the Bible, which says, "In the beginning, there was the word." Now that is sheer nonsense. How can the word be of itself? Somebody has to utter it. And what is a word if there is nobody to understand it? It becomes just a sound. But what is a sound if there is nobody to hear it?

Certainly the Bible is wrong. In the beginning was silence, in the middle it is silence, in the end it is silence.

Silence is the very soul of existence.

Before we enter the silence, because it is an arduous journey to be in your very innermost core -- arduous and unknown and forgotten -- a few laughs will prepare you. I am using laughter to create a preparation for you to dive deep into silence. After laughter, it is simpler.

Ace psychiatrist, Dr. Feelgood, is waiting impatiently for the first patient of the day. Then in walks a beautiful young brunette.

Feelgood suddenly pounces on her, rips off her clothes and makes wild, passionate love to her. When he is finished, he stands up and says, "So, that takes care of my problem -- now, what is yours?"

"Our great athlete, Ivan Ivanovitch," says the Russian radio announcer, "has just smashed all existing records for the two-hundred-yard dash, the high jump, the long jump, the mile run, the five-mile run, and the marathon. He overcame a blizzard, a range of mountains and complete lack of water. Unfortunately, our great athlete's performance was in vain. He was captured and brought back to Russia!"

Kowalski is not feeling well, so he goes to visit Dr. Bones. Bones gives him an examination, makes a few tests and then says, "Mr. Kowalski, you are a very sick man. In fact I would say that you have only two weeks to live."

"I see," says the Polack. "Is it okay with you, Doc, if I take the last two weeks of July?"

Whenever Ronald Reagan gives a speech, his wife Nancy is always sitting nearby. And

always, just as Ronald stands up to speak, Nancy passes him a small note.

Everyone is curious to know what is written on the note, but no one dares to ask. Then one day, the note falls out of Reagan's pocket, and Ed Meese picks it up. He sees that only one word is written on it, "KISS."

"That is amazing," says Meese. "You have been married for forty years, and still Nancy sends you a kiss before every speech you make."

"You don't know Nancy," snaps Reagan. "That message does not say 'Kiss,' it says 'K-I-S-S,' which means, 'Keep it short, stupid.'"

Now, Nivedano give the beat and everybody goes into gibberish, making any sound, any craziness ... just throw it out. Clean your mind.

Give the beat.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody becomes absolutely silent.

No movement, be frozen.

Close your eyes and go in.

This silence ... and who cares for the Sumeru Mountains?

This silence ... and who cares for any paradise?

This singing and dancing moment in the deepest being, the eternal silence.

No birth, no death.

The whole secret in your hands.

To catch hold of this silence ... Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody dies.

Die totally, at least.

Let the body breathe, let the heart beat ...

You just go in.

This is the Way of the Bird, this is the song of the solitary cuckoo.

This benediction is the only religion.

Remember it every moment of your life.

In every action this silence should remain as an undercurrent.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back rejuvenated, more alert, more conscious, more integrated, more individual.

Just a glory unto yourself.  
Love yourself.  
You are a unique splendor.  
Be thankful and grateful to existence.

Okay, Maneesha?  
Yes, Osho.  
Can we celebrate?  
Yes!

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #3

#### Chapter title: Don't wobble

**29 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

Archive code: 8806295

ShortTitle: CUCKOO03

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 47 mins

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BELOVED OSHO,  
ONCE IN AN ASSEMBLY OF MONKS, UMMON HELD UP HIS STAFF, AND SAID, "WE ARE TOLD IN THE SCRIPTURES THAT AN ORDINARY MAN THINKS THE STAFF IS A REAL EXISTENCE; THAT THOSE OF THE HINAYANA TAKE IT AS NOTHING; THAT THOSE BELIEVING IN THE PRATYEKABUDDHA TAKE IT AS AN ILLUSORY EXISTENCE; THAT BODHISATTVAS SAY ITS REALITY IS EMPTINESS. BUT I SAY UNTO YOU, TAKE THE STAFF AS JUST A STAFF. MOVEMENT IS MOVEMENT; SITTING IS SITTING. BUT DON'T WOBBLE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!"  
UMMON PICKED UP HIS STAFF, AND, SHOWING IT TO THE ASSEMBLED MONKS, SAID, "MY STAFF HAS TURNED INTO A DRAGON AND SWALLOWED UP THE WHOLE WORLD. WHERE ARE THE POOR MOUNTAINS AND RIVERS AND GREAT EARTH NOW?"

Maneesha, man has been thinking for centuries about who he is. All great philosophies are born out of this basic question, but no philosophy is the answer.

Zen, for that reason, should never be understood as another philosophy. It is an anti-philosophical attitude. It is non-thinking, no-mind -- just a straight penetration into reality.

Mind has a habit to go round and round. Its existence is peripheral. Only on your circumference does it exist. The moment you jump towards your center it disappears. It cannot go with you, within yourself. It can go with you towards the farthest star -- and it is a great companion as far as objective research is concerned. But the same companion becomes the greatest barrier when you turn from the outside and start searching within.

Mind is the instrument for outside inquiry; no-mind is the opening of the door of your inner world. You are not just the body and you are not just the mind. You are much more, you are a mystery that can never be reduced to any language.

These anecdotes are efforts out of compassion to bring to your notice this inexplicable, inexpressible reality of your inner world.

ONCE IN AN ASSEMBLY OF MONKS, UMMON, a great Zen master, HELD UP HIS STAFF, AND SAID, "WE ARE TOLD IN THE SCRIPTURES THAT AN ORDINARY MAN THINKS THE STAFF IS A REAL EXISTENCE; THAT THOSE OF THE HINAYANA SCHOOL OF BUDDHISM TAKE IT AS NOTHING; THAT THOSE

BELIEVING IN THE PRATYEKABUDDHA -- that is another school of Buddhism -- TAKE IT AS AN ILLUSORY EXISTENCE."

Pratyekabuddhas, Hinayana, Shankara, Bradley, and there are many philosophers who think that the world you see is simply made of the same stuff as dreams -- it is nothing. Although they say so, their behavior does not prove their philosophy. Even Bradley, when going out of his house, does not go out through the wall; he finds the door. If the wall is made of the same stuff as dreams, why bother about the door? Just pass through the wall! You can pass through the mountain if your standpoint is really correct. Why do you go on eating, drinking, clothing your body, when everything is nothing?

These philosophies can be reduced to a single word -- *maya*, illusion; everything is illusion. And there is a very subtle reason for the insistence on illusion. They want you to renounce the world because it is illusory. As far as I'm concerned, if it is illusory, then there is no need to renounce it. It is not there -- what are you renouncing? Your very effort to renounce it makes it real! All the monks and the saints who have renounced the world, have given a certificate that the world is real.

You don't renounce dreams ... I have never heard of a single man in the whole history of humanity renouncing his dreams. One simply wakes up, looks here and there, and finds that there are no dreams. He was simply asleep -- now he is awake. There is no need to renounce that which is not.

But all these philosophers were trying by every means and argument to prove that everything is unreal -- money, power, prestige, relationship, husband, wife, children, parents, all are unreal. So don't waste your time with unreality. Renounce! so that you can attain to the real.

But I hope it is absolutely clear to you that you can renounce something only if it is real. Your very renouncing proclaims its reality, and also your cowardliness. You don't have guts to encounter it, that's why you are escaping. It is not renunciation, it is escape, pure and simple escape, out of a cowardly mind who cannot encounter the arduous realities of life. Zen is not in favor of renouncing anything.

Ummon is giving explanations about Hinayana philosophers, Pratyekabuddha philosophers, Bodhisattva philosophers:  
BODHISATTVAS SAY ITS REALITY IS EMPTINESS.

Ummon is simply one of the most insightful masters who has walked on the earth. He says, BUT I SAY UNTO YOU, TAKE THE STAFF -- and he is holding his staff in his hand -- AS JUST A STAFF. MOVEMENT IS MOVEMENT; SITTING IS SITTING. There is no need to talk about whether it is real or unreal; the very division between reality and unreality makes all kinds of confusions in your mind. What to choose, what not to choose, whether it is real or unreal.

Take everything as it is, without any judgment about its reality or unreality. BUT DON'T WOBBLE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!

What is wobbling? The arising of thought -- whether this is real or unreal -- and you have started wobbling. Just see things straight as they are, they don't need any judgment from you. A staff is a staff.

UMMON PICKED UP HIS STAFF, AND, SHOWING IT TO THE ASSEMBLED MONKS, SAID, "MY STAFF HAS TURNED INTO A DRAGON AND SWALLOWED UP THE WHOLE WORLD. WHERE ARE THE POOR MOUNTAINS AND RIVERS AND GREAT EARTH NOW?"

His meaning is that if you can realize a non-judgmental clarity, even this simple staff

becomes your greatest meditation. And in that meditation the oceans will disappear and the mountains will disappear, because in that meditation you will disappear. The observer suddenly becomes the observed.

Yuishen, another master, wrote in praise:

WHY, IT IS BUT THE MOTION OF EYES AND BROWS!  
AND HERE I HAVE BEEN SEEKING IT FAR AND WIDE.  
AWAKENED AT LAST, I FIND  
THE MOON ABOVE THE PINES,  
THE RIVER SURGING HIGH.

The river is the river, the pines are the pines, and the moon is the moon. All that is needed is a clarity of vision, not that stupid mind that goes on continuously making judgments.

Makusho wrote:

LOVING OLD PRICELESS THINGS,  
I HAVE SCORNED THOSE SEEKING  
TRUTH OUTSIDE THEMSELVES:  
HERE, ON THE TIP OF THE NOSE.

The whole truth is here, just on the tip of your nose. One simply needs clarity of vision. It is not far away, it is not even near -- it is just your very existence, it is your heartbeat.

Issa wrote:

BUDDHA LAW,  
SHINING  
IN LEAF DEW.

If you have the clarity, then just in the early morning sun, when on the lotus leaf the dewdrop shines like a pearl, you have seen the whole teaching of the Buddha.

But your eyes have to be unclouded. Thoughts are your clouds. Meditation is nothing but brushing away your thoughts, keeping your consciousness clean and reflective.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
WHY DO WE GO TO SUCH PAINS TO AVOID THE OBVIOUS?

Maneesha, the mind is interested only in the difficult. The obvious is not difficult. The mind is interested to go to the Everest; it can go to the moon; it is trying to reach to the further stars and planets. The mind enjoys conquering, and you can conquer only that which is difficult. The obvious has no appeal for the mind. On the contrary, the obvious is the danger; it is the death of the mind and its desires and longings.

*You* are the obvious. That's why mind never looks inwards. It is so simple, it is already there -- what is the need? First become the world's greatest celebrity, become famous, become powerful. As far as your own self is concerned, it is already there, you don't have to conquer it. And mind is a conqueror; its whole joy is in victory.

But being yourself is not a victory. You have always been yourself, knowingly or unknowingly. Your buddhahood is your essential existence. Mind will never become interested in going inwards, because there awaits its death. There is no function for it, there is

nobody to conquer. Just a pure space, a silence.

Mind, in fact, tries to avoid the obvious. It goes away as far as possible, so that the obvious cannot destroy it. It will think about God -- you cannot go farther away than God -- it will think about heaven and hell, and it will not for a single moment stop in silence to see, "Who am I?"

And miraculously, it is by entering into your isness that you have entered into the very mystery and the poetry and the music and the dance of existence. It is not dry land, it is lush green; it is full of fragrance, a beauty incomparable, a truth which is the highest possible experience for consciousness. But it is all very obvious.

Here we are trying every way somehow to get rid of the mind, so we can see the obvious which the mind is avoiding. ... The cuckoo has come.

This series is dedicated to the solitary cuckoo. The bamboos are very silent. In this silence a few laughs will help you to become more childlike, non-serious, relaxed. There is nothing else like laughter to take away your seriousness, which is sitting hard, heavy on your hearts. Before you enter into yourself, a few laughs are just essential showers.

Clarence and Lulu, two Oregon rednecks, are sitting on their front porch in Fossil, watching the sunset.

Lulu sighs, takes Clarence by the hand and says "Darling, say something soft and mushy."

Clarence, very embarrassed, turns to Lulu and says, "Aw, shit ..."

Paddy is quietly drinking his beer in the corner of the pub one evening. But his blissful mood is broken when he sees a woman from Christ's Salvation Army going from table to table, speaking to the customers. Paddy tries to avoid her eye, but in vain.

The Christian lady approaches Paddy and says, "Don't you know that stuff you are drinking is slow poison?"

"That's all right," replies Paddy. "I'm in no hurry."

Colonel Hawkburt is furious. Someone has stolen his wife's jewelry. So he gathers all of his household staff and tells them that if the jewels are not produced, they will all be fired.

Freaked out, the desperate staff members begin frantically searching for the missing jewels. Suddenly, they come upon Kowalski, drunk and stumbling down the street. Immediately they jump upon him and accuse him of stealing the jewels.

Kowalski is utterly puzzled as he finds himself being dumped head first into a barrel of water. Pulling him up, the butler screams, "Where are the jewels?"

Gasping, Kowalski waves madly that he does not know. They lower him again into the barrel of water, leaving him in longer this time. Finally they drag him up.

"For the last time," the upstairs maid shrieks, "where are the jewels?"

Coughing and spluttering, Kowalski replies drunkenly, "You guys better find yourselves another diver because I can't find *anything*!"

Pierre, a Frenchman, Tonio, an Italian, and Kowalski, the Polack, are driving through the countryside when their car breaks down. They find lodging at a farm, and during the night, Pierre decides to sneak into the farmer's daughter's room.

The farmer hears him walking up the stairs and calls out, "Who is it?"

Thinking quickly, Pierre whispers, "Meow, meow," like a cat, and then goes into the girl's room.

Half an hour later, Tonio has the same idea. But as he nears the room, her father shouts, "Who is there?"

Tonio also makes the sound, "Meow, meow," and then sneaks into the girl's room.

Later on, Kowalski decides that he, too, should have some fun. Just as he gets to the girl's room, the father shouts, "Okay, who is it?"

Kowalski replies, "It is me, the cat."

Now, Nivedano, give the first drum and everybody goes into absolute craziness, in gibberish -- shouting, speaking Chinese, Japanese, any language that you don't know. Do your best.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

No movement.

Close your eyes, just be in.

Deeper and deeper, fearlessly, because it is your own being. You are not going to meet anyone, you are going to disappear in a universal rhythm.

This is the staff Ummon was talking about.

And this is the Bird's Way, the solitary cuckoo in the forest.

Allow the obvious and drop the mind.

See directly into yourself.

This is the very secret of the buddhas, of the awakened ones.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody dies ...

Die completely -- let the body breathe, but you go on and on and on inwards. Don't leave any space unexplored.

This moment you are the most blessed, touching the very eternity of your life, allowing the lotus of your being to open its petals.

There is no need of any organized religion. Every individual is entitled to find within himself the buddha.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

The buddhas can come back and sit down in a proper posture.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate?

Yes! ... So many buddhas awakened.

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #4

#### Chapter title: Such a moon

**30 June 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

Archive code: 8806305

ShortTitle: CUCKOO04

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 46 mins

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BELOVED OSHO,  
ONE DAY KYOZAN WAS LOOKING AT THE MOON TOGETHER WITH SEKISHITSU AND ASKED HIM,  
"WHERE DOES THE ROUNDNESS OF THE MOON GO WHEN IT BECOMES SHARP, CRESCENT?"  
SEKISHITSU SAID, "WHEN IT IS SHARP, THE ROUNDNESS IS STILL THERE."

Maneesha, existence can be approached only in two ways: the way of philosophy and the way of poetry. Poetry ultimately ends in mysticism. Philosophy simply goes on and on, without coming to any conclusion.

Zen is the purest poetry.

It states the existential in a poetic form.

This small dialogue will tell you the poetics of your being. All the so-called religions are non-poetic -- very prose, very logical, very rational; their argument is to the mind. Poetry is the argument to the heart. Those who try to understand Zen as just another philosophy will miss it, will miss the very life of the Zen approach.

This small dialogue contains great insights, experiences, and realizations.

ONE DAY, KYOZAN WAS LOOKING AT THE MOON TOGETHER WITH SEKISHITSU AND ASKED HIM,

"WHERE DOES THE ROUNDNESS OF THE MOON GO WHEN IT BECOMES SHARP, CRESCENT?"

SEKISHITSU SAID, "WHEN IT IS SHARP, THE ROUNDNESS IS STILL THERE."

When it is round it is still sharp.

Nothing goes anywhere. Sometimes it is manifest, sometimes it is unmanifest, but it is always here -- just like the moon. On the full-moon night you see its roundness, and then slowly slowly that roundness is no more round. Something starts disappearing from your vision which is not disappearing in the moon itself.

A day comes that the whole moon disappears. And on the first day of the moon it is just a small arc, it shows only for a few minutes and then is gone. But the moon as such is always there. Sometimes only a part of it is reflected by the sun -- you see it. Sometimes the whole of it is reflected by the sun -- you see it. But as far as the moon is concerned, whether the sun

reflects it or not, it is always there.

Just think of a mirror. You are standing before a mirror -- if the mirror disappears do you think you disappear? And you must have seen mirror houses, where there are many kinds of mirrors. In some mirrors you appear to be very tall, defeating the bamboos; in some others you appear to be very short, but very fat. What the mirror says is not the truth.

The truth is in you, unreflected.

You don't need any mirror to find it. You don't need any lamp to go inside because inside you, there is neither darkness nor light. It is something like twilight, when the sun sets and the night has not come yet -- the gap. In that gap, there is a light which is not coming from the sun.

This moment in India has been called *sandhya*. The word comes from a root, *sandhi*, the boundary line. From day to night, there is a gap when the day disappears and the night begins -- a discontinuity. Ordinarily *sandhya* means evening. But the mystics have used *sandhya* to mean meditation. They have used it as an indication of a quantum leap, when you move from the mind to no-mind.

This anecdote says that the moon remains itself, whether it is known or not known. And you are the moon. It is your freedom to know yourself or to remain ignorant. Nobody can force you to be enlightened and nobody can force you to remain unenlightened. It is just your mood. Just a small moment of silent watching ... and the explosion.

The moon has been one of the greatest objects of Zen poems, for the simple reason that it disappears and still it is there in its totality. In some way, it becomes your symbolic representation.

Takuan wrote:

THE MOON HAS NO INTENT  
TO CAST ITS SHADOW ANYWHERE,  
NOR DOES THE POND DESIGN TO LODGE THE MOON:  
HOW SERENE THE WATER OF HIROSAWA!

Hirosawa is the lake where Takuan lived. What he is saying is that existence has a quality of desirelessness. Still everything happens, but it is not motivated.

THE MOON HAS NO INTENT TO CAST ITS SHADOW ANYWHERE although the shadow will be cast in thousands of places: in rivers, in ponds, in lakes, in the ocean. But the happening is not an intention, not a desire. On the other hand, NOR DOES THE POND DESIGN TO LODGE THE MOON. The silent pond has no desire to reflect the moon either. HOW SERENE THE WATER OF HIROSAWA!

There is a life which we are aware of, a life of desire, longing, greed, lust, power. A life, in short, of motivation; a life of goals, of achievements. There is another life where Zen opens the door for you, a life without motivation. Everything happens -- why bother? Even desiring enlightenment is preventing it.

It will happen. Just become the silent lake of Hirosawa. When no motivation is there, your consciousness is unclouded. No question arises, no answer is needed. You simply are, a pure existence.

Another Zen master, Moan, wrote:

CLEAR, CLEAR -- CLEAREST!  
I RAN BAREFOOT EAST AND WEST.  
NOW, MORE LUCID THAN THE MOON,

## THE EIGHTY-FOUR THOUSAND DHARMA GATES!

Mythologically, Buddhism believes that *dharma*, the nature of existence, has eighty-four thousand gates. That is only symbolic. It means there are as many gates as there are living beings. You don't have to enter through anybody else's gate. You are carrying your gate within you.

Moan is saying:

CLEAR, CLEAR -- CLEAREST! I RAN BAREFOOT EAST AND WEST -- unnecessarily. NOW, MORE LUCID THAN THE MOON, THE EIGHTY-FOUR THOUSAND DHARMA GATES! All open suddenly, just like the lucid moon.

Betsugen wrote:

IT IS IN THE DARK  
THAT EYES PROBE EARTH AND HEAVEN,  
IN DREAM  
THAT THE TORMENTED SEEK PRESENT, PAST.  
ENOUGH! THE MOUNTAIN MOON FILLS THE WINDOW.  
THE LONELY FALL THROUGH  
THE GARDEN RANG WITH CRICKET SONG.

These are not ordinary poems. These are statements of something that cannot be said but still has to be said. You can sing it but you cannot say it, you can dance it but you cannot say it. It is in my gesture but it is not in my word. You can see it but I cannot show it to you.

Keppo wrote:

SEARCHING HIM TOOK MY STRENGTH.  
ONE NIGHT I BENT MY POINTING FINGER --  
NEVER SUCH A MOON!

SEARCHING HIM TOOK MY STRENGTH. I have searched so much -- I am tired, it has taken all my strength. But one night it happened and it happened in a strange situation:  
ONE NIGHT I BENT MY POINTING FINGER --  
NEVER SUCH A MOON!

My bent finger pointed to the moon, to myself. The moon is the symbol -- the symbol of your eternity, of your beauty, of your blissfulness.

And Buson wrote:

SUCH A MOON --  
THE THIEF PAUSES TO SING.

The thief is always afraid. He moves very cautiously. But SUCH A MOON! THE THIEF PAUSES TO SING. The thief forgets that he is a thief, and he becomes a singer.

Every moment is ready to open its doors. If you are willing to relax into non-doing, if you are willing to relax into no effort, if you are ready to put the mind aside and just be, you will also explode in a song.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO, KING OF THE NIGHT,  
IT SEEMS THAT ZEN MONKS, POETS, AND MASTERS WERE ALMOST AS

MOONSTRUCK AS WE ARE -- THE SINGING CUCKOOS AND GIBBERING LUNATICS WHO SURROUND YOU!  
WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT?

Maneesha, it is such an existential fact, it needs no comment. It is true. I attract only lunatics, all kinds of crazy people, unfits. Do you hear Sardar Gurudayal Singh? A perfect lunatic! And soon, when we enter into our meditation, you will see: five thousand lunatics can create fifty thousand's worth of lunacy. Anybody hearing you in your meditation cannot sleep in the night. He has seen the worst thing in life. He will never cross this road again -- one never knows, these people may be doing their meditation!

But before we start, making the whole world shake with your gibberish ... thousands of languages, most of them non-existent. No grammar, and everybody is speaking in somebody else's language. But such a great joy, such a great freedom to say what has been moving in your head.

And do you see, after that, what a great silence descends on you? Before the silence descends on you, a few laughs for the silent, solitary cuckoo, hiding in the bamboo trees.

A sudden news flash comes over the air. "Pope the Polack was killed in a plane crash this afternoon," says the announcer.

"Our sources say that the rest of the passengers and crew all survived by parachuting to safety. But evidently the pope decided not to open his parachute, because it was not raining!"

A bunch of old hippies are hanging out and having a pot party. Suddenly there is a loud banging at the door, and a gruff voice says, "Police!"

One hippy looks around frantically and then stuffs his burning reefer into the cuckoo clock. About an hour later, the cuckoo suddenly sticks his head out in a cloud of smoke and says, "Hey man, anybody got the time?"

Two drunks, Dick and Willy, are walking down a country lane. Suddenly, Dick turns to Willy and says,

"Have you shit in your pants?"

"No," replies Willy.

A little further down the road, Dick says to Willy again, "Are you sure you have not shit in your pants?"

"I'm quite sure," says Willy.

Further on down the lane, Dick says, "Come on, take your pants down and let me see." So Willy takes down his pants, Dick looks inside and cries, "See? I told you so!"

"Oh," says Willy, "I thought you meant today!"

Ruthie Finkelstein is so fed up with her husband, Moishe, that she is almost suicidal. As if by a miracle, the very next morning she receives a letter which says:

Hello there! This letter was started by a woman like yourself, in the hope of bringing relief to tired and discontented wives.

Unlike most chain letters, this one does not cost anything. Just send a copy of this letter to five of your friends who are equally fed up. Then bundle up your husband and send him to the woman at the top of the list, and add your name to the bottom of the list.

When your name comes to the top of the list, you will receive 16,500 men. And some of them are bound to be a hell of a lot better than the idiot you already have.

Do not break the chain. Have faith! One woman broke the chain and got her own son-of-a-bitch back.

At the date of writing this letter, another friend of mine received 183 men. They buried her yesterday ... but it took three undertakers thirty-six hours to get the smile off her face!

Now, it is time, Nivedano, to give a beat and everybody really goes crazy. Totally!

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody goes into deep silence.  
Close your eyes and become just a frozen stone statue of Buddha.  
Deeper and deeper ...  
It is your own being, there is no question of fear.  
Be drowned into the silence, the peace, the bliss.  
That is your being's very fragrance.

See the full moon and remember it.  
In every activity, in every moment, it is always inside you.  
This is your eternal being.  
To make it more clear to you and more sharply realized ...

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

And everybody dies.  
Do you see?  
There is no death, but only a vibrant life.  
Your heart is singing, dancing, rejoicing.

To carry this silence day out, day in, is all that authentic religion means.  
It is your immortal treasure, and it gives you total freedom.  
It makes you the emperor, without any outer empire.  
Great! Great! the experience of oneself.  
The full moon night.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back, back into your buddha posture.  
Somebody may have died really -- give another beat! ...

(Drumbeat)

This is good.

This may really resurrect even one who has entered his grave.

Nivedano is a master.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate the moment with so many buddhas?

Yes!

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# Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

## Chapter #5

### Chapter title: A very dangerous place

**1 July 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

Archive code: 8807015

ShortTitle: CUCKOO05

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 83 mins

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BELOVED OSHO,

DOKIN'S DISCIPLE, DORIN, BECAME A MONK AT THE AGE OF NINE, TOOK THE VOWS AT TWENTY-ONE, AND STUDIED THE Kegon Sutra. LATER IN LIFE HE ENTERED THE DENSE PINE FOREST OF MOUNT SHIMBO, AND DID ZAZEN UP A TREE. FOR THIS REASON HE WAS CALLED CHOKA ZENJI, MEANING "BIRD-NEST ZENJI," AND JAKUSO ZENJI, MEANING "MAGPIE NEST," BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES BECAUSE THE BIRDS AND MAGPIES BUILT THEIR NESTS BESIDE HIM.

WHEN THE PREFECT OF THE DISTRICT, CALLED HAKURAKUTEN, CAME TO VISIT DORIN, HE REMARKED, "YOU ARE IN A VERY DANGEROUS PLACE!"

DORIN SAID, "YOU ARE IN A more DANGEROUS ONE!"

HAKURAKUTEN ASKED, "WHAT'S DANGEROUS ABOUT BEING IN CHARGE OF THIS PROVINCE?"

DORIN REPLIED, "HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE NOT IN DANGER WHEN YOUR PASSIONS ARE BURNING LIKE FIRE AND YOU CAN'T STOP WORRYING ABOUT THIS AND THAT?"

HAKURAKUTEN THEN ASKED, "WHAT IS THE ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM?"

DORIN ANSWERED IN THE WORDS OF SHAKYAMUNI:

NOT TO DO ANY EVIL,

TO DO ALL GOOD,

TO PURIFY ONESELF --

THIS IS THE TEACHING

OF ALL THE BUDDHAS.

HAKURAKUTEN SAID, "ANY CHILD OF THREE KNOWS THIS."

DORIN SAID, "THAT'S SO -- ANY CHILD OF THREE KNOWS IT, BUT EVEN A MAN OF EIGHTY CAN'T DO IT."

IN AN INCIDENT BETWEEN A MONK AND SEPPU, THE MONK ASKED SEPPU, "I HAVE SHAVED MY HEAD, PUT ON BLACK CLOTHES, RECEIVED THE VOWS -- WHY AM I NOT TO BE CONSIDERED A BUDDHA?"

SEPPO SAID, "THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN AN ABSENCE OF GOODNESS."

Maneesha, the greatest friend is within you; so is the greatest enemy. Without you there is no danger -- all is absolutely beautiful and silent. It is within you that jealousy is burning, anger is poisoning; it is within you that greed is growing. And all these together are clouding your consciousness and destroying your individuality, your essential existence.

Zen is not concerned with words, it is concerned with your being. It is not a philosophy. It is not even a religion. It is a way of seeing, a way of being, a very strange style of living through consciousness and not living through unconsciousness.

Before I enter into this sutra, I am reminded of Gautam Buddha, who is the original source of the only religiousness that has come into existence in the world. There have been religions -- many, almost three hundred religions are already in existence -- but religiousness is absolutely absent.

Religion is possible to practice, just like an actor practices. Religion is possible through knowledge, because mind is a great bio-computer; you can accumulate as much knowledge as is contained in all the libraries of the world in a single mind. But knowledge is not knowing, knowledge is not wisdom, knowledge is not awakening. On the contrary, it may help you to sleep a little deeper because it will give you a false sense that you know.

And this is the greatest tragedy that can happen to a man. Knowing nothing, but filled with borrowed knowledge, a great ego arises but your moon disappears in the clouds, in the dust of old scriptures and doctrines. Your presentness is covered by many layers; you are almost lost in a jumble of concepts, theologies, philosophies, dogmas.

Gautam Buddha is perhaps the first man in human history who has made the distinction between knowledge and knowing. Knowledge is always borrowed -- knowing is your own understanding. Knowledge is cheap. Knowing is a tremendous revolution, a metamorphosis.

One day Gautam Buddha and his disciple, Ananda, are passing from one village to another village. On the way, a fly sits on Buddha's forehead. He was talking with Ananda -- he continued talking, just as you would have done, and moved his hand to make the fly go away. Then suddenly he stopped, and again moved his hand ... very consciously, although there was no fly.

Ananda asked, "What are you doing?"

He said, "I am showing you that you can act unconsciously, the way I acted, and you can act consciously. When you act consciously there is grace and there is beauty and there is *you*. When you act unconsciously, it is just acting in sleep."

This small anecdote contains many significant points -- not for the curious one, not for the knowledgeable one, but only for the seeker.

DOKIN'S DISCIPLE, DORIN, BECAME A MONK AT THE AGE OF NINE, TOOK THE VOWS AT TWENTY-ONE AND STUDIED THE Kegon Sutra. LATER IN LIFE HE ENTERED THE DENSE PINE FOREST OF MOUNT SHIMBO, AND DID ZAZEN UP A TREE.

Zazen is simply sitting, doing nothing ... not even thinking, just pure being. From my own experience I can say to you that sitting on a tree is the best place; just you have to be very friendly with the tree. The tree supports your silence; it is rooted deep in the earth. It has no mind, it does not chatter with you, but it surrounds ... its aura, its sensitivity helps you, in a synchronicity.

Gautam Buddha became awakened under the bodhi tree. The bodhi tree got its name *bodhi* because Gautama became Buddha under it. Scientists have been looking into the constituents of a bodhi tree -- is there something special under it? And they have found that the same element that makes a man more intelligent than others, makes the bodhi tree more intelligent than other trees. It has a tremendous amount of intelligence. So it was not a coincidence that Buddha, sitting under the bodhi tree, became enlightened. He owes his gratitude to the bodhi tree also.

And he showed it. Before dying he told his disciples, "There is no need to make a statue of me. You will make temples, but in your temples make a statue of the bodhi tree. My gratitude is tremendous towards the bodhi tree."

For three hundred years after Gautam Buddha the temples carried, in place of Buddha's statue, marble carved as a bodhi tree.

Zazen simply means not to think, not to dream, not to imagine. Become one -- as the tree -- sensitive, alert, dancing with the wind, rejoicing in the sun ... surrounded by the fragrance of the tree, but with no activity on your part.

FOR THIS REASON HE WAS CALLED CHOKA ZENJI, MEANING "BIRD-NEST ZENJI," AND JAKUSO ZENJI, MEANING "MAGPIE NEST," BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES BECAUSE THE BIRDS AND MAGPIES BUILT THEIR NESTS BESIDE HIM. WHEN THE PREFECT OF THE DISTRICT, CALLED HAKURAKUTEN, CAME TO VISIT DORIN, HE REMARKED, "YOU ARE IN A VERY DANGEROUS PLACE!"

He was sitting high on a tree from where, obviously, one can fall -- and in a deep forest where wild animals roam. The prefect was practically and pragmatically right: YOU ARE IN A VERY DANGEROUS PLACE! But Dorin said, "YOU ARE IN A MORE DANGEROUS ONE!" HAKURAKUTEN ASKED, "WHAT IS DANGEROUS ABOUT BEING IN CHARGE OF THIS PROVINCE?" DORIN REPLIED, "HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE NOT IN DANGER WHEN YOUR PASSIONS ARE BURNING LIKE FIRE AND YOU CAN'T STOP WORRYING ABOUT THIS AND THAT?"

The real danger is not from the outside, the real danger is from the wrong functioning of your mind. And you never get out of the wrong functioning of the mind into a space where mind is no more, but only a pure consciousness.

HAKURAKUTEN THEN ASKED, "WHAT IS THE ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM?" DORIN ANSWERED IN THE WORDS OF SHAKYAMUNI, Gautam Buddha: NOT TO DO ANY EVIL, TO DO ALL GOOD, TO PURIFY ONESELF -- THIS IS THE TEACHING OF ALL THE BUDDHAS. HAKURAKUTEN SAID, "ANY CHILD OF THREE KNOWS THIS."

DORIN SAID, "THAT'S SO -- ANY CHILD OF THREE knows IT, BUT EVEN A MAN OF EIGHTY CAN'T do IT."

Knowing and knowing -- and the difference is great. Knowing from the outside, knowing from scriptures or teachers or priests, is a false knowing. All scholars are false.

Knowing as your own experience ... it is a taste. Nobody else can do it for you. It is a deep smell of a roseflower -- nobody else can do it for you. It is the experience of your own existence, entering into your deepest core. Out of that experience, what Buddha says ... NOT TO DO ANY EVIL,

TO DO ALL GOOD,  
TO PURIFY ONESELF --  
THIS IS THE TEACHING  
OF ALL THE BUDDHAS.

You will have to understand things differently. It is not the beginning, it is the outcome of your self-knowledge. As you become centered in yourself, you cannot do what is evil, you cannot do what is ugly. Centered within yourself, grace arises, a beauty fills your heart. A creativity, a song, a poetry, signifying the unknowable and the unreachable by the mind ... you for the first time become a creative individual. Nothing destructive can come out of you anymore.

The scholar reads Gautam Buddha, repeats the words correctly, but the seeker finds the source from which this understanding of Gautam Buddha has arisen.

He does not practice it.

Anything practiced is false, pseudo. And you have been told by all your religions to do this, not to do that; you are all carrying ten thousand commandments. But because they have not arisen from your own being, they are just a burden. They don't make you free, they make you Hindus, they make you Mohammedans. They make you Buddhists, they make you Christians, but they don't make you divine beings. They don't give you your godhood; they don't give you your own buddha nature.

Dorin is right when he says,

"THAT IS SO -- ANY CHILD OF THREE KNOWS IT,  
BUT EVEN A MAN OF EIGHTY CAN'T DO IT."

The question is not knowing the words, the question is knowing the source from where all these roses grow. Going to the very roots, watering and taking care of those roots, the flowers will come in their own season.

But people are topsy-turvy. They start from the roses. Then, naturally, they end up with plastic roses. Begin with the roots! They are hidden deep in the earth. Your flowers also have roots -- unless you go deep inside you, you will not find out how Buddha blossoms like a lotus, how fragrant a mystic becomes ... how in the presence of the awakened person there is a magic, a song without sound, a poetry without words, and a tremendous magnetic force which gives stupid people a wrong idea, as if the awakened person is hypnotizing you.

The awakened person does not do anything, but his very presence is hypnotizing. He does not hypnotize you. You suddenly fall into a deep silence, a peace that you have never known before.

IN AN INCIDENT BETWEEN A MONK AND SEPPO, A MONK ASKED SEPPO, "I HAVE SHAVED MY HEAD, PUT ON BLACK CLOTHES, RECEIVED THE VOWS -- WHY AM I NOT TO BE CONSIDERED A BUDDHA?"

This is what I was saying: you can act exactly like Buddha -- you can shave your head, you can eat the same food as Buddha, you can walk the way Buddha walks, you can sit in the lotus posture as Buddha sits. But don't think that you have become a buddha; you are just acting in a play.

Every discipline imposed from outside is destructive because it does not allow you to see your ignorance, to see that you have not even made an attempt to enter into your own being. You are satisfied with words? You cannot eat words; they will not nourish you. You have to know on your own; then only there is nourishment.

This poor fellow is asking Seppo, the master,

"I HAVE SHAVED MY HEAD, PUT ON BLACK CLOTHES, RECEIVED THE VOWS -- WHY AM I NOT TO BE CONSIDERED A BUDDHA?"  
SEPPO SAID, "THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN AN ABSENCE OF GOODNESS."

This is a very significant statement. A buddha does not know that he is good, that his actions are virtuous. Do you think the cuckoo knows that her song is sweet? Do you think a flower knows that its fragrance is magnificent? A buddha simply is a buddha. He is not even able to say, "I am good." He has gone beyond good and bad. He is simply an *isness*.

Is the sky good or bad? To become aware of your own consciousness is to become aware of your inner sky. It is neither good nor bad; it is neither right nor wrong. A buddha is not a saint; that is a misunderstanding -- a misunderstanding of the priests. A buddha is far away from any division and duality: the saint and the sinner, the good and the bad, the right and wrong. A buddha is a transcendence. He is a watcher, far away from all our dualities.

Seppo has said it in a really difficult way for scholars or the so-called priests of religions to understand: THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN AN ABSENCE OF GOODNESS. Have you ever seen? -- the so-called good people are so full of ego. The very idea that "I am good" is dangerous. A buddha simply knows he is nothing, nobody, a pure cloudless sky. A buddha is not a saint.

All saints are actors. I am saying it unconditionally: *All saints are actors*. They are trying in every way to behave like a buddha. Sometimes they can even behave better than a buddha because Buddha has not rehearsed and they are rehearsing perfectly, disciplining themselves, for years; they can defeat the real Buddha.

It happened that on the sixtieth birthday of Charlie Chaplin, his friends arranged a competition all over England, so that whoever performed the best as Charlie Chaplin was going to be given a great prize. There were three prizes -- first, second and third. From different places, different theaters, different drama companies, people tried. And in the final stage, Charlie Chaplin, being a man of tremendous humor, entered himself into the competition from a faraway village. He believed that he would be the first -- "Who can perform better than me?"

But to his surprise, he came second! Somebody managed better than Charlie Chaplin himself. When it became known to people that they had given the second prize to Charlie Chaplin, they said, "My god -- we were celebrating, and what kind of stupidity this is! Why did you enter? It was not supposed to happen that you should enter the competition, and if you had entered at least you should have made us aware. Now it looks so foolish that somebody managed to be more Charlie Chaplin than you are! Be ashamed!"

And this is what has been happening down the ages. Your so-called saints, mahatmas, are just practicing to be buddhas.

But a buddha is not a practice, a buddha is a revelation. It is an inner exploration. And out of that exploration your actions change, your presence changes -- not because of any scripture, not because of any other source of wisdom, but just because you are conscious you start acting, working, being, differently.

Guido wrote:

RIGHT IS FINE, WRONG IS FINE --  
THERE IS NOTHING TO NIRVANA.  
AND WHAT IS "DEFILEMENT"?  
SNOWFLAKES IN THE FLAME.

To a buddha even nirvana is nothing. AND WHAT IS "DEFILEMENT"? What is sin?  
SNOWFLAKES IN THE FLAME.

From that height of consciousness all dualism, all duality disappears. There is only one consciousness pervading the whole universe, and its heartbeat is your own heartbeat.

Rijunkayaku said:

IRON WILL IS DEMANDED OF  
THE STUDENT OF THE WAY --  
IT IS ALWAYS ON THE MIND.  
FORGET ALL -- GOOD, AND BAD.  
SUDDENLY IT IS YOURS.

If you have to remember continuously what is right and what is wrong and what is good and what is bad ... That's what your religions have been teaching to you. In Mahatma Gandhi's ashram even drinking tea was a sin -- not a small sin. And when something becomes a sin, it becomes very sweet. It becomes almost a challenge. Almost everybody was drinking tea, hiding. And when one man was found red-handed, Gandhi went on a fast!

There are ways of torturing people ... you can torture people the way Adolf Hitler did, you can torture people the way Mahatma Gandhi did. Mahatma Gandhi's way is very subtle and escapes the ordinary mind. Now do you think, if I go on a fast because someone of you has been found smoking or drinking tea ... Although I am torturing myself, I am making you feel guilty and the whole ashram will be harassing you, that "It is because of you!"

And the man was praying, holding Gandhi's feet -- "Please forgive me, I will never do such a thing as drinking tea. You come back" ... because the fast was unto death!

In Gandhi's ashram love was abandoned -- obviously, where you cannot drink tea, do you think you can love? But his own secretary, Pyarelal, fell in love with a woman ashramite. Gandhi expelled Pyarelal although he was the best secretary that Gandhi ever had in his whole life. But he has committed a great sin, he cannot enter into the ashram gates. Falling in love? He has not done anything, just a romantic idea! Nothing actual or biological has happened, but just the idea ... He had written a love letter and that love letter had been found.

That was enough for the saintly mind to condemn a man of great intelligence and a man of great creative activity. And he said, "I can take that letter back and burn it and I will never look at that woman." But it is impossible to expect compassion from the saints, from the mahatmas. They have created hell.

Bertrand Russell, in his autobiography, denies Christianity saying that, "I am not a Christian for these reasons. And the most important reason is that Christianity says that if you commit sin, adultery, you will be thrown into hell for eternity."

Bertrand Russell was one of the greatest mathematicians of this age. He said, "I can understand ... I have looked into my whole life. If I expose all my sins that I have committed, and the sins that I have dreamt about, even the hardest judge cannot send me to jail for more than four or five years." Eternity? You will never be out of hell. Hell has no exit, only an entrance. And the Devil grabs you, gives you a good bone-crushing hug and takes you in. Bertrand Russell's statement was, "I renounce Christianity because it is a stupid idea."

In the first place the things that are thought to be sins, most of them are absolutely innocent. For example falling in love. It is simply a biological phenomenon -- nature itself has managed certain chemicals, hormones, which make you fall in love with a certain woman or a certain man. I don't see that there is any sin. And if there is sin in falling in love, then why has God created a man with the capacity to love? *He* is responsible, ultimately. And if people simply accepted the idea, which they did not, you would not have been here! Your

parents were not very religious. That's why you are here, because they were a little irreligious.

It is said that after making the world, God went around asking Babylonians, Egyptians and others, "Do you want a commandment?"

And they all asked, "What is the commandment?"

He said, "You should not commit adultery."

And the Babylonians said, "Then what else should we do? Take your commandment with yourself; find somebody else."

And finally he ended up with Moses. Just being a Jew, Moses asked the wrong question. Everybody else asked, "What is the commandment? Because before we accept it we must at least know what we are accepting."

When God said, "Do you want to have a commandment?" Moses said, "How much?"

God said, "It is free!"

Moses said, "Then I will have ten." If it is free, then a Jew ... Those ten commandments have been torturing the Jews for four thousand years.

IRON WILL IS DEMANDED OF  
THE STUDENT OF THE WAY --  
IT IS ALWAYS ON THE MIND.  
FORGET ALL -- GOOD, AND BAD.  
SUDDENLY IT IS YOURS.

The truth, nature, your very destiny, suddenly is fulfilled. But don't divide. Before you have attained your being, there is no right for you to decide what is right and what is wrong.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

IS NOT THE WAY OF THE BIRDS BEYOND MORALITY?

It is. Morality is only for mediocre people. Morality is a strategy of the priest to exploit the masses. And it differs from place to place. What is moral to a Hindu may not be moral to a Christian, what is moral to a Christian may not be moral to a Jaina.

A Jaina saint was asking me, "Do you consider Jesus in the same category as Mahavira? Because he used to eat meat, drink wine -- how can you say that he was a saint, or even a good man?"

But the Christian would ask, "How many orphanages did Mahavira open? How many poor people did he manage to help survive? How many schools for the aboriginals did he open? What kind of goodness, what kind of morality did he have? Standing naked, that's all that he did!"

For the Christian, Mahavira cannot be considered a saint. For the Jainas, Mohammed cannot be considered to be a saint -- he had sixteen wives! Now this is not right for a gentleman, what to say about a saint. Only Hindus will be a little less disturbed, because Krishna had sixteen thousand wives; Mohammed is just a poor fellow.

And Mohammed at least married those sixteen women. Krishna had married only one woman; the rest were other people's wives. Whoever he found to be beautiful, his soldiers would force her into his palace. He never considered whether they had children, a husband, old parents to look after -- it did not matter. Anything that he liked ... And Hindus say that he is the perfect incarnation of God. Of course he must be perfect, because I don't think anybody

else can defeat him. People have tried. The Nizam of Hyderabad, just forty years ago when he died, had five hundred wives. But five hundred is not much compared to sixteen thousand.

Who is going to decide what is moral and what is immoral? The Bird's Way does not divide into morality and immorality, into goodness and badness. It simply says that the decisive factor is your awareness: if your awareness acts in a certain way, that is moral for you; it does not matter what others say. You should be satisfied that you are acting out of awareness. Then whatever you do is right -- right for you. But if you are unconscious, as people are, and go on doing things which others are doing, copying, imitating ... They may become saints, but deep down they are simply actors. They may do good, but their goodness is just a practice. Not their awareness, not their intrinsic being, blossoming into their acts.

The Birds' Way is beyond good, beyond bad. And the way of Buddha is the Way of the Birds. It does not leave any footprints behind. Every bird is free in the sky to move in any direction. No bird leaves any footprints for other birds. It is only the human beings who write scriptures for others to follow. They not only become decisive for themselves, they become slave-creators. Everybody has to follow them; they don't want you to be conscious of what you are doing. They want you to do it because they have decided what is right.

But remember, in every disease the same medicine will not do. And in every time, in every age, the same criterion will not do. And with every individual, other than his own consciousness there is no criterion. Nobody can decide for anybody else.

This is simply the meaning of freedom. The Bird's Way is the way of freedom. It is the individual as the ultimate value.

Before we enter into our daily meditation, just to take away your seriousness ... and the bamboos are waiting so silently for your laughter.

Nurse Ratchett notices a mental patient with his ear close to the wall, listening intently.

As she approaches, the looney holds up a warning finger and says, "SHHHH! Be quiet!" Then he beckons Nurse Ratchett to come closer. "Listen here," says the mad guy, pointing to a spot on the wall.

Ratchett listens for some time and then says, "I can't hear anything."

"I know," says the patient, "and it has been like this all day!"

Paddy decides to go and visit his old friend, Fergus MacDuffy, who owns a pub in the woods called The Old Log Inn. But when Paddy arrives, Fergus is shocked to see that he has been beaten up. His eyes are swollen and he has a bloody nose and mouth. "My god!" cries Fergus, "what happened to you?"

"Well," replies Paddy, "on my way here I got lost in the woods, I did not know where I was going. Then I saw a couple making love under a tree. So I went over to them, and all I asked was, 'How far is The Old Log Inn?'"

Chuck Farley goes out carousing and gambling all night. He drinks a few too many bottles of rum and simply never makes it home. At dawn the next morning, Chuck is aching with a hangover and has no idea where he is or how he got there. He looks over at a man and a woman sleeping in his bed. The woman looks something like his wife and he wonders how he is going to get out of this.

Finally, after stumbling out of the building exhausted, he hits upon an idea and grabs a nearby pay phone. When his wife answers, Chuck shouts, "Don't pay the ransom, honey. I

have escaped!"

(THERE IS A BLANK SILENCE WHILE EVERYBODY TRIES TO WORK THIS ONE OUT. THEN A ROAR OF LAUGHTER AS OSHO CHUCKLES ...)

You have missed. You missed it!  
Okay, we will try another. But you have to get it no matter what.

Dr. Bones is doing his monthly turn at the Infant Welfare Clinic. It has been a very busy day and Bones has just about had enough. A woman with a baby is next in line and she is shown into the doctor's office by the nurse in charge.

Bones examines the baby, and then asks the woman, "Is he breast-fed or bottle-fed?"  
"Breast-fed," she replies.

"Strip down to the waist," orders Bones. She does, and he examines her. He presses each breast, increasing and decreasing pressure. He squeezes and pulls each nipple. Suddenly he remarks, "No wonder this child is so thin -- you don't have any milk!"  
"Naturally," she replies. "I am his *aunt*! But I am glad I came!"

Now ... Nivedano, give the first beat and everybody goes absolutely crazy.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

Become silent. Close your eyes.  
No movement, as if you are just a stone statue.  
Now, go in ... deeper and deeper.  
Fearlessly, penetrate like an arrow, to the very center of your being.  
This is the search for the roots.  
The roses will come on their own accord.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody falls dead.

Don't be afraid, this is just to make your whole life energy centered within.  
The body goes on breathing.

Relaxed as if you are dead, you can experience your life's source more clearly in this context.

In this moment, you ARE the buddha.  
To be a buddha is not a question of good and bad.  
To be a buddha is simply to be.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back, all the buddhas.

Don't forget the experience.

Sit like a buddha, silent, utterly fulfilled.

Blessed is this experience and blessed is the moment. Let this peace continue.

Whatever you do does not matter if underneath, this silence goes on moving like a river.

Your consciousness is a river from eternity to eternity.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate ... so many buddhas together under one roof?

Yes!

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #6

#### Chapter title: In this rackety town

**2 July 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

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BELOVED OSHO,  
THE MONK, KANKEI, ONCE VISITED THE NUN, MASSAN RYONEN. HE SAID TO HIMSELF, "IF WHAT SHE SAYS HITS THE SPOT, I WILL REMAIN THERE. IF IT DOESN'T I WILL OVERTURN THE ZEN SEAT!"  
HE ENTERED THE HALL, AND MASSAN SENT A MESSENGER TO ASK, "HAVE YOU COME ON A MOUNTAIN-VIEWING JOURNEY, OR FOR THE SAKE OF BUDDHISM?"  
IN RESPONSE, KANKEI SAID, "FOR THE SAKE OF BUDDHISM," SO MASSAN SAT UPON HER SEAT, AND KANKEI APPROACHED HER.  
SHE SAID, "WHERE DID YOU COME FROM TODAY, MAY I ASK?"  
KANKEI REPLIED, "FROM ROKO."  
MASSAN THEN SAID TO KANKEI, "WHY DON'T YOU REMOVE YOUR BAMBOO HAT?"  
KANKEI HAD NO REPLY, AND, MAKING HIS BOWS, ASKED, "WHAT IS MASSAN?"  
SHE ANSWERED, "IT DOES NOT SHOW ITS PEAK."  
HE ASKED, "WHO IS MASSAN'S HUSBAND?"  
SHE ANSWERED, "THERE IS NOT REAL FORM OF MEN AND WOMEN."  
HE SAID, "KWATZ!" AND ASKED, "WHY THEN DON'T YOU CHANGE AND DISAPPEAR?"  
SHE SAID, "I AM NOT A GOD, I AM NOT A DEMON. WHAT COULD I CHANGE?"  
AT THIS, KANKEI KNELT DOWN, AND BECAME THE GARDENER OF MASSAN'S TEMPLE FOR THREE YEARS.  
AT ANOTHER TIME, GOEI WENT TO SEKITO AND SAID, "IF YOU CAN SAY A WORD, I WILL REMAIN HERE; OTHERWISE I WILL GO AWAY."  
SEKITO SIMPLY SAT THERE, AND GOEI WENT OFF.  
FROM THE BACK, SEKITO CALLED HIM, "JARI! JARI!"  
GOEI TURNED HIS HEAD.  
SEKITO SAID, "FROM BIRTH TO DEATH, IT IS JUST LIKE THIS -- TURNING THE HEAD, TURNING THE BRAIN. HOW ABOUT IT?"  
GOEI WAS SUDDENLY ENLIGHTENED, SO HE BROKE HIS STAFF.

Maneesha, entering into the world of Zen is not like any other entering; it is entering in yourself. There is no door, and there is no possibility of doing anything. You have simply to relax so totally that you sink deep within yourself.

Remember, relaxation is not an activity. It is absence of all activity. And only in the absence of all activity, when you are relaxed to your very being, the door opens to all the mysteries of the world, all the miracles of existence.

It fills your being with great dance, although you cannot utter a single word. You hear the

music that you have never heard, although there is no way to translate it to anyone else. You see flowers blossoming ... their colors are absolutely unknown to you. Your whole being becomes a fragrant luminosity. There is nothing to say about it; you can just be it. And the rays of your silence will start creating and weaving a field around you.

That's why a master in Zen is not simply a teacher. In all the religions there are only teachers. They teach you about subjects which you don't know, and they ask you to believe, because there is no way to bring those experiences into objective reality. Neither has the teacher known them -- he has believed them; he transfers his belief to somebody else. Zen is not a believer's world. It is not for the faithful ones; it is for those daring souls who can drop all belief, unbelief, doubt, reason, mind, and simply enter into their pure existence without boundaries.

But it brings a tremendous transformation. Hence, let me say that while others are involved in philosophies, Zen is involved in a metamorphosis, in a transformation. It is authentic alchemy: it changes you from base metal into gold. But its language has to be understood, not with your reasoning and intellectual mind but with your loving heart. Or even just listening, not bothering whether it is true or not. And a moment comes suddenly that you see it, which has been eluding you your whole life. Suddenly, what Gautam Buddha called "eighty-four thousand doors" open.

These anecdotes, when first translated by Christian missionaries, were translated to show the world that "Christianity is the only civilized religion, and as a proof look at these stupid dialogues, with no reason and no rhyme!" But everything backfired. They wanted to prove Zen to be a very primitive religion. But to those who were real seekers, it proved that on the contrary, every other religion may be primitive; at least Zen is not.

In the first place, it is not a religion at all. It is not in competition with Christianity or Hinduism or Buddhism or Mohammedanism; it does not belong to that category at all. It has its own category, its own language, its own world, and there is no competitor to it. Its uniqueness is absolute and categorical.

But you will have to be very loving, very careful in understanding these strange dialogues, because the language seems to be the same as we use but hidden between the words and between the lines there is a different poetry, a different song, which we are not accustomed to.

But my people will understand it, because we are entering into the same space which Zen has been pointing towards. These dialogues can be understood only by meditators; otherwise they look stupid.

THE MONK, KANKEI, ONCE VISITED THE NUN, MASSAN RYONEN. HE SAID TO HIMSELF, "IF WHAT SHE SAYS HITS THE SPOT, I WILL REMAIN THERE. IF IT DOES NOT, I WILL OVERTURN THE ZEN SEAT!"

He was a seeker in search of a master, and when he came to see Massan Ryonen, a woman Zen master, he thought in his own mind, IF WHAT SHE SAYS HITS THE SPOT ... it is not a question of reasonability. Not that what she is saying is very wise, but if it hits the spot, my own being -- if the arrow of what she says reaches to my being, I will stay; otherwise I WILL OVERTURN THE ZEN SEAT.

When a disciple comes, a seat is offered by the master for him to sit. And if the disciple rejects the master, he overturns the seat gracefully -- showing that "this is not my place" -- and leaves. That overturning of the Zen seat is symbolic that "I don't accept you as a master, but I will not say it. Saying is so crude. I will just give you the hint, that you could not hit the

spot of my being, for which I am searching; I will have to go to another master."  
HE ENTERED THE HALL, AND MASSAN SENT A MESSENGER TO ASK, "HAVE YOU COME ON  
A MOUNTAIN-VIEWING JOURNEY, OR FOR THE SAKE OF BUDDHISM?"  
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MASSAN THEN SAID TO KANKEI, "WHY DON'T YOU REMOVE YOUR BAMBOO HAT?"  
KANKEI HAD NO REPLY, AND, MAKING HIS BOWS, ASKED, "WHAT IS MASSAN?"

The bamboo hat has to be removed in grace and gratitude when you encounter a master. The removing of the hat is simply signifying that "I am available, in humbleness, open; I'm not covered or defensive. Even if you want to cut my head, I am ready."

In the first court in America where my case was presented after I was illegally arrested, the woman magistrate was in a puzzle -- because in America, you cannot wear your hat in the court. Wearing your hat in the court is insulting the court. Such are the different attitudes of East and West.

I could see that she was a little bit puzzled what to do. She sent an attendant to tell me, "Perhaps you don't know that in the court you have to remove your hat. To keep your hat on is to insult the court."

I said to him, "Go back to the magistrate and tell her that if she has courage, she should ask the question herself. Because according to me, to remove the hat is insulting and I will not insult the court."

The man thought for a moment, went back to the magistrate. The woman was even more puzzled! She simply thought it was better not to get into an argument. Because it is not written in the constitution; it is just a formal tradition. I am not legally bound to remove my hat. I will remove my hat only when I see a buddha -- not for a magistrate. Seeing the situation, the woman behaved sanely. She said to the attendant, "There is no need, just don't raise the question again." Different worlds, different symbols ....

When Massan asked, "WHY DON'T YOU REMOVE YOUR BAMBOO HAT?" she was saying that if you have come for the sake of Buddhism -- and that means for the search of the buddha within you -- then be graceful. Remove the hat, be humble and be receptive.

KANKEI HAD NO REPLY, AND MAKING HIS BOWS, ASKED, "WHAT IS MASSAN?" Massan was the woman master's name.  
SHE ANSWERED, "IT DOES NOT SHOW ITS PEAK."

The woman got the name Massan because of the Massan Mountain where she had her monastery. The peaks are so high that they are almost always covered with snow and clouds; they rarely show. And that is exactly the situation of consciousness. It is so much covered with thoughts -- the past, the conditionings ... so much smoke -- that it rarely shows.

This is the beauty of Zen, that ordinary questions are suddenly turned to immense significance.

HE ASKED, "WHO IS MASSAN'S HUSBAND?"  
SHE ANSWERED, "THERE IS NOT REAL FORM OF MEN AND WOMEN."

The difference and discrimination between men and women is only phenomenal, it is not authentic. It does not have a spirituality to it.

And now we know that science can convert men into women, women into men, and there

are thousands of people around the world who have changed their sex -- just bored! One gets bored: a woman every day, a woman again, and again. A man ... in the morning again you wake up a man. And one starts thinking, is there some way to change?

People change clothes, people change shoes, people change ties. Up to now it was not possible, but now it is possible -- many, many more people are going to change their sex. For the first time, a man will be standing behind a woman's body, or a woman may be standing behind a man's body. And then they will understand what mystics have always been saying, that the inside is the same; only the window and its frame is different.

Your inner being is neither male nor female.

Listening to this, the monk said, or rather shouted, the Zen shout "KWATZ!" AND ASKED, "WHY THEN DON'T YOU CHANGE AND DISAPPEAR?"

If men and women have no form ... he is only a disciple, talking on a very much lower level, not understanding the higher standpoint of Massan.

SHE SAID, "I AM NOT A GOD, I AM NOT A DEMON. WHAT COULD I CHANGE?" I have come to the point which never changes. That which changes, I have left behind. Man changes, woman changes. Everything that changes I have left behind.

AT THIS, KANKEI KNELT DOWN, AND BECAME THE GARDENER OF MASSAN'S TEMPLE FOR THREE YEARS.

AT ANOTHER TIME, GOEI WENT TO SEKITO AND SAID, "IF YOU CAN SAY A WORD, I WILL REMAIN HERE; OTHERWISE I WILL GO AWAY."

SEKITO SIMPLY SAT THERE, not saying a single word. Because silence is the only answer; it cannot be confined into a word. Sekito is answering, but the questioner is not able to understand that silence can also be an answer, that there are things which cannot be brought to the lower level of language, of words.

There are experiences for which you have to look in the eyes of the master. Perhaps you may see the moon reflected there. Perhaps in that silence when you are looking into the eyes of your master, something may transpire. You may become aware of your own inner flame. SEKITO SIMPLY SAT THERE, AND GOEI WENT OFF.

He did not understand the silent answer.

FROM THE BACK SEKITO CALLED HIM -- "WHERE! WHERE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

GOEI TURNED HIS HEAD.

SEKITO SAID, "FROM BIRTH TO DEATH, IT IS JUST LIKE THIS -- TURNING THE HEAD, TURNING THE BRAIN.

HOW ABOUT IT?"

GOEI WAS SUDDENLY ENLIGHTENED, SO HE BROKE HIS STAFF.

Goei used to carry a staff, and used to think that he had come to know -- that he had become a master; the staff in Zen is carried only by the master. For the first time he looked into himself when Sekito asked him, "Where?" because it is *here*, so where are you going? It is within.

In a single moment of sudden awakening, he understood that up to now he has unnecessarily carried the staff; he was just a teacher, not a master. He broke his staff.

These are all symbolic things in Zen. Breaking the staff means, "Now you are the master and I'm the disciple. I will not say it in words, because words are very polluted; I will make the symbol that I'm no more a master. I was living in a false identity -- I break that identity and throw it away. Now you are the master and I will live in your presence, drinking as much as possible the waters of life."

A poem of Chikusan reads:

HE IS PART OF ALL, YET ALL IS TRANSCENDED;  
SOLELY FOR CONVENIENCE HE IS KNOWN AS MASTER.  
WHO DARES SAY HE HAS FOUND HIM?  
IN THIS RACKETY TOWN  
I TRAIN DISCIPLES.

These last lines are particularly important: IN THIS RACKETY TOWN I TRAIN DISCIPLES. He must have been in Poona! You cannot find a more rackety town. But strangely, masters have chosen rackety towns in search of a few intelligent people. The rackety town has a good quality: in the beginning it becomes a little disturbed, but slowly slowly it accepts that these people are a little different, and it does not bother.

Now we are here, and in this rackety town, people will not be aware at all that five thousand people are in search of themselves, and sometimes they touch the very buddhahood, the pinnacle of consciousness. But they will go on standing in queues before movie houses, shopping in the marketplaces, never being aware ... It is a strange unconsciousness, that five thousand people from all over the world are gathered here -- they must be doing something -- but they won't even look inside the gate. Such unconcern about the grandeur of man, such unconcern about the splendor of your innermost being.

Chosha wrote:

EVERYTHING, EVERY PLACE IS REAL.  
EACH PARTICLE MAKES UP ORIGINAL MAN.  
STILL, THE ABSOLUTELY REAL IS VOICELESS,  
THE TRUE BODY IS MAJESTICALLY OUT OF SIGHT.

Neither can you say anything about the beauty, the majesty, nor can you see it with your ordinary eyes. When you turn inwards these eyes are closed; they can't turn inwards. A third eye opens up -- you have a new vision, a new clarity, which is not part of your two eyes. It is straightforward, it knows nothing as right or wrong; it simply knows what is.

It is voiceless, it cannot say ... it cannot tell you that you are carrying a great kingdom of God within you and you are behaving like a beggar, for small and petty things.

Maneesha has asked:

RECENTLY I REALIZED THAT EXPECTATIONS VIOLATE THE FREEDOM, NOT OF THE ONE ON WHOM EXPECTATIONS ARE BEING PROJECTED, BUT ON ME -- THE ONE HAVING THE EXPECTATIONS. WHEN I DROPPED MY EXPECTATIONS I FELT A BURDEN LIFTED, A SENSE OF BEING FREED.

Maneesha, drop that sense too, and then you will know pure freedom.

Now you are ready to go inwards ... just a cup of tea.

(A HEARTY LAUGH FROM SARDARJI ...)

Sardar Gurudayal Singh gets the joke before I tell it! He is *really* a miracle. And he is sitting just in the first row, with all his grandeur. It is very unique to get the joke before it is told. Most people don't get it even when it is told. They laugh because others are laughing; very few people get it. But Sardar Gurudayal Singh is ahead ....

Nurdski is drunk, standing before the judge. "You are accused by your landlord of being drunk and setting fire to the bed," says the judge.

"Thash absolute nonshense," slobbers Nurdski indignantly. "The bed was already on fire when I got into it!"

Young Maria Spumoni is getting married tomorrow. So, she comes to her mother as all good Catholic virgin girls are expected. "Mama," says Maria, "I have-a to ask-a you something ..."

"Yes-a," interrupts her mother. "I know-a, my little tesoro. That's-a why-a your mama is here. So let-a me tell you from my experience. Now that-a you have-a a man, treat-a him nice. On-a your first-a night, Oh blessed Virgin Mary! the things you will-a do. It will-a change your whole life-a ..."

"No, no, mama," cries Maria quickly. "I already know-a how-a to fuck-a, I just want-a to know how to make-a spaghetti!"

Two cannibals are sitting around the evening fire admiring a new Maytag refrigerator beside them.

"What is the capacity of that fridge?" asks the first cannibal.

"I'm not sure," says the second cannibal. "I guess just a little more than those two guys who brought it!"

Grandma Piebaker is out walking her dog, Queenie, when she decides to go into the local supermarket. She ties up Queenie outside, and then goes in to do some shopping. Almost immediately, every stray dog in the area is sniffing around the defenseless Queenie.

The local cop sees what is happening and goes to get Grandma Piebaker. "You can't leave your dog alone there, lady," says the cop.

"Why not?" asks Grandma.

"Lady," says the cop, "your dog is in heat!"

"Eat?" replies Grandma. "She will eat anything."

"No, lady," says the cop, "your dog should be bred."

"Sure," says Grandma, "she will eat bread, she will eat cake, she will eat anything."

In complete frustration, the cop shouts, "The dog should be laid!"

Grandma stares angrily at the cop and says, "So lay her. I always wanted a police dog!"

Before Nivedano gives his beat for you to go completely crazy, you have to understand the meaning of throwing out your gibberish that is inside your mind, continuously moving .... You are not even aware of it. When you start throwing it out, then you become aware, "My god, all this bullshit I am carrying in my head!"

And this is the best place to do it, because everybody else is engaged in throwing *his* bullshit. Nobody is listening to you. You won't get this chance anywhere else in the world, so you can be absolutely at ease in exposing yourself. Just don't sit silently, because anybody who is sitting silently -- all this gibberish coming from everybody else will enter into his head! I am making you aware, it is a warning: don't be stupid and don't sit silently. Defeat all those who are around you. This is just a great chance!

Nivedano, give the first beat to the drum, and everybody goes crazy throwing his gibberish ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Become silent ... no movement, as if you are a frozen statue.

You have thrown your dust out -- don't miss the moment.

Go in.

Deeper ... deeper.

Your being is depthless; you can go as deep as you have courage and guts to go.

The deeper you go, more you are.

To make this inwardness total ...

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody dies.

Feel the body left behind.

Feel the mind left behind and just enter into the unknown space.

Just being ...

To be is the whole purpose of meditation.

In this moment there is no difference between you and the Buddha.

Keep this moment alive twenty-four hours.

Do whatever is needed to do, but don't forget your immortal, eternal self, your universal being.

Let it become your heartbeat, your very breathing.

You don't have to do anything.

Just a little remembrance.

Great and blessed is this space.

Great and blessed are you, to have found the essential religion, the very core of your nature.

Live according to your nature and you will live in a dance.

Your life will blossom many flowers.

You will come across much love, much compassion.

You will share joy.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Bring all the buddhas back to the body ....

Sit down, for a moment remembering the experience.

This experiencing is Zen.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can all the buddhas celebrate now?

Yes!

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #7

#### Chapter title: Fences, walls and broken tiles

**3 July 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

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BELOVED OSHO,  
NANYO WAS ASKED BY A MONK, "WHAT IS THE MIND OF THE ANCIENT BUDDHAS?"  
NANYO REPLIED, "IT IS FENCES, WALLS AND BROKEN TILES."  
THE MONK ASKED, "FENCES, WALLS AND BROKEN TILES ARE INSENTIENT, ARE THEY NOT?"  
"THAT IS SO," REPLIED NANYO.  
"DO THEY EXPOUND BUDDHISM?" ASKED THE MONK.  
"ALWAYS, AND BUSILY," REPLIED NANYO.  
THE MONK SAID, "WHY DIDN'T I HEAR IT, THEN?"  
NANYO ANSWERED, "YOU DON'T HEAR IT, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T PREVENT OTHERS FROM DOING SO."  
"WHO HEARS IT?" ASKED THE MONK.  
"ALL THE SAINTS," ANSWERED NANYO.  
"DOES YOUR GRACE HEAR IT?" ASKED THE MONK.  
"NOT !!" REPLIED NANYO.  
"IF YOU DON'T HEAR IT, HOW CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE TEACHING OF THE LAW BY INANIMATE CREATURES?" ASKED THE MONK.  
NANYO ANSWERED, "IT IS MY GOOD LUCK THAT I DO NOT HEAR IT. IF I DID, I WOULD BE THE SAME AS ALL THE SAINTS, AND THEN YOU WOULDN'T HAVE THE CHANCE TO HEAR MY TEACHING."  
THE MONK SAID, "IF THAT IS SO, PEOPLE WOULD HAVE NO PART IN IT."  
NANYO SAID, "I MYSELF EXPOUND IT FOR THE SAKE OF PEOPLE, NOT FOR THE SAKE OF THE SAINTS."  
THE MONK ASKED, "AFTER THE PEOPLE HEAR IT, WHAT THEN?"  
NANYO REPLIED, "THEN THEY ARE NOT JUST PEOPLE ANYMORE."  
ONE DAY WHILE GENSHA WAS THINKING, HE HEARD THE VOICE OF A SWALLOW AND SAID, "HOW WELL IT HAS EXPLAINED THE BUDDHIST TRUTH, SPEAKING PROFOUNDLY OF THE REAL NATURE OF THINGS!"  
AND HE CAME DOWN FROM HIS SEAT.  
LATER, A MONK, WANTING TO GET SOME PROFIT FROM GENSHA'S WORDS, SAID TO GENSHA, "I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEANT."  
GENSHA RETORTED, "BE OFF WITH YOU! HOW CAN ANYONE TRUST YOU!"  
AT ANOTHER TIME, UMMON ASKED A MONK, "DID YOU HEAR THE LONG-BEAKED BIRDS PREACHING ZEN IN KOZEI?"  
"NO, I DIDN'T," REPLIED THE MONK.  
UMMON THEN RAISED HIS STAFF AND SAID, "ZEN!"

These are not, Maneesha, ordinary dialogues; these are dialogues between the valleys and the peaks, between those who are in dark and those who have themselves become light. It is a difficult situation -- the communication between darkness and light or death and life is bound to be difficult; their spheres are so diametrically opposite. But Zen, and Zen alone, has at least made an effort. You will see, in this dialogue.

NANYO, a master, WAS ASKED BY A SEEKER, A MONK, "WHAT IS THE MIND OF THE ANCIENT BUDDHAS?"

The answer has tremendous value:

NANYO REPLIED, "IT IS FENCES, WALLS AND BROKEN TILES."

THE MONK ASKED, "FENCES, WALLS AND BROKEN TILES ARE INSENTIENT, ARE THEY NOT?"

"THAT IS SO," REPLIED NANYO.

"DO THEY EXPOUND BUDDHISM?" ASKED THE MONK.

"ALWAYS, AND BUSILY," REPLIED NANYO.

THE MONK SAID, "WHY DIDN'T I HEAR IT, THEN?"

Before we go deeper into the anecdote ... So many golden treasures in simple words. The way Nanyo replied ... "The mind of the buddha -- even of the buddha -- is nothing but fences, prisons, boundaries, walls and broken tiles." You may be a buddha, but have you ever thought that you are imprisoned in bones, in skin, in flesh, in marrow? This is your house, this is not you. You are the one who is living in this house, behind these fences, walls and broken tiles. It does not matter whether the mind is of a buddha or of someone who is asleep, the nature of the mind is the same.

No other religion has the courage to speak so straightforwardly as Zen. No Christian can say this about Jesus; he will think this is disrespectful. No Hindu can say this about Krishna; he will think this is absolutely irreligious. But Nanyo himself is a buddha and what he is saying is not irreligious, is not disrespectful; he is simply stating the fact. Mind is your bondage. The moment you drop your mind, your buddhahood arises out of the smoke -- a high mountain peak, covered with eternal snow, virgin and pure.

But the poor monk could not understand it. That is the difficulty with communication between someone who knows and the one who knows not. Misunderstanding upon misunderstanding ...

The monk was shocked. Buddha is worshipped and this Nanyo himself worships him, himself teaches his teachings, and is talking in such offensive terms!

THE MONK ASKED, "FENCES, WALLS AND BROKEN TILES ARE INSENTIENT, AREN'T THEY?"

"THAT'S SO," REPLIED NANYO.

"DO THEY EXPOUND BUDDHISM?"

The monk is still thinking with his mind, with his logic, with his reason. And his question is reasonable. If this is the mind of Buddha, then they must be teaching Buddhism. He is trying to prove Nanyo to be utterly ignorant of the mind of Buddha. His questions are not just questions, but arguments.

"DO THEY EXPOUND BUDDHISM?" ASKED THE MONK.

"ALWAYS, AND BUSILY," REPLIED NANYO.

As far as teaching is concerned, mind is busy all around the world, teaching this religion, teaching that religion, teaching this philosophy, teaching that theology. Nanyo is saying that Buddhism -- or any "ism", it does not matter -- is always taught by the mind. But the buddha himself is silent. The buddha teaches not; only the house goes on resounding with sounds. But the one who lives in the center of the cyclone is absolutely silent.

The monk still goes on:

THE MONK SAID, "WHY DIDN'T I HEAR IT, THEN?"

Again it has to be understood, that that which is beyond mind can neither be said nor can be heard -- but it can be understood, it can be realized; it is your very nature. And the master's function is not to teach you theorizations, hypotheses, but to provoke you.

Just the way if somebody tickles you, and you start laughing for no reason at all. Soon you will see in our meditation: even without tickling, people go mad! And I have said that if anybody sits silently like a buddha, everybody is allowed to tickle him. It is not the place for any spectator.

The master only tickles you to laugh. But he cannot create laughter by words; he creates devices -- tickling is just a name of a device. It says nothing. The very presence of the master is itself a device. Without saying anything, he penetrates those who are receptive, who have opened the doors of their hearts.

But the poor monk is in the same situation as the whole world is. Rather than asking, "Why can't I receive? Why can't I realize the unsayable?" he asks, "WHY DIDN'T I HEAR IT, THEN?" NANYO ANSWERED, "YOU DON'T HEAR IT, BUT YOU SHOULD NOT PREVENT OTHERS FROM DOING SO."

It is a misfortune that the people who have no understanding are professors, priests .... Almost half the world is communist and denies the very experience of religion as having any validity -- and none of them has ever meditated, none of them has ever explored *in*. Those who have gone in have always come back with a smile, expounding without saying a word the blissfulness, the fragrance, the whispering silence.

Nanyo said, "You don't hear it, but please don't start telling other people that Nanyo is mad because he says that the mind of a buddha is nothing but fences, walls and broken tiles, and he also says that they expound Buddhism always and busily. Please don't do that. If you cannot hear it, keep it a secret."

"WHO HEARS IT?" ASKED THE MONK.

"ALL THE SAINTS," ANSWERED NANYO.

To hear or to listen makes the whole difference. Everybody can hear sound, but if you want to listen, you have to be very close to your ears, alert and aware. In such a moment as this, you can hear it. If your mind is silent ... that is the block. If it is removed -- and if this silence cannot remove it, nothing else can remove it -- then this bird chirping is teaching you the eternal truth of life; then this very silence becomes the teaching. Nothing is said, but a deep understanding starts arising within you.

"WHO HEARS IT?" the monk asked.

"ALL THE SAINTS."

In Zen, a saint means one who can listen, who can listen to the profound silence of existence. It has nothing to do with virtue, with doing good things. It has something to do with your being conscious, alert, aware ... waking up, and suddenly you see the bamboos are saying the same truth that the buddhas have said. The birds are singing from the same life source that you are breathing from. It is one cosmic mystery, in which we all share.

The monk must have been utterly stupid, because he goes on asking questions without understanding any answer that has been given. But the compassion of the master tolerates it.

He again asks, "DOES YOUR GRACE HEAR IT?"

"NOT I!" REPLIED NANYO.

He was such a great master. Because if he says "Yes, I hear it" ... the `I is the barrier; you have to drop it. And there is no reason to hear it, because you *are* it. That's why he simply denies; he says, "NOT I!"

The monk still goes on being stupid.

"IF YOU DON'T HEAR IT, HOW CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE TEACHING OF THE LAW BY INANIMATE CREATURES?" ASKED THE MONK.

He seems to be thinking in his mind that he is winning a debate!

The experience of existence is not a debate. It is not debatable.

NANYO ANSWERED, "IT IS MY GOOD LUCK THAT I DO NOT HEAR IT."

Strange are these statements, but absolutely true. IT IS MY GOOD LUCK, because I am not there. It is my good luck that I don't hear it -- I *am* it, I have dissolved myself into this silence. I have become this fire; everything else is burned in it.

Nanyo must be very compassionate, he said:

"IT IS MY GOOD LUCK THAT I DO NOT HEAR IT. IF I DID, I WOULD BE THE SAME AS ALL THE SAINTS, AND THEN you WOULDNT HAVE THE CHANCE TO HEAR MY TEACHING."

Looks like a very absurd answer -- it is not. He is saying, "It is my good luck that I do not hear it, because I do not exist."

(IN THE PAUSE, A CUCKOO SINGS HER EVENING SONG.)

The cuckoo has just spoken it. Do you hear it?

(AND THE CUCKOO REPEATS HER SONG.)

It is the same life source, without any discontinuity ... the heart of the cuckoo and her song is also your being. You don't hear it, you simply become it. You forget the distance between the singer and the listener, you simply become the song. In this silence, this cuckoo is doing her job, knowing perfectly well that these lectures are dedicated to the solitary cuckoo, deep in the forest.

Nanyo said, "IF I DID, everything would be wrong." That's why he is using the word `if'. IF I DID -- hypothetically, just to carry on the dialogue -- IF I DID, I WOULD BE THE SAME AS ALL THE SAINTS.

In fact he is talking about all the so-called saints, who are preaching without knowing. "AND THEN YOU WOULD NOT HAVE THE CHANCE TO HEAR MY TEACHING." My teaching is not in words. Words are being used, but the teaching is slipped through to your being in the gaps between the words.

In the silences of the heart, there is a meeting between the master and the disciple.

Both know that something has moved, some energy has been transferred, transmitted. The flame that was asleep in the disciple is asleep no more; it has jumped into aliveness and consciousness.

This is the transmission of the lamp. But you can do it only if you have it. A strange situation is needed: the master has to have it and the disciple has to be ready to receive it. Nothing is said, nothing is heard and the dialogue is over.

THE MONK SAID, "IF THAT IS SO, PEOPLE WOULD HAVE NO PART IN IT."

NANYO SAID, "I MYSELF EXPOUND IT FOR THE SAKE OF PEOPLE, NOT FOR THE SAKE OF THE SAINTS." I am speaking for those who do not understand, who cannot hear, who are still not open to receive. I'm not saying anything to the saints who know.

THE MONK ASKED, "AFTER THE PEOPLE HEAR IT, WHAT THEN?"

NANYO REPLIED, "THEN THEY ARE NOT JUST PEOPLE ANYMORE."

That is the only difference. If you can feel the buddha, the master, you are no more a disciple. And there are idiots in the world ... I have talked to you about starting an anti-Fischer-Hoffmann therapy, because the Fischer-Hoffmann therapy is trying to get people to be stronger egos. Even here, there are people who have passed through that therapy. The therapists know nothing about me, and they are even saying that "you have to drop Osho, you have to be independent."

But it is strange ... nobody here is dependent; you are making independent people again independent, liberated people again liberated? It is my challenge to Fischer-Hoffmann therapists that first they should be here and see how people are enjoying independence, freedom. Nobody is forced to follow a theology, a religion, a philosophy, a doctrine. Everybody is asked to be just himself. It is their absolute duty *first* to be here, and *then* tell my people to be independent of me. They *are* independent.

Freedom is my message, because the moment you become a buddha, hearing silently your own heartbeat, you are no more a disciple. But it is a little subtle to understand. You can be an egoist in the name of independence and freedom -- and then you are as far away from your authentic reality as you can be; stars are not that far away from you. Your ego takes you for a ride. And it becomes more and more difficult, as the ego becomes more and more crystallized, to come out of the prison to freedom -- to break the chains, to jump the fence. And that's exactly what Fischer-Hoffmann therapy is doing. It is against human beings and their growth. They need to be with a master. But this need is not dependence, this need is simply a device so that the master can share his light and his space and make you aware that now you need not be here, you are a buddha yourself.

Either you can be a buddha -- then you are in freedom, real freedom. Or you can be an egoist -- then the freedom is just a name, you don't know anything about freedom.

Nanyo said, "THEN THEY ARE NOT JUST PEOPLE ANYMORE." I teach people ... the moment they understand they are buddhas, this much is the difference between the sleeping person and the person who is awake.

What I am doing here continuously is pulling on your legs -- "Come out of your blankets, it is time to wake up! It has already been long that you should have been out of bed." But you are clinging to your bed, clinging to your blanket; it seems to be secure, comfortable. Who knows what awakening will bring?

You have to be awake to know. Nobody else can be awake in your place.

ONE DAY WHILE GENSHA WAS THINKING, HE HEARD THE VOICE OF A SWALLOW AND SAID, "HOW WELL IT HAS EXPLAINED THE BUDDHIST TRUTH."

I would like to say only one thing to Gensha: truth is not Buddhist. Truth makes one a buddha -- it will make a Mohammedan a buddha, a Hindu a buddha, a Christian a buddha, a Parsee a buddha. It does not matter who becomes awake -- the word 'buddha' simply means 'the awakened one'. Truth is not Buddhist; neither is it Mohammedan, nor Hindu, nor Christian. Truth is simply your awareness.

But he is saying something beautiful. Drop the word 'Buddhist' -- "HOW WELL THE SWALLOW HAS SAID THE TRUTH, SPEAKING PROFOUNDLY OF THE REAL NATURE OF THINGS!"

That's what I was telling you about the cuckoo here! And I am continually reminding you about the bamboos. They are all expounding the truth ... in their silence, in their dancing in the wind, in their joy in the sun, in their beauty with the rain. In every moment, everything around you which is alive is expounding the truth.  
AND HE CAME DOWN FROM HIS SEAT.

The sermon was very small, because the swallow had already said it. Now there was no need for Gensha to repeat.

LATER, A MONK, WANTING TO GET SOME PROFIT FROM GENSHA'S WORDS, SAID TO GENSHA, "I DID NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEANT."

GENSHA RETORTED, "BE OFF WITH YOU! HOW CAN ANYONE TRUST YOU!" I have not said a single word! Go and ask the swallow, learn the language of existence. Otherwise you remain deep in your dreams, drowned, and a tremendous life passes by.

AT ANOTHER TIME, UMMON ASKED A MONK, "DID YOU HEAR THE LONG-BEAKED BIRDS PREACHING ZEN IN KOZEI?"

"NO, I DIDN'T," REPLIED THE MONK.

UMMON THEN RAISED HIS STAFF AND SAID, "ZEN!"

Those long-beaked birds were preaching Zen, because whatever was coming out in their songs was coming from their very center of being. They were not musicians -- trained, practicing, disciplined in a school. They were just poor birds without any training and education. Whatever was coming had to be coming from their very being, not from their minds.

Ummon's raising the staff is symbolic. He was saying, "Everything is teaching Zen." Everything is teaching to be yourself. Everything is itself except man, who has gone astray. No bamboo is worried, no cuckoo is worried; they don't go to the psychoanalyst.

And your psychoanalyst himself needs psychoanalysis. After every six months he goes to another psychoanalyst because he becomes tired, every day listening to all kinds of crazy, stupid people. You can understand -- by and by he himself starts partaking something of their stupidity.

A man had the idea that he had died. Now the whole family was worried; they all told him, "You are alive -- who told you this?"

He said, "I don't need anybody's advice, I know I am dead!"

At first they thought it was a joke, but soon they realized, "That man has simply gone cuckoo."

They took the man to the psychoanalyst. The psychoanalyst said, "Don't be worried, it is my profession. I will bring him down."

He asked the man, "Do you know the old proverb that dead men don't bleed?"

He said, "Yes, I know -- I used to know in fact, before I died, but I still remember. What of it?"

The psychoanalyst took a knife and cut the patient's finger and brought a little blood.

The patient said, "Aha! That proves that the proverb is wrong: dead men *do* bleed, I am a living proof!"

Treating such people continuously ...

Another man had the idea that some very greasy, Italian creatures are coming all over him and he goes on throwing them away, but they don't stop. Somebody is going into his ears, somebody is coming out of his nose, he was really in a terrible mess.

His family brought him to the psychoanalyst.

The psychoanalyst said, "Don't be worried. Such cases I have heard about, but he will be okay."

And the man sat on the chair and he was continuously throwing off those creatures, all Italians, just spaghetti types.

First the psychoanalyst tried to tell him, "Don't be worried, nothing is ... I don't see anything."

He said, "It does not matter whether you see it or not, they are creeping all over me. I am tortured and you are watching! At least help me to throw them away!" And he pulled his chair close to the psychoanalyst. The psychoanalyst said, "Be off, away, because a few of them have already started crawling over me! I don't want to take this case, it is dangerous."

It is only a man like me ... You all go crazy and then when I go back to my room I say, "Great, you survived again so many crazy people!" Never before has any psychoanalyst encountered thousands of people going absolutely crazy, throwing away all their creatures all over the place.

What you experience in a few minutes, psychoanalysis takes years to analyze! And still nothing helps. I have not heard that a single patient has been helped to sanity by psychoanalysis or psychiatry. They themselves recognize that nobody in the whole world is perfectly psychoanalyzed, because it takes years, ten years, fifteen years continuously.

But they don't know that here, within five minutes, five thousand people go crazy and come back immediately. Nivedano just has to give the sign -- "Come back, enough!" -- and they all sit silently like buddhas. It is a miracle!

A Zen poet has written:

THE OLD PINE SPEAKS DIVINE WISDOM;  
THE SECRET BIRD  
MANIFESTS ETERNAL TRUTH.

When he was dying, Kangan wrote:

THESE EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS,  
STILL, ASTIR,  
ZEN'S BEEN MY LAST WORD.  
SPOKEN BEFORE TIME BEGAN.

Existence has always been here. And it is not dumb or deaf; it is singing its song continuously, only you need the heart to understand.

Here you are learning a new language, the language that the universe understands. You are learning a dance with the universe. And the moment you are not and only the dance remains, you are a buddha.

This is the highest peak of joy and bliss.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,  
IS THERE ACTUALLY SOMETHING TO BE HEARD? OR IS IT THAT AS WE REFINED  
OUR SENSE OF LISTENING, WE ARE REFINED, AND BY THE TIME WE ARE ABLE

TO LISTEN TOTALLY, WE ARE TOTALLY TRANSFORMED?

Maneesha, your question is not a question but an answer.

Now, Miyan Farookh has come here ...

(OSHO SMILES AT THE SMALL SON OF ASHRAMITE ZAREEN, AND SNAPS HIS FINGERS) ... being very silent, sitting in a buddha posture. A few laughs in Miyan Farookh's honor.

At dinner one evening, the cannibal chief complains, "I hate my mother-in-law."  
"Well then," says his wife, "just eat the vegetables!"

Ma Papaya Pineapple is doing her new group, the Primal-Encounter-Breath Massage of the Neo-Rebalancing-Psychic Inner-Release.

Of course, half way through the group she falls madly in love with the therapist, Swami Deva Cleverhead. But the rules are that she cannot connect with the therapist until the group is over.

Finally, the group ends and Papaya Pineapple rushes home. She showers, doesn't shave, and puts on her sexiest silk and satin see-through sari. Then she finds Cleverhead and invites him to dinner at the Blue Diamond.

After they finish dining, Papaya Pineapple buys brandy and dessert, still hoping for a big night. At last she invites him up to her flat for an after-dinner herb tea.

Sitting on her huge bed, she lays back and smiles. After a long silence -- a very long silence -- Swami Cleverhead says, "My feeling about you, Papaya, is that you want something but you just don't put it out."

"Put it out?" cries Papaya. "Thank you for sharing, Swami, but don't you think it's time that *you* put it *in*?"

While Kowalski is in the hospital, after a nasty accident, he receives this letter from his mother:

Dear Son,

Just a few lines to let you know that I be still alive. I am writing this letter slowly because I know you don't read too fast.

You won't recognize the house when you get home because we moved. There be a washing machine in the house when we moved in, but it not working too good. Last week I put ten of your father's shirts into it, pull the chain, and I not seen the shirts since.

Your sister Hannah had a baby this morning. I not find out yet if it be a boy or a girl. So I not know if you be an uncle or an aunt.

Your uncle Lenny drown in a huge barrel of whiskey last week. Some men dived in to save him, but he fought them off hard. We cremated his body, but it took three days to put out the fire.

Weather is good. It only rain twice last week. First for three days, then for four days.

Try to learn to write soon,

Your loving Mother

P.S. I was going to send you ten dollars, but I have already sealed the envelope.

Pope the Polack and President Ronald Reagan are meeting in Warsaw, the capital of Poland.

They have come for the official opening of the first public swimming pool in the city. There is much fanfare and royal display. Pope the Polack bends down to kiss the ground around the pool, while Ronald Reagan looks on. Then Reagan cuts the ribbon, officially opening the pool.

Hundreds of screaming Polacks rush and jump in, to fill the huge pool. Then they scream even louder, get out, and jump in again.

"It seems the people are really enjoying themselves," smiles Pope the Polack.

"Yes," says Reagan, "and they will enjoy themselves even more once it is filled with water."

Now, get ready for Nivedano's beat, and don't try in any way to save anything inside. Throw it out. Give it to anybody, but don't keep it to yourself!

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

Be silent.

Close your eyes, no movement ... just go within.

Deeper and deeper ...

The deeper you go, the more you are.

Unless you reach your very center, you don't know who you are, what is the mystery of life.

In this very moment you are a buddha, awakened.

Keep this awareness.

Don't again forget it!

To forget awareness is the only sin and to remember it is the only virtue.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody dies.

Die totally, don't hesitate, because your life source is beyond death.

This silence is Zen.

Out of this silence the cuckoo sings, out of this silence the roses bloom.

This silence is the language of existence itself.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody comes back, but without forgetting your inner reality.  
Come back rejuvenated.  
Come back with the fragrance of your inner sources.  
Except this there is no religiousness.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate so many buddhas meeting under one roof for the first time in history?

Yes!

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #8

#### Chapter title: Like the tongue of a dead man

**4 July 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

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BELOVED OSHO,  
SEPPO FIRST VISITED ENKAN, THEN TOSU THREE TIMES, AND TOZAN NINE TIMES,  
WITHOUT RESULT. WHEN AT LAST HE VISITED TOKUSAN, SEPPO ASKED HIM, "IS IT  
POSSIBLE FOR ME TOO TO SHARE, WITH THE PATRIARCHS, IN THE SUPREME TEACHING?"  
TOKUSAN STRUCK HIM WITH HIS STAFF, SAYING, "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?"

THE NEXT DAY SEPPO ASKED FOR AN EXPLANATION. TOKUSAN SAID, "MY RELIGION HAS  
NO WORDS AND SENTENCES. IT HAS NOTHING TO GIVE ANYBODY."

AT THIS SEPPO BECAME ENLIGHTENED.

ONCE, A MONK ASKED TOZAN, "WHAT IS THE MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES?"

TOZAN SAID, "IT IS LIKE THE TONGUE OF A DEAD MAN."

ON ANOTHER OCCASION A NUN ASKED JOSHU, "WHAT IS THE SECRET OF SECRETS?"

JOSHU TAPPED HER ON THE ELBOW.

THE NUN SAID, "YOU ARE STILL HOLDING ON TO SOMETHING."

"NO," SAID JOSHU. "IT IS YOU WHO ARE HOLDING ON TO IT."

ONCE A MONK ASKED JOSHU, "WHAT IS THE WORD OF THE ANCIENTS?"

JOSHU SAID, "LISTEN CAREFULLY! LISTEN CAREFULLY!"

Maneesha, listen carefully ....

The cuckoos are absolutely free to sing their song or not. Listen carefully to the birds, because these sounds are coming from the very center of existence. It is life singing, dancing, rejoicing.

Before I discuss the anecdote before me, I have a few things to say to you.

First -- you have to be aware that you are living in an insane world. Unless you see the insanity of the world and its behavior, you will never get rid of it. You will always be in bondage.

Just today I came across the statistics: one million children every year are being sold at the high price of twenty to forty thousand dollars, for sexual abuse. And this figure of one million is not the total number, because many countries don't allow any survey. It is absolutely certain that at least three times more children from poor countries, poor parents, will be sold for sexual abuse. And we call this world sane.

Just in New York last year, hundreds of small just-born babies were found thrown into junk yards, into gutters, flushed into toilets. What can be more barbarous? And all these

people pretend to be part of some religion -- Christian, Catholic, Protestant, Hindu, Mohammedan. Why this kind of insane behavior? Because nobody is objecting, because great vested interests are supporting the whole mafia. Your politicians are involved in it, your religious leaders are involved in it. Otherwise, such inhuman acts cannot continue. One suspects whether humanity will ever become a culture, a civilization.

Just today I have received a letter from the Shankaracharya of Puri saying that he wants a debate with me. I am perfectly willing, but on what grounds is he going to debate with me? He has said that if a woman is burned alive, becomes a *sati*, then in Hyderabad rains will come. Now on what grounds can we discuss it? The only way is that the Shankaracharya should become a *sati* in Hyderabad! And if rains come, I will accept that he was right. If rains don't come, everybody will know that he was wrong.

He thinks in terms of scriptures, not in terms of real life. He thinks that he can discuss with me because in the Hindu scriptures the idea is that a woman whose husband has died has to jump into his funeral pyre. To him, it proves that *sati pratha* is right. To me, it proves that the scripture has to be thrown into the fire! On what grounds can we discuss?

Even so-called great saints, avatars ... I don't bother how ancient they are. The more ancient, the more rotten.

A single act is enough to prove that all the statues of Rama should be removed from all the temples. He killed a young harijan boy, because Hindu scriptures say that the poor harijans cannot read the religious scriptures and this boy -- although he was not reading, because they have never been allowed any education -- was curious. A few brahmins were doing a ritual, chanting Sanskrit mantras, and this boy, out of curiosity, hiding behind the bushes, heard the Vedic scriptures. This was his crime.

And a man of the quality of Rama, whom Hindus believe to be a god, poured hot, liquid lead into the ears of the boy because he had heard the holy scriptures, which was prohibited. The boy died -- and still nobody has objected to Rama. To me this is enough to prove that this man is a politician and nothing else.

The letter that I have received from this Shankaracharya is an absolute lie. He says, "I challenged you to a debate twelve years ago." I have been in Poona from 1974 -- twelve years means somewhere near 1976. I have not received any challenge. And anyway, there is still time, but what is he going to prove to me? I encountered him in 1965 in Patna during a world Hindu conference and criticized every point that he was making. And I asked one hundred thousand people who had gathered for the international conference, "Are you in agreement with me? -- then raise your hands!" Not a single person was there who did not raise his hand. He is already defeated!

But he is old, and getting more and more senile. To me, just because something is written in a book does not mean that it has to be right. The criterion for its being right has to be humanitarian.

The Hindu scriptures say that the women have to be categorized just like animals. The great Hindu saint Tulsidas says that every woman has to be beaten at least once a week. Just because it is written by Tulsidas, it does not become a truth. It simply shows the stupidity of the man, the inhumanity of the man, and his book should be burned. At least all the women around the country, wherever they find Tulsidas' book, should immediately burn it. It is male chauvinistic.

To me, who is not part of any religion, there is no prejudice. Everything has to be clear-cut and straightforward, no politics in it. That's what the Shankaracharya is doing. And opposing him, another Hindu sannyasin, Swami Agnivesh, is doing the same. Politics is such

a game. It makes people like footballs. Their interests are different; Agnivesh is against the Shankaracharya. I am against both, because they are two polarities of the same politics.

The Shankaracharya does not want Hindu harijans to enter into Nath Dwara, a temple in Rajasthan. And Agnivesh is determined to take a big crowd of harijans and enter forcibly into the temple, where never in the whole of history has any harijan been allowed. It is not because of great compassion that Agnivesh is trying to bring harijans. And the Shankaracharya is determined that they cannot enter, and he will do everything to prevent the entry because that will spoil the purity of the temple.

The harijans should see a simple point, that for centuries Hindus have been entering that temple -- what have they gained except poverty, slavery, starvation? What are harijans going to gain by entering in Nath Dwara uninvited, rejected?

If they listen to an unprejudiced approach, they should spit on this temple which has never in centuries allowed their ancestors to enter. They should refuse. Even if the Shankaracharya touches their feet and asks them to come into Nath Dwara, they should not enter such ugly places, so inhuman, so violent ...

But the poor harijans will not understand a simple fact: you have been tortured for ten thousand years and still you go on thinking of yourselves as Hindu. You are not! Hindus themselves have rejected you; you are not allowed to enter their temples, you are not allowed to read their scriptures. On what grounds do they say you are Hindus? They burn your villages, hundreds of people burned alive -- strangely, young children, old men. They just save young girls, to rape, and this has been going on and on for centuries.

It is for the harijans to reject Agnivesh and tell him, "Go and jump into the ocean. Don't bother us, we are not Hindus." And tell the Shankaracharya, "Why are you unnecessarily making a fuss? Who wants to enter your temple? *Keep* your temple!"

Harijans should declare themselves independent from Hindus. They are such a big force that they will change the whole character of Indian politics. They are one fourth of all Hindus; one fourth of the power should go to them.

Even Mahatma Gandhi deceived. Before India's independence, he was saying that the first president should be a harijan girl. He was proposing two things: raising the respect towards women and the respect towards the harijan. And when the country became independent, he forgot it completely. Again the brahmins, the Nehrus ... and they have made themselves a dynasty. They call it democracy.

As an individual, I don't belong to any party or to any religion. I am not a politician and I am not a religious man in the ordinary sense because I am not Hindu nor Mohammedan nor Christian. I don't feel that I have to belong to any organization; I am enough unto myself. And that is my whole teaching, that you should not belong to any organization; you are enough. Your splendor has to be independent.

The women also have to come to a conclusive decision that they will not vote for men. Half of the country belongs to women -- half of the parliament should also belong to them. They should ask for a separate vote; no woman is going to vote for any man of any party.

It is not a question of party, it is a question of a long slavery that man has imposed on women. All women should fight against this slavery.

In India, the harijans and the women are the two most oppressed, insulted, humiliated beings. If they get together, this country will belong to them. Let these Shankaracharyas and these Nehrus be forgotten. It is a simple fact that freedom has not come to the country. Britain has gone but slavery is still here. What kind of spirituality is it, that does not allow human beings to enter temples?

I accept the Shankaracharya's challenge, but because he is giving the challenge, he will have to accept my conditions. He has to come here, because I don't go anywhere. And because this gathering is international, he will have to talk in English. No rotten Sanskrit will do. It will be perfectly humorous, we will all enjoy it, but that old goat has to come here -- that is the first condition.

Second, the language in which the conversation is to happen will be international: the English language.

Thirdly, when entering the gate he and his company have to bring negative AIDS certificates. Without negative certificates, they cannot enter this campus. This is the only campus in the world which is AIDS-free.

If he is willing to fulfill these conditions he is welcome. We will really enjoy.

Now, Maneesha's Zen anecdote:

SEPPO FIRST VISITED ENKAN, THEN TOSU THREE TIMES, AND TOZAN NINE TIMES, WITHOUT RESULT. ... Because Seppo was a great scholar, and all these people were men of reality, not men of knowledge. So although he could feel there was *something*... but he could not come to a conclusion about what it was. There *is* something -- otherwise why should he go first to Enkan, then to Tosu three times and Tozan nine times, but without coming to a conclusion about what it is?

The reason was, he was trying to approach reality through the mind. Mind can only weave philosophies, theorizations, but it cannot know. It is blind as far as your own being is concerned. And that is, emphatically, the only religious experience: where your logic and your reason and your mind no longer function; when you are simply a pure space, unclouded.

WHEN AT LAST HE VISITED TOKUSAN, SEPPO ASKED HIM, "IS IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO SHARE WITH THE PATRIARCHS," the buddhas, "IN THE SUPREME TEACHING?"

TOKUSAN STRUCK HIM WITH HIS STAFF, SAYING, "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?"

Intellectually, what he is asking is perfectly valid. Existentially it is absolutely wrong. This distinction you have to remember.

He had asked, "Is it possible for me to share the experience of a buddha?" Nobody can experience through the mind. And without the mind, there is no need to share because you *are* the buddha. That's why Tokusan struck him with his staff, saying, "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?"

THE NEXT DAY SEPPO ASKED FOR AN EXPLANATION. TOKUSAN SAID, "MY RELIGION HAS NO WORDS AND SENTENCES. IT HAS NOTHING TO GIVE ANYBODY."

At this point,  
SEPPO BECAME ENLIGHTENED.

Enlightenment is not something that you can get from somebody else. Tired ... he must have been going to one master, then another master, then another master -- three times, nine times. Tokusan was the last master. His intellect tired, his mind tired, he simply sat there when Tokusan hit him with his staff, saying to him, "MY RELIGION HAS NO WORDS AND SENTENCES. IT HAS NOTHING TO GIVE ANYBODY."

In that silence, he suddenly became awake.  
In this silence, anyone can become awake.

I am inviting the Shankaracharya to see for the first time in his life what silence means -- it is not a scripture. What a gathering of buddhas means -- no mind, but just a dance of being, a rejoicing inside, in your eternity, immortality, in your very truth.

And if he comes here, I will have to bring my staff, too. He is old and I don't want to hit him, but at least I can show him the staff and show him your presence, your silence. This whole silence says more than any scripture can say.

One never knows, perhaps even the Shankaracharya of Puri can become enlightened! As far as this moment goes, he is the most unenlightened man on the earth, but from this point, the quantum leap can be possible. Because the road ends; he cannot be more stupid than he is. He cannot fall more, there is no way. He has to turn back.

And I would like Swami Agnivesh to know ... Why bother forcing people into Nath Dwara when the priests of Nath Dwara are unwilling? My doors are open. Bring all your harijans and my people will hug them. Give dignity to people! This is very undignified.

But politics is politics. Agnivesh knows that the Shankaracharya is going to fight hard. He will not allow harijans to enter and this gives Agnivesh a chance to become a leader of harijans. He belongs to the same old rotten gang, but harijans will think, "He is our friend." He is your enemy -- as much, or perhaps more, than the Shankaracharya of Puri. All that he wants is votes. I know him. This is a great strategy. Two hundred and fifty million votes are there. Agnivesh is trying to make himself a great leader of the downtrodden and the oppressed, but the real desire is to have power.

When this temple's doors are open, Agnivesh should bring his followers here. We will give them more respect than has ever been given to harijans in the whole of history. They have been treated as cattle. But he will not come here. He also needs a good beating of the staff! He knows nothing of religion. If he knew even a little bit, he would not put harijans into an insulting, humiliating state. This is not giving respect to those who have been treated like animals. Even their shadows make things impure ....

In the whole world nobody has been so badly treated as harijans, and still you ask -- from the same people, the same temples, the same priests! Harijans should destroy these temples and burn these scriptures and throw these priests into the ocean. They are enough, and they have every right. For thousands of years they have been treated like shoes. Even shoes are treated better.

But one never knows, perhaps Agnivesh may become enlightened. It is everybody's right. If the Shankaracharya of Puri can become enlightened, everybody else in the world becomes entitled to enlightenment.

ONCE A MONK ASKED TOZAN, "WHAT IS THE MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES?"  
TOZAN SAID, "IT IS LIKE THE TONGUE OF A DEAD MAN."

These are people who know. These are not priests. These are not philosophers either. These are the people who have gone deep into their own being. Their statements show their integrity, their understanding. What a beautiful statement! TOZAN SAID, "IT IS LIKE THE TONGUE OF A DEAD MAN." Just as the dead man cannot speak, the mystery of mysteries cannot be spoken. It can be lived, loved. You can *be* the mystery, but you cannot say anything about it. As far as saying is concerned, a dead man's tongue is as capable as your tongue.

ON ANOTHER OCCASION A NUN ASKED JOSHU, "WHAT IS THE SECRET OF SECRETS?"  
JOSH TAPPED HER ON THE ELBOW.  
THE NUN SAID, "YOU ARE STILL HOLDING ON TO SOMETHING."

"NO," SAID JOSHU. "IT IS YOU WHO ARE HOLDING ON TO IT."

Joshu's tapping her on the elbow shows, "I can tap your elbow -- if you are receptive, this much is enough for you to enter into the secret of secrets."

But the poor nun did not understand. She said, "YOU ARE STILL HOLDING ON TO SOMETHING." That something was the nun's elbow.

"NO," SAID JOSHU. "IT IS YOU WHO ARE HOLDING ON TO IT. It is not *my* elbow."

In these small anecdotes tremendous secrets are revealed. He is saying, "I am not the body. And I am not the mind, because I have not said anything. I just tapped your elbow to make you aware that you are also not a body."

Ordinarily, a Buddhist is not allowed to touch a woman, but only a Zen master can do that because he knows that no one is a body. What nonsense, about male and female -- inside is simply a silent space, and that is your eternity.

But it is certainly difficult for a woman -- more difficult than for a man -- not to hold on to the body. A fact is a fact.

One day, Mulla Nasruddin caught four flies and told his wife, "I have caught four flies. Two are women and two are men."

The wife said, "My god, how do you know who is male and who is female?"

He said, "Very simple. Two were sitting on the mirror for hours, and two were reading the newspaper! And I have been watching. It proves it. There is no need for any other proof."

Why is the woman so attached to the body? It is not only her fault, it is our whole process of upbringing. We make from the very beginning a distinction between boys and girls.

In my childhood, I had long hair. I used to pass through my father's shop into the house, because the house was behind the shop. And his customers would ask, "Whose girl is this?"

My father used to feel embarrassed. He was very angry at me one day. He said, "Because of your hair, I am continually in an embarrassing position."

I said, "What is embarrassing? Just tell them that, 'She is my girl.' It will not make any difference."

He said, "You don't feel offended?"

I said, "Why should I feel offended? I am myself, whether I am man or woman. Whatever I am, I am. And just because of my hair, if somebody thinks I am a girl, it is perfectly good! Just a misunderstanding, it harms nobody."

But he was angry and he cut my hair. With the same scissors that he used to cut the cloth in his shop, he cut my hair. I said, "You will repent."

He said, "What are you going to do that I will repent?"

I said, "Within a few minutes you will see."

He knew me. He said, "Don't do anything dangerous."

I said, "Now it *is* going to be dangerous. You have stepped on my freedom. This is *my* hair."

And I went to an opium-addict barber who was my friend, because nobody else would do that .... In India, when your father dies -- only then your head can be shaved. I told the opium-addict barber, "This is a critical period of our friendship. Shave my head!"

He said, "But what about your father? And everybody will be against me ...." He said, "I will do it." And he did it -- shaved, within seconds I was back. And people started asking me, "Has your father died?"

I said, "He must have died. You see my head? That is enough to prove it."

When I entered his shop, the customers said, "My god! What happened to this boy's father?" And my father said, "Unfortunately I am the father, and I am still alive. And look -- he was right in saying that I would repent."

He called me inside and told me, "This is the last time I have done anything to you; just forgive and forget. Never again will I do anything. But this is too much!" -- because people from the town started coming. Wherever I went ... and I went all around the town just to bring everybody. They would come and they would say, "You are still alive? We saw your boy shaved completely. What happened? Who shaved him?"

My father said, "The whole day people were coming to mourn, to sympathize." When they found that he was alive, they were very much shocked themselves. And I was standing outside watching. One never knows when the moment comes ....

From that moment my father had a respect towards me that I don't think any father has ever had. And finally he became a sannyasin. I tried hard, but he would always touch my feet. He would say, "It does not matter that you are my son. I love and respect your insistence to be free and your respect for freedom."

He himself would have never thought, being a small shopkeeper, that he was going to become one day enlightened. And the day came. Listening to me continuously ... and I was only talking to him about meditation, to go on, deeper and deeper. One day he told me, that "Now you will not need to emphasize it. I have got the point."

ONCE A MONK ASKED JOSHU, "WHAT IS THE WORD OF THE ANCIENTS?"  
JOSHU SAID, "LISTEN CAREFULLY! LISTEN CAREFULLY!"

In this silence, listen carefully.

It is an actual experimentation, it is not a sermon or a preaching.

Listen carefully.

You will not find any word but you will find a wordless silence, drowning you in immense joy.

Joshu's answer is one of the great answers:

LISTEN CAREFULLY!

Just be silent and the whole existence opens its doors.

Myoyu wrote the following poem:  
DEFYING THE POWER OF SPEECH,  
THE LAW COMMISSION ON MOUNT VULTURE!  
KASYAPA'S SMILE TOLD THE BEYOND-TELLING.  
You know Mahakashyapa and his whole story --  
KASYAPA'S SMILE TOLD THE BEYOND-TELLING.  
WHAT IS THERE TO REVEAL IN THAT PERFECT  
ALL-SUCHNESS?

In this moment, in this suchness, do you want anything more? Is not this suchness so fulfilling, with so much content?

A music without song, and a poetry without words, and a dance without movement ... you cannot have anything greater. You are the very few fortunate ones on the earth at this moment. People are engaged in mediocre things.

WHAT IS THERE TO REVEAL IN THAT PERFECT ALL-SUCHNESS?  
LOOK UP!

THE MOON-MIND GLOWS UNSMIRCHED.

All over, there is beauty. All over, there is truth. You don't even have to open your eyes. It is there. You don't have to stretch your hand, because it is not even that far away. It is within your hand. It is your very subjectivity.

Kido wrote:

THIS COLD NIGHT BAMBOOS STIR;  
THEIR SOUND -- NOW HARSH, NOW SOFT --  
SWEEPS THROUGH THE LATTICE WINDOW.  
THOUGH EAR IS NO MATCH FOR MIND,  
WHAT NEED, BY LAMPLIGHT,  
OF A SINGLE SCRIPTURE LEAF?

The moonlit night and the silence ... there is no need of any scripture.  
You are the only scripture.  
Just learn to read yourself.

Maneesha has asked:  
BELOVED OSHO,  
DOES UNDERSTANDING ALWAYS MEAN TRANSFORMATION?

Maneesha, if it is intellectual understanding, then it does not mean transformation. But if it is a no-mind understanding, an experience but not a thought, then certainly it is synonymous with transformation. You don't have to do anything; the very knowing transforms your whole being, your actions, your gestures, your attitudes. You don't have to change anything; transformation comes just like a shadow. You get to your center and the revolution happens. It is a happening.

The bamboos are very silent, waiting to have a few laughs. Poor bamboos, they cannot laugh with you. But trust me: they hear your laughter, they feel the touch of your silence. They are with you, part of the assembly.

Hymie Goldberg walks into an exclusive New York shop specializing in all kinds of paper products. He is approached by an elegant salesman in an immaculate suit.

"Can I help you, sir?" the salesman intones in a cultured voice. "Yes," says Hymie, "I would like some writing paper."

"Would you prefer lined or unlined paper, sir?" asks the salesman. "Anything is fine," says Hymie. "It does not matter."

"Then will you be writing with a fountain pen or a ballpoint?" continues the salesman. "I don't really know," says Hymie. "Whatever comes to hand."

"Would you prefer a thick paper or an onionskin paper, sir?"

"Look," says Hymie, "anything is fine. Just give me any kind of paper!"

"Perhaps you would prefer one of our perfumed varieties?" carries on the salesman.

"If you like," cries Hymie. "But I have a bus to catch -- just give me some paper, please!"

"Then perhaps you have a favorite color -- red, blue, yellow ...?" Just at that moment another customer comes bursting into the shop. His eyes have dark circles and his cheeks are wet with tears.

"Look," he sobs, "this tile is the color of my bathroom and this is the size of my toilet. I showed you my asshole this morning. Now, please, can I have some toilet paper?"

Kowalski's wife, Olga, is more than a little overweight. She works as a cleaner in the arrival lounge of New York's Kennedy Airport. One day she sees two men installing a new computerized weighing machine. This machine tells you your weight, in your own language, and even gives you dieting instructions.

A plane lands and the first passenger comes out. She is Italian and plump. Spotting the machine, she goes and stands on the platform. There is a two-second pause, then the machine says, "Your weight-a is seventy-two kilos. You-a are four kilos too much-a for your size. I-a suggest you knock off-a the pasta!"

Next is an elegant Frenchwoman. There is a two-second pause and then the machine says, "Zut alors! You 'av zee perfect weight and figure. Whatever it eez you are doing, continue wiz eet!"

Olga has been quietly observing all this. So after the traffic dies down, she goes and stands on the platform herself. The two-second pause stretches out to a ten-second pause and then the machine says, in a desperate voice, "Jesus Christ, will one of you guys get off!"

Doctor Feelgood has been warned by his psychiatrist colleagues that Mrs. Frostbite is a difficult patient. But he decides to see her anyway.

"Well, Mrs. Frostbite," says Feelgood, warmly, "What seems to be the problem?"

"I have no friends!" sobs Mrs. Frostbite. "When I talk to people they just walk away."  
"I see," says Feelgood. "And have you any idea why that is?"

"Well, doctor," continues the poor woman, "I think it is because I say the wrong things, and people don't like it. So you will help me, won't you? -- you money-grubbing, incompetent, shrink asshole!"

A man walks into a cafeteria and orders coffee and a cream bun. "Sorry," says the attendant, "but we are out of buns. Why not have a doughnut instead?"

"In that case," says the man, "I will have a cup of tea and a cream bun."

"I just told you, sir," says the attendant, "we are out of buns. Why don't you have a doughnut?"

"Hmm ..." replies the man. "So in that case, I will have a toasted bun with butter and a cup of tea."

"Look!" cries the attendant. "How many times do I have to tell you? We don't have any buns -- cream buns, or toasted buns, or any *other* kind of buns!"

"Okay, okay. Then," says the man, "give me a raisin bun and a hot chocolate."

"Look here, you idiot!" shouts the attendant, seizing the man by his collar and shaking him violently. "We don't have no buns! We don't have no cream buns, we don't have no raisin buns, or hot-cross buns, or toasted buns with butter, or any other kind of buns. Get it?"

"Okay, okay," says the man, "no need to shout. Then I will just have a bun!"

Now, Nivedano, give the first beat, and everybody goes crazy.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

Just be silent, close your eyes.  
Feel your body as almost frozen, a statue, so that you can go in easily.  
Deeper and deeper, without any fear.  
It is your own existence.  
You are absolutely safe and secure.  
You are entering into your own timelessness.  
This is the only temple worth calling a temple.  
Nobody needs to go into any temple.  
Everybody is carrying his temple within.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax.  
Relax so deeply as if you have died.  
It is just to give you an opportunity to enter more and more deeply to the very center of your being, because that is the center of the whole universe.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back.  
But come back as buddhas, alive, ecstatic, fresh, just born.  
Feel the newness ....

Okay, Maneesha?  
Yes, Osho.  
Can we celebrate the gathering of so many buddhas?  
Yes!

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #9

Chapter title: No words, no mind, and you are in

**5 July 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

Archive code: 8807055

ShortTitle: CUCKOO09

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 77 mins

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BELOVED OSHO,  
HOGEN BECAME A PRIEST AT THE AGE OF SEVEN, STUDYING BUDDHISM AND CONFUCIANISM. ONE DAY, SOME YEARS LATER, WHEN HOGEN WAS ON THE WAY TO THE LAKE, IT BEGAN TO RAIN AND HE TOOK SHELTER IN JIZO'S TEMPLE. JIZO, WHO WAS SITTING BY THE FIREPLACE, ASKED HOGEN, "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" HOGEN REPLIED, "JUST WANDERING FROM MASTER TO MASTER IN SEARCH OF ENLIGHTENMENT."  
"WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?" ASKED JIZO.  
"I DON'T KNOW," SAID HOGEN.  
"DON'T KNOW IS THE MOST INTIMATE," SAID JIZO.  
THE TWO SAT TOGETHER BY THE FIRE, TALKING OF A TREATISE ON BUDDHISM, AND WHEN THEY GOT TO A SENTENCE THAT READ, "HEAVEN AND I ARE OF THE SAME ROOT," JIZO ASKED, "ARE MOUNTAINS AND RIVERS AND THE GREAT EARTH DIFFERENT FROM ME OR THE SAME?"  
SHINZAN, WHO WAS WITH THEM, REPLIED, "THE SAME."  
JIZO HELD UP TWO FINGERS, AND, LOOKING AT THEM EARNESTLY, SAID THERE WERE TWO, AND THEN WENT OUT. IT HAD NOW STOPPED RAINING, AND JIZO ACCOMPANIED HOGEN AND SHINZAN TO THE GATE. ON THE WAY, IN THE GARDEN THERE WAS A STONE, AND POINTING TO IT, JIZO ASKED A QUESTION: "IT IS SAID THAT IN THE THREE WORLDS, ALL IS MIND. IS THIS STONE IN THE MIND OR OUTSIDE IT?"  
HOGEN ANSWERED, "INSIDE IT."  
JIZO SAID, "YOU PEOPLE ON A PILGRIMAGE, WHY DO YOU THINK THAT THE STONE IS IN YOUR MIND?"  
HOGEN WAS AT A LOSS AND COULD FIND NO ANSWER, SO HE UNLASHED HIS BUNDLE AND ASKED JIZO TO HELP HIM RESOLVE THE PROBLEM.  
AFTER A MONTH, HOGEN EXPLAINED HIS VIEW OF PHILOSOPHY, BUT JIZO SAID, "BUDDHISM IS NOT PHILOSOPHY."  
HOGEN THEN SAID, "I HAVE NOW GOT TO THE POINT OF AVOIDING ALL WORDS AND GIVING UP ALL PHILOSOPHY."  
JIZO SAID, "IF YOU NOW EXPLAIN BUDDHISM, EVERYTHING IS ACCOMPLISHED."  
AT THIS, HOGEN WAS PROFOUNDLY ENLIGHTENED.

Maneesha, these small anecdotes are not just for reading, are not just to become more acquainted with different worldviews. Zen is not possible to capture in scriptures, in doctrines. By thinking, by concentration, by contemplation, you cannot find it.

The strangest thing about Zen is that it is hidden in the seeker, and the seeker is running

from master to master, from philosophy to philosophy -- thinking that by gathering much knowledge he will be able to understand the truth of existence, that he will be able to experience the significance and meaning of life.

But going from one master to another master one simply gathers words. And if those masters are not authentic, but only teachers ... Always remember the difference: the teacher is knowledgeable, but it is not his own experience. Somebody has been drinking the water and he is talking about the thirst and the quenching of thirst -- for the teacher, these are not his experiences. Perhaps he has seen somebody thirsty and then after drinking water feeling satisfied. He has seen the difference, but still he does not know what happened inside the man who was in thirst and then in contentment.

The master knows directly, immediately; it is never, never a borrowed thing. It is his own. It is his own song, it is his own dance. He is not imitating anyone and he is not in any way pretending. The teacher is doing that. The teacher can pretend to be a master -- out of a hundred masters, ninety-nine are only teachers. And it is very difficult for people to make out the difference, because both talk the same language. The teacher's words are empty, but how can you know? The master's words are breathing, alive, are surrounded by silence and peace. But in your state it is very difficult to make the distinction.

But in Zen, it has been a longstanding tradition since Bodhidharma left India: the disciples wander from teacher to teacher, master to master, listening to this, listening to that, hoping that somewhere they will find the man who triggers in them a flame that was already there, but needed to be triggered.

#### HOKEN BECAME A PRIEST AT THE AGE OF SEVEN.

He must have been a very intelligent child. To become a monk at the age of seven is nothing ordinary -- an extraordinary perception, at the age of seven, the quest for truth. Even at the age of seventy people are not aware of what this truth is all about. In fact they wonder why people unnecessarily talk about truth, the ultimate, the being -- there is so much to do in the world. Money, power, prestige, respectability ... there is the whole world to conquer.

Certainly, a boy of seven must have been of immense intelligence to see the futility of all power, of all that the world can give. The very fact that such a small child starts moving from master to master is enough proof of his intelligence. ... STUDYING BUDDHISM AND CONFUCIANISM.

Buddhism and Confucianism can be said to be polar opposites. Confucianism is an ancient type of communism -- no God, no soul, but only morality, social conduct, social ethics ... a better way of behavior, of being a gentleman, nice and cultured. Confucianism is an education of the personality, while Buddhism is not a study at all. And secondly, Buddhism is absolutely against personality. The more cultured the personality is, the more difficult to penetrate in, because the cultured personality becomes a solid rock.

An innocent child has no personality. He is vulnerable; and vulnerability is one of the greatest values for those who are seeking for truth. So Hogen must have been in great difficulty, moving amongst Confucian teachers. They can never be masters, they have never tried to enter in. They have been always cultivating the garden outside the house, painting the house from the outside. They have completely forgotten that the real house is inside. The painted wall, the beautiful garden around, are perfectly good, but one should not end with them. One should not start living in the porch! And that's what is happening with almost everybody, all around the world.

Confucian ideology was prevalent all over the great empire of China and the neighboring

countries, and for twenty-five centuries Confucius has been held up as one of the greatest men. Buddhism is a totally different approach. It penetrates within you, it does not bother about your porch. It wants to reach to the center of consciousness, not the garden surrounding your house; not the body, not the mind, but you in your essence. It is a very different way, almost opposite.

Confucianism is going outwards. Zen is going inwards. Between these two, this small child of seven, Hogen, must have been in great torture.

ONE DAY, SOME YEARS LATER, WHEN HOGEN WAS ON THE WAY TO THE LAKE, IT BEGAN TO RAIN AND HE TOOK SHELTER IN JIZO'S TEMPLE.

Jizo is a Zen master.

JIZO, WHO WAS SITTING BY THE FIREPLACE, ASKED HOGEN, "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

These simple questions in Zen have a very different meaning. When a Zen master asks, "From where are you coming?" he does not mean the place, the village from where you are coming. He means "From what source have you attained your consciousness? From where are you coming, and where are you going?"

These questions are not at all concerned with your outer coming and going. When Jizo said, "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

HOGEN REPLIED, "JUST WANDERING FROM MASTER TO MASTER IN SEARCH OF ENLIGHTENMENT."

At that age, perhaps very few people in the world have even thought about the word 'enlightenment'.

"WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?" ASKED JIZO.

"I DON'T KNOW," SAID HOGEN.

This purity and this innocence and this exposure ... "I don't know. I don't even know why I am trying to find something about which I cannot even say a word. And I am wandering from one master to another master -- I don't know."

"DON'T KNOW IS THE MOST INTIMATE," SAID JIZO.

A tremendous statement:

DON'T KNOW IS THE MOST INTIMATE.

All knowledge is far away from you. Only innocence is at the very center of your being. It is the most intimate.

This statement of Hogen, "I DON'T KNOW," is of tremendous value in Zen. It does not mean that he is ignorant, it simply means he is perfectly aware that he is still not at the center of his being. All that he knows is not worth mentioning.

Socrates reached the same statement at the age of seventy: "I don't know." Hogen, at his age, has the same genius, no ordinary thing. Even a man of the quality of Socrates realized it only at the very end of his life -- that he knows nothing, and all that he knows is futile.

He knows about things, a thousand and one things, but he does not know about himself. Death will take all that knowledge and will leave him alone. And he has not tried, in his whole life, to know that aloneness which will be left ultimately in his hands. That should have been his first concern, because death can come any moment.

His last moment he recognized. Although he was known as a great teacher ... he was a great teacher; because of his teachings he was being poisoned. But in the eyes of Zen his knowledge and his logic are just useless. Unnecessarily they poisoned him -- an innocent person who does not know himself, who has not yet come home, who has been wandering into words, linguistics, grammar, philosophy.

Hogen is certainly a Himalayan height in consciousness. As far as age is concerned he is

only a child, but his mental age is nearabout Socrates' -- seventy. He said, very innocently, "I DON'T KNOW."

And it needs a man like Jizo, a great master, to understand such a statement. Otherwise you will think, "What is there in it? He is simply ignorant."

But Jizo could see in the eyes of Hogen that his statement, "I DON'T KNOW," is not an expression of ignorance, but an expression of immense awareness: I DON'T KNOW.

That's why Jizo says, "DON'T KNOW, at this age ... It is the most intimate thing in the world." Because it opens the doors of wonder and the doors of mysteries. The day you drop all your knowledge, you become unburdened. You can fly, you lose all weight.

All religions teach doctrines; Zen simply points to the one who is hiding inside you. There is no other scripture and there is no other God and there is nothing else to learn. First *be* and explore your inner consciousness, and you will find all the treasures that even Alexander the Great could not find by conquering the world. Conquer yourself.

And in conquering yourself is the greatest victory, the most precious experience, because now you know your eternity, beginningless. Now you know death is a lie, it never happens. Only the consciousness moves from one house into another house. It is a house-changing, but the one who changes the house is invisible.

Jizo loved the small boy when he said, "I don't know."

THE TWO SAT TOGETHER BY THE FIRE, TALKING OF A TREATISE ON BUDDHISM, AND WHEN THEY GOT TO A SENTENCE THAT READ, "HEAVEN AND I ARE OF THE SAME ROOT," JIZO ASKED, "ARE MOUNTAINS AND RIVERS AND THE GREAT EARTH DIFFERENT FROM ME OR THE SAME?"

SHINZAN, WHO WAS WITH THEM, REPLIED, "THE SAME."

In our innermost core we are joined with the stars. It is one organic whole, the whole existence; we are just dewdrops in this vast ocean.

JIZO HELD UP TWO FINGERS ... A great genius, this boy Hogen. Jizo has recognized his search and his authenticity. He HELD UP TWO FINGERS, AND, LOOKING AT THEM EARNESTLY, SAID THERE WERE TWO, AND THEN WENT OUT.

IT HAD NOW STOPPED RAINING, AND JIZO ACCOMPANIED HOGEN AND SHINZAN TO THE GATE. ON THE WAY, IN THE GARDEN, THERE WAS A STONE, AND POINTING TO IT, JIZO ASKED A QUESTION: "IT IS SAID THAT IN THE THREE WORLDS, ALL IS MIND. IS THIS STONE IN THE MIND OR OUTSIDE IT?"

HOGEN ANSWERED, "INSIDE IT."

JIZO SAID, "YOU PEOPLE ON A PILGRIMAGE, WHY DO YOU THINK THAT THE STONE IS IN YOUR MIND?"

Why carry such a load?

HOGEN WAS AT A LOSS AND COULD FIND NO ANSWER, SO HE UNLASHED HIS BUNDLE AND ASKED JIZO TO HELP HIM RESOLVE THE PROBLEM.

He stopped going out. He dropped his bag and he said, "You have to help me resolve this problem: is the stone outside the mind or inside the mind?"

AND AFTER A MONTH, HOGEN EXPLAINED HIS VIEW OF PHILOSOPHY, BUT JIZO SAID, "BUDDHISM IS NOT PHILOSOPHY."

There have been philosophers who say that the stone exists only within you: what you see outside is only a projection, just as you see a projection of a film on the screen. There is nothing outside, you are projecting everything. These philosophers -- in India, the Adi Shankaracharya; in England, Bradley ... and Bosanquet, and there were many others in different countries -- are trying to say that the outside is only dream. It is your projection, it is not really there. It is your imagination, it is *maya*, just hallucination, a mirage.

In a desert you see a mirage, far away a small pool of water, but as you come closer the water disappears. There was no water; it was only sun rays reflected back from the desert. Because of their reflection and wavering, from far away they created the illusion of water, as if water waves were there. Even if there is a tree, it is reflected in those wavering sun rays. That becomes absolute proof: the tree is reflected in the water; it cannot be reflected in the sand. But when you come close, the tree is standing alone. What you have seen was not true.

That is the standpoint of these philosophers, the *mayavadins*, the illusionists.

Jizo became very interested in Hogen and after one month he asked him -- Hogen has been studying with him -- what was *his* view. Whatever that small boy must have understood, he said.

Jizo said, "Remember, Buddhism is not philosophy. You have to understand clearly: this is not a school of philosophy; you are not here to inquire intellectually what is true and what is false. You are here to experience what your consciousness is, where your roots are. This is not a school of philosophy, this is pure existentialism." ... But not the existentialism that is prevalent in the West, because that existentialism has again become intellectual. Zen has been fighting against intellect, against mind, and pushing aside the mind so that it can see directly without thinking.

Thinking creates waves, distorts things. The moment you can see without thinking, the truth is revealed in its immense beauty. First it is revealed inside, and then you can start experiencing it spreading all over the universe. Then in every flower it is you; then in every star, however far, it is you.

Jizo's showing two fingers is not the same as Winston Churchill's two fingers! Winston Churchill means by his two fingers, "victory." He is making the "V" sign. Jizo is saying something else, totally different. He is saying, "Although these two fingers look like two, they are joined deep in oneness. These two fingers are not two, these five fingers are not five; deep down they are joined in oneness."

HOGEN THEN SAID, "I HAVE NOW GOT TO THE POINT OF AVOIDING ALL WORDS AND GIVING UP ALL PHILOSOPHY."

JIZO SAID, "IF YOU now EXPLAIN BUDDHISM, EVERYTHING IS ACCOMPLISHED" -- without words, without philosophy.

AT THIS, HOGEN WAS PROFOUNDLY ENLIGHTENED.

Nothing was said.

Nothing can be said. He was absolutely silent. Two things joined, and the miracle happened.

First he was innocent, and he was aware of his innocence. Secondly, he went into philosophy but when Jizo told him Buddhism is not philosophy, it is actual experience, actualization ... He must have been a very rare child who said, "If Buddhism is not philosophy, I discard all philosophy, all words. I remain alone in my ignorance."

JIZO SAID, "That is great. IF YOU NOW EXPLAIN BUDDHISM, EVERYTHING IS ACCOMPLISHED."

But how to say anything when you have discarded words, you have discarded philosophy, you have discarded mind itself? Now you cannot even say "I do not know," because that too is using words.

Jizo remained utterly silent. In that silence, HOGEN WAS PROFOUNDLY ENLIGHTENED.

No words, no mind, and you are in.

No words, no mind, and you have realized the ultimate source of your being. And once accomplished, you cannot lose it. Once becoming aware of it, it remains with you twenty-four hours -- in life, in death, just an undercurrent of a vibrating and dancing consciousness. That is your reality and that is the reality of the whole existence. Different waves, different wave rhythms, different vibes, but everything is just a vibration of consciousness.

Muso wrote:

MANY TIMES THE MOUNTAINS HAVE TURNED  
FROM GREEN TO YELLOW --  
SO MUCH FOR THE CAPRICIOUS EARTH!  
DUST IN YOUR EYES,  
THE TRIPLE WORLD IS NARROW;  
NOTHING ON THE MIND, YOUR CHAIR  
IS WIDE ENOUGH.

Zen uses strange ways of explanation because ordinary ways are spoiled by being used for ordinary things, commodities in the marketplace.

NOTHING ON THE MIND, YOUR CHAIR IS WIDE ENOUGH -- in fact, the whole existence is your chair. It is your mind that is making you so small, so confined, so enslaved. Once the mind is not there, you simply start widening, spreading, and that widening has been found to be the most ecstatic experience.

Daito wrote:

AT LAST I HAVE BROKEN  
UNMON'S BARRIER!

Unmon was one of the famous masters and he used to call the mind "the barrier." Daito must have been a disciple to Unmon.

AT LAST, he says, I HAVE BROKEN UNMON'S BARRIER! THERE IS EXIT EVERYWHERE ....

All doors and all walls have disappeared. The whole universe has become available. ...  
EAST, WEST, NORTH, SOUTH.  
IN AT THE MORNING, OUT AT EVENING,  
NEITHER HOST NOR GUEST.  
MY EVERY STEP STIRS UP A LITTLE BREEZE.

Just everything is gone, all duality has gone. At the most, MY EVERY STEP STIRS UP A LITTLE BREEZE.

In this silence, even that little breeze is not stirred.

Maneesha asks:

IS IT TRUE THAT THERE IS NO RIGHT OR WRONG ANSWER, ONLY AN APPROPRIATE OR INAPPROPRIATE RESPONSE?

Maneesha, there is neither a right or wrong answer, nor is there an appropriate or inappropriate response. Because even appropriate and inappropriate will create the distinction of duality.

There is only spontaneity, without anything to qualify it as right or wrong.

There is only spontaneity.

You fall in love; you can't say why, you can't show the cause. You can't rationalize, you can simply shrug your shoulders. You will say, "I cannot say why -- it just happened."

That which just happens is the most beautiful, the most graceful. There is no question of duality.

This is a problem, Maneesha. You can get rid of one duality, and mind immediately provides you another duality -- better, refined, a little more difficult to figure out that it is a duality.

You have understood that there is no right or wrong but perhaps there is an appropriate or inappropriate response. No. There is only spontaneous response, neither appropriate nor inappropriate -- just spontaneous, without any qualification and without any judgment.

That's why the awakened ones have been insisting continuously: don't judge -- judgment creates duality. Non-judgment, and you are at ease, at home. Judgment brings mind in -- whether you think it is appropriate or inappropriate. The mind has come in from the back door. You had pushed it out the front door because it was continuously saying, "This is right and this is wrong." It has come from the back side, more refined, with a better commodity to sell -- the mind is such a good salesman. Now it says, "Think in terms of appropriate or inappropriate." But it is again the same game of dividing things.

Existence is one; it simply is.

To realize this isness is to realize the ultimate freedom from mind and its dualities.

Before we enter into this isness, a little laughter -- appropriate or inappropriate -- is absolutely needed. It will not harm anybody. But it will wake many who have gone to sleep by this time. I have to take care of the sleeping ones before they start snoring!

Calvin Dufus, Kowalski's cousin, is at a nightclub where a ventriloquist and his dummy are telling nothing but Polack jokes. Finally Calvin stands up.

"I'm tired of all these Polish jokes!" he shouts. "What makes you think that we are all so stupid?"

"Please, sir," says the ventriloquist. "They are only jokes, and I have never met a Polack without a sense of humor."

"I'm not talking to you!" shouts Dufus. "I'm talking to that little jerk on your knee!"

In a big divorce case in Hollywood, Horace Kringcock is in the witness stand.

"Now, as I understand it," says Babblebrain, his attorney, "every night you would come home from work, and you would find a different naked man in the clothes closet."

"Yes," replies Horace, "that is right."

"And, of course," continues Babblebrain, "this caused you incredible anguish, mental suffering, and heartache. Am I right?"

"That's right!" cries Horace. "I could never find any place to hang my coat!"

Pope the Polack is on a pilgrimage to South Africa. He is riding around in the popemobile when he sees two white men pulling a black man out of a river with a rope.

The pope directs his popemobile to the water's edge and leaps out to meet the two white guys.

"Well done," cries Pope the Polack. "You have completely restored my faith in the people of South Africa by courageously saving the black man from drowning." He then throws himself down and kisses the swamp, jumps back into the popemobile, and drives off.

"Who was that?" asked one of the white guys.

"Oh, that was Pope the Polack," says the other. "He knows everything about everything."

"Well, maybe he does," says the first white guy, throwing the black man back into the river, "but he doesn't know *shit* about hunting crocodiles!"

Kowalski finds himself drunk in a train compartment with Father Blessbutt. "What is yer reading, Yer Holiness?" asks Kowalski.

"It is the Bible, my son," sighs the priest. Father Blessbutt smells the whiskey on Kowalski's breath, and continues, "Right now I am reading the amazing story of Samson. He was the strongest man in the world.

"One day, out in the fields, he saw five thousand Philistines coming over the hill. Samson took the jawbone of an ass and slew five hundred of them. And then he routed the rest."

Kowalski is very impressed. That night he is telling everybody in the pub all about it.

"I'm going to get a Bible," Kowalski announces.

"My god!" says Nurdski. "What for?"

"Well," says Kowalski, "this priest was telling me that all sorts of amazing things are in it. Like there is a tough guy called Simpson. One day, he's out in the garden when fifty thousand Filipinos come over the hill. But Simpson attacks them, just with the ass-bone of a Jew. He kills five thousand of them single-handed, and then he screws the rest!"

Now get ready ...

Nivedano, give the first beat and everybody goes crazy.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

Be silent ... you have thrown all dust out.

Now, go inwards ... no movement of the body.

This ...

This very isness is the secret of all secrets.

One who knows this knows the eternal and the immortal, knows also that he is one with the whole.

Go deeper, deeper to the roots.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Fall down ... relax totally, almost as if you are dead.

This is just to help you to reach to your very center.

This very silence is the door to the kingdom of God.

This very silence ... makes you alone, an emperor without any empire.

You don't have to conquer the world.

If you know this isness you have conquered the whole universe.

The experience of this isness makes one a buddha, the awakened one.

You all carry the buddha inside you, never looking inwards -- the beauty of it, the joy of it, the blissfulness of it.

Carry this experience the whole day.

Awake or asleep, let it flow like an undercurrent and your life will become a dance, a celebration.

And unless your life becomes a celebration, you have not lived it to its totality.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Now you all come back from death to a new life, realizing yourself as a buddha.

Not searching for any god outside, but declaring in your every action the very essence of godliness, in your love, in your peace, in your joy.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate so many buddhas ... assembled in this immense silence?

Yes!

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #10

#### Chapter title: Be at the center

**6 July 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

Archive code: 8807065

ShortTitle: CUCKOO10

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 40 mins

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BELOVED OSHO,  
SUIBI ASKED TANKA, "WHO WAS THE TEACHER OF ALL THE BUDDHAS?"  
TANKA SAID TO SUIBI, "YOU'D BETTER NOT TAKE YOURSELF SO SERIOUSLY! USE THE FLOOR CLOTH AND BROOM MORE."  
SUIBI TOOK THREE STEPS TO THE REAR.  
"A BLUNDER!" CRIED TANKA.  
SUIBI THEN STEPPED FORWARD THREE PACES.  
"ANOTHER BLUNDER!" SAID TANKA.  
SUIBI RAISED ONE LEG AND TURNED ROUND ON THE OTHER.  
TANKA SAID, "YOU'VE GOT IT; YOU DEFIED THE OTHER TEACHERS OF ALL THE BUDDHAS!"  
A MONK SAID TO UMMON, "WHAT IS YOUR AGE, MAY I ASK?"  
UMMON REPLIED, "SEVEN TIMES NINE -- SIXTY-EIGHT."  
THE MONK SAID, "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, `SEVEN TIMES NINE -- SIXTY-EIGHT'?"  
UMMON SAID, "I TOOK OFF FIVE YEARS FOR YOUR SAKE."  
MYOSHO WAS A DISCIPLE OF RAZAN. AT HIS FIRST MEETING WITH RAZAN, HE JUMPED TO HIS FEET AS SOON AS HE HAD MADE HIS BOWS, AND RAZAN ASKED HIM WHERE HE HAD COME FROM. BY WAY OF ANSWER, MYOSHO ASKED, "WHAT IS IT THAT IS HAPPENING JUST AT THIS MOMENT?"  
RAZAN SALUTED HIM GRACIOUSLY, AND SAID, "HAVE SOME TEA!"  
MYOSHO HESITATED, AND RAZAN SAID, "IT'S A WARM AUTUMN DAY; WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT SOMEWHERE?"  
MYOSHO SIGHED, AND THOUGHT THAT HE HAD STARTED OFF FULL OF AMBITION, AND IT HAD ALL COME TO THIS, TO NOTHING.  
THE NEXT DAY HE TRIED AGAIN, BUT RAZAN SAID, "THE FEATHERS ARE NOT FULLY GROWN AND THE WINGS ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH YET; GO AWAY!"  
AFTERWARDS, WHEN HE WAS ENLIGHTENED, MYOSHO DID NOT STAY IN ONE SPOT, BUT WENT ROUND THE COUNTRY CONVERTING ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE.  
FORTY YEARS LATER, WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TO DIE, MYOSHO ASCENDED THE ROSTRUM AND ADMONISHED AND INSTRUCTED THE MONKS. THAT EVENING HE STRETCHED OUT HIS LEGS AND SAID TO THE MONK-ATTENDANT, "LONG AGO, SHAKA NYORAI STRETCHED OUT BOTH LEGS, AND A HUNDRED TREASURES OF GLORIOUS LIGHT WERE EMITTED. TELL ME, AREN'T I EMITTING SOME?"  
THE ATTENDANT REPLIED, "IN ANCIENT TIMES, THE CRANE GROVE; TODAY, YOUR HONOR!"  
MYOSHO RUMPLED HIS EYEBROWS AND SAID, "ISN'T SOME FOX MAKING A FOOL OF ME?"  
HE THEN RECITED A GATHA, SAT IN THE PROPER WAY AND QUIETLY AND SLOWLY PASSED AWAY.

Maneesha, before I discuss the beautiful anecdotes of Zen, I have to warn you that in the neighborhood a few idiots are celebrating a slavery. They call it a marriage ceremony. So don't take them seriously. Just as we don't get disturbed by the bamboos, let these bamboos do whatever they want to do. It is a good test for you to remain silent and attentive.

SUIBI ASKED TANKA, "WHO WAS THE TEACHER OF ALL THE BUDDHAS?"

A very common question in the Zen tradition. One naturally wants to know who was the teacher of the buddhas.

The reality is that a buddha never has a teacher or a teaching. He comes in contact with masters, not with teachers. And to be in contact with masters does not mean learning anything. That very exposure to the masters awakens the flame inside him and suddenly he finds the buddha within.

It is a catalytic transformation. Nothing is said, nothing is heard, and in the silent presence of a master people suddenly realize their buddhahood.

TANKA SAID TO SUIBI, "YOU'D BETTER NOT TAKE YOURSELF SO SERIOUSLY! USE THE FLOOR CLOTH AND BROOM MORE."

SUIBI TOOK THREE STEPS TO THE REAR.

"A BLUNDER!"

Going back will not do. Even if you go back to Gautam Buddha, it won't help. Existence never goes back, not even three steps.

SUIBI THEN STEPPED FORWARD THREE PACES.

"ANOTHER BLUNDER!" SAID TANKA.

Because existence never goes ahead of itself.

How can it go?

Existence never goes backward or forward.

It is always here.

Time is an invention of mind.

It is not part of existence.

SUIBI RAISED ONE LEG AND TURNED ROUND ON THE OTHER. Just like the hands of a clock.

TANKA SAID, "YOU HAVE GOT IT; YOU DEFIED THE OTHER TEACHERS OF ALL THE BUDDHAS!" You got the point:

Be at the center.

Don't go backward, don't go forward.

Don't go anywhere, just be.

And in that very being you have surpassed all the teachers of the buddhas. You have become a buddha yourself.

Just a small anecdote, but so beautiful, so great in its depth and meaning that anyone who can see the point can become a buddha that very moment. And here in this assembly, in this silent moment, you are all in the same situation as Suibi: centered, silent, doing nothing. Just being a peace, a love, a consciousness. You have surpassed all the teachers of buddhas in this moment.

The only trouble with you is that you go on forgetting. You go on again and again becoming unconscious. Remain conscious and at the center, and there is no need to worship any master or any buddha. There is no need to learn any scripture. You have all, the whole reality in your hands.

A MONK SAID TO UMMON, "WHAT IS YOUR AGE, MAY I ASK?"  
UMMON REPLIED, "SEVEN TIMES NINE -- SIXTY-EIGHT."

The monk must have thought it strange, because seven times nine does not make sixty-eight.

THE MONK SAID, "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'SEVEN TIMES NINE -- SIXTY EIGHT'?"  
UMMON SAID, "I TOOK OFF FIVE YEARS FOR YOUR SAKE."

You are so stupid that it will take five years at least to wake you up!

MYOSHO WAS A DISCIPLE OF RAZAN. AT HIS FIRST MEETING WITH RAZAN, HE JUMPED TO HIS FEET AS SOON AS HE HAD MADE HIS BOWS, AND RAZAN ASKED HIM WHERE HE HAD COME FROM. BY WAY OF ANSWER, MYOSHO ASKED, "WHAT IS IT THAT IS HAPPENING JUST AT THIS MOMENT?"

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THE ATTENDANT REPLIED, "IN ANCIENT TIMES, THE CRANE GROVE; TODAY, YOUR HONOR!"

MYOSHO RUMPLED HIS EYEBROWS AND SAID, "IS NOT SOME FOX MAKING A FOOL OF ME?" HE THEN RECITED A GATHA -- a sutra of Gautam Buddha -- SAT IN THE PROPER WAY AND QUIETLY AND SLOWLY PASSED AWAY.

It is one of the specialties of Zen tradition that people have lived consciously and people have died consciously. Their death is also as silent, as peaceful, as their life has been; death cannot be otherwise. You are afraid of death because you are afraid of life. If you love life, if you enjoy life, if your life is a dance, you will never be afraid of death because you know that you can dance through death just as well as you can dance in life.

A poem by Reizan:

THE MYRIAD DIFFERENCES RESOLVED BY SITTING,  
ALL DOORS OPENED.  
IN THIS STILL PLACE I FOLLOW MY NATURE,  
BE WHAT IT MAY.

Just by sitting silently, all doors of existence open. Zen simply means sitting silently, not doing anything. Everything happens spontaneously.

It is ready to happen.

You are preventing it by being busy -- busy without business, doing all kinds of stupid things.

This is sheer wastage of a tremendously valuable lifetime. A single moment of silent sitting is an eternity in itself.

You have come home.

FROM THE ONE HUNDRED FLOWERS  
I WANDER FREELY.  
THE SOARING CLIFF -- MY HALL OF MEDITATION.  
WITH THE MOON EMERGED,  
MY MIND IS MOTIONLESS.  
SITTING ON THIS FROSTY SEAT,  
NO FURTHER DREAM OF FAME.  
THE FOREST, THE MOUNTAIN,  
FOLLOW THEIR ANCIENT WAYS,  
AND THROUGH THE LONG SPRING DAY  
NOT EVEN THE SHADOW OF A BIRD.

Everything is so quiet and silent once your mind is put aside.

Maneesha has asked:

FOR THOSE OF US WHO CONTINUALLY FORGET THAT WE ARE BUDDHAS, IS IT POSSIBLE TO BE SPONTANEOUS, OR ARE WE ONLY EVER IMPETUOUS?

Maneesha, you cannot forget to be buddhas, you just have not remembered yet -- because once remembered, I cannot conceive of how you can forget. You don't forget that you are a woman, doing thousands of things; you don't forget that you are a man, doing a thousand things; you don't forget that you are alive.

And these are very ordinary things. Once you know that you are a buddha, there is no possibility of forgetting it. The real thing is to remember.

You forget because it is only intellectually understood that you are a buddha. Naturally, you forget. Intellectually, you cannot breathe -- you will forget. You may get engaged in something and forget to breathe. Intellectually, you cannot have your heart beating because somebody insults you, and you will forget completely that the heart has to remain beating.

Intellectually, everything is superficial. But to understand existentially is to know by your very marrow, by your very heart, by your very beyond. There is no question of forgetting, ever.

I can give you the proof: for thirty-five years I have been trying to forget it and I have failed. I try, day in and day out, to forget. It is so easy to be unenlightened -- everybody is enjoying spaghetti. But because of this enlightenment, just the remembrance of spaghetti and I start feeling it is better to commit suicide. Spaghetti? And people are enjoying all kinds of nonsense ....

Unfortunately, I became enlightened.

You are very fortunate. A little more, enjoy.

But one day, remember, if you linger long enough by my side, you are going to become enlightened and never forget it. And you will never forgive me either!

Father Murphy is in the church one Friday night when the door bursts open and Paddy stumbles in, very drunk. The priest watches him stagger around the church until he finds the confessional booth and goes inside.

Father Murphy feels compassion for the poor drunk Paddy, and goes to hear his confession. He enters his side of the booth and waits for Paddy to begin.

Paddy says nothing, just grunts and groans a bit, and then there is silence. The priest

becomes impatient and starts knocking on the wall, to encourage Paddy to begin his confession.

"It is no good banging on the wall!" cries Paddy. "There is no toilet paper in here either!"

Now, the right joke at the right time:

Sammy and Clarissa have just got married. But shortly after arriving at the honeymoon hotel, the still nervous Sammy becomes worried about the state of his bride's innocence. Deciding on the direct approach, he quickly undresses. Then pointing at his exposed manhood, he asks Clarissa, "Honey, do you know what this is?"

Without hesitation, she blushes and says, "Why yes, that is a wee-wee."

Delighted at the idea of instructing his innocent wife in the ways of love, Sammy whispers, "From now on, dearest, this will be called a prick."

"Ah, come on!" says Clarissa. "That's a wee-wee. A prick is big and black!"

Bernard the bartender owns a dog called Bessie, who always hangs out in the bar during the evening. But one day, just after Bernard has opened the bar, Bessie wanders over to the entrance and deposits a big shit just inside the door. Bernard does not notice this, and the first customer to come in is Kowalski.

Kowalski's first step inside lands straight in the pile of shit. He slips ass over tit, slides along the floor and hits his head against the bar.

"Wow!" cries Kowalski, rubbing his head. "Give me a double whiskey."

The next guy to come in is McCabe, a huge Irishman. He also steps in the shit, slips ass over tit, slides across the floor and hits his head on the bar. "Jesus Christ!" cries McCabe, rubbing his head.

Kowalski is watching all this, and says sympathetically, "I did that."

So McCabe picks up Kowalski, carries him over to the shit, rubs his nose in it and then throws him out of the door.

It is January, 1989, and Osho has been elected President of the United States.

Swami Deva Coconut has just moved back to the States and he goes into his favorite bar, The Hilarious Horse Pub, and says to the bartender, "Give me a glass of beer. And put on the six o'clock news -- I want to see President Reagan's latest speech to the nation."

"I am sorry," says the bartender, "but Reagan is no more in office; Osho is president."

The next evening Coconut goes into the same bar and says, "Give me a beer, and put on the six o'clock news. I want to see Reagan's latest speech to the nation."

"But I told you yesterday," says the bartender, "Osho is president now."

But the same thing happens every day that week. Finally, on Saturday, the bartender loses his temper. So when Coconut asks to see Reagan on TV, the poor guy freaks out. "Look here, you dodo!" he shouts. "Every night you ask to see Reagan on TV, and every night I tell you that Osho is president. Don't you understand?"

"Of course I do," says Coconut. "But I just like to hear you say it!"

Now, before the other coconuts come, we have to do our meditation. Of course, many coconuts will freak out. Do your best, at least for today.

Nivedano, give the first beat ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, utterly silent.

No movement. Just be statues and enter in.

(IN THE DISTANCE, THE DRUMS AND BRASS OF THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION CAN BE HEARD. SOON THEY WILL ARRIVE NEXT DOOR FOR THE CEREMONY.)

Deeper and deeper.

Once you are in, nothing can disturb you.

For that particular purpose I have chosen to let the coconuts come with their drums. They cannot disturb a single person here.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Die, completely die.

Relax so totally ... as if you are no more the body, no more the mind, but just a pure flame of light and joy.

In the neighborhood, slavery is happening.

Here, freedom is the only teaching, the only way.

And you can be free only when you are in your innermost being.

At this point, you defeat all the buddhas because you yourself become the latest buddha.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Bring all the buddhas back -- resurrected, rejuvenated, remembering who they are.

Sit in the buddha posture silently and listen to the coconuts!

It is a great moment to be a watcher of a coconut marriage.

Just be, and nothing in the whole world can stir you.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate so many buddhas in a world full of coconuts?

Yes!

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #11

#### Chapter title: Dhyana has no gate

**7 July 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

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BELOVED OSHO,  
KINZAN, GANTO AND SEPPO WERE DOING ZAZEN WHEN TOZAN CAME IN WITH THE TEA.  
KINZAN SHUT HIS EYES. TOZAN ASKED, "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"  
KINZAN REPLIED, "I AM ENTERING DHYANA."  
TOZAN SAID, "DHYANA HAS NO GATE; HOW CAN YOU ENTER INTO IT?"  
A MONK ASKED JOSHU, "WHAT IS THE WAY WITHOUT MISTAKES?"  
JOSHU SAID, "KNOWING ONE'S MIND, SEEING INTO ONE'S NATURE, IS THE WAY WITHOUT MISTAKES."  
A MONK ASKED GANTO, "WHEN THE THREE WORLDS ARE ATTACKING US, WHAT SHALL WE DO?"  
"SIT STILL!" SAID GANTO.  
THE MONK WAS SURPRISED AND SAID, "PLEASE EXPLAIN A LITTLE MORE."  
"BRING ME MOUNT RO," SAID GANTO, "AND I WILL TELL YOU."  
ON ANOTHER OCCASION, ZUIGAN ASKED GANTO, "WHAT IS THE ETERNAL AND FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF THINGS?"  
GANTO REPLIED, "MOVEMENT."  
ZUIGAN ASKED, "WHAT IS THIS MOVEMENT?"  
GANTO SAID, "WHEN YOU SEE THINGS MOVE, CAN'T YOU SEE THIS ETERNAL AND FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF THINGS?"  
ZUIGAN WAS LOST IN THOUGHT, AND GANTO SAID, "IF YOU AGREE TO THIS, YOU ARE STILL IN THE DUST OF THIS WORLD; IF YOU DISAGREE, YOU WILL BE ALWAYS SUNK IN LIFE AND DEATH."

Maneesha, these small anecdotes are small only in size; in depth, no ocean can compete with them. It is a miracle that in such small dialogues, the greatest of experiences, which are inexpressible, are expressed. Look at this small anecdote:

KINZAN, GANTO AND SEPPO -- all masters -- WERE DOING ZAZEN WHEN TOZAN CAME IN WITH THE TEA.

Zazen, as you know, means simply sitting and doing nothing. Not even thinking, because thinking is also doing. Simply not doing anything -- physical, mental, or spiritual -- just being like a flame, unwavering, without any wind around.

TOZAN CAME IN WITH THE TEA. KINZAN SHUT HIS EYES. TOZAN ASKED, "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

Do you see the point? By closing your eyes, certainly you are going inwards, but exactly

where? Because just the word 'inward' is not indicative of any destination. The inwardness is as vast as outwardness. "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

KINZAN REPLIED,

"I AM ENTERING DHYANA" -- meditation. In an ordinary way, his answer is perfect. But Zen is not ordinary -- never for a single moment. It is always and always extraordinary. Because Tozan immediately said:

"DHYANA -- meditation -- HAS NO GATE; HOW CAN YOU ENTER INTO IT?"

Now ... great masters, just at tea time, talking of great things ... Tea time becomes absolutely sacred. Tozan's point is that *dhyana* has no gate; it is all openness, it is the whole sky inside -- how are you going to enter? From what gate? It has no gate.

Out of the remaining three, nobody said anything. It is true; there is no gate inside. And this is also true, that just by sitting silently, doing nothing, without any gate, you enter in. The gate is not a necessity. Can't you enter this Buddha Hall without a gate? Inside there is no wall, no question of a gate; hence the remaining three masters did not say a single word. Tozan has uttered an ultimate question; only silence can be the answer.

A MONK ASKED JOSHU, "WHAT IS THE WAY WITHOUT MISTAKES?"

JOSHU SAID, "KNOWING ONE'S MIND, SEEING INTO ONE'S NATURE, IS THE WAY WITHOUT MISTAKES."

Mind can commit mistakes but once you are beyond mind, there is no one to commit mistakes. Mind can go wrong, but beyond mind there is no way of going wrong. Beyond mind, you are simply drowned into your own nature.

A MONK ASKED GANTO, "WHEN THE THREE WORLDS ARE ATTACKING US, WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

By the Three Worlds is meant heaven, earth, and hell. And they are all attacking us, throwing us this way or that way, pulling this way or that way.

WHEN THE THREE WORLDS ARE ATTACKING US, WHAT SHALL WE DO?

GANTO SAID, "SIT STILL!"

THE MONK WAS SURPRISED AND SAID, "PLEASE EXPLAIN A LITTLE MORE."

A little more is not possible. SIT STILL is more than enough already. Sit still and there is no hell, no heaven, no earth. Just one single universe, all boundaries dissolved, all divisions disappeared. Now what more can be said? But the poor monk could not understand. He asked, PLEASE EXPLAIN A LITTLE MORE. Ganto said, BRING ME MOUNT RO ...

RO is Japanese for Mount Sumeru -- I have explained it to you, the gold mountain in heaven, a thousand times bigger than the Himalayas. Nobody knows its end and nobody knows its beginning.

Ganto said, "Bring me Sumeru and I will tell you." He is saying to the monk, "Don't ask stupid questions; otherwise I have to answer stupidly. Don't be idiotic; otherwise out of compassion I have to be idiotic with you, just so you have companionship."

Nobody can bring Mount Sumeru. It is just a mythology, it exists nowhere. And even if it exists, how can you bring it?

Asking a question that assumes something more can be said about meditation than "Sit still" is asking something absolutely impossible.

Sit still and all three worlds disappear. In this moment, listening to the cuckoo, all has disappeared. There is only a deep silence, in, deepening within your being.

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, ZUIGAN ASKED GANTO, "WHAT IS THE ETERNAL AND FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF THINGS?"

GANTO REPLIED, "MOVEMENT" -- change.

ZUIGAN ASKED, "WHAT IS THIS MOVEMENT?"

GANTO SAID, "WHEN YOU SEE THINGS MOVE, CAN'T YOU SEE THIS ETERNAL AND FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF THINGS?"

A rosebush growing, bringing roses ... a cuckoo suddenly starts singing, and each moment everything is growing that is living. The bamboos are becoming bigger, and even the Himalayas are becoming bigger. Howsoever slow the change ... the Himalaya becomes one foot higher every year. But in this eternity that is too much. Finally, you can imagine, if it does not stop growing it will become absolutely impossible for another Edmund Hillary to reach Mount Everest.

But existence is growing. Trees are growing, you are growing, your consciousness is growing. Nothing is static. Movement is the fundamental question, and Ganto has put it correctly: When you see things move, can't you see this eternal principle of things? Life is growth, in short. The moment you stop growing, you are dead.

Life has to be a river, always moving. The moment you become frozen somewhere, the movement is stopped, life disappears.

Even your going in is growing every day, deeper and deeper and deeper. You have to find the eternal source of your being. It is a great dive inside. And every day, every moment, you can go on growing in it. There is no end to it. You don't simply become a buddha and stop. If you stop, then you become just a stone statue.

I sometimes wonder ... all these stone statues of Buddha around the world -- are these real people who have stopped growing and become stones? Will they ever understand and start growing again, and talking and walking?

Even Gautam Buddha has accepted that there is something still beyond him. He is not the end, he is only the beginning. A true understanding, an honest expression -- Buddha says, "I am only born, now the growth begins."

ZUIGAN WAS LOST IN THOUGHT -- listening to Ganto -- AND GANTO SAID, "IF YOU AGREE TO THIS, YOU ARE STILL IN THE DUST OF THIS WORLD."

This is a very beautiful point to be remembered. If you agree to this, to what I have said, remember: agreement means movement has stopped. You have already agreed. If you agree to this, you are still in the world.

AND IF YOU DISAGREE, YOU WILL ALWAYS BE SUNK IN LIFE AND DEATH.

What a great insight, that even agreement or disagreement are not allowed. You are to grow beyond all dualities, it does not matter what the duality is. Because every duality means choosing one against the other, and growth stops.

Life is a choicelessness. Never choose. Just be, and allow your being to grow to unknown skies, to unknown spaces. And you will find your buddhahood bringing more and more flowers, showering more and more blessings, bringing greater and greater ecstasies. And there is no end to it.

Manzan wrote a poem:

ONE MINUTE OF SITTING, ONE INCH OF BUDDHA.  
LIKE LIGHTNING, ALL THOUGHTS COME AND PASS.  
JUST ONCE LOOK INTO YOUR MIND DEPTHS:  
NOTHING ELSE HAS EVER BEEN.

Two points he is making in his small poem. ONE MINUTE OF SITTING -- even one minute of sitting without doing anything, no thought is stirred inside you, all is utterly silent -- ONE INCH OF BUDDHA. You have found at least one inch of buddhahood. And you don't need much more. Each moment, go on. And whatever you have found will also go on growing. From one inch to one yard, and from one yard to one mile, and from one mile to one light year, and it will go on and on. Buddhahood is a pilgrimage which ends nowhere. And what is the meaning of sitting?

Like lightning, all thoughts come and pass; you just remain watchful. Don't make any judgment or identification.

Just like lightning, let them come and go. You remain in your depths, just silent and witnessing, and you will be surprised: nothing else has ever been, except your inner depth. Your innermost silence is the stuff existence is made of.

Maneesha is asking:  
BELOVED OSHO,  
THE STORY OF ZUIGAN SEEMS TO HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD, DOESN'T IT?  
IS IT NOT SO, THAT WE ARE LITERALLY "LOST IN THOUGHT" AND FOUND  
AGAIN IN MEDITATION?

Maneesha, ordinarily what you are saying is absolutely right. In thought, you are lost, in meditation you are found. But if you want to listen to the answer in Zen language, there is no losing and no finding.

There is simply silence.

You are not.

These songs of cuckoos pass through you just as through a hollow bamboo.

In thoughts, you start imagining that you are. When thoughts are not there, don't start imagining that now you are *really*. Once thoughts are gone, you are also simply a thought; you are also gone. Then what remains is only a pure consciousness, without any "I" attached to it.

You don't find yourself, you simply lose yourself, both the ways: either you lose yourself in thoughts or you lose yourself in no-thought. But losing yourself in thought is very ordinary; losing yourself in no-thought has a splendor and an eternity of joy and bliss. You are not there, but there is a dance of pure consciousness. It is not your dance -- you are gone with your thoughts. You were nothing but the combination of your thoughts. As one by one your thoughts disappear, part by part you melt away. Finally, you are no more.

And this is the moment -- when you are no more -- that the ultimate is in your hands.

It is a strange situation:

When you are, your hands are empty.

When you are not, your hands are full.

When you are, you are simply misery, anguish. When you are not, there is bliss. You cannot say, "I am blissful"; there is only bliss.

There is only silence.

There is only truth.

The cuckoos have become silent, waiting for a few laughs from you. Remember, laughter is one of the ways in which you can disappear. Only laughter remains. ... The cuckoo has started again, calling forth.

Doctor Lech, the school physician, is examining the young, shapely co-ed. He picks up his stethoscope and placing it very carefully near the sweet young thing's heart, he says, "Big breaths."

The young girl smiles coyly and replies, "Yeth, and I am not even thickthteen yet!"

A Protestant minister goes to a barber for a haircut. When the barber has finished, the minister says, "How much do I owe you, my good man?"

The barber replies, "That's okay, Reverend. No charge for a man of the cloth."

The minister is very pleased and the next day a bunch of flowers from the minister arrives for the barber's wife.

Next week a Catholic priest goes in for a haircut. When it is done he says, "How much do I owe you, my good man?"

"Nothing, Father," replies the barber. "No charge for a man of the cloth." The next day a big box of chocolates for the barber's wife is delivered to the shop.

Two days later a Jewish rabbi has a haircut and when it is done he is told the same thing. "That's very kind of you," says the rabbi, and he leaves the shop. Half an hour later, eight rabbis come in for a haircut.

Molly O'Brien goes to visit the parish priest, Father Hogan, for confession.

"Father," she says, "I feel so bad. Last night I called a man a dirty bastard."

"Now, why," says Father Hogan, "would you want to say a thing like that, my child?"

"Well, Father, you see," says Molly, "he put his arm around me."

"What, like this?" says Hogan.

"Yes," says Molly, "just like that."

"Well," says Hogan, "that is no reason to call him a dirty bastard."

"Yes, but then, Father, he kissed me!"

"What, like this?" asks the priest.

"Yes," says Molly.

"Well," replies Hogan, "that is no reason to call him a dirty bastard."

"I know, Father. But then you see, he put me down on the sofa and lifted my dress."

"You mean, like this?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well," says Hogan, "still no reason to call him a bastard."

"Yes, but then he pulled his pants down!" cries Molly.

"Like this?" asks the priest.

"Yes," says Molly.

"Well, that is still no reason to call him a dirty bastard."

"But Father ... then he made love to me!"

"Like this?" gasps Hogan.

"Yes, Father," moans Molly.

"And you called him a dirty bastard for that?"

"But, Father, you see, then he told me that he had gonorrhoea!"

"Jesus Christ!" cries Hogan, "the dirty bastard!"

Hamish MacTavish picks up a girl in a bar. After a few drinks, they go to a hotel room and make love. In the middle of the night, Hamish wakes up to go to the bathroom. When he

gets out of bed, he notices that the woman has taken off a wooden leg, and has leaned it against the wall.

Hamish is fascinated by it, and as the girl is asleep, he starts fiddling with its springs and braces. But finally he finds that he has taken the wooden leg apart and can't put it back together again.

He goes out into the hall and stops the first person that comes along, who happens to be Paddy, very drunk. "Can you help me?" says Hamish. "I have got a woman in my room with one leg apart, and I can't seem to get it back together."

"Hell!" replies Paddy. "That's nothing. I have got a woman in my room with both legs apart, and I can't even find the goddam door!"

Now, Nivedano, give the first beat to the drum and everybody goes crazy.

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, close your eyes.

No movement ... just be a stone statue and let your consciousness deepen inwards, just like an arrow going in ... in ... in.

This is one inch of Buddha.

If you can keep it all the day long underneath your activities, it does not matter what you do, you remain a buddha.

And to be a buddha is the only richness there is, and the only life there is.

Only in this silence flowers have blossomed, songs have arisen, poetry without words, and dance without movements.

This is the ultimate mystery of you and of the whole existence.

To make it deeper ...

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

And everybody dies.

Relax so deeply, as if you are dead, so that only an inner consciousness becomes a concentrated, crystallized center.

This is it.

Neither you nor me, but simply the isness of existence, the unbounded sky of your inner world.

You can open your wings and fly in the inner world without any bondage, without any weight.

This has been called by the buddhas and the siddhas, the only freedom.

Great is this blissfulness, this suchness, this life in death, this silence in relaxation, this peace beyond mind, this dance which is the only sacred experience in the world.

Poor are those who have never entered in.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back.

Not as you have gone in, come back alive, fresh, come back as buddhas.

At least sit for a few moments.

A few inches of buddha within you, and they will start growing.

They are like seeds. You are the soil.

You can become a garden.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate all the buddhas?

Yes!

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# Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

## Chapter #12

Chapter title: Hidden behind these reflecting eyes

**8 July 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

Archive code: 8807085

ShortTitle: CUCKOO12

Audio: Yes

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Length: 63 mins

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BELOVED OSHO,  
ONCE A MONK MADE A PORTRAIT OF JOSHU AND GAVE IT TO HIM.  
JOSHU SAID TO THE MONK, "TELL ME, DOES THIS LOOK LIKE ME OR NOT? IF IT LOOKS LIKE ME, I WILL BEAT ME TO DEATH; IF IT DOESN'T, I WILL BURN YOU TO DEATH!"  
THE MONK HAD NOTHING TO SAY.  
ONE OF KINZAN'S MONKS PAINTED A PORTRAIT OF HIM AND PRESENTED IT TO HIM.  
KINZAN SAID TO THE MONK, "IS IT LIKE ME OR NOT?"  
THE MONK MADE NO ANSWER.  
KINZAN, ANSWERING HIMSELF, SAID, "LET THE ASSEMBLY DECIDE!"  
FUKE WAS THE CHIEF DISCIPLE OF BANZAN, AND WAS THE MOST ECCENTRIC OF ALL THE ZEN MONKS.  
WHEN BANZAN WAS ABOUT TO DIE, HE ASKED HIS MONKS TO BRING HIM HIS PORTRAIT, BUT HE WAS NOT SATISFIED WITH ANY OF THEM.  
AT THAT TIME, FUKE HAD ONE OF THEM, AND BANZAN SAID, "WHY DON'T YOU SHOW ME IT THEN?"  
FUKE TURNED A SOMERSAULT AND WENT OUT.  
BANZAN SAID, "THIS LUNATIC WILL PERVERT THE TRUE WAY FROM NOW ON."

Maneesha, Zen is more a gesture than an explicit explanation. It is a very subtle fragrance. You need immense sensitivity to feel the breeze and its coolness.

It does not speak loudly, it whispers -- but whispers immense music, great poetry. It only hints, without any explanation. If you are centered in yourself the hint is enough; if you are not centered in yourself, even the whole explanation will be of no use. It will give you more knowledge, more ego, a more sophisticated personality, but it will not make you wise ... as wise as an innocent child, those clear eyes which can see without any judgment ....

In these anecdotes you will find again and again the indication of the wordless.

The whole process of Zen is that nothing has to be disciplined, nothing has to be achieved. All that has to happen has happened; just you have to be awake to see it. You are already at the point where you want to be, but you have never looked underneath your feet.

Zen is only a warning: "Don't run, just sit still." In your very stillness is hidden the whole splendor of existence.

Out of context, these Zen anecdotes will look a little crazy. But in the context of Zen they have immense meaning, although the meaning is not logical. The meaning is existential.

ONCE A MONK MADE A PORTRAIT OF JOSHU AND GAVE IT TO HIM ...

Joshu being one of the greatest masters.  
JOSHU SAID TO THE MONK, "TELL ME, DOES THIS LOOK LIKE ME OR NOT? IF IT LOOKS LIKE ME, I WILL BEAT ME TO DEATH; IF IT DOES NOT I WILL BURN YOU TO DEATH!"

Zen is going beyond I and you; the portrait can only be of the body, which is not you. The portrait is only of your skeleton but not of your consciousness. Of course it cannot be like Joshu.

I am reminded of a great painter. A beautiful young lady was visiting him. The painter was immensely impressed by her beauty -- the painter was no one other than Picasso. And Picasso had made a self-portrait, which was hanging on the wall behind him. The young lady asked, "Is it your self-portrait?"

Sometimes poets and painters and musicians and dancers, whether they belong to the East or to the West, come very close to the Zen understanding.  
Picasso said, looking at the portrait, "I think it is not me."

The lady said, "This is strange ... you have been telling people that this is your self-portrait."

Picasso said, "If it were me, it would have kissed you! And this idiot is simply hanging on the wall. How can it be me?"

Joshu is asking, "Tell me, does this portrait look like me? IF IT LOOKS LIKE ME I WILL BEAT ME TO DEATH."

*Me* is not your real life. *Me* is only a utilitarian word: it is useful but it is not real. There is no one inside you who can say "Me." The moment you are silent there is no `me', no `I', no `thou'.

Joshu is making the point, according to Zen language, that "if you say it looks like me, I will beat me to death, because the death of *me* can only be my life." In the death of the ego you are resurrected; you find a new space, a new being, a new eternity. `Me' is just for the marketplace.

And he said, "IF IT DOES NOT, I WILL BURN YOU TO DEATH" -- because you and I are just a polarity of the same non-existential but utilitarian subject.

Joshu is saying, "Just tell me -- whatever you say, either I am going to kill myself or I am going to kill you, but murder is going to happen!"  
THE MONK HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

The monk was not a man of great understanding. He may have been a good painter, but he had no perception of the reality which is faceless, egoless, which is not a personality.

Joshu is trying to remind him, "Don't waste your time in making portraits of illusions."

Why do you go on painting the moon reflected in the water? When the moon is available, why don't you look up? But you are too attached to the reflection in the water, even though it brings only misery ... A reflection cannot give you nourishment; a reflection is continuously changing, it is in the hands of the winds. You cannot hold the reflection of the moon in the water.

And that's what everybody is trying to do. Somebody is trying to hold power -- a reflection of the moon in the water. Somebody is holding on to prestige, respectability, to richness. Anything that is outside you is only a reflection in your eyes.

Your eyes are functioning like a silent lake of water. Rather than bothering about what is reflected, go in and see who is hidden behind these reflecting eyes.  
But the monk was not able to say anything.  
He failed.

ONE OF KINZAN'S MONKS PAINTED A PORTRAIT OF HIM AND PRESENTED IT TO HIM.  
KINZAN SAID TO THE MONK, "IS IT LIKE ME OR NOT?"  
THE MONK MADE NO ANSWER.  
KINZAN, ANSWERING HIMSELF, SAID, "LET THE ASSEMBLY DECIDE!"

His saying, "LET THE ASSEMBLY DECIDE!" means that whatever personality you have is given to you by people, by the assembly of people. Somebody has said, "You are beautiful, very beautiful," and suddenly your personality ... you start feeling beautiful. And if so many people go on repeating it, you start believing it. In fact you wanted to believe it and now people are giving you every opportunity to believe it.

But, beautiful or ugly, personality is false. And things which are false, whether they are ugly or beautiful does not matter. What matters is reality. Whatever you think you are is just your portrait. When you stand before a mirror, you are standing before your portrait. Just look in the mirror and see: is this portrait you?

All personality is given by society. You come into the world without any personality, without any name, without any fame. You simply come as roses bloom, as birds are born.

... Listen to the cuckoo.

This song that the cuckoo is making is just coming from its very center, it is not a personality. The cuckoo has not rehearsed it, the cuckoo is not an actor. What is coming out is natural.

That which is natural you can find only in deep silence. Your words, your mind, are continuously distracting you, taking you away from yourself.

Kinzan is saying, LET THE ASSEMBLY DECIDE, because neither you know nor I know. Then let the people decide, because this portrait, this personality that appears on the outside, can be decided only by others. Just think for a moment: do you ever feel, from inside, many things that are imposed upon you by the outside?

For example, in the East the old man becomes more respectable. He does not feel any problem in becoming old; the more elderly and ancient he becomes, the more respect is available to him from the society. But in the West, to become old is thought to be like a disease. One avoids it as much as possible, by all kinds of means -- plastic surgery ... But whatever you do ... even those who have gone through plastic surgery will one day enter the grave. It cannot be avoided; you cannot say, "This is not right -- I have gone through plastic surgery and still the oldness is coming." And after oldness is death.

The West worships youth, but youth is fleeting. The East shows a better understanding by giving respect to the old. It is saying, just as oldness makes you wise, death will make you wiser! Don't be worried -- all these things change, and that which changes from childhood till death is not you. Within all this change there is something that remains unchanging, and nobody can make a portrait of it.

FUKE WAS THE CHIEF DISCIPLE OF BANZAN, AND WAS THE MOST ECCENTRIC OF ALL THE ZEN MONKS.  
WHEN BANZAN WAS ABOUT TO DIE, HE ASKED HIS MONKS TO BRING HIM HIS PORTRAIT, BUT HE WAS NOT SATISFIED WITH ANY OF THEM.  
AT THAT TIME, FUKE HAD ONE OF THEM, AND BANZAN SAID, "WHY DON'T YOU SHOW ME IT THEN?"

FUKE TURNED A SOMERSAULT AND WENT OUT.  
BANZAN SAID, "THIS LUNATIC WILL PERVERT THE TRUE WAY FROM NOW ON."

You should not think that Banzan is condemning Fuke. These words are very loving, and Banzan in fact is saying that what other learned, so-called scholarly people have not been able to do, the man who was thought to be eccentric has managed. He simply turned a somersault and went out. He is saying something through his gesture -- "At this moment of death, why are you worried about your portrait? What will you do with it? Just take a somersault and go out!"

Zen has never taken death seriously. Nobody can take death seriously who knows. It is a fiction.

BANZAN SAID, "THIS LUNATIC WILL PERVERT THE TRUE WAY FROM NOW ON."

He is not condemning him, he is simply saying that this lunatic has proved wiser than the other so-called wise monks. And from now on he will be followed, but following is a perversion.

Zen wants you to act authentically.

You should not repeat, you should not imitate.

Now you can understand what Banzan is saying. He is saying, "This lunatic has done the thing. He has shown me the way -- `Don't bother, just take a somersault and go out! It is time to go out, you have lived enough in the body. Now what are you going to do with the portrait?'"

But only people deeply nourished in Zen will be able to understand why Banzan says that Fuke will "pervert the True Way from now on" -- because many will follow what he has done. At this moment it was spontaneous; from now on, anybody doing it will be just an imitation. He has done it so perfectly that there is every possibility he will be imitated, and that imitation is the perversion of the True Way.

When Rinzai was dying he asked his disciples, "I have lived my life always authentically and originally. Now I don't know how to die originally. You are my disciples -- will someone suggest a way?"

Just see the point that even death is just a game: "Will someone suggest how I should die? -- so nobody can say that I was not original."

The disciples looked at each other. It was a very difficult question. Almost ninety-nine point nine percent of people die lying on the bed. But that is not original, that is a very traditional way of dying.

Someone suggested that an ancient monk had died sitting in the lotus posture .... Rinzai said, "If somebody has died sitting in the lotus posture, now that is no longer original. You suggest something that is ORIGINAL."

Somebody suggested, "You can die standing."

But one monk said, "I have heard about one monk who died standing, so I don't think that is original."

Rinzai said, "Such a difficulty! Can't anyone suggest to me, in my old age ... I have been teaching you my whole life and you cannot even help me to die originally?"

One disciple said, "The only thing I can conceive is to die standing on your head. I don't think anybody has done that before."

Rinzai said, "This looks right. Is there any objection?"

And there was no objection from his thousands of disciples, so he decided to stand on his head and die. And he stood on his head and died!

Now the disciples were in difficulty:

What to do with such a man? Is he really dead? Can somebody die and still remain standing on the head? Should we burn him, or wait? Perhaps he is not dead ....

They tried in every way to find out: the breathing is not there, the heartbeat is not there, and my god, he is standing on his head! Even people who are alive and are not practicing yoga will find it very difficult to stand on the head. And dead people don't practice yoga.

Somebody suggested, "The only way to be on the safe side is ... his elder sister is a nun, living in a nearby monastery. It is better that we call her and tell her, `Your brother is dying and he is making a fool of himself, standing on his head. He is creating trouble for us.'"

The nun came and she said to Rinzai, "Rinzai, you have always been mischievous from your childhood. Now this is no time to be mischievous -- just get up and lie down and die the way people usually die!"

Rinzai stood up, laughed ... and the whole assembly laughed -- "This is strange!" And he lay down on the bed, and the sister went away. She did not even wait, and he was dying!

Now it became even more difficult for the disciples to decide whether he was dead or not. He opened one of his eyes and said, "Don't be worried, I am dead. You just prepare for the funeral; otherwise the sun is going to set and it will be night. You prepare the funeral while I rest."

Great people ... strangely great. But they have happened only on the path of Zen, because Zen does not take anything seriously -- neither life nor death, neither good nor bad. Its insistence is very simple and single: just find your inner center, from where your consciousness arises and radiates. Then do whatever comes spontaneously to you and it is right. Even if the whole world says it is wrong, it does not matter.

Ryokan has written:

I SEEM TO HEAR YOUR VOICE  
IN THE SONG OF THE CUCKOO.  
IN THE MOUNTAINS,  
ANOTHER DAY PASSES.

Life and death are nothing; they are just like another day passing in the mountains, or the song of the cuckoo suddenly bursting forth and then disappearing. So you are: you come and you go, nothing is serious in it.

Another poet has written:

ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE NOTHING IN  
YOUR MIND AND NO MIND IN THINGS,  
ARE YOU VACANT AND SPIRITUAL,  
EMPTY AND MARVELOUS.

It does not matter whether you go on living or you stop breathing, but first fulfill a simple requirement:

NOTHING IN YOUR MIND  
AND NO MIND IN THINGS.

Vacant, and you are spiritual, empty, and you are marvelous.  
Now you can live or you can die; they are just two sides of the same coin.

Maneesha has asked a question:  
WHO CAN PORTRAY THE MASTER?  
ARE NOT ALL PAINTINGS IN FACT SELF-PORTRAITS?

Maneesha, neither can one portray the master nor can one portray oneself. What you call self-portraits are nothing but reflections of the moon in the lake. ... Before we really become non-serious, a few laughs to make you light, to make this silence less heavy.

Three surgeons are in the pub, chatting about their experiences. The first one says, "Once a guy came to me who had been in a car accident and lost both his legs. But I fixed him up, and now he is an Olympic runner."

"Amazing!" says the second. "I had a patient once who had been hit by a train, and his body was completely smashed. I gave him surgery, and today he is a famous dancer."

"That's nothing," says the third. "A guy came to me who was a bomb-disposal expert. One day a bomb went off and all they found was an asshole and a pair of false teeth ... and today he is the president of America!"

Paddy and Mickey, the two Dunn brothers, are living with their old mother on the west coast of Ireland. One day Paddy announces that he is going to London to seek his fortune. "Holy Jesus!" cries his mother. "If you are going to the big bad city, be sure to write to your old mother every week."

So Paddy goes off and they don't hear a thing from him for months. Then one morning a letter arrives, but all it says is, "I am fine. How are you? Your son, Paddy Dunn." There is no address on it, so they look at the postmark, which says "London W.C.1". Then old Mrs. Dunn says to Mick, "Go to London and bring your brother back."

When Mick arrives in London, he wanders around for a while looking for "W.C.1" until he comes to Picadilly Circus, and there he sees a sign saying "W.C."

"This must be it," he thinks, and then walks down the steps. When he reaches the bottom, there are three doors marked "1 ...2 ...3". So he knocks on number one and shouts, "Are you Dunn in there?"

"Sure, I am done," says a voice from inside. "But there is no paper in here!"  
"Jesus!" cries Mick. "That is no excuse for not writing to your mother!"

Swami Deva Coconut's mother, Mrs. Cherrypit, is gossiping to a friend outside the supermarket. "You should see my boy," says Mrs. Cherrypit. "He has taken up meditation."

"Really?" replies her friend. "That's a pity, but I guess it is better than sitting around and doing nothing."

Rufus and Mabel -- two Oregonians, obviously rednecks -- have just got married and are on their way back to the farm in Clarno. Their old horse Daisy is getting slower and slower, and despite Rufus' efforts, just before dark old Daisy falls down dead. There is nothing to do but camp for the night under a nearby tree.

The newlyweds snuggle under the blanket and Rufus says to Mabel, "Well, what about it, darling?"

"What about what, dear?" replies Mabel.

"Oh, dear ... never mind," says Rufus. But shortly afterwards, he tries again.  
"Well ... what about it, darling?" he stammers.

"What about *what*?" Mabel replies.

"Ah," says Rufus, "didn't your mom ever tell you about what marriage is for?"

"I don't know what you mean, dear," replies Mabel.

"Well," says Rufus, "ah, you are a woman, and I am a man. And you see, well ... you see a man has this thing here ... and it gives life."

"It does?" cries Mabel. "Well, for God's sake, Rufus. Let's stick it in your poor old Daisy, right now!"

Now, Nivedano ...

Remember, the first step of the meditation is gibberish. And gibberish simply means throwing out your craziness, which is already there in the mind, piled up for centuries. As you throw it out you will find yourself becoming light, becoming more alive, just within two minutes.

You will be surprised that when Nivedano gives his second beat, to enter into silence, you enter into silence as deeply as you have never done before. Just those two minutes have cleaned the way.

In fact in those two minutes, if you put your total energy ... the more you put into it, the deeper will be the following silence. So don't be partial, don't be middle-class. Just be a first-rate crazy man!

About women there is no question, they beat every man every day.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, no movement ... go in.

Close your eyes.

This is you.

No portrait of it is possible.

It is just a pure silence, a space without boundaries.

This is all that you have brought into the world, and this is all that you will take away when you die.

In birth, in life, in death, this is the only thing that constantly remains the same.

The unchanging, ultimate truth.

To experience it go deeper and deeper.

Drop all fear, because it is your own being, your own unknown territory that you are going to explore.

There is no question of fear.

Nobody else can enter there, it is absolutely private.

Hence fearlessly open your wings, the whole sky is yours.

To bring it to a deeper contrast ...

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Everybody dies -- let the body die, even if it continues to breathe it does not matter.  
You go in.  
This small word 'in' is the whole philosophy of all the buddhas.  
To be centered in thisness is to be a buddha in your own right.  
Remember!

And let this remembrance flow like an undercurrent twenty-four hours within you.  
Then you will act like a buddha, you will walk like a buddha.  
Everything that you touch with awareness will turn into precious gold.

This is the source from where the cuckoo sings.  
This is the source from where the bamboos grow.  
This is the source from where lotuses bloom.  
It is a single source, although there are millions of expressions of it.  
It is not me, it is not you; it simply is.  
This isness is Zen.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back.

Sit like a buddha for a few seconds, just a silent statue, remembering the experience of your inner being.

Catching hold of the thread, so that you can keep it whatever you are doing ... it is always there inside, like the heartbeat or like the breathing.

This silence has to become your totality.

Then it is your music and it is your dance.

Then you are no more seeing the reflection of the moon, you have become the moon.

There is no greater bliss and there is no higher peak of ecstasy than to be a buddha.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate the buddhas?

Yes!

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #13

#### Chapter title: The price of rice in Joshu

**9 July 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

Archive code: 8807095

ShortTitle: CUCKOO13

Audio: Yes

Video: Yes

Length: 75 mins

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BELOVED OSHO,  
UMMON ASKED THE HEAD MONK, "WHAT SUTRA ARE YOU LECTURING ON?"  
"THE NIRVANA SUTRA," REPLIED THE MONK.  
"THE NIRVANA SUTRA HAS THE FOUR NIRVANA VIRTUES, HASN'T IT?" ASKED UMMON.  
"IT HAS," THE HEAD MONK AGREED.  
PICKING UP A CUP, UMMON ASKED, "HOW MANY VIRTUES HAS THIS?"  
"NONE AT ALL," SAID THE MONK.  
"BUT ANCIENT PEOPLE SAID IT HAD, DIDN'T THEY?" SAID UMMON. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WHAT THEY SAID?"  
UMMON STRUCK THE CUP AND ASKED, "YOU UNDERSTAND?"  
"NO," SAID THE MONK.  
"THEN," SAID UMMON, "YOU HAD BETTER GO ON WITH YOUR LECTURES ON THE SUTRA."  
ON ANOTHER OCCASION, A MONK SAID TO UMMON, "I ASK YOU, MASTER, TO DELIVER A LEARNER FROM DARKNESS AND ILLUSION QUICKLY!"  
UMMON SAID, "WHAT IS THE PRICE OF RICE IN JOSHU?"  
A PHILOSOPHICAL MONK ASKED BASO, "WHAT TEACHING DOES THE ZEN SECT PROPAGATE?"  
BASO RETURNED THE QUESTION, AND SAID, "HOW ABOUT YOU?"  
THE MONK ANSWERED, "I AM LECTURING ON AS MANY AS TWENTY DIFFERENT SUTRAS AND SASTRAS."  
BASO EXCLAIMED, "YOU ARE A LION'S WHELP INDEED!"  
THE MONK SAID, "YOU ARE VERY KIND."  
BASO BREATHED OUT STRONGLY.  
"THAT'S THE REAL THING!" CRIED THE MONK.  
"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'REAL THING', MAY I ASK?" SAID BASO.  
"IT'S THE LION EMERGING FROM ITS DEN!" SAID THE MONK.  
BASO WAS SILENT.  
"THAT ALSO IS THE REAL THING!" EXCLAIMED THE MONK.  
"HOW SO?" ASKED BASO.  
"IT'S THE LION ENTERING ITS DEN!" SAID THE MONK.  
"HOW ABOUT WHEN THE LION IS NEITHER COMING OUT NOR ENTERING?" ASKED BASO.  
THE MONK WAS SILENT. HE BEGAN TO TAKE HIS LEAVE, AND WAS GOING OUT OF THE DOOR WHEN BASO CALLED HIM, "OH, MONK!" THE MONK TURNED ROUND AND BASO SAID, "HOW ABOUT IT?" THE MONK MADE NO RESPONSE, AND BASO EXCLAIMED, "OH, MAN OF LITTLE SENSE!"

Maneesha, before I enter into the beautiful world of Zen, I have to make some statement about the ugly world that surrounds us.

Prem Hasya has been on a world tour with a project of creating the atmosphere amongst scientists, artists, painters, musicians, for a World Academy -- which belongs to no race, to no religion, to no nation, and whose concern is absolutely the whole world.

Just today she is back, and she reported to me that she had gone to see the chief editor of the German newspaper, DIE WELT. The journalist who had taken her was immensely interested in the project and wanted to write a detailed article about it. He could see the potential of a World Academy of Creative Science, Art and Consciousness as a defense against those who are preparing to destroy the whole world in nuclear warfare.

But the journalist, of course, wanted to ask the permission of the chief editor. Coming out of the chief editor's office he told Hasya that the man had thumped the table and shouted, "I am a Christian and I will protect the Fatherland!" when the journalist had said he wanted to write a positive article about Osho.

What kind of Christianity is this? Thumping on the table is showing your immense violence. It does not indicate any relationship with Jesus, who said, "Love your enemies ... even love your neighbors." Unfortunately he forgot to say, "Love your tables." They are absolutely innocent .... Thumping the table and calling himself a Christian is contradictory. Either start learning drum-beating or be a Christian. To be a Christian ... in its essence, it is a message of love.

And unfortunately his famous newspaper is called DIE WELT; in English it means "The World." And exactly for *that* purpose Hasya had gone there -- to save the world from the destructive politicians all around, all over the world. Right now there are five nations with nuclear weapons; by the end of this century there will be twenty-five members in the nuclear club. Every day the possibility to save the world becomes less and less. He should resign immediately from his newspaper. He does not deserve to be the chief of a newspaper called "The World."

And he also seems stupid in saying, "I will protect my Fatherland." Only German stupidity calls their country "Fatherland." The whole world calls their country "Motherland," because every child is born out of the mother, not out of the father! The earth is our mother -- that seems to be a more symbolic and sensible proclamation than to call one's country the fatherland. It is male chauvinistic. He is neither a Christian nor a gentleman, and he is the chief editor of the famous German newspaper, "The World."

I am going to send Hasya again: go directly to the chief editor, and if he hits the table, hit on his head! He is fast asleep, he needs to be awakened.

These are the people who are going to destroy the world. He talks about protecting his fatherland and the whole purpose of the World Academy is to bring you to your senses that now nations are out of date -- it is either the whole of humanity or no humanity. The alternative is absolute and categorical: either we can protect all ... but then we have to drop our old prejudices.

What is it to be an Indian, or to be English, or to be German, except a prejudice? Protecting prejudices, protecting your darkness that you have inherited from the past ... these are the people who are going to destroy the world. Humanity in general has to be made aware that these people should not be in any positions of power; these are fascists, hidden enemies of mankind.

I have taken up the issue particularly because there is a German photographer here who is going to take the message to Germany. But anyway, whether he takes the message or not,

Hasya as my international secretary is going to hit this son-of-a-bitch who thinks he is a Christian.

And all my sannyasins who are German should remember: it is their duty, their responsibility to go around to such people and force them to change their minds. Now there is no Germany and there is no India and no China, and there is no need of any nation. That is the only possible way we can save this beautiful planet. Otherwise politicians are determined to bring about a third world war.

The name of his newspaper reminded me of the name of President Truman. He was responsible for dropping atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and his name was "true-man." Couldn't America find an UNtrue man to destroy more than two hundred thousand people within three minutes?

Now this fellow is editing a newspaper called "The World," but his mind is very small, very tiny, just German, prejudiced. Deep down Adolf Hitler is still there in his thumping on the table.

By the way I want to remind you also that Jesus was never a Christian. He lived as a Jew, he was born a Jew. He died on the cross as a Jew. He had never heard even the word 'Christianity'. The word 'Christianity' came into existence three hundred years later. It came because the Hebrew gospels were translated into Greek and the Hebrew word *messiah* becomes *christ* in Greek. Because of this translation, the whole religion has become "Christianity."

Otherwise, Christianity is nothing but a projection of the Jewish mind; they are followers of a Jew. And it is a strange twist of fate that they have been killing Jews.

Sigmund Freud, himself a Jew, perhaps got the idea from this phenomenon that somewhere in the past man created a situation in which the father was killed, and the guilt of killing the father has created God. It looks very farfetched, but there seems to be a reason for killing fathers. If they are too dominant, and go on living like the Polack pope ... now somebody is bound to shoot him. How long can you tolerate ...? He has forgotten to die. All the cardinals are waiting like vultures on the trees for when this idiot dies. But there seems to be no sign, every week he is checked and he is perfectly healthy.

Perhaps in such a situation the son has no chance to assert himself ... but it is a psychological myth, although significant. But as far as Christians are concerned, they are killing Jews -- who are their fathers, who were father to their messiah, Jesus.

And it is very strange that the people who call themselves Christians are the cause of most of the bloodshed on the earth. The whole approach of Jesus is of love. He even says God is just love. Strange love, strange idea of love -- and then crusades, burning living human beings, all out of love, just for their sake. And whenever violence is done "for your sake," it is the ugliest. It does not even leave you a chance to protest. You are being killed so that you can enter into paradise -- it is strange that people are sending others to paradise. Why don't they commit suicide themselves? Who is preventing *them* from going to paradise?

They have to stop this public service of sending others to paradise. First *they* should go. If every Christian goes to paradise by committing suicide, I think perhaps many will follow. That will be the right way. Particularly this chief editor of "The World" has to commit suicide on his table.

And when my German sannyasins who are here go back, go to his office, continuously harass him, bring him to his senses. Because it is not a question of a single person, this is the mind of all politicians, all so-called great journalists. And this attitude is immensely

dangerous. We have to get rid of all these prejudices if we want to live in peace, in love, in joy, in ecstasy ... in dance, under the stars.

This planet has a certain responsibility, because this is the only known planet where life has come to consciousness, to humanity. It is suspected that there may be life on some other planets -- the universe is vast -- but up to now, although we can scan the universe almost trillions of light-years away, we have not found a single instance of life anywhere. That makes this planet immensely responsible. Existence has struggled to bring you to such a position from where you can take the last jump and be a buddha.

Those who are trying consciously or unconsciously to destroy this universe are destroying the very hope of existence. They have to be exposed to the people without any mercy.

Maneesha has asked for this evening's delicious dinner of Zen.

UMMON ASKED THE HEAD MONK, "WHAT SUTRA ARE YOU LECTURING ON?"

"THE NIRVANA SUTRA," REPLIED THE MONK.

The Nirvana Sutra is one of the most precious compilations of Gautam Buddha's sayings. But even by reciting and lecturing on the sutra, you do not become a buddha yourself.

Ummon said,

"THE NIRVANA SUTRA HAS THE FOUR NIRVANA VIRTUES, HAS IT NOT?"

"IT HAS," THE HEAD MONK AGREED.

PICKING UP A CUP, UMMON ASKED, "HOW MANY VIRTUES HAS THIS?"

It may look absurd to any outsider who does not understand the language of Zen. But Ummon is saying, "If the Nirvana Sutra has four virtues, then everything has the same virtues, because all things belong to the same existence. The Nirvana Sutra cannot be separate from existence." He is bringing the existential to an intellectual scholar.

THE MONK SAID, "NONE AT ALL."

"BUT ANCIENT PEOPLE SAID IT HAD, DIDN'T THEY?" SAID UMMON. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WHAT THEY SAID?"

UMMON STRUCK THE CUP AND ASKED, "YOU UNDERSTAND?"

"NO," SAID THE MONK.

"THEN," SAID UMMON, "YOU HAD BETTER GO ON WITH YOUR LECTURES ON THE SUTRA."

"Nirvana is not your destiny, but just lecturing on nirvana." The way Ummon has struck the cup and broken it is a significant gesture which means, "Unless you destroy your so-called mind like this cup, and throw away the pieces, you will not be enlightened, you will not know the taste of nirvana. So please get out and go on lecturing on the sutra. It is not your destiny to be a buddha."

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, A MONK SAID TO UMMON, "I ASK YOU, MASTER, TO DELIVER A LEARNER FROM DARKNESS AND ILLUSION QUICKLY!"

UMMON SAID, "WHAT IS THE PRICE OF RICE IN JOSHU?"

The monk was coming from Joshu, a village. Ordinarily, you will not see any connection between the question and the answer. If you can see it, there will be a great illumination. Ummon said, "Don't be bothered about getting rid of illusion and darkness. First be aware of the present. WHAT IS THE PRICE OF RICE IN JOSHU? You are coming from Joshu and you are not even aware of the price of rice. And you are talking great questions, how to get from darkness to light, and *quickly*."

A PHILOSOPHICAL MONK ASKED BASO, "WHAT TEACHING DOES THE ZEN SECT PROPAGATE?"

BASO RETURNED THE QUESTION, AND SAID, "HOW ABOUT YOU?"

He did not answer the question in the ordinarily understood and accepted way. But he has answered by asking, "How about you? Don't bother about the Zen sect and its philosophy -- *you* are the point. If you know yourself, there is no need to know anything about Zen."

If you know yourself, there is no need to know about anything. Knowing yourself is finding not the way, but the goal itself.

THE MONK ANSWERED, "I AM LECTURING ON AS MANY AS TWENTY DIFFERENT SUTRAS AND SASTRAS."

BASO EXCLAIMED, "YOU ARE A LION'S WHELP INDEED!"

THE MONK SAID, "YOU ARE VERY KIND."

He thought that Baso had appreciated him because of his scholarship of different scriptures and different sutras.

BASO BREATHED OUT STRONGLY.

"THAT IS THE REAL THING!" CRIED THE MONK.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'REAL THING', MAY I ASK?" SAID BASO.

"IT IS THE LION EMERGING FROM ITS DEN!" SAID THE MONK.

BASO WAS SILENT.

"THAT ALSO IS THE REAL THING!" EXCLAIMED THE MONK.

"HOW SO?" ASKED BASO.

"IT IS THE LION ENTERING HIS DEN!" SAID THE MONK.

The monk must be well acquainted with Zen and its heritage, but he has never, it seems, come in contact with a real Zen master, a lion *really*. He does not know about Baso.

"HOW ABOUT WHEN THE LION IS NEITHER COMING OUT NOR ENTERING IN?" ASKED BASO.

This is something to be remembered: when the lion is neither going out nor coming in, but just is -- no coming, no going but just being ... The monk was silent. He could not understand.

This can be understood only by one who knows -- not the scriptures but his own being ... silent, utterly peaceful, at ease. Neither going out nor coming in.

THE MONK WAS SILENT. HE BEGAN TO TAKE HIS LEAVE, AND WAS GOING OUT OF THE DOOR WHEN BASO CALLED HIM, "OH, MONK!" THE MONK TURNED ROUND AND BASO SAID, "HOW ABOUT IT?"

THE MONK MADE NO RESPONSE, AND BASO EXCLAIMED, "OH, MAN OF LITTLE SENSE!"

Perhaps the men of little sense have grown too many in the world. The grandeur of a lion has disappeared.

You are a lion when you are yourself, utterly centered, integrated. Otherwise, you are just a man of little sense. Maybe useful for the marketplace, but not capable of entering into the beatitude of existence.

Ryokan's verse runs:

IN THE ENTIRE TEN QUARTERS OF THE BUDDHA LAND

THERE IS ONLY ONE VEHICLE.

WHEN WE SEE CLEARLY,

THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE IN ALL THE TEACHING.

WHAT IS THERE TO LOSE? WHAT IS THERE TO GAIN?

There is nothing to lose and nothing to gain. If you can be centered in your consciousness, suddenly you will see that you are eternal and immortal.

Even if the body is burned on a funeral pyre, you will not be burned. Your life principle is immortal. You cannot lose your life and you cannot gain it either. It is there since eternity and it will be there till eternity.

All other religions look very childish in comparison to Zen. They are talking about stupid things, mediocre things. Christians are talking continuously about the virgin birth, that Jesus was born to Virgin Mary. For eighteen centuries their theologians have been concerned about this! It seems to be, strangely, a tradition of sex maniacs.

What does it matter whether Jesus was born out of poor Joseph or the Holy Ghost? What difference does it make to you? In fact, if he is born out of the Holy Ghost, your Holy Ghost becomes unholy. He has destroyed the virginity of a poor girl.

And Christianity says that God, the Holy Ghost and Jesus Christ are all one, three sides of one reality. Just look at the absurdity of it: God the father, Jesus the son, and the Holy Ghost -- the real father -- all are one. At least *one* has to be the uncle. And if the Holy Ghost corrupted a virgin girl, that really means God is also involved in it.

For eighteen centuries, Christianity has been continuously discussing -- as if it is of much importance -- whether the Holy Ghost really corrupted her. And why are you so insistent that Jesus should be born out of a rape? What is the interest? All these theologians seem to be sex maniacs.

Just a few days before, the Polack pope declared, "It is our fundamental principle: Christianity cannot be Christianity if Jesus is not born out of a virgin woman. We cannot drop this idea." Don't drop it, carry it -- make a few more virgins pregnant! Anyway, you are against condoms .... But it seems that after Jesus Christ, God and the Holy Ghost both have started using condoms. The condom is a religious symbol now.

And if you look at other religions, the same is the situation. Mohammedans say that Mohammed went to heaven sitting on his horse; the horse also went -- direct! Now this is their fundamental religion. If you question it, you are asking for danger. But what does it matter whether he was riding on a horse or on a donkey or in a Rolls Royce? What does it mean? What has religion to do with it?

Zen is not concerned about all these things at all. It is concerned with the very essential: You! And everything else is nonsense. Find yourself and don't be bothered with scriptures, there are millions.

Ryokan continues:

IF WE GAIN SOMETHING,  
IT WAS THERE FROM THE BEGINNING.  
IF WE LOSE ANYTHING, IT IS HIDDEN NEARBY.  
LOOK AT THE BALL IN THE SLEEVE OF MY ROBE.  
SURELY IT HAS GREAT VALUE.

You are here from the very beginning, if there was any beginning, and you will be here till the end, if there is any end. To say the truth: there is no beginning, no end. Your being has the quality of eternity. To discover it is to discover the splendor, the majesty, the great joy of being deathless.

Another Zen poet, Gyokko has said:

COMING, I DON'T ENTER THE GATE.  
GOING, I DON'T LEAVE BY THE DOOR.  
THIS VERY BODY  
IS THE LAND OF TRANQUIL LIGHT.

When you go out, only the body goes out. Your inner light remains in the same place inside you. Whether you come or go, whether you run or sit, it does not matter. Your inner being remains in the same situation.

Another poem runs:  
IN THE UTTER SILENCE  
OF A TEMPLE,  
A CUCKOO'S VOICE ALONE  
PENETRATES THE ROCKS.

These are great statements. Just feel for a moment ... because these poems are written not to be understood by the mind, but to be felt by the heart like a cool breeze.

IN THE UTTER SILENCE -- and that silence is here -- OF A TEMPLE, A CUCKOO'S VOICE ALONE PENETRATES THE ROCKS.

In this silence you discover your truth, your beauty. Except this, anything that is talked about by theologians and religious people is sheer gibberish ... we will do it before the meditation; that is a very religious, sacred phenomenon.

Maneesha has asked:  
BELOVED OSHO,  
IT SEEMS THAT THERE IS NOTHING AS UNCOMMON AS THE SO-CALLED  
"COMMON SENSE." WILL THE ORDINARY ALWAYS BE SO RARE?

It is true, Maneesha, common sense is very rare because to be ordinary ... the ego prevents you. It wants you to be extraordinary, to be special, to be a V.V.I.P. It does not allow you to be ordinary, simple, nobody, a nothingness -- which is your real nature. In that ordinariness, in that nobodiness, is your real home. Outside it is only misery, suffering, death, anguish, angst. Settling in your simple innocence, knowing nothing ... just being, and you have become an emperor without any empire. No anxiety of the empire at all, just a pure emperor.

This pure essence of your being is called the buddha, the awakened, the enlightened. There is no other dance and no other joy. There is no other poetry, there is no other music which can go higher, deeper, which can be without limits, than the joy of an awakened being. It is your birthright.

Before we do our daily meditation, just to clean the temple .... With laughter we clean the temple, not with brooms.

Pretty young Honey Saddleride is traveling in a train across Texas. A dapper-looking man walks up to her and whispers something in her ear, whereupon she gives him a stinging slap in the face.

A tall Texan seated across the aisle stands up and asks her, "Is this man bothering you, Ma'am?"

"He certainly IS," replies Honey. "He just offered me ten dollars if I would go with him to his sleeping compartment."

Without hesitation the Texan pulls his pistol out and aims it at the man.

"My god!" cries Honey, "that is no reason to kill him!"

"Lady," says the Texan, "I will shoot any man who tries to raise the prices in Texas!"

Kowalski is beginning to go bald and is willing to do anything to cure it. He hears that there is a witch doctor in the Amazon jungle who has a cure, so he sets off immediately for South America.

After a long and arduous journey through the jungle, he reaches the hairy Amazon tribe and goes straight to consult the witch doctor about his baldness.

"No problem," says the medicine man. "You must go and see Samba Wamba, the biggest Amazon woman in the tribe. All you have to do is spend the night with your head resting between her legs, and your problem will be solved."

And sure enough, by the time Kowalski gets back home he has a headful of black, curly hair. A few days later, Kowalski is sitting on the bus behind a man with a shiny bald head. Hoping to share his good fortune with the fellow, Kowalski taps him on the shoulder. But when the man turns around, Kowalski sees that he has a large black curly beard and moustache.

"Wow!" says Kowalski. "You must be a *good* friend of Samba Wamba!"

Ma Papaya Pineapple says to Ma Mango Milkshake, "I have got a terrible headache!"

"Well," says Mango, "when I have a headache my boyfriend soothes all the pain away. First he rubs the back of my neck, and then he rubs my forehead lightly. Then he kisses me a little here and a little there. Then he strokes me a little here and a little there, and then he squeezes me a little here and a little there, and before you know it, no more headache! Why don't you try it?"

"Mmm," smiles Papaya Pineapple. "I think I will. When does your boyfriend get home?"

One night in Holland, an utterly drunk Dutch sailor is brought into the hospital, totally unconscious. Nurse Holynose is given the task of taking care of him until he recovers from the fight he has been in.

She begins to wash the blood from his face and notices under his shirt that his body is covered with tattoos. Curious, she can't help but unbutton his shirt a little for a further peek. Naked dancing women cover the sailor's chest completely.

More curious, Nurse Holynose looks around to see that she is alone, then undoes the sailor's trousers. Pulling them down, she is shocked to see that he is really tattooed *everywhere*.

Just then, Nurse Creamlips walks in. Obviously flustered, Nurse Holynose says in surprise, "Oh, I was just washing this disgusting man. But all these tattoos are too much for me. Could you take over, please? And by the way, be careful. This filthy pervert has even tattooed 'Adam' on his penis!" Then Holynose walks out.

Nurse Creamlips takes over the job enthusiastically. A little later, the two girls meet in the hallway.

"How did you get on with that horrible sailor?" asks Holynose.

"Just fine," says Creamlips. "And by the way," she grins, "it doesn't say 'Adam' on his prick. It says: All the girls love me in Amsterdam!"

Nivedano, give the beat -- and everybody goes religious ....

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, close your eyes.

No movement. Just be in.

Deeper and deeper and deeper, just like an arrow so that you can find your very center, from where life arises.

To make it deeper and more concentrated ...

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax.

Let go as if you have died.

This silence, and you are all buddhas.

No sinner, no saint, just buddhas.

In this silence is your awakening.

Keep this silence all the day around; then whatever you do will show the grace, the beauty of your inner peace, of your inner benediction.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back fresh and new and fragrant, remembering your buddhahood.

Sit down, feeling your buddhahood in every fiber of your being.

In this silent temple even the cuckoo is not singing the song.

Even the bamboos are standing silently without making any comments.

This silence makes a place holy, a temple.

Except this silence, there is no temple.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate so many buddhas together, meeting after so many centuries?

Yes!

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #14

#### Chapter title: Kwatz!

**10 July 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

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BELOVED OSHO,

HOFUKU SAID, "THERE IS A MAN NOW PASSING BEHIND THE BUDDHA HALL, AND HE KNOWS THIS IS TOM, THIS IS DICK, OR THIS IS HARRY. THERE IS A MAN PASSING BEFORE THE BUDDHA HALL. SOMEHOW OR OTHER HE SEES NOTHING AND NOBODY. TELL ME, WHERE IS THE PROFIT AND LOSS OF BUDDHISM?"

A MONK SAID, "BECAUSE HE DISTINGUISHES THINGS BADLY, IT MEANS HE CAN'T SEE."

HOFUKU SAID, "KWATZ!" THEN HE SAID, "IF THIS IS THE BUDDHA HALL, HE CAN'T SEE."

THE MONK SAID, "IF IT WASN'T THE BUDDHA HALL, HE COULD SEE ALL RIGHT!"

HOFUKU SAID, "IT IS JUST BECAUSE OF THE BUDDHA HALL THAT HE CAN SEE ANYTHING."

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, A MONK SAID TO BOKUSHU, "I BEG YOU TO EXPOUND TO ME THE GREAT MEANING OF BUDDHISM."

BOKUSHU SAID, "YOU BRING IT TO ME, AND I'LL EXPOUND IT."

THE MONK SAID, "PLEASE TELL ME!"

BOKUSHU SAID, "WHEN WE BREAK THE EASTERN HEDGE, WE MUST MEND THE WESTERN FENCE."

A MONK ASKED JOSHU, "WHAT IS THIS EYE OF THE ONE WHO NEVER SLEEPS?"

JOSHU SAID, "THE PHYSICAL EYE OF THE ORDINARY MAN." HE ADDED, "THOUGH HE MAY BE SAID NOT YET TO HAVE THE SPIRITUAL EYE, THE PHYSICAL EYE MAY BE CONSIDERED TO BE THE SAME THING."

THE MONK ASKED, "WHAT IS THE EYE OF THE ONE WHO SLEEPS?"

JOSHU SAID, "THE BUDDHA EYE; THE EYE OF THE LAW IS THE EYE OF HIM WHO SLEEPS."

AND ONCE A MONK ASKED TENDO, "WHAT IS THE EYE THAT LACKS NOTHING IN ITS PRACTICAL APPLICATION TO LIFE?"

TENDO ANSWERED, "IT IS JUST LIKE BLINDNESS."

Maneesha, before I answer and discuss the profound sutra you have placed before me, I have to deal with something urgent, but non-essential. Tomorrow will be too late, so I have to deal with it today.

I used to think that idiots don't grow, they always remain idiots. Today I found that they do grow -- they become more idiotic. The whole credit goes to that old goat of Puri, the Shankaracharya. For almost two weeks he had been insisting that no untouchable, no *sudra* can enter into the temple of Nath Dwara. It will destroy the purity of thousands of years; no *sudra* has ever entered it.

He has even challenged me to a discussion on the point; and he has asserted in a press

conference that he is ready to be arrested, but he won't allow any untouchable to enter the temple of Nath Dwara. But in these ten days, from every nook and corner of the country, he has been bombarded. He was hoping at least that the orthodox will support him, but they have remained silent.

No intelligent man can support him. Seeing that the situation is getting out of hand, today he has made a statement, that "I have been misrepresented."

Hundreds of newspapers in all the thirty languages of this country for ten days continuously have been misrepresenting him and he has been silent. Now he has come with a new statement and the statement is, "I never said that *harijans*, the untouchables, cannot enter Nath Dwara. I said they do not *need* to enter Nath Dwara; they are God's people" -- the word `harijan' means God's people -- "and they don't have to go to any temple, God will come to them himself."

In the first place no Hindu scripture calls them harijans, they are called sudras, untouchables. The word `harijan' was invented by Mahatma Gandhi for his own politics. Sometimes just by changing a name a great consolation comes. He started calling the sudras God's own people, but nothing changed. And it is very strange that God's own people should always suffer and the others, who are not God's own people, should enjoy richness, respectability and all the advantages that are available.

But harijans were happy to lose their name `untouchable'. It means that they are so dirty that they cannot even be touched, not even their shadow can be touched. If you touch their shadow, you will have to go through a purification process, you will have to call brahmins, you will have to take a bath in the Ganges, you will have to be surrounded by priests chanting mantras, and only then will you be back again to your own caste; otherwise you have fallen, you have touched the shadow of a sudra.

But with the changing of their name to harijans, God's own people, sudras felt very good, very consoled. This is how the politicians and the priests work. In reality nothing changes, just the label. But now it makes them feel that they ARE God's own people.

This Shankaracharya of Puri is saying something which is even more stupid than his earlier statement that he will prevent harijans from entering Nath Dwara. Now he is saying, "They are God's own people, God will come to them."

I want to ask him -- what about others? What about himself? Why are others going to the temples? Nobody should go. At least the temple of Puri should be closed to the Shankaracharya. If God is going to come to people of his own choice, then the brahmins -- who have been the people of his choice for thousands of years -- should not go to the temples. In fact nobody should go. I agree perfectly, there is no need. These temples should be changed into schools, into hospitals, into anything utilitarian. They have accumulated most of the money of the country, and it should be used for schools and colleges.

Now he will be in more difficulty. If God comes to meet his own people, the Shankaracharya has saved himself from his previous statement but he has put himself into a more difficult and complex position. Now all the Hindus other than sudras should ask him, "What about us? Is God going to meet us outside of the temple or in the temple? If he meets the harijans -- who have been for thousands of years condemned -- outside of the temple, then why should we go to the temple?"

Then in fact the very necessity for temples is no longer there. God has to be met outside under the trees, under the stars.

Up to now the Shankaracharya was against harijans, and he is still against them. He thinks he is being a great politician by saying that they need not go to the temples. But I want

to create more difficulty for him. All the remaining Hindus should ask him, "What about us -- you are putting us lower than the sudras. What about yourself? Why do you go to the temple? And what is the need of all your scriptures?"

Just meet God outside in the open air, by the sea, by the side of the river, anywhere. Wherever you remember him, he will be there. If he can come to meet the untouchables ... you are touchables, he can even touch you.

Because of this I have had to change my standpoint. I used to think that retarded people never grow. They grow. They become more retarded! The Shankaracharya is a living example. Now he has to tell the whole country what the status is of temples and scriptures and what need there is of worship, *yagnas*, statues, and what need there is of caste. If sudras are people of God, then others also are people of God; or do you want to say that only harijans are people of God and others are not even cousin-brothers to harijans?

This fellow should be put right. He is getting more and more senile, he needs to be hospitalized. And if nobody allows him, I am ready to allow him here and we will give him a good round of therapies and cleanse him of all this nonsense that he has been carrying. There is no need for him to be arrested and become a martyr, he is simply sick!

But he will not realize it. He will have to be forced to realize that he is suffering from psychological illness. He should renounce the post of Shankaracharya and just get entered into a madhouse, where he will find very similar souls, speaking the same language -- which nobody understands.

One of my friends, Narendra's father, had a strange illness. Six months of the year he used to be mad and the remaining six months he was absolutely sane. Whenever he was sane he was ill, with always this problem and that problem and a headache and a stomachache, and he looked very sad. But whenever he became mad he was perfectly healthy, no sign of any sickness.

Once when he was perfectly mad and healthy he escaped from the house. He was caught by the police in Agra, where the Taj Mahal is, because of a very strange linguistic problem. He entered a sweet shop. There is a sweet which is called *khaja*. But 'khaja' also means, 'eat it'. He asked the shopkeeper what it was, and the shopkeeper said "khaja" so he started eating it.

The man said, "Are you mad?"

He said, "*You* must be mad, you told me 'khaja'."

A crowd gathered and the police came and he was brought to the magistrate and the magistrate was also at a loss, because the poor fellow was not wrong -- why did they make such names for sweets? He was simply following what the shopkeeper said.

But by asking other questions he figured out that he was mad. He was sentenced to the madhouse for six months. But they did not know his psychological history, that three months of his madness were over and after three months he would become sane on his own. There was no problem, it was simply a swing from madness to sanity, from sanity to madness. His whole life he had been on the swing.

So in the madhouse the first three months were perfect. He enjoyed himself with all the mad people, he loved the place. But in his madness he drank something that was brought to clean the toilets. He drank the whole bottle. He suffered for days from diarrhea and vomiting. But because of this diarrhea and vomiting, within fifteen days he became sane. All heat went out of him; he became completely calm and quiet.

And then he became afraid, surrounded by all the mad people -- somebody was pulling his hair, somebody was trying to put a finger into his ear, somebody was sitting on his

shoulders. It had all been good up to that point, but now he tried hard to convince the superintendent that, "I am no longer mad."

The superintendent said, "Don't bother me, every madman says that. That is no argument! You will have to remain here until you fulfill your sentence of six months."

He said, "In three months these mad people and you will kill me! It was good before, immensely good, I was enjoying it. Why did you bring this bottle here?"

But he had to suffer, law is law. When he came out I asked him, "Uncle, how have things been?"

He was very friendly to everybody, and except for his family everybody enjoyed him. The family was suffering, because he was stealing things and distributing them to the beggars, borrowing money from anywhere and the family had to pay it, purchasing anything that he wanted.

He was a great shopper, all kinds of junk, it did not matter what it was. Just if it was cheap, he would purchase it.

So the family was in difficulty. I remember Narendra was so small, but these small children used to watch him and shout to their mother, "He is trying to take something away, he is trying to open the locker." Everybody was on watch.

He said to me, "Everything was so good for three months. I enjoyed it, I had found my people. But when I became sane, I found that these were not my people."

I hope that the Shankaracharya of Puri, in any madhouse, will find his friends with similar ideas. He will enjoy it. It is not going to be a suffering or a punishment, it will be a promotion. And to leave him out in this insane condition is harmful to society. For the sake of society he should be forced into a psychiatric clinic.

I never thought that after ten days he would start lying. Now he says he never made any such statements and thousands of newspapers all over India have been misrepresenting him. If one paper had done it one could believe it, but these thousands of papers cannot be in a conspiracy. And they are all owned by high-caste Hindus -- they were ashamed that he was making such statements.

The untouchables *have* been kept out of the temples; there is no need to make statements, no need to make any fuss about it. In fact they themselves don't go. Other politicians are trying to persuade them to enter into the temples, but they know that they will be beaten, they know that their houses will be burned, they know that their women will be raped. They know perfectly well that the police will stand there in favor of the richer high-class Hindus, and nobody is going to protect them. But politicians use human beings just like things, commodities.

The politicians who are trying to get them to enter the temple, their whole object is to have their vote, temple or no temple. They want the harijans to be rejected from the temple so that they can sympathize with them, "We have made every effort for you, we risked our lives; now at least give us your votes."

And the Shankaracharya was defending the higher class Hindus, who are three times more numerous than the sudras. His interest is also in votes. Just two days ago he said, "Perhaps I will have to enter into politics." It is better that he enters. At least this mask of a religious saint will drop and he will be just an ordinary gutter politician. It will be a great day of celebration -- at least we will celebrate. He should drop his Shankaracharyahood and run for election. But he should not lie to people or make such stupid statements.

Everybody is as divine as everybody else. There cannot be any distinction. Anybody who makes a distinction is the enemy of the people.

Maneesha has brought a beautiful, very significant dialogue:

HOFUKU SAID, "THERE IS A MAN NOW PASSING BEHIND THE BUDDHA HALL, AND HE KNOWS THIS IS TOM, THIS IS DICK, OR THIS IS HARRY."

Strangely enough, when I entered I found three women, not three men, just walking behind the Buddha Hall. But times have changed. And it does not matter who was walking, the question can still be asked.

"AND THERE IS A MAN PASSING BEFORE THE BUDDHA HALL. SOMEHOW OR OTHER HE SEES NOTHING AND NOBODY. TELL ME, WHERE IS THE PROFIT AND LOSS OF BUDDHISM?"

He is asking, in other words, to make it simple: "These persons I see behind the Buddha Hall, the person I see in front -- they seem to be almost frozen statues. They must be in meditation. They don't see anything, they don't bother about anything." This man Hofuku, the master of the temple, is asking, "WHERE IS THE PROFIT AND LOSS OF BUDDHISM if people become so careless that you pass in front of them and they don't even look at you -- as if nobody has passed? They are so self-centered that the whole world outside has disappeared. Then what is the point of Buddhism? Is this a loss or a profit?"  
A MONK SAID, "BECAUSE HE DISTINGUISHES THINGS BADLY, IT MEANS HE CAN'T SEE."

HOFUKU SAID, "KWATZ!" to the monk who was giving this answer -- because he divides things into good and bad, into black and white, into dead and alive. He cannot see what those persons are doing.

Hofuku shouted the Zen KWATZ! which is equivalent to the stick hitting your head. Because the master cannot always carry the stick, they found an equivalent. And certainly when a Zen monk or master shouts "Kwatz!" it hits harder than any stick can. It keeps you utterly silent -- "What happened? Why has he started shouting in a strange way, a sound which means nothing?" But it can wake you. Any sound, meaningless or meaningful, can wake you up.

The Zen experience is that certain sounds reach into certain centers of your being. That is the experience of all the mystics of the world. For example, Sufis have found the sound HOO. If you repeat "Hoo" continuously, you will find that the center of your life, just two inches below your navel, is hit again and again. Soon there will be sparks coming out of your life center.

In this country, they have found OM -- which is mild, in accordance with the character of the people who have lived in this country. It does not hit very hard, but it pushes. "Om, Om," again and again -- it pushes you into a different space that is not mind.

Zen has found KWATZ -- it is like their character, their training, their samuraihood. They are warriors. "Kwatz!" -- it hits exactly the same center as "Hoo." When you greet each other with "Yaa-Hoo," you are hitting the same center.

HOFUKU SAID, "IF THIS IS THE BUDDHA HALL, HE CAN'T SEE."

THE MONK SAID, "IF IT WASN'T THE BUDDHA HALL, HE COULD SEE ALL RIGHT!"

HOFUKU SAID, "IT IS JUST BECAUSE OF THE BUDDHA HALL THAT HE CAN SEE ANYTHING."

Now in the language of Zen, anything and nothing are equivalent. To see nothing is to see all because nothing is the very source of all. The question is about the Buddha Hall. The monk is saying that if these people were not in the Buddha Hall, they could see everything. You all see everything outside the Buddha Hall, but in the Buddha Hall, you stop seeing all kinds of stupid things. You become almost blind to the world. Your eyes turn inwards. You start seeing only your own being as if nothing else exists.

HOFUKU SAID, "IT IS JUST BECAUSE OF THE BUDDHA HALL THAT HE CAN SEE ANYTHING."

A very illogical dialogue, but if you understand, I have made it absolutely logical. Sitting like a buddha, you stop seeing the whole world because you start seeing your inner being. And running around seeing things, you forget all about yourself.

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, A MONK SAID TO BOKUSHU, "I BEG YOU TO EXPOUND TO ME THE GREAT MEANING OF BUDDHISM."

BOKUSHU SAID, "YOU BRING IT TO ME, AND I'LL EXPOUND IT."

These were great masters. You cannot drag them into intellectual thinking; you cannot drag them down from their hilltops, from their watching silence. He says, "You bring it to me. You want to understand Buddhism? Just bring it here." Now, nobody can bring Buddhism, it is not a thing. "Bring it to me and I will expound it. And if you cannot bring it, I am sorry."

The monk said, "Please, don't ask such an impossible thing. Just tell me the meaning of Buddhism."

BOKUSHU SAID, "WHEN WE BREAK THE EASTERN HEDGE, WE MUST MEND THE WESTERN FENCE."

By saying this, he is saying, "A dialogue between me and you is almost impossible. It is like a man whose eastern hedge is broken and he starts mending the western fence. He is an idiot. You are doing the same. The only way I can expound Buddhism is if you bring it to me."

How can one bring Buddhism? If one comes in silence and stillness and sits by the side of the master without even asking, just waiting in deep trust and love, the very presence of the master will become a great sermon.

Zen is not a theorization, it is not some philosophy. It is a very real experience, almost tangible, but you have to understand its way. If you are open, silent, the master will pour all that he has. But in words you can get lost, you will not understand the essence of being a buddha.

The only way is to *be*.

A MONK ASKED JOSHU, "WHAT IS THIS EYE OF THE ONE WHO NEVER SLEEPS?"

It reminds me of a night twenty-five centuries ago ....

When Gautam Buddha was alive, he used to always sleep in the same posture; and the whole night, he would not move from side to side, he would not change his posture, not even an inch. Just nearby, in the Ajanta caves, in the last cave there is a sculpture of Gautam Buddha sleeping. That pose has become known as the 'Lion's pose' because the lion also sleeps on its side without moving.

Ananda was very much troubled because every night he could see -- sometimes in the middle of the night he would wake up -- that Buddha was absolutely still, just as he had always been. One night, he could not resist the temptation.

He said, "It is not good to disturb you in the night, because the whole day you have been walking and teaching, but I cannot resist. For twenty years I have been watching. You can understand how long I have waited, but now I have to ask it anyway. How do you manage to remain in the same posture that you go to sleep in, the same posture for the whole night? Do you sleep or do you simply go on keeping the posture? -- because I have to move continuously."

Gautam Buddha said, "I have found the right posture. Now there is no need to change it.

And I am as awake as anyone, even while my body is asleep. I have found the right posture for the body ... you are still searching for it. It is not simply a question of tossing and turning the body, it is because your mind is tossing and turning. I have gone beyond -- there is no mind. The body simply lies down like a corpse. Have you ever seen any corpse changing its posture?"

In one story a woman reached to the Pearly Gates. And as Saint Peter opened the door, she asked immediately about her husband, "Where is Tom?"

Saint Peter said, "Dear lady, there must be millions of Toms. You will have to describe him to me in detail. Just tell me something about which Tom, and I will try my best to find him."

She said, "I don't know how to describe him. Only one thing I remember is that when he died, before dying he said, 'Remember not to be unfaithful to me because if you are, I will toss and turn in my grave.'"

Saint Peter said, "Aha, don't be worried. He is a well-known figure here. We call him Whirling Tom. I will find him for you. Somewhere he must be whirling."

It is your mind. Once your mind is at rest, once it disappears, your body can remain asleep but your inner eye, your inner sensitivity, your awareness, can remain burning like a small flame -- not only watching your body, but also watching the silent mind, and the stillness surrounding you. The enlightened man cannot sleep in the same way that the unenlightened one sleeps. When the unenlightened man sleeps, he is simply unconscious. The enlightened man sleeps but he is not unconscious.

JOSHU SAID, "THE PHYSICAL EYE OF THE ORDINARY MAN." HE ADDED, "THOUGH HE MAY BE SAID NOT YET TO HAVE THE SPIRITUAL EYE, THE PHYSICAL EYE MAY BE CONSIDERED TO BE THE SAME THING."

The question is that if your mind is silent then even your physical eyes stop moving. You can try it as an experiment. This is the way that psychoanalysts find out whether a sleeping person is dreaming or not. And now, there is much research going on about dreams and dreamless sleep. It has completely overturned the ancient idea. The old idea was that there are a few dreams once in a while, mostly early in the morning when you are going to wake up; otherwise, you sleep soundly.

Modern research says that you dream six hours out of eight. If you sleep eight hours, then for six hours you dream. Those two hours of dreamless sleep are also not solid, but broken here and there -- ten minutes here, fifteen minutes there. But this proportion had never been mentioned anywhere in the world before.

And the second revolutionary discovery which has come out of it is that when you are watching somebody sleeping, you can know the type of sleep just by looking at his eyes. They are closed, but if he is dreaming, then you can see that under the eyelids, the eyes are moving. That movement is absolutely clear. It is just like when you read, you have to move your eyes; when you see a film, you have to move your eyes. Dreaming is a kind of film running on the screen of your mind, and the eyes have to move with it.

The traditional wisdom was that if you don't dream very much, it is a sign of health. The modern researchers have found just the opposite -- of course this research is done with ordinary people, not those who are meditating, otherwise the results would be different. They have found that dreaming is a way of throwing away all the dust that people have gathered

during the day. If they don't dream they will go mad, because every day the dust will go on collecting. Soon they will be surrounded by dust, thick layers of thought, incomplete experiences, all kinds of junk, and they will not be able to find the way out and come back home. Every day, just as you take a bath or clean your teeth, your mind automatically tries to throw away all kinds of dust that has gathered during the day. This needs six hours, so the healthy man dreams six hours and sleeps two hours.

That brings many implications. The researchers have been experimenting with a few people in one lab, and a few people in another lab .... In one lab they try to disturb the people whenever they start dreaming. Whenever they see that their eyes are moving, they wake them up. In the other lab, they wake them up whenever their eyes are not moving. In one lab they disturb their sleep, and in the other they disturb their dreams. And the strange result is that the people whose sleep is disturbed and whose dreams are allowed, wake up profoundly refreshed without any trouble. And the people whose dreams are disturbed and whose sleep is allowed, wake up utterly tired, tattered. It seems that dreams are more significant than sleep. But this research is only confined to non-meditators.

A meditator throws away all the dust himself, he does not wait for the biological sleep to throw it away. He throws it away consciously and with full awareness. Then his sleep becomes a deep silence and also a deep awareness. This awareness has been called the third eye, but the third eye is only a symbol.

What we are doing here every day in meditation ... within two minutes you are throwing away almost six hours' load. It is a question of totality. Don't hold back, don't think of what people will think about you. Here, there is nobody even listening to you. Everybody is so much involved in himself and everybody is competing with everybody else! This throwing away gibberish will reduce your dreams, and if you were brought to be examined for your sleep, the results would be different. Your dreams would be far less and your sleep would be longer.

And a new factor will have arisen in you: a thin line of awareness, which as you go on growing in meditation becomes bigger and bigger. A point comes in that fire of your awareness where all your dreams burn, and only sleep is left. The body sleeps, it is tired -- it needs rest. But your consciousness is never tired. It burns bright, day in, day out.

THE MONK ASKED, "WHAT IS THE EYE OF THE ONE WHO SLEEPS?"

JOSHU SAID, "THE BUDDHA EYE; THE EYE OF THE LAW IS THE EYE OF HIM WHO SLEEPS."

In fact, your sleep is as insane as your waking. Just consider for a moment: is your waking sane? Are not insane thoughts moving inside you -- anger and greed and hate and possessiveness? And thousands are the names of all the kinds of madnesses that are going on inside you, although you are trying to hide them. You are wearing a mask; just as you are hiding your body with clothes, you are hiding your mind with smiles, with thoughts, talking with people. Your conversations are nothing but distractions, distractions of your insane mind.

I traveled in this country for almost twenty years. And it was an experience, because I traveled only in the air-conditioned coupe, so once in a while there was another passenger but otherwise I was alone. The other person would usually try to make some conversation immediately ... and I had a beautiful opportunity. I would tell him my name, my father's name, my father's father's name, how many brothers my father has, how many children my uncles have. And he would be amazed because he had simply asked me my name.

I would say, "You were *going* to ask all these things. I am settling everything right now,

so we can be silent. Twenty-four hours we are going to be together ..."

The man would look at me a little strangely, but I would close my eyes. Once in a while, I would open them and see what he was doing.

These travelings have been my labs with thousands of people. I have not missed a single moment of watching and seeing what is happening. The man will read the same newspaper again and again and will start getting angry -- angry at me, but he cannot say it, because I have told him, "Don't say a single word. All inquiry is finished. I have told you everything about me; more than that, I don't know either."

He will open his suitcase and close his suitcase, open the window and close the window. And I am watching. And in an air-conditioned compartment, he will start perspiring, he will call the conductor, "Can you change my place to some other compartment? Because I am going to go mad."

The conductor said, "I don't see what is bothering you."

He said, "That is the problem! Nobody is bothering me. This fellow is simply sitting and looking at me as if I am an experimental zoo. And I am behaving insanely, I know. But because of him I have to do something, otherwise ... And he has closed the conversation from the very beginning. No conversation! So I am reading the same newspaper and getting angry. I open the suitcase and I know there is no need to open it; I put my clothes this way and that way but what is the point? I go unnecessarily to the bathroom and then I look stupid ... `This is strange, you don't have anything to do in the bathroom. Why are you going?'"

Almost all the conductors knew me because in twenty years' traveling every driver, every conductor, every stationmaster ... The conductor would say, "When will you stop being mischievous? That poor fellow is going mad and I knew from the very beginning that this was going to happen."

One night I was leaving Bombay. Nearabout fifty friends had come to see me off. In one compartment there was a Mohammedan, and in another compartment -- because in Indian trains there is only one long car which is air-conditioned, divided into small cabins -- in another cabin, there was a brahmin. You can tell these people by their appearance. The brahmin was declaring it on his forehead, the Mohammedan with his cap.

The conductor asked me, "With whom would you like to travel? One is Mohammedan, one is a brahmin. Other compartments are full."

I said, "The brahmin will be more hilarious."

He said, "You never get tired of traveling and I know now that this brahmin is going to be in trouble." And as I went in, the brahmin, just as the brahmins do, lay down on the floor and touched my feet, thinking that I am a great *mahatma* because fifty people had come to send me off and they had touched my feet and garlanded me.

I said, "What are you doing? I am a Mohammedan." And he stood up and he said, "If you are a Mohammedan, then why did you not say so before? You have spoiled my whole night. Now I have to take a bath in the cold night. Don't you consider ...?"

I said, "What can I do? I entered, I had not even a chance to say a word and you touched my feet. Obviously, you have to take a bath."

So he went to take a bath in the cold night, but when he came back he said, "Are you really a Mohammedan?"

I said, "I was just joking."

"What do you mean, joking? And the water ... it was ice cold."

I said, "I thought you would understand the joke."

He said, "This is not right. I was certain that you are not a Mohammedan. But when you

said you were, there was no question of not believing it." He touched my feet again and said, "Forgive me."

I said, "You will have to take another bath."

He said, "What? What happened?"

I said, "Really, I *am* a Mohammedan. Can't you see my beard?" He looked at me and he thought about again having a bath. He called the conductor immediately and he said, "Can you find a place somewhere else?"

The conductor said, "What is wrong? Are you in some trouble?" He said, "Some trouble? I have to twice take cold baths in the middle of the night. And now I cannot sleep because I cannot convince myself that this fellow is Mohammedan. He is not."

The conductor said, "As far as I know, he is not."

He said, "You are a very good man; you saved me ... but he was torturing me."

I said, "I was simply testing whether you are a real brahmin or not."

He said, "That is the way of the great saints." He touched my feet again.

And the conductor said, "What are you doing?" -- because he knew me -- "he *is* a Mohammedan. And a brahmin touching the feet of a Mohammedan? You will go direct to hell."

He said, "Rather than going to hell, I will go direct to the bathroom again."  
But this is the world -- unconscious people.

Joshu's statement is that the inner eye is THE BUDDHA EYE, THE EYE OF THE LAW ... the law according to which the whole universe runs.

AND ONCE A MONK ASKED TENDO, "WHAT IS THE EYE THAT LACKS NOTHING IN ITS PRACTICAL APPLICATION TO LIFE?"  
TENDO ANSWERED, "IT IS JUST LIKE BLINDNESS."

The man who has known himself becomes almost blind to all distinctions, discriminations, divisions, dualities. He becomes almost blind to all the things that you see and live and behave according to. But his blindness is far more important than your eyes. To be a buddha and blind is far more significant than to have eyes and not to be aware of oneself.

For centuries, there has been a discussion about whether the eyes should be open or closed on a statue of Buddha. The discussion became so hot that finally they decided, "Let his eyes be half open and half closed." Everybody was satisfied.

I was in a Buddhist temple, having a meditation camp there, exactly where Gautam Buddha became enlightened in Bodhgaya. I said to the priest, "This is not possible. Buddha must have been blinking his eyes. He cannot keep them always half open and half closed. It is possible to keep them closed, but it is not possible to keep them half open or half closed."

The priest said, "Nobody has ever asked about it. And for centuries we have decided, because of conflicting groups ..."

Another sect, born side by side with Buddhism, is Jainism. There is the same problem, whether Mahavira's eyes should be closed or open. On this stupid question, Jains have become divided into two sects: one that keeps Mahavira's eyes open, one that keeps Mahavira's eyes closed.

At a Jaina conference I said to them, "Now electricity is available. You can make the eyes blink. That will be truer to life."

And they said, "You are joking about Mahavira too!"

I said, "I am simply suggesting an idea to keep closer to reality. Mahavira was not blind, nor could he have managed to keep his eyes open completely, twenty-four hours. Up to now it was okay that you managed to divide into two sects, but now there is no need. Just connect the statue with electricity and Mahavira will go on blinking, twenty-four hours a day; and that will be joyous also, to look at Mahavira blinking. And sometimes to make it hilarious, you can make one eye blink."

Religion should be a joy. It is stupid, making Mahavira blind. And the other party is doing the other stupidity, keeping his eyes open continuously.

The problem is with our unconsciousness; we decide things and we also decide things about the people who are enlightened, but we don't have any right to. We are going to make mistakes in making any judgment about the enlightened ones, because we cannot see that far, that deep, that high; we are creeping on the earth, we cannot see the eagle far away in the sky.

The people who have lived inwards have entered into a different world, to which you are blind. And naturally they have become blind to you, because they don't see your world as being any longer significant. They have found a more authentic life, a more beautiful existence.

This inner clarity, this seeing into oneself, is called the third eye, or the Buddha Eye. When you look inwards in your meditations, remember just one thing: your interiority. Forget everything else as if it was all dream, and you have entered into a different area of existence where dreams cannot follow you.

A Zen poem:

THE WIND DROPS  
BUT THE FLOWERS STILL FALL;  
A BIRD SINGS  
AND THE MOUNTAIN HOLDS  
YET MORE MYSTERY.

It is not that a man of inwardness becomes blind to the beauty of a bird on the wing, or the mystery of the mountains, or the flowers falling; he simply becomes blind to all that is nonsensical in our minds. He becomes blind to our jealousies; he does not know what it is, he has forgotten that language. He does not know what greed is, he has forgotten that language. He has forgotten your ordinary mind completely. He has entered into no-mind, into universal mind. There, another law -- more fundamental than any law that we have created in our courts -- prevails.

Basho has written this:

THE CHESTNUT BY THE EAVES  
IN MAGNIFICENT BLOOM  
PASSES UNNOTICED  
BY MEN OF THIS WORLD.

You think you have eyes, but you may not have looked even at your wife accurately. You may have lived with her and you may never have looked into her eyes. People live together but remain strangers, keeping a little distance always, fearful of being dominated by the other.

The flowers and the stars ... they come every day, every night, but how many people see

the sunset and the immense beauty and color that the sunset spreads on the horizon?

The roses may be blossoming in your own garden, but you don't have time. You are reading a third-rate yellow newspaper, you are reading about politicians and all the nonsense that they go on doing to humanity. But you will not look, you don't have time. You will not look at the night when all the stars arrive, your vision is very small.

The man of the inner eye not only becomes aware of the inner mysteries, he also becomes aware of the mysteries that are just around him everywhere. A buddha, one who is awakened, is awakened to truth, to beauty, to goodness.  
His riches are great.

Nan-O-Myo has written:

NOT FALLING, NOT IGNORING --  
A PAIR OF MANDARIN DUCKS  
ALIGHTING, BOBBING, ANYWHERE.

Zen is in its very essence a great poetic, aesthetic sensibility. It gives you more aliveness, it gives you and your senses their maximum. A man of Zen lives at the optimum -- one cannot live more than he lives. Each breath is total in itself and each moment is so full of blessings, of ecstasies, of a great love, not directed to anybody but simply spread like the fragrance of flowers. Whoever is ready to receive it can have it. But whoever wants to grab onto it will lose it.

Maneesha's question is:

BELOVED OSHO,  
IS THE MEDITATOR'S VIEW, THE BIRD'S-EYE VIEW?

It is much more, Maneesha. It is certainly a bird's-eye view, but it is much more. The bird can see; his vision is far bigger than yours because he is at a higher altitude. But the man of awareness is not only at a higher altitude, he is also at a deeper interiority. A bird cannot become a buddha. It is man's right, only man's right, to become a buddha.

Man is evolution's highest peak, but don't stop at it. One step more and you will have stepped on the Everest of being.

Before we go deeper into ourselves -- a few intimate laughs, just to clean the air and to make you more light, weightless, less serious.

A Russian, a Cuban, a Catholic priest and Swami Deva Coconut are on a train traveling across Europe. The Russian takes out a large bottle of vodka. He pours each of his companions a drink, and then throws the half-full bottle out of the window. "Why did you do that?" asks Swami Coconut.

"There is so much vodka in my country," replies the Russian. "We have more than we can ever use."

A little later, the Cuban passes around a box of Cuban cigars. Everyone takes one, then he throws the rest of the box out of the window.

"My god!" says Coconut. "Why did you do that?"

"Cigars," replies the Cuban, "are a dime a dozen in my country. We have more of them than we know what to do with!"

Coconut sits in silence for a moment. Then he gets up, grabs the Catholic priest and

throws him out of the window.

Little Melvin, little Billy and little Dings-bums are bored, sitting around together outside the drugstore. Suddenly, little Melvin finds a twenty-dollar bill on the ground and says, "Hey, look! Let's go in and change it and then each of us can buy something really far out!"

They go in and change the money, divide it up and disappear into the store to spend it. Half an hour later, they meet again outside.

"What did you get?" Melvin asks Billy.

"I got this super basketball, so we can all play basketball like those guys on TV," says Billy. "What did *you* get?"

"Wow, man," says Melvin, "just like I saw on the TV, I got this skateboard so we can skate all over the place."

Then they turn to Dings-bums. "What did *you* get?"

Dings-bums pulls out a box from his bag and says, "A box of tampons."

Melvin and Billy look puzzled. Finally, little Melvin asks, "What the hell did you get that for?"

"Well," says Dings-bums, "they say on television, that with these tampons you can do all kinds of things -- like running, horse-riding, and swimming!"

Now, Nivedano, everybody goes absolutely crazy ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

Be silent, close your eyes, no movement of the body.

Forget the world outside. Just be in.

Deeper and deeper, deeper like an arrow.

This beautiful silence, and your being IN ...

To make it deeper, Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax, let go. Just be dead.

The body is far away ...

So is the mind. You are just the inner flame at the deepest core of your being.

This is the only thing in you that is eternal, that knows no death, no change.

In this great moment you are all buddhas.

Remember it twenty-four hours, that inside you, the buddha is sitting.

You are just a temple.

Inside the temple is this flame of light.

To continue to remember it ... your every act will become graceful, your every word will carry silence. Your very being will spread joy.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back.

Remembering the buddha, sit for a moment ....

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate?

Yes!

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## Zen: The Solitary Bird, Cuckoo of the Forest

### Chapter #15

#### Chapter title: The house where nobody lives

**11 July 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium**

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BELOVED OSHO,  
WHEN THE HEAD MONK, RYOSUI, WENT FIRST TO SEE MAYOKU, MAYOKU TOOK UP HIS  
HOE AND BEGAN TO WEED. RYOSUI WENT TO THE PLACE WHERE HE WAS WEEDING, BUT  
MAYOKU DELIBERATELY TOOK NO NOTICE OF HIM AND WENT BACK TO HIS ROOM AND  
SHUT THE DOOR.

THE NEXT DAY THE SAME THING HAPPENED, BUT THIS TIME RYOSUI KNOCKED AT THE  
DOOR.

MAYOKU SAID, "WHO IS IT?"

RYOSUI HAD HARDLY UTTERED HIS NAME WHEN HE WAS ENLIGHTENED AND SAID, "DO  
NOT MAKE A FOOL OF ME. IF I HAD NOT VISITED YOU, I WOULD HAVE BEEN DECEIVED ALL  
MY LIFE BY THE TWELVE DIVISION CANON."

MAYOKU OPENED THE DOOR AND CONFIRMED RYOSUI'S ENLIGHTENMENT.

RYOSUI WENT BACK TO HIS PLACE OF LEARNING, RESIGNED FROM IT, AND SAID TO THE  
ASSEMBLED LEARNERS, "WHAT YOU KNOW, I KNOW; WHAT I KNOW, YOU DON'T KNOW."

ONE DAY SEKITO WAS WALKING IN THE HILLS WITH HIS DISCIPLE, SEKISHITSU, AND,  
SEEING BRANCHES OBSTRUCTING THE PATH, ASKED HIM TO CUT THEM AWAY.

"I DIDN'T BRING A KNIFE," SAID SEKISHITSU.

SEKITO TOOK OUT HIS OWN AND HELD IT OUT, BLADE END FIRST, TO SEKISHITSU, WHO  
SAID, "PLEASE GIVE ME THE OTHER END."

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH IT?" ASKED SEKITO, AND SEKISHITSU CAME TO REALIZATION.  
RYUGE WAS ASKED BY A MONK, "WHAT WAS IT THE ANCIENTS FINALLY GOT, SO THAT ALL  
THEIR LABORS WERE OVER?"

RYUGE ANSWERED, "IT WAS LIKE A ROBBER BREAKING INTO AN UNINHABITED HOUSE."

Maneesha, before I enter into the world of Zen, something has to be said about the  
Shankaracharya of Puri.

His declaration that the untouchables are God's people makes it absolutely necessary that  
God's people should be allowed in every temple which claims to be God's temple.

Secondly, by declaring the untouchables to be God's people, he himself has become  
untouchable. He is also part of God's people. He has made the whole Hindu society harijan.  
Either all will be allowed into the temples or nobody should be allowed into the temples.

Poor harijans are being used by politicians for their own ends. But fortunately Swami  
Agnivesh, who was trying to take a procession into Nath Dwara temple, could not gather  
more than one hundred and fifty people. And as they came closer to Nath Dwara they all

disappeared! Even the son of Doctor Ambedkar, who was the great leader of the harijans, did not appear in the procession. He had promised to come. This is a great defeat of Agnivesh, and if he has any intelligence he will see that it means that harijans are so afraid ... thousands of years of conditioning cannot be removed by politicians.

The only way for the harijans is to ask for a separate vote. Other than that, there is no solution. And no harijan should try to enter into any Hindu temple. They can have their own small temples, even in small bamboo huts. But it is insulting to go somewhere where you are unwelcome; there is a limit to everything. But it seems that with thousands of years of condemnation, even the harijans have taken it to heart that they are untouchable, that by touching them, anyone will become dirty.

This kind of conditioning cannot be broken by politicians. Harijans need a psychological insight; first they have to be free from being untouchables. Just by entering a temple they will not be in any way free from their untouchability. First they have to gain their dignity, their respect. They should refuse to enter any temple, because what kind of temple is this, which refuses people? A temple should be open for all. God is not a monopoly of anybody.

On the one hand, Agnivesh could not collect people, but Nath Dwara temple collected five thousand people to fight if Agnivesh had reached the temple. Fortunately he could not reach; otherwise those harijans would have been massacred. It has been done in this country for centuries: living harijans have been burned, their villages completely burned. Nobody is allowed to escape, and their women have been raped. They have become accustomed to this kind of humiliation.

So it is not a question of politicians, it is a question of people of intelligence raising harijans to their dignity and reminding them that, "You are human beings and you need not beg for it from anyone. It is your basic right to be individuals. And it is perfectly right to deny the Hindu fold completely, because it has repressed you for ten thousand years and it is ready, even today, to do the same."

It is good that the harijans did not follow Agnivesh, who is just a tiny politician. He is not interested in harijans; otherwise he would see that the whole point is to clean the unconscious of the harijans. That cannot be done by entering the temple. That needs a tremendous movement for meditation so that harijans can throw out all the conditioning that has been imposed on them. Only through meditation can they regain their dignity, their humanity. This way it is so insulting ....

Now Agnivesh is responsible, because the whole country will laugh: "Look what happened -- the harijans escaped from the procession, they never reached Nath Dwara." Agnivesh is responsible for this ugly situation. Again the Hindu mind of casteism has been victorious. It will remain victorious, unless harijans themselves deny Hindu temples, deny Hindu rituals, and ask for a separate vote for themselves, saying they will not vote for Hindus. Then, and only then, there is a possibility for this slavery -- perhaps the longest slavery in the world -- to end.

This temple is open for all. Harijans should come here to meditate and to understand the whole process of why they have accepted this degradation.

And even to say that you want to enter the temples is to accept that those temples are holy places. Those holy places have been cause of all oppression, suppression, suffering, burning living human beings. Those temples are no longer holy. And anybody who wants the harijans to enter, they should make it clear to him: "Don't play politics. We don't belong to the Hindu fold and we need not belong to any other fold. We will exist as harijans, people of God. We will make our own gods, as you have made your own; we will make our own prayers, as you

have made your own. We will not accept your scriptures or your traditions. We will begin a new brotherhood." Only this, a meditative revolution, can free them into liberation.

But the human mind is a very complex thing. I have been for women's liberation, and my secretary Hasya was in Europe, meeting different groups. She went to see women's liberation groups also, but because a book is written by a man, they will not accept it. The same stupidity -- I am for their liberation, but because I am a man, they will not accept my book or my ideas for how women can attain liberation. And they themselves are doing stupid things in the name of liberation. What is their liberation? Just smoke like a man, dress like a man, use dirty words like a man. Soon they will ask to urinate like a man. This is their liberation!

It is the same question with all kinds of slavery: the slave himself is unable to get free of his conditioning. Otherwise, it can happen in a single moment. Here nobody even inquires who you are, we simply give you the opportunity to drop your conditionings. Whatever those conditionings are, whoever has imposed them, Hindus or Mohammedans or Jews or Christians, it does not matter. The question is to drop them and just be yourself, clean, as if you are just born.

This is the only revolution that can make all kinds of slaveries disappear from the world. And we need a world of freedom, of all kinds of freedom -- of speech, of movement, of dignity. The whole past is so dark that it is time to disconnect ourselves from the past absolutely and to create a new future.

And particularly in these moments, during the last part of the twentieth century, it is becoming more and more imminent: either you create the new man and a new humanity or you are going to destroy this beautiful planet. Either a tremendous revolution, that throws away all the past that we are loaded with, or we will be killed with the weight. And not only we will be killed -- the trees, the birds, the animals, the flowers, everything will disappear. This cuckoo will not sing. There will not be a silent assembly like this.

In the past it was just a philosophical, ideological question. Now it is a very practical, pragmatic, factual question: Do you want to survive? Then drop all kinds of slaveries and all kinds of unconscious superiorities, inferiorities. Just let each human being be himself, accepted, respected.

If existence respects you, who are the brahmins to condemn you? If existence accepts you, then you can have a feeling of tremendous responsibility: you are needed by existence, and this is enough to feel fulfilled and contented.

But this fulfillment comes only through a deepening of meditation.

I am interested in Zen only because Zen is pure meditation. The very word 'Zen' means meditation. It has nothing else, it requires no rituals. Just as you are, the only requirement is to go in and discover your eternal self.

That eternal self is neither brahmin nor harijan; that eternal self is neither man nor woman. That eternal self is a blissfulness, a peace that passeth understanding.

That eternal self is pure ecstasy. You can sing and you can dance and your singing and your dancing, if they are coming from your innermost core, become your only prayers. They are the only authentic prayers; all others are composed by man, and a prayer composed by man is of no value.

A prayer that arises within you, like a flame ... and that is what happens in deep meditation. Suddenly you start experiencing a new warmth and a new flame, a new joy that you have never experienced before. It has been dormant, it has been repressed continuously, for millions of years. It has gone so deep that you will have to go that deep to find it.

That's why I go on insisting: go on, deeper and deeper, and go on throwing the garbage

that the past has left in you.

These small anecdotes are all concerned with meditation in different ways.

WHEN THE HEAD MONK, RYOSUI, WENT FIRST TO SEE MAYOKU, MAYOKU TOOK UP HIS HOE AND BEGAN TO WEED.

Zen is such a symbolic and poetic phenomenon, each gesture signifies a tremendous philosophy. Now, you would have missed, as Ryosui missed. Without even a single word being expressed on either side, MAYOKU TOOK UP HIS HOE AND BEGAN TO WEED. RYOSUI WENT TO THE PLACE WHERE HE WAS WEEDING, BUT MAYOKU DELIBERATELY TOOK NO NOTICE OF HIM AND WENT BACK TO HIS ROOM AND SHUT THE DOOR.

It looks absurd on the surface. But what he is saying is, "There is no point in coming to me unless you have taken out all the weeds from your being. Unless you come with a clean soil, I cannot sow the seeds." He has not said a single word, although he has made it absolutely clear.

THE NEXT DAY THE SAME THING HAPPENED, BUT THIS TIME RYOSUI KNOCKED AT THE DOOR.

The first day Ryosui could not figure out what was happening, why he was being treated this way. Not even taken notice of, not even a hello ... but he must have pondered, meditated over the fact that there must be something, some reason why a great master should behave with a new seeker in this way. "Certainly I must be wrong. He cannot be wrong ..." And he must have, in his silent moments, seen the point that unless you take all the weeds out, there is no point in coming to a master.

The next day he went again: THE SAME THING HAPPENED, BUT THIS TIME RYOSUI KNOCKED AT THE DOOR. Now he had some confidence. He had understood the message: the master was not rejecting him but provoking him -- "Unless you knock on the door, the door will not open by itself."

MAYOKU SAID, "WHO IS IT?"

Just the word WHO ... RYOSUI HAD HARDLY UTTERED HIS NAME WHEN HE WAS ENLIGHTENED AND SAID,

"DO NOT MAKE A FOOL OF ME ..."

Don't ask me who I am. The question makes me simply a fool. You know who I am, because we are not different. This time I have come without the weeds and this time I have gathered courage to knock at the doors.

IF I HAD NOT VISITED YOU, I WOULD HAVE BEEN DECEIVED ALL MY LIFE BY THE TWELVE DIVISION CANON.

The Buddhist scriptures are divided into twelve divisions. It is among the greatest literature, no other religion can compete with it. He said to Mayoku, "IF I HAD NOT VISITED YOU, I WOULD HAVE BEEN DECEIVED ALL MY LIFE BY THE TWELVE DIVISION CANON, I would have gone on reading and reading and reading. But with a single act you have taken me to a state of no-mind."

MAYOKU OPENED THE DOOR AND CONFIRMED RYOSUI'S ENLIGHTENMENT.

The moment he said, "I am finished with thinking, philosophy, with mind ..."

It is enough if a person understands that mind is not the way, but the peace and silence of no-mind. Suddenly he is aflame with a new and eternal life.

RYOSUI WENT BACK TO HIS PLACE OF LEARNING, RESIGNED FROM IT, AND SAID TO THE ASSEMBLED LEARNERS, "WHAT YOU KNOW, I KNOW; WHAT I KNOW, YOU DON'T KNOW."

To the fellow scholars who were pondering over scriptures, before leaving them he made the statement, "What *you* know -- the scriptures -- I also know. But what I know -- myself -- you don't know."

There is no way of knowing oneself through words, systems of beliefs, scriptures. There is only one way, and that is to enter immediately into your own self as deeply as possible, cutting all weeds, not being prevented by any thought, and suddenly you come to the source of your life. It is fire and it is eternal fire. Once you have experienced it, it is always with you. It will radiate in your presence; even others will feel the radiation. Those who are a little receptive, those who are not utterly blind, will even see the change, the rebirth, the revolution that you have gone through.

ONE DAY SEKITO WAS WALKING IN THE HILLS WITH HIS DISCIPLE, SEKISHITSU, AND, SEEING BRANCHES OBSTRUCTING THE PATH, ASKED HIM TO CUT THEM AWAY.

"I DID NOT BRING A KNIFE," SAID SEKISHITSU.

SEKITO TOOK OUT HIS OWN AND HELD IT OUT, BLADE END FIRST.

SEKISHITSU SAID, "PLEASE GIVE ME THE OTHER END."

Naturally, when you give a knife to somebody, you keep the blade in your hand. You don't give the blade, because that can cut the other person. But this is what Sekito did: blade end forward, he offered his knife.

The disciple said, "Give it to me from the other end." A small incident, but sometimes these small incidents trigger great phenomenal changes.

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH IT?"

It cannot cut the weeds, you need the sharp blade to cut the weeds. Hearing this, SEKISHITSU CAME TO REALIZATION.

We all are beginning with the wrong end. People who want to know about themselves ask others. People who want to know about themselves read scriptures. You are beginning from the wrong end.

If you want to reach yourself, just enter yourself as a sharp knife, cutting all mind rubbish, reaching to the very consciousness which cannot be cut.

And there is no need to be worried. The consciousness cannot be cut, cannot be burnt. There is no way to destroy it. It has no form, it never dies. It only goes on moving from form to form, to higher and higher peaks. The highest peak we have attained up to now is the buddha nature.

If you go deep within yourself, you will find a buddha. It does not matter whether you are a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Christian, a harijan, a man or a woman; the buddha is your very nature. The question is just of going deep enough.

RYUGE WAS ASKED BY A MONK, "WHAT WAS IT THE ANCIENTS FINALLY GOT, SO THAT ALL THEIR LABORS WERE OVER?"

RYUGE ANSWERED, "IT WAS LIKE A ROBBER BREAKING INTO AN UNINHABITED HOUSE."

A very beautiful statement ... Ryuge is a master, and a disciple monk is asking him: what was it that Gautam Buddha or the other ancient masters got through all their labors, disciplines, methods? What was it? The answer is tremendously beautiful. It can come only from a man who knows. Ryuge said,

"IT WAS LIKE A ROBBER BREAKING INTO AN UNINHABITED HOUSE."

A robber makes great efforts -- breaking the wall, being afraid somebody may hear the noise and he may be caught red-handed. But when he enters into the house, he finds there is no one.

All your meditations are the robber's effort. When you succeed, you will find a pure,

uninhabited space inside. Its virginity, its purity, is its power.

On his enlightenment, Bunan wrote:  
THE MOON IS THE SAME OLD MOON,  
THE FLOWERS, EXACTLY AS THEY WERE,  
YET I HAVE BECOME THE THINGNESS  
OF ALL THE THINGS I SEE!

THE MOON IS THE SAME OLD MOON -- nothing has changed in the moon. THE  
FLOWERS, EXACTLY AS THEY WERE -- they are still the same.  
YET I HAVE BECOME THE THINGNESS  
OF ALL THE THINGS I SEE!

When a man of enlightenment looks at a roseflower there is no division between the knower and the known; he becomes the very heart of the roseflower. When he looks at the sunrise he becomes the sunrise, when he looks at a white cloud, he becomes the white cloud. It is not by any effort. He has just become a mirror, so clean that everything that comes before it is reflected in it. He becomes it.

And to be identified with everything that surrounds you is the greatest experience man has ever come across. Then the cuckoo singing is not something outside you, it feels as if the song is arising within you. The flower is blossoming within you. The idea of yourself has become so wide that it covers the whole of existence.

The moon is the same, but it is no longer outside. The flowers are the same, but they are blossoming inside. It is the exact meaning of the word 'transformation': you become the very things you see.

And another poet, particularly for this Zen series ending today:  
THE CUCKOO:  
ITS VOICE ALONE FELL,  
LEAVING NOTHING BEHIND.

When every day in meditation you throw away all your garbage, what is left behind is pure silence.

A poem by Tokugako:  
ORIGINAL FACE IS THE REALITY OF REALITIES:  
STRETCH YOUR HAND TO THE WINGING BIRD.  
VERTICAL NOSE, HORIZONTAL EYES -- AND THEN?  
WHAT IF YOUR MIND IS EMPTY?

Just hold a bird in your hand and don't think about it ... or a flower in your hand, and don't think about it. Just see it. Without any thoughts moving between you and the flower, what happens? Suddenly you *are* the flower. And if you feel one with the flower you have felt one with existence.

A man of enlightenment, feeling one with existence, needs no morality, needs no ethics, needs no teachings about what is right and what is wrong. He is so in tune with existence that everything that happens through him is bound to be just right. There is no possibility of anything going wrong.

Meditation is an art of bringing you closer to the heartbeat of existence. The deeper you

go within you ... you will find the very heartbeat of existence. Then there is no morality for you; all that you do is beautiful. Then you love without conditions, without demands, without possessiveness. Then you give out of joy, not to oblige; then you share because you are so full that if you don't share, the burden of your joy will be too much. You become a raincloud which *has* to shower somewhere, because the rain is becoming heavier and heavier.

If the buddhas have spoken, it is nothing other than rainclouds showering spontaneously. Then each gesture is automatically right; then each word comes out of your deepest being, brings some dance and some joy and some fragrance with it.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT CAN WE LEARN FROM THE CUCKOO THAT WILL BRING US CLOSER TO YOU?

Maneesha, there is nothing to be learned from the cuckoo. Just listen ....

And as you listen to the cuckoo, the sound disappears, the song disappears. Even its echo, far away, disappears. Only a silent space is left behind. Then you have come closer to me, because I am not there. I am the house where nobody lives. If you also become a nobody you will know the taste of my being, because the taste is the same, whether it is your being or my being.

Gautam Buddha is reported to have said that the taste of sea water is the same whether in the east or in the west, in the south or in the north. Whenever you come to utter emptiness, you have come close not only to me, you have come close to all the buddhas of the past and all the buddhas of the future, because it is the same reality which is throbbing in all of us.

Before we enter into our meditation, just a little cutting of weeds. And laughter is just like a very sharp sword -- it cuts.

Paddy and Sean stumble out of the pub late one night, very drunk. They are heading for home when Paddy stops, points up to a street light and says, "Sean, look at that beautiful full moon!"

"Don't be an idiot, Paddy," says Sean. "That is the sun!" They argue back and forth for a while, but cannot come to any definite conclusion, so they decide to get a third opinion. The next person to come along happens to be Kowalski, also very drunk.

"Excuse me, sir," says Paddy, pointing to the street light. "But would you mind telling us whether that is the moon or the sun?"

"How the hell should I know?" replies Kowalski. "I don't live around here!"

It is three o'clock in the morning and Paddy and Seamus are absolutely drunk, trying to find their way home. But the street is dark and completely lined with trees. They keep hitting one tree after another, staggering on, trying to pass their whiskey bottle back and forth.

It seems impossible to walk as they knock into this tree, bump into each other, and knock into that tree.

This goes on for twenty minutes when Paddy, totally exhausted and bruised, stops and turns to Seamus. "I think maybe we should stop drinking so much," groans Paddy, "and wait for this goddam parade to finish!"

Now, Nivedano, give the first beat and everybody goes into absolute craziness. Say the things that you have never said, use any language that you don't know -- even sounds will do, but beat everybody else around you.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)

Be silent. Close your eyes, no movement ... just get deeper into your being.

Deeper and deeper.

This moment you are the buddha.

If you can remember it twenty-four hours, you will see the tremendous beauty of life.

The great bliss that has been known only by very few, but which was the right of everyone.

If you miss, only you will be responsible.

To make it go deeper ... Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Relax ... let go, almost die.

The body goes on breathing, you go in.

This is the uninhabited house, the place where roses grow.

This space makes you one with existence.

Your heartbeat becomes in tune with the universal heartbeat.

Other than this, there is no religion.

Nivedano ...

(Drumbeat)

Come back as a buddha, with the same silence and with the same beauty, with the same grace.

Sit down, just a little rest ...

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Can we celebrate the five thousand buddhas together?

Yes!